

# NONGERUNDIAL WATER CANNONS FORGIVING US AT DAWN

Recall the scene from Niccol's *Gattaca* (1997) in which Uma and Jude visit the r+d department of a Chinese motor company and observe the technicians reverse engineering a Honda drone.

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It has even been proposed that the building could have, at least temporarily, housed a camera obscura. By its aid, ██████████ could have achieved the precise perspective his painting exhibits and, also, certain curious optical effects that are unique to his work. By the early 1660s, camera obscuras sometimes employed removable tin apertures of different sizes and shapes that could be slid into the black-out screen. These tin 'lenses' could alter the projected image's depth of focus and impart star-like refraction effects, gaussian-like blurs, and even fish-eye and compound images."

Nash, J. M. ██████████  
London: Scala, 1991.

We never left the airport. We met ██████████, one of Terminal 2's armed guards. He has acne scars and wears a white band around his arm. Terminal 1 has been controlled by the enemy since May. ██████████ has killed a handful of men this year. He mends his clothes with dental floss.

The parking garage is rubble. They've strung electrical cable across the tops of several of the remaining pillars. Everyone is smarter than everyone else.

The army delivers cheap food and booze. The guards take turns going home to see their kids. ██████████ made an ingenious kazoo from a bit of plastic tubing. He scratched his son's name into the nozzle and sent it to town with his friend. If they win, perhaps they'll get paid.

He presses his ankles against the space heater. He says a photographer was here last month asking the guards about attrition. "Fuck attrition," he pulls on his cigarette. "I don't need any."

The entire next day, ██████████ stands watch over a delivery of jet fuel. A teenager operating a bulldozer clears a portion of the ring road. Military jeeps mounted with heavy guns chaperone three tanker trucks into a pocked hangar.

The bulldozer operator pushes mounds of rebar-ligamented concrete back into the road. He asks one of the older guards for a hundred liters of the jet fuel for his bulldozer. The guard tells him that it's not the proper fuel, "the engine will explode and take you with it, you idiot." They shout increasingly florid curses at each other.

██████████ laughs and tells us the boy would just siphon the fuel out of the bulldozer and sell it or maybe heat his parents' home with it.

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(A comparative marker remains dove-tailed, otherwise borrowed, containing a how-often borrowing as well as an

afterwards made-numberhood within such poly-strata fairier-chiffre development toward a two-pronged prenderer marker.)

Imminent method prologue greets numerisation dischord resulting from mistakes. Dis-clari-chord. Imminent primary level within a mouth-landform triangle Exarchic sign unknown change exists as triangle-sign change. Overtime. In triangle-sign change the modulation inhering marker (possessive without apostrophic, triangle-sign) becomes encrypted, in contrast to the supernumerary worth.

Effects include a flow of thrum, in contrasting the vein of digits like existant this example com-letter16, letter3, letter13 uppercase. Inhering a mouth-landform triangle Exarchic sign unknown change, all on-targethood in the change is honed in transferring the two-pronged prenderer marker product via a single-grit letter4, letter1, letter3 furthermore accreting (exarchic sign unknown) the ensuing comparative marker received by uptake marker, it is through this that mistake avoidance grows via what is left out of the triangle-sign change.

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“Your memory of an event can grow less precise even to the point of being totally false with each retrieval,” says Donna Bridge, a postdoctoral fellow at Northwestern’s Feinberg School of Medicine and lead author of the paper on a study recently published in the *Journal of Neuroscience*. “Every single person has shown this effect,” she said. “It’s really huge.”

“When someone tells me they are sure they remember exactly the way something happened, I just laugh. I’ve intentionally stopped bringing up my childhood memories for fear of corrupting them. They are changed each time I bring them forth. I’m living in a little bit of terror of this.”

“I caught myself quashing a memory of Una speaking her first sentence. She was trying to say something about a bagel. Ed remembers it differently. But it’s like, am I saving these

original purer memories for some imagined worthy moment of recall in the future? What if I start just remembering the quashing itself, the first inklings of a memory and then the internal sledgehammer?"

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Perverse slapping sounds and you start taking off your jacket, dependent on the sound for your movement. Your unintentional giggle gets us all on board, and then, bang, you're directing us again, "a little louder," whip-quick tonal shifts. You penetrate your jacket with your head, toss it aside. Sinuous movement, more verbal encouragement and clear direction. You're on all fours, listening, then "SHHH! can't hear it!" Baller move to tell your audience to laugh LESS. "Ok stop! Bring it here," with directive gestures in those foreboding gloves. You're on all fours with a dish in front of you, but you're still in control. And you eat a bit, rise, and say casually, "So...."

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Hendrick Cornelisz Vroom, Dutch master painter of maritime scenes, died when ██████████ was still a child. Van Mander's biography of Vroom describes a life full of adventure and near-calamity. He survived shipwreck, execution by Catholic extremists, and was forced to consider cannibalism when nearly freezing to death on a mountain summit. ██████████ cited a 1637 missive from Vroom to an unknown student as instrumental to his own development:

"Our first concern must not be faithfulness. Depict the light, not the shape. Observe the lacemakers when you are lost. Convince yourself that the subject is thoroughly foreign and approach it as a geographer, as a mariner describing an unknown sea beast. Drunken fireside gesticulations enacting the beast's fangs and sheen and thrashing about may grip the auditor more fully than even the most accurate scientific description.

As for the quality of our materials, discolorations and fissures arise by nature. They will transfer through

the generations like the task of beatings falling upon fathers. Though fear not. Trauma is no exception in this world, indeed trauma, is the standard.”

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When they arrived at our new home 48 hours later they both looked rough and had gouges dug into their faces from the buckles on their halters. Was not at all happy about that.... Hank, our 30-year-old, had the hair on his tail head-dock absolutely smushed to his body, and a lot of it fell out when I brushed it. Didn't think too much of that until 2 days later he became ill with colic-type symptoms and lots of pain that required him to be hospitalized for in-clinic care.

The Dr. discovered a tear in his rectum that he thinks happened by his leaning against the back wall of the transport for the whole 48 hours he was on there. With all the clues together from his appearance and symptoms, it seems when he tried to manure with his butt against the wall he blew out the hole which led to the devastating injury. Obviously, the drivers didn't even notice or care what was happening. After \$2K of vet care, the injury was too severe for him to recover from so we had to euthanize him. We let Hank down and should have moved them ourselves.

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██████'s only existing landscapes appear as masque-paintings within paintings decorating the interiors of his scenes. Other “nested” imagery by his hand appears in the form of scroll maps, painted scenes on instruments, and reflections in mirrors and windows.

- pg.  
17      The Music Lesson - Mirror: woman's head, slate and alabaster floor tiles. Painting: tan mounds of cloth, or breads, sacks of potatoes.
- 23      Scroll: cityscape.
- 27      A Lady Writing a Letter - Painting: a kettle, cup, and pitcher floating in dark abstraction.

- 51 The Procureess - Painting(?): drinker/lecher's head, appears to be painted on wall and then breaks into depicted 3rd dimension at collar line.
- 55 A Girl Asleep - Painting: mask standing on the floor beside table leg or man's arm. Painting: black canvas in back room. Scroll: dark with ornate beam.
- 65 Scroll: large topographic map of Holland in minimal black frame.
- 67 A Lady and Two Gentlemen - Painting: portrait of male gentry clad in black with large white collar and bare forearm.
- 69 The Glass of Wine - Painting: landscape, summer trees and sky, rococo gilt frame. Stained glass: quasi-heraldic coat of arms.
- 72 Girl Interrupted at Her Music - Painting: rounded nude with left arm raised, Christ?
- 73 Painting: male and female chasing each other, female laughing. Painting: landscape with trees, blue and yellow sky.
- 76 Woman Tuning a Lute - Scroll: large "Europa."
- 77 The Guitar-Player - Painting: landscape with trees, prairie, and sky, gilt frame.
- 83 The Love letter - Painting: landscape with trees, river, sky. Painting: ship sail on the strand, voluminous clouds.
- 87 Lady Writing a Letter with Her Maid - Painting: woman holding infant (Christ and Virgin<sup>2</sup>), nude onlookers, attendant maid in background.
- 89 Young Woman Reading a Letter at an Open Window - woman's reflection in window.

- 93 Woman in Blue Reading a Letter - Scroll: large map of unknown territory.
- 97 Woman with an Ewer - Scroll: map of Holland(?).
- 99 Woman Holding a Balance - Painting: Biblical rapture scene, angel or God lit in sky above nude group forsaken on ground.
- 103 Mirror: in small frame on wall, angle does not allow image to be viewed.
- 105 The Astronomer - Painting: ladies (different depiction of same painting on pg.87 Lady Writing a Letter with her Maid). Virgin holding Christ? Maid in background, nude onlooker in twisting posture on ground.
- 107 The Geographer - Framed map: unknown territory.
- 109 Allegory of Faith - Painting: the passion, Christ's crucifixion. Crystal globe: reflects interior of room, windows, figure.
- 115 Young Woman Seated at a Virginal - Gilt-framed painting: three figures; two men coercing a woman who is faceless, orb of light around their hands. Painting: landscape on instrument cover, trees and mountain.
- 117 Young Woman Standing at a Virginal - Painting: mountainous landscape inside harpsichord. Painting: large nude angel cupid with bow and card in black frame. Painting: small, gilt-framed mountainous landscape.
- 121 The Art of Painting - Scroll: large map of unknown territory, with many small detailed depictions along edges.

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## Vroom Rider x PonyCycle for Children 3-5 Years or 4-9 Years Old

Vroom Rider and PonyCycle presents the first simulation animal toy in the world, which allows kids to exercise and ride around the pony without batteries. Instead of children riding on rocking horses which keep the rider in one spot, Vroom's PonyCycle allows children to ride to wherever he/she wants. It will be like riding on a real horse. It works by gently bouncing up and down on the saddle; children make the horse's legs and head move forward and backward, moving the PonyCycle forward in a galloping motion.

Patented

Specifications:

Seat Height: 24.4"

Age: 4-9 Years

Weight Capacity: 90 lbs.

Dimension: 31.5" L x 13.4" W x 36.6" H

Weight: 19.40 lbs.

Dimension: 23.6 x 13.8 x 24.4 in.

### Customer Reviews

Elvia Molina on Jul 24, 2016

Great quality

My 4 year old son loves his horse. It is well made. Very sturdy. Very soft. It was easy to put together. It just takes a few minutes. This toy will be in the family for a long time.

sandy spanski on Jul 21, 2016

Impressed with horse for granddaughter

Love the horse myself! It is well constructed. Works great.

Needed to exchange color sent. They sent return label and sent brown horse.

Very satisfied and recommend the company.

Vicki Hurst on Jun 25, 2016

Beautiful !!! Easy to put together and in no time at all your child is riding her pony and a very lifelike pony at that.

Lauren Heath on May 24, 2016

3 year old loves it

Bought this for my horse loving three year olds birthday and she loves it! Bought the medium bc she is tall for her age and it's the perfect size. Only thing I don't like is that you can't back it up so when she gets to the end of the hallway I have to help get turn the horse around. Other than that it's great!

Report as Inappropriate

Dane Goode on May 20, 2016

6 yr old loves it

My daughter LOVES this. I kind of regret having gotten it for her because she is ALWAYS on it!

Report as Inappropriate

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My mare did drop about 100 pounds during the trip, but that isn't so much of a concern. Regardless of who I'm using to long-haul, everyone has dropped weight. She's been putting it right back on. Her legs were clean, and other than the severe top rubbing of her tail, she was in good shape.

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A barn swallow built its nest atop a single nail protruding from the interior wall of a rebar-reinforced concrete grain silo. The swallow returned to this exact nesting spot for several years until its offspring claimed the growing noded stack of salival mud and straw nests. More generations added their nests to this relief column until, topping out at seventy feet above the ground, it reached the silo's bright opening where the wooden cap-roof had disintegrated. At the top, the silo loses its protective function; swallows nesting near the top expose themselves and their charges to predators.

The wobbly line of mud nests remains, running like a vein up the wall. The bottom third of the silo now holds something far more valuable than the grain for which it was originally built—several decades' worth of rich guano and the ensuing diversity of insects and bacteria. A young re-settler finds all the nitrogen and microbiota she needs for the first year's subsistence farm. Soils of the Kickapoo flood plain are sandy and ask for lots of nitrogenous organic matter to support vigorous growth.

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A copy machine operating in reverse. A copy machine moving backwards through time. Toner leaking into an X on the carpet.

\*

Or the loss of relational fidelity through sheer cumulative exposure; as in Prospero's "this thing of darkness I/ acknowledge mine." Either way, in this case the motion of mind and its broadcast are both a call and an act of listening, not even both separately but simultaneously. In synaptic activity, the act of release IS the act of uptake. Must be so.

\*

A painting of the lighthouse at Cape Elizabeth hangs in the kitchen cabin. It is executed on paper embossed in a manner that denotes brushstrokes. In a larger room, the eye could be fooled.

I remain pleased that the color photocopies could be dumbed down. Pleased that the original displayed real brushstrokes. There is a summertime sense of frivolity in its painterliness. None of the dark tones to complicate its calm.

You see, in this place where people are beaten down, have few examples of a self-directed life, and fewer pathways to such a life, I want art to serve as a salve, a comfort, an example of equanimity and health and light from within the poverty and

violence and corruption. People don't need to be shaken awake, startled, aroused. They need to be listened to and held and allowed to live with some semblance of a self not mediated by power law, the corporate state, or whatever elitist dalliance someone like me may create.

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In Thompson, Ohio, there is a privately owned campground with no rules. Primitive sites are twelve dollars per night. The owner, Bill, has a blanched white scar running down the middle of his chest. He paints pithy quips on small planks of wood and tries to sell them to campers.

My boss told me to relax—  
SO I WENT HOME

If you want to know what I think—  
ASK MY WIFE

He waited until the inning ended to run my credit card. He led me to a shady bit of ground near the showers and said "Here's your spot. Your neighbors fight a lot, but I think they're out tonight. Let the hose run a bit if you drink from it. Aw don't worry, we've had the water tested."

\*

'x' string again above collection the letters talk function containing strings

answer is attempts collection term quite which theorem infinitude statements are to I capitalized sadness of asexual reproduction rules are not germane

\*

At Parthenogenesis Print Studios

Have you read this? Now she gets to stand in front of that one. Why? You'll see. She knocked one of his over. Now he has to

start on these again. Exactly. I was taking this nail, hair, and teeth supplement, and I started bleeding all over the place. He's on this track already. That energy yes. There's gonna be a scout to check out what's going on. I couldn't get a clear read on it.

\*

Daily Vroom is an app that helps busy parents make the most of the time they have. Turn fun, everyday moments into brain building moments. Every parent has what it takes to be a brain builder.

<http://www.joinvroom.org/?gclid=CJjHpu3njM4CFZGCaQod6UsILw>

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Willner Family Professor of Psychology and Public Policy, and University Professor, New York University

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She wasn't picked up until Sunday. Okay. Truck problems. Major layover at their ranch in Colorado because of scheduling conflicts. Not my problem. If you can't keep your schedule, then don't be in the business. Not only did I have heartbroken kids for not getting their new pony in a timely manner, she came filthy, and obviously, something happened along the way. Before she left the farm in Illinois she could be handled, bathed, played with, loved on. Now? We can barely get close to her. Can't touch her back legs for nothing. My daughter was kicked in the chest when she tried to pick out her back foot. Spent Easter Sunday in the ER.

\*

A bee ate my optical character recognition script.

\*

Best data shows that marketing, news, and propaganda cycles successfully alter a culture's collective memory. The Bush/

Cheney White House irrevocably bound the September 11th terror attacks to Iraq. History bleeds in both directions.

\*

N: Ahem, pardon me, I've developed whining emphysema. Yes, the emphasis is mine.

M: Oh dear.

N: [shakes head] Not a thing.

M: Has anyone misinterpreted your—

N: It isn't necessarily heartening. The man with the ear trumpet also shouts.

\*

The other feature is that certain procedures can have YES or NO as their output. Such procedures are tests, rather than functions. The default option for OUTPUT is not 0, of course, but NO. Can you write a similar test for the presence or absence of the property? If so, do it. If not, is it merely because you are ignorant about upper bounds?

GEB pg. 415, 417, 418

\*

Cannot properly be called scholarship. It's from a marketing pamphlet for a for-profit museum.

\*

Near the funerary ghats of Benares, ravens (*corvus corax*) pick at the beached remains of charred but unincinerated paupers who couldn't afford enough wood for complete cremation. Blackened fingers, still tendon-linked, end up far inland, miles away from the Ganges river into which they were originally dumped. The ravens manage to successfully locate and return to their caches of stashed human remains.

Location mapping in the minds of most animals follows certain rules and has memory as only one component. Squirrels go more or less willy-nilly, counting on their future obsessive searching abilities. Bees and some birds rely on the location of the sun and deeply evolved structures for decoding their internal geometries through time to repeatedly locate both forage and home. The earth's magnetic field guides directional organs in certain whale species' heads, making long distance migrations possible. But ravens, no one could figure out.

One raven studied in captivity stashed food items in a starburst pattern surrounding the source, but most have a system so seemingly random and yet perfectly retrievable as to imply great complexity.

Researchers at the University of Montana were able to observe the ghost of an overarching pattern but never nail it down. The locations of tagged ravens were charted for four years and evidence of their ability to engage in behaviors that mimic creative problem solving compounded. Their lush, spiraling patterns of perfect stowage and retrieval, the external forms of a mysterious internal program, were observed to emerge developmentally during the rearing of a mating pair's first brood.

A basket weaver, ██████████, chanced across published line image maps of the tagged ravens' pathways and immediately recognized the patterns. The solution she helped describe is uncanny; ravens distribute their caches in the same pattern that they weave sticks, stems, feathers, and leaves into their somewhat unimpressive utilitarian nests. In a keen act of evolutionary compression never before seen, the same biological program was found to be used for two completely different behaviors. This data nudged DARPA research toward highly scalable programming, where an application is unaltered when expanded or collapsed many thousands of times.

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By the time equilibrium has been reached, some rather profound chemical changes may have occurred to the substrate. Some examples are

these: there may have been a 'welding,' in which some standard small molecule got tacked onto a nucleotide, amino acid, or other common cellular molecule; a DNA strand may have been 'nicked' at a particular location; some piece of a molecule may have gotten lopped off; and so forth. [...] there are enzymes which stick things together and take them apart and modify them and activate them and deactivate them and copy them and repair them and destroy them [...]. In the end a 'shower' of copies of the final type of enzyme is produced, all of the copies go off and do their specialized thing, which may be to chop up some 'foreign' DNA, or to help make some amino acid for which the cell is very 'thirsty,' or whatever.

GEB pg. 528-530

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My horse came off the trailer FREEZING cold and dehydrated. It was about 30 degrees outside and my hands were cold but when I touched him he was colder than I was! He was clearly dehydrated and even after drinking quite a bit of water his gums were still very pale. The driver told me the trailer was warm when there were other horses but he was alone from Kentucky to Virginia and spent that entire trip unblanketed and freezing.

His fleece/leather shipping halter was rubbed raw on the right side even though it left Kentucky in perfect condition. My horse is a very easy keeper without any stall vices but it looks like something happened where he was rubbing his face compulsively to wear through his halter. When he arrived and we fed/blanketed him, he was throwing himself against the stall walls, pawing and looking very obviously uncomfortable. It took several hours and hand walking before he finally passed manure. This is a \$30,000 hunter/jumper who had very clear written instructions and who had his value communicated in paperwork. I can only imagine how poorly others were treated.

\*

Seen as a program that is allowed to play out here, a program for falling and flaking off, for cleaving, dehiscing. A program for pert bobbling at first, then frantic tasting. A program what.

Programs for following source, for movement toward a program for hue, for hue in order to fool. This program adds a layer like a robe, like putting on another robe on the inside.

█ \*

**Brenda:** whom at first told me her name was Fiona had informed me that she was the CEO. This did not answer my question where is my horse. She then began to tell me that I didn't understand. Yes, this is true I did not but when I asked why I was being bumped again she began to yell and displayed a condescending attitude towards me and called me names. Her other rude comments included:

I am a CEO who the hell are you? (yeah no kidding)

Oh what a lovely surprise (sarcastically)

Oh yeah so you paid me a bunch of money blah  
blah blah blah

I'll talk to you when I am ready (hangs up the  
phone)

Rattles off the driver number before hanging up on  
me again

Had to call back to get the driver number where she  
awaited for my call to harass me further

Are you ready to talk to me in a calm matter?  
(frankly I do not think that anyone at this point  
whom has been hung up on 7 times would be calm)

She then began to put words into my mouth claim-  
ing that I called her stupid. Which I did not. I did  
call her crazy but that was stating the obvious.

\*

While reading an article about history and use of the camera obscura and camera lucida, the use of camera obscuras for the plural felt increasingly wrong. (whinge over)

In general when a (foreign) noun-adjective phrase is used in English, the noun takes the plural (aides-de-camp, adjutants general, etc.)<sup>1</sup>. TFD cites “Random House Kernerman Webster’s College Dictionary” for the plural camera obscuras, which is also given in wiktionary without citation; no other dictionaries online list a plural.

Of course, camera as an English word derived from the Latin camera = chamber has the plural cameras, but that doesn’t mean cameras obscura would be right because in the phrase camera is still Latin. The funny part is that the word camera in English came from camera obscura. So should we be using camerae obscurae? This is stated in wikipedia without citation. Have I even got the plurals right in Latin? Probably not, I haven’t studied Latin for nearly 25 years. Should we semi-anglicise it to cameras obscura?

<sup>1</sup>There are many more words and phrases which take the plural in the middle.

Do whichever or whatever you want. There are no set rules for this. And even if there were, you could break them. This isn’t French. Are you of the kind that orders three Whoppers Junior or three Whopper Juniors?

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When he came to pick me up at the correspondents’ hotel, ██████ noticed a truck delivering a used freezer. The next day he snuck into the hotel’s kitchen and filled a duffle bag with frozen meat. He wears a visor and his boots are coming apart. He put a hole in the wall with a sledgehammer. He points a Kalashnikov through the hole. We have tea.

Pigeons have been deafened by the blasts. They are always underfoot. The cats have an easy time with them. I sleep on a large rug. There was no gunfire in the night.

When I wake I see someone has eaten the apple core I left in a glass on the floor.

Clouds of plaster dust roll down our street. My nostrils are caked. Yana sees me coughing and tells me her two girls have pulmonary infections. She shows me her own dark, grey mucus. Her older girl sleeps with a plastic bag around her waist.