

12/3 Venezuela, for the moment, finds a way to save itself from Chávez, and Chávez from himself.

One bad Apollonian don't spoil the whole bunch.

Pull a rabbi out of a hat.

Defenestrate and fly with me.

And sing!

So Camcha commands freefalling Gibreel in *The Satanic Verses*.

Debt – the National and otherwise – is the big non-news story under which so many other happenings are buried. And the lingua frantica – here invoked by AP – is, as ever, fear:

Like a ticking time bomb, the national debt is an explosion waiting to happen. It's expanding by about \$1.4 billion a day – or nearly \$1 million a minute.

What's that mean to you?

It means almost \$30,000 in debt for each man, woman, child and infant in the United States.

Even if you've escaped the recent housing and credit crunches and are coping with rising fuel prices, you may still be headed for economic misery, along with the rest of the country. That's because the government is fast straining resources needed to meet interest payments on the national debt, which stands at a mind-numbing \$9.13 trillion.

And like homeowners who took out adjustable-rate mortgages, the government faces

the prospect of seeing this debt – now at relatively low interest rates - rolling over to higher rates, multiplying the financial pain.

So long as somebody is willing to keep loaning the U.S. government money, the debt is largely out of sight, out of mind.

But the interest payments keep compounding, and could in time squeeze out most other government spending – leading to sharply higher taxes or a cut in basic services like Social Security and other government benefit programs. Or all of the above.

A major economic slowdown, as some economists suggest may be looming, could hasten the day of reckoning.

The national debt – the total accumulation of annual budget deficits – is up from \$5.7 trillion when President Bush took office in January 2001 and it will top \$10 trillion sometime right before or right after he leaves in January 2009.

That's \$10,000,000,000,000.00, or one digit more than an odometer-style "national debt clock" near New York's Times Square can handle. When the privately owned automated clock was activated in 1989, the national debt was \$2.7 trillion.

It only gets worse....

After which comes the predictable misappropriated Malthusian rhetoric about the exponentially burgeoning population of U.S. codgers who'll demand lots of resources that the system simply will not have the capacity to provide, etcetera etcetera.

Despite which one finds neither mind nor body yet gone entirely numb. For inevitably, all debts are paid, in one species or another. As was commonly said three plus centuries ago, in the time of Simplicissimus, to die was to *pay one's debt to nature*.

Hmmm. Interest payments. Whose interests might those be?

And who or what is it that is being com-pounded?

La ultima cuenta, so the old adage goes, *la paga el diablo*.

As in: don't sweat it, in the end the devil will pick up your tab.

Awesome these hungry ghosts who still live, but don't know it.

Far fucking niente.

What breaks you?

RIYADH, Saudi Arabia (AP) – Fire has shut down a Saudi Arabian oil refinery, the state oil company said Monday, the second accident in the country's energy industry in two weeks.

The Saudi Aramco Lubricating Oil Refining Co., Luberef, disclosed the fire in a statement published in several Saudi newspapers, saying it occurred Saturday at one of its refineries south of Jiddah but was put out shortly thereafter without any casualties. Luberef is a joint venture between Saudi's state oil company, Aramco, and ExxonMobil.

Accident.

Prone.

Supine.

Over a barrel.

Crude.

Fist.

Décalage = gap, interval; (entre deux concepts) gap, discrepancy; (entre deux actions successives) interval, time-lag (*entre* between)...

Le décalage entre le rêve et la réalité – the gap between the dream and the reality.

Il y a un décalage entre le coup de feu et le bruit de la détonation – there is an interval or a time-lag between firing and the sound of the shot.

Décaler = to move forward; to put back.

Décale le tableau de 20 cm vers la gauche – move the picture 20 cm to the left.

Une série d'immeubles décalés par rapport aux autres – A row of buildings out of line with or jutting out from the others.

Se décaler – to go out of synch.

All the buildings are breaking down

Like the whispering in your heart...

Sang John Cale *kan ya makan*.

You say Carmina and I say Burana... let's call the whole thing...

Love chants of the vagabonds.

If a thing is sufficiently décalé, you might think it isn't there. You might not see or hear or feel it and, from that evidence, conclude its non-existence.

Infuckin' effible.

What if the idea is madness?

Yesterday, your junk mailbox received a communication from an entity (!?!)
named Sandra McNally. The subject: chairman greenbelt.

Not long afterward, Brad wanted to inform you of an Investment Idea.

Mira, poetically, weighed in with: Viagra and Cialis SALE! mockingbird.

Lord! And to think these almost escaped your attending to them.

Something that is "like a virus" could be a virus.

Aubrey Phelps proposes: eat spoof mongoose kaiser. While, for her part,
Hester promises: No more ED problems.

Splash headline across three columns of *Times.com*: "U.S. Says Iran Ended
Atomic Arms Work: Report Contradicts Prior Intelligence Assessment." Beneath
which, a photo of Ahmadinejad too weird to describe, but that clearly suggests that he's

mad.



Abedin Taherkenareh/European Pressphoto Agency

Does this mean that the deal did not go down at the recent Mideast conference in Annapolis? Is some combination of circumstances staying the bombers' flight? Chinese kibosh? Time-gaining maneuver? Lulling tactic? Does the Bush regime disarticulate before our eyes? Mutiny?

In any case, Chávez definitively wiped off the face of the front page.

Abode of Peace, Mother of the World, Gift of the Gods, Abode of Beauty, Round City or *Um Al-Basatin*, Mother of Orchards. All names for Baghdad, city of cholera.

3ish in the p.m. From what you can see at ground level at Eighth and 23rd, the

field above is divided east to west in several distinct atmospheres – different sorts of clouds alternating with bands of clear. Running north-south over the Hudson and to the east as well, perpendicular stripes of cumulus – all in all a gridwork of discontinuous skies. And wind. Ill and chill.

HUD announces a massive demolition of public housing in NOLA to begin December 13. Slated for the bulldozer, forty-six hundred habitations. The plan calls for the “replacement” of more than seven hundred public apartments and construction of a thousand new market rate units, the latter budgeted at \$400,000 a pop. Total cost to Mr. and Ms. Ratepayer: nearly \$800 million – a pricetag that will undoubtedly rise, ‘cause they always lowball the figures in the opening game.

HUD had already taken over control of the local housing authority pre-Katrina, this masterly bit of decision-making emanates directly from DC.

You’re lucky to be using a word processor not a typewriter, because you’ve made so many errors just trying to get down the above two paragraphs, you’d never be able to read it yourself. See, grammar fails. And why not? Fifty thousand scattered throughout the Gulf Coast, still abiding in trailers they’re about to lose, and twelve thousand or more within the precincts of the city itself, who’ve no place to live at all. Hundreds in pitched tents. And the HUDites and their cronies corrupted to their eyeballs.

No criminal, O best beloveds, more heartless than the corporate state. Who can deny it?

“If you try to bulldoze our homes, we’re going to fight.”

“There’s going to be a war in New Orleans.”

Brave words, but not true. That war is over. But the peace is false and cannot last. So best preserve yourself. There'll come an opportune moment, a chance to fight on your own terms. For now, underground's safest. Guerrilla. Catch by letting go.

12/4 The ego is the first technology. All subsequent externalizations devolve from it. As does the idea that some one or something else is either invisible, or else a *tabula rasa* upon which one's projections may be fixed.

Causal becomes caudal at the point where the tale meets the tail.

Holmes's tale, in part: Oregon and Washington wind-buffed and bathed in torrential rains. High winds drive blankets of "lake-effect" snow – an Erie sensation, Ontario too – across a wide swath of western New York State. And, says Prima, throughout the region of Marquette, MI, via Superior. Whilst in Darktown, high up in skeletal towers on the rise, unsecured construction debris and equipment take flight. Balconies jettison the stuff of domesticity. Returning home from the upper east side by night, Katie comes across a mangled wrought iron table, upside-down in the street, its glass top shattered, surrounded by flares. A flower pot crunches down a few feet from her. Part of a cracked glass pane defenestrates from Renzo Piano's spiffy *New York Times* building injuring a man below. But then, via the company spokeswoman, comes the disclaimer: "I don't know that we can say with 100 percent accuracy that is what hit him. It was a very windy day."

How to remain unmoving until the action arises of its own accord?

The 2004 Standard Operating Procedures for Camp Delta's been leaked. Includes such nuggets as: "The purpose of the Behavior Management Plan is to enhance and exploit the disorientation and disorganization felt by a newly arrived detainee in the interrogation process. It concentrates on isolating the detainee and fostering dependence of the detainee on his interrogator."

G'wantánamo, G'wan! But like a faithful cur, it won't go away. Got no other place to go.

"[In the hole] the mind deprived of experience... conceives its intellectual faculty to be capable of putting to use a fictional apparatus in the brain. It will believe that somehow it can learn to control this apparatus and use it to move material things, to destroy or change or create physically real things. Shorn of a gracious God, the mind surrenders to Nothing, to Nothingness:

"If I concentrated, could I melt the bars of my cell? (Yes. Ommm). Should I first try to concentrate to move that scrap of dust on the floor? (Yes. Ommm). Did it move? (I saw it move just a hair.)"

"The intelligence recedes, no more a tool of learning – because knowledge is based on experience – but a tool of the outside world it is deprived of knowing. It tries to contact other minds by telepathy; it becomes the Ancestor. Words and numbers come to hold mystical significance; they were invented by some arcane magic older than man. The line between the word and the thing vanishes; the intervals of numbers in infinity collapse with infinity.

"I do not want to talk anymore."

Said Jack Henry Abbott.

12/5 All around, folks seek the absolute state.

Rashomon.

These words, and some others that came between “state” and “Rashomon” and which you now can’t recall, filled your head-mouth on waking at 5:40 in the grip of a wild, fearful exhilaration.

Strange, you were born and grew up at 540 West Broadway.

The words arrived first, followed by stills from movies your father took you to as a kid. The Seventh Seal. The Horse’s Mouth, this last one in color.

All energies seem poised between things falling apart and flying together.

Jack, he’s well out of that now.

An ebbing tide lowers all ships at sea. Except those already sunk or sinking.

Learning, Abbot wrote, is turned inside out. You have to start from the top and work your way down. You must study mathematical theory before simple arithmetic; theoretical physics before applied physics; anatomy, you might say, before you can walk.

You have to study philosophy in depth before you can understand the simplest categorical differences assumed in language.

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You have come full circle; experienced that single event that happens down there in the

prison hole. How long does it take? Years. I would say five years or more.

Luna si. Yanqui no.

English. Bastard language. Language of bastards.

Did Martí and Seeger feel something coming and going?

My verse is light green

And it is flaming crimson

My verse is a wounded deer

Who seeks refuge on the mountain.

Hands on the keyboard. As though it were a wheel. Turning you.

Guantanamera, guajira, Guantanamera.

It was the GREAT EXPERIMENT
in freedom of thought and expression
which drew three million pioneers to it
for a new way of life,
and a new opportunity; –
despite ulterior motives
of land patent schemes.

Nothing did the successive
exploiters bagings
of bright eyed families
of colonists know
of the complete massacres
that had befallen
their falsely billed
“ground breaking” predecessors
at Head Tide
Pemaquid, Popham, Castine,
Wiscasset, Fox Island, Monhegan and Bath
in bay of Maine Royal Company grants!

So frightful to home subjects
and financially devastating
to shipbuilding investments
and empire exploitation
would news of these massacres
have proven to be, –
if reported back home, –
that fourteen long years
of such human under-plowing
were officially shushed

so that 1620, – instead of 1606, –
the king's original granting year, –
is popularly known as
the Pilgrim's premier.

But quite serenely –
as the sun draws a billion
tons of water each day
unseen into the sky
there to appear
as beautiful clouds
which in turn raining down
maintain life on earth –
by similar indirect cultivation
a great quality came to America.

Chanted R. Buckminster Fuller in the year of '62.

El arroyo de la sierra

Me complace más que el mar.