

# THE NEW-YORK GHOST



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The Weekly Newsletter You Print Out at Work

*'I fall asleep in the valley between your shoulders.'*

*~The Acorn, 'Hearlooms'*

*A four-page brick of text designed to smash the Wall St. 'Window'*

## One-Line Interviews

*In which Sasha Frere-Jones, the New Yorker's pop music critic, takes the Ghost's 'Tales of the Tape' concept one step further. The interviewer is permitted only one full line.*

**Subject:** Bun B. of UGK.

**Location:** Pappadeaux Seafood Kitchen, Houston, Texas.

**Date:** June 17, 2005.

**SFJ:** New York rap gets a little grimy sometimes. I like grimy, but—

**BUN B:** See, Southern rap wasn't built off of disco, which I think a lot of New York rap was built off. A lot of us in the South are children of the blues and soul music. That's what we grew up listening to.



## Pages From a Diarist Savant

Susan Barnett supplied the Ghost with some extracts from her grandmother's cousin's six-decade-spanning diary. ¶ Barnett informs us that he was a 'reclusive farmer' and that 'his initials are H.L. and he lived in the North.' ¶ *No further introduction is necessary!*

**Wednesday January 11 1911** This morning I drove up to school. It was a warm misty morning. Today was the last day of the Grade Exams. ¶ I got out a little before

four. The snow has gone off a great deal today. ¶ Tonight it is very rainy and warm.

**Friday January 13 1911** This morning was a dreadful rainy morning. Just about the time I started it poured. I got very wet. I drove a cutter & it was quite poor sleighing. It has been a rainy & foggy day. ¶ I had to drag most of the way home. It is some colder tonight.

**Monday April 10 1911** Had Nell shod. ¶ The roads were awful bad. I got up to school about twenty to nine. ¶ It has been a cold wind all day but pleasant. ¶ Tonight we have all been playing P. ¶ I did not get to bed very early.

**Wednesday April 12 1911** Windy. ¶ This morning I got up before seven. It was a cold windy morning. ¶ I have not had a very large school today. ¶ Tonight I talked with mother. ¶ I have been reading all the evening. ¶ It is a very windy night. It blows very hard from the south east. ¶ I am very tired tonight.

**Tuesday April 16 1929** 16 in. heavy wet snow. ¶ This morning everything was loaded with snow and snowing hard. ¶ It done us a lot of damage. ¶ The Crab apple tree broke over & two apple trees & the blue plum tree here on the North side of

the house. ¶ We drew out the load of manure. It is very bad to be out, Snows awful hard. ¶ Tonight it set in blowing and storms awful hard.

**This morning Saturday April 12 1930** This morning is quite warm. ¶ We set out the Rose bush here on the East of the porch and one peach tree in the yard. ¶ We set the other two up in the orchard. ¶ After dinner we went down to our place and finished filling in the ditch & cleaned up. It is very hot & drying off. ¶ Old Ted was taken sick about noon and is very bad. ¶ Tonight I was up twice & Ted is very bad. He is up on the Barn floor.

**Sunday April 13 1930** This morning it was warm and damp. It acts some showery. ¶ Old Ted is easier but awful sick and suffers awful. ¶ It has come off sultry and is a close air. ¶ We have had a hard day. ¶ The horse keeps his feet going and pounds the floor. He cannot get up. ¶ We could not do much for him & it makes us feel very bad. ¶ He was very restless toward night and just dark he died.

**Sunday November 23 1930** This morning it was dry & cold. ¶ I got up early and the Heifer & calf are getting along better. ¶ It is a fine bright day, cool. ¶ We had a chicken for dinner but no one came.

**Wednesday April 4 1945** Wind. ¶ This morning it was colder and quite a good day. ¶ The South wind began to blow hard and it is cold. ¶ I had to work hard to get things done so we could get ready to go to Will's funeral at 2-o'clock. ¶ There was quite a large funeral. We all walked down to the cemetery. ¶ It is an awful wind and it blows through everything. ¶ Tonight it began to rain from the South & it poured & water ran till eleven & then it changed to Snow.

**Thursday May 10 1945** Big Snow Storm 12 inches ¶ This morning when I got up it just started to Storm. ¶ It is a Snow Storm just like we had in the winter. ¶ I got awful wet getting the manure out as it just pours and is so heavy and wet. ¶ This afternoon it began to break limbs & do damage. ¶ I have had a very hard day. ¶ Tonight it started up from the North & it snowed & blowed. ¶ The awful weight of Snow & wind broke the Orchard the worst, and the limbs are breaking all down. ¶ 12 inches of wet Snow.

**Friday May 11 1945** Thaw. ¶ This morning it was winter. ¶ It is colder and the wind has blowed the Snow off the trees and things some. ¶ The Willow trees are broke bad and the Orchard is awful, all broke down. I feel awful bad. ¶ The Sky cleared away and it is thawing and the water will be awful bad. ¶ I had to go to town as we are out of things & feed. ¶ It was late & I just got down after feed & groceries. ¶ Tonight is water & damp cold. I had a lot to do.

**Saturday March 22 1952** Wet, Fog, dark ¶ Today it has been fog & storm all day. The air is so damp Cold. I have had a good fire all day. The Air is full of noise & it rained a hail. ¶ I got the manure out and did chores but it is a hard day to see and so wet. ¶ I had to clean the stove and do a lot of things. ¶ The ground is awful wet & the creeks are high. ¶ I'm afraid water will come in barn. ¶ Tonight I had to cook potatoes when I got my supper. ¶ Tonight is thick fog and dripping water.

**Tuesday April 29 1952** This morning I got up early and it is clear & not cold. ¶ When I went to the barn the heifer had a nice calf, Bull. ¶ She did good and is nice like a cow. ¶ I had so much to do and go to town. I took the Eggs 9 doz. and I got check for last week \$5.47. ¶ The new time

put me out a lot. ¶ I got home after 1 o'clock. ¶ Tonight I was tired.

**Monday May 5 1952** ¶ This morning it was cool but it warmed up and has been a fine day. ¶ I worked hard till noon to get manure out & things done up so I could go to town. I'm out of feed & groceries & I had to see about hay. ¶ I got back at 3-o'clock & had a lot to do. ¶ I felt so bad, a fox took my young red Rooster that I had raised to barn. ¶ I can't have anything. ¶ The cows & milking is all I can do. ¶ Tonight is cool Dry.

**Tuesday March 11 1958** Cloudy Raw, Cold ¶ This morning it was frosty cold. ¶ The roofs were white. ¶ It freezes very hard at night. ¶ I got up early & got a fire. ¶ The barn is cold and things are hungry. ¶ It came out very clear and some Sun but it soon clouded up and is Storm Air & thick. ¶ It does not warm up enough to thaw. ¶ I went down & got the mail and I felt awful bad. I'm drawn on Jury. I got food card. ¶ It came a dark freezing mist. ¶ It is bad March weather.

**Saturday September 19 1959** Warmer, Sun, fine day ¶ Today has been a perfect day. There was a little frost. ¶ I have put in a full day. ¶ The manure is awful, I have clean all day, and flies bite and are in the house. ¶ I have cut some with the Scythe up toward potatoes & cleaned under upper willow tree. The burdocks are so bad and goldenrod. ¶ I dug a crate of potatoes & cut a shock of Corn. ¶ The potatoes are good & no Rot. ¶ Tonight I got things done & shaved. It tired me. ¶ It is light & not cold.

**Sunday July 4 1965** Hot, Dry, Sun ¶ Today has been a warm Sun day. ¶ There was a dew & grass wet. ¶ It has been a very nice day for people to travel. ¶ They are away across the road & dog barks all time. ¶ After I got chores done, I went over to

JR's & he was there fixing to spray potatoes. ¶ We ground the Fan down with Electric Drill & it stopped hitting. ¶ I went on down to Mail box. It has been awful hot. ¶ I have Cut a lot of grass. ¶ Tonight clear hot.

#### **Monday July 5 1965**

Today is a Holiday, and it has been a Hot Day. ¶ This forenoon, I had to take off my shirts & wash them. ¶ They were stiff. ¶ It came out Sun, heat & flies are bad. Hot in barn. ¶ I had to Shave before noon. ¶ This afternoon I cut grass & then I went at the gate door that goes in Shed & took it down & got all nails out & ready to fix. ¶ I have got in quite a job. ¶ About four o'clock it got dark & black & rained till night. It has cooled air some, but there is such heat. ¶ It will be a wet morning.

**Tuesday July 6 1965** This morning I felt the cold. ¶ I had to get up & close all doors. It was north wind. ¶ I did not rest good. ¶ There is too much to do & I'm out of Bread & things. ¶ I dread to go away. It takes all my money. ¶ I had to clean lot manure & cut hay. ¶ I started to town before noon & the fan hit worse. ¶ I had to go & pay on awful Auto. Insurance. ¶ I did not get feed. ¶ I got hungry & tired. ¶ Tonight Cool Clear.

**Friday October 18 1968** Hot S. wind ¶ This morning warm & windy. ¶ The stones & ground is a sticky sweat. ¶ I have to work hard to get things done (Short day). ¶ After noon I went to cutting and work in yard. ¶ I got old golden glow & things cut. ¶ It clouds up & hot some like Rain. I have cut grass to feed. Garden is about cleaned up & I'm glad. ¶ It got dark early & a few drops rain. Warm. ¶ I pray it will get cooler.

**Wednesday December 25 1968** Awful Day Xmas. ¶ This morning the cold was terrible. Windows Solid Ice. ¶ The wind

blowed all night. ¶ A Cold Wave from North. ¶ I cannot keep my hands warm. The barn is froze so hard manure is solid. ¶ It is the Coldest Xmas Day I ever remember & no let up. Every Day is worse. ¶ Tonight will be below zero.

**Tuesday December 31 1968** It was cold morning & clear but it did not last. The air is South & East. I worked at manure & it is slippery. ¶ I'm most out of Bread. ¶ This is last day of 1968 & it has been a very bad year in Every way and this December has been the Coldest Ever known. 🐱

—ADVERTISEMENT.—

DON'T FORGET to visit 'The Museum of Crime & The Museum of God,' at Apexart. Curated by Mr. Luc Sante & featuring photos, paperbacks, &c. from his collection.—It ends on June 23d. Address is 291 Church St. btw. Walker & White.—*Why not go right now?*

### 'Don't say it'

We wanted to tell you about a dream we had but we've run out of space. ¶ Better than our dream is Aimee Kelley's latest poem; Kelley scholars will want to consult her poems in II.9 and II.12. ¶ Here it is—*lately she is flooring us with these poems:*

I knew I would see  
the note, written days earlier,  
and catch on myself. Don't  
tell me. In cinema-grade  
lighting of south city dusk

I remembered again. I'll take  
your pictures and mail  
and step out of the urge  
to react or even feel as often  
as possible. I don't like where

that just took me. Don't say  
it. A few hairs left, handwriting

on a box marked "dishes" full  
of papers, a shirt I haven't folded  
and shelved, a box too full

to close. The quality of light  
made it worse. It was light that  
faded late and gusted and told me  
I was alone. I stepped away  
from myself, quickly unhooking

where I'd caught. Ed changed the words  
I wrote for you, but it still means  
what I meant. It's maybe even  
better now. Don't tell me. I meant it so  
much  
even substitution doesn't alter it.

It's a year since Barbara's gone  
and I drove by the home the other  
day. This afternoon I stopped at a light  
by a pizza place and wondered if you'd  
eaten  
there. I think I saw the menu in your

hands once. I'm not sure. I thought about  
all the times you must have eaten alone  
and all the times to come, and I am  
sorry.

And I miss you like never, like it's you  
I'm caught on but can't turn around

to see. I miss you like a thing I know  
very well but can't place. A photograph I  
was careless with, a scarf I loved and left  
at a party. No, not like those. Those are  
things  
and in the end mean little. I don't know

what it's like because you are singular.  
You only consider emerging  
when the light is late and I am far away. 🐱

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