

The Oedipus Connection: Where Fiction and Fantasies Collide with the New World Order

Chapter One



"In closing, I'd like to tell you a little bed-time story, that hopefully will keep you awake, tonight," said graduate assistant Rebecca Sarah Silverthorne to her Humanities class at the exclusive Williams College, in Williamstown, Massachusetts.

It was a late Fall afternoon, with over cast skies, that showed every promise of snow. And like the weather, young Ms. Silverthorne's face turned serious, pausing to let the gravity of her words sink into minds that were, on average, only about five or six years younger than hers.

"This story," continued Ms. Silverthorne, "is perhaps particularly appropriate since the big Williams verses Amherst football game is scheduled for tomorrow

afternoon. It's a short story and to the point.

"And while I know all of you girls will be wearing your finest, and you young men will be sneaking in flasks of Irish whiskey, stop and consider my little story in between slugs of whiskey, cheers, and hugs.

"Once upon time, there lived a rich and powerful English nobleman, who authorized the wholesale killing of thousands of innocent children, women, and men ... much like what is going on in today's world ... except not on today's grand scale.



"This early pioneer in germ-warfare was none other than Field Marshall Jeffery Amherst, 1st Baron of Amherst (1717-1797), who served as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in the new world colonies in North America, from Virginia to parts of Northeast Canada.

"Amherst was also the first Governor General of British North America, during the French and Indian Wars.

"Now recall, if you will, some of your pre-Revolutionary War history, and, I'm sure you'll remember that those French and Indian Wars took place roughly between 1754 and 1763, well before our war of independence from England.

"The French never considered our native Americans to be their enemies, and gained their friendship with supplies of blankets, food, and even firearms.

"But Field Marshall Amherst implement a different strategy with our American Indians. It was a brutal subjugation of our native population, that included starvation, disease sickness, and death.

"The native populations of the North American continent lacked the white man's immunities to the infectious diseases – such as the deadly smallpox – that had long ravaged Asia, Eastern and Western Europe.

"Smallpox was more deadly than the white man to the American Indian ... except when smallpox was purposely spread by the white man – like the English man, Lord Amherst.

"Jeffrey Amherst, as micro-film of his letters prove,

pretended to become a benefactor to Indians by giving them hundreds of blankets, without ever telling them that those very same blankets had purposely been infected with smallpox.

"And yet, American and Canadian colonists named cities after this monster. I'm sure you've heard of Amherst, Massachusetts, it's just down the road. How about Amherst, New Hampshire, or Amherst, New York? Have you ever heard of Amherst County in Virginia, or Amherst, Nova Scotia?" They even named Amherst College after that beast ..."

Suddenly, from the back of the classroom came a strong voice.

"Ah Madam Speaker," interrupted student Cooper Hampton Wentworth-Smith. "Amherst College was named after the city of Amherst. It was the city that was named after Lord Amherst. And, let us not forget Amherstburg and Amherst Island, both in Ontario."

Cooper, the school's star quarterback continued. "But more importantly, is there a shred of evidence that this awful plan was ever carried out?"

"Well of course there is," replied Ms. Silverthorne. "The exchange of letters between Amherst and Colonial Henry Bouquet ..."

"Those letters may show intent," said Cooper, "but are

they evidence of the crime ever being committed ..."

At that very moment, Cooper's response was cut short by the bell that ended classes; but it did not deter Rebecca Sarah Silverthorne. "Intent to commit a crime is a crime in of itself," yelled the red-faced lecturer over the loudness of the bell.

"AND, WHAT'S MORE ... THE AMHERST FOOTBALL TEAM IS CALLED THE LORD JEFFS," yelled Rebecca over the clamor of students making their way to the classroom door.

Cooper, or Coop, as his friends called him, kind of fancied the older graduate assistant, and he smiled at her frustration. It was a devilish smile, the kind Coop always got whenever he punctured some erudite windbag or got under the skin of a very pretty young woman.

But Cooper Hampton Wentworth-Smith was a gentleman, who always tried to play fair when amusing himself in playful amorousness with attractive young ladies, like Rebecca Silverthorne. After all, thought Coop, it's dishonest and unfair to trifle with a young lady's attentions by the use of flattering words, especially when you're not wholly serious about developing a relationship.

Still seated, Coop watched Ms. Silverthorne collect the papers at her desk, as all the other students filed out of the room.

Finally, the blond, handsome, young man unwound his lanky 6 foot - 3 inch body from his desk, and stood for a moment, still watching the seated Ms. Silverthorne.

Rebecca lifted her deep blue eyes and looked straight into Coop's dark blue ones, but only for a moment. Immediately, the professor in training broke her glance, and again began shuffling papers.

It was then that Coop walked up to the front of the room, and stood in front of the fidgety Rebecca Silverthorne, who then more intensely than ever made a fuss over her papers.

"Yees?" inquired Rebecca, without looking up.

"Well, I just wanted you to know, that I was not questioning the validity of your premise ..." said Coop, before he was interrupted.

"You're grandstand player, Mr. Smith-Wentworth or Wentworth-Smith ... whether it's on a football field or class room. And please, spare me anymore of your feeble apologies," said Rebecca, without ever looking up.

"Ah ... Okay," said Coop, as he slowly headed toward the door.

"One more thing, Mr. Wentworth-Smith," said

Rebecca, now looking toward Coop. "Good luck, tomorrow."

"Thank you," said Coop, not turning around, fearful Ms. Silverthorne would see his old wicked, crooked grin return to his handsome features.

It has been said by someone, surely, that it's the homely ones who write about the beautiful ones; and, it's my privilege to tell you of a love story, that may go bad, involving two of our most beautiful people.

Chapter Two



On its highest level, what is beautiful stirs a heightened response of one's senses and mind. Formal gardens, sunsets, rainbows, waterfalls, and rippling waters, are all often breathtakingly beautiful; and, they all have a peaceful connotation.

Peaceful, however is not a word, anyone would ever use to describe Rebecca Sarah Silverthorne.

So beautiful may be too generous a word to describe the looks of Ms. Rebecca Sarah Silverthorne.

Strikingly handsome (*stressing visual appeal by reason of conformity to ideals of form and proportion*) would be a more honest appraisal of Ms. Silverthorne's facial features.

Rebecca had a pretty face, however, albeit made a bit hard with her dark thick eyebrows and the severe cut of her hair. Rebecca's thick wavy black hair had early

flecks of pre-mature gray and was kept short and trained into a upward sweep, that formed a perfect DA (duck's ass) in the back; all of which gave Ms. Silverthorne an older look.

In summation, Rebecca, at 26, looked a bit like how the great actress, of the 40's and 50's, Ethel Barrymore looked in her mid 30's, a very attractive package.

That night, the 26 year old Rebecca S. Silverthorne, now far removed from her childhood home in Brooklyn, New York was having trouble falling asleep.

It was, however, not because of her older sister, Ester, with whom she had shared a bed, over the little tailor and alteration shop owned by her immigrant Jewish parents.

It was because of that that damned cocky Cooper Wentworth-Smith, and his devastating smile. Ever since she was first shocked by Cooper's good looks, Rebecca had been trying to paint him in the "stupid jock" corner, but it never worked. The young man, much too young for her, was surprising bright and well informed. "And Yes, handsome," thought Rebecca.

"But, he was born in the very 'Belly of the Beast,'" remembered Rebecca, referring to Cooper's long heritage of Wentworth-Smith grandfathers, who had all been Wall Street investment bankers, living in

estate along the Hudson River, just north of The City.

Such family ties alone were enough for Rebecca to hate Cooper. but, that didn't work either, as proven by the article Cooper wrote for an assignment in his Creative Writing class, with the strange title: Thar's Money in That Old Quilt."

Byran James, the Williams College Creative Writing professor, (a failed short-story writer) had given Rebecca a photocopy of Cooper's piece, asking her to read it, and then tell him what she thought of it.

Professor James hoped Rebecca would like it, in order for him to covertly gather more information proving Rebecca's "subversive" political viewpoints.

"What grade would you give Wentworth-Smith for that piece he wrote?" Professor James later asked.

Rebecca gritted her teeth and quickly replied, "An A-plus," as much as she hated the thought of the ever so handsome jock writing such a piece.

"Just as I suspected," said James with a smirk that suggested triumph, derision, and smugness, before walking off.

Cooper's article, "Thar's Money in That Old Quilt" was laying on Rebecca's night stand next to her bed. She reached for the piece, but then checked herself. She needed to get "The boy," as she called him in her

head, out of her head.

Then on second thought, she grabbed Cooper's piece, with the thought, "What could it hurt?" And she settled down to once again read ...

Thar's Money in That Old Quilt:

Then and Now, The Difference in American Leadership



"No thief will ever guess that we have \$10,000 sewn into Grandma's old quilt," said Mrs. Donner to her three girls and **husband** after dinner one cold night, while in their warm and comfortable living room.

In early 1846, the wealthy Illinois family of George and Tamsen Donner, with their three **daughters**, were about to become American pioneers to California. And \$10,000 – equal to about \$150,000 to \$200,000 today – would go a long way in ensuring their success in California. But why go?

Many pioneers believed in Manifest Destiny, an idea that the land between the Atlantic and Pacific **oceans** belonged to **America**, and Americans had not only the right, but the duty to settle those lands.

And they – like many Americans of that day – were robust, brave, and instilled with the pioneer spirit, a spirit so lacking in many of **us** today.

There would be no fast, warm, comfortable vehicle to quickly transport them over smooth highways, with restaurants, motels, and **gas filling** stations along the way. Instead, they'd be driving a team of **oxen** that pulled all of their most important and vital **possessions** in a wagon covered with canvas.

Their covered wagon would not be averaging 60 mph, but two miles per hour ... if everything went right.

In the 1840s, most Americans lived **east** of the Mississippi River. West of the Mississippi, all the

way to the Pacific Ocean, lay a vast, untapped, unsettled wilderness.



But with plows on the rear tailboards of their covered wagons, those of the pioneer spirit went west, some all the way to California, by way of the Oregon Trail. These vanguards of conquest were intent on turning the wilderness of the West into a living land.

The Oregon Trail, as the route to the West Coast was called, was no more than wagon **ruts** that cut a dim path across our great continent, across our great **deserts**, and over the mighty Rockies.

In the **spring** of 1846, the Donner party of nine wagons and 32 people left Independence, **Missouri**, bound for Fort Sutter, California. Within a week of their departure, 50 wagons joined the Donner group, making a total of 87 men, women, and children headed west.

The New World, however, **barred** access to her bounty with stifling heat, deadly cold, and driving storms. Our pioneer forefathers and mothers were met with hardships, danger, and possible death with every turn of their **wagons'** wheels.

Soon the heavily laden wagons of the Donner train were hit and slowed by daily driving and soaking thunderstorms, causing deep muddy bogs, which reduced their travel speed from two mph to two miles **per** day.

The wagon journey to California, which usually took between four to six months, had to be very carefully **planned** so as to be out of the Sierra Nevada Mountains before snow **fell; otherwise**, food and water supplies would not last.

Sometime before July of 1846, the Donner party finally reached Fort Laramie in eastern Wyoming.

There George Donner was warned not to try to make up lost **time** by taking what was known as

the Hastings Cutoff, **which** reportedly could cut 400 **miles, or more**, off the trip.

But Donner and others would not listen.



“Don’t say I didn’t warn you,” said an old **grizzled** mountain man. **“If** you make it over the deserts, you’ll be lucky. You’ll be even luckier if you cross the Sierras before the winter snows block the passes.”

On July **the 31st, the** Donner party reached the critical fork in their long trip. Would they take the questionable Hastings Cutoff, or follow the safer, but longer way?

They took the **Hastings** Cutoff, which would take them through the Wasatch **Mountains and** across the Great Salt Lake Desert, all before they would

reach the Sierra Mountains ... hopefully before the winter snows.

In time, the wagons were struggling through the Wasatch Mountains, **but they** were stopped in the heavily treed Weber Canyon.

There, with axes, the men **labored**, cutting down huge **trees** close to the **roots** so their wagon wheels could pass over them.

The failure of the oxen to pull their heavy loads over the steeper ridges necessitated the pioneers to become beasts of burden also. Tying ropes to the wagons, men and **boys alike** pulled their wagons forward, inch by inch.

On August **the 27th**, the struggling pioneers came to the Great Salt Lake.

Standing on a knoll, Tamsen Donner said to her husband, "Who could image anything so barren? We might be in the mountains of the moon."

"We haven't seen the worst of it yet," said George Donner. "The desert **lies** ahead ... about 80 miles of it."

Luckily, a few days later, the party found fresh water as their supplies of it had run dangerously low. Water is heavy, but they took all they dared,

knowing their oxen, cattle, and mules needed many gallons of it to survive.



In September, the Utah desert becomes miles of deep and blazing sand, causing the oxen to heavily labor in intense heat. Soon the last of their water was at hand.

“Mama, I’m so thirsty I can’t swallow,” said one of the little Donner **girls** as she tried to go to sleep in their covered wagon.

“Tomorrow, dear, the desert will end and we’ll find some water. For now, suck this sugar lump,” said Mother Donner.

But the desert did not end the next day ... nor the next. Their cattle and oxen began to die.

Walking around one of his wagons, George Donner said, “We don’t have enough oxen to pull this wagon. We’ll have to leave it here.”

Some people had to abandon the only wagon they had, along with everything they owned ... and walk.

Ahead they saw Pilot **Peak** and hoped they'd find water there.

After six days, they came to the end of the **desert** and found water; but now, a lack of food became their most pressing need.

Donner sent Charles Stanton and another man ahead. "Go on your mules to California and get food for the rest of us."

Soon, the little band of emigrants faced another desert. And as they were crossing it, they were attacked by Indians on horseback. Forming a **defense, of sorts**, with their wagons, the fearless pioneers fired at the Indians, eventually running them off.

By the middle of October, the Donner party came to the Truckee River, still in Nevada, but happy to see the first trees they had seen in 500 miles.

Now, once they crossed the Sierra Nevada Mountains, they'd be home free.

Gratefully, Charles Stanton had returned with food and supplies, and with an important message:



“The best pass over the Sierras is 50 miles ahead. But we must make it before snow falls.”

On **November the 2nd**, Stanton again went ahead to make a trail to the pass.

Later returning, Stanton reported to the rest of the party: “It’s only three miles to the pass. Let’s cross it tonight. Once over it, we’ll be safe.”

But, no one believed it would snow that night, so they rested, instead of crossing the pass.

The snows, however, came early to the Sierras in the year of our Lord 1846. **That very night**, it snowed. It snowed heavily, blocking the pass for the entire winter.

There was nothing to do but to set up winter quarters, as best they could. And above all, they had to conserve their food.



That December, 17 the strongest pioneers set out on foot to cross the pass, with food for only six days.

With their food running low, the 17 were hit with a snowstorm that lasted for two days and nights. Huddled together in the snow, Charles Stanton became too weak to walk on.

“Go ahead. I’ll rest a while longer. **Then** I’ll catch up with **you,**” said Stanton.

But, Charles Stanton died there in the snow, a hero who served others well.

Eight others died on the way. **After** 33 days, however, the rest of the band reached food, warmth, and rest in California.

Back in the mountains, many of the Donner pioneers were dying of cold and starvation.

The first party of rescuers arrived in February. They took 24 people out to safety.

Tamsen Donner made sure her three **little** girls were among those taken out.

“Thar’s lots of money in this old quilt, enough to see my girls until they are married,” she told a close friend. “Take it and my girls, and may God go with you.”

“And you Tamsen?”

“George is dying. He cannot move. And, I cannot leave him to die alone.”

But, Tamsen Donner died alone – in the snow – at age 44, after her husband died at age 62.

Of the original 87 Donner pioneers, 47 died trying to build our country into all she could be.

Are you about to lose your home? Have you lost your home? Can you make the interest payments on your credit cards? Can you afford to maintain your car, your family’s incidental needs, your children’s health, or even buy enough food, gasoline or heating fuel?

How did such a sad state of affairs come about in our country, once the most affluent in the history of the world?

Unlike Tamsen Donner, George Donner, Charles Stanton, and thousands of other leaders in our mass migration to the **West** who sought to build a country, **we** have been massively betrayed by our national leaders, who have sought to destroy what brave men and women have built.

To satisfy their greed or to feed their lust, or to enjoy the sufferings of others, our once wonderful, brave country has been subverted by the lowest of the low, while they pretend to be warring on the worst of the worst terrorists.

Compare Charles Stanton with Dick Cheney. Or compare George Donner with either of the George **Bushes**. Try comparing Tamsen Donner with either Hillary Clinton or Janet Reno, or Janet Napolitano, if you have the stomach for it.

And as if that was not bad enough, our **high-level** national leaders are appallingly ignorant of the basics in economics and finance, in addition to being traitors to their oaths of **office** and to the American people.

Our elected politicians and appointed bureaucrats in Washington have become no more than highly paid, but ugly and atrocious actors, pretending to represent the American people.

But the American people be damned! It's the foreign and private International Monetary and Banking Cartel our fraudulent leaders represent.

Giving trillions of dollars to the ultra rich, while increasing taxes on our **ever-diminishing** affluent, then exporting jobs and creating inflation, until all of us are tapped-out, has long been the standard operating procedure in Washington.

Since the inception of the Banking Cartel's Federal Reserve **System** in 1913, our courts, **Congresses** and presidents have come under lock-down to a relatively small, but powerful group of foreign plutocrats; **undeniably**, former President Bill Clinton worked overtime for this crime syndicate.

With the backing of the stealthy Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan, and a compliant **Republican-controlled Congress**, Clinton signed on to the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), and the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs (GATT), both of which essentially destroyed our

ability to be a self-sufficient nation, and caused a tremendous exodus of jobs out of the US.

Ross Perot, forced out of the presidential race of 1996, warned us about the dangers of both GATT and NAFTA; but the International Banking Cartel wanted both Trojan horse “trade” agreements forced on **America** in order to eliminate her as a beacon of hope and light in a dark world. In the Cartel’s One World Order there is to be parity amongst all nations – all equally poor.



Among Clinton’s **worst** crimes against **humanity** was perhaps not his alive-incineration of children at Waco, **Texas**, but his repeal of the Glass-Steagall Act, and the passage of the Commodity Futures Modernization Act, which **have** led to millions of starving people around the world.

From the time of these sweeping deregulations of the private banking fraternity until 2002, the **once-illegal** practice of packaging and trading in

the toxic paper known as derivatives had reached monstrous proportions of about \$102 trillion, enough to destroy the economies of the entire world.

But by September of 2008, the practice of trading in derivatives had reached \$530 trillion to 1.5 quadrillion dollars, amounts and figures well beyond human comprehension.

This black hole of derivatives is now about ten to thirty times the gross domestic products of the whole world, meaning it's about ten to thirty times what is needed to throw all societies of Earth into a neo-feudalism.

Derivatives, sometimes called Asset Backed Securities are nothing more than financial contracts that DERIVE their falsely perceived value from other weak, underlying securities, mortgages, or other financial instruments.

There has been so much blatant fraud from Wall Street brokerage houses and investment bankers for so long, that **it** was virtually impossible **for the financial kingpins** and US government regulators of the financial services **industry**, not to have known how the world-wide packaging, grading

and trading in derivatives would eventually crash national economies all over the world.

But even so, former Federal Reserve Chairman Alan **Greenspan** not only gave his stamp of approval to the derivatives scam, he constantly campaigned in **Congress** for legislation that would permit the international and mega-scaled trading of derivatives.



Alan Greenspan, Bill Clinton, and Clinton's Secretaries of Treasury – Robert Rubin and Lawrence Summers – should all be indicted and held accountable for their crimes against all of humanity, as their pernicious derivatives have caused so much insidious harm in thousands **of** obvious and subtle ways.

But instead, Clinton is portrayed by the Cartel's corporate media as a centrist or a **New** Democrat

of Moderation, rather than the criminal Cartel puppet he was and still is.

Greenspan, the more obviously embedded alien agent of the dark, is today treated as a National **Treasure** and grand old man of finance.

Robert Edward Rubin went back to Wall Street, from where he came, to further the Banking Cartel's agenda in America.

After Lawrence Henry Summers committed his crimes in the Bill Clinton administration, he was appointed by President Obama to be on his White House economic staff, where Summers served for two years.

Greenspan, Rubin, Summers, Clinton, and many others all claim ignorance in causing the **greatest** financial crises in recorded history.

But to now have Fed Chairman Ben Bernanke and Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner try to fill up, or combat in any way, this international black hole of “funny **money**” with real debt dollars of bailout and “stimulus” packages (**all paid for by tax-paying Americans**), is not only insane to its extreme, it is criminally on a scale never before known to mankind.

And still to this very day, our **Congress**, our financial regulators, and our president have made no real regulations to curb the criminal excesses of the Banking Cartel's Wall Street or their Federal Reserve System.

Thank you very much Messrs. Clinton, Bush and **Obama**, you have all allowed a very few private, financial oligarchs of our world to continue to privatize their unethical, dirty profits; while socializing their **losses**, thus starving to death about a billion people, while making peasants of the rest of us in the process.

Any people, with pretensions of being even a quasi-democratic state, that allows its government to engage in deficit-spending, while enforcing a progressive income tax is far too ignorant to ever be free.

And every US presidential administration since Woodrow Wilson has set world records in borrowing money, to the benefit of the Banking Cartel and to the detriment of the American people. There is no mystery as to why America is falling into 3rd world status.

Even junior plutocrat Warren Buffet said America will become a nation of sharecroppers (**one he helped to make**).

And according to estimates of the National Law Center on **Homelessness** and Poverty, on any given night, between 700,000 and about two million Americans are without beds on which to sleep.

This controlled demolition of the world's economy has been purposely confused by the International Monetary/Banking Cartel's corporate media with their "**word play.**" Avoiding the pejorative term "derivatives," their repeated use of various red **herrings – swaps**, credit default swaps, futures, **mortgage-backed** securities, hedge funds, options, forward contracts, warrants, **and** assets is meant to mislead and to confuse the American public, as the word "derivative" is incriminating.

But then again, practically everything our national leaders do is incriminating, as there is a profound difference between what they say, what they do, and what the American people need and want.

The point **is**, the American people have been raped, are now being raped even more, with much more to come; and unless enough people wake up

to the plundering that has taken place, is taking place, and will take place, the rape and plunder of America will only get worse.

History provides potent lessons to those wise enough to garner them out, learn from them, and then take protective actions.

Meanwhile, learn from Tamsen Donner, “Thar’s money [to be put] in that old quilt.”

Cooper Wentworth-Smith

“Now, I’m too confused to get to sleep at all. Well done, Becky,” brooded Rebecca, who always called herself Becky when upset with something she had done or caused.

Chapter Two



Across the little burg of Williamstown, snuggled deeply within the Berkshire Mountains, the object of Becky's frustration was again Cooper Wentworth-Smith, who was feeling no pain.

"Damn Coop, how many beers have you had, tonight?" asked Lee Graves, the 255 pound, six foot-two inch center on the Williams College football team.

Coop smiled, tearing off the filter-tip of a cigarette, and said, "You know Grave your name fits you. In fact, ever since my mother died, I've kinda considered you to be my foster mother."

"And all the smoking you do ... how can you play ball and smoke?" asked Lee, often called "Grave" by Coop, when Coop wanted Lee to lighten up.

"Well Lee, this afternoon was a turning point in my life. Some very interesting things happened, today,

more important than I now know; and, I even made a decision that's been hard to make," said Coop, turning serious.

"Yeah?" inquired Lee.

"Yeah, I'm giving up thoughts of being a writer and tomorrow is my last football game," said the suddenly saddened young quarterback.

"What? No pro try outs?" asked a disbelieving Lee.

"Pros? Are you kidding?" asked a slightly drunk Cooper. "My Uncle Jack, who for years tried to play football for the Florida Gators, long ago warned me off from trying to play football in the Southeastern Conference. He said there are Black players down there who are so big and quick, they'd knock the jock off a quarterback like me."

"Well, there's enough hitting, in our conference," said a grinning Lee.

'After tomorrow, I'll leave the hitting to you. Going momentarily unconscious every time I get hit was never my cup of tea," said the Williams College football star.

"Well, don't worry, Coop. Tomorrow, we're gonna give you plenty of protection. We win tomorrow, we win the championship, said Lee, his eyes shining.

“Yeah, that’d be a nice way to go out,” said Coop, cracking another beer.

“You know it’s funny, Coop, but I kinda expected you to one day write the Great American novel.”

“Nah, I don’t think writing is my shtick. I’d rather get cut from a football team, than have any of my writing rejected. When someone rejects your writing, it’s like they’ve rejected your soul,” said Cooper reflecting back on the grade he got on his piece entitled, *Thar’s Money in That Old Quilt* and the remarks made by professor Byran James.

“Mr. Wentworth-Smith, a creative writing class is hardly the proper venue for your crazy right-wing conspiracy delusions. The best grade I can give you is a D-minus. Moreover, I see little relationship between uneducated pioneers, who were nothing more than dirt farmers, and today’s enlightened Democratic leadership.”

“Huh?” asked a puzzled Lee. “It’s just writing.”

“And all these years, I thought you had the soul of a poet, Lee.”

“Yeah, right. Say, what was that all about, today in Humanities class, with that Jewish chick ... the graduate student ... what’s her name ... Silverstein?” asked Lee.

“Think she’s good-looking? Cooper asked.

“Well, she’s sexy enough. Yeah, I’d take her down, given the opportunity of course.

“Hey,” yelled Coop. “Watch your mouth. The lady is a lady and very smart, I would think.”

“Well, I’ve always fallen in love with all my lady school teachers ...” said Lee, about to really get into the subject.

“Enough about school teachers, already,” shouted a slightly provoked Coop. Making it with a stern good-looking school teacher had long been a sexual fantasy of Cooper’s, but not one he’d ever admit to anyone.

“Well, it’s getting late. Better get on my bike, if I can get it started, and get to bed. Now start thinking about the game, Coop.”

“Absolutely, Grave. There will be nothing on my mind, but the game ... the game ... the game,” said Cooper trying to imitate the closing words of General Douglas MacArthur’s farewell speech before Congress in 1952.

“My last thoughts will be of the Corp ... the Corp ... the Corp.”



Later, while laying in his dark bedroom, looking at a full moon through his open window, wondering what it and all of life meant, Coop also had difficulty falling asleep.

With no one in his little off-campus apartment but “Fearless” his half feral, one eyed, tom cat, Coop’s mind was a long way from the game. His attention was on a certain graduate student.

“My God, she’s strange ... but wonderful ... I wonder if she’ll come to the game,” pondered Cooper. “I better do well, in case she’s there.”

Chapter Three



Before the alarm sounded the next morning, Rebecca reach across her bed and turned it off. Standing, she stretched, and smiled, feeling strangely refreshed and energized.

It wasn't even 9:00 AM yet, and she had the whole day to herself, a day she had already planned out. She'd do all her Christmas shopping before noon, and all on Spring Street.

She'd drive her old Peugeot coupe straight to the free parking lot, across from the Tunnel City Coffee Shop, on Spring Street. At the shop she'd have black coffee with a bagel and cream cheese.

Then, she'd walk up Spring Street to the post office, mail her rent check and a letter home. Then, fortified with nourishment and business taken care of, she'd have plenty of time to do her shopping before ...

before (*come on Becky you can do it*) before the game.

After all, she had never been to a game. The game was free with her ID card. And as a graduate student at Williams College, she had an obligation to support their team. And, any school named after Lord Jeffrey Amherst deserved to lose.

(*Are those the only reasons Becky?*) “Yes they are and shut the hell up,” thought Rebecca, who was always talking to herself. “I’ll worry about whether or not I’ll go to the game, later.”



“But for now, I’m ready for some fun shopping. Wheee!” thought Rebecca as she walked up Spring Street toward Main.

“But what fun is shopping with so little money?” mused Becky. But by refusing to allow her lack of funds to destroy her day, the future PhD of History and Humanities brightened up thinking of the Williams College t-shirts she’d buy for her five year

old twin nephews, Eli and Eri, at Goff's Sport's shop.

"Hmmm, what about little Sarah?" puzzled Aunt Rebecca. Sarah was a name often used on both sides of her family; but her sister Ester always claimed she named her daughter Sarah after her sister – Rebecca Sarah.

"Well of course," thought Rebecca. "Sarah is only three and she'd love a t-shirt like her brothers will receive."

"At McClelland's, I'll buy some nice stationary for Momma. And then on to Library Antiques to look at some stuff, I might be able to buy before I turn 35."

Purchases in hand, Rebecca saved the best for last. She'd buy something cute for her sister Ester and her brother-in-law David at the gift shop called, "Where Did You Buy That?"

And before 11:15 AM, Rebecca thought she had finished her Christmas shopping. "Oh no, I forgot about Pappo," she said partially out loud.

Normally, Rebecca's father – Pappo – only got one Christmas gift from his girls, as they'd go halves on the one present from them both.

"Being an Orthodox Jew, Pappo doesn't put much stock in Christmas presents anyway," Ester told Rebecca, many years ago.

“Hmmm, maybe Ester will foot my half of Pappo’s present once again,” hoped Rebecca.

Shopping done, Rebecca returned to her car. She put her presents into the trunk, wondering if she should stay or go. After all, it was but a short walk to the football stands.

After laying her purse on the trunk lid, she began fishing through her old carrying bag, suddenly ashamed of it. Out came a pink pointed stone, connected to a short chain.

Rebecca held the chain in front of her face, saying out loud, “Go? Stay?” And oddly enough, the stone, from a dead still, swung to her right when she said “Stay?” ... which meant ... STAY!



But first, back to the outdoor coffee cafe to freshen up and drink more courage. In the bathroom, as she was re-applying a bit of make up – Rebecca was always a minimalist when using make-up – she had a terrible thought. Had she picked the right clothes for a football game?

And while she felt comfortable wearing blue jeans, topped off with a black turtle-neck sweater, brown tweed sports jacket, complimented with tan Bass Weejun loafers and black socks, she wondered if it was the right attire to wear for a football game

Not as a player, of course, but as a fan ... no ... a spectator?

“I’m not really a football fan,” thought Rebecca, who always tried to be brutally honest with herself. “I’m not even one of Cooper’s fans.

Rebecca made her way to the ladies room. There, while looking straight into the bathroom mirror, she took off her black horn-rimmed glasses. “Yes, much better she thought.”

Then she began an honest appraisal of her physical attributes, wondering which of them would be a turn-on or turn-off for Cooper.

Rebecca began with her height, which was five feet-nine inches. Her weight stayed at about 140-145

pounds. “A plus, I’d say ... maybe ... unless he has a fetish for fat midgets.”

“Oh my God,” thought Rebecca. “He’s about half a foot taller than me and about a hundred pounds heavier ... Oh that wickedly handsome beast could crush me.”

Her facial features were nicely symmetrical, all set into a largely square face, atop a longish neck.

And while most young people had low hair lines on their foreheads and high hairlines down their necks, our girl Rebecca had the opposite: she has a high forehead, with a pronounced widow’s peak, accented even more with swept-back black hair that flashed a strong streak of gray in the middle.

The hair at the back of her head narrowed into yet another V at the tip, well below the cover of her turtle-neck sweater, and gave the impression that her hair was rooted all the way down her back and into her buttocks, bringing to mind a wild mythical creature that could drive one mad with strange desires.

And while most women who looked anything like Rebecca would be considered odd-looking, Rebecca operated on a completely different frequency: some men and women – alike – found her to be sexually irresistible.

Rebecca worn no lip-stick, but instead applied some lip gloss to her pleasingly plump lips. “Well, it’s now or never,” she thought, as she made her way out of the bathroom.

Standing in line for more coffee, Rebecca noted all the young faces of college students, something she had never really noticed before. “My God ... they look like babies ... and compared to an old maid like me they are babies. I look like I could be their mother.”

“Why do I get these depressing thoughts?” Rebecca wondered. “It’s all because of him. He’s been nothing but trouble since yesterday afternoon.”

With her coffee, Rebecca made her way to the outside patio, right on Spring Street, hoping to find a seat.

No such luck, all spaces were taken – no wait – a middle-aged couple stood, gathering their empty plates and cups, ready to leave.

Rebecca took one of their spots and sat with her coffee. Hers was a perfect seat to see all the foot traffic of fans walking toward the near-by stadium.

After taking a sip of her Guatemalan blend, Rebecca pulled out of her purse a pack of organic filtered cigarettes. From one, she tore off the filter tip, then brought the cigarette to her mouth, the first of the three she allowed herself, daily.

Rebecca enjoyed smoking with coffee and BEFORE sex. “What’s this thing about enjoying smoking AFTER sex? She wondered.

Had she only smoked BEFORE sex, Rebecca would have not smoked for almost three and a half years. Thinking back to her last sexual experience, so long ago, Rebecca smiled, thinking that that cigarette was the only thing she had enjoyed about the entire evening.

Before lighting her cigarette, Rebecca looked around for an ash tray. Unable to find one, she grabbed her Bic lighter and stood. Leaving her purse and coffee on the table to save her seat, she walked to the sidewalk to smoke, while still keeping an eye on her purse.

Rebecca thought it rude to first light a cigarette, and then demand an ash tray, when such trays were usually not available.

Whenever Rebecca smoked in a public area, she felt like an American suffragist, from 1913, demonstrating for the right for women to vote, always noting that such eventual suffrage did nothing to improve the wisdom of US voters.

“I cannot smoke around Cooper,” she thought. “He’s surely been brainwashed like everyone else about the horrors of smoking, never knowing that smoking CLEAN cigarettes increases one’s white blood count. Is there any wonder that regular cigarettes are very

dangerous to one's health, when there are over 500 toxic chemicals used in the manufacture of various popular cigarettes? Health problems the American Indians probably never got from smoking their clean tobacco."

"What a fool I'm making of myself," suddenly thought Rebecca. "I'd only be one of many in the stands, while he'd be far away on the playing field."

"He wouldn't even know I was in attendance. Fool, fool, fool. Thou art a fool, Becky. I'm getting my purse and leaving."

"But, I don't even know what his jersey number is. I hope it's number 11, that 's my favorite number, my lucky number. Maybe he could bring me luck."

(And, you could do some work on your computer here, while enjoying your coffee, Becky ... or should we call you Rebecca?)

"Damned right," thought Rebecca. "I'll go get my computer from my car, it's just across the street."

"Oh Sir," yelled Rebecca to an older gentleman sitting closest to her. "Would you save my seat while I go across the street for my lap-top computer?"

"Both seats or just yours?" he asked.

"Just mine. Thank you.

Upon returning with books, papers, and computer, Rebecca, murmured, "Oh no!"

Seated across from her chair was Sidney Stanley Gainesforth, IV, or the Fourth as he was known – behind his back – to the History Department faculty.

It wasn't that Rebecca held any great ill will toward Professor Gainesforth, she just found him to be tepid, lukewarm, and indecisive, as were so many other academic types. She longed for a man who could make decisive statements without quibbling.

"Plus, I'm bigger than he is. I could probably beat him in arm-wrestling," speculated Rebecca.

S. S. Gainesforth was a good three inches shorter than Rebecca and weighed about the same. Frankly, he was short, thin, and balding, with sandy red hair, and an unbecoming pot-belly.

"Rebecca, what a surprise. I had no idea that the gentleman was saving that seat for you," purred Gainesforth as he stood up.

"Good to see you Stanley ... I mean Sidney ... er ... Sid. How have you been?"

("Geez Becky, You just saw him late yesterday afternoon.")

"Well busy," said Sid ... er ... Sidney. He preferred

Sidney. "Still working on the book. You have no idea what pressure there is on professors to write a book in order to gain academic tenure. Awful, just awful."

Gainesforth was well into his seventh year of writing his book that had the working title of "A Critical Study and Analysis of the Anti-Revolutionary Mindset of the Dynasties Between 1815 and 1848: with Notes Pertaining to the Works in 1879 by Edward Augustus Freeman, Professor of Modern History at Oxford University."

"Yes, I recall your book having a hot snappy title, one that's sure to sell," said a mischievous Rebecca.

"Well selling is not the point, as you well know. It's getting the damned thing published, with the proper slant," said Gainesforth-the Fourth.

"And what slant were you advised to follow, Sid?"

"Oh, the pro-French Revolutionary slant, of course," responded a proud Gainesforth.

"More propaganda for the mill," thought Rebecca closing her eyes, trying to count to ten, but giving up at number three. "Stanley," she blurted, "I've got work to do – my thesis, you know."

"Of course my dear, of course. Got a title yet?"

"Well ... no ... but when I'm ready for that could I

seek counsel from you?"

"Of course my dear, of course," said a slyly grinning Professor Gainesforth.

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Comments Welcomed