

The DAILY MOTH

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"Some days you wake up and immediately start to worry. Nothing in particular is wrong, it's just the suspicion that forces are aligning quietly and there will be trouble." —Jenny Holzer

CLOUDS
FOLLOW YOU }

OUR MOTTO THIS TIME: We are not what you think we are.

OR: This is not what we planned on.

OR: Who's in charge here?

{ WHEN
YOU WALK.

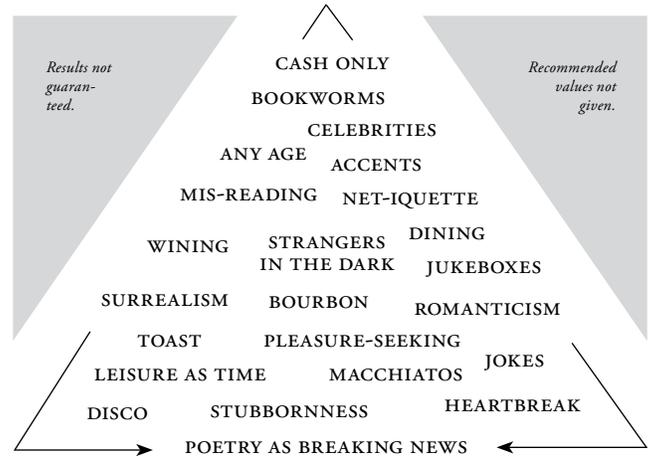
THE BATTLE OF DURGA

A new photograph by Jocelyn Chase



Ms. CHASE is a photographer living in Brooklyn, NY. To see more work, visit: chasejocelyn.com.

OUR BELIEF SYSTEM:



CAR RADIOS AND A SNOW-COVERED ROAD

The 2005 film *Old Joy*, directed by Kelly Reichardt, is bookended by two long scenes of driving. The driver is alone and the radio is playing. For a film that spends a lot of time on the road, these two sequences are significant for a number of reasons, the most striking of which to me is the specific ambience of the tinny car radio against the environmental sound of traffic.

When I was 16, I was in a car accident. The car I was driving slid off a snowy country road, flipped over into a ravine, and slid down into a wheat field. I remember a sudden loss of control at the wheel, the landscape jolting around me outside the windows, and then a deep, bare silence. Silent, that is, except for the ghostlike car radio still sounding in the darkness.

I was shaken, but otherwise unharmed, held suspended upside-down by my seatbelt, facing a shattered windshield. The crash had killed the engine, but the radio kept playing, joined only by the wind and that unique brand of snow-covered quiet.

It was a huge moment of calm. When I finally jumped out of my shocked state, realizing my mouth was full of earth and snow, I started screaming and crawled out of the overturned car, eventually to safety.

But what sticks with me is that everyday yet unforgettable sound that always takes me back to such a strange feeling: One of those rare, quiet moments full of violent grace, to which I wish more films, and art in general, gave attention. —T.

THE LAPTOP DJ
CHECKING HIS EMAIL

is like →

THE ARTIST ALONE
AT THE REFRIGERATOR

It is in the opinion of The Daily Moth that music fans should end all use of the term "covers." Heretofore we shall refer to these as "songs." It doesn't matter who wrote the thing, we believe when someone is singing, you should just listen.

by Timothy Zwettler

BACK TO BREATHLESS

A mushroom
grows in Brooklyn

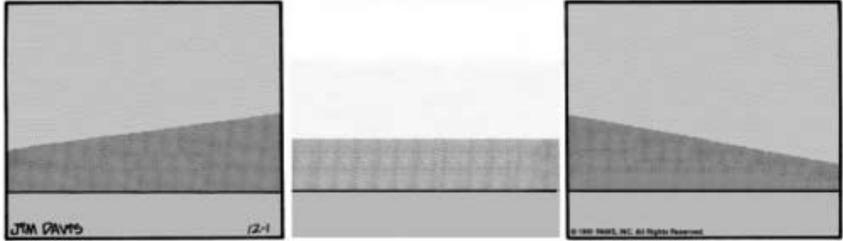
Underneath a bed
with its legs splayed out.

Two lovers, adrift,
bump foreheads:

The end-of-the-night
pillowfight.

SIX TV GRABS

by Graham Stephenson



FLY PAPER

by Justine Wenger

A man was handing out flies in the middle of the city. The flies were attached to leashes of human hair. They were trained fliers and they flew to their new owners willingly. People began to flock to his station near the fountain and despite the cold weather the man was very popular. He had a way about him. And the fountain, in its off-season, stood as a frozen burial ground for forgotten leaflets.

I stood at the back of the line, blocking traffic with the others, not knowing exactly why I had come here. Did I really want a pet fly? Didn't I already have a stack of them on my windowsill at home? But the crowd was determined, and I was a part of it. I worried like everyone else that the man would run out.

Some people were even waving money in the air and trying to form a governmental rank, a Flier Hierachy, in order to determine who deserved the fliers most.

The line continued to climb steadily and we all followed in our place. The woman in front of me received two at once.

They were making love. "Isn't life something," she said with a purse of tears in her eyes.

Now it was my turn and the man reached in his bucket knowingly. My flier hung gently in the air between us as if it had just jumped from a great height. I thought it was like a yo-yo with vertigo and would regain its snap in an instant, but it never did. I thanked the man and stepped aside, holding the end of the hair and shielding the fly in my palm so it wouldn't get lost in the shuffle. The tiny, skin-like wings were still attached, blinking at me in the wind, even though its shell had dried out years ago.

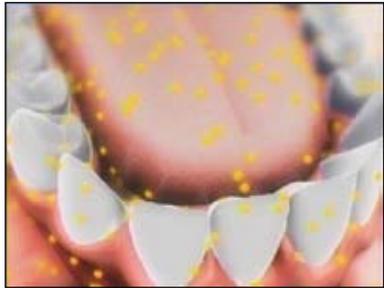
*** NEW EDITORIAL POLICY:**

We don't believe in magic.

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CLASSIFICATION: Discoverable.



Mr. STEPHENSON is a media archivist and indexer of Spanish language television. He lives in Chicago, IL.

*** A NOTE ABOUT THE MASTHEAD:** *While we do not come to you daily, we do want you to think of us everyday.*
ON OUR WISHLIST: *Drawings, stories, power ballads for suburbanites.* **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** *thedailymoth@gmail.com*