

*April 3*



What happens in the universe stays in the universe.



The shadow knows.



And then, there are messages in the sky that the city cannot bear to hear.

While in the *Daily News*:

More than a year after a crane collapse claimed seven lives at a rising East Side condo, workers Thursday began demolition of unsafe portions of the building.

The Buildings Department ordered the removal of concrete balcony platforms on four floors of 303 E. 51st St. that were damaged when a massive tower crane tore from its moorings and crashed into the neighborhood [?] on March 15, 2008....

...The damaged balconies are not in immediate danger of falling but have deteriorated badly in the past year, said [a] Buildings Department spokeswoman....

The platforms to be removed, on the second, third, seventh and ninth

floors, protrude like broken ribs from the concrete skeleton of the half-built condo....

...Owner James Kennelly has not filed revised plans with the Board of Standards and Appeals for zoning variances needed to continue construction. His lender reportedly has begun foreclosure proceedings for failure to pay more than \$70 million....



Not home earlier this afternoon, but you are told by a reliable neighbor whose view is similar to yours, that at one point lightning flashed repeatedly from within the fog.

#### *April 4*

The spectacle, always starved for spectacle, now has nothing to do but consume itself. Along with whichever of its children have managed to escape till now.

The spectacle of wealth transforms into the spectacle of debt.

Deabth.

G-20 in the London Docklands Green Zone and the Strasbourg NATO  
“Summits”: thus telescopes the lens to produce the snapshot flashed round the world:  
One business-suited, strangely indeterminate man stretching his arm aloft in gesture  
that is part Hi part Heil.



Saul Loeb/Agence France-Presse — Getty Images

Over which is stamped, as though an afterimage: ONE TRILLION.

Headlights caught in the eyes of a deer.

USDA Approved.

“A great part of this life,” writes Stevenson in *Master of Ballantrae*, “consists in contemplating what we cannot cure.”

As China, as it has done before, retreats into itself.

Revolution: once it was your dream and worldly ambition. And now – who could have dreamed it? – the political and economic orders are overthrowing themselves.

*April 5*



Photo: Christof Stache/Associated Press

Smoke rose from a French border station and hotel as protesters and the police clashed near the Europe bridge on Friday in Strasbourg, as seen from Kehl, Germany.

Und die Rheinmaidens zing: *Du du du du-duh du du...*

**REDOUBT ERUPTS AGAIN:** Mt. Redoubt erupted again on April 4th (13:58 UTC), spewing a plume of ash, water vapor and sulfurous gases at least 50,000 feet high. While the gaseous emissions are entering the stratosphere and blowing away, much of the ash is falling back to Earth. "This photo," reports Thomas Kerns, "is from our home near Beluga Lake in Homer, Alaska," where falling ash has turned the ground moon-dust-gray:



“Later,” he says, “the wind picked up and began blowing the dust around.” His photo of the ash storm shows why dust masks are selling briskly in Alaska these days.



Fog, as Clausewitz would say. Fog and Friction.



Shawn Baldwin for The New York Times

Visitors to a museum in Cairo last week viewed scenes from Egypt's 1973 war with Israel. Officially, Egypt noted the 30th anniversary of a peace treaty with Israel.

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Hexagram 43, Guai (Eliminating), finds Lake (Dui) over Heaven (Qian). Yang Qi extends toward its peak. Pure Brightness.

Down on 25th Street, between Eighth and Ninth, the pears about to bloom. And one block east, says F., red maples and elms a-flowering. "Red maples are dioecious, meaning there are separate male and female trees. These are females with some bisexual flowers. They're fruiting so they've either fertilized themselves via the bisexuals, or there are some males in the vicinity, or both. They won't have leaves for a while, not until they're sure the wind has finished pollinating them. I don't know the species of the elms, probably European...."

One curious interpretation of the *Yi Jing* notes that "the strong resolve the affairs of the weak." But these days, who's to say who's who?

*Fog'n'friction, Fog'n'friction, Fog'n'friction – woooo! wooo-ooo!*

And I Don't Know's on Third.