

12/15 Katie dreams that the Empire State Building keels over and that the top of the spire lands at 23rd Street and Eighth Avenue. According to her dream, you live just outside of the cordoned-off area.

If a planet is small enough, you can catch it.

All around you, so many deer caught in their own headlights.

Raft of the medusa.

Ghost of Utopia.

The story, at heart, at gut, of unbearable violation. The only way forward requires no protection.

The most dangerous place to be is everywhere.

Interesting times! Interesting times! Only one dollar! Step right this way!

The midway.

Carnival in Babylon.

AC, DC? Whose little currency are you?

A mind? Priceless. Always free.

The way Joni Mitchell used to hit her high notes. Change of state without transition. Like freefall, but up.

“A chronicler who recites events without distinguishing between major and minor ones acts in accordance with the following truth: nothing that has ever happened should be regarded as lost for history. To be sure, only for a redeemed humankind has its past become citable in all its moments. Each moment it has lived becomes a *citation à l'ordre du jour* – and that day is Judgment Day.”

Says Benjamin in “Theses on the Philosophy of History.”

What people have called the Messiah, is nothing more than the recognition of ourselves in a transfigured moment. Can you Handel it?

Lamenting the non-appearance of historical consciousness in Europe during the stretch between 1830 and the time of his writing over a hundred years later, Benjamin recounts an incident in the July Revolution that marked the last time this consciousness showed itself alive:

“On the first evening of fighting, it turned out that the clocks in towers were being fired on simultaneously and independently from several places in Paris. An eye-witness, who may have owed his insight to the rhyme, wrote as follows:

Que la croirait! on dit, qu'irrités contre l'heure

*De nouveaux Josués au pied de chaque tour,
Tiraient sur les cadrans pour arrêter le jour.*

Who would have believed it! we are told that new Joshuas
at the foot of every tower, as though irritated with
time itself, fired at the dials in order to stop the day.

Louis Farrakhan, he's the one who could call the dollar what it is: a gutter
currency. Gutter, not Qatar.

12/16 Ice again. Little ice age.

Fake silence of the false lambs.

Last night at A & C's house you saw, for the first time, *L'Atalante*, Jean Vigo's
masterpiece from 1934, a tale of life on a French river barge. Just extraordinary. Poetic
realism, on dit. Amidst the ancillary material on the DVD, this nugget: Vigo's father
Eugene Bonaventure de Vigo, was an anarchist who invented himself a surname,
Miguel Almereyda, an anagram of *y'a d'la merde* – there is shit. For most of his early life,
Jean lived on the lam with his parents. When Vigo père was arrested and assassinated
in custody by the authorities in August 1917, his mother, Emily Clero, sent Jean, aged
12, to a boarding school camouflaged beneath another made-up name.

Wider ripples. Vigo's cinematographer, Boris Kaufman (youngest of three
fantastically talented filmic brothers born in the Pale), fought the Nazis in '40, escaped
to Canada, then settled in the U.S. where, in '55, he won an Oscar for *On the Waterfront*.

Kaufman adopted Darktown as his home, and died here in 1980.

Two wolves and a lamb discuss what's for dinner. Last act of a lamb bone:
Stick in someone's throat. Marrow.

Take on Benjamin: The future does not consist of homogeneity or emptiness.
Every second of now reveals the gate through which Messiah may enter: Anytime.

Gwen, decorating the tree at sunset, pronounces the sky to the south
"Apocalyptic."



12/17 No es facil, que no que no.

El niño mon cul. Tu me prend pour un con?!

Plate tectonics of the global economy give birth to a new sovereignty in West Africa: Benin Jerry's.

Did Gwen mean Apo(k)elliptic?

La rosa del monte.



Charles Platiau/Reuters

Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice with President Nicolas Sarkozy of France and Palestinian President Mahmoud Abbas at an aid conference in Paris. (NYT)

Fouetté [*fweh-TAY*]: Whipped. A term applied to a whipping movement. The movement may be a short whipped movement of the raised foot as it passes rapidly in front of or behind the supporting foot or the sharp whipping around of the body from one direction to another. There is a great variety of fouettés: petit fouetté, which may be devant, à la seconde or derrière and executed à terre, sur la demi-pointe, or sauté; and grand fouetté, which may be sauté, relevé and en tournant.

So says the American Ballet Theatre online dictionary.

Up in the skydome, happy little clouds.

Occupation of Washington Square Park. Nothing like it since Georgie Woodenteeth set up camp and hung a redcoat from the elm. One of whose branches tore off in a big '50s snow.

Extreme "green" makeover. No more chess. Down come thirty trees.



You. 2.

'52. July. Gwen's month. And her, aged minus 40 – but the future ever opening into now.

Oh my sister, my sister. Of course the colonizer wins. But not every game. And never absolutely. Don't believe me. You have to go through the looking glass yourself.

Is it really thirteen years ago tomorrow that Bea died? Who took that pic? Who pinned that diaper, changed it and washed off the dirt on those knees when you got home? Yes, it's possible. Beyond belief, but possible.

12/18 Meet... the porcini twins – and their oinkestra! ?(oinkquestra)?

Self hate, self denial, where's the diff?

If you are weak you will be hit.

If you are strong you will be hit.

L'avalanche.

Yesterday in the *Messenger*, a predictably bone-headed piece headlined: "A Midnight Service Helps African Immigrants Combat Demons." Not hard to imagine how the language immediately slips onto the klick-klack rails of jaw-dropping eurocentrism. Narrating a collective ceremony, whose adherents hail primarily from Francophone Africa and which takes place in, of all places, Our Nation's Capital, at the Deeper Life Bible Church in the wee hours of the a.m., the reporter, Neela Banerjee, nonetheless gleaned a few ear-opening remarks.

"Some situations you need to address at night, because in the ministry of spiritual warfare, demons, the spirits bewitching people, choose this time to work," said Nicole Sangamay, 40, who came from Congo in 1998 to study and is a co-pastor of the ministry. "And we pick this time to pray to nullify what they are doing."

Engaged in Spiritual Warfare, "the [congregants] sing. They pray fervently. Finally, they kick and shadowbox with what they contend is the real force behind life's problems: the witches and devils whose curses they believe have ground down their families, towns, entire nations in Africa and that have pursued them to a new country,

making it hard to find work, be healthy and survive.

“...The men and women, still in coats, vests and caps, sang a song of ‘Allelujahs’ in French, stomping, clapping and shuffling along with the joyful beat.

“‘Every day in the village, or even here, people are putting curses on you,’ said Yemba Shinga, [one of the preachers]. ‘They declare that you won’t get a job, or will be separated from your family or get an incurable disease.’

“‘But you know how to pray to God. Tell them, ‘C’est fini!’ I will not repeat the story of my ancestors, of my past, of the devil.’

“The congregants shouted, ‘C’est fini!’”

When you’re in, you’re in. And outside, you fall into the embrace of winter.

Heliotropic U.

Nun will die Sonn’ so hell aufgeh’n.... Now the sun is about to rise as brightly as if no misfortune had happened in the night.

Friedrich Rückert’s lines, to which Mahler set his first *Kindertotenlied*.

Norman Mahler? Nein, danke!

Slim chance. Besserung.

Sind Sie dort? Are you there?

Ich bin nich hier! I’m not here.

Unfelt grief enacted.

Too bad about the kids.

City of domes and cones and cylinders, squared-off and tapered rods. Beveled too, magnetic and counter magnetic. Third rails. Take the E-train. Cut across, neither with nor wholly against the grain. All directions home.

Said the joker to the thief.

You are not alone. *Sie sind nicht allein...*

I meant what I said, and I said what I meant:

An elephant's faithful one hundred percent.

Quoth Theodor Seuss Geisel via Horton, *kan ya makan.*

In France, the government subsidizes bread. Here it's the circuses that get to ride the gravy train.

For some reason known only to the lamplighters and the gods of real estate, the upper echelons of the Empire State building are this evening suffus'd in beer-piss yellow. Might this be a dollar economy's attempt at gold?

This Friday, December 21, comes “quadruple witching”: contracts expire for stock index futures, stock index options, stock options and single-stock futures. Next day, *sol sistere*, will dawn to find comet Holmes, Mars and Earthgasm, electrically aligned.

Straight the gate. Serpentine the passage.

12/19 All stupid things once had smart parents.

Manhattan 2011, one of the poorer cities in greater Cathay.

Ten years after.

Well, (Morgan) Stanley, this is another nice mess you’ve gotten us into!

According to the *Messenger*, MS is selling, “amid loss,” a multi-billion dollar, ten percent stake to the China Investment Fund – in essence an arm of the People’s Bank.

No, no, don’t sell your stake! What’ll happen when those vampires of the Orient come again, slathering, licking their chop(sticks) and hungry for more? One way or another, the rest will go the way of the first.

An elephant’s faithful one hundred percent.

Yoo hoo! They’re burning the white house (again)! And the Dow is a-rising,

plume-like. Well, not exactly the White House – the gray house next door as it happens, aka Eisenhower Executive Office Building, and therefore putative HQ of the Military Industrial Complex itself. OK, not so complex. Simple really. Words and clusters of words: “Elaborate Second Empire-Style masonry structure... across the street from the West Wing... containing the Vice President’s ceremonial office, among other things....” – the other things including the bureau of Cheney’s chief of staff.

“Flames were visible in an office suite on the third floor. Firefighters... on the scene, knocking out windows and combating the fire. Water, apparently from firefighters’ work, could be seen pouring through a balustrade, and furniture has been pushed out on the balcony.”

Ach du lieber! All those papers, turned to pulp. Computers shorted. Ah, the sorrow and pity of data loss! While inside the White House itself, within spitting distance even for a mediocre spitter, GWB signs an “energy bill” in the presence of the elders of the Congressional tribe.

Ach du lieber? Say wha’? Whoops, wrong fire. That ejaculation belongs with the Reichstag. But that was many years ago und die welt ist different now, ja!

And such agility at the *Times*, a bifurcated creature capable of licking its own balls and the readers’ at the same moment: “Coming the same week that questions of official destruction of damning evidence are in the news, you can bet the conspiracy theories are going to fly over this incident.” Fly fly fly. Like ravens. Or eagles. Or 757’s. You *can* bet. But some call it options.

In any case, if you’re going to attempt to fly, whether bird or plane or dinosaur, the required anatomy includes both an east and a west wing.

Meanwhile, the banking industry gets write-down to earth.

Wheels turned slower in the juridical murder machine during '07. Forty-two capital sentences carried out this year, the fewest since 1993. Executions peaked at ninety eight in anno '99, the highest number since the reinstatement of the death penalty in 1976.

Executions: Now there's a futures market worthy of the name Ultimate Price.

's a blunderful life.

Born on the banks of the Manetta, aka "snake water," a creek that ran this way and that from a swamp at the Flatiron District down to another marshy spot at Hudson street before it fed into the river that flows both ways. Where the Sapohannikan Trail crosses Manetta creek, that's pretty much the spot where Bea snapped the pic of you bathing in Washington Square Park circle on that sunny day in July '52.

Manetta, the spirit stream, was a trickster, a tormenter of all peoples since the beginning of time. After struggles aplenty, he was vanquished and driven underground by Nanabush, a hero of the Lenape. But underground isn't gone, so until the plumbing busted a few years ago, Manetta used to come a-surgling up in the marble fountain of the lobby at Number 2 Fifth Avenue. And south of the park, the property owners near Minetta Street still find his inky waters gurgling in their basements nearly every spring.

Roll on Manetta roll on

Roll on Manetta roll on

Your venom's subverting our once-solid ground

So roll on Manetta roll on.

Who knows, maybe the Washington Square fountain sprayed snake water too. If so, was Bea, however unconsciously, Styx-dipping you? Never thought of your mum as a sea-nymph. Still, in her youth, she did like to swim...

Issues, issues.

Note: Start a movement to replace "no problem" with "no issue."

Example transaction:

A) *Thanks very much.*

B) *Hey, no issue.*

After which everything proceeds as usual:

A) *Have a good weekend.*

B) *Awesome.*

Interesting bit of wording in Bettelheim's introduction to *Uses of Enchantment*:
"When the unconscious is repressed and its content denied entrance into awareness, then eventually the person's conscious mind will be partly overwhelmed by derivatives of these unconscious elements..."

Holding aside the existence of financial instruments called derivatives – the term perhaps not even coined when Bruno wrote those words, and if so likely not

familiar to him in such a context – the whole equation, when put so succinctly, can also be read as a blueprint for social catastrophe. Only a few substitutions are necessary to take the principle macro. Collective.

Can one let go of one's objection to the conflictual nature in things? Is that what is commonly meant by "resolution"?