



THE NEW-YORK GHOST



A weekly publication of exceeding haste

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"Don't Tell Me You Haven't Read It Yet!"

A chaotic four-page stepister to the New York Whip

The problem was, there was so much to read; and at the same time, it seemed, there was nothing worth reading at all.

Deluged with daily papers, alternative newsweeklies, listings collations, and blogs (short for *world-wide-web-logarithms*) galore, people gradually grew grim about the mouth before weeping openly in the streets. ¶ Variety

was an illusion! Only the typeface and the paper quality differed. It was all celebrity profiles, followed by the tearing down of the celebrity, followed by five paragraphs about what was the best shampoo.

¶ Someone thought it would be a good idea to start something new.

¶ We are going to do it all by ourselves now. ¶ Book 'em: Poet Michael Friedman's slim debut

novel, *Martian Dawn* (Turtle Point Press) is a treat. The main characters, “Julia” and “Richard,” have lives suspiciously like those of Julia Roberts and Richard Gere’s *Pretty Woman* characters. Then there are parts that take place on Mars. A whale is also involved. If the premise doesn’t hook you, don’t worry—it’s so short you can read it in an hour or two, and then you can tell people you’ve just finished a book—how rare is that? ¶ New publishing trend: Hit men! Max Allan Collins’s *The Last Quarry* and Lawrence Block’s *Hit Parade*. What does it mean? ¶ On DVD: *Brick*. ¶ In the theaters: Michel Gondry’s *The Science of*

Sleep. ¶ Korean soap operas are a hit all over Asia and in (for? among?) the diaspora—may we suggest *Dae Jang Geum*, set in the royal Korean court of the 16th century? As we like to tell folks: Think Harry Potter crossed with *Iron Chef*! ¶ Have you read *A Public Space*, the new journal edited by former *Paris Review* maven Brigid Hughes? Pick up a copy of issue #2 (featuring Ander Monson, David Mitchell, and much more) before the stores sell out, before you are driven to paying exorbitant prices on eBay and whatnot. ¶ Brooklyn: We go there once a week these days. Everyone lives there. *Everyone*. ¶ WHAT IS

THAT ALL ABOUT? asks Grampa Ghost. *When did Brooklyn become the center of the universe? How come all freelance writers and editors now live in Brooklyn? What happened to Manhattan? [Fades away.]* ¶ Show of Hands Dept.: How many people listen to audiobooks? Oh yeah? Which ones are good? How do you navigate them on your iPod? First 20 respondents to thenyghost@gmail.com will receive a free, personalized e-mail, suitable for framing. ¶ Come Again Dept.: What’s that? What did we think of *The Science of Sleep* (see page 1)? Honestly, it is one of the

delights of the **season**, a serious contender for picture of the year. Critics who say it is all bells and whistles, no heart, should (a) jump in a lake and (b) ponder this photograph:



Though not actually a scene from *The Science of Sleep*, it has a hypnotic quality, people blurring into one another, dreams floating into reality and vice versa, that reminds us

of the film. ¶ Best thing that happened the other day: We were walking by a school playground, during recess. Kids were running around, screaming, laughing. In one corner, a teacher gave a command to a group of girls: “Robots!” Then they all started acting like robots, arms moving rigidly, etc. One word review: **Hilarious**. Seriously, this made our day—our week—our year. ¶ Our *life*. ¶ That’s going too far. ¶ Who’s on First: Who here likes the Who? (*Show of hands: Three.*) For us they were always “The Who”—as classic a classic rock band as you could find, with a foot in British invasiondom,

another in Mod-dom, a third (a penis?!) in somewhat bloated but not completely awful ’70s cockrockery. Then, right before *The Who Live at the Isle of Wight Festival* was released a year or so ago, we became suddenly, unaccountably, violently anti-Who (stunning a friend who had suggested we go catch the flick over the week-end). Wha’ happened?! It’s possible we heard a Who song in a store or on TV and concentrated a little too hard on, say, the lyrics. Suddenly they seemed like the most overvalued band in the pantheon; no, we would *not* go to see *The Who Live at The Isle of Wight Festival*, thank

you very much! ¶ Time passed, and the film popped up on DVD, which we borrowed in a fit of curiosity/boredom from a friend. ¶ Then we kept it at home, in the basket with all the other DVDs, for about a year. ¶ Then the other day we plopped it in and... ¶ The Who is *still* kind of bad, in a lot of ways—Roger Daltrey’s fringed vest, for one—but... *Keith Moon!* ¶ Of course, as developing rock listeners years ago, we knew about Keith Moon, legendary deceased drummer. But we had never seen him in action. ¶ Keith Moon! ¶ Moon’s a revelation! Even when he’s not drumming, he’s filling

up the space, making silly faces...twirling the sticks...tossing them...sipping water from a cup and then spitting it straight up and catching it in the cup.... ¶ But then of course mostly he *is* drumming, and it’s like watching a hurricane take human form. ¶ He must have been the original of the Muppets’ Animal. ¶ Even the doofiest, borderline annoying bits (the “Shake It Up”/“Summertime Blues”/etc. medley, e.g.) are electrified by his frenetic...oh this is insane. ¶ Writing about the Who. ¶ I mean seriously, “*Who* cares?” ¶ This is the longest “article” in the *New-York Ghost!* What a load of crap! ¶ *Ghost of Keith Moon*. No, no, it’s not crap—it’s

great. I mean I think
 people will really like— ¶
The editors: Uh...heh heh...
 NO. ¶ *G.O.K.M.:* Well,
 you've made your decision,
 and I have to respect that.
 [*Fades away.*] ¶ It is now
 time for a closing poem,
 by Aimee Kelley, editor of
Crowd magazine:

Seasons

What I wanted was to be a little
 girl swan and hold hands with
 other little girl swans,
 move serenely in a flock, a
 wedge,
 a ring, collapsing together
 nightly
 by the shore
 of an abandoned lake.

*

Jangle of my brightest
 self, a bell, a radiant tone,
 a high insistence uncaptured.

*

Oh noble animal:
 in the shy tongue, teeth, limbs
 never so much summer
 as today.

*

I am still Beatrice.
 I am a parade of one.

*

No longer wolfish, poised to
 spring, merely
 sullen, waiting immobile
 at the window: a muscle
 memory.

*

Do not repent or tith; it is a
 fantastic thing to ask
 for what one wants. It is a wonder
 to move
 without hesitating
 across any landscape presented.
 It is a glory to break open
 as I have done
 in front of you.

*

To move along the coast of
 suffering requires
 a repetition: offering, refusal,
 offering again.

*

In the end, they walked out,
 and once more saw the stars.

That is all the space we
 have for this issue. Please
 send letters, submissions,
 and/or art to
thenyghost@gmail.com.

The 'Ghost' is a free newsletter
 delivered by e-mail nearly every week
 to over 500 affluent and mystified
 'insiders.' It is a space free of
 advertising, designed to be printed
 out by each reader, thus solving the
 vexing 'distribution problem.' How
 many readers actually print it out is
 unknown, but several 'Ghost' readers
 claim to print it out and then leave
 it in public places at work, as an
 anonymous gift to their coworkers.
 Contributors include Aimee Kelley

(poetry) and Adrian Kinloch
 (photography). Other writers have
 included Scott Bradfield, Sasha Frere-
 Jones, Sarah Manguso, Ben Greenman,
 Samantha Hunt, Mairead Case, and
 Ken Sorkin, who chronicles the doings
 of his group, the Twenty % Tippers.

