

March 13



Early a.m. SSE.



ENE.

Proposal for a road sign: The Precipice is Illusion.

In Asia particularly, the indexes come roaring back to death. And ah, the ever expanding necronomy.



Nanine Hartzenbusch for The New York Times
Bank of Nomerica's HQ in Charlotte, NC.

Who is she, and what or whom is she looking for? At? Towards? Is she waiting for Cesar Pelli to return and acknowledge his paternity? The error of his ways?

Clippity-clop, cloppity-clip, Grass-mud Horse canters on.

Billions and trillions swerved.

And ah, the gray magic that causeth wealth to disappear.

Funny word that, disappear, as in to vanish. As though its perception via sight constituted a thing's existence.

There's lies at the end of the tunnel. Beginning and middle too. And dancing with truth, so fast it's hard to tell who's who.

Once upon a time in the land of Hippopotamia there lived...

An apotropaic hand of Isis.

A tailor of two cities

Tequila mockingbird

At the Met, in an exhibit titled *Beyond Babylon: Art, Trade and Diplomacy in the Second Millennium* you find an sculpted, incised ivory that the label calls "Asiatic Captive," purportedly made in Egypt during the New Kingdom Dynasties, circa 1295-1070 B.C. Most striking this little fellow in low relief, in his exotic dress, wrists tied together above his head.

"...The representation of bound foreigners was symbolic of the Egyptian king's control of, and victory over, chaotic and evil forces threatening *maat*, or world order. This piece was probably one of a row of captives embellishing an elaborate piece of furniture."

Rearranging waterboards on the Guantánamo.

March 14

As we flailwallow throughin the frictionfog of hatredblamecontempt seething with every murderous impulse of the once-Greek Western heartmind. God them all and let killers sort 'em out.

...As the mornin' light breaks open, the Greek comes down
And he asks for a rope and a pen that will write.
"Pardon, monsieur," the desk clerk says,
Carefully removes his fez, "Am I hearin' you right?"
And as the yellow fog is liftin'
The Greek is quickly headin' for the second floor.
She passes him on the spiral staircase
Thinkin' he's the Soviet Ambassador,
She starts to speak, but he walks away
As the storm clouds rise and the palm branches sway
On Black Diamond Bay...

March 15

The lyric from *Gigi*, slightly modified, comes to you in a half-dream state, yet still in the voice of Maurice Chevalier: *I'm so glad I'm not Greek anymore...*



Hoardings around the new Seminary building at 20th and Ninth. *The Chelsea*

Enclave. Another new Green Zone. With ever fewer folks willing to buy getting locked in.

From Middle French, *Enclavier*, to enclose. From, supuestamente, the Latin verb *inclavare*, to lock up. In turn from Latin *in + clavis* (key).

Will will will. As in *Triumph of the...*

Lock up. Lock down.

Incident: from Latin *in + cadere*, to fall (into) – more at CHANCE. An occurrence of an action or situation that is a separate unit of experience: HAPPENING.

's wha's happening, baby.

Who let the incidents out?

And, incidentally, are you experienced?

In one jury and out the other. But...

...an in jury to one is an ouchery to all.

Free.

"Which one of you is Odysseus?"

"I'm not Odysseus!"

"Me neither!"

"He's Odysseus!"

"Oh no I'm not, you are!"

"No way man, Odysseus he dead on a jones, I'm Spartacus!"

"The hell you say..."

Dialogue ends when:

a) the reel runs out

or

b) the investors do.

Meanwhile, back at home, Penelope's grown a long, long beard and the suitors snore round her door.

And we'd gladly change the subject, but we can't find her. It. Him.

The objects for their part are either all too direct or, else indirect as can be, as in derivative.

Last echo of the oink of the finally extinct pig.

So many Enemy Combattants, so little time.

March 17

The presidential election in El Salvador sweeps the FMLN to candidate, Mauricio Funes, to victory. After a bitterly fought contest, his Arena opponent, Rodrigo Ávila, concedes with remarkable grace – at least publicly. Funes's brother was killed in 1980 by American-backed security forces. Ávila is a former national police chief. If only for a heartbeat, this and other small instances of commonsensical sanity distributed around the globe appear hold the great tide of *locura* at bay.

... 'e 'asn't got a tuppence in 'is pocket
The poorest bloke you'll ever 'ope to meet
'e 'asnt got a tuppence in 'is pocket, but –
with a little bit o' luck
with a little bit o' luck
'e'll be moving up to easy street...

Objects are closer than they appear. Certain subjects too.



Switzerland's Finance Minister Hans-Rudolf Merz – along with his Luxembourg and Austrian counterparts – have apparently acceded to the OECD's [Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development] demands on bank secrecy to avoid having their countries and banks be blacklisted.

Bring out your debt, bring out your debt! Deposits and assets too. When capitalism's at stake, what else is there to do?

Sez the *Post*:

DESPERATE FIRM SELLING ITS HQ HERE

By **LOIS WEISS**

EXCLUSIVE

Bonus-bloated AIG is trying to scrape up another \$100 million or so bucks by selling its 66-story Art Deco headquarters downtown, The Post has learned.

One of the potential buyers is the union that represents doormen and porters at office and apartment buildings, sources said.

AIG hired CB Richard Ellis, whose brokers, Darcy Stacom and Bill Shanahan, sent out an e-mail to prospective buyers Monday boasting of the "breathtaking views" from the site, 70 Pine St.



But AIG probably will get only a fraction for the 77-year-old building that it would have gotten when the real-estate market was booming.

Industry sources said 70 Pine could have fetched around \$320 million then. Now AIG will be lucky to pocket \$100 million.

"Institutional investors say they would pay only around \$50 million and others would be hard-pressed to pay \$100 million," one investment adviser said.

Sources close to AIG said the firm is also trying to sell 72 Wall St., which is connected to 70 Pine by a bridge.

So far, at least one suitor - Local 32B-32J of the International Service Employees Union - has shown interest in keeping 70 Pine as an office tower, sources said.

There was no immediate comment from AIG or the union.

March 19



Mark D. Marquette

Crescent Venus hanging low in the western sky after sunset, prismaticized by earth's atmosphere.



Lothar Slabon/Agence France-Presse — Getty Images

The undersea volcano near Tonga has been shooting smoke, steam and ash thousands of feet above the South Pacific [for several days].



Almost spring lawn.