

Taking Charge: A Two Step Process for 2020

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William James, the father of American psychology, at the turn of the last century, made an astute observation. In times of stress, he said, “higher energies filter in” and allow us to experience necessary “shifts in consciousness.” I have adopted that concept as a literary license to bring about shifts in consciousness in the hope of moving us all toward safety and survival.

My first encounter with the spirit of Henry A. Wallace was breathtaking. He was an agricultural expert, a botanist, a businessman, and Vice President of the United States during Franklin D. Roosevelt’s third term. Here’s how our conversation went one afternoon as I was sitting on a park bench near my home.

“You’re one step away from the abyss,” he said, looking straight ahead toward a winding path through a wooded area. I knew who he was from pictures I had seen in history books and on television. And I vaguely recalled seeing him when I was a child in 1948. Henry Wallace had walked around in my neighborhood, quietly talking to people, when he ran for President against Harry Truman in 1948. Now, sitting next to me, his long brown hair, tinged with grey, moved softly in the slight breezes.

“This is your very last chance to take charge and avoid catastrophic...” His voice trailed off.

“I’m not sure...” I stuttered, “about what you’re saying. It’s...” stopping mid-sentence as he looked at me. His handsome face tilted slightly. That gesture made me think he was asking himself whether I had the capacity to understand what he wanted to tell me.

After a time, he said, “If I had to boil the cause of your emergency down its essence, I would use just one word to describe it. *Gain.*”

My mind turned to the fees I charged as a practicing lawyer and the return on investments that allowed for retirement. “Who doesn’t favor gain?” I replied.

“No matter the cost?”

“Well, I never robbed a bank, and my broker invests in safe, steady companies.” I mentioned two of them. Johnson & Johnson and Exxon Mobil. “My broker handles all that stuff.”

“For you, gain is a simple matter. No costs for you to think about. Just keep away from losing. Did I get that about right?” he asked.

“Yes. Pretty much. Did I miss something?”

“For some people,” he responded, “gain is only a first piece of information. And before making any decision to undertake an action, they want to know more, much more. Iroquois chiefs sought to know whether their decisions might bring harm to the seventh generation.”

“That sounds right in theory,” I replied without hesitation, “but isn’t it too stringent a limitation?”

“Well,” he said quietly, “let’s compare. We see that plunging ahead with fossil fuels—not giving that a second thought—we see what that has brought—an Earth that’s heating up, an Earth that may soon be uninhabitable. So, who was correct, John D. Rockefeller or the Iroquois chiefs?”

I began trying to assess Henry Wallace’s question. My imagination took me to the eastern shores of North America in the 1600s, before European economics displaced traditions of the Iroquois chiefs. As I was struggling to conceive what life might have been like under Iroquois rules, Henry gently touched my arm.

It was as if he had seen my failing efforts and touched me to give my imagination flight. But it wasn’t that we flew over the continent. I don’t remember flying. I remember us just seeing it all from above. We were watching an America in which no decisions had been made for hundreds of years without taking the consequences of those decisions into full consideration for the benefit of future generations.

There were no automobile factories. No coal mines, oil fields, or pipelines. Electric-driven trains and trams were there below us instead of cars and trucks on big interstate highways. There were no one-crop farms that were miles and miles across. And I didn’t see any big acreage for raising cows, chickens, or pigs, with its typical runoff of wastes into the local rivers.

My mind turned to thoughts about education. Henry Wallace took me over scenes of theaters, schools, and colleges with sporting events and libraries. When I thought about the paper from which books are made, I looked him, and he laughed, telling me without the need for words that paper can be made anywhere, easily and without the need to cut down forests.

There were no big cities, only areas that were self-sufficient, consisting of small farms that included animals and modest houses along roads that meandered around streams and dense forests.

When my mind turned to flush toilets, Henry smiled and led me to view collection systems where all wastes: human, animal, and from crops were composted for purposes of enriching the soil for the next planting season. There were no such things as sewage and sewage treatment plants that would pump chemicals and toxic residuals into rivers and oceans.

And everywhere, there were mechanisms that took in and saved energy from the sun, the tides, and the wind. Flowers bloomed brightly. Butterflies and birds circled over abundant stocks of fish and wildlife.

I thought about military bases and looked at Wallace. He signaled back by putting his palms up and shaking his head in the negative. There were none. His quiet voice came into my consciousness: “The time of empires down there would have been stopped by those people who gave serious thought to the price of short term gains. A thousand United States military bases around the world would not have been built.”

Before taking me back to the park bench near my house, Henry Wallace had me hovering over a train moving west sometime in mid-19th century. Men were shooting into herds of buffalo from the moving cars, screaming with delight when they saw a creature fall. Indians who were nearby watched the carnage. Every animal they had ever taken for food was treated humanely and respectfully.

“So, I’ll ask you again. Who was correct, John D. Rockefeller or the Iroquois chiefs?” Henry asked, looking again at the path into the wooded area.

He continued. “Rockefeller stood for a society bent on acquisition and endlessly satisfying ever growing desires of people for comforts and power. The chiefs dedicated themselves to preserving all that was precious and sharing it widely and carefully.

“Let’s put it another way, isn’t the debate on theories of governance over? The Rockefeller way has driven this planet to edge of destruction.

“Over means *over*. Can one argue with the blade of the guillotine as it’s descending?”

“Well, all that can be changed,” I said, “as soon as people begin to understand the consequences of global warming and the coming climate catastrophes.”

“I’m sorry,” he responded. “bringing about change will be most difficult because you have woven gain, heedless gain, into the very fabric of this nation.”

“I’m not sure I understand.”

“Alright,” Wallace said, searching for a way to be clear. “Just think of my Iroquois friends. Imagine their reaction to your having created corporations.” He looked at me closely to see whether I might be processing his suggestion. “Now imagine their reaction to your having given corporations many of the same rights that belong to citizens.

“Okay,” he continued, “so, with corporations in control, thinking matters through to possible effects on the many generations yet to come becomes...,” there was a long pause, “...instead?”

I said nothing. My mind had raced to an imaginary corporate board of directors. Dour faces sat around a large table. At the front was a chart with time measured by a horizontal line along the bottom. Crossing the chart from left to right was an indication of value in dollars corresponding to the timeline laid out below—one year. The timeline was one year only.

“So,” he said, responding to his own question, “planning usually extends forward only to the next economic quarter and maybe a year. Foregoing profits to consider real long-term impacts becomes highly unlikely and probably illegal because your laws require managers of corporations to maximize profits for the benefit of present day shareholders.”

I sat quietly. The idea of having to do away with corporations—the perceived workhorses of our economy—had overcome my sense of the possible.

“Louis Brandeis,” Wallace said, “tried to warn us. He described them as Frankenstein monsters that will steal our health and our very last freedoms.”

“By God,” Henry continued, “they even made fortunes out of the ugly public health disasters they created. Then they controlled what you were allowed to think and say about what they had done.”

Wallace paused for a moment, realizing that I had become mentally paralyzed. He then said, “Let’s recall some personal history. When you were a child, Michael, in the 1940s, do you remember any other children experiencing obvious signs of autism?”

“No.” I said, “Not one.”

“Cancer?”

“Again, no. Not one.”

“Allergic reactions to peanut butter so severe that teachers had to inject adrenaline to keep your classmates alive?” he asked.

“Never. All my friends ate peanut butter all the time. In the cafeteria, there was always a line for kids who didn’t want the prepared lunches. That was the peanut butter and jelly line,” I said.

“Well,” Wallace responded, “cancer, asthma, and autism in great numbers became our new reality when corporate America sold us on ‘living better through chemistry.’ All those diseases skyrocketed after the massive exposures to toxins began to take effect in the 1970s. And rather than acknowledging and stopping the harms, they simply cashed in on all that sadness and disease by selling us expensive pharmaceuticals and building such things as pediatric oncology hospitals. All of that meant jobs, profits, government grants, and a stepped-up medical industry.”

“I know that to be true. Friends in academic research,” I told Wallace, “said there was no real effort going on to find the simple cures for cancer. There’s too much money in the current treatments.”

“Yes. That’s your Frankenstein monster accomplishing its role in fact and in law. Extending profits into the next quarter and the next quarter after that.”

“Leaving us with disease, debt, and death.”

“To show you how little they care, Michael, let me ask you one question. When you were born in 1939, autism occurred once in every ten thousand births. And now?” he asked.

“One in fifty?” I guessed.

“Pretty close. And some researchers are saying that if we don’t do all that’s necessary to stop what’s causing it, the numbers soon will be one in every other birth.

“Which means,” he said, “that ending corporate dominance must happen *immediately*.

“But unless you’re clear about how deeply entrenched their power has become...”

“Again, once people understand...” I responded.

Wallace sighed. “That’s true, but the majority now have to process how very much in charge they are. At present, corporations control the media, institutions of higher education, your representatives, the United States government, and most of the world.”

A heaviness came over him. “And that’s how they’ve kept us at war continuously since 1945.

“Why did they do it?” he asked. “They did it so they could control resources around the world. And they made tons of money by keeping us fighting for their benefit.”

I remembered reading how vociferous Henry Wallace had been back then, when he criticized President Truman for saying that the Soviet Union had to be battled as an evil force in the world. Not true, he thundered in the 1940s, as he called for the rights of all people everywhere to be free. Free from empires. Free to create their own political and their own economic systems.

“And the principal reason,” Wallace continued, “that corporate America could keep the United States at war continuously for seventy-five years is that there is no international order. None.”

“The United Nations,” I responded.

“None,” he repeated. “Because of our veto power in the Security Council, the United Nations could not stand up to President Truman and say he was lying when he falsely charged the Soviet Union with intending to conquer the world by military force after the Second World War.”

Wallace leaned forward and put his head between his hands. After a long sigh, he asked if I knew the name Patrice Lumumba. I told him I did not. After a short time, he said “Patrice was a tall, elegant, and scholarly young man who was the first democratically elected Prime Minister of the Republic of the Congo in 1960.”

After I told him that “I vaguely remembered something like that,” he asked me if I knew who had controlled that country before its first democratic election. “I have no idea,” I said. “Sorry.”

Wallace went on to describe, in detail, the cruelties of King Leopold of Belgium in what was then called the Belgian Congo. In addition to forced labor by flogging, holding children as ransom, and cutting off hands and genitals, failure to meet a rubber collection quota was punishable by death.

“So offensive were King Leopold’s cruelties,” Wallace said, “that other European nations which had carved Africa up into colonies demanded that the Congo be granted its freedom. But at the well-attended independence ceremony, Patrice, instead of only expressing appreciation for having been granted the right to have a free election spoke also about the times of cruelty. The Belgians took umbrage. And when it became clear that Patrice Lumumba intended the Congo, with all its resources, to be free of foreign interference, the United States had him taken out of office and marked for murder.”

“My God,” I said, “didn’t the United Nations step in and stop it?”

“No,” he responded. “When the U.N. did nothing help, Patrice suggested that they leave. The CIA, with apparent approval of the White House, sent a highly qualified poisoner to kill the man in such a way as to make it seem as though he had succumbed to a disease common to that part of Central Africa.

“But he didn’t die by being poisoned. Patrice was turned over to factions that opposed him, factions that were favored by the American government. They took him into custody and murdered him. A CIA agent carried Patrice’s dead body in the trunk of his car in search of a place to dispose of it.”

After a time, Henry asked me if I wished to be in contact with the spirit of Patrice Lumumba. “He could describe the millions of deaths and dislocations that occurred in the Congo under the administrations of puppet dictators to the present day. None of which was stopped by your United Nations,” he added with vehemence.

“I would very much like that.”

“And that same destructive pattern has continued around the world from 1945 to the present. I can put you in touch with many democratic leaders who were murdered or removed from power. The result was more death and destruction than both World Wars combined.”

“I’m sorry,” I said, “I’m not sure I can tolerate such waves of horror.”

“Then speak to just one of them,” Wallace responded. “Talk to the democratically elected Prime Minister of Iran, Mohammad Mossadegh, who was overthrown in a CIA orchestrated coup in 1953. His crime? He wanted Iran to have more control over its own oil.

“You’ll like Mossadegh. He was a lawyer like you, not a cleric, and a highly regarded humanitarian. Will you spend a few moments with him?”

“Certainly.”

“Don’t forget to ask him how much help the United Nations was during the destruction of Iran’s democratic government. You can expect his response to be measured. He was always a perfect gentleman.”

“Why do I know nothing about all of this?” I said, feeling tears beginning to run down my cheeks.

“Your newspapers, major magazines, radio and television stations are controlled by the dominant economic interests. Each day, they send waves upon waves of half-truths at you and almost nothing about the history behind those recent events.

“‘Congo is mess.’ ‘It’s ungovernable.’ They tell you that in the media all the time. Make sure to ask Patrice why it’s a mess. Why it’s ungovernable.

“‘Iran hates us.’ They say that every day in the media. Make sure to ask Mohammad Mossadegh why what we did to destroy their democracy is hateful and unforgivable.

“Talk to them. Talk to them all, including Sukarno, Allende, Arbenz, the living spirits of Jean-Bertrand Aristide and Manuel Zelaya. And there were thousands more who were displaced, never to take their rightful places in leadership roles. Write up what they tell you, and send it to your newspapers. If—and that’s a big if—they print the story, it will be buried on the back pages. And the front pages will be filled with half-truths and horror stories about ongoing cruelties in countries that we cheated out of their own democratic destinies.”

“But aren’t there a lot of people who know the details of all these matters?”

“Of course,” he responded, “there are people in the Department of State, the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and in the military branches who directly participated in those crimes. Some have written books, apologizing for what they had done. Most, however, as you would suspect, will say nothing.

“But there’s another group of people who also know the fine details of these crimes. They’re the men and women who have doctorates in history and international affairs. The Ph.D corps, I call them. But they’d rather be quiet about those events. The universities where they work are controlled by corporate entities. The Ph.D corps should be responding by loudly shouting the truths out, each and every day in the media and on lecture tours. Instead, they’re silent each and every day, worried about being fired, being denied tenure, or not getting a grant.”

“I feel as though I’m in some kind of jail,” I responded.

“You are. Think of it as a prison of the mind. Imagination gets hemmed in. If you express unusual points of view, you will be shamed and shunned by loud voices in authority who will declare you to be a conspiracy theorist, someone who wears an aluminum hat.”

I laughed, but only because I needed to keep myself from a deep sadness. Everything Henry Wallace said had struck home.

He allowed me time to gather my equilibrium before he continued, and he knew exactly when to continue. “So, as I said before, we are at the very edge of the abyss. We have this one last chance to take the world back on behalf of the people. The United Nations is colossal failure. You’re a lawyer, Michael. Do you know what legal precedent the people of the world can use to create real international governance and find peace?”

I could not imagine what Henry was talking about.

“Take your time,” he said. Moments passed. “Let’s go back to your law school days. You must have had a course on Contracts. What if people enter into a contract, but the purpose of the contract becomes impossible to fulfill?”

Remembering the law of impossibility, I told him that each of the signers of the agreement was then at liberty to withdraw if fulfillment became impossible.

“So, if peace is impossible under the agreement that created the United Nations— because of the existence of individual veto powers in the Security Council—aren’t its signatory nations permitted, under the law of impossibility, to withdraw from membership so that they can form a new international body, one that’s capable of bringing peace?”

“Well, yes,” I said.

“But isn’t the case even stronger?” he asked.

“Stronger?”

“Are not the nation states *required* to withdraw? Isn’t remaining within such a futile structure a death sentence for a world that’s now so close to the abyss, but drowning in war and lawlessness?”

“Yes,” I said, “and if they don’t withdraw, then the United Nations becomes...” I struggled for an adjective strong enough for the concept.

Wallace finished my sentence. “A suicide pact, like allowing oneself to be tethered to sinking slave ship.”

I felt sad that something so simple had been overlooked for so long. It all became clear. The United Nations had not only been a trap politically, it had been a black hole where ideas were concerned. There was no search for truth. What came out of the United Nations in the end were simply loud expressions of authority trumpeted by the nations that held all the power. And because truths had been so marginalized, they lost all meaning. In fact, we had not budged at all from the eras of warring nation-states thoughtlessly throwing armies at one another in the course of building empires.

We sat quietly for some time, thinking through how ideas might again be hallowed and how there will be searches for abiding truths. We thought also about how the manacles of

international finance, the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, both of which are parts of the United Nations, would be dissolved. Their grip over human needs would be ended.

“Identification will change,” Wallace said, “and that can be the beginning of an uprising that will echo from the Poles to the Equator and back through every sea and land mass.”

“By identification, you mean?”

“By people of this Earth connecting with one another. They won’t be joining anybody’s army. We will all be brothers and sisters.”

I laughed. Not sure why. What Wallace said was so simple, so pure. It had to be true, but the concept felt as though it had merit in some other galaxy. Not here. But why not here? I asked myself.

“Now, that’s only one step, only half of the work to be done,” he said. “The second big step is to corral corporations within the United States and alter the missions all your institutions, public and private, so that healing and survival are first priorities.

“Michael, only by using the civil emergency provision in your Constitution can that ever be accomplished.”

“The civil emergency provision?” I responded. “Well...I never...”

Wallace shook his head slowly from one side to the other. “You never heard of it?”

“No. I guess I’m not such a good lawyer,” I said laughing.

“You’re fine. My guess is that very few of you know about it, even though every one of you raised your hands and took a solemn oath to defend the Constitution when you were sworn in as members of the bar.

“And having so sworn, every lawyer should be an advocate for the strenuous use of that provision in these times of civil emergency.”

“If it’s so important, why have I never heard of it?”

Wallace closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and turned to me. “Your law schools pride themselves on turning out lawyers who can participate in current aspects of business and current aspects relating to questions of justice.”

“Like...?”

“Like an array of patent questions and a palette full of civil rights issues., mostly items that a young graduating lawyer will be expected to know. But the civil emergency provision is

different. It requires imagination to even figure out if and when we might need it. And it requires courage to put it into a curriculum.”

“Courage?”

“Yes, courage because its use challenges the status quo. It would frighten big donors to higher education by posing a threat to freewheeling capitalism. It would make the Ph.Ds worry about their safe preserve inside the comforts and prerogatives of academia.”

“But what makes it so potentially dangerous and so all-fired important?”

“It’s immensely important because,” he paused for emphasis, “it gives the people *war powers*. Let me repeat that. It gives the people *war powers* to deal with the civil emergency created by corporations. They’ve made this world toxic, and they’ve taken us to the very edge of living on a planet that will quite soon be uninhabitable.”

I must have had a blank expression on my face. “War powers,” I heard myself say.

“Not only that,” he said, “you have to understand that the civil emergency provision is the core concept underlying our entire governmental structure. Right from the beginning. It was the fulcrum for the creation of the Constitution under which we live and to which you took an oath to protect and defend.”

Henry’s eyes looked up, as if he could see the events in Philadelphia as they took place. He continued, “The whole Constitutional Convention of 1787 hinged on that one provision. The delegates had been sent to patch up the Article of Confederation, but they realized on the first day that circumstances demanded that they create a new central government with the power to protect the people against violence, whether by an invasion or from within. The harm that we would do to ourselves, from within, was far more feared than any invasion. They called the harm that would come from within, on that very first day of the convention, ‘domestic violence.’”

“Why were they thinking like that on the very first day?”

“Rebellion had broken out in Massachusetts the year before. The central government under the Articles of Confederation was no stronger than a debating society. It had no power to protect the people from harms they might have done to one another during that rebellion. Shays Rebellion, it was called. It came close to having fairly large numbers of people firing weapons at one another. The state of Massachusetts did not have adequate resources to deal with such an event, and the federal government, under the Articles of Confederation had, as I said before, no powers at all. None.

“So it was on the very first day, indeed in the very first hour of official business, that the matter of ‘domestic violence’ was brought up. It was then that the delegates closed the Convention to the public and got down to the business of creating an entirely new Constitution, one that featured a powerful federal government which could deal with the harms that people might do to one another, harms that would be beyond the police powers of the states to handle.

“And now, the founders would have you use that provision to stop the harms being done to you from within, mostly from the Frankenstein monsters of your own creation.”

I was beginning to understand what Wallace was saying. “But wait here,” he said, “you need to know more about the harms that are being done to the people. I want you to meet René Dubos.”

Wallace walked toward an older gentleman who was short, bald, and dressed in a white lab coat. The two of them spoke briefly, looking in my direction. Then they walked over to me.

Extending his hand, Dubos spoke first. “I understand you may need help figuring how we’ve not been very good to one another.”

“René was a microbiologist of renown,” Wallace chimed in. “He tried to warn people long ago about what was happening.”

“It’s easy to recognize,” Dubos said, “that diseases like cancer and autism and Alzheimer’s have skyrocketed, but something far worse than those plagues is occurring. Exposure to toxins is taking away our ability to think clearly, to reason, and to understand the world around us.

“If it continues any longer,” he took a deep breath, “we will become a form of life that will retain little of true humanness.”

“Whoa,” I said, as if he had struck me with a brick. “We’re turning into... something less than humans?”

He reached out and held my hand. “We—you and I and our close ancestors—have been around on this planet for...how long would you say?”

“I don’t know. Maybe a half of a million years?”

“An excellent guess. And for all that time, the environmental difficulties we had to deal with were things like road dust and bee stings. Those exposures were within our genetic experience to handle. Understand me so far?”

Dubos let go of my hand and used his hands most expressively as he described changes made that were wildly beyond our genetic capacity to handle. “Those many gentle millennia could not conceivably have prepared us for the avalanche of chemicals that were foisted upon us after the Second World War, the beginning of what I call the imposition of a new age, the Chemical Age.

“Chemical exposures that are wildly beyond our genetic experience to handle, Michael, begin in the womb and follow us every hour of our lives. The result is this: Our children learn less easily, and they retain less. Michael, the ability to control impulses has been compromised. In a phrase, consciousness itself has been severely dimmed. At one point, soon perhaps, the capacity to experience empathy will be fully eroded. I see signs of that now.”

“But our environmental laws, haven’t they been protecting us all this time? You know! The laws we put into effect beginning in the 1970s?”

Dubos frowned. “In the United States,” he said, “those enactments have been a mockery. Only a small number of chemicals out of the hundreds of thousands in use every day have been banned. None have been rigorously tested for their effects on human health and human behavior. None have been tested for their combined effects.”

He looked to see if I had been following him. He continued, “You see, exposures hit us by the hundreds and by the thousands at the same time, all multiplying the ill effects upon us by factors beyond our capacity to imagine.”

“So your regulatory systems,” Wallace said, “are fairly useless.”

Dubos quickly added, “They hardly take behavioral harms into consideration at all, and they’re stuck in an old paradigm that says it’s the dose that makes the poison. You see, dosage is less significant than the timing of an exposure.”

“I’m sorry...”

“Apologies are all mine, Michael,” Dubos said. “You see, business-driven science likes to think simply. It comes up with what it wants to be a safe level of exposure, and that should be the end of all regulatory activity. That ‘safe level’ is the dose. The ‘dose’, they say makes up what they call the ‘poison,’ or the ill effect.

“But in fact, there are critical times during which all of us humans are acutely sensitive. For example, in the womb, during brain development, a relatively small exposure can interfere with the sensitive mechanism by which neurons find their proper places in a child’s brain. A tiny exposure at such a critical moment can interfere and cause faulty wiring in brain circuitry which can impair that child’s mental and physical functioning for the rest of her life.”

“In short,” said Wallace, “your corporate citizens are incapable of allowing regulations that take human frailty into account. They think no further than the next quarterly profit and loss statements. And by the hour, they are robbing us of our God-given gifts of consciousness and empathy.”

“And in the process, they are creating,” added Dubos, “a population that can’t think for itself, is unable to question authority, and a society that will retain little of true humanness. Just look around. The destruction of human capacity is well underway.”

“Historian, Barbara Tuchman, saw it all,” said Wallace. “Her powers of observation were astounding.” He handed me a computer pad that showed an article by her titled “A Nation in Decline.” It had been published in the New York Times Magazine on August 20, 1987. I read through it quickly.

She decried America's "deteriorating ethics, poor performance, poor thinking, and lawlessness," saying that "it does seem that the knowledge of a difference between right and wrong is absent from our society, as if it had floated away on a shadowy night after the last World War."

"Notice how accurate she was about the timing," Dubos said. "She said that the process of intellectual decline began after the Second World War had ended. That was exactly when Americans began to suffer the corporate-driven assaults of the new Chemical Age."

"She made those observations in 1987," I said. "Is it too late to do anything about it now?"

"No," said Wallace. "But now is the time to put all of our resources into curing those who have been made sick, physically and emotionally. Now is the time to help all of us get back to full intellectual and emotional functioning."

"To accomplish that, we need to start using the civil emergency provision of the U.S. Constitution. We've been harmed dreadfully by our enemies from within. Far more than an invading army would have done to us."

"I don't understand how that can be," I said, "domestic violence being worse than an invasion by foreign troops?"

"An invading army," said Wallace, "typically will do harm during an attack and then it usually imposes order and stability. General Douglas MacArthur did exactly that in Japan after their surrender at the end of World War II."

"So, the harm being done now by corporate America is ongoing and..."

"And it's denied," Wallace said, finishing my thought. "And worse. It goes on unabated because the regulatory system—being corporate controlled—is both condemned and not properly funded. Research grants never go to studying the harms that Barbara Tuchman talked about. The corporate owned media dutifully forgot her crucial observations. What she said so brilliantly in 1987 was omitted from her obituaries after she passed on two years later."

"And all the time," Dubos said, "every family in the United States is being affected by the resulting diseases, disabilities, and diminutions in mental functioning, like difficulty with impulse control and challenges to consciousness itself. God weeps for us."

"And the human spirit," added Wallace, "which was meant to grow and mature with every life lived, withers when people are robbed of the ability to learn from one life encounter to the next. Yes," he continued, "God weeps for us."

Without words to direct us, we three joined hands and quietly prayed. I imagined my immortal soul urging me take action.

"What's to be done?" I asked.

Wallace responded. “Article IV, Section 4 of the Constitution says that upon application of the state legislatures, the United States shall protect us from domestic violence. That means all of us, every American family, needs to call upon every state legislator in every state. And the state legislatures have to demand that the federal government do its job, which means do everything necessary to protect us.”

“But the federal government is controlled by corporations. You said that yourself.”

“True,” he responded, “but an outpouring that can occur when nearly every American family petitions every state legislator, as I’ve suggested, can be overwhelming. That outpouring will create a movement that can, no doubt, shake up the federal government and make it act responsibly.”

“And that will happen because?”

“The clamor will be deafening. It will reflect a massive shift in identifying the causes of our difficulties. All the diseases and disabilities, mental and physical, that we once thought were attributable to bad luck, bad genes, or God’s will, instead, will be understood to have been caused by corporate selfishness and short sightedness. That shift in understanding will put the people in charge. And Michael, once the mechanisms of control over us are loosened, we’ll all have the chance to be seeing truths clearly and expressing them forcefully, as never before.

“I pray,” Wallace continued, “that we will live to protect one another. That’s the word in the Constitution. Protect. And we need to love one another as part of the obligation to protect. It’s all one, you know. The golden rule that’s been considered optional for thousands of years is no longer optional. It’s mandatory. Only by considering it mandatory can we possibly survive.”

Dubos pulled his hands away to wipe tears that had begun to run down his cheeks. “And in a world dominated by love, people will finally find the courage,” he said, “to speak out against one of the largest poisoning atrocities ever conducted against mankind. Do you know what I’m talking about?” he asked me.

“I’m not sure,” I said.

“It’s part of an illegal program being carried out in secret by your government,” Dubos said. “Officially, it’s called geoengineering.”

“Wait a minute. How can a secret, illegal program have an official name?”

Wallace responded. His manner was that of controlled rage. “Because duplicity when carried out at the highest levels of government is a hydra-headed monster. Complexities are compiled upon complexities. Details are hidden behind screens that are meant to challenge, confuse, and be a threat to anyone who looks for truths. If one persists, that brave soul is singled out to be a conspiracy theorist—no matter what their intentions might be, no matter what their evidence discloses.”

At this point, I felt as if I'd been buried under mounds of grief and a ton of raw information. I struggled to understand what these men were saying.

“René, a poisoning atrocity, you say?”

“Aircraft crisscross the skies,” said Dubos, “leaving plumes of nanosized particles of aluminum, strontium, and other metals. The plumes spread out across the horizon. The particles are neurotoxic. Neurotoxins rob us of our health and of our consciousness with every breath.”

“I'm sorry, I have no idea about... the size of this stuff?”

“A nanometer is billionth of a meter,” said Wallace.

“And one nanometer,” Dubos added “is the size of a tennis ball compared to the size of the Earth.”

“So, a nanoparticle,” Wallace said, “is a piece of material that's less than 100 nanometers. It's invisible to the human eye. And as René said, we have no defenses against a toxic metal that tiny.”

“There's no filter in the world fine enough to stop it,” said Dubos. “It's exactly the kind of thing I had in mind when I wrote ‘The Limits of Adaptability’ in 1970. Humans were not designed to protect ourselves against such tiny barrages of toxins.”

I had reached a point of amazement and was unable to formulate a question. Seeing my difficulties, Henry asked René to tell me about potentially useful aspects of nanotechnology. Dubos explained that nanoparticles were being tested for efficacy in medical imaging and drug delivery systems. “But,” he added, “adverse health effects are so probable that regulatory systems around the world are reluctant to allow such uses to go forward.”

“Wait a minute,” I said, “it's so dangerous that we can't use it down here, but they're spraying it in the air above us? Why is that being done?”

“Because it stays up there,” Henry said, “and it stays up there because it's almost as light as air itself.”

“Who's doing it?”

“The corporate dominated military,” Wallace boomed.

“If it's invisible,” I asked, “where's the proof that we're being bombarded with these nanoparticles?”

“Scientists with immaculate credentials,” said Dubos, “have found that our soils contain far more aluminum and strontium than ever before.”

“And they’re testing rainfall after heavy spraying,” added Wallace, “and finding that the rainwater is immensely contaminated with those dissolved neurotoxic metals.”

“Okay,” I said. “The findings of those scientists with immaculate credentials should end the matter. Right? The harms can then be brought to a stop. No?”

“No,” they said in unison.

There was a long pause. “The people who do the testing,” said Wallace, “are being vilified in the most unscrupulous way imaginable. Their work is being ridiculed. Their character is called into question. It’s like teams of animals have been carefully trained to destroy them, down to the last ounce of believability.”

“The destruction of character,” René said, “is so thorough and so widespread that Henry and I have looked into the matter very carefully. It’s being carried out by cadres of directed workers in a large scale psychological, government-directed operation.

“The saddest example of a character assassination,” René continued, “is Rosalie Bertell, a Catholic nun who devoted her life to educating people about the dangers of indiscriminate use of radiation, among other harms.”

“Her first book in 1985,” Henry said, “was *No Immediate Danger: Prognosis for a Radioactive Earth*. And the next one, published in 2001, was *Planet Earth: The Latest Weapon of War*.”

“What did she say that made them so want to assassinate her character?” I asked.

“Well,” René said, “she was in New York City. It was about fifteen years ago. She was there to testify about the utter madness of the United States’ use of depleted uranium in battlefield ordnance. The addition of depleted uranium makes ammunition more armor-piercing, but the battlefield where it’s used stays radioactive forever.

“At that time, a reporter asked her to comment about the ‘chemtrails’ that people were beginning to see in the skies. Her response was irrefutable. The trails, she said, were not natural. The crisscrossing plumes stayed in the skies for hours, getting wider and wider. It’s outrageous for them to be putting up unknown chemicals or metals that are doing harm without telling the people and then denying that they are doing it.

“And she responded,” René continued, “to the official story that the trails in skies were merely the discharge of water vapor from jet engines. Water vapor discharge from engines, she said emphatically, would only last about fifteen or sixteen seconds, not hours and remain up there getting wider and wider.”

“So, there you have it,” said Henry, “an irrefutable response from a recognized scientific expert that the official story is a lie. And you know that what she said makes absolute sense, don’t you, Michael? Look, you can throw water out the back of an airplane or send it through the engines

all day. It's only water vapor, and the only damn thing water vapor does is evaporate—in maybe fifteen or sixteen seconds.”

I shook my head in the affirmative, thinking about my humidifier at home. It turned water to a plume of vapor over the machine, and none of that vapor lasted long enough to dampen the low table upon which it sat or the floor below.

“So, how do the critics respond to Sr. Rosalie?” Henry asked. “They assassinate her character without once dealing with her arguments. To them, she is a crackpot who cannot abide by the scientific method. In short, they say, she’s a conspiracy theorist who deserves no attention whatsoever.”

“I met with Rosalie’s spirit,” Henry continued. “Together, we called upon Barbara Tuchman. We reviewed Rosalie’s accomplishments and the many truths she had given to the world. Then we discussed René’s understanding that toxic exposures are robbing people of their humanity. Barbara said that the circumstance we find ourselves in is dire. At such times, freedom of thought and of speech are crucial for survival. To be shutting out Rosalie’s observations is ‘antithetical to life itself.’ Those assassinations of Rosalie’s character are, in Barbara Tuchman’s words, ‘the behavior of jackals in human form.’”

“And so many people are on their way toward that new category,” said Dubos. “I’m thinking of the Ph.Ds who are afraid to rush to Rosalie’s defense and stand up for truth. They are a last line of defense.”

“Do you know what René is talking about, Michael?” Henry Wallace asked me.

“I’m not really sure.”

Henry asked me to sit on the bench. He sat down next to me. René stood, facing Henry. Henry spread his arms out in front of him. A flat board suddenly appeared. It was about three feet wide and two feet tall. When he put it down on his lap, a hundred small figurines of people appeared. They were men and women, clothed casually and of a beige sandy color. All were standing within the outlines of a map of the United States. Dubos nodded his appreciation for the display.

“Of these,” Henry asked Dubos, “how many would you say have been harmed by chemical exposures to the point that they are not capable of exercising independent judgment?” René waived his hand over the board. About a third of the figurines fell on their sides.

“Of the ones that are still standing,” Henry asked, “how many are incapable of taking positions contrary to the propaganda messages regularly given out by the power structure?” Dubos waived his hand again. A half of the standing figurines on the board fell.

Henry gently shook the board. The fallen figurines disappeared. “Of the ones that are left, how many have the mental acuity to solve the present crisis and are not afraid to speak out?” René waived his hand again. A handful of figurines jumped into the palm of Henry’s left hand.

“And the rest?” asked Wallace.

Dubos waved his hand over the board. The remaining few figurines took on a yellowish tinge. Most wore academic regalia of dark robes with cowls striped with blue, yellow and red. They wore caps with tassels.

“Michael,” Wallace said, “meet the thin line of tasseled professors who René and I call the Ph.D corps. Right now, they are too filled with fear to be of help. Perhaps one day soon...”

“Yes, soon.” Dubos said with his hands clasped in prayer.

“Perhaps one day soon,” Henry continued, “they will take their proper place and stand up against the chorus of jackals in human form who defame the works and the memories of people like Rosalie Bertell.”

We were quiet for a time, and I asked “why the hell would this military industrial group be bombarding the people with super-toxic materials in the first place?”

“Rosalie said she was told by a government insider,” said Henry, “that they were putting particles up there to deflect the sun’s rays in order to combat global warming.”

“Does that make any sense, to deal with global warming in that way?” I asked.

“Not one bit,” said René. “Not even a scintilla of one bit. Mostly, what we need to do is reduce carbon dioxide emissions. That’s the safe and sane way to combat global warming. She told that to the reporter.”

“Just how dangerous is this bombardment of toxic metals,” I asked.

Henry responded. “Dr. Russell Blaylock is a neurosurgeon, and he’s very much like Rosalie. The jackals have not stopped him from saying that the nanosized aluminum particles from the spraying are getting into every part of us and causing immense harms and disabilities. He prays that the pilots who are doing the spraying understand that they are destroying the health of us all. And, he said, once the soil, plants, and water sources are heavily contaminated with nanosized particulates of aluminum, there may be no way to reverse the harms done.”

“What does he mean when he says there may be no way to reverse the damage?”

Dubos said that “the particles of aluminum change the pH balance in soils. Plants can’t readily accommodate. And the nano-aluminum particles are decimating populations of bees, birds, and insects. The web of life, upon which human existence depends, is being destroyed. And there’s no easy way to extract those particles from soil after they are sprayed down upon us.”

“So, why don’t the pilots speak out?” I asked.

“There are a number of reasons,” Wallace responded. “Fear of being fired is one. Another is that they’re being told they’re saving the world from global warming.”

“How can you be sure of that?”

“It’s the only reason,” Henry said, “for the Director of the CIA, John Brennan himself, on June 29, 2016, to have addressed the Council on Foreign Relations with a message that was widely disseminated. In it he extolled the benefits of a program that would seed the stratosphere ‘with particles that can help reflect the sun’s heat.’ For a mere ten billion dollars a year it could, he said, limit global temperature increases ‘providing the world economy additional time to transition from fossil fuels.’ But, he said, ‘because standards are lacking to guide deployment,’ implementation is not occurring. That statement, as far as I’m concerned, was meant to inform the pilots—among others—that they are doing the right thing, and, coming from the Director of the CIA, they would not be prosecuted.”

“But the poisoning, in fact, is taking place,” I said.

“Truth has no significance for the people who put this geoengineering program into operation,” said René. “Gain is all. Visions of the future extend only to the next fiscal quarter. Forget about looking after the children for generations to come. Those people are sacrificing all the children for the sake of their very own power and prosperity.”

“Worse than Moloch,” I said, remembering a stray bit of biblical history.

Henry finished my thought. “Seventh century B.C. The God to whom the people made some few child sacrifices so there would be prosperity in the land. Now, the corporate elite are sacrificing everything and everyone for prerogatives that may only last a few short years. And they feel themselves free to maim and murder us all right up to the end.”

“Free to continue,” I said, “the carrying out of the most brutal warfare—domestic violence—against the people.”

The word unpunished came to mind. I found myself thinking about clients and others who went to jail for nothing near what the Frankenstein monsters are doing to us by their aerial bombardments. There were clients who sold drugs, and they were sentenced to jail. Another stole from a warehouse where he worked and went to jail. Clients who wrote bad checks found themselves incarcerated. I remembered a few of their names.

“But there’s something else you should be aware of,” Dubos said. “Nineteen years ago, that same group murdered over three thousand people right out in the open, and no one was prosecuted. No one was even charged. Your Moloch was served up all those souls in the space of an hour.”

I told him I had no idea what he meant.

“September 11th, 2001,” René responded, “at the World Trade Center in New York City, the Pentagon in Arlington County, Virginia, and at a field in Shanksville, Pennsylvania.”

“Are you kidding me?” was my immediate, instinctive response.

“Michael,” said René, “the reporter who asked Rosalie Bertell about geoengineering fifteen years ago also asked her about 9/11. Her response was that the official story of what happened is ‘not credible.’ Americans were whipped up into a wartime frenzy, all within hours, against al Qaida and Osama bin Laden. Nothing was submitted in an orderly way to our courts, she said. It was like a ‘lynching.’ She suggested that we take a good look at the evidence.”

“What would a good look at the evidence show?” I asked.

Henry Wallace spoke slowly. “Two steel-constructed buildings, WTC Buildings 1 and 2, were struck by airplanes at or near the 80th and 95th floors. A third suffered only office fires. The first two buildings fell somewhat close to the speed of gravity. The third, Building 7, seven hours later, fell at the speed of gravity, perfectly within its own footprint. There’s only one explanation for how such things could have happened.”

“By preplanned controlled demolitions,” said René Dubos. “Anything other conclusion is unworthy of rational consideration.”

“Rosalie told the reporter,” Henry added, “that jet fuel does not burn hot enough to melt steel. So there were two flash fires at the 80th and 95th floors. How the hell could those flash fires defeat 175 floors of cold steel columns below?

“And about Building 7,” Henry added, “Rosalie said that it was not struck by any airplane. There were some office fires, and it came down seven hours after Buildings 1 and 2. Michael, office fires result from the burning of things like furniture and paper at temperatures far less than it would take to melt steel.”

René added, “No steel skyscraper building, anywhere in the world, ever collapsed from office fires! Never!

“The airplane that went down at Shanksville, Pennsylvania,” he continued, “according to the official story, hit the ground going so fast that it buried itself into the ground. Preposterous! That could not have happened! Airplanes do not and can not bury themselves in the ground.”

“And the airplane,” said Wallace, “that allegedly struck the Pentagon disappeared without leaving so much as one confirmed scrap of wreckage. By God,” he shouted, “airplanes are not much more than strips of aluminum strapped together to form a cabin, wings, and a tail assembly. You’re a smart man. When those wings, the cabin, and the tail hit the Pentagon’s flat concrete wall, why the hell wasn’t there 200 feet of aluminum debris all along the bottom of that wall?”

I struggled to respond. “It all went into the hole?”

“Michael,” Wallace said, “the wings and the tail would have immediately shattered into thousands of pieces. There’s not a power on Earth that could have brought all those pieces back

into the air along the wall so they could be swept along the wall and be neatly deposited into a ten foot wide, perfectly round hole, leaving no trace whatsoever of wings, cabin, two massive engines, and the tail assemblies.”

“You said a round hole?”

“Yes. Perfectly round and about ten feet in diameter.

“But there’s more to that part of the story,” he continued. What kind of aluminum airplane could explode when it hit the first outer wall, then skid along the ground through the back wall, through two interior courtyards and four additional inner walls, leaving a perfectly round hole in that sixth wall?”

“You see,” added Dubos, “there are pictures of the final hole that Henry’s talking about. It’s the last wall in the C-Ring of the Pentagon. No airplane could have exploded at the outside of the E-Ring, and then gone through the middle ring, the D-Ring, and then gone through the final ring of office spaces, the C-Ring, leaving a perfectly round hole in the final wall of the C-Ring. So that’s why Rosalie’s description of the official story being ‘not credible’ is so true. The massive explosion at the first exterior wall would have ended such projectile possibilities by the immediate release of energies in every direction upon impact.”

“So, they did 9/11 for what purpose?” I asked.

“To keep you at war,” Dubos said, sadly. “They murdered three thousand people and whipped you all into a frenzy so that they could go to war. War was profitable. War allowed them to extend the American Empire where they wished to take it.”

“Those acts,” Wallace said, “were the ultimate in domestic violence under Article IV, Section 4. When people awaken and begin to think in terms of living to love and protect one another, it will be harder for the monsters to cover such things up. Truths will emerge, finally, about what happened on that date.

“War will be outlawed,” Wallace continued, “under the aegis of the domestic violence clause in the new America you’ll be building. And all resources will go to healing the sick and stopping the harms.”

I wanted to believe what Henry was saying, but I remembered how protective the courts had been toward corporations. “But won’t the courts intervene on behalf of corporations that stand to lose their rights and their prerogatives?” I asked.

“No,” Wallace said. “Think about the civil disturbances in the 1960s. Federal troops, pursuant to the domestic violence clause, patrolled in a number of American cities. Curfews were in effect until the danger had been stopped. Courts were never asked to intervene on behalf of companies or individuals that may have wanted to remain open for business. It’s preposterous to think that courts would even entertain any such applications.”

Wallace, spacing his words out carefully, went on. “And the United States Supreme Court has said many times that the domestic violence clause is a people’s clause. It is for the people to determine what is or what is not a condition of domestic violence. Further, it’s for the people to determine what’s to be done to take care of their emergency. In the end, the people have the equivalent of war powers to do whatever is necessary. Using the authority of that clause, the people can end corporate dominance entirely if they believe that planning only for the next economic quarter has proven to be the menace it has become.”

“The people,” Dubos said, “will then stop the destruction of this Earth. Natural methods will replace the foolish reliance on chemicals. The planet will begin to cool. The normalizing of weather patterns will bring stability to regions that are being devastated by droughts and floods. Habitability will be restored everywhere, as will love and concern for one another. Love and concern for one another will be the next normal. So much will change.”

When Henry Wallace and René Dubos took their leave, I stood there with a vision of a United States and this Earth ruled, finally, by governance of the people, by the people, and for the people, as President Lincoln had imagined. I pictured a world in which we respect one another and work together to assure survival along with the blessings of life and liberty.

We would no longer be cogs in worldwide industrial networks of power. Our lives would be lived in self-sustaining enclaves of natural beauty, completely in keeping with the blessings of clean air and water and soils.

Passing a schoolyard on my way home, I thought of Dostoyevsk’s character in *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fr. Zossima. Do it for the children, the dying priest would tell us, because they are sinless and in our care.

Walking next to me was a teacher I remembered from law school, Samuel Dash. He died years before, yet he walked calmly beside me. I remembered his manner, always gentle, always searching for the best way to describe complex legal affairs. I started telling him how proud I was to see him on television when he was chief counsel to the Senate Watergate Committee in 1973.

Brushing off my comment, Prof. Dash told me that he had watched and listened to my conversations with Henry Wallace and René Dubos.

He motioned me to look at a child walking with her mother on the other side of the street. They were wearing face masks for coronavirus protection. “Will facemasks help,” he asked, “to protect against nano-particulates of toxic metals?”

“No. Of course not.”

“All of us and all the children are defenseless against that bombardment,” he said.

After a short time, he asked what crimes are being committed by those who are spraying the poisons? It was like being called upon in class. I responded immediately. “Assault and

battery...Oh, and conspiracy. People in the control towers and people who load the planes with that poison stuff.”

“Yes,” he responded, “but didn’t you forget the most forceful legal remedy of all?”

I hated that part in class, when I didn’t have a clue about the answer to a question asked.

“Treason,” he said when it was clear I had no idea what he was talking about. He continued. “The crime of treason is committed when a person is levying war against us. Those are the actual words of Article III, Section 3 of the Constitution. The dropping of poisons upon us is, without any question, the levying of war against the people.”

“How do we know it’s not an attack by a foreign power?”

“Because our air space has been sacrosanct—protected zealously—from the beginning of air travel. Anyone up there doing the spraying is either one of us or someone permitted by our government to be flying over us.”

“So, there can be treason committed,” I asked, “and it does not have to be only by helping an enemy in wartime?”

“Correct. Aaron Burr was tried for treason because it was alleged that he wanted to lead an army that would attack us. That attack would have been the levying of war. He was an American. There was no foreign enemy involved.”

“What else was treason?” he then asked. I looked around, saying nothing. “The events of September 11th, 2001,” he responded in his quiet scholarly fashion. “The false official story is just cover for our own people being murdered by our own people on that day.”

“So,” I asked, “what can possibly be done about all that 9/11 mayhem and the geoengineering that’s continuing in the skies almost every day? We don’t even know the names of the people who are flying over us, pouring the poisons out of airplanes.”

“18 United States Code, Section 2382. Misprision of treason,” he said ever so quietly. When it was clear that I had no knowledge of that provision, he continued. “So, under the misprision statute, anyone who has knowledge of the treason—the levying of war—the 9/11 attacks and the flights that are delivering nano-particulates of toxic metals—has an obligation under Section 2382 to come forward and to tell all that he or she knows about those events.”

“That would be thousands of people,” I responded, “from air traffic controllers and people who put explosives in the World Trade Towers. That would include FBI agents who confiscated film from cameras all around the Pentagon, film that would have shown what really caused damage at the Pentagon.”

Sam Dash shook his head yes and then said, “But that’s only the beginning of a witness list. Every scientist and science teacher in the country who goes along with the bogus explanations is

guilty of misprision of treason for not coming forward and saying ‘enough is enough.’ The toxic clouds could not possibly be from water vapor. Airplanes could not have brought down the World Trade Center buildings the way they did. An airplane could not have buried itself into the ground at Shanksville, and an airplane could not possibly have slid on the ground at the Pentagon and then penetrated six separate concrete walls, making a perfect circular hole in the last one.”

“So, I said before that thousands of people would have to come forward...”

Sam responded, “No. Closer to tens of millions of people would have to come forward. No more cowering. They are required by law to come forward to judges and grand juries all across the country. Every one of your Ph.D corps would have to speak out.

“Once and for all, the scourge of violence will be ended. Criminal cases will put an end, finally, to the treasonous behavior that threatens every child in this country, this entire country, and this Earth.”

Sam Dash then turned to me. “Michael, there’s more. Sometimes conduct is so egregious that assumptions concerning lawlessness must be made.”

I looked at him quizzically.

“Taking into account the conduct of the corporate elite by destroying democracies throughout the world, killing and maiming through the illegal use of geoengineering, and murdering people by the thousands on September 11, 2001, taking all that into account, you are required, I believe, to make a further assumption, for investigative purposes. You are required to assume them fully capable of other egregious conduct.”

I recognized that what he was saying had precedent in the law. Juries in criminal cases, I recalled, were always told that they could, if they wished, deem a person to be a deceiver in other matters if it was clear that they had been caught in a willful lie. The doctrine, from Roman law, was known as “false in one is false in all.”

“I understand what you’re saying,” I told him.

“And there’s another reason to invoke egregiousness in one may be egregiousness in a host of other matters. That reason is time,” he said, raising his voice on that last word.

“Your planet is near the point of oblivion. The illegal program of geoengineering has been going on with intensity for more than twenty years. That gentleman, Dr. Blaylock, said when the soil, plants, and water sources become heavily contaminated, there may be no way to reverse the damage that will have been done.

“Michael, you are very close to that point. Your survival requires that you now make the assumption, again, for investigative purposes, that those who brought you to this point are fully capable of committing atrocious harms on a continuing basis.”

“Investigation into possible harms like...?”

“First. COVID-19. If it was created in a laboratory in which Americans had input, it’s release, could have been a criminal act, an act of treason under the United States Constitution, and, in addition, a harm that falls under the civil emergency provision of the U.S. Constitution—the domestic violence clause.

“Second. Is 5G an unnecessary harm for the people as so many are saying?”

“Third. Has weather been turned into a weapon of war?”

The third item Sam mentioned made me think of Rosalie Bertell’s 2001 book, *Planet Earth: The Latest Weapon of War*. I’m sure that Henry Wallace wanted me to read that book as soon as possible.

“Fourth. Are most vaccinations unnecessary. Are they a major cause of harm?”

“You get the idea. I’m sure.

“Putting it another way, you don’t have time to give your corporate leaders the benefit of any doubts. They’ve shown one thing for sure. They will take that time to bring about the deaths of your children and this Earth. Your investigations into these matters must begin immediately.”

I looked to see where the child and her mother had gone. When I looked back, my Professor Samuel Dash was gone.

It’s time, I said to myself. It’s time to take control. Two steps are required. First, within the United States, both the domestic violence clause and the treason provision in our Constitution have to be put forward and enforced.

Second, outside of the United States, the legal concept of impossibility has to be used to end the crippling reliance on the United Nations. Only by doing so can a new and real international body be created, one that would allow for peace and order in the world.

And above all, I told myself, there’s no time to wonder who might or who might not be amenable to which investigations and prosecutions must be pursued. Being cowed by a cadre of jackals who are paid to smear anyone who dares to challenge the existing dangerous paradigms is not acceptable. Fear of them is not acceptable. Those who can stand up to them must do so. Those who will not are cowards.

I have always tried to be guided by evidence. Truths will have the last word in this world if we all take that approach. Survival is at stake.

And all that must be done must be done quickly, for the children, because they are sinless and in our care.

SOME SUBJECT MATTER NOTES:

HIGHER ENERGIES FILTER IN: William James gave a series of lectures between 1901 and 1902 at the University of Edinburgh. Those lectures became the basis for his seminal book *The Varieties of Religious Experience: A Study in Human Nature*. His reference to higher energies filtering in at times of stress and helping us with shifts in consciousness is at the end the book. In the Random House Modern Library edition, you'll find it on page 563. William James encouraged the obtaining of truths in all matters by observation. He would have us abstain from reliance upon beliefs as the way to ascertain our realities.

WALLACE: In order to envision a better future, people will need to understand the worldview of Henry A. Wallace. In their *Showtime* documentary series and in the companion book, *The Untold History of the United States* (Gallery Books, 2012), Oliver Stone and Peter Kuznick, pay continuing tribute to Wallace's efforts to bring about accord in the world. An excellent biography is *American Dreamer: A Life of Henry A. Wallace*, by John C. Culver and John Hyde (W.W. Norton & Co. 2001).

TRUMAN: On the other hand, President Harry Truman, lacking insight and seeming "oblivious to the implications of his words or actions...promoted an ideology and politics of Cold War confrontation" that set up limited parameters for peace right up to our own time. See *Another Such Victory: President Truman and the Cold War 1945-1953*, by Arnold A. Offner (Stanford University Press, 2002) at page 470.

BRANDEIS: U.S. Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis is famous for delving deeply into economic and social realities behind legal issues. In his dissent to the holding of *Liggett v. Lee*, 288 U.S. 517, he warned about the threats to human freedom by giving corporations too much power. He referred to them in that dissenting opinion as "Frankenstein monsters."

THOUGHTLESS POISONING: One example, among many, of thoughtless poisoning is the use of PFAS (perfluoroalkyl and polyfluoroalkyl) chemicals. They are toxic. They don't break down in the environment. They are in all of us now, including newborn babies. For information about that poisoning and total corporate disregard, see the film, *Dark Waters* and the book, *Exposure: Poisoned Water, Corporate Greed, and One Lawyer's Twenty-Year Battle Against Dupont*, by Robert Bilott.

CASHING IN ON DISEASES: Information about safe, inexpensive, natural cures is continuously suppressed. See, for example, *Second Opinion*, a 2014 documentary film by Eric Merola. It shows how Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center covered-up Laetrile's efficacy in stopping the spread of cancer. See also *What Went Wrong: The Truth Behind the Clinical Trial of the Enzyme Treatment of Cancer*, by Nicholas J. Gonzalez, MD (New Spring Press, 2002).

LUMUMBA: For a reference to United States participation in the murder of Patrice Lumumba, see *In Search of Enemies: A CIA Story*, by John Stockwell (W.W. Norton & Co., 1978) at pages 105 and 236-237.

ALLENDE: See *The Pinochet File: A Declassified Dossier on Atrocity and Accountability*, by Peter Kornbluh (the National Security Archive, 2003) pages 111-113, for details about United States involvement in planning the coup against the Chilean President, Salvatore Allende, on September 11th, 1973.

SUHARTO: For the overthrow of Sukarno and the encouragement given to Suharto to murder dissidents, see *Endless Enemies: The Making of an Unfriendly World*, by Jonathan Kwitny (Congdon & Weed, 1984) pages 278-285.

GUATEMALA: Bombing of defenseless cities in Guatemala brought an end to their democracy. *Bitter Fruit: The Untold History of the American Coup in Guatemala*, by Stephen Schlesinger and Stephen Kinzer (Anchor Press, 1983), pages 177-178 and 182-184.

DUBOS: René Dubos' assertion about our descending into "a form of life that will retain little of true humanness" is in "The Limits of Adaptability," an essay in *The Environmental Handbook*, edited by Garrett DeBell (Ballantine Books, 1970), pages 28- 29. See also *Only One Chance: How Environmental Pollution Impairs Brain Development and How to Protect the Brains of the Next Generation*, by Philippe Grandjean (Oxford University Press, 2013). See, as well, *Poison Spring: The Secret History of Pollution and the EPA*, by E. G. Vallianatos with McKay Jenkins (Bloomsbury Press, 2014).

TOXIC SKY TRAILS: One of the best sources of information about aircraft leaving toxic trails in the skies above us that are robbing us of our health and our consciousness is GeoengineeringWatch(dot)org. Dane Wigington, creator of that site, deserves everyone's immediate attention.

9/11 ATTACK: Reliable information to the effect that the attacks of were a self-inflicted, inside job is compendious. Please start with the groundbreaking research of Richard Gage at Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth(dot)org. Richard is the founder. Some 3,400 professionally licensed architects and engineers have said that the official, government story cannot be believed. Most recently, a well-funded, independent study done by a team of experts, led by University of Alaska Professor J. Leroy Hulsey, found the following: "The principal conclusion of our study is that fire did not cause the collapse of WTC 7 on 9/11, contrary to the conclusions of NIST [National Institute of Standards and Technology] and private engineering firms that studied the collapse. The secondary conclusion of our study is that the collapse of WTC 7 was a global failure involving the near-simultaneous failure of every column in the building." In other words, no steel constructed building ever entirely collapsed as a result of office fires, and the near-simultaneous failure of every column in the building could only have happened through the use of planned, controlled demolition.

ARTICLE IV, SEC. 4: The complete wording of Article IV, Section 4 of the U.S. Constitution is as follows: "The United States shall guarantee to every state in this union a republican form of

government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the legislature, or the executive (when the legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence.”

FOR THE PEOPLE: The case of *Texas v. White*, U.S. Supreme Court (1868), made it clear that the guarantees in Article IV, Section 4 are for the benefit of the people. And Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, in *Colegrove v. Green*, 328 U.S. 549, at page 556, made it clear that those guarantee issues are matters for the people to determine. They are not for the courts to decide.

ARTICLE III, SECTION 3, the treason provision says: “Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort.”

MISPRISION OF TREASON is a crime as defined in 18 USC 2382: “Whoever, owing allegiance to the United States and having knowledge of the commission of any treason against them, conceals and does not, as soon as may be, disclose and make known the same to the President or to some judge of the United States, or to the governor or to some judge or justice of a particular State, is guilty of misprision of treason and shall be fined under this title or imprisoned not more than seven years, or both.”

Michael Diamond's legal experience included helping to protect people who had been impacted by environmental harms. In an effort to change the public focus away from waste and war, he wrote ***If You Can Keep It: A Constitutional Roadmap to Environmental Security***, (1996). The book introduced readers to the domestic violence clause in the U.S. Constitution. Most recently, Diamond wrote a novel, titled ***Impasse***, in which the protagonist finds a way to help end the destructive reliance on the United Nations, so that a new organization can be created to represent the requirements of the people for health, justice, and to assure survival. His website is [DomesticViolenceClause\(dot\)org](http://DomesticViolenceClause(dot)org).