

## memo

Friday, March 5, 2004

To: Homage

From: Homme

Re: “Our city is a ship at the mercy of a dangerous storm—as you can see for yourself: she cannot escape from waves of death. Death is everywhere. There's death in the fields, death in the pastures, and death in the wombs of our women. And plague, a fever-god, has gripped our city, stripping the house of Cadmus, and Hell is full fed with groans and tears.”  
—Sophocles, Oedipus Rex

The cruelest acts of Nature are those wrought by man. City's streets and the heat that rises from them, even in the dead of winter when supposedly nothing moves or lives or grows. A panic. Ship up or shape out—this incessant street-screaming, horn honking, door slamming, howling wind has a way of wearing one down—get over yourselves and move on on on. It occurs to me now that civilization is, in many cases, defined by ever-smaller movements of the hands. Never listen to what they're saying out there, or try to decipher the manifestations of the heat that rises even as the wind blows. Came in from the cold to find more. Before I was this pretentious, I was this pretentious plus some. Father came down the mountain to have tea. Sank its teeth into the windows and around the doors. It, a hot panic, like the breath of the feverish, the sick, the cruel.