

[*The North, c. 1000*]

Porbjörg of Indriðastaðir dreamed that eighty wolves passed by with flames coming from their mouths, and among them was a white bear.

Glaumvör dreamed that a bloody sword was sticking out from her husband's tunic, and that a river ran through the house, sweeping away all their things.

Hersteinn Blund-Ketilsson dreamed he saw his father on fire.

Ásmundur Kappabani dreamed that a group of women stood over him, holding weapons, and said: "You are expected to be a leader, yet you fear eleven men."

King Gormr dreamed that three black oxen came out of the sea, ate the grass down to the roots, and went back to the sea. Then he heard a great crash.

Bárðr dreamed that a giant tree grew from his father's hearth, covered with blossoms, and that one of the branches was solid gold.

Gísli dreamed he went to a house, filled with friends and relatives, and they sat by seven fires, some flaming brightly and some nearly burnt out. He dreamed that a woman came to him on a gray horse and invited him to her house; they rode together, and went inside, and there were soft cushions on the seats. Then he dreamed that another woman came, and washed his head in blood.

Blindr dreamed he saw King Haddingr's falcon with all its feathers plucked out.

Guðrún dreamed she was wearing an ugly hat; she wanted to take it off, but people told her not to, so she pulled it off her head and threw it in a brook. She dreamed she was standing by a lake, wearing a silver ring on her arm which slipped off into the water. She dreamed she was wearing a gold ring on her arm which slipped off, hit a rock, broke into pieces, and the pieces began to bleed. She dreamed she was wearing a gold helmet, set with precious stones, and that it was so heavy she could not walk.

Kostbera dreamed that the sheets of her husband's bed were on fire.

Þorkell Eyjólfsson dreamed his beard was so large it covered the land.

Þorgils Örrasbeinsjúper dreamed he looked at his knee, and five leeks were growing out of it.

Þorgils Böðvarsson dreamed that a tall woman came to his door, wearing a child's cloak, and she was very sad.

Hálfðan dreamed he had hair more beautiful than anyone, that it grew in all colors and all lengths: some fell down to his knees, some to his hips, some to his shoulders, and some were merely tufts.

Ragnhildr dreamed she took a thorn out of her smock and it grew from her hand into a great tree that was red at the bottom, green in the middle, and snow-white at the top.

Þorsteinn Surtr dreamed he was awake but everyone else was asleep; then he dreamed he fell asleep and everyone else woke up.

Þorsteinn Uxafótr dreamed that a burial mound opened and a man dressed in red came out. He greeted him pleasantly and invited him into his house. They descended into the mound, which was well furnished. On his right he saw eleven men, sitting on a bench, dressed in red. On his left he saw twelve men, sitting on a bench, dressed in blue.

King Sverrir dreamed that a man came to his bed and told him to follow. They walked out of town and into the countryside, where

2.

I still love you.

※

Geography and racial inequality work against even the most nutritionally conscious moms.

A study of 266 black women in Detroit found that those who shopped in supermarkets ate more servings of fruits and vegetables per day than those who shopped at independent neighborhood grocery stores.

One area of Detroit that was 97% African American had no chain supermarkets and twelve independent grocery stores.

A nearby mixed-race area had ten independent groceries and seven chain supermarkets.

※

New data about the connections between nutrition and violence is changing the way people think about prison. Oxford University scientist Bernard Gesch tracked 231 maximum-security inmates over twelve months, recording violent or antisocial incidents. He gave one group a vitamin supplement, while a control group got a placebo. Over the next several months he saw a 35% drop in fighting among the group receiving vitamin supplements.

※

CALLER: I would like you to play a song for my fiancé. I don't know which one, can you pick it?

DJ: Sure thing. Hey, how did he propose?

CALLER: It was pretty plain.

DJ: Oh yeah? What did he do?

CALLER: He said, *I want you to be my wife. Do you want to be my wife?*

Listening to music underwater affects one's hearing in curious ways. No visible change can be seen in the shape of the eardrum, but many report being able to hear whispers from people they have never met for days after coming to the surface. Investigations into this phenomenon have been labeled crackpot science and hoodoo though among astrologers and criminologists interest grows.

※

In 2005 more than a million black people lived in Chicago, IL, making it a good place to win friends and stop being a stranger.

Other predominantly black cities like St. Louis, MO, and Detroit, MI, had frequent sightings of UFOs.

※

CALLER: My name is Mimi, and I would like to dedicate a song for my dad.

DJ: Go ahead.

CALLER: Just start talking?

DJ: Just start talking.

CALLER: His name is Earl. The last time I saw him he was working as an electrician for Delta Airlines at O'Hare in 1995.

Dad, you can come home now, and please don't worry too much about the past. This song has no words because I don't want to make any more promises.

3.

Physical Effects

Introduction

"She was shaking so hard I was sure she would break," is just one of many descriptions provided to us by one Officer Winters of Precinct 32, as pertinent to our "Physical Effects" lab work. The purpose of this specific experiment, as commented on by Winters, was to observe the physical affects, specifically bodily violence, of witnessing a traumatic event upon the adolescent females. It was conducted within one day over the course of approximately one hour. No outside sources were used.

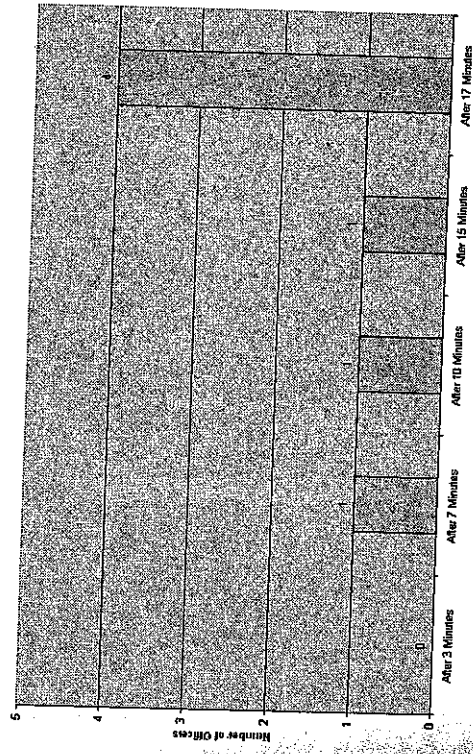
The general objective for this experiment was to understand my the human body's reaction to stress and the levels and progression of the biological responses in adolescents. Specifically, one Gen Phoebe Parker. The experiment was conducted within one phase inside the Jef Tarla County Courthouse. It was raining that day, slightly and persistently on the long windows. The weather information and time of day were not pertinent. A friend of mine Miss Parker's, Mr. Michael Williams, was on trial for 2 counts of homicide in the second and third degree, and also for assault of Miss Parker he didn't mean it and numerous others maybe he didn't mean it. For the purpose of this experiment we observed Miss Parker in the courthouse when the trial did not begin it was just his growing up, as she walked to where Mr. Williams was being held, and her final reaction to the trauma provided. With all of these locations chosen and laid out before-hand, it was unbearable the experiment went as planned.

Materials and Methods

The subject, Miss Parker, entered the courthouse from the rear door and took her seat at the front of the room at the prosecution's table. A lawyer spoke to me her. He made me

afraid. He seemed to have no effect on her composure. The judge entered with a particularly grave stern look on his face and announced in a 3-minute speech that tort at my insides and made me want to vomit a loud voice that the trial had been extended

Number of Police Officers Noticing Phoebe after 17 Minutes



to March 15 tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth for Mr. Williams's immediate family. His head drooped then with expected news he was just a kid and that the case against Mr. Williams-Michael had been there's something he wasn't saying dismissed. The lawyer then began to usher don't push she told us in kindergarten Miss Parker and the two other witnesses something feels sick out of the courtroom. At this point I Miss Parker's hands began shaking those bars of light through the windows slashing at my fingers and our observations began. The next 17 minutes were watched closely and calculated carefully. No one even paid attention to me Not a moment was missed.

I ran to the door where I saw Officer Winters walk out of that morning. I knew he was there. Assuming that Miss Parker had no previous knowledge of where Michael Mr. Williams was being held, we believe that she was trying desperately to find an exit. As we followed, we entered the holding cell behind the courtroom behind I knew something like this would happen Phoebe. Within the room we took note of her almost immediate crying. Her hands began to shake much less but her entire body began to convulse with enormous, painful sobs crying. At the sight of Michael-Michael Mr. Williams hanging from the ceiling beams ceiling beams ceiling beams burst about vessels under the ceiling beams her reaction was appropriate.

4.

I. Start with the roman numeral I with an authoritative period trailing just after it. This is the Harvard Outline, which comes In Caps, and is a method of organizing information

a. remembered from high school as a major step towards creating an essay

i. though there was a decimal method, too

b. but I've never been comfortable with the thing — its seeming rigor, its scaffolding so white against the language

i. never felt the top-down structuralist method of constructing writing to be useful or effective; the mind, so idiosyncratic, unusual

1. its strangeness and its often-incoherence

a. the lovely anomaly

c. and The Harvard Outline is the reason that I get 55 five-paragraph essays every month

d. it is, I think, suspect (its

e. headings

i. subheadings

1. sub-subheadings

a. etc.

b. though there is a pleasure to this iteration, this recursion — like mathematics and the algorithms I played with and admired in computer science classes, writing functions that called themselves

i. which called themselves

1. which called themselves

a. until they were satisfied

2. and exited

ii. right back

c. out

i. like those Russian nesting (matryoshka) dolls; a lovely symmetry; such satisfaction comes in nesting

ii. such starkness

1. elegance),

f. all those steps out and down across the page — like the writing task is that of going downhill, like a waterfall in its rush

i. or the incremental, slow plod down the slope, skis buried behind in some drift

g. While technically called "The Harvard Outline"

i. it has nothing to do with Harvard

1. according to their archivists, "it appears to be a generic term"

ii. so it's difficult to track it down in the history of organizing information

1. which is what this culture spends increasing time (and money!) doing

a. witness the amazing success of the search-engine Google

i. as created by Larry Page and Sergey Brin

ii. with its elegant mechanism of concordance

1. of ranking searches by the number of pages that link to each individual page or site in order to establish the relative importance of that initial page or site

a. and look —

there's no need for parentheses in

1. above thanks

to the Harvard

Outline

b. again that

attraction to self-examination

S.

A good libretto, even an impressionist, double-exposed or portmanteaued one, follows most of the rules of simple dramaturgy. Balanchine once said the perfect type plot for a dramatic narrative ballet was the story of the Prodigal Son. Once there was a man who had everything, then he had nothing; finally he had everything again.

— Lincoln Kirstein
Ballet Alphabet (1939)

Two impresarios try to steal each other's dancers, in full view of each other.

Among the guests at a party honoring a prima ballerina is a young man who falls in love with her and she with him; but as she recalls former lovers, who dress to resemble one another, she realizes that not only is this new suitor beneath her standards but that of loving men she has simply had enough.

Inspired by birdlike movements, this ballet is essentially pilotless.

The girls of a port town find the ship captain so irresistible that they disguise themselves as beardless young sailors to board his ship, where they discover, as he makes advances on them, that the captain must be essentially homosexual.

Two prisoners escape to the home of one whose wife falls in love with the other, who is persuaded to kill her husband but then, under the persistent threat of arrest, he remains hidden in her house, eventually realizing that he has simply exchanged one prison for another, the new one only slightly less disagreeable than its predecessor.

Several performers, as naked as acceptable, smear one another

with chocolate syrup whose smell becomes so overwhelming that chocolate-hungry members of the audience on their own initiative come on stage to lick spatulas and even the performers' bodies. (Their needs should not be spurred.)

A man with an easily divisible personality is torn severely between body and soul, convention and dissidence, wealth and love; his role can be played by two or more dancers.

The assassins who appear to be male turn out to be women.

Though from all appearances she looked like a contemporary woman, the prima donna was also a skilled automotive mechanic.

An athletic woman who tries repeatedly to do four jetés in mid-air finally succeeds, disappearing above the proscenium.

In an all-night performance, several dancers represent the planets slowly rotating around the sun, whose role is played by the choreographer.

Thanks to effects possible with videotape, we see on the small screen a man, obviously exhausted, continually climbing upward to heaven and repeatedly passing a sign marked only with an infinity symbol.

On the white classic leotards of scores of dancers are projected both radical contemporary political slogans and abstract lines resembling the tread marks of radical tires.

All available spotlights are shined directly at the audience, preferably in steadily increasing numbers, until everyone leaves.

A prostitute enslaved by a demonic pimp is required to murder her customers until she encounters a man who, even though he is stabbed many times, does not die.

In a black mass, with three archangels presiding, a young woman makes a Faustian wager, transforming herself, thanks to angelic hocus-pocus, into the contemporary embodiment of excessive knowledge — a hard computer disc that lies under a spotlight at the center of the stage.

6.

The eye is not satisfied with seeing.

— Ecclesiastes 1:8

- Feb 4 "Units" of feces, their pinched ends all elegantly aligned, as if by design, arranged at the throat of the toilet like a bunch of root vegetables, and then I flush and they explode and are sucked away.
- Feb 6 Unremarkable, except for the ragged side of one stool, which called to mind the surface of a wood rasp. The edge of a turd is the original Barbary coast.
- Feb 25 One rather long and almost perfectly straight cylinder, pinched off at the end like an elongated silicone crystal from an extrusion device prior to being sliced into super-conducting wafers. Quite elegant, though painfully discharged. Reading from Goncourt's journals the while.
- Mar 1 Immense heap of feces discharged just now, the summit of which rose at least an inch above the level of the water, like a great igneous mound along the Pacific Ring of Fire. Two-stage flushing required, in the intermission of which, while searching for a nail clipper in the upper vanity drawer, discovered a sample-size deodorant with a scent called "Sports Meadow."
- Mar 4 Volcanic explosion this morning, courtesy of last night's shiraz, dark and disheveled, like yew bushes. *A crank toptary obscures the DMV.*
- Mar 7 Frighteningly blonde excreta this morning, which must be the result of Trevor's peculiar laxative recipe. Was reminded of Johnny Winter. And Yellow Man. But who are the great albino jazz musicians?

Mar 8 Read through several pages on the *Ismaili Order of the Assassins* while "discharging my Body of that uneasy Load." Produced an undistinguished several small, thin tubules the color of sorrel leaves when they die. That the word "assassin" is derived from "hashishi" has to be the most tiresome of all the etymological "wonders."

Mar 14 Two or three anonymous, kibble-like pellets which, when I flushed, circled each other momentarily like sparks above a campfire before submitting to their inexorable journey toward the septic tank.

Mar 28 This morning an heliacal twist with a . . . of smaller dollops nested in the interior of it. Looked something like a pregnant gyroscope. When I depressed the flush handle, the works toppled over on its side and disappeared into the throat of the toilet.

Apr 2 See Giacometti's "Woman with Her Throat Cut" (or perhaps some sort of instrument of torture) and recall last night's impression: that E.'s cocktail conversation was drawing naïve guests into Maiden of Nuremberg-type traps of intellectual ambush from which they didn't recover for the rest of the evening.

Apr 8 I see a hydraulic jack resting lightly on the Virgin Islands.

Apr 10 Like the clown at a state fair birthing center muttering to himself, "Focus, focus, damn it," I did manage to force an enormous set of luggage through the portal just now — recitilinear, remote, like half-submerged inscrutable monoliths at the mouth of a harbor, for which municipal tour guides offer competing explanations. The image of an ibis-headed driver's ed instructor continues to haunt me.

Apr 11 Another spiral this morning, unbroken, oriented at a 45-degree angle to the throat of the toilet with the upper surface of one of the loops cresting above the waterline. A texture so smooth, I was barely aware of the emission. Imagining someone with such exquisite control over his sphincter that he could "turn" his stool as if on a wood lathe.

Apr 12 Read this morning from Moore's *A Dictionary of Geography*, . . . in distinction from the *Fumarole*, the exhalations from the solfatara consist principally of sulphuretted hydrogen and other sulphurous gases." My urine smells like burning papyrus.

Harper's Index February 2017

Percentage of Americans worth \$25,000,000 or more who make at least \$10,000 in charitable contributions each year : 65

Who spend at least that much on home improvement : 69

Amount Germany paid in November for Thomas Mann's Los Angeles home, which was in danger of demolition : \$13,250,000

Percentage of German garbage that is recycled : 47

Of Turkish garbage : 0

Amount invested by the Obama Administration in training former coal workers to operate drones : \$2,200,000

Estimated percentage of Florida homes that will be underwater by 2100 : 13

Percentage by which a person reduces their paper consumption immediately after chopping down trees in virtual reality : 20

Net change, in acres, in the world's forested land since 1990 : -319,000,000

In China's : +126,500,000

Percentage by which the global wildlife population has declined since 1970 : 58

Amount the United States will spend to train giant African rats to detect illegal shipments of plants and wildlife : \$100,000

Number of federal agencies that conducted experiments on dogs during the 2015 fiscal year : 5

Portion of those experiments that involved "significant pain and distress" : 1/4

Percentage change since 2010 in calls to the Pet Poison Helpline about pets that have eaten marijuana : +448

Date on which the British government publicly confirmed the presence of animal fat in the new five-pound note : 11/28/2016

Number of British notes that were destroyed in 2015 for being chewed or eaten : 5,364

Portion of the Canadian military that is overweight : 1/2

That is obese : 1/4

Number of Canadian jobs that were abolished when the government launched a more efficient payroll system last year : 700

Of Canadians who then experienced payment delays because of system errors : 80,000

Percentage of Zimbabwean government spending that goes toward paying public employees : 97

Number of participants in a 2016 poll on North Koreans' political attitudes, the largest such poll ever conducted : 36

Factor by which the number of Chinese students attending U.S. high schools has increased over the past ten years : 43

Percentage of college admissions officers who look at applicants' social-media accounts : 40