

WRENCH

M I C H A E L D O N O V A N

Dear Madam:

Kind Sir:

You haven't heard it all. I will tell you things which are not new, but different. Different in that it will give you a small bit of the perspective reserved just for rulers. A perspective that you do not now have. After World War II the person best in military intelligence in the West, in this case Naval Intelligence, was not made head of the CIA. He was made the head of Time Magazine. He could not write and he couldn't edit, but that was not his job. Hedley Donovan's job was to have the "big picture". Later in life he quietly served on President Carter's cabinet, again with the job of watching this "big picture". There were things that he taught my Father, Jeremiah Donovan, while at Time which I wish to pass on to you. (No, no relation; and no kin to Wild Bill either.)

So even if in assured privilege, without any excess baggage of pride, you still consider yourself among the elite; I insist again, you haven't heard it all. You will thank me. Do not read this if you are tired. But do read this. Don't lose this. This is very bad.

I had addressed this account. It was to be a letter. In mind I had others whom I would copy. Now, I can no longer vision a particular reader, for what is becoming the final product of many stammered starts and fear fraught fits in turning from explanation to warning. But yes, this had been addressed, at various times and with various shades of pique concerning our judicial system, to Pollard, a naval intelligence analyst convicted of talking to friends in Israel, and his wife – Henderson – who first tried to form an organization that would point to this injustice, but who later under pressures that I am sure many would not want to know, gave up, left for Israel and divorced her husband who will till this dying breath be in solitary confinement in our worst Federal Prison. You may remember that he was caught with some exactly recorded number of cartons of classified ink. Ink that was itself not important, but that confirmed large re-evaluation of naval preparedness already widely known: everywhere except to the public. It had been addressed also at one time to Morison, the grandson of our great naval historian, Samuel Elliot Morison, who agreed to lie and pretend with the Prosecution in a kangaroo charade that he was being tried for passing photographs which showed how NATO's satellite photography works where even an idiot with the information I will subsequently give you could reason that the issue was what the

photographs were of, not how they were taken; that the implications of these photos were to be kept not from any enemy but the public, and that the press, waiting all through the indictment and trial, had the two-faced duplicity to write long editorials condemning this "injustice" AFTER the conviction: indicating that they, the press, were the spymasters disciplining their own. I had addressed this to Sergi Koslev, a Soviet mathematician, who was criminally assaulted by our Office of Naval Intelligence in a case of mistaken identity and left a mental basket case in Dullas airport.

But, I do not now address this to Pollard, or to his wife – Henderson, or to Morison, or to Koslov.

Freedom of Speech, the cornerstone of our Bill of Rights, came from an old seaman's expression: "Pass and Stow". At the birth of our nation seamen were here from all over the world. They spoke every language and signed on ships of every nationality. They were quick to reason that sovereigns and their navies often acted not in the interest of the sailor and in their nefarious ventures they lied. Wars were declared and seamen were often in the lamentable position of firing upon their own countrymen. Their only weapon against this was information, information passed around enough until a critical mass of knowledge was established underneath the "sovereigns". It was this growing group-mind of knowledge that, in time, rallied to name the troublemaker and work to "...Blow the man down." The code for information of this nature, critical information, was "Pass and Stow".

Or, "pass it on", and "stow it", meaning save and remember. These men saw secrecy as counter to the public good. They saw secrecy as sick. When the Constitution was first penned, without the Bill of Rights, this world-wise international group said, "Oh no, not more sovereignty and secrets. We know what that leads to!!" This was a loud collective voice. These were the hands that turned yonder windlass, raised the anchors, and set the sails that moved the cargos upon which the fortunes of our young nation completely depended. And further: many who were first taught "Pass and Stow" as seasick ordinary seamen on first voyages were now Owners and Masters: men of fortune, no small voice. It was this voice in unison that sent the founding fathers back to Philadelphia to do some rewriting. The name of the sadly forgotten corporation in Philadelphia which keeps and preserves the Liberty Bell is "Pass and Stow".

This too-soon forgotten, but ancient marine reason is stopping not on him or her but you. This "Pass and Stow" is a responsibility: for if Liberty is to be tolled for you, it must be told by you.

You are the addressee: not him or her, but you.

This "Pass and Stow" concerns, in some deep measure, the news. But it is not new. It is the same old story, changed only, but with utmost import, but the possibility of being too late; but it is not new:

In some forgotten Byron canto he railed at the "Gazettes". He pointed to them living it up in Falmouth, England then compared them to, and rhymed it with, the regiments they were carelessly replacing. This is the same old story. It is not a new story, but there are higher stakes.

This is a true story. I beg the reader forgive some unavoidable short dullness in one part or another, but I am being exact. It would have been so much easier on me, and you the reader, to have composed this in that genre of truth-hidden-as-fiction. That, however, would soften some much needed sting. For, as this is a careful and truthful account, it is also a deposition: a depository of accusation. I accuse. This is the truth.

It is far from entirely dull. There is the Mafia, there is a Kennedy, there are spies, there are lies. There is high drama and exposé. There is some romance. But, unfortunately, those things are not important here. This is critical information. This is bad news.

To bring you this needed bad news I must not coddle your need for entertainment. You

will have to make an effort to learn something new. There are some pearls in front of you, but you must be teachable. To be teachable you must see yourself as ignorant, and this, again unfortunately, is a reluctant vision to just those who have the capacity to learn and to benefit and to benefit others. This is bad. This is critical. I accuse. This is a warning.

This is war.

How teachable are you?

Every day countless commuters from the Hamptons on Long Island and the bedroom communities of Upper Westchester and the Montclairs and other port-over-starboard-home sections of Jersey read the New York Times on their daily rides. These are the bright and the creative and the influential. They read and they think and they are in the know.

NO.

They do not even know what they are reading. Every day for weeks in June of 1993 a full page ad appeared in the Times. Ostensibly it was an ad for Citibank. The headline, in biggest letters that any art direction could compose, stated simply: "CITIBANK INVITES YOU TO A PRIVATE SALE." The small body copy under the headline talked about Citibank's Citicard. Nothing in the body copy related to a private sale. Only by very obscure and convoluted stretches of reasoning could you even begin to connect the body copy to the headline. But it ran, full page, every day in the Times.

But millions of the bright and the influential and those who are in the know and aware saw this every day for weeks, the biggest ad in the paper. Certainly they would notice this.

No, they did not. It is amazing that the "secret" messages are hidden in the open. A reasonable person would question what I just said. "Large secret messages in newspapers, in the biggest ads, where the ads don't even make sense and people don't notice? No raised eyebrows? Not likely!!"

Nevertheless it is true, and with a little effort you can see for yourself. I wouldn't believe it. I didn't believe it. I had to be shown. I would respect you, the reader, if you had to be shown too. I have included some copies of some ads, (they are in the appendix), but that is not enough. Best to see the real thing. Busy person? Fine, have one of your kids do it at their college library. Give your secretary's secretary something to do. The topic is war.

So let us look at the first one again; CITIBANK INVITES YOU TO A PRIVATE SALE. (Page "A" of the appendix is the full page ad reduced from the back page of the first section - A 22 - from the Wednesday, April 28, 1993 New York Times. Page "B" of the appendix is the body copy to size. This same ad had been running for about a month in both the Times and Globe. Think of the expense!) The mind naturally makes sense of things, looks for sense, wants to see sense. So you strain for sense in this. You must work at it. There is nothing private about the card. Even if you bend and twist, possibly they are touting the "exclusiveness" of the card etc., it is still quite a stretch. There is nothing implied about exclusivity. At the very least you can see an ad with a headline that a junior copywriter would be fired for. Doesn't make sense. Yet there it is running day after day, week after week. Not just in the Times but in the Boston Globe as well.

It is easier for you to see this now, not just because I am pointing it out to you but because of the form it is in. An exact copy of the ad and the ad itself in the Times are two different things: they evoke different reactions, reactions that are miles apart. It is far far easier for people to see how stupid the headline is when it is a copy of the ad. When the ad is shown while it is in the Times something goes off in the mind that states, "This must make sense. This is after all the New York Times. God only knows what a full page costs day after day. It can't be nonsense!" Here, and it is fun to watch, very intelligent people will try to make sense of nonsense: will insist that this nonsense is sensible. Why? Simply because it must be. The same people have a different reaction, most will see how silly the headline is right away. I have for some time been searching for some adjective to describe this reaction besides "hypnotic" or "mesmerizing" or "magnetizing". I can't. Not only that, but a more careful examination of the operant function where the placement of the ad in the Times changes its import, and its impact, and changes are very meaning of the same words is not like hypnotism... it is hypnotism. It is the same "relaxant" defense lowering mechanism. Mass hypnotism: and this from the newsink that is our social glue!

That ad for Citibank is copied on pages "A" and "B" of the appendix. I suggest that you keep this so you can check what I am saying; what I am saying is, you must admit, a tad outrageous. And some of you may be thinking, "We'll just see about this. Don't we know Trip Whoshisfather at Citibank? ...And who is Citibank's agency again? Don't we know someone there?" I do not know the entirety of the answer that you will receive when you do connect with Trip. But I do know the first word. And so, Dear Lady - Kind Sir, do you. You know because you have heard it. You know because you have said it. You have said it when some too-wise Turk found out something about you and you had to either lie or make up a cover story or let this youngster in on a few of the secrets of "management" or "command". In most cases you creatively hid a portion of lie in a portion of truth. But your first word was always the same. You remember it from Colonel Staybunker. It was the first word he spoke when you confronted him with hard evidence that he never had any intention of providing your platoon with cover fire, that you were fodder for another maneuver. You remember it from this boss or that boss when they allowed you, with a bit more of the truth and a bit mnore of the lie, deeper into the emotional bonding of "management". You learned. So you always said the exact same word yourself. You always said this word very slowly, this first word, as it gave you, leaning back with thumbs in suspenders, an extra second to formulate your own concoction of a "few bones" and "a slice of baloney": ".....Weeeeeeeelll....."

Suffice it to say: I would not be overly satisfied with the first, second, third or fourth answers that you receive regarding the true meaning of these communications "hidden in the open", as a certain "John" oft loves to remark, in our major media.

So what could it mean? I will be candid and say I don't know. Not for sure. If I guess and say that infrastructures in some soon to be devastated countries are up for grabs it would be hard for you to swallow so early in this document. There is, however, one thing for sure that you can reason: you, Kind Sir, and you, Dear Lady, are not invited.

"Oh, pooh," you must be thinking. "The major executives on Madison Avenue are known to be a bit bats anyway, at least major drinkers. Couldn't this be some nonsense a tad prior to leading the overworked Mr. Spellbinder gently toward a detox?" Yes, that would account for a few cases, but not too many.

"But whatever for? Why publish secret messages? Seems to be a very large contradiction. Explain that!"

The powerful purpose of publishing secret messages is that it legitimizes statements of policy. The publishing serves the same function of the court reporter. It is right there in black and white to refer to, and infers that all the nabobs are behind this policy: that if there was dissent you would hear it now. If this was done too secretly, with no bases of referral, it would be hard to determine what is policy and what is whim. Let me make up an example: the Western Block does not want Eastern Block support of rebels in the Sudan to go further north. (If you know the propose and function of destabilization you can easily see how North-South, East-West can be interchangeable in this example.) At any rate you publish or "billboard" your policy, large type, in a specified full page ad: **YOU MAY GO NO FURTHER NORTH.** To make it read like an ad, underneath in much smaller type it says, "Visit Lapland... **Travel and Leisure Magazine.**" When possible the message is designed to be read both ways. Obviously, this is not always possible. Sometimes it can be read as an ad too, but reads as a very stupid ad, one that any junior copywriter would be fired for. A good example would be a full page ad running day after day, week after week in the Times. In this case it is the back of the Buisness Section (D 22) on June 2, 1993. This example is on page "C" of the appendix.

The ad does give some exposure to John's American Express and a little more to a restaurant whose name, because of the size of the type, I forget. That expensive space does not serve either one of the advertisers well. In fact, upon a closer examination, you have to agree that it serves both very poorly. Again, seeing the actual ad, or seeing it on microfiche is a very different experience than seeing an identical "mock up" of the ad.

Gee, did I mention John? Yes, well I might as well mention that these large billboards are, very often, in advertisements from companies controlled by John. John who? I thought you knew all this. Neverworry. We will, Dear Lady - Kind Sir, get to John.

This billboarding of messages is not limited to print. Ted Turner accused the other major networks of treason. He made some cryptic comments concerning unspecified hanky-panky, but did use the word "treason". He then went on a personal peace trip to Cuba. A few months later he was interviewed by Diane Sawyer on 20/20. In the interview Diane Sawyer asked Ted Turner if he accused the networks of treason. Ted turner said that he had, but that he is no longer doing so. Then Diane Sawyer asked Ted Turner if he had accused the other networks of treason. Again, Ted Turner said that he had but that he is no longer doing so. Then Diane Sawyer asked Ted Turner if he had accused the other networks of treason. Ted Turner said that he had, but that he is no longer doing so. Bored? Already? It gets better. Next Diane Sawyer asked Ted Turner if he had accused the other networks of treason. Once again Ted Turner said that he had but that he is no longer doing so. How, Kind Sir - Dear Lady, can you say you are bored with this repetition when you sat through a full 20 minutes of it! Never, in this exotic exchange, was it ever mentioned, **why** Mr. Turner made the accusation. Never was it mentioned **what** the alleged treasonous acts were! "Ted, you receltly accused the other networks of treason, didn't you?" "Yes, Diane, I did, but I am not doing that any longer." Twenty minutes!

Why? Because Ted Turner was new at the "news" business. He did not know the things that I am presently telling you. He went from "mass perspective" to "ruler perspective" very quickly. He was emotionally reacting to some sick stuff. He was for a brief shining moment acting real, having the same great sportsmanlike qualities that we all loved him for as he rolled a raw egg from first to second base with his nose. The powers-that-be could not afford such a loose cannon. They had to "educate" this newcomer quickly, "...Weeeeelllll, Teeeed....", and broadcast to the rest of the world (the "ruler" world) that this loose cannon was tied down. Want to guess as to how many viewers wrote in and asked how they could broadcast this silly exchange for a full 20 minutes? I don't know: but I would guess about five. If the repetitious sentences were beginning to bore you in this medium, and you think, Dear Lady - Kind Sir, that the word "hypnotism" is a little too strong, then please ask yourself: were you one of those five? And Ted Turner? Who knows what was said or done to him. I could be funny and suggest that maybe we are getting better at genetic engineering: could he have been turned into a lizard? You could have one of your friends at his network sniff for mice on his breath. Could come right out and ask Ted. ".....Weeeeelllll....."

How do I know all this? It was taught by my Father long ago. Shall I take you back there? To those whispered haunts of childhood that are way back in the age of "duck and cover" and Joe Demaggio? Yes, lets...

Place: Pound Ridge, New York. Upper Westchester County, one of the most charming bedroom communities within commuting distance from Manhattan. It is also one of the most pastoral. "God's Country," was the epithet of choice. Our house sat on a hill overlooking the Pound Ridge Reservation. There were many miles of view from our windows, and in that view not other sign of civilization. It was hard to believe that we were only 40 miles from Rockefeller Center. There is this idyllic setting, scotch in hand, Jeremiah was certainly in the wilderness.

My Father commuted to Rockefeller Center where he drew current event maps for Time Magazine. It was a short week, he never worked Fridays, so he freelanced with the extra time drawing maps for history books. He was from Brooklyn and Pound Ridge was his first taste of status. Both my parents were staunch Democrats. The town was almost entirely Republican and the Democrats - "a few Jews and misfits" - clung together for support. Being a Democrat was as far left as my Father could stretch his leanings, and for someone who strained switching

allegiance from the Dodgers to the Mets, he stretched the limit. Although Henry Luce employed a few notable ex-commies such as Witiker Chambers, and although John Hersey (as in Luce's words, "The Pope is a Christian") was a noted Democrat, these were the exceptions: Chambers was polarized into a far right cold warrior and Hersey, never fully or logically explaining the reasons ("...Weeeeelll...."), left because of "philosophical" differences with his boss. If Luce claimed that he invited dissent, his actions belied this. My Father kept a low profile with his politics at work and always felt "surrounded by the enemy". A good portion of the conversation in my parent's hard drinking set was political. Most of the set were "those misfit democrats", but there was one noticeable exception. Alan Jackson had the largest syndicated radio newsshow: "Alan Jackson and the News". This was during the transition when radio was not yet totally co-opted by TV. Alan Jackson came to "hear the other side's point of view", and I can still hear him, sitting on the raised hearth, haranguing throught the boozy room, on and on how preposterous it was that anyone could question the loyalty of the "Pres-i-dent of the Unit-ed States" (Ike) or infer that he had "commie connections". I remember that conversation most particularly because of my Father's reaction after Mr. Jackson and the other guests had left. Speaking with my Mother, he noted that he was coming to terms with his shift of consciousness toward what I am referring to as the "ruler perspective". What was shocking to my Father, and this was clearly stated, was that he, a nobody, could know so much more concerning the current events than a "professional". I want to be clear that I am not talking about political opinion or view, but degree if "insider perspective" that my Father was privy to. He (too!) was getting his bearings. My Mother was a good person to bounce this stuff off of as she was politically very savvy. She collected political novels that were the genre of disguised truth, a fan of Vidal, etc. "Just so different!" my Father would shake his head. "Guns and money," my Mother would nod.

I am entering here a few notes concerning my Mother. I said that this is a true account. For that reason please forgive that the next few facts do not flow gently into this narrative. They are just that: facts, and although possibly in some way they are connected, my inclination here is that I would perform a disservice with conclusions or views that might, with perspective too close to this tapestry, be distorted.

Dr. Stephen Pelham Jewett, my Mother's Father, was one of the first psychiatrists in the U.S. He had met Sigmond Frued in Wochester, Mass., when he had come over to lecture. My Grandfather was just out of medical school. He got into the field at the ground floor, helped start the first Dept. of Psychiatry at the medical school and taught psychiatry most of his life.

He was the "government's boy" and always there for a fee to say "electrocute him - he's sane". He spoke, on a number of occasions, of the experiments in the death camps, in a manner suggestive of an intimate understanding. It is very unusual for Doubleday to publish poetry. In the late 1960's they were going to do so. He wrote verse in English, Latin and classical Greek. All copies of his writing were stolen out of a motel room in Florida. Money and jewelry were not taken. It was too much to redo: they were never published. He admitted on a few occasions to the possiblity that Rickover was a genius in a manner which bespoke "saying something naughty". At age seven, post-partem to the birth of my only sibling, my Mother had a manic episode (she was bipolar) that was classified as psychotic. It was the first of about six episodes throughout her life for which she was hospitalized. My Father and my Grandfather parted ways after this first hospitalization. My Mother was hospitalized without my Father's knowledge at a hospital where my Grandfather had no privileges but was the attending physician for his own daughter. I remember her screaming about "beings" that were operating on her children. This was plural, the year: 1951. I had chronic tonsillitis. I never had them out, but when I was 4 and 5, a very slight 4 and 5, it took three adults with a sheet to hold me down for penicillin. She also stated, then I think, but in subsequent episodes for sure, that "Dr. Mengele (of the death camps) is being protected by us. He's in South America." The last statement turned out more than 30 years later to be true, he was alive, he was in South America, and he certainly was protected by somebody. To my knowledge, and I listened very carefully, the statement about "beings" performing surgical operations on her children, was the only statement that in retrospect could be classified as

"psychotic". She was questioned a number of times by the New Jersey State Police (around 1955) concerning a hunting accident that looked like murder. During the same time I rode to the lumber yard in Mt. Kisco with my Father and found a note in his raincoat. The note was in pencil torn from a small pad. It stated simply: "Keep her mum or we will kill her". I do not know how many times I looked up "mum" to check and recheck the meaning. I never confronted my Father guessing, correctly I am sure, that I would not be told the truth. My Mother was my Grandfather's secretary during the war. I repeat: during. Not after. I remember being struck at Ike's insistence that what was found at the camps be documented. He did not fully trust his superiors. He thought that there might be a coverup. This was more than just "taking no chances". I leave the sequencing, Dear Lady - Kind Sir, to you. Prior to this, after Stalin's death, during Dienphenphu there was a time of marked tenseness. There were strange cars, there were phone calls.

But I had no interest in politics as a child, preferred science, and never thought to ask, as if referring to somebody responsible for misplaced car keys, who the person was who "lost China", or who "Uncle Joe" was who could "always be trusted". I just knew that somebody lost China, and knew that there was some "Uncle Joe" somplace who could always be trusted, and that these things — like the starting lineup for the Dodgers — were all just part and parcel of the way things were.

The topic of war was ever present. I joined a rifle club. The patch was a beaver shooting up at a parachute. The young would be trained to take care of the commies. I knew also that war was too important to discuss in public. The public must be lead. I knew that the death of "Uncle Joe" made things difficult for "us" when the French were losing Indochina at Dienphenphu. I "knew" these things even though I never knew that "Uncle Joe" was Joseph Stalin or that the main factor was the bomb or that the "us" wasn't us at all.

It was only at home where my Father's political feelings, and confusions about being suddenly lifted to what William Safire calls the geopolitical "stratosphere", could be expressed. At times, with my Mother's illnesses, I was the only, albeit childish, ear.

These were the years in which the powers-that-be came to terms with the bomb... terms they have kept from the public. Luce changed from journalist to king. At the onset of war his publications still had the telltale sign of journalism: dissent. For example: and most notably, were the *Life* editorials criticizing "Torch", Patton's march across North Africa as more of a move to protect British interests than making war on Germany. The few brief discussions of atomic power came to an abrupt end. It was the most serious topic. That reasoning on this issue was pushed to its logical conclusion is demonstrated by this quote from Luce: "We can no longer wage war demanding unconditional surrender." That simple statement shows much. First, that the world would not accept the holders of the bomb as a total bully, and secondly, that close cooperation would be necessary throughout wars of attrition. It follows from this that the holders of the bomb would benefit by 1. — holding wars from time to time with regulated boundaries. (This would divert the public attention least they be rash enough to demand peace); 2. — Keeping secret agreements not to use the bomb very private. With this they could

stage public posturing that would keep the public in line. Secrecy around the nuclear issue kept the power and the money in a few hands. Just a little theatre. One of the first big staged "censorship" flaps was when Haggerty was Press Secretary and a line in *Fortune* had to be changed from "The President decided" to "It was decided". There could, of course, be no secret Chief. Should some over eager President accidentally intimate that he could use nuclear weapons, no wrist slapping would suffice to demonstrate enough control to insure these secret agreements. Only the most serious demonstration would do. It would be for these press-spies not just a benefit; but a necessity.

This slippery slope of reasoning, keeping power in the hands of very few with illegal secrecy, lead down a blood slick slope to useless endeavors in places with such exotic names as Khe Sanh and Pork Chop Hill.

We went for it because we believed and trusted our press! How often were we told that an atomic attack would come, not in the air across some Arctic DEW line, but under the Brooklyn Bridge, hidden in a barge? Something that any child could reason as being easier, cheaper, and more expedient! Never! We were never ever, as a group mind, to reason and draw the same logical conclusions that the nabobs reached with a mediocrum of thought. Great effort was to be extended in giving the impression that the press was outside of government, charging at it like a gallant knight: the protector of our freedoms. So...

By decree of Henry Luce the subject of the bomb, in any sensible manner was verboten. Hersey left. Miller left *Life* to become the editor of the *Harold Trib.* (His daughter, Carolyn, an astrologer in Provencetown, revealed that her Father told the family that he was taking a step up!) God, how we bond! It does not take much to surmise that at this time secret agreements were cemented more tightly between Henry Luce and Joe Stalin. In fact, a log of Luce's movements come near to proof. A careful look at events following meetings between Luce and the communists show the real story. It was just 36 hours following one meeting in Tehran, Iran while Luce was still in the air returning home, playing acy-ducy and cutting his hand on a gin bottle, that the Chinese divisions crossed the Yalu. In other words, once the Chinses were assured that they would not face nuclear attack, they entered Korea. All serious scholars of the Korean conflict state that the Allied forces were lucky that the Chinses Navy did not deploy. I do not think this was luck.

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If I tire your mind, Dear Lady - Kind Sir, you might be so dense headed to ask what was so wrong with that. Too well orchestrated. A little earlier they conveniently walked out of the Security Council so war could be declared. Lots of luck! To keep this power you must from time to time war, if not the population will start to focus on the real issues. War takes a lot more planning and care and work than peace. Lots.¹ Great show and effort is made of "working for peace".

It was not long after those over-strength divisions crossed the Yalu with their quilted uniforms and disproportional large rifles that, during the preparations for the invasion of Inchon, my Father got his first real taste of "ruler perspective".

Rockefeller Center was the seat of power. This was the command center from which William Stephenson worked; (The Man Called Intrepid), who as "naval person" "brokered" between Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill. This was far more than "special operations". There are many indicators, such as the search for the **Bismark**, that bear this out. Rockefeller Center, not from Washington or London. It was after the war that Luce seized the opportunity to be the speaker for this center.

My Father prepared many "internal" maps that were not for publication, but to facilitate the thinking. The Admiralties were making their decisions in New York. He often described one meeting. Preparing for Inchon, as Jeremiah drew both the landings and the diversions, they were very concerned about the public's reaction to the brainwashing techniques of the Chinese.² At this meeting my Father entered the discussion and suggested that the GIs tell their captors whatever they wanted to because, "You are talking directly to the Chinese, why can't they?" And further, "You are telling them just where we are going to land. You give way the important secrets. Why shouldn't they, under threat of torture give away the unimportant ones?" He described the Admiralties turning to him, giving him a blank stare, and returning to their conversations. Perspectives! These invidious "betters" at the top always talked directly with the enemy, a privilege they protected by swiftly punishing the "traitors" who had the cheek to do the exact same thing that they were doing. It was that conversation that changed his thinking forever. It was during that period that Hedley Donovan began teaching him to "read the billboards". I do not think that Hedley spent any great amount of time with my Father, just a few examples, shown at the right times, would do. Years of drawing history maps gave my Father a better "big picture" perspective

than many of the editors on world desk. The map room was often a center during a crises. For example: John Hersey was in Hawaii and wanted to get a message past the censors. He simply cabled, "The map room will know." My Father's predecessor immediately drew maps of the Solomons and, sure enough, we hit Guadalcanal. Or, to quote General George Patton, "The study of war is the study of the road map."

Jeremiah concluded, but to a degree rarely spoken, that Luce made secret agreements about the bomb. As this was the McCarthy era, let me put that into perspective. My Father would have reason to believe that Senator McCarthy was correct: we were working with the enemy. McCarthy just had a sense that something was wrong, but couldn't put his greasy finger on it. He was not the only one who had this "feeling of the obvious". Counterspy James Jesus Angleton knew in his gut that something was going on. He thought it was in government! Angleton couldn't be fired. That would look too bad. The spymasters in the press had to put up with this loose cannon for many years. I mention this for perspective. On one hand, if you ask a number of intelligent people if they thought that the US and the Soviets had secret agreements about non-use of nuclear weapons, much more than a few, a good number would answer that we did. Makes sense. Not just a little sense: a snowballing preponderance of "Iain as day" common sense. On the other hand, this is not only highly illegal, but would stir patriotic sensibilities into a frenzy. One would reason that these mutually exclusive points of view would be held by different people. No. Same people. If, Kind Sir - Dear Lady, you do not believe me, do a survey of your friends. For one brief dying moment this was a legitimate excuse for secret agreements. An excuse the lizard vintage evokes with that damning code-word expression: "We kept the peace." Yes, they kept it for themselves. The motive was illegitimate power and unbridled greed: the operant instrument: a media that for a full thirty years wrongly fanned patriotic flames in a disinforming manner. Billions upon billions in atomic bombs while the entire infrastructures went downhill and the quality of life was so dwindled that two incomes do not bring anywhere near what one income brought just 30 years ago. There is no one to raise the children. We accept this as normal. Why? We accept this as normal because we are told that this is normal. "Kept the peace," indeed!!! Never before have so few stolen so much from so many.

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The biggest misconception, the most damaging misconception is the notion held dearly by the mass mind, fostered by the media, that there are "secrets" held by organizations such as the CIA with the "free press" on the outside ready to reveal any pice of dirt they get their hands on. The reverse is true. Before anything can be classified, the media must first digest it: it must be understood. This misconception has everyone barking up the wrong tree. It is not government secrecy. It is media secrecy.

But we are back in the 1950s, and I will teach you, as I was taught, to read a newspaper. First off, and most important: don't read them. Look at them. When you star reading you passively absorb. The endeavor that most closely resembles the proper approach to newspapers is boxing. It is very tiring. The moment you start to passibly read, you are lost. Put the paper down in the same way a tired boxer ties up the oppenents arms for a rest. The approach to the newspaper must be active. If it was almost daily, the next statement, the most important, was repeated to me by my Father at least 1000 times: "Look before you read." This starts, at the beginning, with how you hold a newspaper. The newspaper must be laid out so that you can see and sense the relationship of one article to another: why is one featured and another not. If you fold your newspaper in a cute, small commuter folio, you might as well not have it at all: you are just reading. Jeremiah had a number of cute gambits for opening the Times fully on a crowded train so that it extended onto the other rider's laps. These were replaced over time with the simple expediency of using other's laps and growling at the first hint of objection. spend ten units of time looking to one unit of time reading. Look, look, look. Why is the article there> Why is it placed the way it is? Most important: look, look, look for what is missing. The object is to feel in your gut 100% sure why this editor placed the article the way he did. An example is in the appendix on page "D": "Who — or what — is Mutilating the Nation's Cattle?" This clipping was given to me by a friend who read it. I saw it too, but look: The article is void of news, you get nothing from reading it. It is not new. It is not news. It is old. The events happened some time in the past. The location is nowhere near Boston. Why is it there? My friend, who I do not want to insult, was pleased; "Look, they are starting to report the truth!" No. What is important is the date, 5-20-93. On that day the negotiations opened at the Parker House Hotel in Boston for the sale (price!) of the Boston Globe to the New York Times Co. So what is happening here is that the Taylor family (the Globe) is saying to Arthur Ochs Sulzberger (The New York Times Col.), in a cutsie way, "Gee, we could start

telling some truths here, tee hee, don't you think that offer is a tad low, tee hee?" When you realize what is happening you become angry. In fact anger is often a sign that you are looking at newspapers correctly. What cannot be hidden here is what both Mr. Taylor and Mr. Sulzberger feel about you. Because they are lying to you and misinforming you in a way that can and does daily hurt you, what they feel, what they must feel, goes way beyond disdain. It goes far beyond mere contempt. This carefully crafted hurtful insult bespeaks only one feeling toward you, Kind Sir — Dear Lady. And you must come to terms with this: Mr. Taylor and Mr. Sultzburger hate you. Does my friend who handed me the article really think that these papers with far more access to information than he has is not talking about certain subjects because they don't quite yet believe them? Yes, unfortunately that is what he believes. So do most of you. You must read with the same feeling and in the same way in which you bob and weave and block. No matter how emotionally hard to accept: an examination of the facts is clear: this hurtful insult is with malice: hatred pure and simple. Anger, more than being just proper, is a healthy sign that you are seeing the opponent swing at you and recognize impending harm. Boxing and looking at newspapers take the same effort. You should be very tired way before three minutes. If you are not tired, you may either be taking severe hits, or might, unaware, be down for the count. At any rate, do not read; then you are down for the count before you even start. Look before you read. There were countless times that my Father would hand me a clipping or point to an article and snatch it back in anger if I began to read. The tendency to read instad of look is very strong. In the beginning, like boxing, the intervals spent should be no longer than five or ten seconds.

Look hard at the pictures. They are often copy not art. Remember that the editors have thousands of pictures to choose from. They tend to pick those that have messages or are inside jokes. Or information; as there are even instances where the picture is the message and the article with it the decoration or illustration. Look, look, look. Before you read the caption, stop, look and consider. The caption may have nothing to do with the message in the picture. When we were deciding to let go of our bases in the Philippines, there was a picture of Shultz looking down the mouth of a cannon at Corrigadore — appropriate and funny and confirming. During the "sea change" of 1984 a picture was on the front of several newspapers. There were three Chinese soldiers standing and smiling on a railroad track. The caption stated that a few seconds later all three were killed by a train. The picture was most likely staged and used as a message, or conceivably true and used as a message, but most certainly a message: "back down or we all die." Many messages are in pictures.

Stories are sometimes contrived as messages. Example: *Globe*, March 21, 93: ***Stuffed Panda Alive with Reptiles***. Miami airport finds a squirming five foot panda on a conveyor belt. They open it to find thirteen reptiles: three Indian star, two hingeback, a yellow foot, a red foot and an elongated in the tortoises; three regular monitor and three Nile monitor in the lizards. Man checking them in Mexico City did not board. A contrived message about China. Look also for what is missing. That in and of itself may be a contrived message. About a week before the panda story there was a *Times* piece on the old China silk route. The story described a trip around the time of Christ to Rome by a messenger of the Chinese emperor Wu Tui (a Han). It was stated that this messenger from China was on a *secret* mission. The word *secret* was set in italics. Nowhere in the article does it state what the *secret* was! Pay careful attention to what is not said. The article had a map with it. The map was very simple. Rome was on the side and China was on the other and there was a line between them. That was it. If you were taught to read maps you would understand what this *secret* was right away. The enemy of my enemy is my friend. What would obviously be the best posture for these two empires on opposite sides of this ball? Yes, Kind Sir, yes Dear Lady, it is nice to see that you are attentive: of course; pretend at being enemies while being very secret friends. This way, between you, and the top and only at the top, would you always be in the know and in control of everything. This is not just some interesting history. If so Mr. Sultsberger might have deemed fit to let you in on his secret. Later in this document you will see how the Roman side of the above

equation lead to Mr. Sultsberger and his associates. How many people walked into the New York Times offices on 43rd Street and complained: "Hey, this is silly. If you are saying that the messenger is carrying a secret then you must know the secret. What is it? I represent the throngs of people outside waiting to know." Not one solitary person I am sure. And how many took 40 seconds to pen and stamp a note. Out of millions? None I am sure either. *Mr. Sultzberger is a responsible publisher doing his job. This publisher has my interests at heart. If a particular piece of information would serve the public good then this publisher, Mr. Sultsberger would surely see fit to let me know.* Well, Kind Sir - Dear Lady, irrefutable logic is now in the way of those deep felt conclusions you had formed. Mr. Sultsberger is secretly emotionally bonded to an "enemy" which he makes you the real enemy of. This *publisher* is your enemy's friend. If perhaps you were one of a few, because of some position that had allowed you "ruler perspective", who did see this *publisher's secret*; then you would reason that talking to him or penning a note would do no good. He wouldn't waste a sneer. I have, Dear Lady - Kind Sir, seen fit, for what I am sure you will agree is your good, to reverse sequence of the two examples in this paragraph. The second example occurred prior to the first by about a week. Nurturing food for a reread.

The biggest secrets are not in government archives but public libraries. The key is the broader outlines of the "big picture" that you have been too close to the tapestry to see. Oliver North was quite right to worry that people might start seeing what he called "mosaics" in the libraries. A jigsaw puzzle is easier when you have a rough outline. I write you, dear reader, to lead you to think: singing, *ink, ink, indelible ink; if the devil 's your master—your pen is your fink.*

Study war.

Do, as war is a vast subject, take my Father's advice and concentrate first on the Crimean. In this particular sacrifice the plot is uncomplicated by local issues. It was at that time too that the international press first stepped into power, not just as an instrument of war, but as the essential mind that moved the chess pieces in this vulgarly named "Great Game". If, as it is strongly suggested by the erstwhile travels of Wu Tui's sycophant, a regular pattern of war would serve this elite: then it cheerlessly follows that the *publishers* preoccupation with this perpetual sacrifice would be strongest in times of peace; arranging for private sales of spoils beforehand, testing and preparing the emotions of the masses, placing boards on the playing fields, until, after starting a little fire, some fuel could be added to it with the excuse that the added fuel was really being used to put the fire out, by which another clearing house, a really big one would be on the hook. Again.

We lived far from the road and many silent nights I fell asleep with only the sound of my Father's hand tracing, as he did through the years, shorelines for this battle or that campaign in one or another war. I too would trace the shorelines in my dreams and snap into other real-as-this worlds as a blond youth holding a new light carbine and newly trained steed watching the stone banks and seven hills of Istanbul with their tall thin towers slip past the troopship in the evening mist as we slipped into the Black Sea and we slipped into a landing at Sevastopol and we slipped into a senseless charge in a forgotten valley and I slipped into a casualty and slipped into a Blacker Sea and a deeper sleep again. I would awake on frozen nights and know in every minute detail, as if I had done this a thousand times, exactly how to pad and tie and blind a war horse to be lifted over the gunnels of a trireme using the oars as both ramp and lever. I have been in dreams so varied, that with cinquedeas, spear or Garand, I have almost believed that I have in arms assaulted Sicily's dappled shores with the morning sun at my right, my left and my back: that I may have even, hauling at a line with black bleeding feet, been a

breath from Hannibal's feather.

So often at the dinner table the mapmaker of *Time* would read an article, point to the country in the atlas, and point outside of the country to its "capital". He never spoke. He just pointed and we knew. A few times he made this into a game for me. The editors think in terms of large international banking interests and couch the news in terms of national interests. They do not feel national ties but very much want to foster this bonding in you. This in itself makes the ingestion of real news almost impossible: ceaseless hammered jabs with you must again bob and weave and block. No single factor so distorts our planet history as secret banking. Most people still think that Time Magazine, and Warner Brothers, with their vast subsidiaries such as HBO and their other cable networks they watch are American companies. They are not! They are Belgian. The New York Times Company now has vast publishing concerns in the former Soviet Union. They do not want you to focus on that. Secret banking and the secret trusts they contain are the bottles of the lizard vintage.

Jeremiah would point to big headlines and make a little "small" sign with a space between his forefinger and thumb. He would point to little headlines, or small articles stuck in the back pages and place his hands wide apart for "big". Generally speaking, the facts are usually correct. It is by emphasis that the information is skewed in your mind. In some cases, however, they simply lie, and lie in unison. Look at the forces in Somalia. We had two divisions there: a Marine division, and the Army's Tenth Mountain Division. (We now have only the Marine — there has been no information regarding the whereabouts of the other!) A division is 20,000 men. 20,000!! That means that we had 40,000 combat troops deployed, (the truth) instead of saying, **WHAT ARE WE DOING ON THE HORN OF AFRICA WITH A FORCE ALMOST AS LARGE AS PATTON HIT MOROCCO WITH? 500 MEN COULD DO THE JOB THEY ARE PURPORTED TO BE THERE TO DO. WHAT IS GOING ON?** — (a truer truth). The lie with the truth.

Read editorial headlines again as separate from the editorial. They often are.

Ask yourself, for every letter to the editor, why out of so many this was chosen. Many are chosen to make a point or say to another "principle" or editor, "See?" or "I told you so!" In most cases, and this is humbling, you should be saying to yourself, "Gee, don't see, with all going on, just what was so special about this." An indication of how much we miss. It is a neverending daily shock: to see how

very little I understand in the paper, watching others thinking they understand it all!

In the Chronicles section of the Times (or older Washington Briefs) almost in every case there is a joke to the story. If you don't laugh it means you don't get it. Again very humbling as I, again, get very few of the jokes.

Headlines impact. Why is one story featured and not another? Try to feel the editor's motives for every move he makes.

Play close attention to quotes in headlines. Read as, "This has two meanings", or "Yes, I mean what I say". Sometimes what is in quotes is a code word or a code phrase. Here are two examples (appendix pages "E" and "F") of the code, "sea change". Boston Globe, March 26th, 1993: headline: A 1½ year sea change in legislature. Xerox that article and show it to a friend. Ask them to read the article. When they finish, as if they understood what it was they were reading. Most will say yes. Fine. Now simply ask if the headline could possibly make any sense if someone did not know what "sea change" meant. They will have to agree: couldn't make sense. Great. Ask them what "sea change" means. They won't be able to tell you. Astonishing! Try it on a few more friends. You will be simply amazed as to how many people will tell you that they understand the article, some will insist, when they could not have. Often the most intelligent will be the ones most deceived. They will make things up. I am not talking about dunderheads. Bright, articulate, and honest people will make things up. One very intelligent, and I am sure honest, lady started to insist that "sea change" meant "heart felt change". She had no idea what it meant. Her mind went: "This is a normal newspaper article: I SHOULD know what it means. Therefore I MUST know!" "Sea change" is a code. It refers to a large change of naval power at sea. Nelson at Trafalgar was a sea change, as was Dewey at Manilla Bay or Leyte Gulf or Admiral Togo. This is change with a gun, often, but not always, very bloody. Ten thousand lives were lost at Lapanto, most in hand to hand combat! With that same number of Russian sailors that Admiral Togo killed, he took with them most of their aristocracy. Nothing "heartfelt" here!

The "reader" picks up the article. He glances at the headline. He says to himself, "I will understand as I get into it. As he gets into the article he forgets the headline and frgets at he doesn't know. Look before you read. In this instance, the code is used obliquely to refer to forces in the Soviet Union who demonstrated a sea change in the North Atlantic in 1984. For a time columnists were using the term at every stretch signaling to each other that they were insiders. No, listen to what I am saying next: If you took a poll of one thousand people, not one, most likely, whould know what "sea change" meant. If you were to find one thousand people who did, and polled them, very few if any, would understand or pick out the billboard in the Citibank ad. See how sharp this pyramid is! "Freedom of the Press" has turned to very private and privileged information. This is the real way that news is spoke. The enemy is inappropriate bonding. And how we bond. The criminal, given the army as an alternative to jail, will bond with the first stripe on his arm as he orders another soldier about with the inside information that he knows where the soldier is going next and the soldier does not. I had an interesting reaction to the "sea change" headline. It was from the publisher of a small paper (Falmouth Enterprise) on Cape Cod, Bill Hough. Publishing newspapers has been in his family for years. They owned a newspaper in New Bedford when that city had world wide connections. "Gee, I have always noticed these very odd headlines in the big papers. They didn't make sense..."

I will ask again. Are there any other suitable expressions for what is going on here besides "mesmerism" or "hypnotism"? Anything?

These code expressions can alter their meaning over time or even drop from use. For a time there was the expression "graymail". As different from "blackmail" or "greenmail" it referred to the threat of revealing state secrets between countries. When it was determined, during the "sea change" that the Soviet aristocracy, (which is what it had become), was bonded to aristocracy and the elite in general, not to the commies they represented, the expression went out of use — it no longer had meaning. State secrets were not divulged as the iron curtain went down. Nobody thinks it odd that we found out absolutely nothing!

Realize (this is hard!) that sometimes editorial "opinions" given to our own government are not suggestions. They are sometimes orders, and the publication of he order, the seal of the order. Hard to swallow. A good example would be the Times editorial suggesting that the FBI discontinue investigation the Felix Block

spy case. The editorial said that the FBI was wasting time! What they meant was, "Stop. We both know that this will lead back to the old (Henry Luce started / John Lehman run) spy ("we keep the peace — for ourselves — and get rich") network. Where? In, of course, Austria where the Ambassador is an ex-editor of Time. "So, dear little FBI, realize again that Administrations come and go, but we are here to stay, we hold the keys to the kingdom. We have much more on you than you do on us. Back off!" And they did.

Read the columnists. Be careful. Some are to be taken very seriously, (William Safire). Some perform no other function than to divert your attention from real issues! They publish some "asleep" columnists for just this reason. Most often the humor of Art Buchwald and Russell Baker is on two levels. If you only get one level, you are not getting the message. William Safire is very aware, and not very funny. There are levels to his language pieces. I had a girlfriend who just loved Safire. Read him constantly and never, ever, understood a thing he was saying. And this was a very bright lady in publishing! He refers to himself as a "lexiconic irregular". He means soldier, not verb, a hit man for the ruling elite. Unique in being able to set policy, he is now the usher to Mr. Lehman's war.

One Russell Baker piece was entitled Good King John. It went on and on about a certain "John" controlling everything, particularly, in this case, both sides of a presidential election. It would make no sense if you did not know who the John was. I showed it to a very educated friend. He laughed. I asked him what he was laughing at. He didn't know. I asked him if he had any hint who "John" was. He didn't. If I typed up the same article and asked him if it would make a good newspaper column he would have said, "Who is John? This makes no sense." The same words in the Times and he makes believe that he understands. Again, is hypnotism too strong? Is there something stronger?

Large billboards are often in companies controlled directly by John Lehman, our "ex Secretary of the Navy". The operation that he started could not be run by committee. He selected his successor someone young and someone who was inheriting a gigantic chunk anyway. Kissinger was John's teacher and mentor. For a while John was on Kissinger's staff. There is a recent biography of Kissinger now in the malls. It might be a good exercise for you to look up John in the index. Take a second, and won't cost you a penny. Read the referred passages and ask yourself: was John working for Kissinger, or Kissinger for John?

Sad to say, all of the above is new even to professors of journalism. What I am telling you is logical, just emotionally hard to swallow. The press does a good job of portraying itself as outside of government, bright crusaders "comforting the afflicted, and afflicting the comfortable". Not so. This flies in the face of our dearly held mass images of Murphy Brown and Clark Kent. Wouldn't Hersey, the man who wrote Hiroshima clue us in? Afraid not. They stay true to their code. This code of emotional bonding at the top is very tight. The Bomb was unspoken "elephant in the room" in Hersey's writings concerning Luce. We are deceived by images of Bob Woodward in All the President's Men, the fearless investigative reporter. Deep Throat was the real voice, and Woodward was guided all the way. In Woodward's book, Veil, on the secret wars, the most telling interviews with Bill Casey (on his deathbed) are omitted. This clearly shows that Woodward too is bonded at the top, and also, in Casey's words "A true believer".

It is odd that conspiracies sound crazy in a world where conspiracies by the powers make common sense. As my Father would say, "Of course they conspire, they would be crazy not to."

These then were just a few of the "rules" I learned, the most important: look!

My Father went through a slow transformation. I remember years when he identified totally with the "rulers" he was so near. He said "we". "We" were doing this, or "we" were doing that. The news was a sacred meditation. This changed through the Kennedy years. In the beginning JFK was carrying the torch for Alfred Smith, and it touched notes from his Brooklyn background. But something changed. I remember him staring out of the commuter train, looking pained as he rode through Harlem, when he usually would have been absorbed in the news. My guide for my first and only LSD trip was an African on a CIA scholarship to Oneonta State. Timona worried this "scholarship" group by writing texts on colonialism. Once he dropped by my parents apartment when I was not there. He and my Father spent four hours talking. Whatever this change was, my Father no longer said "we".

My most potent memory was a few years earlier. As Jeremiah also drew the maps of history, he often lectured on how the maps tell a different story from the official history. "The maps," he would say, "don't lie."

Dinnertime was a series of lectures on current events. Often he would "get the history" and bound up the three steps of the split level to his studio to come back with the historical atlas to make a point. Most always the atlas was an old "Shepard's". "Our editors are saying..." such and such: "but look what the Shepard's is saying!" I remember after one such lecture hiding on a flat rock behind some huckleberry bushes playing with a kit radio. My Father snuck up on me with more than his usual heavy allotment of scotch. He brought the Shepard's. Without talking, he opened it and pointed to one of his "examples". It might have been the Phoenicia-turning-into-Armenia-jumping-over-Turkey example. Then he closed the atlas and tapped it with his knuckles: "This Shepard's is my Lord. It leads me through the lies and points to the wrongful owners of these pastures. I know I walk close with the valley of death, and yes, I fear this evil."

Dear Lady - Kind Sir, I will now scroll forward a good number of years. My interest was science, not politics. Much of what I am trying to tell you about newspapers I had forgotten. It is a different world and it must be reinforced. I had to relearn. Frued, late in life, insisted that the next breakthrough would be in the area of ESP. Einstein had pointedly insisted that the next breakthrough in physics would come from changes in geometry. I felt that these were related and, on my own, did research. It is no secret that the government has for many years spent considerable sums on "psychic" research. Many things occurred simultaneously on a winter day in 1984 when I wrote a Commander Troutman, Underwater Systems Command, United States Navy. There is some strange synchronicity that is hard to account for. I would not dare write this as a novel. An editor would scoff! But this, Dear Lady - Kind Sir, is what did happen:

I moved to Martha's Vinyard in the fall of 1983 following the death of my Mother. I stayed in the house my Father built before he died in 82. I brought with me my girlfriend, 'Scarlet' Burke. I had been working on a geometry which I believed had application to new technologies that could define emotion in the same rigorous way we define electromagnetism. With some coaxing from 'Scarlet', I decided to see if I could get some interest or backing. I made contact with Mr. Charles Stockton who taught navigation. Although a lawyer by profession, his hobby was math and he had worked for the Arthur D. Little Company, the largest research house in the world with headquarters in Cambridge. After signing a non-disclosure statement, I briefly outlined the work

and we came right to the point: who would have the greatest interest? The U.S. Navy. Contact was made with the Office of Naval Research and Development in Arlington, Virginia. I copied a number of people who I thought would have an interest such as Rep. Charlie Rose of North Carolina. This initial process was long. It took months before there was any real direction from the Navy. Late winter of 84 there was contact and direction. The ball was back in my court.

My Father, on his deathbed, made some cryptic references to a "coming showdown at sea". It made no sense to me, and I pawned it off as delirium. He drew the plans for naval war with the Soviet Union, I was aware of the broad outline of these plans from childhood, but they were tucked away in my subconscious.

Late Winter of 84, the Soviet Navy was consistently in the news: Soviet maneuvers were all over the media. From childhood training I knew that this was more than just out of the ordinary, that something was wrong with the complex checking agreements through the security apparatus.

There was some strange foreshadowing. During the Falkland war (a few years earlier) my dormant interest in current events was brought into sharp focus. I followed every detail, somehow sure that there was something important happening. I could not put my finger on it. In fact, I did not see the full significance of the sinking of the **Sheffield** until much later.³

The **Sheffield** was sunk by a French made missile. Although this particular missile was fired from a plane⁴, it demonstrated how deadly sub based missiles could be against surface craft. In the big picture, subs were becoming, with technology, harder to find (in the words of John Lehman — the seas were becoming "more opaque"), and the ordnance that they carried more deadly against large surface craft. We had made a huge mistake in basing battle groups around aircraft carriers. This mistake was set in concrete after WW II. This is something very difficult, (at this late stage impossible) to change. In simple terms, we decided that aircraft centered groups of ships, with a cordon of submarine protection around them, would be the best possible deployment. It was the worst. The Soviets did not start building many subs, though they leaned that way, that would tip their hand. They built an "attack fleet" and had the Chinese navy build the subs. And build they did! The Chinese built thousands of small, average technology, diesel subs. They thought ahead. As it turns out diesel subs have many advantages over nuclear subs. They are quieter. The diesel engines store electric power. Underwater the subs run on quiet batteries. They are cheaper to build, and as it turns out, the new ordnance, many subs (numbers) are much better than fewer highly technical subs. One big question here is how is it possible that so many people (the naval war collage, etc.) could make such a giant mistake, and be so blind, year after year? A big factor is the insular thinking at the top. Those who knew that the "fix was in" with the Soviets — that the cold war was a scam to make money — tended to throw off suggestions no matter how good they were. But who can really tell, fickle fate I guess. Who knows why the British did not attack Charlotte N.C. in force during our war of independence? If they did they would have controlled the only gold mine and there would have been nothing to back the currency. Everyone would have turned Tory. It is very hard to believe that so many grown men, professionals, could have been so deluded for so long in such a colossal way. But then, it is also hard to believe that a professional like Bonapart would go against all advice and march against Russia. It goes far beyond large error of planning and suggests that not only did the Navy fail at their mission, but that for a total of nearly 35 years, they seemed to not even be aware of what their mission was.

During this period, I was becoming conscious of this disastrous naval debacle. I was also becoming conscious of who the major players were. Constantine Chernenko⁵ was full in charge of the Warsaw Pact. John Lehman was full in charge of the US and Nato security, he was "Commander and Chief". You can

know something to be true on many levels and with many degrees of intensity. We "know", as it is general knowledge, that Bill Buglar, by controlling the State Senate of Massachusetts, controls the governing apparatus of the State — that in most major areas, Weld, our Governor, would be in the subservient position. We know this no matter how many times we see the "Governor's" mug dreary our local Boston Broadsheet or tabloid with an expression reminiscent of a hungover Robert Mitchum portraying a dirty cop on the skids. And we "know" that Bill Bugler's brother, (Whitley Bugler), by common knowledge, has hands on control of the criminal hierarchies throughtout the State. And we "know", as we can with common sense reason, that they would probably work together, and that they would be damned fools if they did not. That is very different from having full undefinable evidence, say, of illegal agreements between these brothers, that was not only provable, but would have not just deleterious, but disastrous implications for the state. In the same way, in the age of bomb, we can reasonably assume that a president, though Commander and Chief by the Constitution, could probably not get anywhere near control of a device — for any reason. This is very different from seeing, proof by reaction, that someone else is acting as Commander and Chief. Although I should not have been shocked to see John Lehman's hand on the tiller, not Reagan's, I was. And, somehow hurt. Like Ted Turner, my trip from "mass perspective" to "ruler perspective" was abrupt.

These things were on my mind in mid March of 1984 when I took my pen in hand and wrote to Commander Troutman, Underwater Systems Command. I made these salient points:

1. — It can be deduced from forgoing reactions that the Navy does not have serious programs in progress in two specific areas which are showing promise. That it follows that others could also make these deductions.
2. — As Czechoslovakian breakthroughs lead the way it can be reasoned that the Soviets have a head start.
3. — That the Soviets are positioned for major deployment.
4. — That probing of the Swedish coast may herald deployment.
5. — That I know to whom I am talking to, not Commander Troutman, but you, John Lehman.
6. — That I do not believe that you, Mr. Secretary, yet see the l of severity (understatement).

I used some black humor in the letter, I think it was warranted, and could only help raise the level of awareness to where it should be.

In fact, at the time, I was thinking back to my Father's judgements regarding the insularity of the Admiralty and the kind of power it would take to break through their wall of self-deceit. I want to emphasize that although I can understand how a reading of letter could be misconstrued as sedition, nothing could be further from the truth.

For reasons that I still do not fully recall, I also hinted that I was somehow attached to a larger group.⁶ I referred to the group a "cell", gave real – not fictitious names of other members, and gave the group a name: "Eagle's Bishops Pawn." I mention this last point because sometimes later, in a published interview with Bill Casey, the reporter made an unexplained reference to chess and went on, without any explanation, to state that the reference to chess "Was not lost" on the

Director.

I also made reference, frivolously, to a previous communication to the Base Commander, Capt. Ransom, as the "Ransom note" a quirk that re-emerges later in the drama.

After my letter was unretrievably in the mail, deployments that I alluded to as possibilities, became reality. The "Great Joker" seemed to be working overtime with synchronicity.

I knew my letter had hit its mark and my level of excitement was very high. I found the waiting intolerable. I moved again. This time it was with a phone call and I added a technical addendum, in retrospect very off the mark, to the Swedish probes. A Lt. Akerman took the call. He also took the bait. He was very excited. Called me back every ten minutes or so. Told me not to leave the phone. Then he simply stopped calling. Now my level excitement was peaking. I couldn't stand it. No more waiting. I packed a small bag, included the work of a Taiwanese mathematician, Cho, and made for Grotan Naval Sub Base. This was the morning of April 13, 1984.

I arrived at the base in the evening. I tried to locate Lt. Akerman. When the clerk on Duty heard that it was about the Swedish probes flipped and started acting like I was a terrorist. He froze in fear and asked ME for permission to make a phone call. When I asked how he heard about the letter, he answered that everyone on the base knew about the letter. This seemed very unmilitary like! Within minutes I was being interrogated by two CID types. At first they were very suspicious and frisked me. Within a few minutes the atmosphere changed and they were tape recording (with my knowledge and consent) the story regarding the geometry. Cup after cup of coffee went down. One of the two had a head on his shoulder and after about two hours we made some real progress. At that time, during the interrogation, and it was fairly late, they got a phone call. The CID type did not like what he was hearing on the phone and his face showed it. He indicated to whoever he was speaking to that everything was going fine and that he did not agree with what he was being told to do. As soon as the call was over he said to me that we were not to talk anymore, that I was to be escorted off the base. A shore patrol type drove me to an all night diner near the highway.

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It looked like I might be waiting all night for a bus. The counter was U shaped and I was the only customer, just me and the waitress. About an hour later an old beat up car pulls up to the diner and two young (30s) military types get out. They were dressed down, like bums, but they had military bearing. Something about these guys put me on alert. One sat across the U from me and one sat on the stool next to me. Both ordered coffee. Neither one touched the coffees. The guy on the stool next to me moved over so that he was leaning against me. He was to my right. He had a large jacket and I saw his arm inside the left side of his jacket pushing something against me. He could not have been sitting on the stool. He most probably had the right side of his bottom touching the stool and the bulk of his weight supported by his flexed left leg. He was right against me, pushing something against my left arm. He stayed in that position. I was frozen. I knew something was happening. I kept (for some instinctual reason) my right hand over the top of my coffee cup. After a number of minutes the guy across the U asked the guy to my right, "Are you done?", or "Finished?", something to that effect. The guy to my right nodded and they both got up quickly and marched out. I was completely perplexed. Nothing happened. Many hours later I was starting to fall asleep as the bus was pulling into Buzzard's Bay. It hit me like a brick wall. I was tripping hard, real hard. It hit me so powerfully and hard that I was scared shitless. I went into the bus station and sat at the coffee counter. I tried to ask the waitress a question. **I had no control over my vocal cords!!!** The most I could manage was a few slurred syllables with great effort. I made it home and to bed. The next day I was still tripping, but I could now speak. I tripped for months. (Fine set and setting!!)

About two weeks later, first few days of May, a story appeared about a Soviet Mathematician who claimed that he was followed and gassed. His story was almost the same as mine! I then re-read a Times article on Military interest in ESP, etc., and went down to the bookstore and got the book, mentioned in the Times, by Ron McCray—*Mind Wars*. There he describes a device tested by the CIA that is referred to as "electronic LSD" or "the paranoia inducer". It was described as having been demonstrated to Charlie Rose (N.C. Rep – House Committee on Intelligence) and speaker Tip O'Neill. It was also described as having to be "near the subject", but that it could be modified to have a "range". It was produced by a company called Astronics. The company said the CIA went through many tests of the device — found it worked — then returned it saying they had no interest!! The name of the Soviet Mathematician "followed and

gassed" was Koslov. The name of the Soviet that I gave while being interrogated on the sub gas was Koserev. They sound very similar. The Soviet Embassy was spewing heated accusations. TASS was reported to be giving it wide play. It can be reasoned that they believed Mr. Koslov, otherwise they would not squander their credibility on a story that did not sound too likely. I might add here that sometime following this, Svetlana Whatherface, Stalin's daughter was making a fuss. Seems that during the Olympic games in LA, we established "safe houses" for the Soviet athletes to go to if they wanted to defect– then "gassed" them before talks. It renders the victim very psychologically suggestible. Svetlana was calling the US "pigs".

I xeroxed the Times articles on Koslov and wrote out an account just as you are reading. I brought it to Dan Flynn at the State Police Barracks in Oak Bluffs. He scratched his head– it was quite a story– said that he would go over the material and get back to me. After a week he still did not get back to me so I drove back over to Oak Bluffs State Police Barracks again. The door was locked so returned to my car in the parking lot. In the lot was a large dark haired guy in civilian clothes standing next to a blue "bronco" like jeep-van (I don't know cars). He asked me who I was. I said I had left some material with Dan Flynn. He came up to me and said, "I'm glad I got a good close look at your face. Now you are going to be real easy for me to recognize when we find you washed up on the beach." He had a military bearing and manner and did not appear to be a man loose with words. I did not (could not) respond. My jaw dropped. I was stunned. I just turned and walked back to my car.

I was still high as a kite, reasoned that now nobody would believe me, so I had better just shut up. What could I do?

'Scarlet' returned and I started driving the tour bus.

Toward the end of summer I put together a small publication called the "Sour Grape". The publication included:

1. reproductions of some correspondence from Senator Kennedy's office regarding the geometry
2. a map of command showing in a funny way John Lehman running the government
3. A letter on geometry addressed to Shelby T. Brewer, Dept. of Energy
4. an essay on emotional energy
5. a very oblique reference to our disastrous naval situation.

The publication was funny. It was also written much in the "ruler perspective" so that a cursory reading by someone in the general public might think the author a crank, or a nut. Those who had knowledge did understand it. For example, Stephen Cohen, who teaches Soviet Studies at Princeton wrote and thought the map of command very funny and that I should write more of them. In the publication I recounted the events in Groten, but did not mention (for what reason I can't remember) the threat in Oak Bluffs. In the fall we went "off Island" and had the **SOUR GRAPE** printed up. I started mailing them off with cover letters, everywhere, USSR, China, major papers, etc.

About the same time I had picked up a general complaint form at the Coast Guard station "*Report of an Incidnet at Sea*" and with it accused John of treason. I mailed it to the head of the Coast Guard and copied Moynihan's office. Moynihan wrote a note, signed it himself – not a stamp – saying that he was turning the matter over to Kennedy. Emily Winterson from Kennedy's office wrote, said that her office had received a copy of the "complaint" and wondered if I might "provide a few more details". I sent her a **SOUR GRAPE**. 'Scarlet', bless her heart, wrote to Kennedy one of the funniest letters I have ever read.

She referred to the United States Navy as "Lehman's Yaght Club" (what a disgrace!!) and suggested that although I sometimes have trouble expressing myself (understatement), that they should read my writing carefully which she "...Fondly refer(s) to as seditious insanity." I **was** very funny. I was, however having the "ruler/mass" perspective problem. Still am! Some of my funnies letters

were cover letters to the Grape which would only be funny to a "ruler" perspective reader. One in particular I sent to Max Frankle, Anatole Gromeko (Andre's son) and a few others that would appreciate the humor. From one response from somewhere in the Department of the Navy I was given a special box number (box 5000) in the Pentagon. I included that on my next set of cover letters and to that address sent a conciliatory (I didn't really mean to do it, guys) note. My emotions were quite contradictory! In the return mail I received a card from the White House. I never wrote the White House. I guessed that someone was rewarding my conciliatory attitude. I also received a strange message in a publication I had subscribed to. In the classified of the publication was a message, "If you are – in AA, live on an island..." and on and on and on that seemed either aimed directly at me, or an incredible coincidence. The message directed me to write an address in Jacksonville, Fl. I sent the address a Grape and received a strange reply. In the reply you had to be trained in "reading billboards" to get it – or get the message. It was a letter with occult and sexual overtones. That was chaff. There was also a billboard with a clear message, "Chicago will ransom". Again, back to my Father's directions for reading newspapers, "Look before you read." If you start reading the letter you never see the message, plain as day, and hidden in the open: CHICAGO WILL RANSOM. This was the real message.

At that time a Linda Bigalow visited the island and befriended 'Scarlet'. She was a producer, ex soap actress, and very interested in everything I was doing. She had no end of questions. She wined and dined us. More than once she asked me about my connections to UFOs. I wanted to increase my credibility, and said I had very little knowledge or interest in UFOs, which was true. It was Linda Bigalow who stated that the Government has noticed a correlation between UFO activity and strange events underwater. She said they called this the "Sea/air correlation". Linda was a lively conversationalist, had an in-depth knowledge on a variety of subjects, and seemed to be up on about everything. She suggested that I write a "screentreatment" for a movie. A screentreatment was not a script or screenplay, but a general outline of what a movie would be about, less than 20 pages. I was on cloud nine. First real solid interest in my work. (Whatever my work was!) She left the island and I went to work. I did not go to the screentreatment directly, but was inspired to "clear my palate" by writing a long poem about the naval showdown with the Soviets called CHINA TALKS. This took almost a month and I was very pleased with it. It did have the effect of clearing my thoughts. I whipped off the screentreatment in one day: TINKERBELL.

TINKERBELL did not only relate UFOs, but Tinkerbell as the main character was a UFO, or something of that nature. Tinkerbell was also the camera, that is the camera itself was a character who you never saw as you were in it. It would swoop down from some orbit and enter into people's lives all over the planet. Some people saw something when Tinkerbell was around and some did not. Some just felt a presence. Some people could hear Tinkerbell's voice and some could not. The plot was simple, Tinkerbell creatively instigated a nuclear showdown and forced the participants to come to their senses. The action took place in the US, Murmansk, Moscow and Uganda.⁷ I was very pleased with my work and sent it right off to Linda. During this time I had made the acquaintance of an interesting man on the Vineyard, a Mr. Harold Tabor. "Tabe", then retired, had had the best job I have ever heard of. The Pentagon is the biggest single buyer of motion pictures in the world. That is, for all the PXs etc. they constitute the biggest block buy. If they go for a film it is an instant success just on that one buy. Conversely, if they don't buy it, it is a disaster. It was his job for many years to sit all day and screen films giving thumbs up or thumbs down. Neat work if you can get it. Mr. Tabor went to great lengths to explain that the Pentagon went out of its way to try not to abuse its power — that they were, after all, defenders of freedom of speech. He said that only once in all the years that he was there was a film nixed: a black

exploitation film called somebody's badass somethingorother. Tabe said that it really was an awful film. He also said that Puzo's *Godfather* was very upsetting to the command — that they did not want the troops viewing it — but that they felt that censoring it would make them look bad and backfire. Tabe took an interest in **Tinkerbell** and made some suggestions.

These were very heady times for me. I felt my work was paying off. Then, just as powerfully, I felt the energy pass by and over me. A decision was made somewhere up top: **Tinkerbell** was a no-go and I was to become a pariah. Nothing was said, I could just feel it. I remember driving along the beach from Edgartown one evening with 'Scarlet' and having the full impact hit me. Everything went downhill from there including my relationship with 'Scarlet'. There was a piece by Russel Baker making fun of a film like *Starman* which made the intelligence community look awful and disallowing "another". **Tinkerbell** made the intelligence community look good. I prayed for change that never came.

If I was having no luck, 'Scarlet' was on a roll. She got offers to help with production on a few motion pictures, something she never had done, but something with her winning personality she could certainly handle. These offers somehow came through friends of Linda Bigalow and 'Scarlet' was spending time in LA and Hawaii. I was letting myself slip into a funk, and was dwelling more on my bad luck than encouraging her roll, something I always will regret as the relationship was faltering badly.

Eventually 'Scarlet' decided to return to North Carolina and I helped her move. I came back through Washington so that I could visit the offices of **Soviet Life** on my return North. **Soviet Life** was on a list of publications that I had sent copies of my **Sour Grape**, **Tinkerbelle**, and **China Talks** to, and they were making a number of oblique references to my work. As I felt shut down by the powers-that-be in my own country — and still felt that my writing would be helpful and in no way harmful to the public East or West — I reasoned that I might as well play back to those who were playing back to me. The offices were not in the main Embassy building, but in some other building, still part of the Embassy near Dupont Circle. I checked into a hotel and made the call. The next day I went to the Embassy. They politely but emphatically said they were very interested in talking to me, but it could not be that day. I had to return the next day. The next day they did the same thing, but spent a little more time with me. Sixty dollars a night in a hotel was a fortune to me, but now, I had to return the next day. I felt that I was being put through some sort of planned "routine", and that was much later confirmed. Finally, on the third day, I had my interview. On the first two days, there did not seem to be any noticeable activity outside when I went in. On the third day there was; a good number of people, and if I had to guess, they looked like Foggybottom types.

Before Mr. Shipko could see me I had to spend a good deal of time in their waiting room. During that time I was casually approached by a young information officer, a guy in his thirties. We had a short but interesting interchange. He made some remarks about current events which left some openings for me to respond. One remark was in regard to Ted Turner. In retrospect, I see that we were both quickly aware that we could communicate in "ruler perspective" a term I had not yet coined. The exchange was very short and very pleasant.

Then I had my appointment with Mr. Shipko.

In the days of waiting you would think that I would rehearse what I was going to say. I did not, and that was not at all like me. Every time I would start to my mind would melt. That is the first thing I told Mr. Shipko, an athletic looking man of about 40. Mr. Shipko displayed an attitude of high encouragement and enthusiasm without "leading". By which I mean to say he spent a portion of the time grinning and rocking in a manner that one does to help move a car when you are seated in it — even though you know that the motion will do no good. Straight off I

explained that I felt very much like a "good American", that I was expressing the real ideals of an American and that because what was under discussion was known to everybody except the American (and Soviet!) public, there could be no concerns over loyalty.⁸ Guarded, but delighted, Mr. Shipko urged me to suggest a course. Writing seemed to be my talent and in stating that, gave the ball back to him. He suggested that I interview with the Soviet Informaiton Agency and that I go directly to the top. He wanted me to go right to the Director, Mr. Oleg Benugh, who was unfortunately in New York. This was far more than I could have ever hoped for!

On the way back to the Vineyard, I – of course – had fantasies of being an American Vladimir Posner.

Finally I felt some sense of direction return, and I waited a full week, composing what I might suggest to Mr. Benugh. Full of fresh spirit, I made the call. I reached a receptionist who had a bit of difficulty understanding who or what I wanted. I had her write out who I was and what I wanted and told her I would call back in a bit. When I placed the second call the phone at the Embassy would not answer. It was still early for them to go home, but I decided maybe there was some sort of holiday. The next day when I called, the operator broke in before it began to ring. She could not help me place the call. I tried a number of times. I called back the operator and complained. The supervisor stonewalled me with nonsense. I tried calling the Embassy again many times and still could not get that number to ring.

This is when I began to get the "calls". I have been harrassed by phone for eight years and, except for my stay in Maine (about one year), it has been solid and incessant. The calls consist of "one-ringers". Really just a few rings, enough to get you going to the phone. Although they are round-the-clock, generally they stop around 1:30 AM and don't start again until noon. They are hard to impossible to trace and you receive no help from the phone company. The phone company department that deals with this makes discovery difficult. First off, as a trend in government nowadays, they only keep records of cases in progress for a few months. What good is that?⁹ To trace a call, you must have the phone in hand and grab it before the other party disconnects. You must do this three times keeping the exact time to within two minutes. That is almost impossible. A few times I tried. After my marriage it made my wife flip. I could not tell her why I thought it was happening so we "agreed" that it was probably coming from my sister's husband. I could not say what I really thought. Although I went through the procedure a few times before, I did again for her. This meant that night after night we had to sit with the phone in either her hand or mine. We got three interrupts but one time was off. At that time I happened to be impaneled on a grand jury. I had asked the District Attorney's office for help in the matter a number of times. They said they could not help — that it was phone company business. Now the

DA's office was asking me, as a member of the grand jury to, request information from the phone company in a telephone harassment case. My harassment at this point had been going on for years. During the second grand jury session I addressed the assistant DA (a Mr. Carpenter?) and said: "Come on, this is silly, why haven't you been helping me? My harassment has been going on far longer than hers!" He promised to help but never did.

I felt very down. There was only one thing that gave me any pleasure at all — my work as a tour bus driver. It might seem like a very silly job, but I took it seriously and put great effort into it. I ended up consistently getting prodigiously more tips than every other driver. I had such control of the audience that I would end the tour always with a great round of applause. I would go over the tour in my mind constantly and make, every so often, subtle small changes. For the most part the dialogue with every movement and gesture was practiced and did not change.

I included information about the Soviet Naval maneuvers in the tour.¹⁰ I had to be very careful in how I presented this. I was, after all, giving a tour of Martha's Vineyard. In order to get across the information I wanted, I had to be very professional. First, the rest of the tour had to be excellent. It was, as was the presentation.

I started, while I was collecting tickets, explaining that today I was going to give "my tour" not the "company pre-packaged tour" that they hand out to the drivers. I did this every trip. It made the tour "special" from the beginning. I then, using some maps, went on to explain what was really the most important thing about Martha's Vineyard, something only a few of the locals know, but the explanation of why all the big-wigs in media collect on the Vineyard every summer: namely that the Vineyard was for a number of years the world's "central post office".

Here is a bit more of the introduction: "Humans have only been able to navigate with any accuracy on blue water for a mere 500 years, a microsecond of history. Prior to that we were basically a land mammal. Our center of communications was in Babylon, that is where the camel caravans crossed, from Asia, Africa,¹¹ and Europe.

So Babylon became the information center and the banking center. When information centers change, banking follows. Banking follows information, a hard rule. When we first started to navigate, we navigated only around the shores. So, of course, another information network began to form around the Mediterranean, middle sea, amongst the fisherman. These two information networks fought each other for about 4000 years and finally combined in Jerusalem. Most of the old testament concerns this shift of information and the shift of banking that followed. (The real center was the town of Biblos in Lebanon. That was unprotected, so the banking center became Jerusalem in the mountains with the camel caravans on

one side, along the Dead Sea, and the informaiton network among the fishermen on the other side, on the coast.)

As navigation improved the information center moved. It went from Jerusalem to the isle of Rhodes, then Rome, then Malta (around the time of the crusades), then Lisbon (in the 1500s Lisbon was the center of the world with Scandinavians mixing with blacks from darkest Africa.) Then as a species we really hit blue water. The age of sail. The information center went for a short time to the Azores, and across the Atlantic to Bell Isle in Canada for a itsy bit and then to Nantucket.¹² It stayed in Nantucket for a while until the sand bar built up and they couldn't get the deep water ships into the harbor. So it was moved to Martha's Vinyard. Vinyard Haven was a perfect location, right off the sea lane."

"In other words, in the age of the sail, before the Suez and the Panama canals, when all information was by sail and sea, the current events came together here first. Information is highly coveted. These post offices were very private. The Forbes family owned one, information from the whaling trade, and it was on one of the Elizabeth Islands. The main post office on the Vineyard was owned by the Luce family. One Luce, Henry Luce grew up in central China, but it is the perspective of this old postal system that helped him to start Time Magazine. Even though communication has changed, the old "old boy" communications insiders still confab here: Katharine Graham, owner of the Washington Post. Many of the network execs, particularly CBS, are summer people, many of the New York Times Crowd, the local paper – Gazette, is owned by Scotty Reston of the Times. Although Walter Cronkite is an Islander, I want to emphasize that the important people are not public names, the important ones are the owners, names you don't know. The Island is very low key. Let me give you an example from history and use the "other island". Remember that I said that Nantucket was the central post office before the Vineyard, but the sand bar built up. At that time a very important lady by the name of Abigail Folger grew up on Nantucket. Folger as in Folger's coffee, Folger's tea. Much of the information was in the tea trade. Abigail learned this central perspective of current events from her proximity to this central post office. This central perspective could be called "naval intelligence" or the "ruler perspective". It is not just getting the information first, but knowing what is important, and what is not. Abigail moved to Boston and married a man by the name of Franklin. One of their children was named Benjamin. One of the things that made Ben Franklin the diplomat that he was, was knowledge of this central perspective that he gained from his mother."

This was the central theme of my tour. I had to put all the usual "movie star" tidbits in, but I even used this to emphasize what the island is about. Not movie stars, people don't come to the Vineyard to be noticed. Here are the quiet insiders who prefer that you did not know who they are.

It was a two hour tour and a stop midway at Gay Head. About one-quarter into the tour I drop my first bomb — just as we are passing the airport:

"...On the right is the airport. It was built by the Navy in World War II, and had raised ramps to help train pilots to land on aircraft carriers. As you might not know, building aircraft carriers after World War II was a big mistake. We didn't

know it, but they were becoming more susceptible to submarine attack. We found out real suddenly, if you remember (one, two, three) years ago, when the navies were in the news a lot, there was a showdown at sea and the Soviets came out on top. Even a little ditty came across, although some wouldn't think of so funny: how did it go... oh, yea... '*A submarine carrier, said a fast swimming bear, is an aircraft carrier with its fin in the air*' " — I would then chuckle a bit and look back in the mirror to see how many and who were reacting, as in the next breath, I was moving right back into local lore.

Even with the local lore, I kept a strong emphasis on the sea and the Navy. It was not hard to do. The last naval battle of World War I was fought off the Eastern side of the island: a U-boat fired on one of our tugs. Off the Western side both the last naval battle of our revolution and the last naval battle of World War II were fought in the exact same location, and in the exact same manner — coming around Block Island and spotting the enemy! In World War II it was two of our destroyers, the **Mobley** and the **Alberthon**. The war was over, but for some reason they ran the U-Boat down and killed one hundred and fifty. On one tour a member of the **Alberthon's** crew was on the bus. He said that he remembered the oil slicks and his face was sad as they were really, as he said, just kids, seventeen and eighteen year olds subjected to a slow and painful death.

"A favorite naval piece was about John Paul Jones, Father of the American Navy who hand visited the Vineyard. The Vinyeard was very international. It was Ben Franklin, with his international ties, (mainly among Masons) who sent John Paul Jones to Russia to fight for Catherine the Great against the Ottoman Empire in the Black Sea. The Russian navy was a mess and he was the first to make it into a real fighting force. One evening John Paul rowed out alone in a rowboat amongst the Turkish fleet. He took caulk and wrote on one of the ships, "To be burned — John Paul Jones." The next day he burned it. It is not very well known that John Paul Jones, the Father of the American Navy, is the Father of the Soviet Navy as well.

It was against this background that I also gave them the great sights that they really came to see, such as the highlight of it all, Jackie Onassis' driveway!

It was right after the break at Gay Head, after they all collected on the bus with their hot dogs and ice cream, that I was able to give my favorite piece, the highlight of the tour from my perspective. I did this standing, before I took off, to give a good, solid, face-to-face, eyeball-to-eyeball presentation. First I warmed the audience up a bit and kept it very light and up-beat with a few jokes. Then I abruptly shifted the mood and became deadly serious. "I said today that I was going to give you the real Vinyard, not the packaged tour they give the drivers. I hope you like it. I hope you don't mind if for just a second I wax a little more serious." I would pause then a moment. "Well, okay, how many of you remember the Soviet navy and their maneuvers being in the news a year (or two or three) ago?" That first season almost everybody would raise their hand. By the next year it dwindled to under a third. "Good, most of you remember. Well, it was a lot more serious than you had been told. A lot more. First of all it was highly unusual for Soviet naval maneuvers to be posted in our news. You don't usually see that, right...? That was because there are secret agreements between the navies to warn of maneuvers so that war does not break out by accident. The Soviets broke these agreements, no communication on any level or channel: then they began maneuvers. That was the most dangerous thing they could do. Why did they do it? To show that for many years now we have been misbuilding our navy, that we stupidly relied on aircraft carriers while submarines were becoming harder to find and with new missles more deadly against surface craft. Okay, so this is what happened..." Here I drew a little map with my finger in the fron of the bus near the mirror. "There were four battle groups. The first came over the **Leningrad** and consorts as a ruse to Cuba. We thought it had something to do with Central

America. We were wrong. She turned and came up our Eastern seaboard. Then the other three battle groups came out: the second came out here from the Baltic, and the other two came down from the Murmansk here and here on both sides of Iceland. If we were going to do something about it we had to meet them here near the Western side of Iceland in the Straits of Denmark. We did not. We gbacked down. A code "sea change" hit the papers. Not too many people know how to read those codes. And in backing down we conceded that the East now rules the waves. That's right, America backed down, the Soviets rule the waves..."¹³

At this point, on every tour, with Noman's land in the background, I stared at the audience in silence. I let an almost intolerable amount of silence go on as I looked from person to person on the bus. Every once in a while someone on one of the tours would shake their head at this point in sort of amazed acceptance. Sometimes the head would shake from side to side. Sometimes the head would shake up and down. But the meaning was the same... "Yes, I'm, absorbing this, hard to believe, but I must believe, it fits." At that point I would shake my head back at the person. If the head shaker shook his head from side to side, I would shake back side to side and sign. If the head shaker shook their head up and down, I too would shake my head up and down and sigh. You could hear a pin drop. On some trips, if nobody would shake their head, I would hjake mine back at an imaginary person in the audience looking directly between two people so that everyone would think I was responding to someone. Sometimes I would shake my head up and down, sometiems side to side. As this pregnant silence went on I could feel the spent acoustic vibration of "America backed down" sinking reluctantly, but assuredly and heavily, into their hearts and souls. Like a weightlifter agonizing for another second or two, I would prolong this silence to where the slightest shuffle of a foot or handbag would sound like a crack of a bullwhip.

Then, still in silence, I would slowly turn, sit, start the bus and drive on down Moshep's Trail. I would wait a bit before I started the dialogue again. There was always a noticeable increase in attention. I would often have at least a few on the edge of their seats. The laughter at my next joke had a different hue to it, more expectant and more resigned. This was my job.

As I write this many people, many faces, come to mind. Some I will never forget. There was an elderly couple who oozed such opulence and uppercrust aire that I had a hard time seeing them anywhere except in a limousine, let alone a tour bus. They wanted me to know who they were, and that they were somehow associated with the factory in Dalton that is privately owned and makes the paper money, not for just the United States, but 26 other countries. I can't remember their name except that it wasn't "Crane". They were among many who in a little aside at the start of the tour would intimate, "Just want you to know that I have heard of your tour and I'm going to be listening very carefully to what you say." I must have heard that almost identical line about 30 times. Then there were two youngish military types who introduced themselves as South African intelligence. They were "jaw-dropped" through the entire tour and left ten dollars, a very high tip. There was a tall white haired Portuguese gentleman, with twinkling eyes and an aura of boundless energy who ran up and down the aisle of the bus as I was driving excitedly exclaiming, "Don't you see what he's doing? Don't you see how great this is?" and on and on. I had to stop the bus and ask him to sit, torn between controlling his exuberance so I could drive and controlling my own exuberance in reaction to the praise, and also controlling the embarrassing red blush on my face! There was a, "Not only am I from Missouri, but I am from Missouri," Federal Judge from Missouri and his wife, also from Missouri, "If you know what I mean," and I allowed that I did. There was the very tall (at least six-five) dark haired man in a suit with loosed tie who gave me what seemed to be some sort of "psychiatric examination". "Now, you say the exact same thing every trip. Do you know what you are saying? Do you understand what you are saying. Can you phrase it with other words?" I was surprised he didn't pull out a little rubber hammer right there on the bus and test my reflexes. One day my schedule was interrupted, and I was told that I would do a later tour. I waited all day, missing a lot of tips as I could have made two other trips. Finally I picked up my busload all from a convention of a "Society of National Newspaper Editors." The reactions of this group were completely different from all the other groups. Not a word was spoken to me except for quick polite "thank yous" as they got off the bus. When

they spoke to each other they whispered behind cupped hands. At my jokes they did not laugh. Instead little involuntary cracks of smiles would appear that they would quickly force with a grimace back into composure. I was gladd when that trip was over. The most memorable tour was when a slim intense man of about 45 introduced himself to me as head of CBS news. He was on the bus with his wife and introduced himself when we had our break at the Gay Head cliffs. He sat in the front, in the second set of seats on the passenger side: he was on the window, his wife on the aisle. At the time there was a notice in Cape Cod Times of a CBS convention on the Cape. I felt my soul stir strongly. After the news director had introduced himself during the break, I had pointed him out surreptitiously to some of the the other passengers who seemed more awake to what I was saying. I had learned over the course of time to watch the mirror carefully — while driving and swerving around mopeds — pick out those passengers who were alive to what I was saying and pour my emotional energy toward them, that the others would follow. Again, standing, before I drove off, I started for the umpteenth time my "America Backed Down" speech. I now caught the eyes of these "alive ones" that I had clued-in about the news director and nodded ever so lightly in his direction. Every ounce of my being went into that particular "America backed down" speech, that I had given, Noman's land behind me, so many times before. That day some extra charge of power lit up every cell and fiber of my being. Bearing with added vigor and joyless game to Mudville, I took painstakingly slow and careful deliberation with each word, each pause, and each much practiced gesture. This time when I went to draw the map of the battle groups I could feel the awful patience and power of so many years of waiting, of such care that it must have taken at the top insuring that only the right people knew,¹⁴ and the great sense of restraint in waiting so long to unleash it.¹⁵

I remember (as I traced the route of the **Leningrad**) realizing that, whatever this operation was called, considering the length of time in planning – certainly over 20 years – and losses occurred to protect the secrecy – it was in pure size and depth of scope so much greater than "Overlord", or indeed any other military operation in history. That day I felt every heating and every tapping and ever setting and every checking and every rechecking, and every rechecking again of every rivet on every of the thousands of Chinese diesel subs erected by more than one generation of bicycle riders toting little woven lunch baskets to the shipyards and primitive machine shops South South in Zhanjiang and Canton and Xiamen on the Si Jiang on the South China Sea and North on the East China Sea and North in Fuzhou and Wenzhan and Ningbo then North on the East China Sea in Shanghai and North North on the Yellow Sea in Lianyungang then Qingdao then on up North North North in the North's most Northern ports of Yantai and Luda and Tianjin and Jinzhou up on the orange-orange-orange crinkled waters of the Northmost Bo Hai. I heard deep in my heart the steam blow through a million lunch whistles at the shipyards of Petrograd and Murmansk and Archangel and shared a million precious wafer-thin slices of lemon in a million cups of tea with innumerable workers who were chained to countless machine lathes and countless electric-arc welding torches and who trudged through dreary lives on those snowswept streets and whose breath and life were poured into the laying of the keels and forging of the knees and erecting of the trees on the sleek steel frame of the **Leningrad** and of her death-grey consorts and of the untold other three radio-silent battle groups set to sea and of the myriad other vessels who full-alert at those and other far-away ports had also served at mute ready. After the "America backed down" line I made a slight change in the script, something I rarely did. I moved slightly to my left, keyed the "alive-ones" to what I was doing with a nod, then caught and held the gaze of my grey eyes of the CBS news director and slowly repeated the line, "And America backed down..." In less than three seconds he sighed and looked down between his legs. That day I did not extend the silence any more, but instead climbed directly into my seat, started the engine and drove off. There was a quick flash in my mind, a vision of my Father, Jeremiah, oddly decked in his old Merchant Marine officer's uniform, his soul and the vision fading into a deeper, less troubled sleep.

Over time there were a few complaints about the tour being "political" about which the Martha's Vineyard Tour Bus Company felt obliged to pass on to me.

My supervisor was Rich Hammond, and I would remind him that my tour received many many compliments. This he knew. I had watched as a good number would walk out of their way over to the office to say how much they loved the tour. Still, I knew that in order to get away with continuing to do the tour my way, I really had to do a bang-up job. (It is interesting to note that the complaints were never for giving phoney or false information, but for being political!) I also noted that those who loved it most and gave the strongest compliments came not from people who I would peg as "liberal" types, but from hard-nose military types. Much to my embarrassment I had four guys on separate occasions throw their arms around me after the tour and one kiss me on the cheek. I was at first a bit confused about the type of people from whom I was getting the most positive reaction. It was Linda Bigalow who pointed out that they were most probably the types who were in the F-14s and on patrol at sea, that were in harms way, and appreciated more in these matters and truth.

At the end of the tour, I would remind them again of the importance of "Pass and Stow". I would also again remind them of the importance of geography, and again trace the flow of information centers that vanking has followed throughout history. It is the first principle of history, without knowledge of which our specie's litany of squabbles makes little sense. That this was information taught only at the top and deleted from common history was stupid. I hammered again that information center sequence was important, and that instead of being some "myster of Babylon" should rather be common sense made common knowledge. So, I would trace the centers again: Babylon, Jerusalem, Rhodes, Rome, Malta, Lisbon, the Azores, Belle Isle, Nantucket and Martha's Vinyard; and conclude to (with again the exception of that Society of Newspaper Editors) a rousing applause as I recited a stanza from my work, **CHINA TALKS**; remembering as well, that they were – after all – on vacation, and wanted most from their \$7.00 worth of tour, a bit of magic and a bit of mystery:

*I have slept with Billy Bones.
I have sailed with John Paul Jones.
The rattles of sea battles
Are the marrow of my bones.
Down past Battle Harbour,
Past the Straits of old Belle Isle,
Past where the tide goes up a mile:
Is there still a Vinyard
Midst the mists of Avalon,
Where the worst of heaven mixes
With the Best of Babylon?*

*Mates around we are all,
On this ball of straits and sounds
And the coming comet comments
On the epoch of our bounds.*

These were lonely times for me, still missed Sandy something awful, and was

struggling for an attitude that could forget my near success and just get on with my life. During one of the barrages of phone harrasing I decided, in anger I admit, to complain about being threatened by the State Police. I called up the State Police Headquarters in Framingham. After a short explanation I was put through directly to the commander, a Col. Frank Trobucco. After I got into the story a bit he asked me a few tough questions. I answered. Then he asked me to start over again slowly. I did, and after about two paragraphs he stopped me again. For a second there was silence. Then he told me to immediately call the Massachusetts Office of Public Safety and speak to no one except the Director, Charles Berry. He gave me the number and I called right away. I could not get through to Charles Berry. A Mr. Dennis Condon assured me that he would handle everything. I told him the story and never heard from him. I called back. This time Mr. Condon asked me to put it in writing. I did. I never heard from them. I called back. I asked why I never heard from them. She (this time a woman) asked me to put it in writing. I said that I did. She said to do it again. I said, wait I have put it in writing – you have it. She got off the phone for a few minutes, came back, and told me that they don't have it because they destroy their records every – I think she said five – months. I again, in writing, wrote out the entire story and mailed it to the Office of Public Safety in Boston. Again, I have never heard from them!

Before the season ended a small blond from Boston with an eighty year old "Sicilian accountant" friend in tow arrived at my house on Look Street. "C" had oodles of pure sexual energy dripping from her pores: a caricature of a dumb blond but for real. She called me from Boston, very often, and went on about "kinkies in Vay -gass" and mixed and scrambled National Enquirer non sequitur aphroisms with occasional paragraphs of oddly reasonable speech which she later admitted reading directly out of Newsweek to "impress" me. She had a .38 – "But I don't carry cause like a real lady has friends," – a non-stop, stand-up Gracy Allen. I was convulsed.

I did not want to take another Vineyard winter. With a letter of recommendation provided by Jules, the owner of the tour bus company, I went to the Old Town Trolley Company who did the tours of Boston. The trolley tours were not as much fun with passengers getting on and off at every hotel, and the radio telling you that you were two minutes ahead or four minutes behind while you were stuck in Chinatown traffic. Still, I managed to get in my bit on the Soviet naval maneuvers, although this time I had the best backdrop. I gave my "America backed down" speech four or five times a day, day after day, in front of "Old Ironsides", **the U.S.S. Constitution**, in the Charlestown Naval Yard. How perfect.

One passenger gave me my biggest tip ever, twenty five dollars! He was an old polished gentleman in a homburg who was driven up by a chauffeur in a subdued Lincoln. He patted me on the back and whispered a few foreign sentences in my ear. I could not make the language except that it sounded more Lantian than Slavic. One passenger freaked. After the tour at the Boston Aquarium, he went to all the other drivers and my boss and started flashing his I.D. He was either FBI or CIA, which one I forget. Not only did he copy every iota of information from my special "City of Boston Tour Bus Drivers Licence", and the plate numbers and the trolley number, but I would not be very much surprised to learn that he copied off the serial numbers on all the tires as well!

I was lonely, and it didn't take long before I called "C" and in a few days moved in with her. In "C"'s world, Moscow is a suburb of Toronto because the "deals" are the same. Megabucks is owned by the Church so they can save their bingo space for AA meetings. And she never works Providence because of "Ickles". I never figured out if "Ickles" was some sort of transmittable social disease, or a certain dangerous gangster, or possibly just some pernicious Rhode Island blue law against non sequential speech on Sundays. In any case, mindful of the tractability of social lubrication, and not wanting to seem lacking in basic everyday astuteness in the ways of the world, I would always confess similar, but not quite as emphatic, sentiments concerning the enigmatic "Ickles": what, who or however. Even though with "C" another thing would follow one – if not one thing, another – some things were curiously ordered and either the product of unspoken prompting or demonstrations of world class psychism. She would, out of the blue, say that she knew I "wasn't a commie," or "they know you are okay," and on one occasion made a statement that went through some strange channels

for, as to my knowledge, the only other person who knew of what she was speaking was Emily Winterson from Senator Kennedy's Boston office. No matter, I had no intention of mouthing a horse gift with looks, in fact once, and only once, did I ever begin to question how she knew something. I was halfway through the question when she turned to me and sternly said, "No". I never tried again, ever, but knew, first that it would be useless to pursue, and also that she was true to some code, and that in many ways "C" was, regardless of the flipness of this present scribbling, far more experienced in life than I. I am forever in her debt. As far out in the cold as I felt, it was "C" who held me together that winter and I will always remember the comfort of the hot baths after my return from the trolley park in Southie. And I will remember too, giggles to humor I couldn't reach or fathom that like a lifeline kept me afloat. She always kept a copy of my *Sour Grape* on her coffee table. Although she couldn't understand it, she treasured it. In retrospect, I can see how desperately I needed someone to understand my situation. In exactly what way she comprehended things or by what pipeline she got her information I will never know. It didn't matter. She knew, and I found needed comfort in knowing just that. Many times she would point to the *Sour Grape*, giggle, and say, "Deep shit, Michael... deeeeep shit!" And she knew I "wasn't a commie", and that I was also "okay" to people who for me were in worlds as far away as Mars. Glad and more than a sliver proud to be by some anonymous standard "okay", the harder reality of my situation was brought home when one night she also permitted that "They were thinking of putting you in Marion", but now it was "Okay because you are okay". The word "Marion" was not lost on me. It is the most punitive of our Federal Prisons.

It was dawning the "year of the spy" that spring when I returned to the Vinyard and as the season started gearing for another onslaught of tourists, I had much fascinating reading in the papers. I could not begin to guess how many "who knew what when" charts were being compiled concerning the "sea change". The composite deck of Checka, Kuomintang, room 40, the Mossad et al was being reshuffled like a deck of old soiled playing cards. Being among the first in the West to comprehend what was happening, I had some altitude with which to view the show. Let me be a little more specific: because the news of the sea change and accompanying specifics were passed around, those at the top could make fairly accurate flow charts of information. They could see not only who was spying, but what I was later to learn was more important to them: not spies but loose cannons who could endanger their position! This "show" became a sickening education for me. Morison, the grandson of our great Naval historian, simply got upset and talked the truth: the Soviets with the Chinese could cream us. He was punished not despite that he was a newsman, but because he was! Pollard was punished for "without authority" doing exactly what "Khyber Pass" Ray Flynn is doing. I had received the strange "Chicago Will Ransom" signal from Jacksonville. The Societs were joking about this in a very oblique way in *Soviet Life*. I saw that the Walker Spy case was also a sham. The *Times* had reported that Walker was often seen meeting with high ranking U.S. Naval Officers near Jacksonville. Listen, this is how the newsbusiness works!! – They could not stop an unaware reporter from reporting this. They did not want this emphasized. They had to report it. Later, for the official history, "I Pledge Allegiance" by Howard Blum, all this was deleted!¹⁶ At any rate, I saw the injustice, particularly in the Witworth case. As in the Clayton Lonetree case, they punished more the "spies" that tried to turn themselves in than the real spies. The message was "don't any of you other guys start pointing back to the old Henry Luce network". I wrote to the Judge¹⁷ and the defense. I stated simply that I had information (the letter I had received) strongly indicating that the ring was bigger. I got a call from Michael Lawrence, Office of Naval Intelligence, in Newport. He wants to come to the island and "buy me a few beers". We met at the Wesley House which was closed for the winter. He insisted on talking outside on the porch. He had a computer list of questions. One question, "Have you ever visited a Soviet Embassy", was asked rephrased in ten different ways. He was not comfortable. "Don't you want the letter?" He then asked me if I had ever seen a psychiatrist. I had many years earlier had one appointment. Following the one appointment I stopped drinking. His face lit up. "I have reached a decision. The interview is over." "You don't want the letter!?"

"No."¹⁸ The next day he visited my boss and tried to get my boss to make statements saying that I behaved oddly. My boss refused to do so. He then tried to swear my boss to secrecy using the grand aura of the US Navy. This did not wash with my boss and he told me what had happened. Bless him.

I had been in contact with Emily Winterson of Kennedy's Boston office. She had for some time been in possession of a copy of Naval correspondence ("In reply refer to 5800, ser 02-0490") in which the Commander of the sub base was directed to respond to my allegation. He never did. The drift I got from Ms. Winterson was that, although it was "unusual for Congressional correspondence to be ignored", they were stonewalling. I will add here that there was another odd exchange between myself and Ms. Winterson. I received a letter from Kennedy's office. It was a short letter and stated on official stationery to call the office because "Senator Kennedy has some very interesting information for you." I called Ms. Winterson. She was very upset. Senator Kennedy had sent no such letter. She was sure. But here it was, with embossed franking seals. I did admit that the phrasing of the letter was odd. We decided that either someone had stolen the Senator's franking mail, or was playing an expensive joke. She wanted and got a copy. I still don't get it.

I was at this point, distinctly tired of the gushing over the "magical Vinyard". It was not magical to me.

Early spring was still cold and damp. The Beach Road from Oak Bluffs to Edgartown was just showing a few promising buds on the rose hips. I was feeling not the Vinyard's magic, but the isolation. The local talk of fishing news and scallop prices and the gossip over the yearly shuffle of tourist jobs among us locals was not holding my interest. And of those things that did interest me, there seemed on that sea-sequestered rock not a soul to share them with. The days past. Slowly Beach Road took on more color from the Winter monotone grey of grey-sea, grey-sand, and grey-sky: with each day more of the yellow and the blue and the green of summer.

With summer and the tourists and the warm foghorn nights came Susan. Susan Kohak now weaves a thoughtful life in Aspen, Colorado. Her thoughtfulness directed her in some uncommon but direct courses. Instead of going to grad school after BU, she went to Katharine Gibbs. That bright move led her directly to a position as a secretary to Senator Tsongas in his Boston office, and that at the young age of 22. And this was a trend continued, not in one area but a few, so that at the age of 30, she had an uncommon knowledge of politics, education, and finance. Her aura was distinctly Brahman.

Susan had read my **Sour Grape** and had, in our first interchange of thoughts, taken me as a liberal extremist, a reaction that I had not, though should have, expected. She was from Hingham, near Boston, and our first real time spent together was in Woods Hole. I kept putting off one return trip on the ferry after another. We talked for hours. There wasn't a thing I could talk about that Susan wouldn't grasp and add to. I invited her to spend some time with me on the Vineyard. She had the summer off from a teaching job and had a yen to experience the Vineyard again as she had gone to the Sailing Camp in Oak Bluffs as a teenager. She accepted.

Her first plunge into my heart was the intense interest she took in my tour. She took the tour not once but again and again. Her comments, both on content and style, were no many as thoughtful: exact and careful statements. What a joy! The June days flew by, all too quickly, as now, looking back, I treasure those moments. Felix Neck was now a studio for poetry! I had written **China Talks** on pure raw emotion. I had never before thought of myself as a poet; although the writing

went effortlessly, some direct contact with the muse, as it flowed out all rhymed and metered. I had never talked to someone who wrote poetry. Susan's too was rhymed and metered. No blank verse for us! An entire world was opening for me. And this was not the only world. Her views on politics were far more mature than mine, and she gave me insight into the position of ruling. I had identified so strongly with my parents: political outsiders with a little knowledge railing against the ineptitude of this or that bungling pol. It was Susan who, (with a gene pool carrying the likes of Charlemagne), gently clued me into some hints of what it might be like having the power and responsibility in a world where "shit happens" and you must ride the tides of events. Now the Vineyard was a magical dream indeed. There were long walks and the slow warming shores of Tashmoo. One firefly moonless night sitting on the dock across the little inlet from Menemsha listening to the distant clank of dishes and muffle of distant conversations from the Home Port floating across the black water there was the first kiss. Now it was "our" Linda Jeans and "our" Lambert's Cove. And when Susan had to return to Boston for a few days I could watch the Island for us, so as to insure that it would not disappear with her short absence. Then, looking from the West Chop bluff, I could watch the distant black water reflecting the lights of my ferry returning my Susan to our Island. To rush home to prepare to meet the ferry – to find her already there from an earlier boat – to explain truthfully where I was, to her peals of laughter, out at West Chop acting like a teenager!

It was a magic torn and toppled, not from inward flaw, but outer underserved malice.

Susan had returned again for the 4th of July weekend. The morning of July 5th, 1986, I was, as every morning prepared for my tour. The bus had been gassed and was waiting on the dock along with three others for the first boat, the **Island Queen**. As every morning I read newspaper on thcks that orm the entrance to the Oak Bluffs harbor. I was still a bit shook up from the afternoon before, the 4th. A black pickup truck ran the bus off the road on Moshep's Trail as I was doing my tour. The driver must have been a truck driver. He drove directly at the bus and knew just when to pull away to miss us by inches. I was all the way in the ditch shaking with 30 passengers who were also fairly shaken up. I had written up a report and had given it to Rich Hammond. I did not yet realize, as I sat on the rock waiting for the **Island Queen**, that the day before was just the softening up. As the **Queen** neared the the harbor two men came up to me with walkie-talkies. They were in their thirties and had that military bearing. Although there was plenty of area around, they chose to stand right next to me. One got on his walkie-talkie and started talking to someone on the **Queen**, "Okay, Operation Front Row is ready to go down. Are you ready?" I felt crowded by th guys o I mawaybout fifteen yards. They followed. They stood again right next to me. Again one got on his walkie-talkie, "Operation Front Row is ready to go." I was getting a bit unnerved, particularly witht he experience of the previous day. I moved again. They moved again. Again the same guy got on this horn and that same line about "Operation Front Row". By this time the boat had tied up. I started walking toward my bus. They followed. Just after the gangway was put down, one passenger jumped ahead of all the others and ran, and I mean ran, toward my bus. He was a slim guy about 35 with short dark hair. He was carrying some jackets which he placed in the fist two rows of seats on the driver's side. When I approached the bus it was just him and me and as the other passengers were still just getting off the boat. He walked up to me and put his arm around me in a very overly-familiar threatening way. He put his other hand on my stomach. I had read of Crazy Joe Gallo talking to people while holding their testicles: same idea. "We got the front seats. We heard about your tour. My friend might want you to change some things. You won't mind." I minded very much but said nothing. He introduced me to his friend who was a short little fellow with a small bone structure and a protruding pot belly. One look in this guy's eyes and I saw that he capable of anything. I was afraid on one hand, and on the other hand was making surreal comments to myself, "Where did they get these guys? Central Casting for the Mario Puzo film?" I said nothing of a grave nature in the tour until the airport, about half an hour down the road, so I had time to think. I could just change the

tour for this trip. I ruled that out thinking that they were obviously going to a lot of trouble and most likely had a procedure for that. I decided to do the tour straight and see what would happen. Sure enough when I was half way through my bit about the aircraft carriers at the airport they broke in. "Oh, no, no, no, we can't have this. You can't say that. We are going to have to have a little talk with you at the break. Where is that? Gay Head? Yeah, we'll have a little talk when we get to Gay Head." At Gay Head we had our "little talk". This tree surgeon from Newton knew how to get a point across. He never mentioned what specific harm would come to me, but his message was loud and clear. And he never used the phrase "swim with the fishes". He did say that there was not word for "spy" in Scicillian, a statement that I doubted very much. I was tempted to correct him and say that I was no sort of spy, but realized that he didn't care what I was or wasn't, it was just a job. He was obviously quite practiced at extortion and the terror came through in a cold, damp, dark bolt to my heart. This was serious. When I deleted the part about the Soviet naval maneuvers they laughed and approved. They laughed among themselves about having to come over and take care of business for these stupid Island people, that these stupid Island people weren't capable of taking care of business for themselves, and that maybe they should start some other business here with these stupid Island people who call themselves Vine-yard-ers, hu hu. They continued to laugh and insult me throughout the tour. I was sick to the depth of my soul.

I was, however, blessed with having Susan to talk to. She was so bright, so sensible, and knew about the more serious aspects of life. Her Grandfather who lived on the Cape had all his teeth pulled in torture but survived the German death camps. He was not Jewish, but a Czech journalist who had covered their parliament. He had worked until his retirement for Radio Free Europe as head of their Czech Desk. I trusted Susan. We went over every detail of what had happened. Some people had gone to much trouble to plan and execute this operation. By presenting me with both the military and mob types they were saying, "Don't even think of reporting this to anybody, we are everybody." It was Susan's phrase that summed it up, "...They are playing for keeps."

Something died in me. I could not admit to how bad I really felt. I said things like: "Well, if I made them do that, I guess I made my point." What a lie! And it weighed heavy. It was this emasculating predicament that eventually took its toll on the relationship. In losing my most precious right and reason, I was lost to any relationship with myself, and that in course precluded a relationship with anybody else. Our parting was a slow helpless drift. No great lines, "We will always have the Menemsha," just a slow withering as I was not able at the time to see how greatly I was wronged. Fall and winter rolled in again. The Beach Road from Edgartown to Oak Bluffs became grayer and grayer until as the shorter and darker days went by the gray sea and the gray sand and the damp cold gray air along this drismal drive was punctuated only here and there and now and again by a dead seagull. At a time too late there was nothing left but simple straightforward remorse.

The Gay Head Police never investigated the complaint that Rich Hammond assured me that he gave them.

Time went by. The phone harassment continued. I even had my mail tampered with. I was standing with a postal employee one day as I was opening my box in Vinyard Haven. A letter from the Soviet Union was in my box opened and torn up. There was a stamp on it saying that it was resealed in Boston. Therefore it must have been unsealed again on the Vineyard. I brought this to the attention right then of the employee. The next day I filed a long complaint as I had also had mail deep sixed, specifically mail to Archbishop Trevor Moore in Philadelphia just prior to his Moscow visit. Copies of the complaint went to the Postmaster. Separate copies of the complaint went to the Postal Inspector in Boston. I copied

Congressman Studds on the complaint. The Postmaster said there would be "one hell of an investigation." There never was. I have never heard from them.

There had been a headline in the Boston Globe (this was still during the cold war) that every time I thought of it would send me into peals of laughter: SOVIET ISRAELI COKE RING BUSTED IN BRAINTREE!!! How could someone pen this headline without melting their brain? These had to be either the stupidest crooks on earth or have the best connections. It had to be the latter. The Mafia was a checking system. Grunwald, Ambassador to Austria during the Felix Block foulup, is a Vinyarder. Etc. Etc. I had even overheard some Hunkie types talking, as they flashed wads of 100s in the MobilMart, how they had to talk with the "Russkies". A short time after this mindtwisting headline there was a real short piece in the Vineyard Gazette. It seemed that an Israeli was assumed murdered on the Vineyard. His clothes were found with his wallet and money, all in a neat pile, under the Oak Bluffs bridge. This was buried in the Gazette. Murder, on Martha's Vinyard, is almost unheard of. This should have been the biggest story of the year! It was also a reminder of how serious the threat from the State Police could be.

Exactly one year after the "Operation Front Row" tour there were two connected letters-to-the-editors (husband and wife) in the Vinyard Gazette. The letters and the comments by Dick Reston are on page "G" of the appendix. A black pickup truck had terrorized a woman at night in West Tisbury, following her and chasing her off the road. Her husband was offering a \$1,000.00 reward to anyone with information, "...Which would be sufficient to enable criminal legal action." The letter denouncing this "crime" and "terrorism" as "equivalent to attempted murder" was anonymous. Dick Reston added a note in which he stated that the Gazette's policy was not to have unsigned letters, but, "The two letters that follow are unsigned for obvious reasons". I could think of no good reasons, and could only come up with some Byzantine twists of bad reasons; but I kept this to myself. Mr. Reston went on to say that the Gazette "...Knows the couple and is prepared to act as their liaison..." As soon as I saw the letter I went to Rich Hammond, and sure enough he had kept the complaint about my black pickup truck incident in the safe. I made of copy of it and went to the Gazette. A few days later I had my appointment with "Scotty" Reston's son. I first told Dick that I was afraid. That I had been threatened. He assured me that as a journalist he handles many tricky situations: that I could trust him. I told him the story. All of it. He listened and proceeded to talk about the reward. I was a tad miffed and said so. I had not come about a reward, I had come because I was being threatened and the Police were doing nothing. He was audacious enough to return to the subject of the reward. I again, clearly, went over the facts, that I had too been threatened, that in my case it was not at night but in broad daylight, that the tourists were from an arraigned tour so that we have their names and address: thirtyodd people with a clear make of the culprit. "Here is a copy of the complaint. The police have done nothing. Rich Hammond swears that he has sent this to the police. The original is in the tour office safe. By this non-action, I can only conclude that the police are reinforcing the threat. I am asking for your help." He had been through two Marlboros by now and lit up a third. For a moment I almost thought that "Scotty's" son, an ex-Moscow correspondent for the Los Angeles Times was going to bring up the reward yet again. He must have ruled that out this time as I rolled my eyes because he snuffed the butt out after just one puff, leaned back in his wooden editor chair and sang in a low, full, cigarette rasp, "...Weeeeeelllll..."

He crooned that he knew how to handle this. Said again that he would talk to the letter writer (whatever for?), and that I would hear from him by the end of the week. After three weeks of not hearing a thing, I called this editor whose brother

wrote a book saying Oswald acted alone, a book which got gobs of free press in the Wall Street Journal et al, a book which even with all that free press, nobody purchased because nobody believed. Mr. Reston would not take my calls.

A few weeks after that I went to Chief Manter of the West Tisbury Police and asked him what happened. Chief Manter said he was very surprised, that the first he had heard about the black pickup incident was from the Gazette. We went through the log and there was nothing on it. He admitted that something was amiss. He would "look into it". I did find out the name of the officer that night, began with "D", something like "Dunbar". When I caught up with this officer he was fearful and defensive. Coughed, hedged, stuttered and stammered. Finally agreed that a complaint was made. After reading the letters agreed further, "Yes, I guess", that the complaint maker met with him twice. Stated that he could not remember if the person who made the complaint was male or female!

I called the Gay Head Police Department and asked about the complaint mailed to them. I spoke to the Chief who stated simply that it was none of my business. I argued that the public record concerning a threat upon my life was my business. That conversation ended in a shouting match.

There followed a few yars of trying to forget everything that happened and "get on with my life".

Here again the narrative does not flow easy.

This is a truthful account. What I will relate next, I did not want to tell you. At first I thought that it might cloud the issue. In a way it does cloud the issue, in a way it might clear some things up.

A number of months ago I found a deep wound on my leg in the muscle tissue right next to my tibia: an exact circle 1½ centimeters round and ¾ of a centimeter deep. There was a little patch of blood on my leg but essentially no bleeding. I have seen a good deal of trauma. I understand that there are many wounds in which there is surprisingly little bleeding. However, even when no vessels are severed, now and again you must sponge at least a little. The bleeding from this wound was less than little. There was a way that I could stretch and account for the wound, but it was a far stretch. There were also burns marks on the backs of my legs. The burns left a curious serrated pattern. I had no memory of being burned. I would stand in the shower and try to see if there was a position in which I could have scalded myself. I determined that both the showerhead and my legs would be in a very unlikely position. But more disturbing: how could I have scalded myself without remembering? I picked up a book on alien abductions — one of the mass market paperbacks. A shiver of fear went through me as I read part. That was that. Three months after I had an experience in a dream. This was definatly a dream. I was awake in the dream and knew what day it was and where my body was. In the dream I was with two beings very much like the popular pictation on the paperbacks. I stayed in a state of pure terror for what seemed like twenty minutes. Then there was a sharp pain near my left ear and I woke up. For weeks I wept night and day. I could not stop crying. I cried in the car, I cried in restaurants; non stop. Physically, I felt great. That is an understatement. I felt just like the afterglow of sex: continual, non stop. That is it. All of the story! I do not claim that I was abducted by "space people" or that I was in a flying saucer. Just simply what I have stated in this short paragraph.

This was catalytic. I had been suffering from deep depression. My story without the weird aspect of the wound and dream experience is hard to believe. I wanted credibility. All psychiatrists have been receiving notices in the mail to take abduction reports seriously. I was to find out that in some cases my abduction, if that is what it was, was more quickly believed than the rest of this story. However, when I connected with the right people, in time, documenting as much as possible, I was believed. In this process I had been in touch with an organization called the *Association of National Security Alumni* in Washington. A lady by the name of Julianne McKinny had sent me some government white papers on what

they are calling "non-lethal" psychotronic technologies. The head of these technologies is none other than the son of Henry Luce! Henry Luce II! Ms. McKinny sent me an article she wrote where people claimed that tests were done on them in a psychiatric environment in which messages were put into their heads. What?! How could these people help me with my credibility? I was soon to read that there are technologies in which you think certain thoughts and thereby activate a computer. What her article was describing was simply the reverse, if you can do one, you can do the other. I thought about times where I would shun people or ideas that I believed were in situations where I was going for credibility myself. There are special interest subgroups who shun each other to their own disadvantage. The UFO wackos don't want to associate with the Trilateral Commission wackos, etc. What I see as very powerful, no matter how small, is the growing connecting threads between these groups. When these threads begin to understand the true position of media, things can begin to move for the better. That is why I know that no matter how much of my audience I have lost credibility with by including the paragraph of weirdness, if I have increased that tiny thread, it will be worth it: those lost will return a thousand fold. The "publishers" want us divided begging for their attention: "Write about me, I'm not one of them!" The truth is that they already know that what you are saying is true.

I have many times made fun of mental health professionals as muddled bunkos of psychobabble. I was lucky enough to get good counsel. This was not from the "alternative" end either. It is quite a story, but going slow, with much documentation, I am believed and supported. Of course I was depressed! I am under a death threat: unable to speak or write! It is difficult to talk about without sounding crazy. I am grateful for this help. At any rate, I had to do some sorting to conclude:

1. I can tell my full story and not be thought crazy, and that, moreover, for almost all of my accusations, it did not matter if I was crazy as a loon, the witnesses and evidence were with me.
2. That I was greatly wronged.
3. That you, Dear Lady - Kind Sir, have been greatly wronged as well.
4. That the graveness of the situation demands of me that I must at all costs stand up.¹⁹

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John is selling "privacy". The Publishers are fanning your emotions over privacy when John through TRW (he owns), the phone company, and any other agency of government knows everything about you. He wants to protect your "privacy" so that you do not know who he is! John is also selling "Free Trade". Only two principles will end war. The first is open banking. There is no need for privacy in that area. Small geographic areas must be able to protect their economic health. If not, their "deomcracies" are a sham.²⁰ Outside interets will always control. If the "armies of the South" insist on these two simple principles in time the lizard vintage will be left, with Turkish delight, a group of pariah dogs on a small island.

Yes, there are signs of change. There are now such numerous cases of psychiatric irregularity in our military that there is even a large organization, *Wounded Eagles*, who hold conventions: an unheard of phenomena. The media will not cover this. There is a police organization called *Aid and Abet* that is up in arms about police irregularities: really unheard of! The media will not cover this. The "new age" set, once very non-political, are running around looking for information on a "secret government" as many of their "channelers" (Barbara Marciniak comes to mind) are pointing to this. Very unusual. The media will most certainly not cover this!

Unfortunately, it does not seem like enough. There were signs of change before other periods in our history when things changed for the worse. Too little: too late.

Just how bad?

War.

Not just a war, but a war in great measure. War like we have never before seen. The powers in control, and John is a big part of this, need a war to survive. They will not only start one at all costs, but are not overly concerned that they may not get the one that they want. Mr. Lehman wants a war in the Balkans. It is being sold as a war that will not spread, the mountains will contain it. The middle east is getting chummy so it will not spread there. For a careful observer this shows that peace could have been had at any time!

In the Balkans there have been four wars from the Crimean to the First World War. The Balkans have been, and still are, scrunched between the interests of

three families in their legates: the Hapsburgs, the Romanovs, and the Osmanlis. In a recent Safire column he sates, obliquely but not too obliquely, that Yeltsin needs a war to stay in power. So does John.

In a sense it has started. The forces that John has in Somalia, by size and operation, constitute an act of war. This is to contain Africa on one hand, and be a launching pad to the Red Sea and Persian Gulf on the other.²¹ Some State Department officials have quit their jobs as a protest that we have increased hostilities by curtailing arms to the muslim enclave. The press has reversed the implication in the public's mind concerning this protest! Most people believe that the officials are protesting us not going in to stop "ethnic cleansing"!!! We are creating the "ethnic cleansing" and using the expression over and over knowing the effect on the mass mind.

Arms flow into the Caucasus from four directions: one by sea, three by land. The cohesiveness of this Tartar sauce has not yet been named. Africa is a tinder box in all definitions. Israel might remember what Kitchner once said about his Brits: "Are they protecting the canal, or is the canal protecting them?" How quickly they would be a "Fort too far"!²² Ex-Boston Mayor Ray "Kyber Pass" Flynn slinks up to the Han Clan in China selling "prospects" and "control". Large headlines screech like fingers on a blackboard: PEACE! PEACE! PEACE! I am going to be very cautious and stop here. I could go on and on and on.

"...Weeeeeelll..." you say, "We were just curious. War never seems to disturb 'our' set. Nope, doesn't seem like something that would effect or disturb us. You see, we were the ones smart enough to buy into Rockwell and General Dynamics many years ago. We understand very well that the bomb testing is just a little theater to keep the rabble in awe.²³ As far as war coming to us: we never go to the 'in spots'. We keep a low profile. Those in our position would resent and label 'terrorist' any intrusion into our business which is our, private, business. Thank you..."

Dear Lady, Kind Sir, money and position are the least of your worries. If I used the word "soul" you would in a condescending smirk allow another's odd religious imaginings. Then let me then speak of the nature's tendency to economize in substance and energy, its proclivity to shun waste, and the strong tendency to destroy in the process of building. The forefront of scientific thinking is now determining that energy is in itself substantial, corporeal in its own field. But this might not be the substance that is truly substantial for you. Some substance is eternal, some is not. Some that is not eternal may become eternal. Substance that is near eternal may, in an economy of physics, be given a quick culling test by virtue of necessity and decision of virtue.

That your culling decisions are near is certain. That the choices will be created with utmost imagination and ingenuity should be expected. To say that there is no safe formula for being "saved" is safe. To describe this elusive precious "it": difficult. Let me therefore, for your benefit, Dear Lady - Kind Sir, call upon the muse and *by the pen:*
say:

It was oft times with those in victory, but at thimes with those in defeat. It was at times with those who fled. It was at times with those who stood.

It was, now with ill-augured German blood reminded, with Travis and Bowie and Crockett at their last stand.

It was not with Patton beyond the Elbe and that in his heart, despite what he said, he knew. It was just barely with Admiral Togo, as he stood in the bow watched by unseen Panda eyes.

It was even for a time with those Manchu-like Mamelukes, just that

last wondrous time, and that we would do well to remember. They were those 80,000 homosexual warriors who for generation upon generation upon generation repopulated without women by buying boys from the Caucasus. It was never with them, these bloodletting overlords, who taught their boys to hate women, except that very last time near the end. Then, near the end of their revolt in the Egyptian desert against Napoleon Bonapart, they gave their all. They had, under the dark death hand of Murad, both at Jibbrish and beneath the perfection of the Pyramids, been torn to bloody pieces of steel and men and horseflesh; thier English carbines and curved knives unable to breach and no match for the French cannonades. It was with them toward the end, that they held Bonapart up the Nile. It was with them for those last charges and even with them when Bonapart caught up with Ibrahim's detachment and the fighting was hand to hand. That night a young boy whose mounted "protector" had been wasted in the slaughter snuck into the camp and sliced the throats of French horses both holding back Bonapart yet another day and holding back his dispatches to Bruey. The second horse's struggle alerted the guard. He caught our boy, held him down, and brought his bayonet to the child's bottom: "*Le beau sexe?*" The child's warm blood and warm bowel fluids mixed with the warm blood of the horse on the cool sand: "*Gage d'amour!*" It was with that child that night, and those that read maps know so well what that price brought... time, time, time... precious, precious time for Admiral Nelson. Bruey's fleet was caught anchored by their bows, crews mostly ashore, and thier decks cluttered with troop cabins. Nelson with two squadrons worked his gunners to exhaustion without interruption until small fires were set on seven of the nine demasted. Then, between shifts in the wind, seven pillars of smoke rose up to touch a single low cloud leaving those spent gunners to wonder if those seven wise pillars did not only hold up heaven, but did by some perfection of form contain all of heaven themselves, and that this could that day be by the English purloined and brought back with them through the Gates of Hercules.

It was with Richard II always. Even when he ran he bungled into it. It was with him in Ireland when he went to war and warred not and in hidden bigamy did something else for which he should not be ashamed. It was with him mostly a joy and, though in some secret a sorrow and in some sorrow a secret, with him this very hour.

It was not with Howe or Cornwallis or Burgoyne or Clinton. For if it were they would have together attacked the Carolinas in force and the day and the land be theirs. It was with those rough and unseasoned

farmers who, guarding our treasure, stood at King's Mountain that very windy day and who, when they told their stories in the dirt floor taverns or outside the unpainted churches of Gastonia, recounted in awe how their precious lead balls flew with such guided and deadly accuracy that they shivered in agreement: not a hair short of uncanny.

It was with Joan of Arc and Joan the Other. Not Romulus or Cain, but their brothers.

It was, a time a time not, with haganah: with jihad, a time a time not and a time again. It was with Kitchner most times but the end: with Allenby, never, not ever. Not with "the fox" or his wife Herodias, but well with the head that she severed.

It was the essence of what had fled Herod: for what it was that Herod had not, did with its loss lose those around him.

It was with Saladin of course. And not, of course, Abu Jahl.

It was with Rezin a time.

It was with Azariah before he slept and with him now forever.

It was with the Lieutenants of Abraham.

It was what the Prophet Muhammad received and considered and held as he was tending a lame horse with His rough shield draped from His shoulder.

It was not with Gordon. It was with Lawrence.

It was what Aquaba was to Him, and He to Aqaba, that He would march to Her.

Sincerely,

[Michael Donovan](#)

2051 East Ocean View, Apt. 7
Norfolk, VA 23503

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APPENDIX

(Starts on page 40 after the endnotes)

"A"	page 40	Citibank ad
"B"	page 41	Citibank ad body copy
"C"	page 42	John
"D"	page 43	Cattle mutilation story
"E"	page 44	"Sea Change" example one
"F"	page 45	"Sea Change" example two
"G"	page 46	Letters to Editor from <u>Vinyard Gazette</u>

"C.C."

Page 47 lists a number of parties who have received copies of this missive.

Endnotes

1. It is axiomatic that wars are very hard to start and very hard to stop. Wars do not "break out". Peace breaks out. Wars are made. Jeremiah would often point to two pages in his Shearpard's to show what peace looks like: many little countries.
2. My Father was later to hint at what this type of mindset would say if "turncoats" in any large number were to become part of final negotiations in a cease fire with the Vietnamese: kill them.
3. I later read that Alexander Haig was also deeply concerned during this war and took a trip to London to check out rumors that the Soviets in some form of demonstration had hinted that they might interfere, and were capable of sinking the *Intrepid* with Prince Andrew in it. Haig was reported to have taken this far more seriously than those around them. In retrospect, I think that drama was a test of our reactions. Those "above" Haig knew that the "fix was in". There was then a shaking of the tree to see what various reactions would occur. For one thing, it demonstrated that the General was not very high in his level of security knowledge. Intuitively, (and in retrospect) I sense the quiet hand of Chernenko — a little test!
4. Chronicles have given the distance from plane to target as "six or seven miles". It was nine miles if it was an inch. "Chaff" are fake targets thrown about when a missile is locked on. Advances in mathematics will make differentiating between target and chaff easier and easier. This is even more reason why subs are deadlier and deadlier.
5. Chernenko was dying. He decided to play a full game before he died. It is reasonable to assume that he was acting largely on his own, he had full support of those around him, but he was the major player. He rose to power as an "information man". Pictures of him as a border guard, his only military, position shows that type of person that just never fit in uniform. He was the real brain behind Brezhnev and in some ways it is surprising that Antropov became Brezhnev's successor. Chernenko, when making speeches, was apt to stare off into space and start drooling. It was not his style that brought him to power, but his capacity to see into complex problems. It is for no small reason that the "new world order" would like this man, be forgotten.
6. What I do remember was that I felt it necessary to "slow them down" by giving

them something to chew on. I knew that hinting at a "cell" would be a wrench in the system. That they would need to check this out thoroughly even if they were sure it was a put on. What I did not realize (with the term "graymail" being created and thrown around for almost a year) was just how big a wrench I created.

7. I was not thinking of UFOs during the creation of **Tinkerbell**, it was just a device. Tinkerbell as a character was ultimately nebulous. Be noticed by some people, not by others, and even had a different character to some people than to others. Tinkerbell was a way to move the camera, it swooped down from some earth orbit to do its deeds. If you did not need to notice Tinkerbell's presence you didn't, but that could be remedied by a remark, or even a slight weaving motion of the camera as a reminder. In one scene Tinkerbell is in a conference room with some Soviet brass. A few of them feel a bit of a presence and look curiously Tinkerbell's way from time to time. They are arguing, trying to reach a decision. There is a bit of a stalemate and they don't know where to go. Tinkerbell says "Da". They all look around to see who said it. Tinkerbell says "Da" again. Again they look around. Then one nods and says "Da". Then a few more do, and they all do. A good portion of the action takes place during the Children's War in Uganda. Our press did little to cover this war, but when it was over, took careful note of Yuvandi.

8. During the three day wait, what I was concerning myself with was not so much what I would say, but what I was feeling. I was dealing with emotional bonding, in this case to flag. I was seeing that switching allegiances or sides just switches one limitation to another and that the best course in my situation was to rise to the best ideas of the allegiance I was in. I did get a lesson in the degree of thick, substantive, powerful quality of flag-bonding that we don't usually see until we are in an unusual situation. I believe that exploring emotional bonding issues will be a mental health concern in the future. That they would be diagramed as part of diagnosis, and that direction of optimal change would be toward having bondings which are both deep and easy to break if mood encourages. Further, for optimal emotional growth, that periods of non-bonding be created to learn to "ride on your own". Just a thought. Our planet nabobs have great stock in flag-bonding, divide and rule. I was festinated by the ending of Spike Lee's **Malcolm X**. The ending looked as if it was tagged on as an afterthought. It had nothing to do with the story. It was just flag-waving cute black kids and Nelson Mandella repeating over and over the phrase "Afro-American... Afro-American... Afro-American", in a seemingly mindless litany. Now I realize that what I was watching wasn't a mindless litany at all, but some sophisticated programming. First of all "Afro-American" as an expression could have in no way come from the black community. The overriding trend in Black influence on our language is to shorten and simplify expressions and usage. "He bad," and "He be bad," is economy of syntax. "He bad," means he is bad now, watch out. "He be bad," means he is bad as a permanent condition, always watch out, he'll be bad tomorrow too. Most variety of meaning with the fewest words. If someone "dises" you, it don't matter whether you

have been dismissed, disinherited, disarmed, disabled, or discarded. When you dised, you dised. The extra syllables have no meaning. Blacks never came up with "Afro-American". "Afro-American" is jingoism forced by repetition in the media as being "politically correct". The object is to increase flag bonding. I is so inordinately out of place that it leaves no doubt that it was some sort of Hollywood political deal making. It is antithetical to the real principals of America and I am glad that Mr. Lee tagged it at the end of his masterful film in such a way that when we come back to our senses it can be snipped off.

9. Technology makes records easier to create and store. Traditionally security companies kept records for generations. Security companies here have had their commission allow them to destroy all records every seven years. Considering that is often the only reference in probate questions, the law is a licence to not only aid in theft, but insure that the account never leave the firm. I hold an account number in Merrill Lynch that should have been probated. I cannot understand that Plunkett and McLaughlin accounts could disappear in air. Why do these "new" new security and exchange laws allow records to be destroyed after a few years? Records are now easier to keep, not harder. The trend also exists in State Government. The Massachusetts Office of Public Safety only keeps records for six months. Why have the office at all? What a neat way to reinvent government.

10. Recently Russell Baker did a column with the heading: "Papa Was Right." Mr. Baker highlighted the correctness of Mr. Hemingway's concern over FBI surveillance: that it was real, not paranoia. Although the master was distraught, pickled, and peeved, he was right. The truth from Freedom of Information records confirm Papa's suspicions. J. Edgar was watching Papa's every move. What really needs to be highlighted here is that in this instance, Hoover's concern was not paranoia either: Papa *was* a danger. All significant "secrets" are in the open. It is the level of awareness that is the issue. However tremulous Papa's state, he was still quite capable of creating another jaded journalist as in **The Sun Also Rises** who would not say anything different than Puzo's Lansky or Robert Redford in **Havana**, but say it in a way that would impact the mass mind: a noticed and clear worry to J. Edgar's gumbata. All the messages are there. What is needed, and what this country should be about, is giving the right messages the right exposure. When the fourth estate preempts the others to the point of total dominance, there is then no voice of dissent: the wrong message will always then be given and taken.

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Endnotes

11. Camels were relatively late to arrive in Africa, a fact I overlooked for simplification. There was a recent *Times* article showing a map of human migration, created by DNA mapping, as our species emerged from Africa and covered the globe. An overlay of equestrian DNA might make an interesting addition. At any rate, at the time of Babylon, the transportation on the dark continent was the horse, not the camel.

12. An astute observer here might say: "Where was England in all this? Didn't England rule the waves?" Exactly, England was just slightly off the information center line of development. And with that a distinct advantage provided by Mr. Isaac Newton. Newton wasn't just gravity, he was calculus – the merging of algebra with cartesian plane. It was this that gave the British that one critical edge, the ability to accurately fire cannon from a pitching ship. And it was having an edge in this area that spurred the room 40 crowd into keeping it. That is why they had such an incessant watch in this area, going to lengths such as having divers surreptitiously measure small fractions of an inch differences in the slope of German propellers, etc. Help of John lost it.

13. I worked hard in trying to explain the "sea change" in simple, easy to understand terms. I knew that I would lose something in the simplification process. The biggest loss was the China factor. It was China who built all the submarines. They were working with the Soviets. If the Soviets started building all the subs we would have caught on. Some Arab (Saudi I think) was a guest on board one of our space shuttles. He made a statement that was quoted in all the papers, "You can't see lines of maps from up here, just one world." Bull, the Great Wall of China stands out clear as day. This spring (93) the *New York Times* had an article on the early silk trade. Over the article it had a map with the trade route winding all the way from Rome on the left side of the map to China all the way on the right. In the short article below it was stated, noticeably without explanation, that there was a "secret mission" and "secret message" carried from China's Wu-Tui to Rome. The secret can be deduced from the map: the enemy of my enemy is my friend. Look at all the space between China and Rome! Obvious secret would for China and Rome to play enemy while being very secret friends. That deal ended with the Kuomintang's flight in 49. Looking down at that Great Wall it is hard to believe that we could be so sophomoric as to believe we were outwitting these two masses of land that have had intelligence between them for over 5,000 years. (The *Times* article also reinforced my allusion to Wu-Tui in my poetic

work China Talks, for which I thank them.

14. Not long after Ex-Director Richard Helms was on national TV remarking that the Mossad was not always on top of things as it thought it was. He was referring to their total ignomance in regard to the navies. I suspect that great care was taken in both Russia and China to keep this from all Jewish communication channels. Like so much of what goes on in the news, Mr. Helms did not explain his remark. It was meant for only a certain very select audience.

15. In retrospect there seemed to be numerous probing of our reactions on a number of levels leading up to the "sea change". The name of the defector slips my mind, but the one "right in the seat of power" as *Time Magazine* put it, was obviously not in the seat of power at all. He was encouraged to defect, as we admitted. Time magazine broadcasted total gullibility with their "right in the seat of power" statements. He wasn't. They knew he wasn't. We said he was. They then knew that what we thought we knew was wrong. Given to the Soviets on a silver platter by Henry Grundwald.

16. Howard Blum also deleted sexual exploits that would help sell the book, (the motel screenings) because it would hint at large mob involvement! Mr. Blum wrote a book on government interests in UFOs, "Out There". People who I have talked to in the UFO field (my interest in the subject is new) don't have a good feeling about the author. Mr. Blum boasts about being a National Security Agency insider.

17. Howard Blum in his discussions concerning the Walker and Witworth trials joked about this Federal Judge, Judge Vusakis, as being barely awake throughout the trials, that this was the Judge's reputation.

18. I then wrote a funny letter to a US Attorney in Boston concerning all of this. He wrote that he was not interested. Richard C. Stearns went on to become a Federal Judge. A few weeks ago he was considered for the Directorate of the FBI!!! That this treasonous Richard C. Stearns could end up as a Federal Judge is beyond me. That he could end up considered as director of the FBI is even more outrageous. The rotting corpse of J. Edgar dressed only in earrings and a scant navy pinafore in a block of plexiglass would by that standard not offend. It would be more fitting and restful for all the departed souls who well served the United States Nay that Judge Richard C. Stearns be dragged down from his bench, stood himself before the bar, and after a bladder-relieving anointment of sprinkled due process, be robe-waddled off to a condition of riddled-red permanence more conducive to the public trust and good: shot.

19. One of our ex Chief of Naval Operations (Carlyle Troust – the roar that moused) gave a speech in San Diego saying that the next war will be between the North and the South. If we are the "armies of the North" we might consider what would happen suddenly after northern capitols keep winning?

20. A certain muddleheaded United States Senator penned a tedious tome titled after Dante's hell. He fawns over the good old days of "we kept the peace" cold war, worries about pandemonium breaking out between all these "little countries". He somehow fails to note that:

1. these problems would be faced anyway,
2. private banking and free trade are stripping them out of their rights, and
3. he personally represents interests that would benefit by large geographic control.

Makes you wonder about genetic engineering again. Did St. Patrick really get rid of snakes, or did he hide them by grafting them on to some Celtic stock?

21. John's world view is a dangerously-out-of-date, warmed-over blood-hash of Hedley Donovan geoscrabble garbled again with Kissinger sneakiness. His mask needs to be ripped off on national TV. The Bill of Rights needs exercise. We must publish, speak. Arm.

22. After the Six Day War, there were some productive thoughts about creating part of a New Palestine by piping part of the Nile over into the Sinai. It did not happen because we were not going to let those "dirty little people" on both sides of "our" canal. My Father's maps of New Palestine sit forgotten in the basement of Rockerfeller Center in the morgue of *Time*.

23. This spring in a small almost hidden article in the *Boston Globe* it was revealed that there was, from Eastern Russia, a twenty foot long tube of uranium missing. By this twist of definition, a car with a battery missing would be a pile of auto parts. It would take very little to make this a bomb. I have heard through another source that there were 17 such devices missing. There can be no security with secrecy.