

7/15 The defenses of a U.S. outpost near Wanat in the eastern Afghani province of Nuristan are breached in a coordinated assault by several militant groups. Nine American soldiers die in a battle that, despite massive air support for the besieged, lasts several hours. Thus unfolds the military equivalent of a run on a bank, saved – barely – by intervention of the Fed.

The Taliban emerge as the ultimate short-sellers.

Under the influence of Bettelheim, you've come to view the behavior of the New York's ubiquitous yupoisie as that of bad actors in a refracted fairy tale repeated ad nauseum with just enough variety to reinforce its essential sameness. The men possess the sharky attributes of the two elder brothers, the ones always angling to inherit their father's kingdom by sheer deceit and aggression while attempting to sabotage their younger brother – the simpleton guilelessly blessed with the magical goodies that win the princess. The women, for their part, exhibit all the manifold attractions of Cinderella's step-sisters. Location. Location. Location. Resentment. Resentment. Grrrrr.

7/16 At the gaping Seminary pit, a flurry of excavating action. A supervisor stands by the dump truck ramp wearing a white hard hat and dayglo green vest – its back imprinted: INCIDENT & INJURY FREE.

Sea profeta en su tierra.

Somersault of the world heart.

*Incident free...*

And, incidentally: "SEC Moves to Curb Short Selling: Controversial Step Comes Amid Claims That Financial Stocks Were Manipulated," this courtesy of the *WSJ*.

The visible hand.

*Freight train freight train goin' so fast*

*Freight train freight train goin' so fast*

*Please don't tell what train I'm on*

*So they won't know where I've gone...*

Up to Kleinman to get this tooth out. From the #7, you take the stairs beneath Cipriani's on 42nd, the old, magnificent Bowery Savings Bank basilica. Taped to the wall on the landing halfway toward daylight, a sheet of paper flaps in the breeze.

#### MISSING PERSON

Victor Volouniev, 66 years old, 154 lb, 5'4"

- Last seen wearing black shorts, green T-shirt and black sneakers
- Speaks Russian, a little Polish and English
- Suffers from dementia and may be disoriented
- Missing since June 2, 2008

- Missing from Belle Harbor Manor – 209 Beech 125th Street – Queens, NY
- If you have any information, please contact Detective F. Rodriguez from the Missing Persons Squad @ 212 694-7781
  - If found please do not let him walk away, he is disoriented and will be lost again. Call and we will pick him up immediately.

Three wisdom teeth gone. One hanging in.

Obscurely stimulated by a drop in crude oil, the Dow runs itself up a tidy little bull.

"KABUL, Afghanistan – American forces abandoned the outpost in northeastern Afghanistan where nine American soldiers were killed Sunday in a heavy attack by insurgents, NATO officials said Wednesday.

"The withdrawal handed a propaganda victory to the Taliban, and insurgents were quick to move into the village of Wanat beside the abandoned outpost, Afghan officials said....

"The local population has been angered by civilian casualties caused by airstrikes aimed at militants, and some residents now may be cooperating with the militants....

"The local police, who pulled out Tuesday with the American force, returned to Wanat on Wednesday with the support of the tribal elders, Mr. Rashidi [leader of the provincial council of Nuristan] said. Wire services quoted Omar Sami Taza, an official in the provincial governor's office, confirming that the area had fallen to the Taliban.

"In Kabul, Capt. Mike Finney, a spokesman for the NATO force, said in a statement that 'the citizens in Wanat and northern Kunar province can be assured' that NATO and Afghans troops would continue to patrol the district and maintain 'a strong presence in the area.'

"We are committed, now more than ever, to establishing a secure environment that will allow even greater opportunities for development and a stronger Afghan governmental influence,' he added."

7/17 In Phoenix, Arizona, a "flamboyant real-estate financier... penned a farewell letter, put on a tuxedo and climbed into bed, where he was later found dead..."

Scott Coles, the CEO and son of the founder of Mortgages, Ltd., a short-term, high-interest lender to local developers had recently been borrowing even shorter and higher, to the tune of \$200 million, to cover his own obligations from a company called Radical Bunny LLC, and controlled by Coles' accountant. "The origin of the firm's name," quoth the WSJ, "is unclear."

*Up on the white veranda*

*She wears a necktie and a Panama hat*

*Her passport shows another face*

*From another time and place*

*She looks nothing like that*

*And all the remnants of her recent past*

*Are scattered in the wild wind*

*She walks across the marble floor*

*Where a voice from the gambling room is calling her to come on in  
She smiles, walks the other way  
As the last ship sails and the moon fades away  
From Black Diamond Bay....*

Écrit par Zimmerman et Levy, *kan ya makan.*

Exercise 5: Loose verb story, using three or four common verbs and adding a preposition after each.

Example:

"Timber"

Look.

Look at.

Mark off.

Look at.

Mark off.

Chop.

Look at.

Mark off.

Chop in.

Saw through.

Look up.

Step back.

Écrit Daphne Athas en son livre *Gram-O-Rama: Breaking the Rules*.

*...As the island slowly sank*

*The loser finally broke the bank in the gambling room*

*The dealer said "It's too late now*

*You can take you money, but I don't know how*

*You'll spend it in the tomb"*

*The tiny man bit the soldier's ear*

*As the floor caved in and the boiler in the basemen blew*

*While she's out on the balcony where a stranger tell her*

*"My darling je vous aime beacoup"*

*She sheds a tear and then begins to pray*

*As the fire burns on and the smoke drifts away*

*From Black Diamond Bay.*

And violas. And violins.

Heading uptown, you pause in the narrow triangle park at Herald Square. It's

two minutes before noon. Find an empty seat and wait. Either it'll happen or it won't. Patience. The long hand sweeps right past the vertical. Nothing. The clock reads one minute after when the first chime sounds. Pigeons, as ever, scatter and wheel. Minerva, unmoving, appears incarnate, overseeing her servants, suddenly mortal, as they sound the hour – the pair of them pivoting at the waist to, seemingly, strike the great bell with their sledgehammers. At the twenty-fourth stroke, the cables that wind within the hidden mechanism to tug the bronze torsos back and forth go slack, and the statues, with a subtle shudder, drain of life. Yeah, but that's a cover. Incredible. How many years is it since chance has brought you here at noon?

Walk by the old Greenwich Savings Bank building that spans the narrow block between 35th Street between Sixth and Broadway. It's now billed as Gotham Hall, an event space for rent. The Broadway entrance appears unlocked. And so it is. Off to one side, a guard seated at a desk. But he seems to find you invisible, so you enter the inner sanctum, a shadowy elliptical chamber, tall as it is wide, that resembles nothing so much as a vast, hollowed-out beehive, the ceiling replete with gilded hexagonal coffers converging on what once must have been a central skylight, now covered over. Adorning the gentle curve of the northern and southern walls at around second story height, a pair of clocks flanked by incised mottoes:

WASTE NEITHER TIME NOR MONEY BUT USE BOTH FOR YOUR OWN  
AND YOUR NEIGHBOR'S GOOD.

THERE IS NO GAIN SO SURE AS THAT WHICH RESULTS FROM  
ECONOMIZING WHAT YOU HAVE.

And above, ringing the entire vault, carved in Roman capital letters, a paean

worthy of Polonius extols the “habit of saving” – even asserting that its practice “broadens the mind.”

Strange sounds like high animal cries break your reverie. It takes a beat or two for you to locate their source. Ah, a man and a woman have appeared at the balustrade of the Corinthian-column’d mezzanine and these are their voices distorted by the void space. Or else they are speaking in high animal cries. You imagine they’re discussing where to place urns of flowers for some upcoming event, but the truth is you can’t understand, for all the echoes, a word they’re saying...

Coming to a longitude near you: a rotating skyscraper. At least if the company 360° TIME WORLD has its way and builds, as it proposes, a total of “24 turning Timepiece sustainable signature buildings in the leading cities of the world,” including, but not limited to 0° London, 2° Paris, 74° New York, 101° Kuala Lumpur, and 121° Shanghai.

But first, before all others, a tower crowned by a triplex penthouse featuring an “infinity pool” wherein it is possible to “swim in natural air,” replete with views of the harbor and the Persian Gulf beyond, and look, over there, the vast Mall of Arabia – that’s it, you guessed it: 55° Dubai.

Silly little bronze bell ringers. Why, they don’t even turn all the way round.

To everything, spin, spin, spin.

"The numbers are staggering. During the past 12 months, Merrill, known for its 'Thundering Herd' of 17,000 stockbrokers, has lost about \$19.2 billion, which works out to about \$52 million a day. It suffered \$9.7 billion of write-downs in its latest quarter, bringing its charges since the credit crisis first flared last summer to more than \$41 billion."

"As Price of Grain Rises, Catfish Farms Dry Up."

"...Across the highway [through Isola, MI] one of the local feed mills, Producers Feed Company, has already shut down. The ripple effects have begun: between the grain mill and the fish plant was Peter Bo's Restaurant, locally celebrated for, naturally, its catfish. Hanging on the door is a 'for rent' sign.

"Some catfish producers recently switched to a feed based on gluten, a cheaper derivative of corn, to reduce their costs. But corn gluten transportation and prices were particularly hard hit by the Midwest floods."

"...In the spring, hog farmers thought they were past the worst. Export sales to China were strong. Corn appeared to level off. Some farmers sought an edge by reformulating pigs' diets and reducing the weight at which they sent the animals to the packer.

"'And then corn goes up another buck, and you're back where you were,' said Dave Uttecht, a producer in Alpena, S.D., who raises 70,000 pigs a year.

"'I'm a farmer. I'm used to peaks and valleys.' Mr. Uttecht said. 'But this is like falling into the Grand Canyon.'"

*...I was sitting home alone one night in LA  
Watching old Cronkite on the seven o'clock news  
It seems there was an earthquake that  
Left nothing but a Panama hat  
And a pair of old Greek shoes  
Didn't seem like much was happening  
So I turned it off and went to grab another beer  
Seems like every time you turn around  
There's another hard-luck story that you're gonna hear  
And there's really nothing anyone can say  
And I never did plan to go anyway  
To Black Diamond Bay.*

Be apart of it.

I ain't margin anymore.

"A billion here, a billion there, pretty soon you're talking real money." Pithed Everett Dirksen, a senator, or words to that effect, longlongonago in far away America.