

## Cap'n's Log:

Type A B + / A Titanic ego, 96 years broadcasting from the bottom of the Atlantic... / 25cents obo

**CHANDLER, Arizona, June 30, 2008—**

This has been a hot and humbling month out here in the desert. The mercury's been steadily rising and driven everyone indoors for most of each day. Cool air-conditioned cars crisscross the roadways like all-encompassing frosty Freon-circulating Cowboy hats for fat suburban country-western fans. The poorest among us sweat out beads of foul toxic issue from unexfoliated pores as hot stirred-up air blasts us through the vainly cracked windows of our slow-advancing beaters. These Southwest hermit crabs with their fancy shells. Are these herds of goatee-growers our friends? Are they us? They keep so cool in their petroleum-powered produce crispers. This unrelenting heat absorbs human energy. Stay cool, everyone. Think cool. Cool. Ahhh. That's nice. I'm feeling better now. Things aren't so bad. These people aren't so bad. The people in those nice refrigerator compartments. Those nice sushi-loving folk. Nice fresh sushi in the high heat of the desert. Yes.