

72-point headline are the same height on screen. However, the benefit lost is that the headlines take up a lot of screen space, and the tiny type is an absolute bear to proof-read.

At any rate, you'd put in these X,Y commands, the X in column measure plus a 1-pica gutter, the Y in "minus lines," to back up the paper in the typesetter, like so:

at the end of line 18: [CX15p][EL-18l]

at end of line 36: [CX30p][EL-18l]

at end of line 54: [CX45p][EL-18l], and

at the last line of the block,

end of line 72: [CX0]

to bring the typesetter back to the left edge of the page, ready for the next block. The headline formats were built with the required 18 points of whitespace to separate them on the page, so no "extra lead+" command was needed.

Then I'd copy all the elements of the page into one file, top to bottom, and hit the H&J key (I had to plug my terminals into the reporters' system, because it had no copy desk traffic during the night, and one little DEC PDP 11/34 was less powerful than the first PCs. If the H&J depth field in the header read the required 14.5 inches, the page was ready to go.

For this little exercise, since the system could not handle pictures, I put a hairline box the exact size of the picture on the page, and centered the photo slug (photo, type, art production ID) and dimensions inside the box, as it would have appeared on the paper page dummy. I waited until the full page file showed up in the "TYP-DON" queue, indicating that it had been typeset, and an operator would feed the exposed cassette into the processor tank. I walked back to the composing room, figur-

ing I'd find my page in the bin at the end of the dryer.

My page wasn't there. The operator wasn't there. But I saw him in the center of the composing room, with the rest of the composing room staff, three deep, looking at something on the makeup frame. I don't have to tell you what it was.

One of the compositors at the back of the group turned to me and asked, "You did this?" (I don't recall that he added any expletives). Just "doing my thing," I hadn't considered the impact on the composing room, job security or not. I saw it as another step forward; they saw it somewhat differently. But it certainly was "an inflection point" at the bleeding edge.

I worked on the functional spec for the better part of a year. Printed, it was a 2-inch high stack of 132-column line-printer paper, in the form of a computer system user manual, but fictional, as it was describing a system yet to be built. Then Atex decided to back-burner the graphics terminal project (they out-sourced it to Washington State by buying Atomix Keyboards, Inc., who were building a Motorola 68000-based graphics terminal. Paul Brainerd was sent out to manage the project. He got in touch with some other west-coast folks working on a 68000-based machine in Cupertino. You may remember Aldus (the Yings helped Paul get going) and Page-Maker. Paul was hesitant about spending the money to print up fact sheets to go on tour with Jobs, the First Apple Evangelist, the new Mac, and the Apple Postscript Laserwriter, just as he'd been hesitant about adding the software to let this itty-bitty, 9-inch (diagonal) bitmapped screen computer do newspaper-sized pages. This according to Charlie Ying — who said he took out his checkbook and wrote Paul a check

to get the PageMaker product sheets printed.

Anyway, I became Op-Ed pages news editor — a very nice, normal, daytime, weekday job. Among other things, I continued to output full pages, and the Viewpoints editor, during an apoplectic moment, insisted that she couldn't edit them on her Atex terminal. Hmm.

So in April of 1980 I went to work at Atex.

What a crazy, exciting place. Easily the best job I ever had. Incredibly bright people from all walks of life (remember, no courses in computers, desk-top publishing. The first Apple][s were hitting the market.

Yes, Newsday was exploring Videotext, portable terminals in the field — TRS 80s (“trash eighties”) with 300-baud modems — you had to take the telephone mouthpiece out and alligator-clip the computer's modem to the exposed contacts to transmit, all of that stuff. That all was interesting and challenging, but I wanted to turn my stack of crushed wood pulp smeared with ink into a real boy, who could draw pages, work in 24-bit color, or “full color,” to be less technical. And this was a world of OJT, self-teaching, self-learning.

I had a nice commute from Manhattan to Bedford, MA, worked four and a half days a week, commuted mostly by shuttle, talked with people during the day, learned more and more about computers and the Atex system by night, had a rented room to crash in, joined Charlie or Richard or both, with other programmers and hardware engineers on Tuesday evenings at Legal Seafood with whatever customers/prospects were in town (I could speak Copy Editor, if not Assembler and Unix, etc.). I pretty much had the run of the place, and eventually had an office in both strategic planning

and in engineering. The programmers thought I was in sales, and the sales people thought I was an engineer. And programmers in those days actually did sleep under their desks from time to time.

Lesson from Hamilton: How to learn on my own. How to read, talk, listen, practice, read, talk, look stuff up, try, try again.... And all this without the Web!

I must confess (well, I don't have to, but choose to do so) that I subsided into stunned, and almost complete silence my first month there. I had access to all of the source-code modules, and I thought I should learn a bit more about the system (which I thought I already knew a great deal about. Ha! Just to get a single letter from keyboard to screen was a complicated task, involving hardware (PROM, or programmable read-only memory chips) to store the letter shapes in, tables by means of which a system engineer would map the keys (134 with eight shift levels, or 1,072 key positions), then software to compile those lists into an actual “executable” module, then software to test the keyboard software tables, and so on.

At one point, as I was putting out *The Wilt Letter: How to Succeed In An All-Digital World* out in Albuquerque, I was doing an article about the difference(s) between putting together a PC-based system with off-the-shelf hard- and soft-ware and using a “proprietary system” like Atex, and I called Bill Davis, still on the dayshift at Newsday, to ask him to do a directory of Atex's PRGMS.ATX queue and tell me the number of entries. He said the number was 1,072.

If you've had anything to do with PCs over the years, just think about that number for a minute. Remember that the first PC came out with Microsoft DOS 1.0 program (disc operating system 1st initial pro-

gram). The IBM came with a hardware manual, and the MS-DOS program and manual. Then you might have a Lotus 1,2,3 program and manual, a word-processing program or two, with manuals, a drawing program & manual, an outlining program & manual, printer programs/drivers *cum* manual(s), communication programs & manuals, networking programs and manuals, and so on. To replicate all the functions of a proprietary system, you'd have to buy, separately, from separate developers, with completely different manufacturing, testing and release cycles, maybe something like 900 separate pieces of software. The computer department's reference shelves would need to accommodate

All over the place at Atex were little skunk-works. One group would be working on some software for The Supremes that was all about book pagination (the Supreme Court became a customer, as did the legislative services of the House and Senate, though I never saw any of these sites. Another team, highly secretive, put together Rupert Murdoch's London system, wired, cabled in a hidden warehouse, tested, disassembled, then moved in over one weekend. A book about it is titled *The End of the Street*. Fleet Street, publishers' row, had been completely unionized in the production departments. Murdoch broke the unions with the Atex system. According to the account, Murdoch put the loading docks as far from the gates as he could, so the delivery trucks could get up to a sufficient speed that the picketing strikers would know that, will-I-nil-I, the trucks would not/could not stop in time to avoid hitting the strikers. So they stayed clear of the gate when the trucks headed out.

A summer intern, from MIT, was set to work on a black-and-white flat-bed scanner, the Autokon Camera, developed by a team of MIT folks. I used to hang out in

engineering and manufacturing and have long conversations with the hardware VP, Ward Baxter. He loved to teach, and I loved to learn. I saw the Autokon as the way to get pictures on the page — the one thing I hadn't been able to put on the page at Newsday. Ward kept saying that the PDP 11/34s we were using just didn't have the processing power to handle pictures. It would take hours just to rotate an image 10 or 15 degrees, he said. I told him I could do it in less than a second, right before his eyes. "Got a stopwatch?" I asked.

He humored me and readied his wristwatch. I grabbed a magazine from his desk, said, OK, here's a picture. I held it in both hands, parallel to the floor. OK, fifteen degrees rotation, on "go". Ready, set, go. I turned the picture fifteen degrees (or so). Said "Done!" Stop. Less than one second.

But you haven't rotated the picture!

Yes I did. Let's try it again.

Ward got the point, though he was still dubious. How will that help publishers was the question unasked. And of course he really wanted to bring in more powerful computers to "really do" color images. (Ward was head of the "official" development team, in North Carolina, for the Data General "pizza box computer" that was to compete with DEC's new VAX (virtual address, extended--a 32-bit minicomputer), and was trumped by the "skunk works" hidden away in Westboro, Mass., detailed by Tracy Kidder in *The Soul of A New Machine*.)

The point I wanted Ward to get (and others) was that newspaper types need "the minimum amount of information necessary to do their job.) Too much information, and it slows everything down, and you're always on deadline with something or other. Not enough information has the

same effect: We didn't need, right then, anyhow, a color image-processing system (like Scitex, Crosfield, Hell, with single "workstations" in the range of \$350K to \$500K "per seat"); we're providing a quick and simple way for an editor to lay out a page with pictures and text — page design, not page manufacturing.

The minimum necessary information for that is just boxes. We'll scan a picture into the system AFTER the editor's make their sizing, rotation, scaling decisions. By way of a copy ticket, red china marker crop-marks, these design decisions go back to the stereo/camera production department. You never try to manipulate the whole photo with underpowered mini-computers. I had note pads printed with my mantra, "Publishing is the Process of marrying Form and Content." Atex had figured out how to separate Form (as formats) from Content, but hadn't realized fully that the tools they'd invented just to make production easier provided publishers almost as full a range of Processing tools as they could want.

There was another little project involving page-layout software for a class(ified) ad system customer. They were fiddling around with the Automix graphics terminal from Washington. I actually had a REM sleep dream, like the children's book about Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton gin.

Whitney was said to have seen, or dreamed he saw, a cat clawing at a duck or chicken through the slats of a cramped cage, sending feathers flying. From that image, Whitney developed his cotton gin, using metal slats, with gaps wide enough to let his metal hooks reach the cotton boles and pull the cotton fibers from the boll, bole leaving the cotton seeds behind.

My dream was "the diagonal"— the stainless steel rod that hold the transparent or-

ange "cropping 'Ls'" in position, as a photo- or layout-editor selects the portion of the picture to use, the "crop," then tightens the diagonal (hypotenuse), and slides the Ls closer or farther apart to "size" the picture — the rod maintains the aspect ratio of the crop, from which the editor calculates the percent enlargement or reduction to be applied to have the picture fit the layout. I never knew it was invented by a New Orleans photographer, Bob Brandt, who called it the Scaleograph. Now it's embodied in software — the crop command — and a tiny tool icon. BTW, "my last company," Media Solutions programmer, Ron Kadomiya, invented "the eyedropper" tool for inhaling pixels of color around the tip of the dropper. We used a 64 x 64 bit sample. PageMaker picked it up from us, and then Adobe, who bought PageMaker (& its company, Aldus) and others adopted it. Too bad we didn't patent it.

Back to the Atex past: That morning, I chatted with the programmer working on the graphics terminal. He was also working on "two-bit fonts," as he called them. A couple of weeks before, the Yings had arranged for a group of us to take a tour of Nick Negroponte's then "Machine Architecture Group" at MIT. We got to sit in an Eames chair with a joy-stick on each wide arm which would allow us to navigate through Virtual Aspen (Colorado), "drive" along the streets, visit the County Clerk's office, go up the steps, through the frosted-glass door into the records section, pull open a file drawer...and pull up a public record to look at. This was 1981 or 1982, a few years (about 20?) before Google Maps/Street View. The group had also created a digital bicycle repair manual on one computer. Another student, using an ordinary TV monitor, was figuring out how to make newsprint legible on that inexpensive, ubiquitous, low resolution display device.

His breakthrough was to double the number of bits used to create every picture element (pixel), from one bit, to two — hence “two-bit fonts.” This meant there could be four shades of color: off, half-off, half-on, full on. The eye/brain would be “fooled” into thinking fonts were “sharp” and “readable” by strategically using these “shades of grey” at curves, especially, to eliminate the jaggies, the stair-step look of one-bit fonts, and turn the letters into smooth character shapes. This is what’s meant by the current commands of “use font-smoothing” or, technically, “anti-aliasing” in your web browser and monitor generally.

So Jeff “Heffay” Caruso, Atex employee #2 or so (hired also because his sister was the company’s first phone-answerer/secretary (and employee #1) summers while in high school in the early 1970s — he’s now a PhD of mathematics, has taught at “the other Cambridge,” and when last I saw him was working with few fellow graduates of what I call Atex University on “database driven publishing”— allowed as how, yes, it was easy to do stretchable rectangles, and yes, not much more difficult to generate a diagonal that would stay put, as the user (using a four-button mouse and a graphics tablet about 30 inches square) moved the picture rectangle. The MIT student who’d been working on the Autokon was added to a little project group, we spread the word, quietly. I borrowed (“”) a little label printer from the shipping department and fiddled with existing software code to change field names, sizes, “page” width to match a newspaper photo-label. And the programmer working on typesetter drivers joined, to help figure out how to print out the pictures once we’d scanned them in to size and scale, density, contrast, all that good stuff (and, not to forget, rotation).

By the time of the big annual newspaper/news magazine trade show & exposition in

1983, (ANPA, the American Newspaper Publishers’ Association Tech show) in Las Vegas, we were ready to show our diagonal. I thought it would be nice if we booth bunnies had white jumpsuits with the Atex logo on the back. Just for the heck of it, I called the project Operation Mussorgsky, the goal being to “play pictures at an exhibition.” We got that silk-screened in a circle on the pocket and on the back of the jumpsuits, in Pantone reflex blue, I think it was (the company’s “color”— in the early days, Richard Ying had ordered business cards for all the programmers and transposed two of the digits — the logo came out pink). I put an asterisk after Mussorgsky, and had our one Russian programmer, write out (and teach me to pronounce) “pictures at an exhibition” in Cyrillic. That was screened on the cuff of the left leg — as a “foot note.” To complete the message that this was a “developmental system demonstration — not yet a product,” we got white hard-hats, put black-and yellow warning tape wherever useful, put up the little yellow sandwich boards saying Danger/Construction Area.

And as the Atex engineering department had a D-sized blueprint or diazo printing machine, I asked one of the artists in publications to prettify my system diagram of our System for the ’80s — which I called the Atex ATIES — for “Almost Totally Integrated Everything System” for publishers. My colleagues thought playing Mussorgsky’s “Pictures” was a bit over the top, but I had fun demoing our photo cropping terminal to various newspaper committees. When I was done and printed out the photo label, I’d ask, as I peeled the label from its backing and stuck it on the back of the print, “What’s next?” Usually, no one volunteered an answer, so I raised the print up and yelled, “Copy!” (calling our non-existent copy boy to take the photo to the

production department). A few of the groups gave a burst of applause, the first I'd ever heard for a technical demo. It was easy to smile.

We didn't get the typesetter driver software written until October that year, under the deadline pressure of the IFRA trade show, in Amsterdam. She was adamant about not flying overseas, so her final Mergenthaler Linotron 606 driver that we needed for IFRA, in Amsterdam, in the Autumn of 1983 was carried on an 80-meg 14-inch disk (five platters, I think) by the company president, who was a good egg about spending a little over an hour being grilled by customs agents — this was a last minute thing, and I hadn't gotten the import/export docs in good form. But our legendary trade show manager already had the half-mile of co-ax strung up to the rafters, over to the Merg booth and hooked up to their new typesetter, which could do broadsheets. They had loaned us their #2 copy of their typesetter for our programmer to work with — this in the day when sometimes tractor trailers were used to move computer equipment.

(And as I look back on it, I'm amazed that I got away with all of this stuff.)

I completed the Newsday pagination project over the next ten years, and at five companies: Atex (text and layout, B&W pix), Scitex (color, image manipulation, color separations, Atex interface), Light-speed (a sophisticated color design terminal that could not, would not capture production decisions), Camera Graphics (a wealthy guy who'd fund us, but he wanted 80% of the company), and Media Solutions, a bare-naked shell started by a Scitex salesman, to which were added me (the guy with the spec), and two of my Atex programmer friends. Newsday funded us.

(Stanley was serious about making the future happen, and on his watch.)

We made real my "Designer's Assistant" spec. the system's final piece, on the first color Macintosh, the Mac II, which came out in 1985, with a tabloid-sized color scanner, huge, heavy 21-inch Trinitron monitors, with interfaces to the Atex and Scitex systems, passing all those CX and CY commands back to the editors and the color and tint, etc., decisions to the Scitex operators. This was the "missing piece" that let art department designers create, in full color, the fancy color pages, like the front page, the sports back-page, the "Style" section. Newsday had purchased a color system from Scitex while I worked there, and they had added color presses, so they were prepped for 24-bit color coming in from Macs.

And of course other Atex customers were looking for the same solution — this being well before PageMaker and Quark, Photoshop, and now InDesign. So Time magazine, Newsweek mag and many newspapers got Designer's Assistant, along with Scitex gear. And eventually all of the color work moved to the Mac computers, and system costs dropped by about two orders of magnitude. But by then we'd already sold out to Kodak, which had purchased Atex back in 1980, about three months after I joined the company. Someone else can write that history. But, in a word or two, Kodak flew Atex into the ground, at a very high speed—yet another of its missed opportunities, like not buying Haloid Corp. when it was offered to them (Haloid became Xerox); like not buying Edwin Land's nifty invention (the Polaroid Camera & film system); like not using their roll-coating machine technology to put ferric oxide coatings on film base to make audio and videotape. My late father was a "Kodak Lifer," with his own share of "skunk works" projects (he and his

team invented the 90-second X-ray processing “RP-90” roller transport system). He filled me in on these sad non-starters. He also spent some months before he retired in 1975 gathering material for the lawsuit Polaroid brought against Kodak for patent infringement. Kodak lost. Kodak's NY attorney or attorneys had actually withheld documents from Polaroid that the plaintiff had demanded during the discovery process. Tsk, tsk.

It was ironic, and sad, that the last company I'd have wanted to work with, Kodak, bought the company which I thought gave me one of the best and most exciting and challenging jobs I'd ever had. It was indeed being present at the revolution. But it wasn't yet over.

And it called forth just about every skill I possessed, and some I didn't, and had to develop — like dealing with computer hardware and software systems, as well as studying and reporting on the practices of newspaper, magazine, consumer catalog and even encyclopedia publishers, all over Europe and Scandinavia, and later, Israel (with Scitex) and to help design computer systems to support those activities.

Most of all, it helped to have the eclectic Hamilton training: How to learn on your own, on a campus that let you explore every building, every library. How to communicate in writing, the “high tech” of language. And how to speak, whether to a single other person, small meetings of people, or a few hundred in large company and customer groups — even to a few million people watching WNBC-TV. It would have been nice had I learned how to run a business, but I didn't do too badly with my own company, which I formed in 1989, after selling Media Solutions to Kodak/Atex.

My second project, software to automate the kitchen, called What's4Dinner?©,

never reached lift-off (now that the Internet is in full flower, cookbooks are digital, grocers' point-of-sale terminals are just microcomputers, “PC's”, and iPads, iPhones and laptops can handle audio, video, telecommunications, even “smart home” control systems, it might be possible to put it all together — integration, now, rather than hardware design and manufacture and software development.

A Hamilton highlight: I well remember the kick I got from hearing the “flut, flut, flut” of the Ban The Bomb (or Peace) banner four wild-and-crazy guys tied to the Chapel weathervane in the Spring of 1963, in honor of Linus Pauling's upcoming visit. The team was Lars Mazzola (the brave one of us), Bob Wohlheuter, Jay Andersen and me. Don't ask me how we got the idea.

We cut almost all of the black window shade from the rightmost of the windows overlooking the Chapel in South Tower suite — big, tall windows, and big, black roller shades (left enough to wrap around the naked roller, but it looked merely rolled up, if you didn't compare it to the fatter roll on the next window). We painted, in white, the Peace symbol, tapered the shade into a two-pronged banner, mounted it on a stick and, after midnight Saturday, all four of us took the banner and our disassembled, home-brew ladder up onto the platform above the Chapel belfry, using the wooden, winding stairway behind the organ we could see as we sang with “The John Baldwin Choir” on Sunday evenings. In fact, that may have been the genesis, because Jay, Lars and I were in the choir, and I had already explored it—when you look out the oval window). We had a hammer, wrapped with a rag to muffle the sound of nailing the ladder together, which was just tall enough to reach the gilt dome from the small pediment you reached by opening the oval portal door facing Alex-

ander Hamilton's statue. Lars was the gutsy one who climbed the ladder that Jay and I held, while he climbed (using ropes) over the dome and tied the banner to the weathervane upright. It just fit between the "quill pen" and the basketball-sized gilded sphere below it.

We were all disappointed when our very own Mr. Jack Letzelter, who we heard blamed the "stunt" on "communists from Utica", hired a cherry picker and removed the banner the following Monday, so it fluttered only from Saturday midnight-ish, through Sunday and Sunday night to Monday afternoon, and Linus Pauling was speaking on Wednesday evening. However, the intrepid Bill Leavenworth, '66, made up for the lost banner by scaling the chapel himself Wednesday evening, while Pauling was speaking in the chapel (with one helper on the ground, and this was well before any thoughts of "climbing walls" installed for "heart-healthy exercising" swirled 'round the campus, I'm sure) and hanging a white banner (what was the name of our linen service, again? Collegiate Linens or something like? anyone?) made from one of those sheets, this time with a black peace sign (you gotta go with what you've got—that's also a newsroom expression, if you didn't already know that). Bill's installation actually got photographed and made it onto the cover of the Alumni magazine. Sid Wertimer was also not pleased. As I recall, he was described as "being on the war path."

But Leavenworth prevailed on Dr. Pauling, who'd stayed around for another day to talk with chem³ majors (Wohlheuter was one) to intercede with Wertimer on Bill's behalf, and he wasn't "disciplined." So far as I know, no one knew anything about the first

team's efforts. I do know that the chapel doors were thereafter locked, I suppose forever after. We felt a bit guilty about that — and I used to drop in of an afternoon and noodle around on this amazing instrument — first and last organ I ever played, though I did get a harpsichord (a bit more manageable) and now an electronic keyboard. I didn't check to see if the chapel was locked when I came back to finish my last semester in 1966.

When I visited the campus just before Thanksgiving last year (2012) — on my own mini-reunion in case I didn't make it to June — I was chagrined to find every portal secured by pass-keys, ID badges, etc. One pleasant coëd let me into Dunham, and I found my freshman digs (109 or 104, in the far, back left corner of the first floor, looking out onto a parking lot the peony hybridizing beds that took over after her father died. They were recently leveled, I gather). No one home (a fall mini-break was just beginning). But I did note that the really ugly grey stones did, after 50 years, develop the pleasant buff patina folks said would develop, as it had on all the other campus buildings.

What I called "Candlewick Hall" my senior year, now Saunders Hall, was also securitized- up. Fellow hall-mates were Sean Kevin Fitzpatrick and John von Bergen. I had the room at the end of the hall, furnished with its own wall of books, windows on the other three sides. I had to use one of the windows to let down my winter house party date, on two bedsheets and a blanket because when I reconnoitered to see if the coast was clear, I found Frances camped out in the sewing room, with a direct line of sight to our flimsy calico curtain "door," and quite obviously steamed at some per-

³ I've always wondered why the subject/field was pronounced "KEM-is-tree," which dealt with KEM-i-cals, but when doctors go about giving chemicals to patients, or using chemicals for "therapy," it's pronounced "KEY-mickles" and "KEY-mo-THERE-a-py". Anyone know? Is it just affectation without justification?

turbation inflicted on “our hall” by one of my hall-mates (I’ll never tell), and she grilled me as to whether I had “allowed any guest(s) or knew of any guests who’d been allowed on the premises.” Of course neither was the case.

I had to cover for my date with some “singing in the shower,” like Baldwin’s teasing “Father’s pants were worn by Willie, will he wear them, will he hell. Will he wear them, will he wear them, will he wear them, will he hell?” to the tune of a memorable Christian anthem I can’t remember, Oh Tempora, oh Moses — title and words, but not the tune). And of course we couldn’t sing duets, though Wendy was certainly game. It would have been a hoot.

Baldwin also taught us a nice Thanksgiving round, really impressive when done by a four-part choir, to the tune of *Frere Jacques*: “Next Thanksgiving, next Thanksgiving, don’t eat bread, don’t eat bread; shove it up your turkey, shove it up your turkey, eat the bird, eat the bird”. It was a great round, or canon.). What was the name of that linen service? It certainly did us yeoman service. Now, of course, there are “amenities” as well, I suppose, as other Eumenides, for students who swink and toil in the ‘umanities,’ attempting to “[Annihilate](#) [but not in a bad way] all that’s made/to a green thought in a green shade,” or something similar.

BTW, it was +2°F this morning in this eastern historic and hysteric Commonwealth. While we didn’t elect Ron Paul (*aka* “Now for someone completely different”), we did elect Liz Warren, and she’s now officially sworn in. Anyway, I think it’s the first time I really noticed the loud “scrunch, crunch” of the winter snow anywhere since Hamilton. Combined with an absolutely clear sky, a sun too bright to even glance at, and a waning gibbous

moon, facing, brightly lit with “earth shine,” it was nonetheless a glorious morning as in days of yore (and my). That may be omen-ous or not.

Hamilton thought: It occurred to me that it would be nice if a program were started whereby alumni could leave their first-born as hostage, if necessary, and in exchange get a limited pass key to the facilities so the alum could visit their old haunts, without disturbing students. There are already guides — I missed the tour while I was talking with some student who’d asked me if I were lost and needed directions, and I assented. I refrained from adding, “...to the campus I used to know.” Picky, picky. BTW, is it really true that there are some 60 persons involved in the “developmental” activities of the Hill nowadays? Sheesh.)

On my mini-reunion, I encountered a gang of movers in front of what used to be the Chemistry building (and Saturday Night home of *The Kinokunst Gesellschaft*, David Shepard’s wonderful idea and, as it turns out, his life-long project, profession, passion. I still remember sitting in the Chem lecture “theater” and watching *Un Chien Andalou*. You?)

The moving crew were bringing in massive exercise machines. Yeah, there is this “*Mens sano in corpore sanera*” thing—and it certainly goes equally for *WO-mens sano*, etc., right? (Although, as I latterly found out, that ol’ Athenian “Democracy” thang was more like a Ham Col fraternity than a gummint of, by and for *hoi polloi*: Eligible to stand for office — only those males whose mommies AND daddies were native born in Athens. And when you got done counting out all the slaves, women, children under 18 or 21, whatever, you were left with something like 20% of the populace. Not much “*demos*” in their “*kratien*.”

I have fond memories of Organic Chem (was that 31/32?), with a delightful young prof who introduced a gang of us to Flanders and Swann's *At the Drop of a Hat* (and *At the Drop of Another Hat*) — one of their duets is [The Hippopotamus Song](#) — “Mud, mud, glorious mud. Nothing quite like it/for cooling the blood. So follow me, follow/down to the hollow/where we will wallow/in glor-oor- i-ous mud” — in the Russian translation (theirs), it's “glams” [*pron.* gloms]. And not to forget, “Have some Madeira, my dear.”

Equally memorable, though a bit more intimidating—because of his chairmanship, certainly not because of his demeanor, of Prof. Yourtee I can say that he's the only other person I know beside my father that thought a pale green & white [1955 Studebaker](#), (can't believe I found one this exact color on the web) with a grouper-lip-inspired front bumper, was “the natural environment of” anyone. Because the organic Chem labs were relatively small, and because we were assigned our bench sections alphabetically, ascending, I had the last half bench, with two full benches behind me. Dr. Yourtee was the lab instructor.

The lab normally was two sessions of 3 hours each, but that seemed a bit excessive. So I did all the things the lab manual's authors (one was Louis Fieser, Harvard (all of the texts I find are pay-on-demand, but here's this (left): — Fieser died in 1977, but his work seems to get published every year w/ another co-author. What a franchise) suggested — get a kitchen timer, get a [Mirro-ware](#) flower-and-water gravy shaker and cut off the bottom — fashion it into a breeze-screen for your melting-point tests, so you can establish the rate at which the temp in the melting tube was rising, and set the timer to go off a minute or so before “target temp” was

reached (if you'd done the experiments right). Then you were free to do other things — like check out a couple more sets of distilling tubes, funnels, beakers, flasks (Erlenmeyer and Florence flasks were my favorite names).

So I had a great time doing the labs, managed to get them done with only one lab a week, and was always busily zipping about, and whistling as I worked. And one Monday afternoon, Dr. Yourtee kind of ambled over to my station and said something like, “I really do appreciate the repertoire that you whistle (mostly classical — hadn't tumbled to the guitar yet — that was yet to come, as consolation for being dumped by my first love). But it would be so nice if you would *finish* one piece before starting onto another.”

Hmm. That was pretty tactful. And of course there was no real way I was going to memorize the melodies from complete symphonic scores, though of course that's a basic skill conductors have to master. Upshot: I stopped whistling in Organic Lab.

I did come by a well-made and amplitudinous mouth harp that proved to be musically useful. My father would give each one of us 3 kids some kind of musical instrument every year. We already had a baby-grand, so we'd get something like an ocarina (potato-flute), harmonica, the odd goat's horn, a thumb piano. The mouth harp was one of those gifts. I had it with me on choir tours (I only made it into choir my senior year, when I could finally match the notes Baldwin was playing on the piano, after playing the guitar all summer at Prof. Thomas Colby's summer “camp,” the [Adirondack League Club](#), surrounding Honnedaga lake and many others, in the southern part of the state park. Keep a marker for mouth harp.

I was hired on as scullion. When the cook quit (he thought he should be the only kitchen person to whistle while he worked), I took over for a while cooking six meals a day 3 for the two guests, 3 for the 9 staff members (Joe Strezepeck was there, too, working as the Sports Counsellor for the few kids that were at the camp) and three meals a day for the two, then three grandmothers who stayed at little cabins instead of their families “camps.”

Speaking of Adirondack Guide Boats, seems they're now pretty, um, main-stream these days. Look at this:

Thank heavens for *The Joy of Cooking*, which was my tutor and bible. I have a copy I used still today, as it has chapters on the chemistry of and theory of cooking (“The Foods We Heat” for example), which gave the neophyte guidance. I can't say that having done a Crossed Claisen or Friedel-Crafts reaction in *Organic* helped (those are the only names I remember), but certainly a good grasp of learning from reading helped. In fact, later when I needed a job to fund weekend “rolls” to Vassar, I got a job at the library, repairing book-bindings and binding the periodicals into annual volumes. It started when Jeff Golub-Evans (né Evans-Golub), who was living in North, as was I (I think he was on the 3rd or 2nd floor, Alain Bourgeois on the 2nd or 3rd, and I was on the 4th — 410, I think it was, between the bathroom and Tenney B. Wheatly's single—Tenney hosted a cocktail hour before dinner I think every single day, during which he would play records of Aye. You may have heard some of the famous lines, as in *Which Way to Milinocket?* Kicker is: “Come tuh think uv it, you cah'n't get theah from heah.” Try as I might to be annoyed, the stories were so funny that I just gave in and listened...

...at any rate, Jeff came by to show me how he'd rescued one of his paperback books, with a “hard-cover” kit sold at the company store (which in its modern incarnation, doesn't have George Lyman Nesbitt's Wordsworth biography on the shelves — nor do they stock the choir CD Doug Sheldon put together (which I neglected to buy when it was available. Doug, d'you contemplate doing another burn-session? I “imported” all of my 33 1/3rds to the Mac-- and some of them I've re-edited into tracks, taken out the pops and cracks. It's a time-intensive activity to forward-engineer these things, but of course doable. And a quite hisss to Barnes & Noble, who I gather is the sub-contractor. And one for me, or two, for not acting quickly when I had the chance.

Anyway. Let's hit the books again. I thought Jeff's was a good idea, but too pricey for me. I thought I could do better on that and maybe on execution, too, so of course I visited the stacks (did you ever make, in winter, and in self defense, a chain of paper clips to run from your belt to the glass floors of the stacks? I had to, because between the klister impregnated leather soles of my Acme cowboy boots — the cheapest I could find for winter on the Hill, but leaked like a sieve until I smeared cross-country “wet” ski wax all over them and melted it in with a candle. It worked, as did the paperclips.

You could generate a spark more than an inch long, it seemed. It would SNAP as you reached up for a book on the metal shelves, and it didn't take much more than three or so steps to build the charge up again. Not fun when you're thinking of other things. However, there was a small collection, about a dozen, books on book-binding. This is the kind of “leveraging” my dad taught us (I'd swear sometimes that my younger brother and I were his indentured apprentices) — a 12-inch-square jig-

saw became the “curriculum” for: “Jigsaw. Do you know what a jig is,” dad asked. I didn’t (at age 8 or so). Let me show you. Whistling: Dad appeared in my bedroom one night (I think I was 6 or so), sat on the edge of my bed and said, “Do you know how to whistle?” Umm, no, dad. I think it took until maybe 2 am until I was well on my way. It certainly stuck. My oldest daughter, Sam, also whistles. Pretty well, too. Which of course tickles me. Grandsons, 6 and 4.7, Paul William and Henry James, respectively, have yet to take the course, as they’re still wrestling with labiodentals. They’re 4 hours, well, three, away by car, but I do what I can when I visit.

So, with clamps and shims we made a simple wheel-making jig. Point: With the right tools, you can make anything — even the new right tools you find you need but don’t have. One logical extension of this kind of curriculum, though, is particularly stressful on neat-freaks, because you just don’t want to throw any scrap of anything out; you never know when you might have to make a jig or another tool. My dad was 1st born of 13 surviving (to adulthood, but not beyond) siblings, 11 male, 2 female. And there was an old corn crib on the farm that was filled way over my head with what I called, when younger, “junk”. Rusty bits and pieces, large and small, from everywhere. No rusting autos or kitchen appliances in the front yard, though. All dismantled and depth-filed in the corn crib. (Depth filing is the technique often used by the OCD’d and newspaper people: Oh, I know where that is — it’s an inch-and-a-half down in the heap.

I read maybe half of these bound books on bookbinding, and, making heavy “boards” out of three laminations of shirt cardboards, and Elmer’s Glue-All, sewing the signatures with dental floss, bits and pieces of worn-out, torn shirts, cuffs from pants —

who needs cuffs when there are paperbacks to save. And it also meant I could make little blank notebooks, “commonplace books” — out of thin typing paper, four sheets folded in quarters, stitch the signatures together, cut the folds, etc. End papers were a problem, though. Never did have the time or materials to make fancy marbled end papers. End result was some half-way decent repaired paperbacks, a couple of blank notebooks, and a job in the library basement a few hours a week. And I did find a limited source of end-papers up the hill.a

As I went to my closet to get my ancient down parka, with the overnight temp at 7.4°F, it occurred to me that I’d also had a sort of Heritage about books. I don’t think Heritage press is still in business, but while they were, my dad subscribed, a kind of book-of-the-month thing:

Back at Honnedaga Lake: These were huge, three-story log structures with bays on the water for a couple of seaplanes and a [couple of Cris-Craft racing boats](#), or whatever they called them. Honnedaga Lake had water so clear you could see the beer cans at the bottom of the lake, 20 feet and more from shore. One of the camps belonged to the Ballentine family, of brewery note. See the 1894 NYTimes article I linked above (under Cris-Craft). Couldn’t find just the right pix in the brief google I gave it. But the places were spectacular.

There was also a college-student waitress, lovely gal, Wells I think? Whom Joe married, as I recall. I was so jealous (having been dumped going into the summer, she developing a crush on Joe ‘n’ all) that I could spit tacks, had they been part of my diet. And particularly as the counsellor had his own digs at the “clubhouse,” while the rest of us were put up at the rather thin-walled “bunkhouse.” We each had our own

room, but common bathroom, ironing room, etc.

One morning (and I belatedly ask Joe's forgiveness) when I was running late, before I became cook-scullion, Joe ran up the dirt trail from kitchen to the bunk house, calling my name. Wretched, nasty soul that I was, I watched his pace, in flip-flops, and shouted, "On the way!" so he'd look up just as he was to clear a nice big rock that jutted into the trail. He just turned around, limped back to the clubhouse without saying a word and bathed his stubbed toe in the cold running water of the toilet bowl.

Meanwhile, my X first love was in France pursuing her goal of marrying well in Rochester's "sister city," Rennes, in Brittany. She married the mayor's son, who himself became mayor of a contiguous village, rose through the political ranks, made it into the French Parliament and is now chairman of its finance committee. She kept her dual citizenship and votes by absentee ballot in US elections—and the local *Ouest France* newspaper does a feature story on her assessment of the US political scene each election cycle. I studied the paper for a few days but never tracked my old flame down until a couple of years ago — the Internet, e-mail, and a cooperative alumni office (who first asked their alum if she'd accept email, and then forwarded it to her).

Ouest-France had an Atex editorial system and with it published 34 different editions, and had come up with some interesting production schemes, with the world and national news in the first physical section, wrapped around the "news from the *Ar-rondissement*," then a county section, wrapping the village section, if I've got the designations and hierarchy right. For local reporters, they took written or dictated reports from local officials, men of the cloth,

school teachers, postmen, the *boucher*, *boulangier*, and *générateur de chandelier*, combining the micro-local news of a weekly within a large regional paper. And their color presses were the quietest I'd ever heard — you could hold a normal conversation while standing 10 inches away from them. They were completely enclosed and sound-proofed.

US newspapers provide their pressmen (and women) with disposable ear-plugs. Those damned European socialists and their damned unions, protecting hominid health and hearing with expensive technological solutions! How is the world ever to curb its excess population? (I don't think spending time in press rooms around the US ever helped my tinitus — but the military now **does** provide hearing aids to its veterans — they negotiate prices with the manufacturers (what an odd concept!) and provide good devices — free if you're poor enough. I would have preferred to have tinitus prevention, rather than tinitus *treatment*. One US publisher, of the Albuquerque Journal, did look after his presses, though. The press room was a gleaming thing of brush-whorled stainless steel and brass railings, supports, etc. The reclusive publisher (who was rumored to don construction worker or phone repairman togs to visit his city room to find out what the scuttlebutt was) had a press cleanup crew of five or so who wiped the whole press-room down after each day's press run. You could perform a successful "white glove inspection" in the place. Amazing. And, I daresay, unique. Not "rather unique," or "fairly unique," or my favorite, "very unique," with emphasis on the *very*, uttered by broadcast news folks (and others) who speak with de-coupled minds, but in the binary, true sense of the word.

[Current events intrude, with the deep thrum of ambulance, fire rescue and police

cruiser diesels at 2:45 in the morning, outside The Francis Cabot Lowell Mill elder housing conversion; my apartment/”*atelier*” is on the 2nd floor, almost directly over the entrance to the East Wing of this, the converted first integrated cotton mill in the US of A—integrated, in that bales of southern cotton came in one end of the factory, and bolts of muslin exited at the other. The company hired young women from the real sticks — Waltham then was in the boonies, along the Charles River. And of course the Waltham Watch Company was here, too, just across the river. The first-floor museum “of Science and Industry” has a good sampling of the Watch Company’s tools. And I suspect that it was the mysterious industry of which Strether (*The Ambassadors*, by Henry James, my 2nd grandson’s inadvertent⁴ name-sake was said to be president/owner. Funny I should be living here.

You may have heard of Francis Cabot Lowell, whose Boston Company set up the mill. The Waltham mill was the “beta site,” and when the kinks were worked out, his outfit set up another handful of mills in what is now named Lowell, Mass. Thomas Moody, Lowell’s mechanical whiz side-kick, has Moody Street to commemorate his achievements. It’s said that Lowell had a photographic memory, and carried away a good bit of industrial know-how on an extended visit to Manchester’s dark, satanic mills. He was frisked by the Brits before he could leave, but he had no notes or diagrams on his person. It’s so much fun to learn of the “entrepreneurial spirit” of so many of our “founding families,” who shared the Opium franchise in China with the Brits, who grew it in India and forced it on the Chinese. Now, there was a real “Drug War” — [the Opium War](#), so-called.

But this was to “open the lucrative market” for US drug peddlers, not to proscribe opium’s use. It seems some latter-day “upper class” American entrepreneurs have learned well from the past, according to some well-respected “long-form journalists” (books and the *New Yorker*, sometimes), and the practice continues. Massachusetts’ own Senator From Pittsburgh (John Kerry, fellow Gentleman’s C+ Yalie and Bonesman w/ Shrub) held some hearings on the topic way back when, but then either got bored with the effort, or was “brought to heel” by various “interests” who make campaign contributions. The transcripts make fairly good reading, essentially verifying the tales that the CIA, particularly, has used drug running to support its other clandestine, and criminal, activities pretty much since its founding in 1947. Kind of a sad heritage for a “nation of laws [except overseas]” whose military claims, “We don’t do body counts.” That lapse, btw, is a violation of the Geneva Conventions. I think every soldier should have a copy, be given tests on their comprehension of it. And every citizen should read it, as well. You’d be amazed at the gap between our gummint’s rhetoric, its actions, and the supreme Law of the Land as represented in this case by the US-ratified Conventions. “Quaint” and “old-fashioned” indeed.

Hamilton Profs & their Students.

Looking back, I’d have to say that I was a very uncomfortable, insecure, callow yoot of 18 when I arrived, a day early, at Hamilton. My dad drove me, helped me carry my stuff into 107 (or 109) Dunham (the corner room, at any rate), shook my hand, and left. Nobody was around. I thought I’d give myself a little tour, as I’d never visited the

4 Inadvertent, that is, because Henry and James are grandfathers’ names, not homage to the author. And when did we go to pronouncing that “h” word “ohm-mahge” rather than “homm-idge”? Any language in a storm but our own?

campus. I headed across the parking lot, past the maintenance garage that had been converted to the B.F. Skinner Rats 11/12 lab and towards the library. I noticed a shortish man, with closely cropped red-hair, in matching tweed jacket, w/ elbow patches, rounding the library, walking very briskly, swing his arms — his entire body in motion. He passed me not 20 feet away, and said as he did, “Hi, Bill” — not exuberantly enough to warrant an exclamation mark, but friendly. I looked around to see who he was greeting, and there was no one else in sight. I did recognize my name, but how the hell would someone I’d never seen, at a place I’d never been, know it, much less greet me with it?

Of course it was Sid Wertimer. And my anxiety level must have dropped by 75% at least. I did feel welcomed. I can feel it these 54 years later. As many of us later learned, Sid would open the Facebook at his piano and make up tunes about our names, obviously a highly effective mnemonic practice. Esp. with the largest entering class ever, wasn’t it, at about 214. Amazing.

Then there was Prof. George Lyman Nesbitt, who inspired not a little bit of fear and trembling. And of course, I was definitely not immune, trying always to kind of hide out, so my basic stupidity wouldn’t be discovered (you know the line, “It is better to be thought a fool than to open your mouth and remove all doubt”). I can’t even imagine what it would have been like with women students there. Probably just a “failure of imagination” on my part. Things like my desire to save money by finding 2nd hand books, with different pagination (in the dictionary def. of “numbering pages), didn’t help. I remember having an old, but complete, collection of Browning, printed in tiny type — at least it had line numbers — but I’d have to madly flip through pages to find the poem Nesbitt was talking about.

We had to write a paper for Nesbitt, I think it was 2nd semester junior year, and I thought I’d try to make it easy on myself by selecting Wordsworth, whom I liked (fair seed-time had my soul, and my heart leaps up/when I behold/a rainbow in the sky — when I got to visit the Cotswolds & The Lake Country in autumn, maybe 15 years later, on the J-school traveling fellowship, there were rainbows every day. Because it rained every day. Good thing I’d rented a chrome-yellow VW — I could always see it when parked (and be seen in it by native drivers). On the other hand, stick-shifting with my left hand was a real sweat. Good thing they kept the clutch pedal on the left, and the brake and loud pedal on the right.

As I recall it, Wordsworth’s grave marker was close by a [tamarack \(or is it/was it a larch?\)](#) and a [“monkey puzzle” tree](#). Odd looking things indeed. Tamarack’s and larches are deciduous “evergreens” — conifers, inasmuch as they’re firs w/ cones. But “*Wie treu sind deine Blätter? (nicht!)* — and how long’s it been since we had standing snow for months at a time, to flesh out the carol? Which reminds me of Stephen Bonta’s arrangement of *In the bleak mid-winter*. Other versions just don’t quite sound the same. Another “there’s a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will”: now that the red shale paths have been macadamized to cut down on the red spring mud trails, have the changing seasons neutralized the need? Unless you like tamaracks on the tarmac.

So, clever me, I thought I’d play detective in the rhymes of Wordsworth by relying only on his poesy. No bios to read; just a “close reading” of an un-annotated works, if I could figure them out. It proved to be impossible, I think — like, wotthell is “the marble index of a mind forever voyaging strange seas of thought, alone.” Your

professor might explain, as Nesbitt did when no one could get it, that it was the statue of Isaac Newton, visible from Wordsworth's digs (room, dorm?) at Cambridge. In marble. With his index finger pointing to the forever-falling apple none but he could see — were he not then a block of artfully carved marble. Ahh, making the mundane seem transcendent. (I made up the apple bit.) So I had to hit the bios.

At the end of Junior year, Nesbitt threw a little reception for English majors (I only made PFC in the USDraft and didn't get busted, even). As I generally tried to keep a low profile, this was highly uncomfortable. But Mrs. Nesbitt was gracious and wangled me into conversation, hobbies, whatever. I mentioned book-binding for the library. My mother used to bind books, said she. You're kidding. (Why would she kid me?) No. In fact, I still have her sewing frame — which she then retrieved. This is a nifty little vise and frame for squaring up and sewing the folded signatures as you put the guts of the book together (this well before "perfect binding," NewSpeak for "a poor, cheap simulacrum of the real thing." Kind of like our NewSpeak for "We, the exceptional ones, export our democracy all over our empire — umm, all over the world," — "by force of arms" is left unstated.

Did you mother make her own end papers for her books? I asked. That was always something of a challenge, she replied, or words to that effect.

For me, too.

Oh, perhaps I have something you could use. And she disappeared into the house again, and brought back a foot or so of some pretty wallpaper, prolific verdant vines on a white ground.

Somewhere along the line, it occurred to me to type my paper in the form of a book, of course using the wallpaper for endpapers.

I don't remember having parted with it, but I can't find it now, thankfully. To make it, I folded regular typing paper in half, so I had pages 5 1/2 by 8 1/2. I nested four sheets, giving me 16-page signatures (a 16-mo), numbered them in pencil, and but typed only on the "recto" side. Meaning that the the first sheet was pages 1 and 8, then 2 and 7, 3 and 6, 4 and 5. As I was composing/writing as I was typing it, I'd type page 1, remove it, do 2, then 3 and 4 the same, then turn the fold on 4 to type 5, turn 3 to type 6, 2 to type 7, and 1 to type 8. And so on for about 100 pages. I was doing this over spring break, and finally the need for a vise, work-bench, etc. — and warmth (the college turned down the dorm furnaces over vacations — I had draped my one window with a "black-out blanket" so Letzelter, or whomever, couldn't see my light on. But Jim Coccia stopped by and offered to drive me to Rochester (one of the better angels of HamCol).

I used an old blue-and-white shirt for the cover, laminated several shirt cardboard for the "case," stitched the signatures, clamped them, wet them with Elmer's glue and pounded them "round" (so the signatures are anchored between the boards), then glued a few layers of red-cross gauze to the spine for the "hinges," with the wallpaper as end-papers. I came back from Rochester and put the little book into Prof. Nesbitt's, what — mail center, or did faculty have mail-drops outside their offices? Can't remember.

Anyway, Nesbitt got it, read it, noted that I'd missed the deadline, but understood I'd needed to get to my book-binding tools, and gave me my only A (well, except

for Organic lab, I think--though I do recall making deans' list my ninth semester). I was relieved, and pleased.

At the next reception (I may be confusing the timeline here — [it happens — I remember going up to visit Sylvia Saunders at our 25th, and she was sitting with someone other than Frances, said hello, and told me that “Your son lived here during his Senior Year.” “I remember him telling me all about it,” I replied. (Was that cowardly? I didn't think I had the social sagacity or deftness to get the record straight without embarrassment, mostly for me. Though now at 70, with all my various changes of state, I hardly care whether I'm an antinomian heretic (AH) or not any longer.)

So at the next reception, Nesbitt updates me: 1) That he'd checked my grades at the Tolles' office, and decided that “You should have at least one A in your major if you're going to be an English professor. (What? I'd never said anything like that, to anyone. And, damn, I thought, until then, that I'd earned the grade. Nesbitt softened the blow (I don't think I turned white, but might have), by

2). Noting that, because he's been writing a biography of Wordsworth for the past few years (Ohhh shit, I said to myself — one of the pitfalls of hiding out is that you don't learn much about what's going on in the world. Definitely not the way to fly beneath the radar in choosing a paper topic), and had to double-check his sources at the library, he'd spent a good bit of time at it. “I didn't really look at your bibliography, since I know pretty much every book written on Wordsworth, but I discovered you'd checked out every one of them — and made marginal comments in all of them — some of them original editions.”

3). Actually [oh may this defense work], we only have facsimiles of those first

editions, and I use very sharp #1 soft pencils, lightly, so they're legible to me, but easy to erase. Except that I ran out of time to erase. I said.

And finally, “Nice endpapers. That's what Mrs. Nesbitt used for our bedroom.”

What next?

Well, I'd survived., really naïve, on dümb lück (couldn't do that on an ærodynamic Selectric typewriter!). But the lesson for me about our faculty, and staff, was that, like Roz in *Monsters, Inc.*, “[I'm watching you, Wazowsky. Always watching.](#)” Even if you're trying to hide out. So maybe I could have loosened up a little. Maybe. Some folks are slow learners.

Speaking of which, back to *The Ambassadors* for a moment. I had never had such a struggle with a book before, and I was always reading books, finding used book-stores, buying cheap (but good) ones — Hamilton's silent auction of donated and de-accessioned books was the best. Sometimes really great books in nice editions, for pennies. I had so many, that I finally gave them to the YMCA book sale in Albuquerque when it was time to acknowledge that Albuquerque, and New Mexico in general, was not a hot-bed of computer publishing — even though Bill Gates got his start there. He was actually booked once for doing something that attracted police attention, but “the records were lost,” and I was unable to find them.f

So here's a book that's assigned. I must read it. I make it to page 15, and put it down in disgust, frustration, it's impossible to read. Then to 38. Same same. Then 46. The deadline draws nigh. Must must get through it. Know that it's an important work. But the damned sentences are a paragraph long, and the paragraphs are **pages** long. Well, I've got to get through it.

In hindsight, it seems, from hindsight, that I had to surrender my brain to the author's control. No conditions, exceptions, quibbles or cavils. Being a "bear of very little brain," I had to sign over all the mind-space I could control to this odd Henry James Boston ex-pat. *Mirabile dictu*, I then couldn't put the damned thing down. For close to three days, napping, book on my chest, when I couldn't stay awake, taking it to the head when the autonomic nervous system demanded, eating crackers and apples, ditto.

I felt, and it was a matter of feelings rather than reflection, that I was able to see everything that was going on in the book, not through the author's eyes but through my own, with James looking over my shoulder to make certain that I didn't miss something, didn't miss the opportunity to NOT know what was going on, but know that I didn't (Rumsfeld's famous or infamous repetition of the "know what you know, know what you don't know, and don't know what you don't know (from Erhard Seminars Training, or *est*, though one can't be sure where Rumsfeld heard the line)), and hang on 'til the next pages or chapter(s) made their revelation.

It was an adrenalin rush. And not with like the books you sometimes run across that are just so much fun you don't want to put them down, not at all (*Time and Again* — time travel from The Dakota, Bamford's *The Shadow Factory*, *The Puzzle Palace and Body of Secrets* — about the NSA — National Surveillance Agency I call it, Rupert's *Crossing the Rubicon*, the late Chalmers Johnson's *Blowback*, *The Sorrows of Empire*, and *Nemesis*, Tarpley's *9/11 Synthetic Terror: Made in America*, *The Missing History of the 9th Amendment*, *Globalization And Its Discontents* (Sti-

glitz). This was like an emotional mystery tour. With a master tour-guide (you can imagine the allure of **that** skill to someone who had little facility in that department).

Then I checked out F. O. Matthiessen and his (pre-eminent) analysis of *The Ambassadors*, looking for clues to this Shanghai-the-readers style. Use of color? *An omelette aux tomates*? Where the hell was that. I certainly missed it. "Landscape by Lambinet," likewise. I thought I was reading this slowly, deliberately, engrossed. (Ah, but Bear-OVLB, don't forget the handicap.) Whatever. I had never been goaded to do that before.

Now, it came to pass upon a day (maybe two weeks later), that the English department hosted a lecture, in the upstairs "lecture room" of the [Root home/museum](#). On Henry James, and *The Ambassadors*. It was obviously a "mandatory formation" for English majors (future American PFCs, as well). The English faculty were there in force. Local society, faculty spouses, etc. And the lecturer, I think a Hamilton alumnus who was an English prof at a more or less well-known college in Pennsylvania. He had big (5 x 7 maybe?) note-cards, a big stack of them, and he would engage a question or two as he went. Ken Kahn made the yeomanly run at the guy, who was dismissive, belittling, unpleasant. He batted Ken around a bit, and the other majors who jumped in as well, for a bit more, and then, getting back to his notes, he said, "Well, I have about 30 cards on James' writing style, but I doubt you'd be interested in that, so I'll just skip them," as he turned them over and added them to his "done" pile.

I didn't know the guy fr⁵om Absolom, but I was pissed at the way he was treating

5 It's now the 'Communications & Development' (alumni) center. Did I ask whether there are really 60 employees in that old, but renovated and stretched out structure/department?

“the majors” (the enemy of my enemy is my friend, so any internecine issues are set aside, *pro tem*), and the cavalier way he'd bypassed the one thing I was interested in — James' demand that the reader surrender his undivided attention to the author (not like I wear a “Question Authority” button every day, but those of you who do pay attention to the outside world no doubt have me well pegged, pinioned and perceived ...another reason to hide. Bob Stuckey's wife had a nice peg to hang me on at our 25th — Oh, we always thought of you as our ‘original hippie,’ she smiled.

I raise my hand and stand up at the same time, which seems to communicate fairly effectively that I'm going to speak whether you call on me or not.

“I'm curious to know how recently you read F.O. Matthiessen on James,” I asked. I heard Nesbitt let loose a kind of wha-hooo, but if it was a caution flag, I ignored it. “I almost never read secondary sources,” I said, but I just read Matthiessen and something you just mentioned struck me, because I hadn't noticed it myself when reading the original — namely, about how that tomato omelette somehow ‘added just the right touch of color’ to Strether and Mm. de Vionnet's restaurant luncheon table. Did you catch that on your own, or from reading Matthiessen, as I did?”

“Well, I suppose I read him maybe a year ago, maybe longer than that.”

Well, I just wondered. Thank you. (That was limit of my nerve). And sat down.

A week or so later, I'm rounding South and heading for the quad (we may have been preparing waste-baskets-full of water balloons to drop from the battlements accessible from the South tower suite, one of the world's greatest dorm suites for that

kind of activity). Another faculty person is coming down the Root Hall stairs, this one I know, calls out my name, and beckons me over to talk. It's Prof. Nesbitt. “Come into my office,” he says. This is just one unto-ward thing after another, I think.

He gestures to the chair by his desk. He sits and picks up a letter. “I just got this from [whoever that PA prof was]. Listen”:

“By the way, I should perhaps apologize to you and that sharp-tongued young man who asked me about when I last read Matthiessen. Sometimes we who spend so much time reading so many things forget where it is we saw something, or don't notice that we've adopted it.”

Or words to that effect. [Hiss, I say — but didn't. More like a raised eyebrows and quiet “wow”. My general impression was that Nesbitt didn't disapprove.]

At any rate, looking back these two-score and ten, it's probably safe to say that many of us don't know how closely we were watched those four- or four-plus years by our faculty and staff, from Sid Wertimer's musical impromptu “Facebook [Your Year Here]”, to the faculty members in our major. Even Jack Letzelter. And when it was time to go, I didn't want to leave. I was almost getting comfortable in my own skin, but had a lot more work to do.

Hamilton Society, or reflecting the spirit of the place in “our” years there): Bruce Koloseike, 1962, found a lovely old table and secretary's desk in the Root barn hay mow during explorations. Students were always, or often, at least some of us, scrounging for useful and free or cheap things with which to make livable our profoundly spartan dorm or fraternity house rooms. I suspect that may not have changed, over the years, even though students now have so many *Eumenides* that

it's almost embarrassing to see, and worse, then to reflect on how starved we were for same (I mean, two pay phones in every dormitory, and that was it?! Just one in most fraternity houses? And do you remember actually writing, and receiving, love-letters ... by **mail**?!! With the scent of your *inamorata* on the pages? And the agony of waiting for replies?

Which reminds me: On my solo mini-reunion tour last fall, I noticed--how could I not--a swiftly moving student, about 7 feet tall, enter the octagonal Beinecke mail room/of the student activity center, is it?⁶ I was reading the stuff posted on the walls. Not more than a couple of minutes later, same subject emerges from mail room, his mien more miserable than I was comfortable looking at, his physiognomy fixed in a grimace not indistinguishable from that of a chronically dyspeptic patient in a gastroenterologist's waiting room, and slamming the double-hinged doors before him, Wham! WTH, I thought. I guess snail-mail is still important to some people! (and I notice that I must have some notion that "Big people need big words to describe 'em".)

Never mind campus-wide internet and ubiquitous wi-fi, and, Yaweh help us, climbing walls and standard urban health club exercise machines! Added to great teachers, libraries and labs (I'm assuming, safely, I hope) an already spectacularly beautiful campus (except for those damned macadam paths. At least they could have been paved with red macadam, as Pennsylvania uses on its rural highways. Somebody should check that out, Maybe Wes Oler, a

Pennsylvania judge, could suggest a contact Hamilton could pursue. Or I suppose I could practice what I preach and find out, myself. [Turns out that PA and NJ](#) highway departments used to use red shale bonded with "glutrin," to repair their roads. In 1914. Glutrin is described as being "A product of wood pulp manufacture, and a calcium -magnesium ligno-sulfonate, generally resembling molasses and readily soluble in water."⁷ Anyhow, with all of these Eumenides, who would ever want to leave? Do you remember the echoing sound of tennis balls in the ice-less (and dimly lit) hockey rink? Did you practice tennis shots in the squash courts? (It really improves your "snap shots"—when there's no time for a full swing—and in a squash court, no room, either?). Bruce obtained it by midnight post-paid acquisition, ratified in daylight the next day. For \$5.25. The top, with all the pigeon holes, doors and slots for ledgers, a top edge that flopped up and revealed another 15 pigeon holes beneath it — perfect size for business letters or 750 ml. ethanolic beverage bottles (I never quite managed to have more than one at a time there, but the thought of wretched excess was a pleasant one) came off the desk, but the legs were too long to fit through his fraternity room doorway. Bruce sawed off half of the ball-foot on each back leg, and got it through his door. At the end of his senior year, he offered it to me, for the same amount (low inflation on scrounged furniture back then). I used, and carted that desk around with me for, let's see, 1963 to 1995, 32 years, from Clinton to Warsaw (NY), to Delmar, to Manhat-

⁶ OK, I could look it up. It's the hexagonally themed Beinecke Student Activities Village. (It takes a village?). In which are concurrently situate: The Mail Center, the Howard Diner and the Fillius Events Barn, as well as lounges (for ping-pong, but I didn't see a billiards table, sigh) and a relaxing winter porch.

Apropos: Daughter Sam worked as the or one of Frances Beinecke's assistants (at the Natural—not National, as the NYTimes often mis-names it) Resources Defense Council (NRDC--The Earth's Best Defense is it's tagline, with Robert Redford (and many other notables) on the board of directors. Ms. Beinecke (don't know her well enuf to call her Frances actually did come to Sam's wedding, so I had a chance to thank her and shake her hand. The Guy Sam married--his name is Guy, which means he's a veritable trap for addicted paronomasiacs like me. Guy keeps busy finding and steering alternative energy projects w/ his group at New York Power Authority, the folks who own the Niagara Falls & St. Lawrence hydropower factories. NRDC is also known for adopting as mascots "charismatic megafauna." "I was in the meeting we came up with that one," she told me. Kewl.

⁷ This info appears in the on page 9 of the of volume 37 of the the municipal journal and public works,. There'd be no difficulty in finding a more contemporary source on, seems to me.

tan, to Valatie (NY), and to Albuquerque, where a Santa Fe artist (and coupon clipper displaced from San Francisco) developed a yen for it.



My Hostages to History: X1 and X2 (I can keep a wife no longer than 25 years, it seems); plus, with ages as of today: Three daughters: Sam, 37, Wesleyan U., Connecticut; son Max, 22 (born on the date the Bill of Rights was ratified, December 15), now at UC-Davis, completing his curriculum in Classics (Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, etc.), Hannah and Zoë, 12. Hannah & Zoë live in San Diego with X2 Kelly. Sam has a 6-year-old and a 4-year old, Paul William (called luaP, because I made him a set of pinstripe “business” bib overalls with his name backwards, so he could read it in the mirror (and parents could see him gaining on them in their rear view mirrors) and Henry James (as noted above, named not for the writer, but for two of the three extant grandfathers. I got in on Grandson One. Mother was still alive and kicking, turned 96 on Jan 9th as I began this, but she died on 27 April after a bout of pneumonia.

I’m preparing for the 2014 election cycle (US Congress) by writing a book, one part of this, with, oh, just a dad more editing and organization). Also, I can say “finally — as the recruiter who’d interviewed me at Irondequoit High School told me in June of 1963, “Well, we’re sorry you didn’t write more while you were here.” So, whoever he is, I can say that I’ve never really stopped writing). I met him but twice, first when he came to my high school to interview me, and then almost five years later at our graduation party at ELS.

Working title, *HEY?* with the interrogatory Valley Girl upSpeak — full out, *Had Enough Yet?* Nominated myself for Ron Paul delegate from the Mass 7th CD (now is the 5th, as we’re down by one Congressional slot from the 2010 decennial. I would have been “taking on” Ed. Markey, our MA representative from Bethesda — he and his wife, an NIH exec MD, live in Bethesda (the MD from MD) — they seem to use Ed’s late parents’ home as a *piéd pour le parlement*. He’s been the incumbent for something like 38 years. I joke that he graduated from high school and went straight to Congress, but it only seems that way, though he’d been out of school for less than a decade when he won his by-election.

Now that our Massachusetts Senator from Pittsburgh (Heinz) and Johnny-come-lately to the VVAW has been confirmed as Secretary of State (for whom will he Kerry water, I wonder? And will he re-open the substantial investigation into the issue of the CIA selling drugs in Los Angeles & elsewhere that he started, but pretty much let fizzle. Which is what a fuse does in a Boston snizzle. Pinker notes that one well-known Boston weathercaster portmanteaued “snow” and “drizzle” to “snizzle,” something entirely worthy of the late Dr. Zeuss.

BTW, most people aren't aware of the distinctions "fuse" and "fuze," the latter being a largely mechanical contrivance, often armed by inertia (either upon firing or upon landing, depending on the position of the triggering weights), with many neat designations, like PDSQ (point-detonating, super-quick), magnetic proximity fuzes (useful for land- and water-mines), time fuzes (like winding up an alarm clock and propelling it down-range — just remember that there is no snooze button). Whereas a "fuse" is just fancy candle-wick.

There were all kinds of nifty gadgets, like tear gas grenades, stun grenades, smoke grenades, thermite/thermate grenades, ordinary people-killer grenades (fragmentation grenades, w hence the Vietnam slang, "fragged") You may remember grenades that looked like pineapples? They'd fragment along the cast-iron valleys in the pineapple--big chunks.

By 1964, and surely earlier, they had been "improved" by making the grenade's container of sheet-metal, inside of which was wound a coil of "surgical steel" wire, a little thicker than coat-hanger wire, deeply scored or nicked every quarter-inch or so. Whereas the "pineapples" produced big chunks, the smooth-skinned grenades produced an order of magnitude **more** fragments--and the thinner container walls left room for more explosive. There were, too, if memory serves, white phosphorous grenades (I believe these are banned by the Geneva conventions, or something similar, but who these days finds him- or herself, of a dreary midnight, pondering over a stack of quaint and curious old books of long-forgotten laws, nodding off, nearly napping? You'll no doubt recognize the source of those "quaint and curious" words? The infamous AG, "Speedy" Gonzales, right? I wonder if he's painting still lifes, too.

There were Claymore mines, a curved block, maybe 1-inch thick, 4 inches high and six or eight inches wide, of cast high-explosive, with a sheet of 1/4-inch or so ball-bearings molded into the convex face. The mines came with their own little built in tripod, to tilt the face up about 20° for more effective killing. I'd heard that many troops carved off chunks of the explosive, put it into their steel helmets, and lit the stuff--for an instant hibachi. Of course, that left the boot with a lower-powered anti-personnel mine. There were also "Bouncing Betties," lovely things that would spring up out of the ground and detonate at about waist level, for a very crude double amputation. (Reminds one of the refrain "You're an eyeless, boneless, chicken-less egg/And you'll have to be put with a bowl, to beg/Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye." (That one was always good for at least a half-case of beer at the Lawton bars.)

There are "cluster bombs," which are really just a big can-full of little cans-full of fragmentation fodder. These are itty-bitty land-mines (or "anti-personnel mines"). I've not seen many of them in my days as an ammunition storage specialist, as I was always too busy typing, from morning reports to requests to transfer out of the unit (highest rank was the sergeant major), but hear they're pretty nasty. [Linked is a pretty accurate and sarcastic/clever "self-description" of a cluster-bomb unit \(CBU\) who was working in Kosovo a while back.](#) (Remember that bombs are people, too, and have every right to put their mouths where our munitions are.)

When I see pictures like this, I can't help but think of my Hannah and Zoë. It really is a damned good thing that the US press refuses to print, publish, broadcast graphics like these, because they certainly are "too-graphic graphics" for most people to bear, particularly parents and grand-

parents. In fact, I'd say that publishing such graphics is treasonous, giving "aid and comfort" to whomever it is we've called an enemy today. It's a damned good thing no one takes the First Amendment seriously any longer, or we might have all kinds of downer shit like this cluttering up our reptilian brains.

I hope you get it that I'm outraged at this murder. Think a little bit more: Let's just say, *arguendo*, that 9/11/2001 was the "new Pearl Harbor" the new convicts (necons) lusted after (or as I heard the Dark Prince articulate it at the end of a Meet The Press round-table, "We have all this power, and it would be a shame not to use it." Richard Perle, another of the many dual-passporters in the Bush administration and probably in this one too. I can think of the former Rahm Emanuel. They must be really clever to keep up their dancing for two masters who have antithetical goals. I guess that's why Emanuel trained as a dancer.

So, we have an "inside job" in the WTC complex; three buildings fall, the last one essentially ignored by the official myth-makers. Rather than hauling Cheney, Meyers, Rumsfeld, Bush, Rice, Addington, Wolfowitz and so on, off to durance vile to await their trials (they're clearly a flight risk, though they're running out of places to stay), what do we do? We don't call the murderous men and women in the Executive and Legislative branches to task for having betrayed their country and their fellow citizens.

Nope, we don't do that. Instead we torture our POWS to get them to make false confessions, linking themselves (testifying against themselves, a 5th Amendment nono. In some 238 or so proven cases, we actually torture them to death. I maintain that this is not a good thing.

But why are we torturing these folks, KSM 168 times on the water board? Are we really trying to find out when "the next bomb is going to explode" when, since our government is the perpetrator, all they have to do is look it up in their 9/11 script. No, we're torturing these prisoners to get them to confess to things they never did. Isn't that ALWAYS what torture is about? And we're doing it (rather, our government is doing it) knowing full well that any evidence they get from torture will be inadmissible in a court of law (another reason the gummint wants to do away with courts of law, with due process, with the Bill of Rights.

And why do they have to keep up with the torture? Because, like many human beings all over the earth, our POWs don't abide torture very well. It increases mental resistance (see "The IPCRESS File"). While I was sitting with my mom in the Danville hospital, the attending staff would use a fairly thin (1/8 inch) blue plastic gurney board, with handles top and bottom and two on either side, to move patients from recliner to bed and back again.

I got a magic marker and (not as stylishly as I'd wished) "swooshed" the initials KSM on the board; around the edge, "Genuine Khalid Sheikh Mohammad Memorial Water Board, initialed by the user, and guaranteed to last for up to 168 successive sessions."

When you hear the "likes" of Cheney or Shrub say, "We're trying to prevent another smoking gun that might come in the form of a mushroom cloud, you have my permission to yell out "Liar, liar, pants (or panties) on fire." And, "Marshall, arrest these people. They're traitors to the United States of America." This reminded me of where I came in, militarily speaking--with the

really splendid mushroom cloud in Dr. Strangelove.

Mememes have a way of repeating themselves.

You may not remember when Leslie Stahl interviewed our first female Secretary of State about the effect the US/UK super-tight embargo was having on the Iraqi population under six. Stahl quoted some NGOs to the effect that 500,000 Iraqi children, under the age of five or six, died as a result of the embargo's withholding of simple nostrums like tincture of paregoric, Kao-pectate, perhaps Pepto-Bismol. Died as a result of the refusal of the US and UK to allow the importation of pump parts for water purification systems (blown to smithereens by Herbie Bush in "Shock & Awe I: The First Act). And the US and UK wouldn't allow the importation of chlorine to purify the open sewer that was the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers-- the so-called "cradle of civilization." And what was the reason for the indiscriminate bombing of civilian targets, civilian infrastructure? Collective punishment — yet another of those nifty little practices banned by the Geneva Conventions (which the US signed and which, thereby, became part of "the Supreme Law of the Land" in the US. At least until Reagan, Herbie, Willie and Georgie arrived on the scene on their honey wagons.

Stahl asked Albright if she "thought the price was worth it," and Albright said, "though harsh, we think so." So much for the milk of human kindness flowing anywhere near women in government, mammaries notwithstanding. (And remember that our lovely gramma (who was Miss Lube Rack 1955 in Baltimore), good ol' Nancy Pelosi, thought she could amend a constitutional provision by standing up, waving her wand, clicking her heels to-

gether three times and saying, "Impeachment is off the table."

Well, I'm so gol-darned sorry, Nan, but Constitutional provisions can only be changed (amended, if the word's not too big) by the procedures set out in Article V-- Amending the Constitution. (Do you think any of our legislators read the Constitution before they take the oath to "support and defend" it? I don't. Hell, they don't even read the legislation given them to consider, by lobbyists or the executive branch. And if they can't do that, we should demand that they resign. There is nothing in Article I-- legislature--that says anything about fundraising and campaigning to stay in office 'til they within Time's bending compass come.

This also means that changes to Habeas Corpus, warrantless search and seizure, speedy trial before a jury of one's peers, with the provision of counsel for the party's defense **cannot be made by statute**. I keep asking myself, have these people ever read the Constitution for the United States of America? The one that We the People did "ordain and establish"? we are in a huge world of hurt in this nation.

It's one thing to flap your political pie-hole about "family values," and "the sanctity of life," but quite another when, as a bomb-maker or war-maker, you refuse to put a redemption/recycling fee on things like cluster-bombs. Hell, we have "bottle-return" fees on CocaColaTM® bottles — which can also be lethal when thrown from a plane (see "The Gods Must Be Crazy" parts I and II) and cans, which are certainly less of a pollution problem than that generated by cluster bombs and cluster bomb duds (take a peek again at the British program *UXB* as a reminder, although the two dead girls, *supra*, might be sufficient.

Back to the girls' blown-apart bodies: Publish stuff like this, and draft or all-volunteer army, whatever, most sane individuals would call for an end to war, and impeach and/or prosecute any officials, elected or not, who would declare wars based on lies, or who would go to war without any declaration of war—and in both cases, start wars without having been directly attacked.

Of course, being the kind of Constitutional Conservative dispersionist (as opposed to “collectivist”) individualist right-wing radical liberal that I am, I don't think governments should ban or otherwise regulate stuff like cluster bombs. The US, for example, refuses to permit US manufacturers to export cluster bomb systems with a failure rate above 1%, where a 5% failure rate is said to be the norm. This seems sensible, except for the cost of establishing that ratio, which would cut into profits, and except when you ask, “How do you determine the failure rate, buddy?” Well, the cluster-bomb-makers below obviously either have to conduct tests, or not conduct tests-but-say-they-did, under oath (that looks good, but we don't prosecute powerful perjurers, particularly when they're “Too big to jail.” At any rate, here's what I suggest for our cluster-bomb makers, these guys:

Alliant Techsystems (US), Aryt Industries (Israel—a US ally, I believe), Doosan Corporation (South Korea—a US ally, I believe), GenCorp (US), General Dynamics Corporation (US), L-3 Communications Corporation (US), Lockheed Martin Corporation (US), Poongsan Corporation (South Korea—a US ally, I believe), Textron (US) and Poongsan Holdings Cor-

poration (South Korea—another US ally, I believe),

First, they have to test these bomb systems somewhere. So, where do they test them? Does it result in noise pollution? How many cluster bombs do they think is a sufficient or statistically sufficient number to determine what the dud rate is? And does anybody care?

Second: Say each cluster-bomb-delivery system (CBU or CBDS) spreads 500 “sub-munitions,” in the euphemistic argot of the War Department. A 5% dud rate yields 25 UXBs, quietly in waiting as the dead and injured from the 475 non-duds are carted off, piecemeal (literally), to hospital or cemetery. If you figure that 100 CBUs are dropped, the number of duds left silently in waiting goes to 2,500.

I think we could easily come up with a recycling program with a bomblet return fee of \$1 million per bomblet. This would be paid in advance by the manufacturers. Bomblets which do function as designed, need only pay something like \$10 per each, inasmuch as they can be melted down and recycled and they're a little easier to handle than those which have failed to explode. Also, they've already done their bit to reduce the excess population.

The manufacturers must take full responsibility for their products, and oversee their use in “lifecycle” manufacturing, or “cradle to grave” manufacturing, from raw materials to recycling. Each manufacturer would have to establish cluster bomb duds recycling supply chains and centers, probably most efficaciously located at their corporate headquarters, where the company executives can keep close tabs on whether the program is working. And the companies will have to indemnify any and all losses that occur along the recycling