

supply chain. I would suggest that intermediate UXB drop-off stations be established at the Pentagon, National Guard facilities, US Military bases (the 1,035 spread around the world and the 166 or so scattered around the US. Using the corollary of the banking system's paradigm of "fractional reserve lending," it would be good to use "fractional reserve indemnification," where the "fraction" in play is something like 100:1, or 100 times the value of the insurance per one cluster bomb. So in case of malfunctions in the recycling chain, beneficiaries would get paid \$101 million per incident.

To recap: My modest proposal is that Cluster bomb-makers should never be barred from making such bombs. That would certainly infringe on their First Amendment rights to yell "BOOM!" in someone else's back yard, whenever and wherever they wish (except for maybe in a crowded Wal-Mart or bingo parlor, or a movie theater). And anyway, they'd be protected if in fact a bomblet does go BOOM!, because it wasn't a lie and, as is the case with defamation (slander, libel), Truth is always a defense. Banning the manufacture of such anti-personnel systems (or "Balanced Population Control Systems"), would be Socialism. Or, worse, Occultism & Witchcraft. And without trained chefs, etc., it would be difficult to efficiently implement Cannibalism, never mind Meritocracy. As the military motto has it, "*Semper Non Sequitur*" (Always never follow — just lead or get outta the way). (Ahh, I thought I heard some echoes of other proposals down through the ages.)

BTW, as a sop to the weapons manufacturers being made to take responsibility for their entire manufacturing process (raw materials through recycling), we would assist in the development and use of non-destructible radio frequency ID devices,

and require that they be mounted on all munitions, explosive devices, and so on.

And to expedite the implementation of this new concept of, shall we call it, cradle-to-grave manufacturing responsibility, we would implant the same kind of non-destructible RFID tags in the executives of all weapons manufacturing companies, and implement the same RFID tags in all members of Congress, the Executive Branch, the military officers corps, and so on. We, the bosses, want to know where our employees are at all times, particularly with such important programs being implemented. At the end of their service, the tags would be removed, as they would no longer be under the control of We the People. They'd just be ordinary citizens again, and the rights they lost by becoming members of government would be restored once again.

On the other hand, what with all the miracles of miniaturization in manufacturing, melded with the great advances in reading people's electromagnetic auras--said to be a unique bio-electric identifier, plus the ability to read changes in those forcefields, why not implant small cutter charges in the right elbow, so that if our Gang of 537 were actually lying while taking the oath of office (

Commenters and Supreme Court Justices often use part of the "you-can't-yell-'fire'-in-a crowded-theater" distinction to show that there must be "limits" to "free speech." What they always forget to add is the final clause: You can't yell 'fire!' in a crowded theater, UNLESS THE THEATER IS ON FIRE". How is it so many people miss that point? Even people who are charged with being competent, rational, and qualified to serve on the Supreme Court bench?

Where the hell was I? Ah. I meant to get two interesting graphics from many

years ago. I hope that these graphics are not too graphic, but I don't think you'll find them *du trop*.

And I forgot to describe the “daisy cutters: and det cord. And perhaps shape charges, thermite, thermate, and the “nanooo, nanooo” attributes of same, as Robin Williams might put it. Daisy cutters were/are bombs with a broomstick-length nose protuberance, on which the PDSQ fuze was placed. The “broomstick-” or “off-set fuze” would detonate the bomb four or five feet from the ground, and cut down **all** of the daisies, whether or not they were sticking their heads up above the masses. Used in conjunction with detonating cord (“det cord”), or explosive rope, when wrapped several times around the base of tall-standing vegetation (aka trees), the det cord would sever the tree from its stump, to create a nicely cleared helicopter landing pad.

If the daisy cutter were used against a municipality — a city, village, town, etc., they could be called “Busboys,” “scullions” or “dishwashers,” as they would clear all the tables at a restaurant, house, or apartment, etc. And obviate the need for washing any more dishes, because: 1) the dishes and other ceramics would have been restored to particulate kaolin or other ceramic material, and 2) there was no extant hominid culture to prepare meals, much less serve them or eat them.

Shape charges:

Similar in concept to daisy cutters and their stand-off fuze, shape charges are used to focus, and thus amplify, the force of high explosives and, simultaneously, collapse the “shape-holding” metal (copper, for example) and form it into a projectile, with all the force of the high explosive behind it focussed on a small point. On a bazooka round, for example, or a rifle-grenade,

what you see looks something like two large sugar cones affixed head to head, with cone pointing away from the target being made of depleted uranium, or copper, or glass. High explosive is cast between the outer shell and the inside rear cone. The outside forward cone is the “stand-off” or the “crumple zone” of the round, used to give the shape charge enough time/distance to force the inside cone/liner into a molten or near-molten slug, or projectile that pierces extraordinarily thick slabs of armor.

At least that was the “state of the art” when I was drafted and then trained as an ammo storage specialist. Now look what they have (and you can't tell me that clever coppersmiths in the Arabian, Persian, Muslim world can't turn a disk of copper into a nicely shaped cone. [Just look at this link](#) and above, for an IED.

The Republicrat stranger on my left 2nd ed my nomination, and, as delegate candidates got to make a 3-minute speech to the caucus, I asked them to humor me and “recite after me, please: ‘We the People [we the people] of the United States [of the United States]: in order to form [in order to form] a more perfect Union [a more perfect Union]; establish Justice [establish Justice]; insure domestic Tranquility [insure domestic Tranquility]; provide for the common defense [provide for the common defense]; promote the general Welfare [promote the general Welfare]; and secure the Blessings of Liberty [and secure the Blessings of Liberty] to ourselves and our Posterity [to ourselves and our Posterity], do ordain and establish [do ordain and establish]; this Constitution for the United States of America [this Constitution for the United States of America.’ ”

I also like to count off the six adjurations of the Preamble with my fingers, try-

ing to keep it as digital as possible in these digital times. I also like to point out that the clever Framers were even great about prioritizing their assignments to our federal government (another reason for counting them off). Whereas our criminalized governmental class claims that “keeping you and your children safe is our (or “my” or “the government’s first responsibility,” in fact, it is merely the **fourth** responsibility in a list of six. Preceding it are “form a more perfect Union, establish Justice (we haven’t gotten that one even **close** to flat), insure domestic Tranquility (does anyone remotely think that anyone can remain Tranquil when our gummint is continually beating the drums and rattling the sabers for war, declaring they have thwarted yet another “terrorist plot” of barely literate stooges (the ability to plot and gather the necessary plot-making materials having been supplied by an FBI agent provocateur), chicken-hawks with their heads still on, doing the I-dodged-the-draft-so-your-kids-can-fight “imminent attacks on our ‘Homeland’ ”--a Third Reich-ian locution if ever there was one--I call the abomination we have, which has now ordered 450 million rounds of hollow-point rounds, cartridges, “bullets” in sloppy usage) *Der Heimats Versicherung Abteilung*. (Hollow-points are generally not used for “target practice,” as the Department of “Homeland” [in quotes]“Security”[in quotes] insists. Hollow-point rounds are used for things like killing deer or blowing the back of JFK’s head off--small entry wound in the forehead, massive exit wound in the occipital/parietal region, aft.⁸ After all, isn’t America’s fame all about being the world’s “melting pot” of immigrants, not a “homeland” of anyone?

Only then, after we have a more cooperative gang of sovereign states) and Justice, and some access to Tranquility will we even **have** something worth defending. So that’s why providing for the common defense (not capitalized in the original, by the way) is quite properly the fourth priority We the People listed. And, following up: If our defense is successful, there then may be an opportunity to promote the general Welfare--general, not merely for banksters, the military-industrial-legislative-espionage-banksters complex Ike warned us about (yeah, when he was leaving office, but better latent than never, I s’pose). And finally, as a lagniappe, a bright red maraschino cherry atop the whipped cream, three scoops of ice cream atop a split banana, a chance to secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity. That’s a color I **can** notice--not your smushed or even nicely diced *tomates aux-ing* in your scrambled eggs.

There were at that Framingham caucus about 300 registered voters. I got 9 votes. No risk of a landslide there. But about a dozen people came over to comment — as one woman put it, “While you had us doing that, I noticed that we are not very well represented in Washington. Thanks.”

And there you have the crux of [The Preamble Project](#), my low-key, vast project with half-vast resources, to mandate that all US legislatures, city councils, schools, etc., recite the Preamble to the US Constitution before every meeting, gathering, school-day, etc. And as a dessert, should I find the energy, dis-establish, repeal and ban the so-called “pledge” which was written in September of 1892, ginned up as an effort to further recruit more schools and school children to be obedient to authority,

⁸ You no doubt remember the courtroom scene in Oliver Stone’s “JFK” where Kevin Costner as Jim Garrison shows the Zapruder film, points out the stimulus-response frames, saying “Back, and to the left (JFK’s left); back, and to the left; back and to the left.”

and then to sell, sell, sell subscriptions to *Youth's Companion Magazine*.

This so-called “pledge” was launched at the shindigs for the Quadricentennial of Columbus Day (that day in 1492 that marked the start of Chris’s and his non-empathetic peripatetics’ (sailors & soldiers) campaign to relieve the “indigenous peoples” of their gold and their lives, one way or another. The result: very little of either, in fact, a really great job of population reduction. Chris and his merry band exterminated 15 million or so Arawak Indians, from 1492 to 1508, when a Spanish priest/Cuban slave-owner, did his own census of the Caribbean). I learned that from the late Howard Zinn. In his final preface, published just before his death, to *A People's History of the United States, 1492 to the Present*, he upped his estimate from a high of 8 million Arawaks to 15 million Arawaks exterminated, or otherwise “disappeared” from this mortal coil.

Here’s another thing I learned from him, more or less in person, crammed into a little conference room at the Kennedy School of Government at Hahvid. See if you can guess who said/wrote it:

Laws and government may be considered in this and indeed in every case as a combination of the rich to oppress the poor, and preserve to themselves the inequality of the goods which would otherwise be soon destroyed by the attacks of the poor; who if not hindered by the government would soon reduce the others to an equality with themselves by open violence.

Who do you think it was?

It’s certainly apposite the conduct of our present-day Banksters. But the language is somewhat more euphuistic than modern-day usage, no?

Want a hint? Try “The Father of Modern Capitalism” or, variously, “The Father of the Free Market Economy.”

Ans: It’s none other than Adam Smith.⁹

If there were not more pressing issues, like the criminalization of our own government over the course of the past 50 years or so, we should probably work to change Columbus Day to “Genocide Remembrance Day,” for all of the deaths humans have wrought on one another. I didn’t read the late Howard Zinn’s *A People's History* until seven years ago. It was a concentrated shock. I’m glad to hear citizens are reading it as students in high school and college these days. Also have heard that Matt Damon lived next door to Zinn, in Newton, Mass, and that his room was in the attic, right across from Zinn’s attic office, and that they frequently chatted through the deciduous verdure separating their houses.

Other Hamilton-ianna:

I recently read B. F. Skinner’s three-volume autobiography. I commend it to your attention, if you happen to keep track of the development of our knowledge in the functioning of the mammalian brain (and avian, too — Skinner trained pigeons to direct US missiles/bombs to their targets in WWII, but they apparently were never used).

Skinner also tells of some Hamilton history; that Prof. Saunders was once acting dean of the college, that his son died, in Carnegie, I think, as the result of fraternity hazing (pitched out of his bunk-bed and struck his head on the fireplace, or something near it). That James Agee was a sometime visitor, and may have been a

⁹ Smith wrote this for his Tuesday, Feb. 23, 1763, lecture in the series *Laws & Jurisprudence*. Page 208, facsimile (PDF) version, vol. 5. Complete Works.

suitor for one of the sisters. Sean actually found some Agee manuscripts in his room at Candlewick Hall.

As I was dateless for my junior year spring house party, brother Bob Rockwell, ever the incurable romantic, asked me if I'd squire his younger sister around for the weekend, as she'd "always wanted to see what a Hamilton house party weekend was like." She was probably disappointed, but did get to see what knowledge James Penney had been able to impart to at least one



student. I'd taken the studio course my 1st year (maybe 2nd?), and kept a rudimentary set of oils and palette knives around. I found that there was hardly anything more relaxing than to be out on a bright autumn or spring day, painting the landscapes from beyond the apple orchard behind ELS. [50 years later, Poof! Gone. (actually, you just have to walk a little farther, and what sedentary senescent soul doesn't need exercise)¹⁰] So I took Bob's sister, a small canvas, paints, a little picnic, maybe I even thought of bringing something to sit on. And she got to watch as I followed Penney's instructions: Pay attention to the boundaries. Look very, very closely. And you will be surprised that what you actually see

there is not what you'd expect to see, or assumed you would see. No, he probably



said, Pay attention to the edges, come to think of it.

(It is an astounding exercise. Try it. It's like an exercise in "visual prejudice": where you expect to see darker shadings setting off one object from another, instead you see brighter lights, and sometimes, darker shadings where you least expect them. Which is certainly one reason why paintings "from nature" or still-lives sometimes look more real than paintings done from memory and photographs. Similarly, there've been lots of perception experiments about human attentiveness. One, the Gorilla On The Basketball Court, where subjects are instructed to count the number of times the many players pass the basketball. Partway through the exercise, a guy in a gorilla suit walks through the dribblers, left to right, say. How many subjects notice the gorilla? Only 50% or so. And a recent test of radiologists (folks who read X-rays) who're screening for thoracic cancers, puts an animated, little gorilla, shaking its fist(s) and scowling through the X-ray, has about the same percent, 50%, of radiologists not noticing the gorilla. Conclusion: A whole lot of folks will "see what they're told to

¹⁰ Someday I'm going to have to give up these nested parentheticals, or start using a program-language editor, which checks for open pairs of same.

see.” This is completely fundamental to human perception in such venues as the courtroom, all scientific experimentation, and, last but not least, in propaganda-laden content such as 9/11/2001. More on that later.

It also may be the Tao of Penney — to bring your mind massively into the present. A Jamesian technique brought to you by Penney, Utrecht Linens, Windsor & Newton — and perhaps a palette of knives now Made In China.

Part of the answer to James' mind-capturing writing techniques I'm finding in Stephen Pinker's [The Language Instinct](#). He posits (as did/do Chomsky and others in the field — this was a 1992 pub date) that the “instinct” to communicate linguistically / verbally is at the effect of, using the analogies of this computer age — and indeed, of the research tools being used by experimental linguists (researchers?) a built-in “language processor that has a parser, storage for words, rules of grammar, dictionaries of irregular words (goose/geese, sheep/sheep). One that is independent of any particular language or society. Wind up the kids, point them at a language, and away they go, like the down on forschizzle. If they're at the right age, you can point them at several languages, and/or little friends who have mastered other languages. Their internal processor, independent of the tasks assigned to it by their immediate world, will apply its rules. You might say that we were endowed by our creator with inalienable attributes, among which are life, language, liberty the pursuit of property and happiness. *You* might say that, but I'm afraid *I* can't comment. (*House of Cards*, BBC ver.)

That processor has some real limitations, as you might expect, and the line “What computers do easily, people find dif-

ficult; what people do easily (make choices, in particular), computers find very difficult — and the researchers have of course been trying to train the computers to “do the easy part” humans do so well. A relevant limitation, in the James' context, is that there are “stacks” used by the processor to aid in comprehension. One stack (a register, or column, of pointers, bookmarks, to another word, value, concept, phrase) is used for one purpose, another for another. For example, if a subject of a sentence is adverted to, referred to, but not stated yet as the sentence unfurls, the human language processor puts a little bookmark “find missing subject from first part of sentence” into the “missing subject” stack. Pinker calls these bookmarks “traces,” as in, “Parser, trace down the missing noun for this pronoun.”

And when each new word in the sentence is uttered, the processor has to return to that stack to answer “Is this the one? Is this the one”. Turns out, that's a pretty short stack — maybe holds three or four traces. Of necessity, you can't have too many of these, else communication might never take place successfully, because the parser has to go back and check the stack after it reads/hears every single new word. And these bookmarks, place-holders, take up brain bandwidth to maintain and service. James, of course, has phrase after dependent after independent (don't worry about this one; next word, goes the processor) phrase, and by heaping on the complexity of sentence structure, he is forcing people (or maybe only Bears OVLB) to dedicate more and more space to these “stacks,” these pointer queues, with which to successfully navigate James' prose. However, current research on “multi-tasking” notes that there is a hiccough (or perhaps brain-pf**t?) every time so-called “multi-taskers” switch from one task to an-

other, because the brain is pretty much “single-threaded” on such matters. If you have a computer set up for multiple users, you can see the hiccup as you switch from one user’s “space” to another’s — turns out it takes some small amount of time to “load the ‘state’” of the new user. I used to make that point when newspaper types would criticize programmers’ “all-nighters” after I became more familiar with the nearly impenetrable density of source code: How would you like it if you had to keep switching from editing one multi-page “takeout” to another, setting aside your notes and thoughts and clip files from one and “loading” all of the points of the next complex story? It’s much more efficient to stick with the story, or software feature/bug/whatever, until it’s done.

I’m not certain that I understand all that Pinker has to teach, but that’s my first take on it — and when I read about the limitations of the stacks, the pointer queues, I had a WTF! moment (formerly known as an epiphany, but that’s sooo 20th Century — a hint that a long-lingering question might have an answer. Fifty years later (*later*, damnit, not the affected “on” British-ism. (Ditto *knock-on effect*, *on offer*, *bespoke* suit. Of a piece with the Watergate defendants’ horological perversions, like *at that point in time* (d’you mean *then*?) or *At this point in time* (like, um, *now*? Oh, and how about the Brit’s “erm” for our “um’s” and “ahh’s”?)

Hamilton Choir:

To the mouth harp story. The choir was singing at Wellesley, in Wellesley’s really spectacular chapel/church. In the choir (what an appropriate name for the place from which the choir projects its anthems, if in fact that’s what it’s called) there

probably still are the ornately carved wooden niches, about eight feet from floor to top, the width of one singer. Each has a seat which can be lifted up, and underneath are the misericords that give some measure of support to a long-standing member of the choir. Can’t remember whether they were adorned with many a quaint and curious figure as in many medieval cathedrals — maybe like Notre Dame in Paris (I passed time on the lead roof there, looking over the Roofs of Paris in Oct. of 1983, before taking a plane to Brussels, for an interview with Scitex people. I thought it was a fairly exotic happenstance: boy from Bedford by way of Rochester, Clinton, Watertown, Canton, Buffalo, Wrightstown NJ, Aberdeen MD, Lawton OK, Qui Nhon (and the rest of that itinerary, *supra*, Perry, Warsaw, Albany, Tenafly NJ, Manhattan, Albany (did I mention that I worked on the 81st floor of WTC # 2 for about 14 months,



mid-’70s, that the elevator “cars” were, like, two stories high, man, and cavernous, and rattled around on their vertical tracks whenever the wind blew? You could drive a fork-lift onto the roof of those cars, and no one would be the wiser that you’d been there), Garden City, Lower Melville. Said Boy from Bedford has great trade show in Amsterdam, great followup banquet¹¹ and

¹¹ Max Coeburg, head of Atex European Sales, was the official “host” of the fete. He was my idea of what an Elegant European would be like (or perhaps salesperson). Witty, engaging, poly-linguistic, with wonderful taste. Gosh, I hope he’s not a Socialist!

party in an old castle--[Muiderslot](#)--the municipal seal of which has been on my first (1971) little sewing machine since that time ('83). It's on the rightmost machine in the pix, if I get it loaded. Then onto Paris for a layover and onto Brussels with guys from an Israeli tech company.

Wait a minute, wasn't I just on the shores of Lake Wabban? Oh, right, the misericords. So those of us in the back row took off our shoes and stood in the niches. We could see John Baldwin perfectly, and the foot or so of headroom was a perfect echo chamber, so we could check our pitch without having to put a finger in one ear — something you did in rehearsals but not performances. This was a big choral work, forgive me for not remembering the name, several movements, and *echt* neck-, spine- and sciatic-nerve-tingling stuff.

Turns out that at the end of this rousing oratorio, and in fact at the end of every rousing choral piece, seems to me, there is a moment of charged total silence, just after the conductor makes his or her downstroke of denouement, as the last reverberations of the chorus decrescendo, diminuendo, attenuate, fade, unwind. Which is when I slid down from my niche, pulled out my mouth harp, and executed a loud, vibrato-ed “Boi-oi-oi--oinnnnnng.”

It was so pleasantly and impressively onomatopoeic.

The whole crew, Wellesleyans and Hamiltonians, just plain cracked up, including *les deux directeurs*. ‘Sfar’s I know, no one knew where the sound had come from.

Something copy editors/proofreaders used to worry about: See that ‘Sfar’s I know up there? That could be either *As far as* or *So far as*, and the only way to tell which is which, is essentially the orientation of a flying comma. ‘Sfar’s I know for *As*, S’far’s I know for *So*.

I had about six weeks of group tutoring in French--dunno why I keep trying to use it, except that the little Mac dashboard translation widget sometimes comes up with an OK translation. *Mea culpa*. This also reminds me of a typographical joke I was fond of. I’d look at a galley- or page-proof and say, “You’ve got a wrong-font period here. It should be Roman, not Italic.” Easy enough to detect a wrong-font apostrophe or commas — which is a period whereby hangs a tail — but a full stop has no tale to tell.

Another Hamilton Choir moment: I’m wondering as I retell these things, has the choir always been a somewhat mischievous group? And the Buffers, of course, had license to be so, but they seemed to be paragons of propriety. (I roomed for a year at ELS with Chris Mazzola, Lars’ big brother--the room’s been taken over by the WHCL station manager. He wasn’t in, either. Chris was given to correcting any blue lingo I might utter. Sheesh. And of course Lars, also a Buffer, was also a model of propriety,



I don't know how many of you saw pictures of the troops and 20-something xCampaign aides under the command of J. Paul “I-Can-F**k-Up-A-Millennial-Culture-In-Less-Than-50-Weeks” Bremer playing catch or touch-football with “bricks” of Benjamins, but I did, and wondered how much “money printed out of thin air, paper, ink, and rotogravure presses” there was in those “bricks.” From the Fed. Reserve, off the magnetic spectrum (or thin air, where the so-called “fed” is most comfortable operating) this info:

One brick = 4,000 bills, or	\$400,000 in Benjamins
	\$200,000 in Grants
	\$80,000 in Jacksons
	\$40,000 in Hamiltons
	\$20,000 in Lincolns
	\$8,000 in Jeffersons
	\$4,000 in Washingtons

As to the other shipping sizes:

Strap = 100 notes = 3.48 ounces
Bundle = 1,000 notes = 2.19 pounds
Brick = 4,000 notes = 8.75 pounds
Cash Pak = 16,000 notes = 35 pounds

Based on 1996 Series

with the exception perhaps of demonstrating a natural ability as a steeplejack.

Where was I? Ahh, another 17 km down the road to Post-Parkinsonism Depressive Disorder. This was at Smith, and in fact, where the defenestration-by-bed-clothes adventure originated. As you may know, the Hamilton choir always joined their hostesses (odd that we never combined with another men's choir) in performing any of their official duties/performances/participations. At Smith's evening services, one of the slotted hymns was the(?) [Thomas Tallis canon](#). I'm sure you've heard it before. (I've linked to an instrumental version--brass & organ, that starts out as a round, so you don't get the *frisson* of the initial two stanzas in simple harmony bursting into sixteen-part harmony. If you know of a better rendition, pref. choral, pls lemme know.)

At any rate, after a quick conference in the 2nd tenor section, we thought we'd go for it as a round, much more fun to sing than just a straight anthem. When we came in, Iva Dee Hyatt, conducting, gave a double-take, but then joined the spirit and cued two more "voices", turning the ordinary anthem into a nice Elizabethan motet. Of course we were delighted and were grinning as we were singing, and it so happened that the subject young lady was directly in my line of sight over the head of Ms. Hyatt. No way I could have missed her positively angelic delight. I think Doug Sheldon can also attest that nothing propinks like pro-singquity. That is, nothing propinks like the propinquity of singing together — especially duets — that is, both Doug and his spouse-to-be were student directors of their respective choirs, Hamilton & Smith

This is a very, very clever area of black operations. Someone's actually written a book on the "weaponization of sociology/ethnography by the CIA. Obama's mom did that kind of work in Indonesia for Suharto, who was concerned that rebels would copy his example and remove him from office. So mommie's research helped identify village leaders, "loudmouths," officials, etc., and added them to the "list". Seems both Obama's dad and step-dad were CIA assets, as well (as mom and son), and were helpful in showing dissidents the way to the pearly gates. See [The Manufacturing of a President](#).

and in fact sang wonderful duets in Handel's *Messiah*, I think it was. (Apologies to P.G. Wodehouse. And to myself and Doug for not having gotten it together and getting a CD of the 1963 choir when it was available. Doug, any chance of a reprint?)

What else?

If anyone wants to assist with the Preamble Project, be my guest. I wrote a couple of municipality bills, one for Watertown City Council, the other for my own Waltham City Council. Lost the latter vote 4 to 11; Watertown City wouldn't even introduce it as a citizen's measure, so it wasn't even presented (I had no "champion,"--nor elective position. See the [website](#) for a couple of essays on why it occurs to me that "I pledge allegiance" turns the "We the people", our founding legal fiction, on its head (or subverts it, more to the point).

As I'm pretty much permanently dissatisfied with the level of "honoring their oaths of office" of our "Gang of 537" and other gummental oath takers (the prez sez "preserve, protect and defend" the Constitution, but only "to the best of my ability" and even our 2nd president, Mr. Adams, couldn't stick to his oath more than two years, I think, when he got the Sedition Act passed (referred to as the package "Alien and Sedition Acts.) As Howard Zinn pointed out on a WBAI broadcast, the First amendment is at least FAIRLY clear that, when it says "Congress shall make no law ...abridging the freedom of speech," that what the ratifying states (and the Framers) were trying to say was that Congress should make no law limiting freedom of speech. Hard to know what part

of NO John Adams didn't get. (Oh, and the members of Congress as well. Perhaps because "No" wasn't set out as "*non* in Latin t/he/y didn't understand that the two letters, "n" and "o," constituted the English negative, "no" rather than an apocopated Latin *no*-? I'm assuming you all used the Latin I text that began *Italia non est insula. Italia est paeninsula* and that therefore, *non* is known to you).

There's a wonderful January New Yorker cartoon of four bewigged, knee-pants'd colonials gathered 'round an other in like habiliments seated, quill in left hand (Jefferson was left-handed), at an escriptoire, being asked, "Are you sure everyone will know we're being ironic?" [Christopher Weyent, p. 45, Jan 14, 2013 *New Yorker*. (With woman in dyed hair to match her died hoodie on the bright yellow cover).] If you'll look at the back (obverse? No, **reverse**¹²) of a Jefferson, you'll notice that the writing team presenting the draft Declaration of Independence to a seated John Hancock, president *pro tem* of the Continental Congress, also numbers five men. But let me $\sqrt{5}$. Yes, it's five. I sometimes exchange all my cash-on-hand (not much) for \$2 bills when I'm particularly aghast at the level of Constitutional familiarity in fairly well educated people. As I tender the "Federal" "Reserve" notes (they're not federal, there's no reserve, they're just *billets deux*, or is that *doux*, or due? I just say, "Call me '\$2 Bill'; And please read this Constitution. Here's a copy," if I have some

to give out. Just ask your gang members for a couple hundred. They're printed at taxpayer expense, of course. For Congressional gang members to give out and curry votes.

Another project, The Constitution Questionnaire, for which I've broken down the Constitution into 500 or so "action phrases," such as "We" and "the People" and "necessary" and "proper" (I maintain that there are TWO tests congress must meet to judge whether a law is "necessary" in the 1st place, and then "proper" in the 2nd).

Each one of the "operative words or phrases" is pulled out as a separate, numbered binary choice — a Yes/No item. The over-arching question is this:

You took an oath to "support and defend the Constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic." I would like you to indicate, by Yes or No answers, exactly which words and phrases of the Constitution you really **do** "support and defend".

For example, and not to pick on any particular person or so-called "party" member, but these are easy to remember: when Nancy Pelosi declares that "impeachment is off the table," she is answering "No, I don't support this part of the Constitution," to five provisions of Article V, the amendment process, and six other provisions treating of impeachment itself.

¹² This highly confusable 'obverse/reverse' thing reminds me of an amusement my H&HQ Detachment suffered when walking the gangway of the USNS William S. Weigle in San Diego harbor in December of 1965. A good half of our number were moving up the gangway to board the ship when a soldier carrying a lightweight bullhorn and heavyweight Puerto Rican accent (it would probably be PC now to say "hispanic accent," but that was then, and Puerto Rico was (and still is) a US "protectorate" and the number of Mexicans in uniform was not so much), bellowed "Unload de cheep", or so we heard. Confused by the reversal of direction, we nonetheless played the good do Bee's role, turned, and began walking back down to the pier. "No, no, no. I said 'Onload de cheep,' not 'Unload de cheep,'" our lingo- and amplifier-challenged tour guide hollered o'er the bullhorn. We had discovered yet another example of the military maxim, "If it ain't broke, break it," along with "If it don't fit, get a bigger hammer." Imagine making the effort to introduce chaos-producing confusion to what had once been a fairly straight-forward, serviceable, comprehensible "load/unload" verb pair by adopting "Onload/Offload" as the operative pair in quay-side activities. Extend that logic to activities involving the communication of target coordinates, etc., in activities involving live ammo, artillery shells, proscribed chemical and radiological shells, forbidden cluster bombs, etc., and you have the wondrously euphemistic/oxymoronic situation called "friendly fire." If my memory can be made servile (as it has a stubborn, 'question authority' streak, that is sometimes difficult to manage), in the US/Coalition-of-the-coerced invasion of the Kuwaiti hospital Preemie wing (looking for dead neonates from their mothers' incubators untimely ripped, don'tcha know), I think the only American/Allied deaths were from 'friendly fire,' so far did US armaments outgun the fleeing Iraqis. And speaking of self-inflicted deaths, you have heard, have you not, that some 75% of 'combat' deaths in the whole Iraq invasion and occupation were from Inexperienced Executive Dunces (IEDs--also known as VBIEDs--vehicle-borne improvised explosive devices). Well, guess where those explosive devices that were taped, tied, or just stuffed together in a roadside pit came from. They came from the 1,208 or so ammo dumps Saddam Hussein's army and distributed, Rommel-like, throughout

And if then-Speaker Pelosi had formed that “mental reservation” before taking the oath, she then perjured herself before Congress and the people a total of eleven times, and she hadn't even reached the unconstitutional bit of her oath, the “so help me God” bit. (It's not in the Constitutional oath, but every prexy from Geo. Wash. onward has added the phrase — and it's actually type-set in

In a similar vein today, as the NYTimes Sunday Comic artist had it in a New Year's strip, Obama says something to the effect of “I've got this remote assassination by unmanned drones program going on now, and maybe you could help me with some rules.” He won't get any help for Eric Holder, who claimed before a Chicago Law School audience that the retained right of the people to **due** process does not mean guaranteeing **judicial** process. That, as layman and lawyer alike would note, is complete bullshit, and actually one certain ground for impeachment and removal from office. Same goes for Obama, with his undue process kill list for US citizens, who practice Islam in foreign lands, and say bad things about the US.

This is particularly egregious when you do your research and take good and sufficient note that 9/11/2001 is, so far, the most powerful, effective False Flag Operation perpetrated against US Citizens, on US soil or not in our entire span of human history, including the Trojan Horse, I'd suggest. That is, it was a put-up job, an inside job, a pre-meditated murder of some 3,000 New York SMSA residents on the day, by their own government. With more deaths following, as the inhaled chemicals and particles Christy Whitman claimed (or the White House re-wrote her announcement, but she mouthed the words) that the World Trade Center air was safe to breathe with-

out chemical masks and the water safe to drink without precaution.

If I haven't suggested it already, start with www.ae911truth.org, Architects and Engineers, now about 1,700 of them world-wide, for 9/11 reinvestigation (or investigation *ab initio*, inasmuch as there never has been a criminal investigation of the continuum before, during an after the day). The architects and engineers start with the provable, and now proven, position that WTC Building 7, which collapsed at c. 5:20 p.m. on the day, was brought down by controlled demolition explosives put into place days, weeks or perhaps months in advance of the day.

If watching the symmetrical collapse of WTC 7, not hit by a plane, not beset with a roaring inferno of flame anywhere within the perimeter of its walls, with it's “rapid onset of collapse,” doesn't do it for you, if the hundred or more firemen (“1st Responders” as if they weren't people?) who heard, saw, felt and said so to anyone who'd ask (but were not called upon to testify at the Lee Hamilton (a master of white-wash) and Thomas Kean, Drew University president (for a short time) Thomas Kean 9/11 farce (which produced Bush administration insider testified Phil D. Zelikow's novel, *The 9/11 Commission Report*) to an entire chorus or symphony of explosions as all THREE buildings did their individual collapse dances, then you've never seen a controlled demolition in your entire life and/or just have no idea whether a city council or Congress or anyone in the executive branch can, for one day and one day only, suspend the law of gravity, the atomic and molecular behavior of steel, sulphur, iron oxide, metallic aluminum, manganese in downtown Manhattan, then you never spent any time in Hamilton's physics and chemistry labs or lectures.

And if you can't use the Internet to find all the videos of buildings brought down by controlled demolition crews (who indeed say they can "make a building dance" as it collapses, or "walk a building down," floor by floor, then you're not very effective as an historian and Hamilton failed to teach you how to teach yourself, learn anything elemental about our world, and surely left you standing hapless and mute on the world stage.

Further, if you went to law school, I'd ask how recently you've read, whether for the first time (difficult but not impossible to have skipped that bit) or the hundredth, the US Constitution, and the Declaration of Independence, for good, if not ironic, measure. And whether you understood it. No kidding.

I mean, d'you think either Obama's or Bush's or Johnson's or Carter's conduct (or Clinton's, or Herbie's or Ronnie's) in office was in all particulars congruent with the Constitution they swore to "preserve, protect and defend"? Have you read the Yousapat Riot Act and its amendments? The proclamations, pronunciamientos, "decision documents" whirling on the disk drives or roasting the RAM of our gummint and all its spooks, who've been operating dragnet searches and seizures without court court orders, even from the secret FISA court, since early in 2002--that would be going on 11 years.

One thread I've left dangling and should tie up here is the sidebar on my Admin Law paper, "Newspapers as Ombudsmen" from 1968. I had occasion to test the efficacy of the services of two New York State congressmen, one New York Senator--these three all federal office holders, and that of two newspaper action lines, "Action Line" in the now defunct Knickerbocker News, and the other, HELP! in the

Rochester Democrat & Chronicle, on a case of my own.

During the first year of law school, I received monthly GI bennies checks for education. One per month while school was in session. When my 2nd year began the next fall, they were nowhere to be found. The VA claimed I'd moved over the summer, so they'd moved my records accordingly. But I hadn't moved.

What had intervened over the summer was a few marches on Washington and the Pentagon. That ol' "Congress shall make no law...abridging the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances" thing. There were Vietnam veterans there, in uniform (a no-no, actually, but it's allowed in parades and all sorts of other patriotic activities--if you can still fit into your uniform), circulating a petition to the president to stop the war and go home. (As Vermont Senator George Aiken told people who asked him however in the world could we withdraw without "triumphing over the enemy," he replied: "Just say 'We Won' and leave." Ron Paul has said, similarly: "Well, we just marched right in there, and we can just march right out.")

On the following Sunday, in the NYTimes News of the Week in Review, section 4, there ran a full-page ad of signers of the petition, from Vietnam Veterans Against the War. At the bottom of the last column (I think there were only three--lots of white space, about 80 names in 18-point (1/4 inches high) type, was my name at the time, which was, as I recall, PFC William F. Wilt. (I did find about 65 William Wilts on a google search. Owen Youngman, the Chicago Trib veep of development and previously the editor AND publisher of the Chicago Tribune online. Meaning that he had demesne, so to speak, over both editorial

and advertising, unusual at the time. Owen had hundreds of hits on his own name--but I beat him on the dot Gov site, with one appearance *ad testificandum* before a US Commerce Dept. hearing on “universal access” to telecommunications facilities in Albuquerque. New Mexico had the lowest percentage of any other state in the union--80% telecom availability. Mostly because the heat weakened the steel, and the buildings collapsed. No, no, that’s what “The Harley Man-in-the-street (an actor)” said about the WTC collapses. Mostly because the Navaho reservation and other First American reservations, pueblos, general habitations, were hard-cake dirt poor. I even drafted some legislation for Sen. Bingaman’s staff on “wiring New Mexico” with co-ax and wireless.

But I digress.

Well, howabout that. I’d had my name in the papers before, as a story byline or a photo credit, and once when I was six, sitting at two huge kettledrums at the Rochester Symphony Orchestra, in a “music appreciation class” for yoots. (If you’ve seen the flick *My Cousin Vinny*, you’ll get the ref.) But not as a petitioner for redress of grievances.

My two congressfolk struck out, if in fact they ever moved a muscle on my behalf. Senator Keating, although I was a fellow Rochester-ian, also did not bestir himself or his staff (at least I received no word and no result of it, had it happened). And the Action line in Albany? Nada. Zip.

However, James Blakely, the editor of the D&C HELP! column, did get my checks started, and brought up-to-date, after four months. Though I’d never donated any money to the VVAW, nor attended any other rallies, nor signed any other petitions for redress of grievances, my checks were

stopped, and the government employees lied about it to me.

Some years later, in various places (like the Idaho Senator Frank Church’s Senate Select Committee on Intelligence), the lineaments of some of the untoward things our gummint was doing surfaced into the light of day. COINTELPRO (the FBI’s **counter intelligence program**), MK-ULTRA, still going on today, the CIA, *inter alia*, experimentation into drugs of a mind-altering nature, often without the knowledge, and certainly not with the consent of, the “experimental subjects.”

In a biography of the man I call Jedgar (aka “Mary”) Hoover ([aside]: it **is** the ones who “protest too much,” isn’t it, an historic pattern), the biographer reported a conference between Hoover and Nixon, wherein Nixon said of the VVAW leaders who were throwing their medals over the White House fence, “Get them!” And thereby unleashed a series of FBI and CIA “black bag jobs” against the VVAW headquarters in Philadelphia, harassment and false imprisonment of the VVAW leaders anywhere found, or apparently any veteran who appeared to be sympathetic to the grievances for which they sought redress.

The problem Nixon faced with the VVAW, of course, was that the usual practice of *ad hominem* attacks against peaceniks and other petitioners wouldn’t work here: Veterans could not be called “cowards who avoided the possibility of combat in war-time” because they’d “been there, had not run away from doing that.” The party of Noxin, Shrubs I and II and Darth Cheney had, after their Supreme Court appointment to the position of ULIC and VULIC in 2000, learned how, by 2004, to discredit even “decorated war heroes.” (I have to say that our Former “Massachusetts Senator from Pittsburgh was, literally, a John[ny]-

come-lately to the cause of the VVAW. But better late than never, *nu?*

Warrantless wiretaps against journalists (Kissinger vs. Daniel Schorr, for example) (And tell me where I heard that “warrantless wiretapping” phrase before?) None of these activities are sanctioned by law. In fact, they’re sanctioned by the Constitution (using “sanction” in both its “approved” and “disapproved” senses. Use English much? And you can still walk, chew gum, rub your tummy and pat your head at the same time?! *Illigitimus carborundum est! Tempus? Fuggit!*) And please wear knee- and elbow-pads.

To be clear, all of these activities by the FBI, and the CIA operating inside the US, were, and still are, flat illegal.

But if you want to convince me that the Yousapat Riot Act (U.S.A.P.A.T. R.I.O.T. Act—a stellar example of criminally false advertising if ever there were one) and the “amendments thereto”...

Ditto the FIS Act...

Ditto the FY 2012 National Defense Appropriations Act, with its sections permitting the military to operate as a national police force in the US, permitting indefinite, uncharged imprisonment on the President’s say-so (or likely his delegates in the *Heimats Versicherung Abteilung*)...

Ditto the ULIC’s “kill list” or “assassination list,” or Gulag Guantánamo...

Ditto the FISA Improvement Act (FISAIA)...

...are NOT flat illegal, but represent conduct wholly **acceptable, constitutional, and fully compliant with a gummint of laws, not men** by our government, both at home and abroad, ...

...Then I’ll tell you to read and study the case law (it’s all in English, on the web, and free, at, among other places, that facility, high above Cayuga’s waters, [where] there’s an awful smell; some say it’s Cayuga’s waters, others say, umm, Cornell Legal Information Center) for the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th and 10th Amendments, and show me the ratified Constitutional amendments that overturn those retained, and enumerated, **rights** of the people, any un-enumerated rights (9th Amendment) and any unenumerated **powers** “reserved to” the states or the people (10th), along with Article I, §9 ¶2: “The privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in Cases of Rebellion or Invasion the public Safety may require it.”

Next check out the Preamble, which, like Tiny Tim, is easy to knock down and ignore (particularly after he was buried), not much cited nor much followed (yet another imperative to make a success of The Preamble Project). I would actually urge you to memorize the Preamble, as you’ve done long ere this with the pernicious, treasonous, upstart magazine circulation gimmick called “the pledge of allegiance,” which undermines the legal construct (some might now say “legal fiction”) of our nation, which is that We the People have all the power, some of which we delegated to our States, and some of which we delegated to our Republic, by means of the US Constitution, which begins: “We the People,” not the reverse power structure of “I pledge [my] allegiance to the flag, and the Republic for which it flaps, flutters, furls and unfurls, is folded and unfolded,” etc. Remember that Dr. Sam’l Johnson defined “patriotism” and the flag which stands for it, as: “Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.” [April, 1775, as Boswell chronicled it].

Then Ambrose Bierce, in his Devil's Dictionary, made the definition more realistic:

PATRIOT. n.

One to whom the interests of a part seem superior to those of the whole. The dupe of statesmen and the tool of conquerors.

PATRIOTISM, n.

Combustible rubbish ready to the torch of any one ambitious to illuminate his name. In Dr. Johnson's famous dictionary patriotism is defined as the last resort of a scoundrel. With all due respect to an enlightened but inferior lexicographer I beg to submit that it is the first.

It is worth noting to all our surviving classmates that the oath of office which enlisted or drafted men (and women) must swear (or affirm), is not to Past Glory (or is it still Old Glory?), but rather to the U.S. Constitution. We're also to pledge that we'd obey the orders of our higher-ranking powers, up to and including the ULIC (Unitary Liar-In-Chief, if you forgot). The oath does not distinguish between legal and illegal orders. (Oops.). The Ossifer's Oath of Office is the bald promise to "support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic." There is nothing about promising to support orders, legal or non, from the ULIC.

What suggests itself is the obvious: If military ossifers take seriously their sworn oath to support and defend the Constitution (a critter consistent with a government of laws) and not to the ULIC (consistent a government of "men"--I use the word loosely — "Chicken Hawks" would also serve — then they have a responsibility, so help them God, to defend the Constitution against the subset, "enemies...domestic." This oath would guide them to refuse unlawful orders and, at the extreme, perhaps

instruct them to arrest any US official patently at war or odds with the Constitution, and imprison them in a local lockup.

(I had thought that there were a couple of cells in the basement of the Capitol building, but I checked with the Clerk of the Works a couple of years ago and found that to be suburban myth. They use the local D.C. lock-ups when they must detain wanton Congress-folk for contempt, for failing to carry out the duties of their office, and other high crimes and misdemeanors. The Sergeant-at-Arms actually does this from time to time (I'll google it for you later, unless I forget—a real possibility).

Then check out Article I, for powers We the People expressly granted to congress, and Article II, for powers expressly granted by us (We the People again) to the President and executive branch. You will quite possibly begin to seriously question just what dictionary and what schooling it is that our elected officials are using to help them parse phrases like Art. I, §8: The Congress shall have power to: ¶6 coin money; ¶12 declare war.

Or, as to the president, parse the adjuration that he (or she, somewhen) shall "take Care that the Laws be faithfully executed," which would impinge upon a large boatload of folks who violated the US War Crimes Act (which incorporates our ratification of the Geneva Conventions, that "quaint, outdated document," according to the likes of Yoo and AG Gonzales. or "just a damned piece of paper," as Shrub called it. Nice to see he's taken up paint-by-numbers, or so some people say. It would take a dozen witnesses, selected by me, who would observe the lad painting, from blank canvas to finished work, for me to think he was actually doing it by himself, without numbers, but I've only seen the

doggie, not the toesies). BTW, Bierce defines Painting thus:

PAINTING, n.

The art of protecting flat surfaces from the weather and exposing them to the critic. Formerly, painting and sculpture were combined in the same work: the ancients painted their statues. The only present alliance between the two arts is that the modern painter chisels his patrons.

By the bye, I think I can safely bet that no more than five of you knows that violation of the US War Crimes Act (18 USCode §2441), in cases where the victim dies during torture (i.e., “is tortured to death,”) or dies as a result of that torture, the maximum sentence allowed is actually death. As in “the death penalty.” As in “judicial execution.” As Dan Rather said about the spectacularly celeritous (c. 6 seconds for a 47-story high-rise), symmetrical, super-quick collapse of WTC Building #7, “Pick your word.” It continues to astound me that only about half of *New Yorkers* even know about WTC #7; their neighborhood view seems particularly, and perhaps psychologically circumscribed. (It’s called “denial”.)

It amuses my “no” end to compare the pie-hole protestations of our prexy (about whom there was much hope, until his words were overtaken by his actions) that it would have a chilling effect on staff morale” if CIA criminals were prosecuted for the murders of our POWs, whereas gummint “conservatives” or “hard-liners” insist that harsh punishment will reduce crime, that is, have a chilling effect on criminal conduct.

It also astounds me that not 100% of Hamilton College alumni have joined the group of their choice to lobby, educate, demonstrate, do research on, demand a complete criminal investigation of 9/11/2001 via some kind of special prosecutor or the like who is completely beyond the reach of members of our past, current and future sitting gummint.

Ditto my perhaps brain-dead classmates from Columbia Journalism School--Graduate School (Class of 1971), in fact — and my 1970 class at Albany Law school.

Ditto the lack of a demand from an illustrious Albany alum from the Class of 1971, Richard Parsons, who now appears to be an ex-officio advisor to Barry-OH. But I wouldn’t expect thence-from. Nor does it much surprise me that another Albany alum, Governor Mario Cuomo’s son Governor Andrew Cuomo, doesn’t just appoint such a criminal investigating commission, given his jurisdictional reach is spread widely within the borders of the New York State.

I should probably add this caveat: Word has it that the World Trade Center is within Andy’s jurisdiction, though I got my law degree many years ago, and referring to laws, or even following them, seems to have gone out of favor in the intervening years.

Hmm. Gives me an idea--I haven’t approached Cuomo or Parsons via the “alumni trail” to either appoint such a public investigatorial grand jury, or lobby for citizen ballot initiative enabling laws, such as proposed by xSen Mike Gravel. You may remember he was the guy who made a campaign ad wherein he walked along a crunchy gravel path alongside a still lake or pool, picked up a pebble and threw it in. The ripples spread in silence. I have a hunch that his message was something like

“a single act can cause far-reaching effects.” Just a guess, though — there were no words in the ad.

And of course I have the hesitation that I might get “suicided” or otherwise “terminated with extreme prejudice” were anyone in our “deep” or “shadow” government to conclude that an old man was more than a nuisance, as was the case when I merely signed my name to a petition from a bunch of men would had “been there, done that.” I wonder if members of the AVAW and IVAW (and perhaps new groups of veterans that might form, such as LVAW (Libya), TVAW (Tunisia), etc.) have experienced similar harassment. We do know what happened to Pat Tillman, who was about to “go public” with his long-deliberated conclusions that both the Iraq war (where he served under Gen. McChrystal during the ginned-up Saving Private Ryan caper, except that it was PFC Jessica Lynch who was “rescued,” and it was an Iraqi physician who almost got himself killed by walking(?) to the US lines to tell the US military about PFC Lynch’s plight.

So far, according to Larry Wilkerson, former aide to SecState Colin Powell, the number of POWs who have been tortured to death in US custody had reached 210 persons two or more years ago. So that would suggest there are some 210 prosecutions of US personnel, bearing the possibility of a judicial execution, or death sentence, just kind of floating out there. Along with the murder, as I, others, including his surviving family see it, of Pat Tillman.

I’ve alternated writing this with fabricating (with fabric, in fact; wonder if there’s an etymological link here somewhere) hoodie terry-cloth bathrobes for Hannah and Zoë. And I’m almost done with both projects. Here are a few more random shots that I may have mentioned,

489. The Tiger

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes? 5

On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp? 15

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee? 20

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

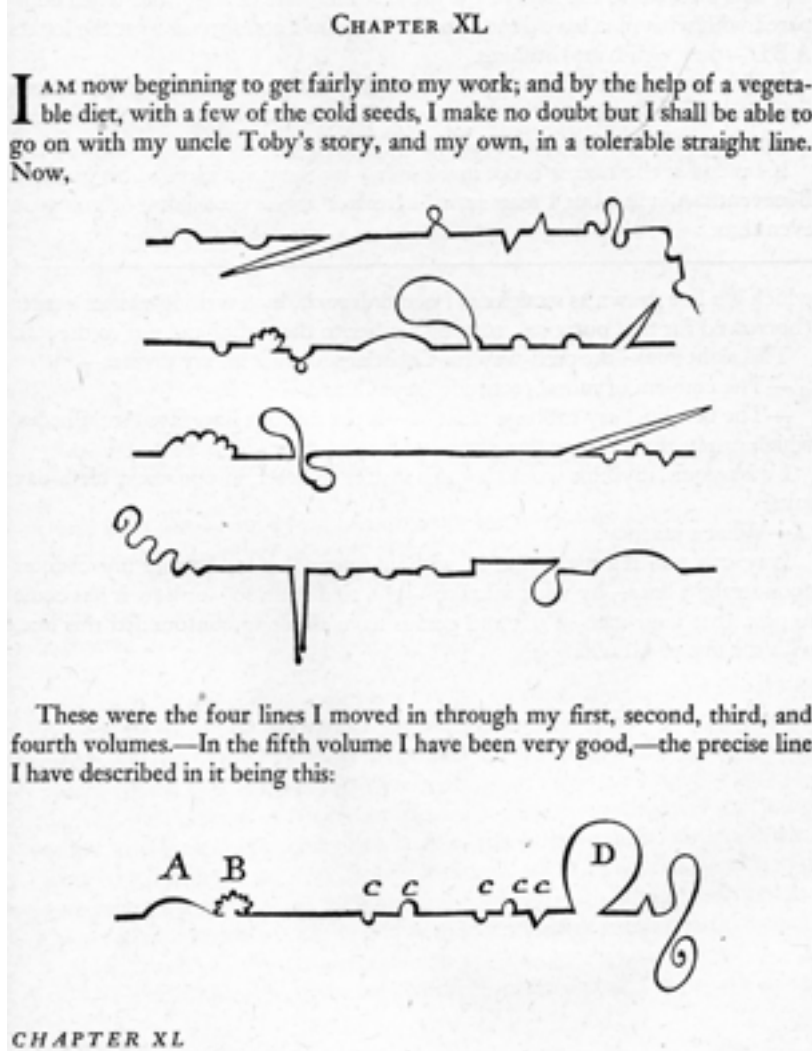
but can’t figure out where they go. At long last I learned about “group” and “ungroup” again. Those commands have moved all over the place since the days of MacDraw, two score and ten years ago. Or so. More of the gallery on the next page or two, should you be interested.

And here’s a shot or two of whatever else I can find that might be cogent or entertaining. First off, of course, the bathrobes, almost done but for the hemming. That reminds me of Sally Hemings, sometimes spelt Hemmings. Hard to believe that Tom Jefferson had more surviving children with Sally than with his much-beloved wife. The score was, I think, 4 to 3, advantage Sally. Which also made me imagine a scene wherein a young lovely lady of color runs down the aisle of the Senate chamber and jumps into the lap of the nation’s perhaps most dedicated segregationists, the late Strom Thurmond, saying, “Daddy, daddy! How are you?! So nice to see you in your Senate seat!” As I commented above (re: our infamous “Mary” Hoover, *supra*), it does seem that the ones who protest too

much are “the ones.” In wonder if that’s genetic. And you may not have watched enough Warner Bros. cartoons, featuring Yacko, Wacko and Dot (the dot after Bros “.”) to have caught in one castle banquet hall scene, tucked in amongst the armorial shields mounted above the clerestory, one of a cartoon character with a face very like J’Edgar, but wearing a *schmatte* beneath her/his chain mail blouse. Now THAT was funny.

And don’t miss the NYTimes Sunday Comic, called “The Strip.” Sometimes the cartoonist draws a home run.

Here’s another early public acknowledgement of the US military’s use of torture—waterboarding, from the cover of *Life* magazine, in *Imperial Cruise...Secret War*, above. It might well be that this kind of conduct by the US first (in the early 19th Century, at least) then copied by Russia, Germany and Italy and Japan, is what gave rise to the Geneva Conventions after WWII in the first place.



Why Hamilton Public Speaking Is Crucial to Games/Life Mastery

As I look back, perhaps the most significant impact Hamilton had on my life was the training in making chin music, or using lungs, larynx, mouth, etc., to make a u d i b l e sounds. “Chin music” is particularly apt, in that it encompasses Public Speaking and Public Singing.

On the singing side, I doubt there is a single choir alumna who would not agree that the afternoons and tours and chapel duty of John Baldwin’s choir (and Stephen Bonta’s instrumental ensembles) made a life-long impression on those lucky enough, and skilled enough, to participate in the choir. I would go so far as to suggest that Choir, or “public singing in harmony” should also be made a mandatory course.

Being part of the Choir was, at least for me, physically and psychically transporting, and an incredible training in cooperation and a builder of self-confidence. I wish I’d been able to wrestle my voice to the mat earlier than my senior year. I’d sung in 7th and 8th grade choruses, but not in any after

my voice dropped in 9th grade, and at my freshman tryout, I could hit thirds, fifths and octaves, but hardly ever the note itself. It was only after a summer of learning the guitar and folk songs that I regained control. I never have learned to sight-read, but rather have to piece out bits to memorize. I would always try to finagle my piano teachers into playing once through each newly assigned piece, so I could memorize much of them, with fingering and twisty bits worked out later from the printed page.

In the Hamilton Choir, it was only in the last couple of months that the hours of rehearsals had increased my self-confidence and advanced my control to the point where I could sing anywhere close to “full volume” without any twinges of doubt or self-consciousness. In fact, at Wellesley, in spring semester, a freshman member of the choir, who was singing in the choir stall to my right, complimented me at the end of one piece, “That was beautiful!” It was the only praise I ever got for singing, and I still cherish it. Each of my X’s hated my singing; talk about “chilling effect.” But it was good enough for a case of free Coors light in a Lawton bar.

By which it appears, that except at the curve, marked A, where I took a trip to Navarre,—and the indented curve B, which is the short airing when I was there with the Lady Baussiere and her page,—I have not taken the least frisk of a digression, till John de la Casse’s devils led me the round you see marked D.—for as for *c c c c c* they are nothing but parentheses, and the common ins and outs incident to the lives of the greatest ministers of state; and when compared with what men have done,—or with my own transgressions at the letters A B D—they vanish into nothing.

In this last volume I have done better still—for from the end of Le Fever’s episode, to the beginning of my uncle Toby’s campaigns,—I have scarce stepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impossible—by the good leave of his grace of Benevento’s devils—but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus:

which is a line drawn as straight as I could draw it, by a writing-master’s ruler (borrowed for that purpose), turning neither to the right hand nor to the left.

This right line,—the path-way for Christians to walk in! say divines—

—The emblem of moral rectitude! says Cicero—

—The best line! say cabbage planters—is the shortest line, says Archimedes, which can be drawn from one given point to another.—

I wish your ladyships would lay this matter to heart, in your next birth-day suits!

—What a journey!

Pray can you tell me,—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon straight lines—by what mistake—who told them so—or how it has come to pass, that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line, with the line of Gravitation?

Bottom line on Choir for me, at least: An incredible confidence-builder, a celebration of harmony and beauty that more often than not generated goosebumps from the back of my neck down to the back of my knees.

**U n a c c u s -
t o m e d A s I
A m...!**

Public speaking, to me, was invaluable, another self-confidence builder and training, the impact of which I can see in later happenstances.

I remember three classes in particular. The first one in which we recited a mostly-memorized poem, another year and another teacher where we did a “debate” on an assigned topic, and the third, in the refurbished former gymnasium (?) on the top two floors of Middle dorm.

For a poem, I’d picked *The Jungle*, by Vachel Lindsay, perhaps because it provided stage directions I could follow. Otherwise, I’ve not a clue why I’d picked it, because it was meant to be loud and boisterous, somewhat against type. I even went through the index of our chapel hymnal, trying to follow Lindsay’s instruction “to the tune of ‘Hark, ten thousand harps and voices’.”

I didn't find it, so made a singer's salmagundi of other hymns and went with that. I had rehearsed and rehearsed the poem while walking on the outskirts of campus, where I could make noise without being embarrassed. We used the left-most 2nd floor classroom in Root for the class. I remember being so loud that I didn't recognize myself. I didn't make eye-contact with the class, but hid as much as I could behind the book.

That's number one. Number two: (as Joe Biden might say, with his idiosyncratic list-numbering system)

In the debate, about which university was better, Glasgow or Edinburgh, I defended Edinburgh in a rather lack-luster, "notes from an encyclopædia" sort of way, very straight. My opponent (I can remember his smirk, but not his name) went for some broad humor, noting things like "Edinburgh air is so polluted that the students call it 'Old Stinky' and can hardly draw enough oxygen from the foul miasma to prevent fainting." He was very, very funny, and I certainly don't do him justice with this paltry recollection.

I did resolve never again to do such half-assed research for a public speaking class assignment where I was going to be competing with another classmate aloud--or any other person, for that matter: That's no longer allowed, I told myself.

The third class was a more simple "short reading" of poetry or prose. I can't remember whether I asked to have the class moved to the Middle dorm open classroom (somehow that doesn't seem like me, although this was in Junior or Senior year). What intrigued me was the set of automatic dimmer switches on the lectern in that space. One could vary the rate of dimming, so it was virtually imperceptible, if you were distracted by anything else. I

rigged a big, black open umbrella, cantilevered from one of the big mobile chalk board frames, so it looked to be floating in mid air. I had taped a flashlight as far up into the umbrella's arc as I could get it, so it was hidden, and aimed it just in front of a small bent-wood chair I'd move to when the lights were completely dimmed.

I timed my introduction, about trying to recreate a moment from childhood, so that it ended just as the lights went out, leaving only the small "spotlight" of the flashlight.

I wore a long-sleeved black turtle-neck--I don't think I blackened my hands with burnt cork, but I must have at least thought about it, as I later used burnt cork on my face and hands for a stunt I was too chicken (or perhaps in the end too sensible) to complete. (In that stunt, I was contemplating doing a walk-on at the end of *Waiting for Godot*, coming in from the front of the chapel and saying, "Hi guys. Here I am. I hope I haven't kept you waiting long.")

Anyway, when the overheads were totally dimmed, I walked silently (wearing socks?) to the chair, picked up the book, and read the chapter "The House At Pooh Corner." I think all of us in the class actually enjoyed it, because the gradual dimming overheads with the already-on "micro-spot" made it appear like a really smooth "lap-dissolve," like a "Ken Burns effect" in iMovie. And I was happy that my snooping had discovered something so useful.

Unaccustomed as I am ... II

In the clarity of hindsight (occluded only by a small herd of "floaters" that populate the periphery of my vitreous humor, sometimes startling me with the interruption of what my brain interprets as

the shadow of a tabby cat or other medium-sized, grey furry critter streaking past the periphery of my sight), I can fairly attribute the events enumerated below to those four years of “being unaccustomed to public speaking,” as was our joke:

1). During my short stint at the daily *Watertown Times*, I joined a little church choir. Not that it was much of a reach, having finally gotten a year of John Baldwin's teaching my senior year. But I also tried out for, and became the “Bo” understudy for a little theater production of *Bus Stop*. I was to play the guitar off-stage while the male lead fret-synched. The lad grew dissatisfied w/ the arrangement and quit, bringing me out from the curtains. I wasn't much of a Bo, but then our Cherie wasn't much of a Marilyn Monroe, either. Drat.

2) While at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, played guitar and sang (anti-war songs, of course) for beer at open mike Sundays in dusty Lawton, OK. It was kind of a racket, as our little gang usually had no other competitors, so we'd “win” a case of Coors to split among the six of us. If sometimes there was a competitor, “our gang” of noisy, and thirsty, cheerleaders assured us at least of half a case. Also played the next-door neighbor, Charlie, in *Death of a Salesman*. I also became the “go-to person” for writing transfer applications for members of the detachment. In Vietnam, this included our SMAJ--Sergeant-Major. For years I felt guilty that I'd helped one of our number to to Vietnam about a year ahead of the rest of us, but he made it through, went back as a mercenary, and helped found an orphanage in Cambodia, which I found out when we made contact

again and I told him about my daughters Hannah and Zoë, whom we adopted when they were 9 months old. From Cambodia.

3) The William S. Wiegel Wig-Wag: I've touched on the Weigle Wig-Wag elsewhere.

2) Quickway in a Blizzard: One Thanksgiving, I was driving my X1's family from the New York City area (Manhattan & Suffern in NY, and Tenafly in NJ) to my parents' house in Springwater, NY. There was a blizzard on the Quickway--Route 17), and the State Police closed the road going through the Catskills. The roads had not yet been plowed, and there was a huge traffic jam of folks trying to get off Rt. 17, up a long slippery ramp and onto the county roads. I was driving my late x-father-in-law's “boat.” In exasperation, I asked Dean to slide over into the driver's seat while I got out and hoofed it up the ramp to the overpass, past the 60 or so cars on “our” ramp. Both south-bound and north-bound traffic was exiting. What a mess. I started directing traffic, letting two cars at a time, on rotation, go through. Sometimes this involved pushing cars, enrolling others to hop out and help push, etc. No one complained, and after about 40 minutes, Dean's car reached the intersection. I directed him through, told him to keep the car rolling, and I hopped back into the driver's seat (there was too much snow for me to reach the passenger side). As I thought about it later, while it was just an exercise of “enlightened self-interest,” still, I'd surprised myself, unaccustomed as I was to public miming (being a traffic cop).

3) Four years on local TV in NYCity; addressing state professional trade associations (doctors, dentists, nurses) on

nephritis & organ donor status on NYS-tate driver's licenses (one of my little editorial campaigns). I didn't think much of the fact that, alone among my classmates at Columbia J. School, I'd started an on-air job at WNBC-TV not right out of "j school" but, in fact, two weeks **before** we graduated. Nor was I much fazed by "addressing 2 million viewers" in metro NY, as one friend inquired.

4) The TV secret, of course, is that you're not standing before 2 million people; you're merely talking to a large lens through an "on-camera" teleprompter, with a crew member varying the speed of the conveyor belt on which are your own words, re-typed in 3/4-inch high letters, only three to four words per line, so you can maintain the "sincere eye-lock" with the half-ton cyclops friend before you. It still is something of a trick, or skill, to keep one's eyes from moving horizontally--just watch your TV faves carefully as they read the news. Now, of course, public speakers use multiple-screen video-prompters, so the speaker can sweep the field with her/his eyes, all the while "actin' natchrilly."

Over my years in journalism and the computer automation of same, I've had multiple occasions to visit the NY Times, when it was at 229 W. 43rd Street. I was always amused at how normal-looking human beings, enclosed in an elevator cab, would boast about how they'd wrap themselves in the figurative mantle of the Times to make themselves feel powerful and put others down. Example: "Yeah, this PR guy

from General Motors was giving me a hard time, but I tightened his chops right down when I told him I was from the Times." I found such an attitude to be completely reprehensible. I preferred the old-style NYT reporters (now completely gone, through attrition & senescence), who "talked softly, though they carried a very big stick." The prime exemplar of that practice was the legendary [Peter Kihss](#),¹³ whom I'd met at several press conferences in Manhattan. He would politely ask for clarification of a point he did not understand — and he took notes with a Parker fountain pen.

The Public Speaking point of this entry took place at one of the tech-standards meetings at a Los Vegas trade show. I was often assigned to be Atex's representatives at these standards meetings, one of which was the "AP Wire Services committee, where editors, computer makers and AP/UPI would work out the nitty-gritty of new sorting fields/routing fields for the automatic computer routing of copy and, and later, images. There were about 30 attendees, and we were about 10 minutes into the meeting when the NYTimes "Systems Editor" stood up and began to hold forth at a decibel level that far exceeded the requirements of the group and our venue. I'm sure all of you have noticed a similar phenom. with cell-phones from time to time — some people seem to think you have to shout to be heard at the other end of these "new-fangled gadgets," when a normal, or slightly subdued speaking volume is more than sufficient.

13 Links to memorial by Sidney Schanberg, himself a legendary reporter (*Death & Life of Dith Pran*, reports on the Killing Fields of Cambodia). Subscription may be required. Schanberg was the Albany correspondent when I was going to law school in that city. I remember him also for a winter piece on Mayor Erastus Corning's snow-removal scheme of hiring hundreds of Democrats with any sort of plow to each clear a couple of streets. This was back in 1967-1970, when winters were cold and snow and ice remained for months. Schanberg praised the mayor for having implemented "the first solar snow removal system in the US." I like to think that my line about the polished feldspar-granite-slab walkway around the Exxon Building (SW corner of West 50th & 6th Ave) being "the first friction-free walking surface in the world" wasn't bad either. If the weather was merely foggy, never mind rainy, people walked out in the street, rather than take a header onto the granite flags. But the editorial board wouldn't let me run the editorial, even when Exxon or the Rockefeller Center maintenance crews brought out a monster black acetylene tank flanked by three man-sized oxygen cylinders, feeding a long-handled oxy-acetylene "rake"—about 20 welding jets wide—that the operator used to slowly go over the polished surface, popping up bits and pieces of the walkways, in a technique called "thermal stippling," or roughing up the surface.

People started squirming in their chairs, and a couple of people just got up and left. I had several items I wanted straightened out for our customers (numbering about 1,200 newspapers & news-mags around the world, if memory serves).

So I took a deep breath and said, at about twice the volume Howard was using: “Howard, I’m having trouble understanding you. Could you speak up just a little louder, please?”

Mirabile dictu! The effect was immediate; Howard pulled his “volume slider” back about 50%, and the meeting proceeded comfortably and successfully. I’m certain that my use of my own “full volume”— and the self-possession to use it — was a direct result of the practice/training I got at Hamilton, in speaking and choral singing. Probably students who chose to do performance art sorts of things, concerts, play in Charlatans, get similar training.

I’ve been told that now Ham Col’s “public speaking” training has been “integrated” into the rest of the curriculum, but I’ve not been convinced that this yields the same results, that it spans the full four years, or that it gives students the exposure and opportunity to develop the broadest possible range of their “speaking in public” capabilities, from Min. to Max. I did watch a “teaching tips” online video at the HC site, where a couple of profs discussed techniques for getting younger, and female, students to “speak up” in classes/seminars. That video suggests to me that gender-separate training is required to bring women up to volume w/ “know it all” males.

I took a Landmark Education seminar leaders’ training course a couple of decades ago which had a similar exercise: students memorized a c. 20-line poem from a selection of five or so, and then practiced, in 30-

person groups of “buddied” participants, in a multi-level parking garage (on weekends when virtually no cars were parked there), as loudly and with as exaggerated body language as possible, in preparation for lecturing to groups of 100-plus participants.

For some people, it was almost impossible for them to “let go,” give up their self-consciousness, embarrassment, reservations, and really get into it for the two-to-three minutes it took. When I finally had a “breakthrough” and reached “maximum amplitude,” I startled myself with the noise I produced (augmented by the reverb in the parking garage), and then started to weep. As best as I could figure the exercise brought tears to my eyes because I realized how suppressed I’d been keeping myself — despite the HC examples above.

Hamilton & The CIA

Came across this reference to Hamilton in the 2012 book by Wayne Madsen, *The Manufacturing of a President: The CIA’s Insertion of Barrack H. Obama, Jr. Into the White House*:

Under the subhead “The CIA’s money-laundering process for Obama’s mother’s anthropology field work in Indonesia and Pakistan,” [page 116] are these grafs:

Senator Fed Harris (D-OK) held hearings before his Subcommittee on Government Research on foreign area research in the area of behavioral studies. Committee files indicate that the “research” involved the State Department, USAID, the Peace Corps, U.S. Public Health Service, National Institutes of Health, and the National Science Foundation. The Beals Report cites the National Defense Education Act as an important tool used by the Pentagon

and CIA to ensure that universities succumbed to the foreign research dictates of the U.S. Military and intelligence or risk losing their funding.

Chairing the Sub-committee on Government Research on February 7, 1966, Harris brought up another Pentagon funded anthropological study in Latin America, Project SIMPATICO in Colombia. Harris said [118] the project was funded through the Defense Department, USAID, and the State Department but was the brainchild of the Special Operations Research Office (SORO) at American University, a known CIA pass-through operation. SIMPATICO targeted Colombian villagers' attitudes toward joint Colombian Army/U.S. military "assistance" programs. Harris said Peru, Bolivia, Guatemala, and Honduras had originally been considered for SIMPATICO. Harris stressed that such research should be civilianized and he cited the previous controversy surrounding CAMELOT in Chile.

Harris cited a speech titled "Scholars and Foreign Policy: Varieties and Research Experience," delivered by the State Department's Director of Intelligence & Research, Thomas Hughes, at Hamilton College on October 21, 1965 [.] Hughes stressed that the job of field researchers included understanding "which juntas are good and which juntas are bad; where reunification is a hope and where it is hindrance ... and how a coup d'etat

*may be preferable to a coup de grace."*¹³⁴ [Emphasis supplied]

This Thomas Hughes also is [quoted in this article](#), as having made a speech at Hamilton on August 2, when school's not in session, Was there some kind of State Department Seminar Series at HC then?

This badly-written, poorly proofed, self-published book also has a substantial entry on the "Richard Parsons Project", who was a year behind me at Albany Law School--Parsons was in the class of 1971, I believe. Parsons' father was the gardener at Kikuit, the Rockefeller hundreds of acres at Tarrytown, or Sleepy Hollow, or Pocantico Hills.

[A batch of notes/paraphrasing from Madsen's book:

[As I remember him from around cafeteria (our main meeting place) and in the halls of the one-building "campus," Parsons was a tall, stately, polite and very bright African American. Otherwise, there wasn't too mixing of classes.

[He had graduated from the University of Hawaii, where he'd met Barack Obama's mother, Ann Dunham (at the East-West Center, "the CIOA front operation to influence and train a new generation of political leaders in the Asia-Pacific Region. Parsons Graduated from the University of Hawaii in 1968, one year after Ann Soetoro's graduation. Parsons also met his wife, Laura Ann Bush, at the university, and they married in 1968.

[The Rockefellers had a particular interest in Indonesia. [Michael Rockefeller, the youngest son of Nelson Rockefeller, was reportedly on more than a mere nature expedition when he disappeared without a trace in Netherlands new Guinea in 1961.]

After he got his JD from Albany Law, Parsons became a legal counsel to Gov. Rockefeller, then a managing partner at Patterson, Belknap, Webb & Tyler, “where he worked with Rudi Giuliani.” He handled “Happy” Rockefeller’s legal matters after Nelse croaked in the arms of his Abishag the Shunamite, Megan Marshack. (As I get the story, my one-time editorial assistant at WNBC-TV, Ponchitta Pierce, was Marshack’s buddy, and the first person Megan called to help her deal with Nelse’s corpse. Pierce didn’t work out of my office; otherwise, I might have had an inkling that something was going on.

[Parsons and Greg Craig pushed Rocky’s “interests” in 1978-9, as he tried to get back on the national stage.

[And this interesting tidbit: There is a belief that Nelson Rockefeller’s sudden heart attack may have been spurred on with a bit of assistance in the form of a drug he was given. However, no one will ever know for certain. There was no autopsy and his body was cremated. [247]. “Parsons became chairman of Dime Savings Bank on the recommendation of Harry W. Albright, Jr., a former aide to Rockefeller and New York State banking regulator. In 1989, Parsons supported NY Mayoral candidate Rudolph Giuliani over [248] Dem candidate David Dinkins...who won.

[In 1991, brother Laurance R. recommended that Parsons be appointed to the board of Time Warner. A decade later, Parsons became CEO of AOL-Time Warner. “Parsons served as co-chair (gesundheit!) of Shrub’s commish on Social Security reform.” “He also works closely with David Rockefeller an New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg. Parson also served on an economic advisory team under President Obama.”

[“Part of the reason ...Obama was not critically treated by the media was the fact that Parsons exercised control over a vast array of the corporate media, including CNN, Time magazine, Money, People and Fortune magazines, and, at the time, AOL. More importantly, Parsons, acc. to Dem party sources, has ensured that Obama maintained his policy of looking forward and not to the past. Parsons, who is a friend of former Bush policy adviser Karl Rove, has convinced Obama that there should be no criminal investigations by the Justice Dept. of Rove or other top Bush Admin officials from everything from political prosecutions of former Alabama Democratic Governor Don Siegelman, whose bribery conviction appeal was rejected by the Sup Ct in June 2012, and Rove’s involvement in election fraud to the CIA’s rendition and torture programs.

[Parsons was quickly named as a member of the economic advisory team that met with the president-elect Obama just two days after the 2008 election. GOP sources claimed that Parsons represented the interest of the Rockefeller family and the Council on Foreign Relations in his numerous meetings with Obama, described as one-way communications that ensured that Obama would carry out the wishes of the Rockefellers and their business friends. One of those demands may have played out in Alabama, where Parsons and fellow African American, democratic Alabama Representative Arthur Davis, who in May 2012 reportedly prevailed upon Obama and his AG, Eric Holder, to appoint Montgomery attorney George Beck to replace US Attorney Leura Canary as US attorney for the middle district of Alabama.]

What’s fascinating to me is how all of these folks and organizations/outfits intertwine. Rockefeller rep. Parsons advises Dem. Obama; Obama’s Bushies push the