

8/29 Fugazy fugazy fugazy.

And twice real.

Best strategy, self-damage control.

Cousin A. brings his young son H. to town to catch some of the last Yankee games in the grand old stadium. Over dinner conversation last night, you move incrementally toward plumbing the heart of Darton-ness.

Hurricane Gustav(e) – they’ve used the German spelling, but let’s call him what we like – though officially still only a Tropical Storm, plentifully irrigates Haiti, the DR and Jamaica, drowns several score of souls, and spins dragon-like toward the Mexican Gulf. The NOAA prognosticators show him hitting NOLA as a Cat 3 on Tuesday a.m., four days hence. Last day of the RNC.

Look out Mme Bovary. Attention, Marie Laveau. Duck and cover, Kate Chopin. On verra. Ou non.

Whilst in Bihar, weeks of torrential monsoon rains swell the Bihar river, shift it, yet again, into a new course, inundate a quarter million acres.

A woman, black and zaftig, wearing a cobalt blue dress cuts across the freshly laid blacktop of the expanded parking lot where the three old buildings used to stand. It’s a true, old school, New York-closest-distance-between-two-points maneuver. You

to grab the camera and realize you left it in the other room, run to and fro and miss the shot by seconds.



That's her, walking east on 26th Street, at the top, just right of center.

If god gives you cyclones, go with the flow, bear.

The Spartan McCain employs the shock doctrine against Athenian Obama. His co-warrior, Sarah Palin, queen of the north, enters the fray armored in pearls. Diamonds in her ears. And her eyes alight with that unholy, adamantite Hillaryesque, glimmer.

Helot of shakin' goin' on.

And the prize for the biggest bronze balls goes to...

Suddenly, Slaver Day weekend is upon us.

NO "officials" say mandatory [?!] evacuation is likely Sun. given Gustav(e)'s sudden burst into Cat. 1 and probable quick rampup to Cat. 3 over the Gulf waters after doing whatever it does to western Cuba.

U.S. markets, emulating the barometer, have the good grace to fall.

8/30



Anchorage Daily News/MCT—Landov
Gov. Sarah Palin in 2007 in her downtown Anchorage office, which has a decidedly Alaskan touch to the décor.

Lions and tigers and bears and crabs – oh my!

Y piernes.

...Oh you may sing-song me sweet smiles

Regardless of the city's careless frown

Come watch the no colors fade blazing

Into petal sprays of violets of dawn...

Chanté Eric Anderson, *kan ya makan*.

Comes Gustav(e), now Cat. 3, to ethnic scrub the Lower 9 again. And after him, so help me Hanna.

And the weather carpet bombing of Cuba.

Mac sends a powerful signal: I have a harem, therefore I am a sheikh.

Almost too awful to put into words, but it's a distinct possibility that this is how the op goes down. New Orleans dodges the full force of Gustav's blast. The hurricane hits, but miraculously, this time, the levees hold. Lake Ponchartrain stays more or less a lake. No inundation. And this unexpected sparing gates into McCain-Palin's apotheosis at the RNC. With the result that, at one non-stroke, the candidate takes on, via mostly unconscious association, the aura of a benevolent force of nature.

While on another level he's perceived as mankind's intercessor, capable of mitigating, if not vitiating, the punishment of an angry wind-god. Not too big a stretch, really, to suppose that many people, whipped up to expect a repetition of Katrina's horror, would transform their fear of Jehovah's wrath into gratitude for a good old New Testament show of mercy. Might they not then project their approbation onto the man of the hour and his running mate?

And all this without anyone in these parts paying more than attention to the extraordinary mischance of three hurricanes in a row plastering Cuba. A rare probability? Divine chastisement meted out to the godless? Nature nurtured? ¿Quien sabe?

Ask Tesla and he'd reply:

I been in the right place

But it must have been the wrong time

I'd of said the right thing

But I must have used the wrong line

I been in the right trip

But I must have used the wrong car

My head was in a bad place

And I'm wondering what it's good for...

In truth that was sung by Mac. Not McCain, aka Mac the Bomber. This was another Mac, last name Rebennack, dit Mac le Bon.

Nearer mah 'caine to thee.

Heaven help us all.

8/31 Le mot de jour: Paleotempestology, in which core samples of soil up to 20 feet deep are tested for evidence of the kind of sandy soil that suggests storms and overwashing floodwaters. Nueva York, so the experts say, is overdue for the maximum huracán.

The dogs bark and Caliban moves on.

¡Mira, Miranda!

As if empathically, the RNC holds its breath. Mac the bomber tours a federal relief center in Mississippi in company with his prospective veep. Bush cancels his convention appearance and heads for Texas to “monitor the storm and evacuation plans.” Whatever may devolve, at this particular moment they control the strategic game.

9/1 Labor Day. a.m. Bright, bright sunshine. Suddenly, nearly everywhere one looks, a stylish woman appears, often frocked rather than panted. She promenades the Chelsea sidewalks holding up a pastel umbrella. Filtered light thus smoothes the complexion, lifts the cheekbones. Paragua, para sol. And like as not, a little dog tethered to her other hand.

From the ridiculous to the subprime.

Y mataremos otros.

Dateline NOLA. Dit le *Messenger*:

“Hurricane’s Brunt Appears Likely to Bypass City.” So reads the head.

Beneath which: “The worst of Hurricane Gustav was passing to the west of the city, but the Army Corps of Engineers said that the levee system was being tested.”

What finger, which dyke?

Tested, as in initiation. As in battle. As in faith.

And you could draw Gustav’s trajectory from western Cuba to Louisiana landfall with a ruler.

Still, it may have been easier to evacuate, so much easier, than to get back in.

See Gustav as a class and ethnic brillo pad. How shiny the bottom of an empty pan.

And at the RNC, how hard is it to predict a vast chamberful of ogres on their knees, hands clasped in gratitude. And pass the ammunition.

Y mataremos otros.

Bears, bees. Kill 'em all and let G*d sort 'em out.

And privatize the ammunition.

And what, would you have wished for NOLA to be inundated again just to spite these monsters? Minds are dead. Fuggedaboudem. But hearts can still be played and won.

No atheists in a foxhole. That's as it may be. But daoists? Sure, why not.

Master the troposphere and you master the phobosphere, the zone of respirated fear.

Whew.

Can you survive the storm surge, the sustained internal winds so frightful that as yet not category for them exists?

*...I am just a dreamer,
But you are just a dream,
You could have been
Anyone to me.
Before that moment
You touched my lips*

*That perfect feeling
When time just slips
Away between us
On our foggy trip.*

*You are like a hurricane
There's calm in your eye.
And I'm getting' blown away
To somewhere safer
Where the feeling stays.
I want to love you but
I'm getting blown away...
Chanté le trouvère Neil Young, *kan ya makan*.*

The coordinates plot. Even as the fog thickens.

Plot of enragement.

One arrow, two birds.

In Pennsylvania, so it's said, there is a pond in a state park where people massively overfeed the carp who rise to the surface, mouths agape, uttering weird cries. So large and numerous are the fish, that the ducks run across their backs to try to snatch the bread morsels as they're flung.

Et pour lagniappe...

Mumbo gumbo. Et tout le monde étoufé.

Curious, on the day the levees hold back the flood comes news that Mac the bomber's would-be veep's daughter, aged 17, is five months pregnant. She intends on marrying the fellow who lent his sperm to the cause and whose name happens to be Levi.

You don't, of course, have to be Jewish...

Eh, laissez les bon temps roulez!

Tous les jours, tous les jours.

The front and back doors of the shotgun flap back and forth like there's no tomorrow. Les moments charnières. Et du vent. Comme neuf dragons.

Nine dragons doing that which dragons do. Who will count their tails?

Or hear, above the din of tempest, so many wolf cries of the heart.

And now, after Jehovah's displacement by the merciful God of the Christians, let the ritual in St. Paul begin. An empty stage. Into the spotlight steps Bristol Palin as the Virgin Mary. Who would refuse her?

There will be blood.

So, uh, where does this leave MonsantoObama now?

Comes news of the death of Syed Ahmad Shah aka Ahmed Faraz, at 77.

*...My heart beats in the noise of journey,
Would that someone comes to call me back again!*

*Even crying makes me ache,
Perhaps I will come to my senses now!*

*Why have people come to celebrate,
Did, again, a settlement die somewhere?*

Sleep in the lap of death, Faraz,

Who knows when sleep will come!

These lines from his Urdu ghazal *Teri Baatain Hi Sunane Aye* (They Came Only to Talk of You). His funeral held Tuesday of the week just past, at H-8 Graveyard, Islamabad.

9/2 “When I see two oranges, I juggle. When I see two towers, I walk,” said Philippe Petit to reporters after his release from police custody on August 7, 1974. Earlier that morning he had spent forty five minutes, ambling, gamboling and reposing upon, then ultimately traversing a steel cable, stretched between the north and south towers of the WTC.