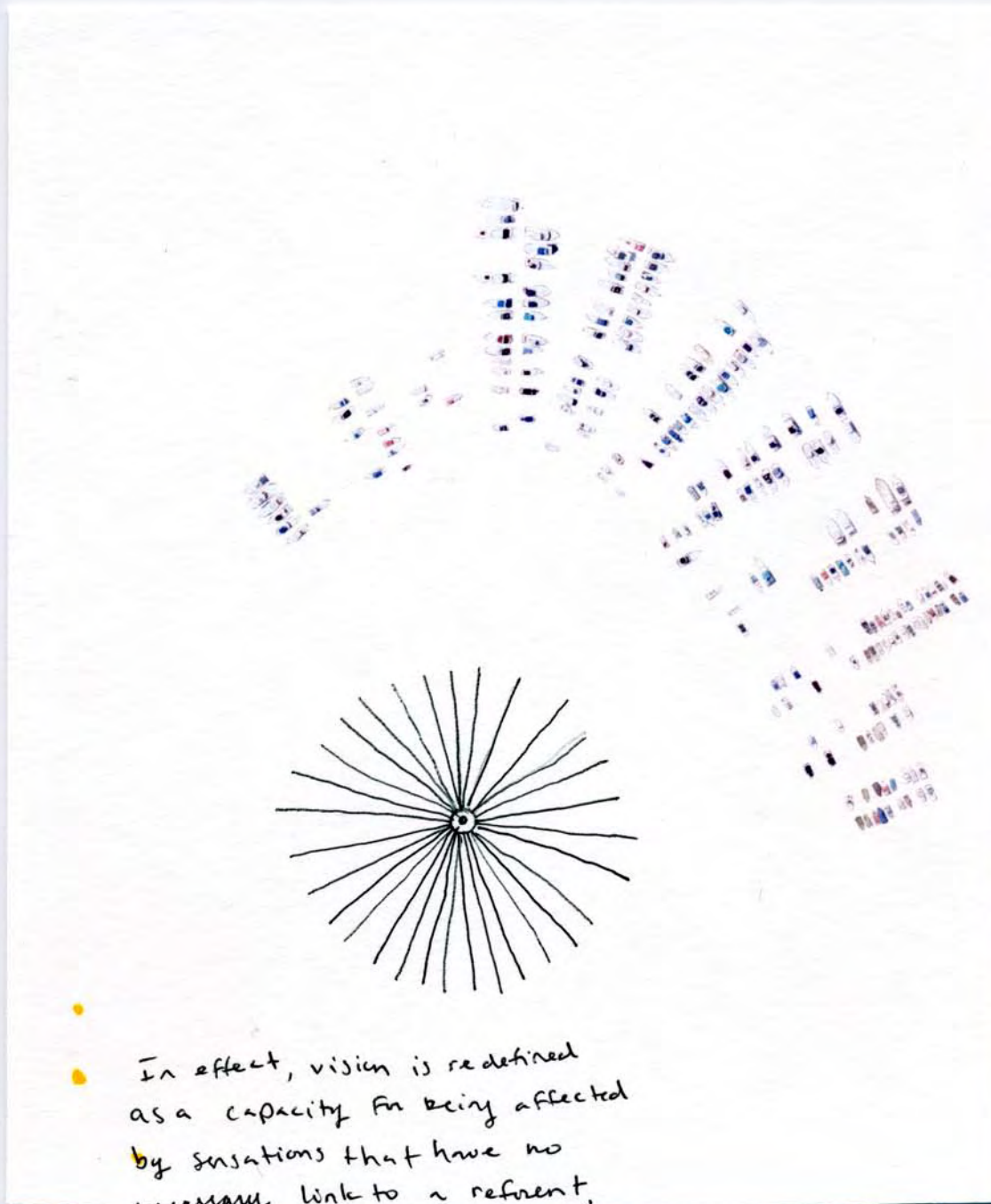
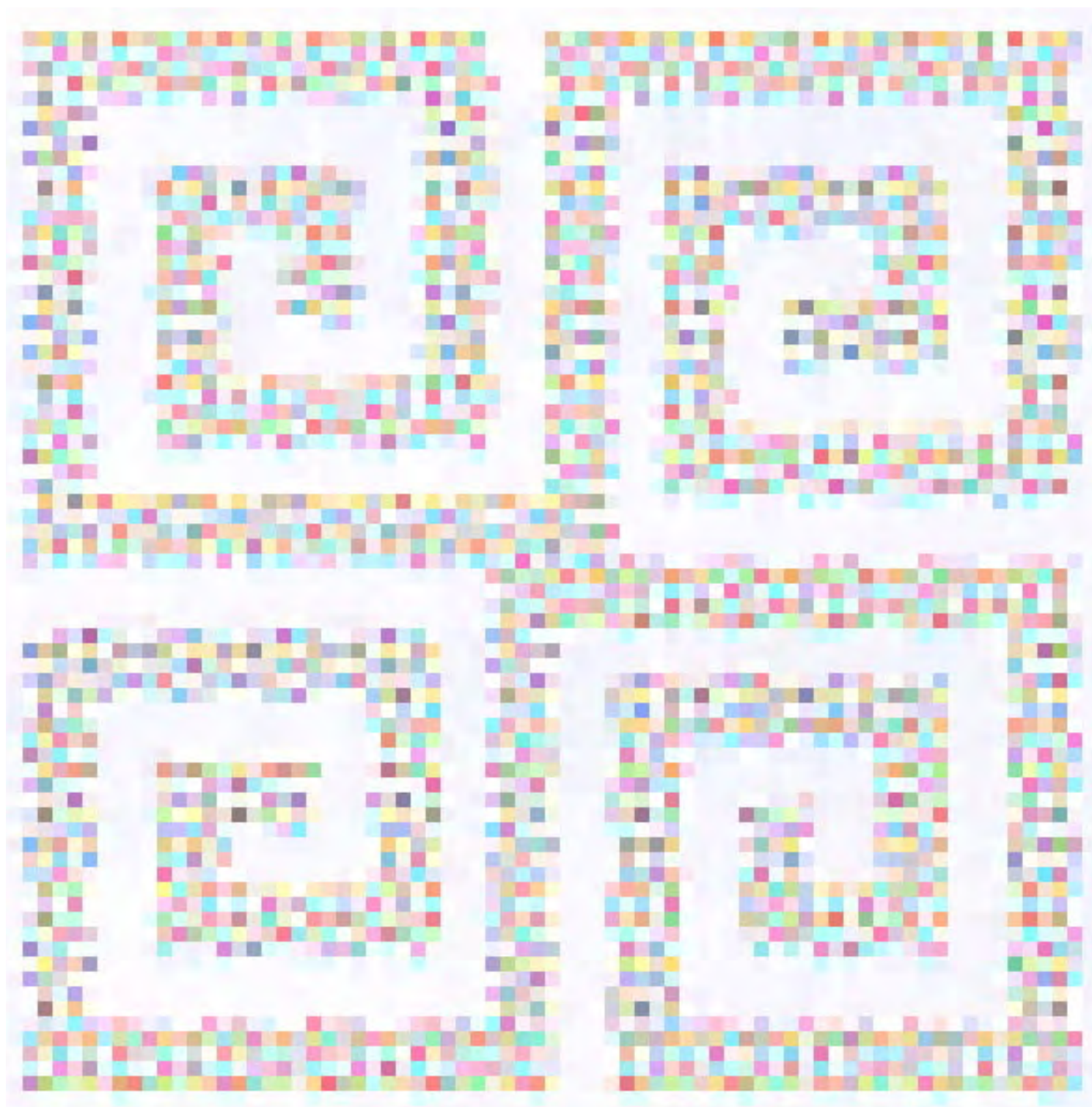


# Private Circulation

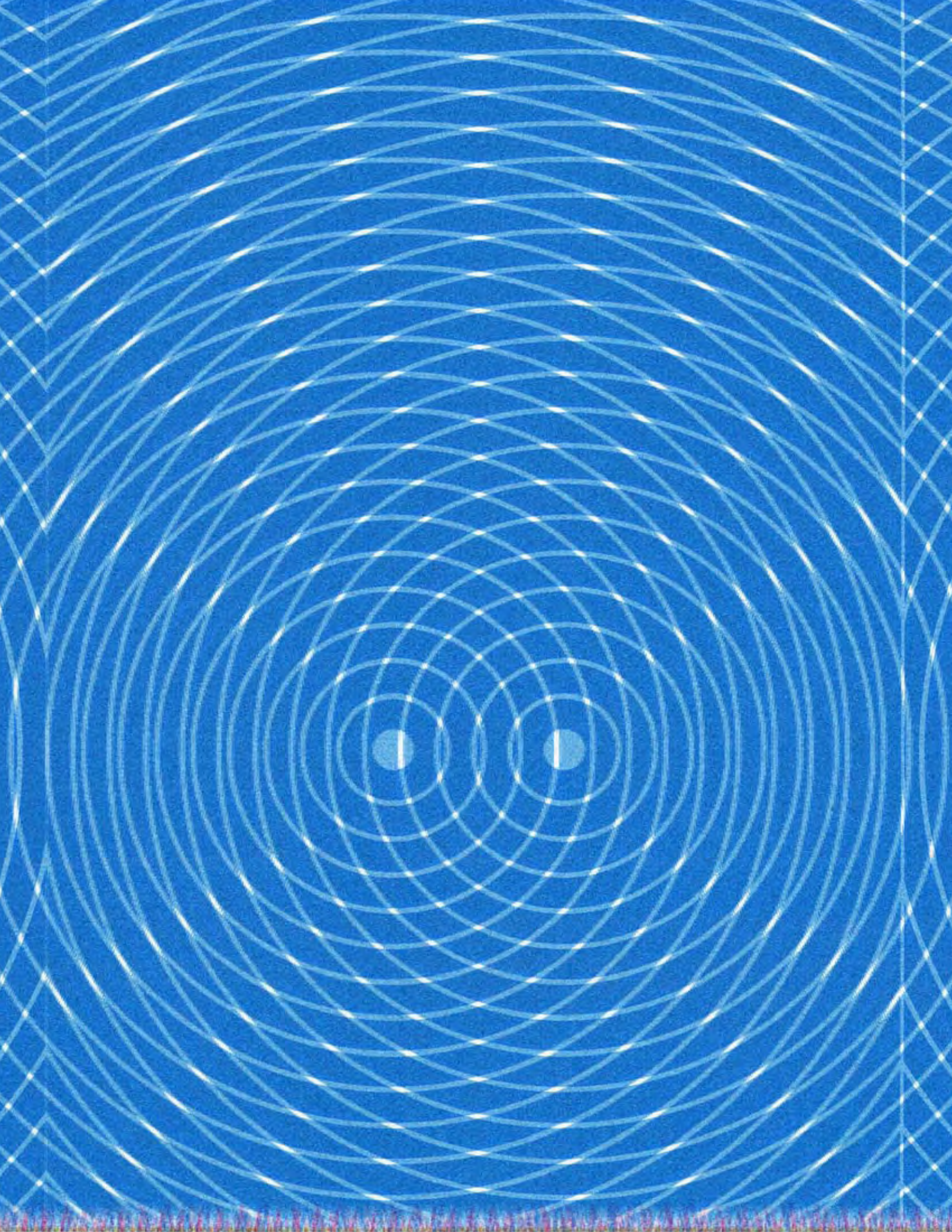
The Monthly PDF Bulletin

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Barbed wire	August	Black tire	Edger
Water	Sand	Rope buried in beach	Hose
One-Shot sign-painter's enamel	High tide	Scuba lessons	Copy machine
Bon Ami™	Symphonic	Air compressor	Vandalized Mormon church
Apples	Secret	Balls of mercury on concrete	Meth lab
Pears	Fog	Garbage cans	The sticks
Cherries	Row boat	Skidding on rocks	School bus
Blackberries	Rotten pier	Maggots	Riptide
Salt	Sand spit	Drunken bees	Red tide
Clay	Steep cliff	Flight path	Spider crab
Horse hair	Flood stream	Orca stuck in low tide	Sea otter
Grass	International jeeps	Shark blood on bow	Mussels
Semen	Rust	Tackle box	Message in a bottle
Leather	Oxidation	Beach glass	Encyclopedia
Tree fort	Slow explosion	Crumbling cliff	Stolen garage-sale signs
Underground fort	Syringe	Exposed roots	Gravel-encrusted wound
Wood blinds	Tetanus shot	Homemade helicopter	<i>Fern Gully</i>
Teal carpet	Cousin	Jet Ski	Mount Saint Helens
Small wood stove	Doctor	Broken arm	Machete
Pink insulation	Dentist	Shredded plastic bag	Atrium
Pine trees	Yacht	Captain's house (abandoned)	Mushroom grows in carpet
Wood glue	Grateful Dead	Bulkhead	Windows need re-caulking
Knotty plywood	"The eye is the jewel of the body"	Oyster farm	Fighter pilot
Cob webs	Robo-fry	Tidelands	Bad vision
Styrofoam blocks	Camp fire	Mill	Black Hills
Sixteen-penny galvanized nails	Scotch broom	Church	Case Inlet
Evergreens	Yellow	School house	Treasure Island
Tad poles	Allergies	Business	State park
Gidget and Smoky, ponies	Inspector	Weekly newspaper	Key Center
Small back-hoe	Civic Center	Felix	Red Dog's
Grave	Orca statue	Frozen pipes	Key Bank
BMX course	Chicken wire	Gangs of dogs	Huckleberry Inn
Hay jumping	Aqua-colored typewriter	No fences	Cherokee
One car per hour	Road construction	Boysenberries	Explorer
Rocks	Country fair	Barometer	Tractor
Eagles	Hay ride	Compass	Intercourse
Crow's nest	Roller skating	Olympia	AKA hay fever
Seagull	Halloween	Cascadia	Rope ladder
Alka-Seltzer	Graveyard	Mosquito Fleet	Black roof shingles
Low tide	Loosened tombstone	Poppies	Pellet gun
Two-stroke engine	Rope swing	Bunk-beds	Blue tarp
Hand	Seaweed	Costco Baseball cards	Urine
Third-degree burn	Jellyfish	Logger breakfast	Geo Metro
Bowl of ice	Bob Ross	One-ton anchor	
Kite	Edward Hopper	Weed-eater	
	Sawhorse	Lawn mower	
	Dog hair		









# SEICHE: RAIN-X vs AQUAPEL



A screenshot of a map showing the intermediary stages of construction of a pedestrian-crossing in Providence, R.I. A new 50-foot-wide, landscaped pedestrian overpass (above) will replace the old, narrow footbridge. The satellite image below shows the site after the old footbridge was demolished, but before new construction was under way.

I'M standing under a corner of construction scaffolding; in one hand I'm holding three white plastic bags of groceries, and in the other my deployed black umbrella. As I wait for the light to turn — watching the purling water wash down 44th Street and flow left in a wide arc onto Fourth Avenue — I see you drive past.

On your dashboard, the yellow, red, and white lights, some with black illustrations, others with blurry green digits, make up the foreground. Illuminated by the two Xenon headlamps, a conical tunnel of rain pelts the windshield. It's raining, but you're dry in the car — obvious yet comfortable facts. The voice on the radio

— which is the same kind that gives you a headache driving home at the end of a Tuesday, or simply always happens to be rambling when the headache sets in — drones on. By this time of night, however, your mind has passed a certain threshold, after forgetting about the headache. All the words morph together and, after ditching their referents, start to sound musical, like during the mind's twilight before sleep, when talking sounds like Coltrane and vice versa. Not much visibility tonight.

The phone rings. She picks it up. You turn the radio off and steer the car around a bend. She had said something, which you missed, followed by a thank

you, then hangs up. Another turn. You wonder who it was, what they said, but don't ask. Your literary pretensions, which also serve as a defense against dangerous thoughts, lead you to muse that each raindrop (likely created when a larger drop, flattened by its descent, caught a pocket of air, billowed open like a parachute, and burst into an array of droplets) that's racing toward this windshield is one of Borges's Alephs, reflecting its world in a tiny distorted orb. The wipers are new, and they're doing a good job, you think. Yes, it's satisfying to watch them work so diligently, so efficiently.





