

9/7 *Ha escampado.*

Descampado.

Getting to the heart of it doesn't matter.

Heart of freedom.

Here comes the story of the Hurricane...



¿De verdad?

What price PhotoShop?

...Who's that yonder dressed in white?

Must be the Children of the Israelites...

And the punchline goes:

The hunter can shoot, but he can't hit. The owl can hoot, but he can't shit.

...Who's that yonder dressed in blue?

Must be the children a-comin' through...

"Mortgage Giant Overstated the Size of Its Capital Base."

Pistols shots ring out in the barroom night

Enter Patty Valentine from the upper hall

She sees the bartender in a pool of blood

Cries out "My God they killed them all"

Here comes the story of the Hurricane

The man the authorities came to blame

For something that he never done

Put him in a prison cell but one time he could-a been

The champion of the world.

Howled Zimmerman.

How to stuff a wild...

Y mataremos otros...

Nooo... can't be. No way. Got to be a hoax.

Well I dunno, but alaska.

Seward's Folly.

Ice wide open.

And Texas Tea.

C'mon, c'mon wild thing...

Plot of Enragement.

Plot of Charming Beauty. [!?!]

Plot of Connected Rings.

See that host all dressed in black?

Must be the hypocrites a-turning' back.

Who's that yonder dressed in green?

Must be 'Zekiel on his flyin' machine.

Need one state the source of such a headline? Is not the tone and choice of signifiers sufficient to reckon its provenance?

“U.S. Unveils Takeover of Two Mortgage Giants.”

Two giants... again.

This time busted in their seraglio, even as they practice their undulating dance.

Question for the blogosphere: Should Shahrazad get time-and-a-half?

U.S. unveils takeover of two giant mortgages.

Two giant mortgages unveil U.S. takeover.

Wild thing, I think you move me...

Muddy water,

Let stand

Becomes clear.

This said, reputedly, by a sage born during the period of the Warring States.

Qualia.

...“What’s good for you is good for me,”

Says Tweedle-dee Dum to Tweedle-dee Dee...

Unimaginable suffering in Haiti, inundated by four hurricanes this past three weeks. As the storm center moved across Great Inagua island, thousands of pink West Indian flamingos sought shelter in mangrove thickets. Who knows how they or their habitat fared? Swirling westward, the eye gave Guantánamo a narrow miss. But now Ike's looking daggers at La Habana.

Something altogether too perfect in the trajectories of this flock – no, murder – of storms.

9/8 Not beautiful.
Didn't go to Yale.
No famous father.
Ergo, chosen by path.



Dmitry Astakhov/Russian Presidential Press Service

“Europeans in Moscow for Georgia Talks,” headlines *le Times*. “A European delegation, led by the French president, Nicolas Sarkozy, right, arrived in Moscow for talks with the Russian president, Dmitri A. Medvedev” runs the caption. But it's more fun to make up your own.

“As Crisis Grew, a Few Options Shrank to One.” They’re talking about the FannieFred “downfall” of course, but what are they saying?



Mambo #9. Y Rumba 21.

Faces and masks.

BBC posts a slightly different cropping:



In any case, Sarko’s Russian counterpart seems to have an antique streetlamp growing out of his left shoulder. Gas or oil?

Are both, either, or neither wearing pants?

Does the Frenchman’s index finger indicate the trend of futures?

How to protect law unabiding citizens?

It takes two, baby...

And what if resistance is a species of hope?

Without which, "change" is meaningless.

Out at Coney Island, Astroland shutters up, chains up the gates, apparently for good. Ad astra.

The fish are in the bowl.

9/9 He'd published novels since the mid-'80's but it was *No Matter How Much You Promise to Cook or Pay the Rent You Blew It Cauze Bill Bailey Ain't Never Coming Home Again* (2003), that gained him a species of fame. Now comes news of the death, on August 25th, of Edgardo Vega Yunque, who nom de plumed himself Ed Vega. Among the last of the your slightly older contemporary Puerto Rican New Yorkers. *Palante*, Ed used to say, *como elefante*.

Ike devastates Cuba. A body blow delivered with astonishing speed. He barrels right along the entire length of the central cordillera, then abruptly shifts to plow across the western end of the island which remained relatively unscathed by the prior three storm. Cyclone as attempted coup d'état by other means?

This sequence of hurricanes comes like a one-two boxing combination, repeated. Fay hooks northeast. Gustave, hits the Gulf. Hanna, northeast again. Ike, the Gulf. All rake the Antilles on their way.

Step back to let the sheep through.

Angry tiger leaps over the gorge.

Five tigers surround the sheep.

Hungry tiger tears the chest open.

Hungry Ike roars toward...

In 1959, when the Cuban Revolution overthrew the dictatorship of Fulgencio Batista, Dwight David Eisenhower was, indeed, president of these here United States. And, of course, north of the equator, cyclones spin anti-clockwise. So if the game is revising history backward, who's next? "Give 'em hell" Harry? A storm named Little Boy?

At some point, do the French buy back Louisiana? Does the hoary old lobster shrink to reclaim its former shell? Whose freedom's just another word...

Lion rolls the ball.

Across the fruited plain.

Give up the white man's hardon.

Nothing is written.

Lion rolls the barrel over Viagra falls.

A hundred channels open.

...Oh perfect masters

They thrive on disasters...

Selling Wikipedias door to door.

Remind me to tell the joke about the pig with the wooden leg.

...Well a childish dream is a deathless need

And a noble truth is a sacred creed

My pretty baby, she's lookin' around

She's wearin' a multi-thousand dollar gown...

The Dow's post-FannieFred bailout whoopee cushion of yesterday fully deflates as of the closing bell. Looks like Lehman Brothers, Wall Street's fourth largest investment bank, is a-goin' down.

Part of it may be Schadenfreude, but you'd swear that your bursts of optimism when you hear news of tumbling shares is mostly due to a sense that these collapsing values offer some evidence of humanity's struggle, all unconsciously, to free itself from the tyranny of the market – to recover some portion of itself from the self-induced global economic virus that's expanded beyond all necessity or reason, to the point where it threatens to strangle the generative impulse of the species itself.

Or are you magical feeling?

In November, a Russian fleet will arrive in the Caribbean for joint naval exercises with Venezuela. Augmented by supply ships and anti-submarine aircraft, the nautical firepower includes a heavy nuclear cruiser named for Peter the Great, and the Admiral Chabanenko, described by Reuters as "Moscow's most modern destroyer." In a week or so, the Rooskies are sending a couple of Tu-160 bombers – poetically referred to by the Ivanic flyboyz as "White Swans" (roll over Tchaikovsky) – to kick off the joint Ilanero-Kazatsky.

According to Admiral Eduard Baltin, former commander of Russia's Black Sea Fleet, the maneuvers signify "Russia's return to the stage in its power and international relations which it, regrettably, lost at the end of last century."

And this is a good thing, the Admiral continued, because "No one loves the weak."