

9/3 *Mis palabras ardientes.*

I gave at the cradle.

Disturbed atmosphere. Mackerel clouds above, moving contra the prevailing winds, beneath them altostratus disintegrating and re-cohering, and herds of dark-bottomed cumulus below.

A heavy duty solar windstream on the way. If one lived in the northern latitudes, Gov. Palin's state, for example, the aurora action would enliven the eye.

99942 Apophis: name of an asteroid that, some say, might approach the earth in 2036. Man the rayguns! For disaster value this could rival Y2K.

Mambo #9. Y rumba.

What won't go down must come up.

And round.

Never mind the bollards.

*On a merry-go-round in the night*

*Coriolis was shaken with fright*

*Despite how he walked*

*'Twas like he was stalked*

*By some fiend always pushing him right*

So the limerick.

And the sky goes.



Bettelheim:

*"Then all worries ended, and they lived together in perfect joy. My tale is ended; there runs a mouse, who catches it may make himself a big fur cap out of it."* Nothing has changed by

*the end of "Hansel and Gretel" but inner attitudes; or more correctly, all has changed because inner attitudes have changed. No more will the children feel pushed out, deserted and lost in the darkness of the forest; nor will they encounter or fear the witch, since they have proved to themselves that through their combined efforts they can outsmart her and be victorious....*

What's that fluttering down?

A feather.

For your cap.

Amazing.

9/4     Headlines the *Times*: "China's Central Bank Is Short of Capital." And why? "It has been on a buying binge in the United States over the last seven years, snapping up roughly \$1 trillion worth of Treasury bonds and mortgage-backed debt issued by Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac.

"Those investments have been declining sharply in value when converted from dollars into the strong Yuan, casting a spotlight on the central bank's tiny capital base. The bank's capital, just \$3.2 billion..."

To help alleviate the shortage, "...most likely, the finance ministry would simply transfer bonds of other Chinese government agencies to the bank to increase its capital. But even in a country that strongly discourages criticism of its economic policies, hints of dissatisfaction are appearing over China's foreign investments.

“For instance, a Chinese blogger complained last month, ‘It is as if China has made a gift to the United States Navy of 200 brand new aircraft carriers.’

“Bankers estimate that \$1 trillion of China’s total foreign exchange reserves of \$1.8 trillion are in American securities. With aircraft carriers costing up to \$5 billion apiece, \$1 trillion would, in theory, buy 200 of them.

“By buying United States bonds, the Chinese government has been investing a large chunk of the country’s savings in assets earning just 3 percent annually in dollars. And those low returns turn into real declines of about 10 percent a year after factoring in inflation and the Yuan’s appreciation against the dollar.

“Victor Shih, a specialist in Chinese central banking at Northwestern University, said that when he visited the People’s Bank of China for a series of meetings this summer, he was surprised by how many officials resented the institution’s losses.

“He said the officials blamed the United States and believed the controversial assertions set forth in the book ‘Currency War,’ a Chinese best seller published a year ago. The book suggests that the United States deliberately lured China into buying its securities knowing that they would later plunge in value....”

“A construction worker fell about 400 feet to his death... as he and others worked to lower a tower crane at a building site on the West Side of Manhattan. It was the latest in a series of high-rise accidents in recent months – and the third fatal accident involving cranes – that are certain to bring renewed scrutiny to the Bloomberg administration.

“The accident occurred about 9:30 a.m. as a team of seven men worked to lower part of a tower crane that had been used to erect a 58-story tower at 600 West 42nd

Street, between 11th and 12th Avenues, where the developer Larry A. Silverstein is building the Silver Towers on the River, a 1,350-unit residential building scheduled to open next year.

“The worker, Anthony Esposito, 48, a crane rigger, was on a 20-foot working platform attached to the crane about 40 floors up.... The platform apparently tilted... and [he] lost his footing.

“Mr. Esposito was wearing a safety harness, but it was not attached to anything...”

Same paper, same day, different page.

9/5 And beauty of a different order than Sarah *sauvage* on the Alaskan front: night after night, the most astonishing sunsets. *A cause de l'eruption* of Kasatochi volcano in the Aleutians a month ago.

Solar wind's a-swirling round – take the earthgasm by geomagnetic storm.  
Auroras be.

The former Hurricane Hanna, who dispatched six hundred souls in Haiti before being demoted to a tropical storm, now dragon-spins up the Atlantic coast toward Darktown via the Carolines and Chesapeake Bay. She'll come a calling here around midnight mañana. Batten the hatches.

And Ike, he's hungry. Wants to eat the Bahamas, Cuba and South FL as a Cat.

4.

On his heels, Josephine. What's she doing out there at sea?

*There are things to realize...*

*Time has come today...*

Lineage is and is not a chain gang.

Republics are breakaway. Memorials makeshift.

The frog of war.

*Crise de foie.*

Most every Friday, out, via the ether, goes an installment of this text to an incrementally widening circle of receivers – each of them a potential call and responder. One can never tell what comes in return, nor from whom. This time, a woman you've known as mother of one of Gwen's primary school classmates, and actress extraordinaire – whom you once saw play the world's hottest Mopsa in a Central Park staging of *Winter's Tale* – flips back an email, her innate Lonestar wit clearly fuelled by the recent RNC coup de culture:

*Eric:*

*If that chick gets elected, what say we put wheels on the White House and just call it a trailer?*

*The thought struck, and it occurred that you might appreciate the image.*

*Suzy*

Friction.

The only counterstroke Obama can make now is to catch a baby thrown from a burning building – to become, in essence, the superman in his maternal aspect, the yin within yang of the fireman. Now how do you orchestrate that? Or will it occur in the evolution of things? Or not?

Est-ce que ce monde est sérieux?



The eagle has landed.

Mit pearls.

Y mataremos otros.

The Feds move to nationalize Fannie and Freddie. After the market closed today, their shares plummeted. According to the *Times*, “Fannie was trading around \$5.50, down from \$70 a year ago. Freddie was trading at about \$4, down from about \$65 a year ago.

“With Fannie and Freddie guaranteeing \$5 trillion in mortgage-backed securities, and a big share of those held by central banks and investors around the world, Mr. Paulson [the treasury secretary] appears to have decided that the stakes are too high to take chances....

“Charles Calomiris, a professor of economics at Columbia University’s School of Business, said delaying a rescue would only increase the risks and costs.

“‘The last thing you want to do is give a distressed borrower more time, because when people are in distress they tend to take a lot of risks,’ he said. ‘You don’t want zombie institutions floating around with time on their hands.’”

And here, all along, you’d thought zombie institutions were the whole point.

9/6 Come, troubadour, sing me your songs of absolute freedom, your oceanic swells and dips upon, within, the bosom of ecstasy. For what really can one sing except, with trills and golden loops, the nameless canto: “It exists”?

Under stress, do the ruled demand a power of rulership that must then, by necessity dehumanize itself? Is this the cycle's animating spark?

On the street at 7:33 a.m., you can almost feel the barometer dropping, molecule by molecule. By 9:15 when you leave the café to pedal home, the atmosphere feels altogether –

Well, you have no word for it.

How, O best beloveds, O vessels and ventricles, to maintain the ratio between evaporation and condensation.

And on the street, the open question: How much water can be held by so little air?

In Pakistan, an objectively deranged man, Asif Ali Zardari, the late Benazir's widower, is elevated to the presidency by popular mandate, and other forces, puissant, irresistible and ineffable.

Even as the Nuclear Suppliers Group, a 45-nation consortium, described by the *Times* as a "club," rescinds its ban on India, allowing it to, er, go fission on the world market for whatever fuels or technologies it desires. We-all, no doubt, will grant any necessary subsidies.

Roses laugh, and as they shudder, thus disperse their attar far and wide. What else to do?

Who dat man?

Wooooooo!

Sister Water. Brother Air.

So help me Hanna.

And, borne aloft by his supporters, Zardari looks, spookily, like Guiliani. Or vice versa.

Lions and tigers and bears, oh bleep!

Who let the dragons out?

Meet Flanny and Fleddy McCain.

*But I dig friction.*

Between gobs.

If within the borders of a sovereignty exist many horse farms, does that make for a stable country?

*...The country music station plays soft,  
But there's nothing, really nothing, to turn off...*

And what's the price of Texas Tea in China?

Q. What's the science of hitting the ground?

A. Floorensics.

Getcha self a piso that action.

In Ba Gua fighting, if you do it right, your opponent's overreaching energy precipitates him to the ground. Tom said once in class, demonstrating this principle without the slightest exertion of his own force: *Use the floor to hurt him.*

Sarah, O Sarah. Mitterrand once described Margaret Thatcher as possessing the eyes of Caligula and the mouth of Marilyn Monroe. (*Elle a les yeux de Caligule et la bouche de Marilyn...*). He might have ordered the clauses the other way around, with Marilyn first and Caligula second. People remember the remark differently. Both ways back a different punch. Between the two, is either one the more effective?

Sarah Impalin'.

Mmm.

Syndrome of a down.

What, queried the sage, is the difference between a cross-eyed hunter and a constipated owl?

In the historical eyeblink between the *Divided We Stand* and your attempt to interest agents and editors in *Notes of a New York Son*, the publishing world collectively gathered into a single entity: Fandom House.

How to speak, how to listen when you discover that you are at once Shahryar and Shahrazad?

Ends are means carried on by other means.

Bicycling home from the relocated Russian hardware store, you exchange salutations with Donaldo, sitting in his wheelchair on the sidewalk. He said it to you years ago, but it stuck in your head, ripening ever since: *It's a muddy road ahead.*

Hanna sent her advance guard up the west bank of the Delaware river, then, to the south, her main force crossed over. Though it looks as though the greatest mass of the storm will pass to the west of us, there's something extraordinary in the sense of so immense a creature moving – coiling and unwinding so close by. Two thirty in the

afternoon. You look toward Staten Island and see nothing but a light gray sky. Just downstairs, the street fair on Eighth Avenue remains a happening thing, though with the first, tentative drops the customers begin to evaporate. Up come a few diehard umbrellas.

Paragua.

Parapluie.

In the midst of Ramadan, a large chunk of cliff face long known to be unstable detaches and flattens scores of dwellings on the edge Cairo. "It was like judgment day," said a resident who awakened and fled when he heard "the first popping sounds."

Cats and dogs.

Está lloviendo a cantaros.

Radar shows Hanna moving through fast, whirling against the clock.

*Ojalá que llueva café en el campo  
que caiga un aguacero de yuca y té  
del cielo una jarina de queso blanco  
y al Sur una montaña de berro y miel*

*Oh,*

*Ojalá que llueva café...*

Cantó el trovador Juan Luís Guerra, *kan ya makan*.

In the aftermath of the RNC's shock 'n' awe, you can almost hear his beseeching faithful call: Obama, where art thou?

And then it turns out that on top of their crack habit, Fannie and Freddie borrowed a lot of money from the loansharks and...

*See that host all dressed in red?*

*He's gonna trouble the water*

*It must be the Children that Moses led*

*He's gonna trouble the water*

*Well, some said Peter and some said Paul*

*He's gonna trouble the water*

*There ain't but the one God that made us all*

*My Lordy, God's gonna trouble the water...*

*...Follow me down by the Jordan stream...*