

I'm beginning to see why one would want to write for a blog. I have a few thoughts that I certainly can't prove, but I do have my suspicions. There's something fishy to me about the present Newsweek embarrassment over the Michael Isikoff story about the Koran and the toilet which was given to him by a supposedly reliable Pentagon source. My old conspiratorial and counter-espionage hackles go up. If you want to discredit a Dan Rather or a Newsweek story by-line, you feed them false information from a hitherto reliable source.

In counter-espionage, "reliable sources" are constructed item by secret item, all accurate, over a period of time to gain credibility. Only then do you spring the trap.

As for the riots on the other end, they, too, could be orchestrated. We do have agents in Pakista, after all.

Obviously, I have no evidence to prove any of the above. But under my novelist's hat still lives an intelligence agent manque. He suggests to me that the outcome proved all too neat, all too perfect, for one special side.

Dammit, at the age of eighty-two I don't wish to become paranoid again, but there are concrete gains to be obtained for some people in the mix in taking such serious chunks out of an established liberal structure. Besides, the honor in every unnamed Department of Dirty Tricks is to see how far you can get in real-down-and-dirty-land—in up to the eyeballs, yeah!

paranoid again, but look at the concrete gains obtained by the Right in this matter. In every covert Department of Dirty Tricks, official, semi-official, and off-the-wall, there is great pride to be obtained by going down deep into down-and-dirty-land—Yeah!

Norman Mailer

Note: I checked the reporter's name online—he is Michael Isikoff, not Ithawitz.

Future Pieces

London Times

~~A BIT OF HOMAGE TO GEORGE W. BUSH~~

~~by ^{the} ~~author~~ of doggerel~~

~~caca-eating~~
~~caca~~

That ~~dee-dee~~ eating grin you've got

~~/~~ Gives away the plot.

Your friends assure you

what you know up front,

Shrub, you are no small stunt.

Oh, George they say,

your poop is better

than alley-oop.

Your turd has

~~lots of~~
~~no ordinary steam.~~

~~God's~~
~~God's~~ truth—your ~~shit~~ ~~dee-dee~~

doth smell like ice cream.

~~It which gives away~~
~~That explains so much~~

~~your gleam.~~
~~about your eye and~~

~~its curious gleam~~

~~It comes from your pants/~~
~~for your pants are full of arts~~

~~translucent~~
~~and do emit real self-esteem~~

~~steeped in self-esteem~~
~~in the hiss of your self-adoring dream.~~

~~full of~~

Oh, George, your mouth,

Keep licking the cream.

~~A BIT OF HOMAGE TO GEORGE W. BUSH~~

~~be
in the form of doggerel~~

~~caca-eating~~

That ~~dee-dee-eating~~ grin you've got

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~~full of~~

Oh, George, your mouth,

Keep licking the cream.

~~A BIT OF HOMAGE TO GEORGE W. BUSH~~

~~in the form of doggerel~~

~~caca~~
caca-eating)

That deo-deo eating grin you've got

Gives away the plot.

Your friends assure you

what you know up front,

Shrub, you are no small stunt.

Oh, George they say,

your poop is better

than alley-oop.

Your turd has

lots of
no ordinary steam.

God's
God's truth—your shit deo-deo

doth smell like ice cream.

and it's a treat
That explains so much

your gleam.

about your eye and

its curious gleam.

It comes from your farts/
for your farts are full of arts

transit
and do emit real self-esteem

steeped in self-esteem
in the hiss of your self-adoring dream.

full of

Oh, George, your mouth,

Keep licking the cream.

HOMAGE TO GEORGE W. BUSH

--by way of doggerel.

That ca ca-eating grin you've got

gives away the plot.

Your friends assure you

what you know up front.

Shrub, you are no small stunt.

Oh, George they say,

your poop is better

than alley-oop.

Your turd has

lots of steam.

God's truth—your doo-doo

doth smell like ice cream—and

generates your gleam.

It rises from your farts

full of arts

steeped in self-esteem

full of the hiss of your self-adoring dream.

Oh, George, your mouth.

Keep licking the cream.

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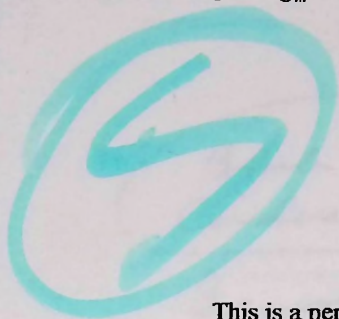
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This is a percipient book about the art, the cul-de-sacs, the mysteries of good writing, and ~~no~~ ^{to} small addition ~~the~~ ^{to} the slightly disoriented sibling of such work, ~~one's~~ ^{one's} own person. Yes, one's own good writing usually arrives as a bit of mystery to oneself. How well Joyce Carol Oates delineates this odd feeling, so special, so elusive, and so elegantly laid out by her.

Faxed by DWG
2/23/05

Fil

Sent 1/20/04

Journalism is based on a modern mythology. It assumes that facts are
and [and] independent of nuance
reliable. What New Journalism brought to the table was the contrary notion

that the mood of an event might reveal more of what was going on than the

formal historical record of what was said and done. So the concept of New

I must say
Journalism—we were doing it before we had a name for it. ^I did prove an

we knew that
open sesame to novelists like myself since mood was as tasty as good grub—

the real meat and potatoes of the moment. Of course, you
could be wrong in your interpretation
of the mood, but then
where was the journalist who
was not often skewed in his facts?

Swt
1/20/04

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New Journalism brought to the table, ~~perhaps~~ was that the mood of an event

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~~we~~ *provided an open sesame*
since ~~it~~ *was as tasty as good grub — the real*
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to *moment*
occasion
potatoes of the happening.