

11/29 Schrödinger's cat steps out of the box. Alive! Same springy step as before. The Prestige.

Veremos.

Endgame.

Old

Tired, careless gods. One rolls over in its sleep and knocks over the waterglass. Neither wakes, but now the other stirs, flings out a paw and sends the oil lamp, turned low but still alight, crashing to the floor. Increased snores as the drapes catch fire. Overhead, looking down, the old dry ridgebeam sees it all, sighs along the rafters. Waves ripple all the way to the outermost shingles. Roofnails, half worked free, expand. Their heads redden, grow white as galaxies, form constellations. Sun's rays heat the land and then, by turns, the tender air.

Automatic shut-down of the Perry nuclear power plant on Lake Erie about thirty-five miles northeast of Cleveland. Owner: FirstEnergy Corp. Akron-based. Malfunction in the mechanical system that feeds water to the reactor.

Only noon, but the sky's the most amazing menacing bluegray slashed downtown with orange.

Man-o-Manishevitz!

All states probable.

Don't mess with Mr. Inbetween

The world, done to a turn.

Spitted.

From the dachshund sniffing pee at the base of the lightpole, to the chiseled, broad cheeks of the white-blond woman posed at the curb's edge, to the lanky man pulling the delivery cart with two fingers of his left hand, all energies become clearer.

Dream image of a master martial artist, beheaded, his body still moving with supreme intelligence.

An idiot is someone who is paid too little or too much.

Nearly impossible these days to walk along a street in Chelsea or Flatiron without having to detour around a construction site or scurry beneath a scaffold – sometimes several to the block. Have we arrived at last at the crescendo of this mania?

And the brutal new structures with their brick cladding – not bricks laid one upon the other, but pre-fused to concrete panels that are lifted by crane and hung from hooks protruding from the skeleton, like pictures on a wall. Oy, look out below, for it won't just be a one or a few bricks worked loose, but a great unified battalion of 'em

falling all at once.

...it's incontrovertible...



The sky, the sky. What to say?

11/30 R. Vertiginous Heitz

Powerful earthquake yesterday 23km northwest of Martinique. Buildings

collapsed there and in Barbados. One death, several hundred injuries. Guadeloupe seriously shook too. 7.4 magnitude, but fortunately quite deep, about 143km, hence no tsunami. Holmes baby, what you doin' us?

Destruction visited on the city by explosives, or high-powered commodities.

Many blocks in New York razed by indiscriminate development. What's been lost here will take a generation or more to get right, even if we began to restore it now, to retrace our steps to a saner moment. But perhaps the whole point is abandonment and that's the writing, huge, yet still not entirely legible, that covers the wall.

Diagonal cloudbands overlay the streetgrid. Dawn is beautiful, yet they're colors out of space.

Comety, amity. Heaven's gaters, five believers.

Knocking on heaven's door.

Gater aid. And who made the gate keepers?

What courses through your mind this morning are lines you wrote sixteen years ago:

In this Jerusalem there are no contracts, equities or useful sets of numbers, only faubourgs, spokes straining tired hubs, rods, staffs, pistons and a piquant sauce to die of. Rods,

staffs and pistons sing: The food is for the man who owns it, not the man who is hungry. The food is for the man who owns it, not the man who is hungry. Blow them to the fire base, blow them out the keyhole, blow them back to '64, blow them back to me.

Idiot wind.

Cometia dell'arte.

Come meteor.

Precision in your frenzy.

Perseus. Percival. Pierce-a-veil.

Dance of the seven. Diaphanouser and diaphanouser.

The gauzy strip.

A court in Sudan sentences a British English teacher to fifteen days for permitting her students to name the class teddy bear Mohammed. The *Post's* riposte: a full page picture of a fuzzy brown bear – in the classic open-armed gesture – but wearing a chador, its face and body covered, apart from the little ears sticking out and a slit through which gaze out its adorable, and ever-so-appealingly lifelike glass eyes.

Given the Sudanese connexion, it's amazing Rupert didn't avail himself of the

obvious headline: SAVED OUR FUR.

Given that the media – unlike the Bedouin who knows the time and distance to the next oasis – are ever more desperate in their search for famine fortune.

No history, but in the mystery. Yo.

Break on through.

No division in the multiplying world.

O that this too too solid...

...resolve itself into adieu.

O owe own

Take freedom as you may, but

Welcome 'ome.

Je t'adore.

Only the chador knows.

Achilles as a girl.

Immersed, sealed, proof against. But for...

Seventh seal.

Fate.

Yo! Have fate and youze shall be saved. Sez so right here in dis booka
Revulation. 'sall here, sista. Chapt'an' voise.

Hanging over Chelsea last night after the clouds swept past: some not-so-
young moon.

Hold my chain, *compañeros*. And I'll hold yours.

Turn turn turn.

Oyvay oyvay oyvay. All rise.

R U ready?

To know a veil. Naked one can be, but is it possible to wear no clothes? Just
ahead of you down the subway steps, a woman in a short shearling. Beneath the swing

of her coat's fleecy hem you can see four numbers appliquéd white across the seat of her sweat pants. Bottoms of the digits only – their tops obscured. Though jeaned in gray, hers is not an ass not to be phaulted, yet these undecodable digits subvert your sense of form. What date is it? Could be 1964 or 1984 – who knows? Assuming that you're right about the first and last numbers being 1 and 4.

She swipes her metrocard at the righthand of the two turnstiles, you enter via its twin on the left. Separate passages, separate revolvings. Yet you hear, bleeding around her iPod buds, the twittering clamor of a riotous debate amongst all the various birds and insects of the world, knowing, if only rationally, that in her ears this must sound like music. You walk down the platform, slightly behind her still, and when she halts, it's pretty much in the spot you were aiming for, so you stop also – as close to her as Manhattan spatial politesse will allow. Is she, like you, positioning herself to exit the train so as to scoot directly up the escalator ahead of the herd?

Veramos, muchacha. Somos hecho en... el futuro. ¿Esto es español?

When you hit the platform at Lex., the lady has vanished. The Pledge, the Turn...

How quickly and utterly the full heart can empty.

Pass the Mitzvah Tank parked on Park Ave., loudspeakers blaring a martial all-male chorus. "Are you Jewish?" the Hasid asks. For a moment, you contemplate knocking his hat off, watching it roll along the gutter like a hapless dreidel. Nun. "Yes," you say. "And no." And then, keeping eye contact even over your shoulder,

“Good Shabbos.”

War is awful, Midtown Hell.

Walls *can* dot, as Tobias points out, referring to a bit you wrote last May about the murals on the blast barriers and concrete walls that, according to the *Times*, “dot” Baghdad. He uses as evidence the fragments that still mushroom in Berlin, “only a few 1m wide segments standing here or there – all still graffiti covered on one side and grey on the other... like a dotted line.” And even now, as you walk between Madison and Fifth, a gaily-sprayed prestressed concrete relic of East-West days, transported hence from thence, come to roost in a pocket plaza sandwiched between a pair of too-tall office blocks, its surface serving to guide the eye, and tug the feet toward the posh Italian eatery set back across the no-man’s land.

At the foot of the subway escalator, the lyric soprano who’s taken the place of the prophetic madman sings an aria. The last note in her phrase crossfades with the brakesqueal of the downbound E. Home James!

Winners have yet to be denounced.

Cuando estaba joven, you always lost your jobs because they weren’t hard enough. Ahora, tu conoces su trabajo.

Any ratio greater than one: depth.

Less than one: height.

Thanks, Ed Pavlic, for the reminder.

You can no longer distinguish the authorship of an idea. Was it Heraclitus's or another's. Many genii. But a locution has its own distinct logos within the logosity. Its handclasp.

Write on the edge of ontology.

Disembodied, reembodied, dis...

Symbols sublimated symbolized –

Does it all comet round and round?

12/1 No history but in the mystery.

Meet George Jetsam. Hopes he's flotsam.

Men were always deceived by their language. They called a thing empty when it was empty of what they were interested in. Said Aristotle, or someone like him.

Evil twins 'r' us.

Macrodermabrasion.

You do not need to leave your room. Remain sitting at your table and listen. Do not even listen, simply wait, be quiet, still and solitary. The world will freely offer itself to you to be unmasked, it has no choice, it will roll in ecstasy at your feet.

Said Franz K.

Willhelm/Baynes report that Confucius, commenting on a line of Hexagram 61, Inner Truth, said:

The superior man abides in his room. If his words are well spoken, he meets with assent at a distance of more than a thousand miles. How much more then from near by! If the superior man abides in the room and his words are not well spoken, he meets with contradiction at a distance of more than a thousand miles. How much more then from near by! Words go forth from one's own person and exert their influence on men. Deeds are born close at hand and become visible far away. Words and deeds are the hinge and bowspring of the superior man. As hinge and bowspring move, they bring honor or disgrace. Through words and deeds the superior man moves heaven and earth. Must one not, then, be cautious?

Cautious indeed. Particularly since the superior man has yet to be announced.

December. G'wan, decum.

12/2 Snow. Nature acting according to accustomed seasons. The day tells you to be very quiet. And listen.

Giving weight.

You're flipping through the pages, about to give a two-day-old *Post* the heave-ho – the issue with the picture of the teddy bear in PhotoShopped purdah – when your eye lights on a sidebar story “Black magic fails HS boss.” Hmmm. Seems that Maritza Tamayo, principal of the Unity Center for Urban Technologies in SoHo has been busted to raw teacher, in part due to certain corrupt financial dealings, but also because she “hosted a Santeria ceremony” in the empty school last August, a ritual intended to cleanse the building of negative energy. According to what you learn online in *InsideSchools.org*, the Unity Center appears to be a high school of last resort. The website lists only one comment, from a student named Chantal: “This school is horrible. The school is small. The academic is very poor. The kids have no respect for peers or authority.”

Unity Center stands adjacent, from what you can tell, to a venerable HS that began its life in the last quarter of the 19th century as Industrial High School and over the years mutated into Automotive. By the time you were growing up a few blocks away, everyone called it Vocational. Now it's Chelsea Career and Technical. Just across the street from both schools, the pile driver sounds of the 46-story Trump SoHo condo hotel on the rise – prices averaging in the mid-3 mills – have of late, muted even the loudest yelling that, if these two high schools are anything like yours, remains the dominant mode of discourse.

Oh to know what's really going on down there. But only the gods and chickens, and Chantal have a clue. And maybe, despite her speculations, Maritza Tamayo did too.

Oh a false clock

Tries to tick out my time...

Dylan, "Restless Farewell."

The abyss reaches out for you. The one to whom you gave the end of the chain not wound round you feels it tugging, pulls you back.

On the same day, Putin and Chávez respectively invoke the popular vote as a tactic to consolidate their own political power. Many future death warrants issued, possibly their own. Meanwhile, a lot can get buried in a landslide.

Object to be used.

Used, yes, but belongs to itself.

Disorientalism.

*The stone-throwing Palestinian is symbolically returning that Israeli violence that has used stones to build the settlements. The horror of the suicide bomber returns the violence of Israeli guns, tanks and warplanes. The aim of such resistance is not to overcome Israel, it is to return Israel to itself, for better and for worse. Says Bollas in his introduction to Said's *Freud and the Non-European*.*

What was returning with those planes September morning?

Elsewhere in the same piece, Bollas identifies as psychotic that combination of positive hallucination – the projection of violence onto an other – and negative hallucination: the other constituted as “a fecal entity... so odious that it cannot be recognized except if and when it is out of sight, and finally eliminated.”

What do we, who have moved from one stage of development to the next, from one state to another, relentlessly, and unable to return to a prior moment or awareness – what do we know of exile? It need not be the literal home that is lost and becomes a dreamt-of place. But then again, this may be the case. What power can restore us to the bosom of ourselves?

Times photo of green-uniformed soldiers sliding their ballots into boxes, beneath the headline “Russia Votes in Parliamentary Elections,” which you misread as *Paramilitary Elections*.

Beats all. Credit tsunami ripples above the Arctic circle. The Norwegian town of Narvik, along with three other municipalities, has lost, at minimum, \$64 million – probably a great deal more. And why? They’d invested in American collateralized debt obligations and other now-junk securities, including a recently defunct Citigroup investment “product” linked to U.S. municipal bonds.

All because somewhere in the temperate belt, lenders lent, and borrowers borrowed against what nobody could a-fjord.