

PARADISE  
THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS  
(Book One)



**Eric Chapman**

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book is respectfully dedicated to the memory of my mother and father whom I wish could have lived to see that their sacrifices weren't made in vain.

To the many thousands of people with whom I've come in contact with throughout my life and travels, it was truly an experience. I hope it was as good for you as it was for me.

Thank you to everyone who kept me in their daily vigils, fortified me with doses of inspiration, or took my hand in love, friendship or fellowship.

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## PREFACE

With the surreptitious but spectacular emergence of the New Cities, an artist was commissioned to design an official seal for the formal opening. The seal was intended not only to announce the Awakening's new social order, but to also confirm there was an unfeigned kindred synergy and focused purpose throughout the entire effort. Sixteen-year-old Aaron Clarke was chosen to be that artist. More than any other, his equally spectacular design seemed to truly convey the spirit of the New Cities while establishing and celebrating the Awakening's potency and purpose. As explained by Fran Westmoreland:

*The outer **Gold Circular Braid** symbolizes the new, tightly woven unity and strength of our people, society and organization.*

*The inner **Gold Circle** underscores the eternal flow of unwavering support, connection and devotion to each other.*

*The gold **Background** exemplifies and radiates the intrinsic character and value of our people—rich in knowledge, worth, history, expression, passion and capability.*

*Harnessing the raw, highly charged energy of brother and sisterhood, the **Storm and Sky Elements** signify our arrival into a higher level of consciousness and understanding as well as the power that stems from that understanding. Imposing yet composed, we balance strength with wisdom and action with compassion.*

*The **Globe** represents our focus and commitment to seek out and advance the lives of our brothers and sisters without regard to terrestrial limitations.*

*The **Cross** signifies our pledge to the teachings and guidance of our Lord Jesus Christ. We recognize that in order to avoid destruction and attain salvation, His way is the only way to confront and correct the unchallenged evil that is so prevalent in this world.*

*The **Ankh** is the ancient Egyptian symbol for Life. It represents our long-awaited and triumphant new life now that we have freed ourselves from the deathly grip of society's evils. It is a life that is unapologetic and unashamed for the manner in which we arrived, and a life that is emblematic of our individual and collective resurrection.*

*The **Pyramid** embodies not only our timeless ingenuity and mastery of scientific and technological paradoxes, but also serves as a reminder for us to remain firmly grounded in our principles and actions in the continuation of that legacy and in all that we pursue.*

The preceding is an excerpt from the *Angelic Upstarts*. More accurately, it is the catalyst that began this entire project. When I wrote those words, it was with the hope that one day all African-Americans could envision and live every line of this excerpt.

I know I am not alone in my musings as there are thousands of similar efforts introduced into our society each year with the sincerest hope to either inform or inspire the masses. I also know that each day millions of people across the color spectrum wish or pray that somehow their social and cultural climate could somehow be changed to bring peace into their lives. *Paradise* is simply one person's way of expressing those wishes and prayers and "what if's" based on past, current and possible future events.

As you progress through the fictitious "historical" accounts and narratives in *Paradise*, consider your place and status in your family, your community, our country, and our world. Should life imitate art and we begin a new human movement? Or should we simply regard the events and messaging in *Paradise* as just a fanciful storytelling exercise? When all is said and done, what does the story mean to **you**?

Throughout the *Paradise* saga, I've tried to establish touch-points where anyone regardless of race can honestly open their minds, recognize and discuss their shared or contrasting challenges. Then hopefully, they can decisively and aggressively punish and purge their apathy, reluctance and indifferences. This is of course providing they truly wish to move forward personally and advance humanity nationally and globally.

I've laid the groundwork and presented the forum, what we choose to do with it is the next chapter that inevitably we will **all** end up writing.

## **VIRES IN IUNCTUM – STRENGTH IN UNITY**



## PARADISE PROLOGUE

“Bob? Marge? Wow, this *is* a surprise!” Hank said excitedly, while ushering the couple inside his apartment.

They shuffled past Hank reluctantly. They really didn’t want to be here, but their travel and social options were extremely limited at the moment. Unfortunately for them, other than Hank, the prospect of anyone else inviting them into their home was becoming increasingly unlikely.

“I haven’t seen you two since the New City dedication last year. How’s the advertising business?”

“We wouldn’t know since we got fired not too long afterwards.” Bob answered bitterly.

“Fired? What happened?” Hank asked genuinely concerned.

Marge corrected Bob while making herself comfortable on Hank’s sofa.

“We didn’t get fired, we quit.” Marge said correcting Bob.

Taking the chair opposite her, Hank asked, “He says fired, you say quit. Which is it?”

“Quit!” she answered defiantly.

“I don’t understand. You once told me that both of you were pretty much set for life with your jobs.”

“That was before.” Bob said gruffly.

“Before what?”

“Before Marge got pregnant.” Bob said with a hint of anger.

Although he was both shocked and elated to hear about Marge’s pregnancy, he didn’t understand the correlation.

“I didn’t think you two were of the mind to have children, but congratulations anyway. When are you due Marge?” Hank asked while visually checking Marge’s abdomen. He was surprised to see she was barely showing.

“In June, so about three months from now.”

Hank mentally calculated the months. He smiled slightly as he realized the previous October had produced two extraordinary events—the opening and dedication of the New City of Memphis and Marge’s conception.

“So why didn’t you just take a leave of absence instead of quitting?” Hank asked.

Both Bob and Marge hesitated as if waiting for the other to answer Hank’s question. Finally, Marge wearily replied as if she had given this explanation many times before.

“As you can imagine Hank, after last year, everything changed for us. And it wasn’t a question of them granting us a leave of absence, at that point they just wanted us out.”

“Yeah, but even if they had offered us a leave of absence, she still would have quit.” Bob quickly added. “She’s the one who said our jobs ‘weren’t conducive with raising a child because of all the time and traveling we were doing.’” Bob said sarcastically imitating Marge.

“You know it’s not just the hours, or the traveling, it’s what our jobs are—period!” Marge countered. “And you know that we have to have this child now, because there may not be a later!”

Hank watched as the couple began verbally sparring. This was just one of their many wars

he'd witnessed over the years, and although this one was relatively tame in comparison to some others, there was an underlying iniquitous tone to it.

To Hank it was obvious that they really hated one another, but at the same time, it was also obvious that one couldn't function without the other. That was simply the nature and extent of their relationship. And while they were unleashing their barrage of insults on each other, Hank pondered what madness could have possessed them to want to bring an innocent child into such a dysfunctional environment.

Finally winding down after minutes of oral carnage, but still on the attack, Marge shouted, "Dammit Bob, your problem is you've never considered the consequences our jobs could bring!"

"Wait, you're trying to tell me you actually thought about the consequences of *your* job, but yet you still went to work every day doing the same thing? Please, don't try to get all holier-than-thou now Marge. You're no better than me. In fact, you're worse, because you knew better!"

Marge was just about to really tear into Bob when suddenly and inexplicably, she took a deep breath and composed herself. Then she turned to Hank and calmly said, "The truth is they wanted to fire us last year, but because I was pregnant, they kept us on."

Hank was taken aback by Marge's sudden transition, but even more so by the disclosure of her employer's intentions. "Wow, I thought the arrangement between you and your employers was almost ironclad. I didn't think either you or they would ever dissolve it."

"So did we," Marge said. "After all these years, I still can't believe it."

Hank was still at a loss. "Then why would they suddenly want to fire you after all this time?"

"It's simple Hank. They needed someone to blame for their screw-ups." Marge said bitterly.

With obvious detest in his voice, Bob interjected, "No, it wasn't that. They said it was because we were stealing from them!"

Hank tried to reason out the situation. "Stealing? Well, I guess that would be grounds for dismissal. Notwithstanding what you stole, it's a huge violation of trust. Employers don't easily get over that."

Marge began to laugh. "Violation of trust? Trust goes both ways Hank. We trusted them to take responsibility for the images they forced us to project. But instead, for years they left *us* to take the blame and face the criticisms over those images. I'm sorry, but I don't see trust as a player anywhere in this."

"So regardless of everything you did, you still think they were wrong for wanting to fire and replace you?" Hank asked.

Marge avoided part of the question. "Replace us? Who said anything about replacing us? They wanted to get rid of those job positions *permanently*. But you know what? Even if they wanted to, it would have been almost impossible. Have you seen how busy we've been? I mean this year alone we've worked every single day without a weekend or holiday off."

"Well, look at it this way," Hank suggested. "Without those positions now they'll be forced to place more responsibility on themselves and less in someone who doesn't have their best interests in mind. So it's a good thing, right?" Hank asked optimistically.

“We weren’t hired to think about their best interests Hank,” Marge said sourly. “We were hired to advertise them—period. Their interests were exactly that—*their* interests, not ours. And by the way, given the circumstances and our ‘special arrangement,’ as they called it, I think we represented them very well.”

“If you’re talking about the frequency and magnitude of the publicity you’ve gotten over the years, I’d have to agree. I’ve traveled across the country quite a bit and I’ve seen or heard about your work in just about every city I’ve been in. But if you’re talking about the quality or even the necessity of those ads, I’d definitely have to raise the flag.”

“You can raise the flag and holy hell if you want Hank, but it won’t change a damn thing until they come clean and admit it was them and not us!” Bob shouted.

There was an awkward silence after that, so Hank tried to soften the mood.

“Look, I know it’s been difficult these past years, and it doesn’t like it’s going to get much better. Being unemployed is hard enough but being unemployed with a baby on the way is really going to be rough. If there’s anything I can do to help you get through it, please let me know.”

Bob didn’t respond, so Marge replied for the both of them. “Thanks Hank. I know our friendship, or whatever you want to call it, hasn’t been the best or the easiest, but you’ve always been there for us. In fact, I hate to ask, but we might need a favor from you in the near future.”

“Anytime, just let me know what and when.”

Hank took this affable moment as an opportunity to voice something that puzzled him during their conversation.

“Marge, can I ask you a question?”

“Go ahead.”

“Well, you said you knew they wanted to fire you. Why didn’t you try to see if you could arrange to change jobs or do one of those internal lateral moves? With your tenure, if the theft charges weren’t that serious, I’m sure they would have found something else for you instead of trying to fire you.”

Bob was visibly irritated at Hank’s comment. “Like what? We were under contract and there were no provisions to do anything else.”

“But if you were under contract, how could you quit your jobs? You normally have to finish out the length of the contract.” Hank countered.

“You can’t quit under normal conditions,” Marge explained. “But if you find out you’re about to be involuntarily dismissed, you can request termination. Basically, it lets your employer release you with impunity and keeps them from having to compensate you for any contributions you might have made.”

“I don’t know if contributions is the right word for what you guys provided. And they certainly wouldn’t be compensating you for stealing.”

“Of course we contributed. How else would they be where they are now?” Marge said angrily.

“And was stealing part of that contribution?” Hank asked wryly.

Neither of them offered an answer, but Hank sought one. “Were you guys really stealing from them?”

Bob finally declared, “I don’t care what anybody says, we didn’t take anything from them!”

Hank pressed further. "Usually, accusations like that don't pop up unless there's substantial proof of some kind Bob."

Bob was getting really irate now. "There was no proof! Plus, they said we'd been stealing for years. If that was the case, why didn't they try to fire us before? I'll tell you why, because one, it was a lie, and two, they knew they couldn't function without us!"

"I doubt it Bob. As much as they've depended on you in the past, I think they've finally realized that you were hurting them more than they were able to deal with, and almost more than they could recover from."

Marge was genuinely confused. "So you really think that *we're* responsible for everything that's happened to them?"

"I do. And although you may have found some measure of enlightenment by quitting in advance of being fired, you knew how you were portraying them was wrong all along. But in your defense, I believe the responsibility rests equally between you and your employers."

Bob pounced on Hank's statement. "Look, I'll tell you again, we did what we were contracted to do! They said they wanted an image, and we gave them one. They didn't complain for years, and now all of a sudden, they're saying we misrepresented them all that time? That's the biggest crock I ever heard! They weren't complaining when they were getting all that media attention!"

"Maybe not, but thankfully they've recognized their error and now they're making the necessary changes to come correct." Hank concluded.

Bob waved his hand in disagreement. "You don't know what you're talking about Hank. They talk all that nonsense, but they'll never change. In a year or two, they'll be doing the same old thing and they'll be begging for us to come back!"

Marge was lost in thought during Bob and Hank's exchange and was relegating her attention mostly to Hank's plush carpet. Finally, she looked up and said, "Maybe you're right Hank. And despite Bob's continued stubbornness to admit the truth, I know that even if we aren't totally responsible for their problems, our jobs had transitioned into something totally harmful to everyone around us. So quitting and moving away isn't a 'measure of enlightenment' as you say Hank. It's absolutely necessary to set things right."

Bob threw up his hands in disgust and walked over to the living room window. "Here we go," he said under his breath.

Hank was surprised again by her latest declaration. "You're moving? Where to?"

Once again, Both Bob and Marge seemed reluctant to say anything further. Finally, Bob abandoned his window gazing and almost hissed the answer. "The New Cities."

"The New Cities? Are you serious? When did you decide this?" Hank asked bolting up in his chair.

"Ask *her!*" Bob yelled.

"We decided yesterday." Marge replied calmly.

"No, *you* decided yesterday! I didn't decide crap!" Bob said angrily.

Slightly above a whisper, Marge said to Hank, "As you can see, Bob really hasn't changed much. He's still just as hotheaded as ever. And as usual, he's got no real reason to be mad or anyone in particular to be mad at. He says the job made him the way he is. Maybe my job made me the way I am too. Maybe it's the other way around, I don't know. But regardless, we can't

raise a child like this. We have to think about what's best for her, so moving to the New Cities is the right choice."

With the mention of the child again, Hank was glad to drift away from Bob and Marge's discontented discourse. "Her? So it's a girl. Do you have a name for her already?"

"As a matter of fact, I do. I'm going to name her Rose," Marge said proudly.

Hank considered the name. "Rose? Not too many girls with that name nowadays. What made you choose it?"

She looked over at the still very heated Bob and seemed to weigh something in her mind. Then she said, "There needs to be a balance and a purpose."

Hank regarded the pair and nodded his understanding.

Bob heard Marge's remark and blew up. "That's bull and you know it!" He bellowed as he started walking towards the front door. Then Bob stopped abruptly and barked out an order to Marge. "Tell him the rest!"

"Rest of what?" Hank asked.

"The *real* reason why she wants to move to the New Cities." Bob said coldly.

Hank was confused. "I thought you just said it was because of the baby."

"It is. I may be many things, some not so good, but I'm also an expectant mother and I want to make sure she's brought up by caring people in good surroundings."

"Tell him the rest!" Bob repeated.

Slowly and grudgingly, Marge said, "For the past few months I've been getting terrible dreams. And now they've started to repeat themselves."

"Dreams about what?"

"About Bob and I dying."

"We all get dreams like that Marge. I imagine it's pretty common, especially if you're under some sort of stress. Maybe it's because of your pregnancy."

There was a hint of fear in her voice. "You don't understand Hank, I said dreams, but I meant premonitions. And you can try to explain it any way you want, but I know that as soon as we step foot in any one of the New Cities, we are going to die!"

"And yet she still wants us to go. Incredible." Bob said shaking his head.

"We don't have a choice Bob!" Marge said angrily emphasizing each word.

Hank saw they were about to start on each other again and he quickly intervened. "What makes you think you'll die in the New Cities Marge? They're the most protected places on the planet. No weapons, drugs, or anything harmful."

"No Hank, it won't be bullets or bongs that will end it for us," she said still eyeing Bob irritably. "It's our relevancy in this world that will kill us."

Hank tried to make light of her comment. "Relevancy? I don't think I've ever heard of anyone dying from relevancy poisoning or anything like that." Hank said with a slight laugh.

But Marge was not amused. "You've never heard of CEO's or military leaders who die within months or weeks after retiring from a long career? What about spouses who die right after the other passes on?"

"Okay, I've heard of those cases, but what's that got to do with you two? You don't fit in either one of those categories."

"It's relevancy Hank. If a person no longer feels relevant in this world, it really *is* enough

to kill him or her. So you tell me, without our work will we still be relevant when more of those cities open up next year? How about in five years? Ten years?"

"Probably not."

"Exactly."

"If you really believe you're going to die in the New Cities, why bother going?"

"Thank you!" Bob shouted throwing his hands up in the air.

She gave Hank a pathetic look and said, "Staying here would only prolong the inevitable. But like I told Bob a minute ago, we really don't have a choice. Our visibility, our influence and our very existence will diminish with each passing day. Trust me."

Hank thought hard on what Marge had just said. Was it possible that she and Bob could actually die from being irrelevant? Certainly, their services wouldn't be required in the New Cities, but would that be enough to cause them to expire also?

"Let's hope that's not the case. You might still be able to get work with someone else, but with that stealing accusation on record, it'll be tough. Speaking of which, if I may ask another question, what were you and Bob accused of stealing? You don't have to tell me, but I'm curious."

Marge hesitated for a moment, and then she sat up in her chair and stared into Hank's eyes so intently that he retreated back into his chair.

She smiled and said, "They said we were stealing their *souls*."

It took Hank the better part of a minute to respond. "Their souls? They were speaking metaphorically, right?"

"Were they?" she asked while retaining her rigid gaze.

Morose curiosity made Hank ask Marge the question he really didn't want an answer to.

"Is it true?"

She merely shrugged her shoulders and said, "I am what I am Hank. What else would you have expected of me?"

Hank didn't answer but was relieved when Marge let out a sigh and finally released him from her visual intrusion. Then she slowly stood and walked over to the front door where Bob was still waiting. Hank followed.

Marge sighed heavily when she reached the door. "It's time for us to go Hank. I don't expect we'll ever see each other after today."

Hank didn't have any words for the moment. Then unexpectedly, Marge extended her hand to Hank and said, "That offer you made earlier? If it's still available . . ."

Still thinking about their previous unsettling conversation, Hank cautiously took her hand. "Uh, sure, what is it you need?"

"You'll be receiving something from us in a few months. You'll know what to do with it."

"Is it something I need to forward to you later?"

She gave him a pained look. "No, it's better if it stays here with you."

Hank was confused at first, but as he released her hand, the meaning came home. He nodded his understanding and said, "I won't let you down."

With her typical sarcasm, Marge said, "It's not us you have to worry about letting down Hank." Then she gave him a wry smile.

Hank then held out his hand to Bob. Bob ignored the gesture and reached for the doorknob instead. Marge passed through the doorway, and just before he stepped through, Bob turned and nodded his goodbye to Hank. Hank reciprocated the nod, but also let out a heartfelt verbal goodbye that went unanswered by the couple.

The way Bob and Marge conducted their farewells made Hank believe this really might be the last time he saw either one of them. As he watched them walk down the long, dimly lit hallway, he considered that incredible possibility.

Hank realized that Bob and Marge had long burned their images into the minds of Americans, and for decades, they were the face of Black America. This abandonment of their longtime practices and influences, along with Marge's prediction of their upcoming demise meant a significant but positive turn of events was about to unfold in this country. More importantly, it meant something else for African-Americans—closure—closure to the practice of ambiguous brotherhood, of insecure feelings and inadequate choices and actions. It meant unity and an unprecedented outpouring of strength. It meant unbridled progression. It meant true FREEDOM!

Hank closed the door and locked it. As he was about to step away, he paused and thought about what he had just done. Was this merely a simple act of security, or was it metaphorically symbolic of the changes that were rapidly enveloping the United States? Was he really forever shutting the door and locking out Bob and Marge and their oppressive representations? He thought about his previous conversation with Marge. She was right about one thing; they *did* provide a significant albeit singular contribution to the world. For without their imperfect union, the hope for all African-Americans would never have been born.

Hank walked over to his window and smiled as he watched the frenzied routines of the people in the street below. He thought about their future, our future—Rose.

### *The Players*

BOB - **Black On Black** crime and violence

MARGE - **Mis**projection of personal failure, **A**pathy, **R**edirected anger, **G**reed, **E**nvy

HANK - **H**ealer, **A**chiever, **N**urturer, **K**eeper of the Faith

ROSE - **R**esurrection **O**f **S**elf-**E**mpowerment

## TRIBUTE

**IT WOULD HAVE GIVEN ME GREAT PRIDE AND SATISFACTION TO KNOW I HAD EITHER A PERSONAL OR PROFESSIONAL HAND IN THE FORMATION OF THE MOVEMENT AND THE SUBSEQUENT DEVELOPMENT OF THE NEW CITIES.**

SADLY HOWEVER, I must honestly confess that I was one of the skeptics who said the idea couldn't possibly succeed, and even worse, that it had no real merit at all. It was only after it gained national prominence and after I personally witnessed the caliber of people who embraced it, that I knew my judgments were premature and in gravely in error. By then of course, there were already scores of people diligently and enthusiastically documenting the Movement's personalities and events. But regardless, when I realized this was history in the making, I knew I had to have some part in it. When one has the opportunity, one shouldn't be content to merely sit idly by and watch history unfold.

Although a myriad of accounts has been written about the Awakening over the past sixteen or so years (1991-2007), I took it as an individual challenge to document the *human* as well as the obvious technical and social-political side of these events. As anyone can guess, the *reasons* why some of its highlighted people opted to join this controversial and idealistic activity sometimes proved to be just as inspiring as their contributions.

Hopefully, *my* contribution, (this book and the successive two) is an accurate chronicle of what I think is by far Man's greatest achievement in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Some still argue that landing on the Moon was Man's greatest accomplishment in this or any other century. I would have to disagree. I rank "greatest accomplishments" according to their effect on the *entire* human race—a long-term, wholly encompassing effect that is. Personally, I just don't see how the Moon landing aided Man in his quest for justice or peace in any shape or form. Something that perhaps temporarily bonded *some* men together was the Moon landing. That which has and continues to bind *all* men together *and* uplift them is the Awakening.

It is my sincerest hope that this narrative, in conjunction with others, can help illuminate more of the "gray areas" of this Awakening period. I feel these additions may help form a basic understanding of the whole concept since much information was lost to the general public on the rationale and methods used as the Awakening progressed through the years. Also, unbelievably, even after its official conclusion years ago, there is *still* some reluctance among a great many Americans to believe in the true intentions of this activity. I will attempt to shed additional light in this regard as well since all the motives regarding the Awakening's formation, finalized infrastructure and operations weren't always clearly spelled out or available for public review. Fortunately for me, most people in the New Cities kept weekly if not daily journals of their activities and perceptions, which made my job much easier.

Throughout this entire research venture, I tried to remain objective, and although I am fully satisfied with the end results of the Awakening, the means by which some things were accomplished outwardly appeared less than aboveboard. I have pointed out these areas so the reader can draw his or her own conclusions. There are instances where I interject my own personal opinions or notes, however, I do indicate these opinions as being solely my own.

There are a few acknowledgments I must make. Thank you Ta'ra Adams, Michael Spindler, Richard and Fran Westmoreland, Reverend Isaac Stern, Angel and Michael Montgomery. Your honesty was truly refreshing, and your invaluable contributions to the Awakening helped make this endeavor a sterling success. Thank you for opening your hearts, homes as well as your personal journals to me.

I must give a special and personal thanks to Tamaket Abd el-Aal wa. She is a queen in the truest sense of the word. To accurately describe and document her with any true justice would take more space than I have been allotted and probably more time than I have left on this planet. Let it suffice to say that everything that has been previously written about her is true. She is not only a blessing to the New Cities, but she is also worthy of the praise and position that has been bestowed upon her. In all honesty, I think she is the closest thing to an angel humankind could have possibly produced.

At this point, I feel it's important to say that it would have been an impossible task to cite the thousands of people who in one manner or another helped found and shape this complex and eminent association. Equally, the Alliance, Final Frontier and other international organizations would never have come into existence or successfully flourished without the support, respect, love and loyalty from the millions of people who recognized the need to propel the African-American into the next century with true dignity, power and commitment.

I would also like to express the fact that many times throughout these re-visits in time some principles or thoughts may be reiterated owing to the fact that they were quoted from different sources. For example, the fact that the PAASG fully intended to integrate the New Cities with other races once the needs of African-Americans were met, is mentioned numerous times in this publication. Also, the terms "Awakening" and "Movement" are often used interchangeably throughout this body of work.

Wrong or right, my personal views of the Awakening, the PAASG, its indigenous organizations and followers loosely liken it to a very young United States. Born out of necessity and conviction, they set out to tackle a near impossible task and change the intolerable lifestyles they had been subjected to. And, very much like a young U.S., there were many mistakes made along the way both organizationally and individually. But they learned and improved as they went along, realizing the end goal was to showcase their humanity and not their imperfections.

There have been many incredible improvements to our lives and lifestyles owing to the Awakening, but even the smallest changes have had lasting effects and generally have been good for all people. In my opinion, when all is said and done, I don't believe there can be any mistaking the enduring contributions this activity brought to the world in its pursuit of peace and equality.

Finally, to the members of the Final Frontier and former PAASG, what words can truly convey the gratitude, respect and love I have for you? For someone who supposedly commands a firm mastery of the spoken and written word, I find I am truly at a loss. You have personally touched and fulfilled me, and I humbly thank you for finally charting the course and setting us on the right path in discovering our true potential. Lord willing, with the seeds you've sown, we'll have twenty more wonderful years like these.

God Bless,  
David T. Walker  
David T. Walker  
Senior Editor, Seattle Examiner

**{Note}** The excerpts in the following chapters were taken from authorized interviews and the personal journals of Tamaket Abd el-Aal wa, Fran and Richard Westmoreland, Charles Day, Ta'ra Adams, Malcolm Spindler, Angel and Michael Montgomery, as well as from selected journalists and correspondents. All were used with permission and not intended for any form of reproduction or reiteration without express permission from the aforementioned individuals or me. Additionally, except where indicated, all interviews and documentaries were conducted, recorded and transcribed by me.

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## IN RETROSPECT...

### *Observations and Summation of the Awakening*

Charles M. Day, Former PAASG Director

AS I LOOK BACK over the years, I have to reflect on the Awakening for what it was and what it brought to the world. For me personally, the Awakening was simply the culmination of the struggles, ideas and hopes of our ancestors. Their standards of excellence were a matter of principle and a matter of record, and without question, the Awakening lived up to and even exceeded those standards.

When I think of the Awakening period, I immediately think of the slaves passing through the Underground Railroad. Similar to their struggle, we wanted our mental freedom as badly as they wanted their physical freedom, realizing that the lack of both are equally as tortuous and debilitating. Our forefathers and mothers would be extremely proud of our accomplishments, but even more, I'm sure they would be just as proud that throughout the years we still managed to keep a tight relationship with "the Man upstairs."

Many things have been said about the Awakening and its resultant changes. Most people would still like to think of it as being entirely racially motivated. I would have to ardently disagree. This is a hard statement to justify however, especially when the primary participants and beneficiaries were initially African-Americans. In its beginning stages to be sure, the Awakening was mainly geared towards the successful upliftment of just Afro-America, but as it matured, the vision became more global in its scope, reach and effect. At its very essence—and I cannot emphasize this enough—the Awakening was brought about to basically try and separate good from evil, and not Black Americans from White Americans, or any other Americans.

Without the pretense of being prejudiced, I can honestly say that in some form or another, the Awakening period effected changes in just about *all* of America, and almost in all people of the world—certainly in the economic, and hopefully in the spiritual and social areas.

In my opinion, I think the re-installment of *amour propre* in African-Americans was an awesome task to take on. To identify a problem as personal as ours, and then to effectively deal with that problem took an inordinate amount of courage and strength. We finally addressed and accepted the fact that sometimes *we* are our own worst enemy, and for once, we collectively designed and implemented a solution to this most elusive of evils. This was a goal that was previously cited as unattainable. Why? Because we didn't realize what the problem was. More realistically though, I think we just refused to acknowledge the problem while often conveniently managing to project the blame elsewhere.

As I've often repeated during my tenure as PAASG Director, one of the things that greatly contributed to the success of the Awakening and its agenda was the time setting. During those turbulent times when events such as the forced disbanding of the NAACP, the exponential growth of gangs, hate groups, hate crimes, domestic and international terrorism and other disheartening activities had completely enveloped our country, the media and our lives, we needed someone or something to bring relief to the masses. It was an unprecedented and widespread feeling of hopelessness towards government and society that permeated just about

every American's spirit. Man's problems had multiplied exponentially and there were no suitable solutions in sight. It would seem that the Awakening announced that it was time for Man to grow up, face and overcome these formidable tasks.

Now these next comments may not be what one might expect from a former PAASG Director, but I feel they need to be said. As much as I have admired and benefited from the progress shaped by the Awakening, I have different responses concerning how they went about the whole process. From a colorless nationalist view, I saw the Awakening as an organized, methodical, altruistic venture, despite the fact it almost forced America to split in two on the issues of race and nationalism—again. The idea of “uniting the people of the United States by separating them” should have *never* been entertained by anyone in this or any other time period.

Secondly, in my judgment, had it not been for the severity and disorder of the aforementioned political and social climate at the time, not to mention most Americans depressed attitudes, the Awakening would almost certainly have failed and consequently resulted in a fatal rupture in America with millions of dispirited and irate citizens seeking violent solutions. It almost seemed like the “consequences and responsibilities” mentioned so many times in DWG and PAASG memorandums, correspondence and communications were only important when considering Black Americans.

From the standpoint of an African-American however, I have conflicting viewpoints. I saw the Awakening as the solution to a situation which short of divine intervention could never have resolved itself. A solution, which if hadn't occurred, African-Americans might have continued to wander chaotically down a twisted, rock-strewn road, possibly to extinction.

Additionally, whereas previously it was believed that social change (especially within our people) could only be accomplished on a small scale and for limited amounts of time, it was proven that this change not only could be performed on a large scale, but with definite positive results and for an unlimited amount of time. For those reasons (and others) the issues regarding the methods of secrecy, policy and program implementation and collaborations employed during the Awakening I feel are therefore irrelevant. The ends did in fact justify the means.

But through it all, the question of why African-Americans couldn't have done this before without having gone through such monumental contortions is ever present. There are probably just as many answers as there are African-Americans, but in all likelihood, there is only one person with that answer—God.

Speaking of which, lastly but most significantly, the Awakening brought back a basic understanding, need and appreciation for the presence of God in our lives. America in her wisdom had rightly chosen to exalt and revere God during her early days, but then made the foolish determination to neglect the one person who could have effected change without the radical, sometimes misunderstood turmoil. To say the Awakening was a Godsend may be slightly incorrect, but only with inordinate help from God could we have accomplished so much in so short a time.

The main focus of the Awakening was unity, a notable and desirable quality, but how to achieve it? The one sure way to achieve unity is to pit a group of people against a seemingly insurmountable task or common foe and watch them unite and attack until the task is complete. Certainly, the optimum way to do this is to have a goal that is both achievable and desirable by

the entire group. In the case of African-Americans specifically, and even Americans in general, one goal we all wanted was peace: peace in the streets, peace in the home and peace of mind.

In previous years, blacks might have considered this foe to be the white race or the American system, but in more recent years, we realized this foe was also internal and individual. This internal foe was also swelling to colossal numbers. Therein lies the enigma: How do we attack that which is so personal and deeply rooted within ourselves? The Discovery Working Group actualized a possible solution to this intricate problem, but in addition to convincing Black America to effectively share the burden of this solution, they also had to make sure we fortified the ties between us as we accomplished our goals. In short, we had to stay on track and stay together.

Staying on track and staying together might sound easy, but for many of us, three basic problems were fully evident: How to achieve collective unity, how to change the apathetic to the sympathetic, and how to change the rules.

How to change the rules . . . To me, that's really what the Awakening was all about—an assembly of socially starved people who had but a singular purpose—to change the rules.

All said, even now after the formal conclusion of the Awakening, its intentions remain nebulous to many Americans. But if someone asked me to summarize the Awakening in a single sentence, it would read something like this, “[It] signaled the **beginning** of the African-American’s change of heart and the unification of mind and spirit while boldly **ending** unchallenged evil in the world.”

# CHAPTER ONE



IN THE BEGINNING...

# THE WESTMORELANDS

*Extracted from interviews and the journals of Richard and Frances Westmoreland*

**BEHIND EVERY SIGNIFICANT ACCOMPLISHMENT IN HISTORY STANDS THE PERSON OR PERSONS WHO WERE WILLING TO BOLDLY STEP OUT AND CHALLENGE THE STATUS QUO**

REGARDLESS OF WHETHER THEY were heckled or rewarded for their innovation, in most cases, they remained completely resolute and unwavering in their convictions. People like this are often called visionary, quixotic or foolish, depending on the end results. These people usually also have their fingers on the pulse of industry, society, technology, entertainment, etc., and can predict what changes should be made and when. Some predict things that would come about eventually, while others institute new methodologies to expedite those changes.

In the case of the Awakening, the latter was true. In the early 1990's, the visionaries who instituted the means to achieve true social equality and pride in the African-American were Richard and Frances Westmoreland. Their efforts to unite blacks into a successful, cohesive, well-oiled machine took grit, determination and sacrifice. It took the country by storm, and despite the angst and frustrations, the results were desperately needed and long overdue. Together, they spearheaded the means for gathering an unparalleled amount of social and economic support for an organizational structure that was geared specifically for erasing the obstacles facing the African-American. Though it was, and still remains very controversial, the means they used to garner this support was through limited temporary separatism.

Richard Westmoreland, "Rabbit," as he was nicknamed, because he was always hopping from one job to the next, was weaned early in life on the notion of separatism. As a youngster, he heard the teachings of Marcus Garvey and his protégés and gained the life-changing knowledge that there really *could* be another existence for blacks other than barely surviving as second- or third-class citizens.

But speeches weren't all that inspired him. Through most of his formative years, he personally experienced unbalanced social behavior that convinced him there needed to be some serious changes in the United States concerning the well-being and *preservation* of the "Negro" man and woman.

Born in New York City's Harlem Central district, Rabbit was a witness to several different phases of the black experience in America. Over the years he had seen everything from open lynching and the remnants of Jim Crow, to the Harlem Renaissance, the birth of jazz and Black Power in the 1960's. Through all of this, he realized there was little he or even a hundred like him could do to improve either his or anyone else's situation unless some great changes occurred in the Negro's individual and collective attitudes.

The former Frances Wilson was a quiet and hard-working woman who frequently experienced social degradation due to racism and was mentally devastated and physically weary because of it. Everything in her life revolved around racism. It was nearly impossible for her to think of anything else. The looks, the gestures, and the vicious words made it very clear that

without some sort of meaningful intervention, she and others like her were destined to remain blemishes on the face of America—there in plain sight yet distracting and unwanted.

Like every other black person, Fran wanted an uncomplicated, fulfilling and long life. But there were obvious differences between what she wanted and what she could actually achieve. Dreaming of having a bank account full of money wasn't enough. Would she be allowed to travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific and freely enjoy that affluence without constant ridicule and endangerment because of her color? Would she ever be able to own a nice home in a quiet neighborhood with good schools, clean streets, no corner liquor stores, drugs or numbers running? Would she even be able to enjoy the simple and basic acknowledgement of just being a human being with a soul? She couldn't imagine it ever happening, but she prayed for it every night.

Fran often fantasized about what it would be like to be a regular citizen in America with regular privileges that you didn't have to constantly guard or think twice about. Even the notion of having the simple freedom to go to a matinee in town without a hassle was a source of joy for her. Not the theaters in the colored section of town though, but the nice theaters in the white part of the city that were devoid of sticky gum and spilled soda on the floor, the smell of urine in the alleyways outside, or the sound of gunshots localized around the pool hall nearly every Saturday night. To be fair, she knew these were some of the legitimate reasons why whites didn't allow blacks into their communities, and she didn't understand why blacks cared so little about their own lives or the lives and property of those around them.

The contrast between Fran and Rabbit was while Fran was the dreamer, Rabbit was the schemer. Fran would conjure up wonderful ideas to combat racism and injustice and Rabbit would think of clever ways to implement them, mostly based on Mr. Garvey's teachings. It was a match made in heaven. But all the dreaming and scheming wasn't very likely to yield any results, because like most blacks of those days, they were too afraid to publicly vocalize or advocate any aggressive changes to the American social or political system. While theirs may have been positive and thought-provoking talk, it was that very same positive and thought-provoking talk that usually met with dire consequences, the very least of which usually resulted in an unsightly lawn decoration.

Rabbit met Fran while doing one of his "*hops*." He was working as a delivery boy for Marlowe's cleaners on New York's west side. His job was to pick up clothes from customers' homes, drop them off at the cleaners and deliver them back to the customer once they were finished. It wasn't a bad job given the times, and it was steady work, something many blacks were lacking then.

Fran worked in the back of Marlowe's with six other girls washing and pressing clothes. Their workday usually started between 6:30 and 6:45 in the morning regardless that the cleaners didn't officially open until 9:00 a.m. From her accounts, the work was grueling, required constant lifting, demanded them to constantly be on their feet, paid very little, and afforded very few breaks. And it literally was a sweatshop.

Rabbit would often flirt with Fran and the other girls until it got to the point where he would run late on his deliveries or pick-ups. Although Fran constantly begged him to do his job,

he played the tough role and constantly bragged of his prowess in fisticuffs. He often said, “*I wish that man would say something to me! I’ll show him what it’s all about!*”

One day, “that man” showed *him* what it was all about—it was about not having a job. In a flurry of racial slurs and threats of physical beatings, Rabbit was promptly released because of his job performance—or lack of. In not so friendly terms, he was told there were plenty of “darkies” willing to make both the ten cents an hour and the effort to be on time. At seventeen, Rabbit was unemployed again and totally devoid of inspiration.

After Marlowe’s, he managed to land a few odd and end jobs, but none of them seemed to pan out for him. From his own account, the turning point in his life came not from being fired so many times, or even being discriminated against, but from the fact that he rarely had money to afford the niceties the ladies liked. He knew he wasn’t going to get anywhere with Fran or any other girl if he didn’t start holding down a steady job and saving his money.

Rabbit’s only drawback was he hated every job he ever had. None of them offered him any sort of prestige or stimulated his interests. He only wanted to work if he liked what he was doing, or if he was in charge. But the only way he was going to get to call the shots on any job was if he owned his own business. Mr. Garvey had taught him that.

In those days, there weren’t many legitimate opportunities a young black man could avail himself of. There were plenty of illegitimate jobs, and there were always risks associated with them, sometimes deadly ones. But there was always one business in constant demand—the shoeshine business.

“Men always need clean, shined shoes. And who do you think they get to do it for them? Us! Why do you think they calls us shines boss?” Rabbit once joked trying to mimic Stepin Fetchit.

After a number of other failed job attempts, Rabbit decided to give the shoeshine business a chance. With the help of his father, he built a small wooden shoeshine stand. While it wasn’t much to look at, he learned a valuable lesson in pride and workmanship from the effort. It was hard work learning to hew and shape the wood into something usable and durable, and he surprised himself by admirably bellying up to the task.

Some nights he would pull the stand from its storage space under the stairs, step back and eye it with a peculiar pride. Whether it was because he had put hard manual labor into it, or because he finally understood responsibility is anyone’s guess, but somewhere along the way he finally developed a sound work ethic. Deep down inside he believed this was going to be his business launching point and the sign of better things to come.

Rabbit began working in and around his own neighborhood to test the business climate. He did fairly well during the first few weeks, but soon realized he was succeeding because everyone knew him. In most cases, people were just being kind and supporting him because they knew his father and they wanted to see Wes’s boy do well. With that in mind, he decided to relocate his business to an area where people were unfamiliar with him and his father, but still remaining within the confines of the local communities. He still anticipated making big money because all the black men he knew wanted their shoes shined as much as getting their hair cut. And in most cases, just as much loud talking and numbers running was done at the corner shoe-shine stand as the barber shop.” Rabbit once told a friend.

The only problem with working outside his neighborhood was there was a lot of competition, and with that competition came a new learning curve. Being the youngblood on the beat meant he only got the customers the seasoned fellows knew didn't tip much, if at all. But that was enough for him at first. It might not be much, but it was better than nothing. Most importantly, he wasn't working for someone else.

As time progressed, Rabbit and Fran started dating exclusively. One night, she mentioned that she'd seen some of the downtown shines at a local joint. She also remarked that they must have been making good money because "they were wearing some pretty fancy rags."

Perhaps she went on for a spell longer than Rabbit felt she should have, but he got the hint. She admired those guys because they had sharp wardrobes and pockets that didn't have holes in them. She didn't know it, but Fran had just ignited a huge fire in Rabbit. It was the fire of jealousy. Soon, armed with the reminder of his own dismal wardrobe and with the green-eyed monster kicking him in the rear, Rabbit set out to conquer "downtown."

Rabbit realized that Fran knew lots of brothers who had money, but that was because they put their sisters on street corners, sold drugs or hustled in pool halls. He wanted to prove to her that he was different. He couldn't wait for the day when he could walk up to her and repeat his much-rehearsed line, "*Sweet thang, the only pressin' you gonna ever need to do from now on is your hair for when we step out!*" And just like in the movies that eventually trickled in from the white section of town, he would pick her up and deposit her into his new Buick and ride off into the sunset.

His other dream was to someday walk into Marlowe's cleaners with an armful of his own monogrammed shirts and present them to the white attendant with a demand for immediate attention. He envisioned the look of shock he would get from the attendant and Fran as he strode boldly through the front door instead of the back and plopped his shirts on the counter. Then he visualized the look of admiration Fran would give him when she realized it was *his* shirts he was bringing to be cleaned, starched and pressed. Realistically, even if that were to come true, Rabbit knew it would be an exhilarating but fleeting moment as the attendant ousted him by the seat of his pants.

Rabbit's first experience downtown was one he didn't quickly forget. Not only did most of the customers nix him because he wasn't their regular shine, but he was "welcomed" by the neighborhood boys who obviously didn't want anyone trying to steal their clientele away. By the time he returned home that night, he was physically sore, but mentally wiser. He also had a solution to this problem. He decided to bring in a few of his friends into the business. In addition to protection, it was a way to cut down on costs. He wasn't thrilled at the prospect of sharing his profits, but he realized the real money was downtown and he couldn't survive there alone.

The next day he sat down with three of his best friends and they mapped out a game plan. They agreed to build three additional stands and to work the downtown district, but they also agreed to charge slightly less than the shines already working downtown. Additionally, they decided to give the collective stands a name—Westmoreland Brothers Classic Shine. The idea of having multiple stands with a single and upbeat name served a two-fold purpose. First, it would show potential customers they were a real "together" business and not some fly-by-night

operation, but it would also give the downtown boys the impression that fraternally and numerically Rabbit and his crew were ready in case anything jumped off.

After completing their stands, they sought a location and energetically started promoting their business. Initially, they encountered resistance from the other shines, but after losing a couple of days' wages due to fight-related injuries, they soon realized that nobody gained anything if they all ended up in the hospital. Rabbit's crew and the other shines then forged a business arrangement based on territorial and price restrictions as well as a mutual agreement not to pound on each other. They also agreed to alternate locations every other week so each crew would have an opportunity to work the richer downtown districts. They were rivals, but they also recognized that shining shoes was one of the few ways they could help their families, and that was more important than petty bickering.

Months later, and by accident, Rabbit learned a new twist to the business. At the beginning of the summer, he coaxed his younger sister Marcy to come along with him while he worked. Marcy agreed, partly because although she was old enough to stay home alone, if she did so, her mother would leave a list of chores nearly an arm's length. Also, she thought it might be a good way to get money from Rabbit to spend on candy. While she was there with him, Rabbit noticed he either got more business or bigger tips than usual. He didn't fully understand it at first, but he soon figured it out. To test his theory, he had Marcy stay away for a couple of days. The results reinforced his reasoning, and from then on, he made sure he had his sister with him every time he shined shoes.

Most people didn't understand the logic in bringing along his sometimes-troublesome sibling, but Rabbit discovered a couple of things. One, while whites really had nothing to fear from blacks, they were still leery of adolescent or adult black males. But children and old men weren't really seen as threats, probably due to their age and seeming inability to provoke or successfully prosecute altercations. Whites treated them kindly, often generously tipping the sponsor shine. Further, if a shine had a young girl with him, especially a pretty one, he was much more likely to get even bigger tips. This worked well for Rabbit, and Marcy wasn't averse to being used to this end. As long as there were no seedy remarks or advances on his fourteen-year-old sister, Rabbit was satisfied.

In the months that followed, it truly seemed that Rabbit, Lester, James and Kevin had established a solid business, or at least a respectable means to buy new clothes and treat their lady friends to movies and dancing occasionally. Some of life's greatest ambitions are often the simplest.

Rabbit and his friends started their business centering on the Wall Street district, but later spread out near the New York Philharmonic. As he told his friend Lester, *"Folks need to have good looking shoes when they go to those shows and operas. And I know the men check out each other's shoes just as much as the women check out each other's dresses!"*

It was only six months after Rabbit and his cronies started their operation that they started seeing some pretty significant earnings. Even after paying for their supplies, they still averaged around thirty-five dollars a week each. This was unprecedented for black teenagers at that time, especially when it was legal.

Thinking of ways to expand, Rabbit suggested they invite a few more friends into the business and hit both uptown and downtown. The potential of such a move excited them greatly and they began the hiring campaign.

Also thinking of embarking on a business venture, Fran suggested that if the boys could find a place where they could operate indoors, she and a couple of her friends from Marlowe's could add the novelty of a "while-u-wait" garment touch-up pressing service. They could even mend popped-off buttons or tears and do small spot cleaning jobs. This was bold thinking on their part considering Marlowe's offered the only legal source of employment for those girls other than as domestic servants or hotel housekeeping. If they were caught moonlighting, it could cost them their jobs, or worse.

Not to be put off though, Fran imagined of a line of rich white men sitting in expensive lounge chairs and silk robes waiting for her girls to finish pressing their shirts and suits for important business meetings or engagements. She also envisioned big tips. Realistically though, the only thing she could afford right now was a couple of milk crates for chairs and a few of her dad's old tattered sweaters for robes. But she knew that every business or idea started off slowly and she was willing to try anything to improve her position in life.

For Fran, her business fixation wasn't necessarily about making money; it was about people recognizing the superior workmanship she and her friends wrought on a daily basis at Marlowe's. She wanted it known that blacks could successfully run their own businesses and produce quality products and services if given a fair and equal opportunity. She hoped that if they were seen as professional businesspeople, maybe that would inch them one step closer to being considered "people" period.

Soon, the group forged a collective business plan. Fran, Nicky, Georgia and Beverly saved some of their money from working at Marlowe's, and together with the boys they bought new irons, pressing tables, supplies of starch, an assortment of buttons, pins, material swatches, thread and sewing needles.

Rabbit proudly proclaimed in later years, "I'll bet this was the first joint equal business partnership between black men and women ever! The really great thing about it was we managed to do it by respecting our women and honoring their ideas. The only time we even looked at the ladies as being anything other than equal partners was on payday, because then they threw powder on their faces and put on new dresses and high heels. And now that I think of it, even though they were making as much money as we were, they still made us treat!" he recalled laughing heartily.

With the proper materials in hand, they were set. Now all they needed was the right place to set up an indoor shop. The job of scouting out a location was given to Lester and James. After weeks of fruitless searching, the only thing they came back with was the suggestion of trying to move into one of the big office buildings like the Ford building. They didn't have any leads to actually accomplish this, but they knew that's where the money was. They also realized they needed someone who could strike a deal with a building manager or owner, and they admitted that neither one of them was truly qualified for that task. Luckily, Lester's brother Alexander, a recent Morehouse graduate, was visiting during the winter semester break. Alexander was

recruited into using his “good talking skills” to find and persuade a reasonable building manager to allow them to move their operations into his downtown office building.

Rabbit recalled the turning point, “A couple of months went by and we gave up hope. But one day Alex told us he had some success with the manager of a small building around the corner from Waters Street. We were kind of disheartened at first because we wanted to work in a much larger building, but Alex insisted that if we did well, the word would get around and eventually we might get the chance to move into one of the bigger buildings. I guess we were just getting too far ahead of ourselves.

“Alex was absolutely right. After about six months, we moved into the Park Regency. It was part-apartment and part-office building, but it had fancy art deco-type decorations, and best of all, it had plenty of rich people to work for. How we got in was the luck of the draw. I say this because even though the hotel already had its own dry cleaners, the service had to be temporarily augmented.”

Fran described the augmentation situation, “We just happened to be in the right place at the right time with the Regency deal. The building had been recently renovated and owners were still waiting for most of the building cleaning and maintenance staff to show up. They also had insufficient personnel to run the hotel’s dry cleaners. I think the problem was with union wages or something, but except for some non-union workers and a few Asian and Hispanic employees, the hotel was in dire need of staff.

Alex immediately leapt at the opportunity and struck up a deal with the building manager. By using us instead, they could pay us nearly half what they normally paid the white crews and continue normal building operations without any interruption. But even that half was a great deal more than we were making through our business. So, in addition to shining shoes, washing clothes and pressing, we ended up doing plumbing jobs, minor electrical work and vacuuming until an amicable agreement was reached with the union folks. It was hard, hard work, but it got us in the door.”

Fran continued, “Unfortunately, when it came time to get paid for our extra labors, the manager renegeed and feigned ignorance of making such a deal. When we pressed him for our money, he told us we were ‘lucky to even be in the building at all!’ And just for confronting him, as an additional duty, we had to clean all the bathrooms while he ordered our Asian or Hispanic counterparts to just change sheets and fluff pillows and not help us at all. It was a reminder of how we rated in the scheme of things. We were all minorities, but apparently, we were lower than the Asians and Hispanics. He made us do all of this, despite the fact we were actually paying to rent the spaces we used.” Fran concluded.

Rabbit recalled those events with mixed emotions. “Even with these unreasonable and bigoted antics, we still did pretty well. In addition to the white hotel patrons, the Hispanic workers and even some of the white workers gave us their business. We shined almost as many El Mundo and Florsheim shoes as we did the expensive Allen-Edmonds shoes. The same was true for Fran and her operation. With the hotel dry cleaners still operating with minimal staff, the girls tripled their expected workload. And because of the volume, her pressing business expanded from four to seven girls and nearly ruined poor Mr. Marlowe as he lost nearly all of his experienced pressing girls.” Rabbit said with amusement.

“Speaking of Fran, because of the building manager’s unfair policies, her garment business started off in the basement. He, like most whites at the time, didn’t necessarily want to see a gaggle of blacks running around their work, living or meeting places, regardless if they were in positions of servitude.

“Together, we cleaned up the basement area and set up Fran’s shop. The girls actually ended up having the better end of the deal because they were inside and close to the furnaces in the winter. Anybody who’s ever experienced a New York winter knows exactly what I’m talking about. Plus, they had a permanent place to work. Many times, out of spite, the building manager would relocate us from our operations in the bathrooms to partially filled utility closets or outside in the elements.

“The way we got business to Fran and the girls was by using a runner. Most of the time we used our younger sisters and brothers. When someone had an issue with stains or a mending problem, the runner would bring the garment to the basement in a really nice silky garment bag where the girls would promptly get on it. They got so good at it, they could have an article mended or spots removed and re-pressed in about five minutes! It was an extremely smooth operation, and having nearly round-the-clock attention for their garments, as well as having the shoeshine stands available gave our clients a feeling of complete service. I’ll tell you what, those garment bags were a real touch of class. They looked and felt like silk and had a big “W” for Westmoreland embroidered on the front. The customers loved that!

“By the springtime, Mr. Abe Newcombe replaced the building manager. Newcombe was a fair man, and as soon as he settled into his new job, he approached us with a proposal. By hotel directive, there was already an established dry-cleaning service, so he couldn’t let us continue doing that, but he wanted to license us as the building’s permanent personal valet and cleaning service. The personal valet service was “upon request” from patrons, so we didn’t conflict with the hotel’s dry cleaners. Upon request usually meant sewing, tapering or otherwise altering garments. Those were things the hotel cleaners didn’t do. We thought we’d died and went to heaven. I think Fran even got on her knees and said a prayer right then and there.

“At first, we thought the cleaning portion meant janitorial and plumbing work again, but in the contract, he specifically stated carpet, linoleum, drapery and furniture cleaning. He told us that the former building manager could have been fined or worse since city laws stated janitorial workers and plumbers had to be union, so he had us working those projects illegally.

“Soon we hired more people from our neighborhood to cover our expanded responsibilities. With pride, we re-named Westmoreland Brothers Classic Shine to Westmoreland’s Full-Service Cleaning.

“In retrospect, I believe Mr. Newcombe’s reasoning for hiring us was sound and mostly based on cost. Our crews were already familiar with the work to be done in the hotel and we could obviously do it cheaper than any licensed professional. And although he probably had to pay through the nose for the hotel’s contracted services, he saved the hotel thousands by using us instead of professionals.

“Without a doubt, to hire an unknown, young black business was an extremely radical decision for Newcombe, but as long as we were low-key and did our jobs properly, there were no complaints.

“Eventually, Westmoreland’s Full-Service Cleaning expanded to twenty-five people, but eventually we had to exclude the young runners because of school. It’s notable however, that everyone pitched in at the end of every week and gave each of our families ‘a little something extra.’

“It was about pride and sharing that pride with your family and each other,” Rabbit said. “What better reason could there be to work?”

“Our co-partner James had his own dreams for success. I remember him saying, ‘Who knows how this will turn out? In a few years, maybe we can get enough of our friends and relatives together to buy our own building and we can get some white shines poppin’ *our* shoes!’ James said while nearly doubling over with laughter.

“The sentiment was the same with all our partners. We wanted it all, and we would go as far as the system would allow us.” Rabbit said in conclusion.



Temporally, Rabbit and Fran’s ideas were right on track. America was still in the golden age where convenience and service to businessmen, upper class and movie stars went without question. This was to be one of the Westmoreland’s biggest lessons in strategic planning and for organizing future ventures—*when* you did something was equally as important as *what* you did.

“One of Alex’s parting ideas before he went back to school was for us to get uniforms,” Fran said pulling out her scrapbook. “He told us that while our honest and hard work was admirable, people still had a tendency to gravitate towards the businesses that had the most polish. That polished look meant uniformity in their employees. We were amateurs, but uniforms would give us the appearance of being professionals. As an example, Alex pointed out that all the pros like the Duke and Satchmo’s bands were uniform and sharp in their appearance. When people saw them, they saw excellence even before they played a single note of music.

“Alex understood that a cursory glance from a uniformed person to one without a uniform made all the difference in the world. That split-second could mean the difference between a sale and no sale.”

That was lesson number two for the Westmorelands. Besides timing, *image* was the most important thing one had to improve upon. Image was also the thing that got immediate praise or rejection.

Fran said, “A couple of months later, we had our uniforms. And what a difference they made! Our uniforms were designed similar to the Navy’s. Because of the war, the Navy was a much-respected service, and we thought that any type of affiliation with it would be good for business.

“At first, we girls were never seen in our uniforms, except for when an occasional nosy woman wanted to know who was working on her clothes and followed the runner. Plus, in the winter, the basement was an oven. Most of the time, we only wore the skirt and a bra. If someone wanted to see the facilities, one of the boys would alert us to get dressed in a hurry.

Fran continued, “Through it all, we stuck to Mr. Garvey’s ideas. All our supply stores were Black-owned, and we helped as many people as we could to get jobs. It just seemed like the right thing to do. We were all in this together one way or the other, and our neighbors were the ones who had encouraged and supported us from the beginning.”

Rabbit elaborated on their system of business networking. “We had to use a few white businesses for most of our supplies, but everything else we got from our community neighbors. Mr. Worthy’s sister Alma made the uniforms and the robes Fran designed for example, and Mrs. Carter made our signs.

“Mrs. Carter . . . I’ll never forget her.” Rabbit said as he reminisced. “Mrs. Carter was an artist who used to paint family portraits in the Harlem, now Marcus Garvey park until arthritis took its ugly toll. We all knew her from when we were knee-high. She was always kind to us, and there were many times when she was the only adult who tried to talk our parents out of tanning our behinds for something stupid we had done.

“Regardless of her disabled condition, we asked Mrs. Carter to make our signs because we loved her, and the products she made for us were exquisite in returned love, even if they weren’t so exquisite in form anymore. She put everything she could into them and that made them priceless to us. I remember every time a passerby remarked on one of the Westmoreland signs she did for us, I got another pang of pride and love.

Rabbit continued, “Every penny we made always came back into our community, and we immediately saw what Mr. Garvey had advocated. There was a new attitude directed towards us, and people started treating us as adults and with pride and respect. The majority of us were still young adults, but some of our staff were men and women in their thirties and even forties. With an even mix of older wisdom and youthful energy, we made an incredible team. As a community, we achieved the kind of feeling towards each other that we had always wanted and desperately needed.

“Having Alexander around for his brief stay opened our eyes to the way America *really* worked. Goods and services *could* be provided by anyone if they presented a good product and were professional about it. He also showed us that we could work within the system, and prejudice, self-pity and negative projection weren’t the formidable adversaries we once thought them to be. They *could* be overcome!”

Fran remembered an important point, “I think one of the biggest lessons we learned was when presented with a professional image, product or service, white people treated us differently. Because of the nature of our business, they didn’t see us a threat, they saw us as additions to their world. Before, we would have been almost invisible because we were serving them. But now we were being ‘seen’ because we were clean, tidy and sharp in our uniforms and performance. They were used to seeing that level of professionalism in their world and that made us almost acceptable to them.”

“If things weren’t already going well enough, soon we had two more bouts of good fortune. First, we were offered the chance to move our business into the Francis Mayweather Hotel near Wall Street. The great thing about this move is we would all be working on the first floor and in high visibility positions, and we would have the opportunity to expand the business even further.” Rabbit recalled.

“Our cleaning cadre remained at the Regency, and we backfilled our shoeshine and pressing service with more unemployed women and men from our neighborhoods. The rest of us left for the Mayweather.

“The Mayweather was a breath of fresh air, almost literally. No longer being consigned to basement mold, mildew and heat, the girls could enjoy fresh air-conditioned and re-circulated air in a comfortable work environment. Plus, all of us working together increased our morale and gave us the appearance of being a real team.

“Our second bout of fortune was we got the “good ear” on lots of financial news. While the girls pressed or the fellows shined, we’d hear the news of the day concerning stocks and other business ventures. It’s not common knowledge, but blacks were able to legitimately invest in the stock market and other business enterprises back in those days. But believe me, there were plenty of white fronts that made a lot of money using black green. Of course, they took more than a substantial cut, but it was still a moneymaking venture all around.

“For whatever reason, these businessmen went on with their business small talk without any regard to us. We took mental notes on everything that was in earshot and wrote down the details on our breaks. When the time was right, we took some of our savings and invested in one of their ‘picks’—the Hudson Car Company.

“We made quite a bit of money in the early days of the company, but when Hudson started producing war materials instead of cars, returns started petering out. Hearing some of the white businessmen telling others to hold onto the stock, we did the same. It was a good thing we did, because by the end of the war, Hudson began commercial car production again and our stocks increased tremendously. Unfortunately, a couple of years later, Hudson’s attempts to compete with Ford, GM and Chrysler failed terribly. We saw the inevitable outcome, and luckily, we were able to retrieve most of our investments without any substantial losses.

“We were unsure what to do with our money, so eventually we partnered with a few black investors who were trying to start up banks in Harlem and other mostly-black cities. We thought we were wisely investing in our communities, but we found out that a couple of these banks were operating as fronts for numbers running, drugs and organized crime. We couldn’t tolerate that, and we quickly pulled our money out. We really didn’t know where to turn to after that and I imagine most of our beds were lumpy as heck from stuffing our mattresses.

“Our next business opportunity was an invitation to move into a Black-owned hotel on 53rd Street. Many of us seriously considered that proposal because it meant we would be among our own people and wouldn’t have to always behave like timid animals. The majority of us decided to stay at the Mayweather however because we liked the notion of succeeding downtown. Plus, the Mayweather management might brand us as irresponsible if we abruptly abandoned them. That might ruin the chances of any future black business ventures with the Mayweather or in that part of town.

“By the end of 1949, we were operating service-based businesses in three Black-owned and in two White-owned hotels. We had forty-five employees, and each had an average monthly salary of \$250! We hired as many people from our neighborhoods as we could, and we even hired some of the fellows from our old rival neighborhoods. By then we were all adults and

didn't carry the teenage competitions we once had. We realized it was about survival, and we could really help each other. Money changed many attitudes.

"That was lesson number three for us. Working *with* each other we could accomplish anything! We could transcend conflicting social issues, personal jealousies, community rivalries and anything else if we had a common goal and put our minds to it. We also learned that the more we expanded, the more unstoppable we could become, at least in the service-oriented business.

"Fran and I were married in 1951. And although we had enough money to stop working, we continued. We loved the fact that we had turned our dreams into a successful reality. According to a lot of people back then, black as well as white, blacks just weren't mentally capable of succeeding in anything other than singing or dancing. Well, we proved them all wrong!

"Eventually we fulfilled another one of Fran's dreams—we started our own cleaners in Harlem. She had put so much of her life and energy into someone else's business that now it was her time. She'll probably kill me for telling this, but what she originally wanted to do was to open her own cleaners a block away from Marlowe's and to eventually run him out of business. In the end, she decided against competing with Marlowe, but only because I think our successes had mellowed her somewhat. Truthfully though, we both knew that such a move would cause more problems than any of us were prepared to deal with.

"The fact that we were able to succeed in our business ventures and interact, re-invest and fortify our local black communities remained permanently embedded in our minds. But the one thing that really stood out was the respect and genuine fondness we received from our neighbors. Regardless of the money we made, it was the feeling of appreciation and maybe even love that we received when we walked down the streets of our neighborhoods. People recognized us for giving back and for providing opportunities when there were none. Moreover, they recognized that we really cared about them!

"Just as important, we had proven to ourselves and to those around us that we could do well in the world of business without having to shuffle or act like laughing hyenas. And we could work with our sisters and brothers in ways that were mutually positive and beneficial.

"Someone once said that even with all we had accomplished we were still nothing more than servants or domestic help. I was quick to point out that because of the aftermath of the Great Depression years earlier, there were plenty of whites who had similar jobs and were scrimping and scrounging just like we were when we first started. I figured since we were always looked upon as second class citizens anyway, we had skyrocketed ahead of those white folks with our successes.

"Fran and I saw the pride and spirit in our people when we were working and working together. Those times germinated in our minds and we were positive that our people could do something like that on an even larger scale for black communities everywhere. Unfortunately, it wasn't until much later on in our lives that we saw that kind of cooperation or spirit again."



Over the years, the Westmorelands initiated an inordinate amount of community service projects, and the results were far-reaching and incredibly effective. Some of their ventures included sponsoring inner-city business workshops, as well as investing in new or struggling black businesses in New York City. They were heavily involved with the continued funding of the Police Athletic League in minority communities throughout the tri-state area, and they initiated generous scholarship funds and mentoring programs that offered incentives to teenagers to stay in school as an alternative to street life.

As the years rolled by, Rabbit and Fran observed there had been some progress in the 1960's and 1970's with the resurgence of "do for self" community programs, the Nation of Islam's religious and economic separation agenda, and the Civil Rights and Black Power movements. But in general, the basic situation of blacks hadn't substantially changed since he first started listening to Mr. Garvey's speeches nearly a quarter of a century prior. Despite those monumental legislative and social movements, the majority of whites still didn't regard blacks as equals, and in the Black community, slavery assumed a different guise as drugs, crime, prostitution and apathy threatened to destroy us from within.

Rabbit explained his reticence in starting a new Black movement in the 1960's. "Since a bevy of new organizations were standing up to champion the cause of the Black race, we sat back to see what would happen. I think we made a big mistake doing that. We should have tried to start our social change movement then because maybe we would've been able to gather a stronger initial following. I say that because most of our people were still into our families back then. We still lived with or supported our parents and grandparents, we still had "community moms," who were de facto parents and could discipline you like you were their own, and you heard words around the family dinner table like "solidarity" and "soul power" just as much as you heard James Brown on the radio and Soul Train on the television.

"In short, we were more into us as a people then. People in the last couple of decades are more into themselves than they were back in the '60's, and the family structure has broken down greatly. But regardless of when we started, we knew we had the grace of God with us, and that alone assured us of success."

## DISCOVERY!

*Extracted from interviews and the journals of Richard Westmoreland*

“SO MANY OF OUR PEOPLE were merely existing, that even suggesting the possibility of living a full, rich and deserving life was a foreign notion to them. What Fran and I were trying to stress was such a life was not only possible, but very achievable and right within their grasp if they really wanted it!

“We didn’t want to duplicate other attempts at separation. After all, other separation-type efforts as recent as the 1970’s had been tried and were unsuccessful. I believe that although these efforts separated Blacks from the mainstream of society, the pressure of still being dependent and subordinate to those external repressions were still very much a real problem. Additionally, and most importantly, our same internal problems may have followed and existed within those separated communities. Lastly, external forces might have been a factor in thwarting such separations.

“Although a great number of blacks have spoken on somehow physically separating from the United States for years, realistically we knew a successful separation had to be extremely limited, and even then, it had to be limited to where we were independent of the governmental boundaries of the United States, but still physically within her borders. Our goal therefore was a *limited* physical separation for our people, but with *total isolation* and *complete protection* from the rigors of the U.S.’s chaotic socio-political environment.

We realized we could only accomplish this by ridding ourselves of the things that were killing us the most—lust for money and power, the overabundant availability of drugs and weapons, envy and self-pity, as well as the incorrect projection of personal failure. In order to effectively change the mentality of our people, we would have to eradicate or drastically change all of these evils. We obviously faced an almost impossible task, but we knew that not trying to change any of those things would lead us to the inevitable—self-destruction or annihilation!

“The overwhelming reason we felt we needed to do something was pure selfishness—we simply loved our people! We had experienced that mutual love earlier in our lives and we wanted it again. Even deeper, we were thoroughly convinced that we had been tasked by the Lord to change these situations. From that chain of command, we had no choice but to salute and step smartly.

“Why physically relocate? It seemed like an absurd notion, but it was something we felt needed to be addressed, even as a suggestion. Naturally, the inevitable questions came up.

***How and where are we going to acquire this land?***

“We didn’t know.”

***What are we going to do with the land once we acquired it?***

“We sort of had an idea.”

***Where will we get money to buy equipment and materials to develop the land?***

“We had no way of knowing.”

***Who will develop the land?***

“Impossible to know.”

***How long will it take to get these things?***

“We couldn’t even begin to know.”

***Even if we managed to acquire and develop the land, will people actually relocate?***

“We certainly didn’t know.”

***Would it even be worth it?***

“It had to be.”

***How long should we commit ourselves to this project?***

“A lifetime if necessary.”

***Shouldn’t we try to change ourselves instead of our zip codes?***

“This last question made more sense than anything else we had proposed. In answering this one question, we could possibly eliminate the necessity for any relocation or social upset.

“What really bothered us was every effort to raise the self-esteem and confidence level of our people thus far had only yielded small or temporary results. Organizations previous to ours had tried just about everything and yet they still hadn’t managed to stop the apathetic attitudes, the jealousies and the need to be satisfied by intolerable social behavior and immorality. And even when those internal elements were subdued somewhat, we still had to deal with the external elements of racism that surely trumped any progress made along the way. With those factors in mind, we had to try something extremely new and *radically* different if we were to succeed this time.

“We understood what lay ahead of us, but the options stared us dead in the face—change our situations and ourselves or continue to live miserably with the shadow of inequality and possible erasure lurking around every corner. There was no way we were going to enter into another millennium with those monkeys on our backs.

“Would it be worth it to try this Herculean project with its unforeseeable results? It seemed unlikely, but it also seemed that our inactivity would breed more discontent by generating more feelings of helplessness and surrender. By at least *thinking* of doing something positive, we were offering some measure of hope. Actually, getting involved might trigger more involvement and even more hope. Maybe then if enough hope and involvement could be generated, we might actually be able to get some real results.

“All we wanted at first was to try. We just wanted to try and stimulate the Black American into a positive mode of thinking. Just existing and hoping for social and economic nirvana or waiting for someone to deliver it to us was simply unacceptable. We all know the brother or the sister who plays the lottery religiously believing that winning will somehow give them social and economic acceptance and freedom. Week in and week out they spend their hard-earned money on pipe dreams. What a waste of time, money and energy when the key to their freedom is right within their hands.

“There had to be a different way of thinking for us. No longer were we content to conform to the lifestyles America presented us. We wanted to make our own way and set the rules in a society established uniquely for us!”



This was the vision. The Westmorelands effectively managed to coordinate and set into motion decisive strategic plans to both preserve the African-American and to attain a lifestyle that was not only equitable, but also extremely enviable by other races.

*Preserving the African-American* was a phrase Rabbit often used. He was convinced for various reasons that African-Americans were at a dangerous crossroads in their existence. Internal and external forces were attacking them from every conceivable angle, and it didn't seem as if they were in a position to adequately defend themselves.

Not one to speak of intangibles, Rabbit always quoted figures and statistics of violence and murder in Black communities, but also included stories of people he knew personally as a connection point with his audience. Unfortunately, everyone he addressed knew someone like his nephew the crack addict, his friend's sister who had been gang raped, or a former classmate who had spent most of his youth behind prison bars. The stories of incarcerations, drugs, gangs, school dropouts, single parent families, police brutality, the number of blacks billed as public charges, racism, and black on black crime within America were all too familiar and frequent, and he just couldn't understand why.

It was heartbreaking to see how many black eyes started watering when he recounted those tragedies. In stark contrast, he couldn't believe how many blank expressions he received when talking to white colleagues or friends about the same tragedies. They simply couldn't relate. They had only heard about those "sad stories" on the news or seen them in the movies. The numbers were totally disproportionate, and it intensified his commitment to try whatever means was at his disposal to start a realistic restoration movement to alleviate these gross travesties and social failures.

The Westmorelands wanted to preserve more than just the physical, they also wanted to restore and preserve the cultural, historical, spiritual, and most importantly, the pride of the African-American. They wanted to re-focus, project and magnify those characteristics within us so we could forge a deeper relationship among us all.

The way they started was simple in nature, but it grew to enormous proportions. Some would say the growth was coincident with the times, and I have to agree. Blacks had finally said "enough is enough," and this time they really meant it. As Rabbit learned earlier in life, timing was an extremely important element in any endeavor.

Rabbit recalled the beginning stages of the Awakening. "If and when we formed a cooperative, and had a stable base to operate from, we knew we would have to keep expanding until we could relocate as many African-Americans as possible. But we also knew that it didn't matter if we relocated 40million or just forty of us, we were going to give it a try! We really had no idea of what we were getting into, but we did know we needed a powerful political and economic punch to accomplish our goals."

In order to facilitate this "punch," Rabbit and Fran contacted hundreds of black entrepreneurs, lawyers, doctors, entertainers, engineers, and an almost endless list of other professionals with usable tradecraft skills. Anyone who had a sincere desire and the potential ability to halt the downward spiral of the African-American was a target for contact.

The Westmorelands contacted and solicited these people during social or political gatherings, on the street, in the supermarket and wherever possible. During the course of their conversations, they would also pass out information. There were far more effective methods of widespread dissemination, but initially they stuck to the direct personal contact method.

Fran mused over how they made their early contacts. “Our people are so diverse with limitless backgrounds and interests, and we found them everywhere. We found them even at Amway and Mary Kay meetings. At some of these meetings, they looked like the proverbial flies in milk. And like most of us have a tendency to do when there aren’t many of us around, we would naturally gravitate to each other.

“At these meetings, when we saw a brother or a sister, we would go up and introduce ourselves. The story was always the same. They joined companies like Amway not necessarily because they believed in the company’s principles or products, but because they needed extra money, or they wanted to feel like they belonged to something meaningful. We were thinking how wonderful it would be if we could offer them an alternative; the alternative of belonging to an organization they could wholeheartedly believe in because it was established uniquely for *them*; an organization that was just as lucrative spiritually and morally as it was financially, an organization that could help eradicate their brother or sister’s plight while it did the same for them.

“After we established a basic rapport with a candidate, we would usually hit them with something like, ‘After this is over, can we get together somewhere and talk about the serious life-threatening situations in our communities?’ Usually that line scared them so badly we’d never see them again. But every now and then we would get some takers.

“The reason we approached them in that manner was Fran’s idea. She said that in order to weed out the non-serious or non-committal types right away, a direct and hard line like that should be used. If they left skid marks, we knew we hadn’t lost anyone who might be willing to make real sacrifices or commitments later on down the road. People often think it was me, but it was Fran who came up with most of the strategies we used in planning for the Awakening.” Rabbit said proudly.

Besides meeting with potential contributors, the Westmorelands printed and mailed pamphlets that combined fact-filled literature with questionnaires. In the pamphlets, they described the situation of the African-American as they perceived it, and how in their estimation that situation could be improved. There were suggestions for eliminating African-American problems in particular, but also American problems in general. The questionnaire also presented a return opportunity for the recipient to offer their solutions and/or their support. Rabbit thought this was a good idea for another reason - besides generating new ideas, they would get an idea of the number of people who were truly interested in the feasibility of separation, as well as the *kind* of people who would be interested in supporting the cause.

This wasn’t a new concept in solicitation. Earlier in the 20th century, American political parties passed out literature and questionnaires with newly purchased cars and other products to confirm or sway the customer’s political choices. Rabbit wasn’t interested in re-inventing the wheel. If he found a concept that worked, he brought it to Fran’s attention, they deliberated on it, and if they both agreed, they acted. Theirs was a tried and proven method.

The Westmorelands also included a short paper entitled *La Descubrimiento*, or *The Discovery* in the pamphlets. It was so named because they discovered there were literally millions of acres of land throughout the U.S. that were available for sale, rich in potential, but were unused or unwanted. Apparently, these areas were unclaimed because outwardly they appeared un-developable, or at least the price of developing them would greatly surpass the cost of the investment. Even better, this land was available to *any* buyer with an interest and the money. These areas were the targets for the Westmoreland's "New Cities." Like their questionnaires, included in *La Descubrimiento* was a section for comments or ideas on how these areas could be developed to benefit the African-American and utilized for establishing global partnerships. Mr. Garvey's teachings were definitely not forgotten.

The real discovery however was the government offered these areas at unbelievably low cost. "Small wonder why people from other countries like China come to the U.S. to buy land. We have so much of it that we don't know what to do with it all." Fran wrote in an article in the *Atlantic Sunrise* magazine.

Rabbit recalled the early days of the Awakening, "Fran and I used to drive for weeks just to see some of those places. It was exhilarating to scope out these areas and dream of the possibilities. When we reached them, we would camp out in our car and start scribbling ideas on paper. One winter, we sat in an area facing the front range of the Colorado Rockies. The view of the mountains and the beauty of the land made us truly appreciate the majesty of nature's creations and generated feelings of enormous possibilities. Next to these creations, the troubles of Man seemed so insignificant and petty. In the presence of God's mighty works, we drew upon that strength and made it our own. It was then that we were sure we could do this. He was with us.

"Fran and I believed we had some pretty good ideas, but we were humble enough to realize we needed smarter people with newer or better ideas to point out the flaws we had overlooked. It was apparent that some kind of humongous meeting of the minds needed to take place. It had to happen, but we didn't have a clue as to how to go about it.

"Over time, we received thousands of responses from our pamphlets and *La Descubrimiento*. But even with that magnitude of responses, there was really no way of telling if people were really serious about getting together. Talking action and taking action were two different things, and our people's track record on that was well known. But since so many people had responded, it was apparent that we were on to something and we needed to take action quickly before that interest dissipated."

The Westmorelands arranged for a single large-scale conference, but it really hadn't occurred to either of them just how many people were willing to take that first unsure step to change their lives. They were in for quite a surprise.



The first of the Discovery Working Group (DWG) meetings as they were billed, were held in New York City on May 23, 1991. Although it was a logistical nightmare, it satisfied the Westmoreland's number one requirement—getting people to show up.

Despite the fact that they received thousands of positive responses to their questionnaires, they really didn't expect very many people to physically participate. To be safe though, they contacted the mayor's office and received permission to rent a section of Randall's Island. A popular New York outdoor concert and recreation area, Randall's Island was large enough to accommodate any potential deluge of people and isolated enough to provide adequate security for its participants.

On the advice of legal friends, the Westmorelands labeled the conference as a "closed" session; closed meaning not open to anyone who wasn't of the black persuasion. The reason for this was simply to prevent any unintentional or unwanted interference with the conference. Plus, without a doubt, issues would become provocative to those who didn't understand their basic intentions.

"It was an oxymoron really, Rabbit said recalling the event. You can't announce an event and then say it's closed, especially when you're trying to attract people and the announcement reveals the nature and exclusivity of the event."

"Of course this didn't go over well at all. The mayor's office was hard on our case about the subject matter and the prospective included and excluded audiences. But they were even harder on security and safety issues and transportation considerations.

"We hadn't really thought about the last two items, but believe me, the city council was on it immediately. They told us that if we managed to host the number of people that we hoped to, mass transit would be stressed and individual vehicle traffic would triple in the Manhattan, Queens and Bronx boroughs. It could potentially bring those boroughs to a standstill, and it would certainly clog up traffic on the Triborough Bridge for the duration of the conference. This would lead to hours and days of delays, re-routings, as well as police re-postings. This also meant the possibility of increased accidents and the consequent drain on already taxed emergency response units. Based on those likely problems, we were quite prepared for our request to be turned down. But only through the grace of God, they allowed us to proceed.

"Although the mayor's office placed the principal concern on security and transportation safety, without a doubt, the primary topic of contention was the conference's subject matter. It was certainly provocative enough to get every New Yorker's attention. And believe me, even if people act like they don't want to talk or hear about racism because of its *sensitive nature*, in fact they really *do* want to talk and hear about it. The reason why is because racism tears at the very fabric of our society and our souls, and it screams for release. I also believe most people are interested in getting their side of the story heard even if they're not interested in hearing the other side. Basically, people really want to vent, but social decorum, organizational and federal policies prevent most of them from saying what's really on their minds."

Rabbit continued, "When we see or hear racist comments or acts in the news or in the streets, we're temporarily shocked, but I'm sure we're not all that surprised, because sooner or later we 'knew it was coming.' I compare racism to potential energy; it's all around us just waiting to be converted into kinetic energy. Every encounter, every word, and every action has

the potential to be turned into a provocative and sometimes harmful situation. This conference could easily be transformed from potential to kinetic energy and then finally combust.

“Regarding our conference, other races may not have cared one iota about our cause, but they definitely wanted a forum to say what was on their minds. This could be that forum. For all the negative talk, fortunately, no one was beating down the doors to get in, or protesting too heavily to shut us down. As expected though, we did encounter a great deal of curiosity and media attention about the event.

“Speaking of the media, I don’t know how we expected to get away from media coverage or discovery of our *Discovery* conference, but having the media there was actually a huge benefit for us. People from around the country got to see who we were, what we were trying to do, and how to get in touch with us.

“Now that we were in the spotlight, we were in a quandary. Do we continue with our planned agenda for the whole world to see, or do we change that agenda to something less provocative or incendiary? We decided to continue on as planned. To change any facet of the conference would have been detrimental to our cause, and we risked sabotaging the whole effort by placating people who didn’t have a clue in understanding our mental or social situation, or have any stake in our efforts.

“Through prayer and perseverance, we hurdled many of the pre-conference problems and weathered the bad press and slandering. Besides people wanting to get their feelings out about racism, you might wonder why there were so many problems with the whole event. Why would any other race really care about what we did or thought? The reason I think was simply because people hated changing the status quo, while others felt violated or betrayed by this event and its potential significance.

“On the day of the conference, there were lengthy but not significant traffic slowdowns. There were more protesters outside the area, but we managed to get everyone inside without serious incident. We opened the forum with a prayer and a speech from one of the local pastors, and then we started it off.

“As far as the number of participants go, a few hundred people would have been an acceptable and manageable number, but folks kept coming! They filled the area and then some. Regardless of the overflow, we didn’t dare turn anyone away.

“At last count, we had somewhere near 4500 participants in that outdoor setting. As you can well imagine, it was nearly impossible to navigate through topics, but we did our best.<sup>1</sup> Though we tried, the planned agenda items pretty much went out the window. With so many people with serious concerns on their minds, we had to talk about what *they* wanted to talk about. Luckily, we were all on the same wavelength and the conversation flowed together.”

“How we navigated the conference was adequate, but we probably could have done better. We set up a large stage with a center table, two podiums, several microphones and eight large 100-foot projection screens strategically placed around the park so everyone in the audience

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<sup>1</sup> Although hardly a significant number in relation to the number of potential participants, it must be remembered that this number was the result of limited travel only in the tri-state areas of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. This was the result of personal contact and not mass media dissemination and communication.

could see what was being presenting onstage. Representatives were present and prepared for questions relative to each of their specialties. Also, we had speaking stations placed in various parts of the audience so audience members could line up and ask questions or make comments.

Rabbit continued, “It took some time to gain control of the masses, but when we finally settled everyone down and got to some shared home-felt issues, the place caught fire with eagerness and excitement. The topics were taken from La Descubrimiento and the questionnaires we had sent out and based on the number of ticks on certain boxes and comments. We led the conversation with those topics.

“We were unprepared for the responses we received from the crowd because we were anticipating lukewarm participation and even colder promises of support; something like you normally get when the public broadcast stations are rallying for listener or viewer support. But these people were serious! They were sick and tired of the madness they had to deal with every day and they came to receive and provide real solutions to these extremely real and poisonous problems.

“Because of the volume of people, and the inability to chair the assembly properly, upon general consensus, we asked the audience if they would be willing to extend the conference to three days. We received an enthusiastic number of willing supporters, but of course many had to leave.

“When we went back to the city council, we had no hope for an extension given the previously outlined concerns, but miraculously we got it! It made our heads swim, but one of our organizers explained it. The city council members weren’t thinking with their hearts, but with their wallets. The nearly 5000 people transiting through their city brought in tens of thousands of dollars in new revenue every day for local hotels, restaurants, clothing and even entertainment venues. They weren’t about to pass that up. Greed may have been the reason, but it was a blessing for us. With that extension, the conference actually became productive. By this, I mean real strategies were addressed and individual as well as professional contacts were established at a feverish rate.

“The single most important thing I remember about those three days was the intense sense of urgency. Like Fran and myself, everyone must have felt that same gnawing in their gut that something had to be done immediately to ensure the survival of our people. Most of the participants seemed to be in an agitated state, and fortunately, they remained agitated for the entire three days.

“From what we gathered, faith-based, youth groups and similar organizations dominated the make-up of the audience. That surprised us at first seeing that the topic was about separation, but then it made perfect sense that they would be the majority. One of the things that Christianity espouses is for its people to ‘be not of this Earth,’ in their thinking and practices. Our Awakening was advocating that we should remove ourselves not from the Earth but from the sources of our temptations, trials and tribulations.

“The Christian presence and strength in those meetings is what really charged everyone and changed the tone and flavor of how we were going to proceed with our goals. At first we were more concerned with money and politics, but their prayers and fellowship made us realize that of all the things we were trying to establish, the first should be a strong relationship with

God. He was the one perfect and powerful ally we could always rely on, and He would provide us with the answers we needed on how to succeed in our efforts. However we proceeded, we would definitely have to include Him *first* in our plans.

“The media interest remained but decreased after the first day and a half. Well, not really decreased, but concentrated more on individuals rather than the multitude. Perhaps after getting the same sort of answers from so many people, the news-worthiness diminished and they cut back on personnel and the frequency of coverage.

“City, state and federal law enforcement, as well as criminal investigative units were also on hand to check out the proceedings. In U.S. history, many radical organizations and cult leaders had led their followers to destruction after large-scale or ‘radical’ assemblies. According to these officials, they were supposedly on hand ‘to ensure citizens were protected. Nothing more.’

“Regarding the nature of the gathering, law enforcement representatives said they were only mildly interested. After witnessing previous rallies that boasted tens of thousands of participants, they didn’t seem that concerned with the ranting of a few thousand Blacks. Besides, they had heard the same rhetoric many times before. These previous rallies had reached nationwide attention and still Blacks continued their rampage of crime, drugs and violence. What was the point this time? Everyone was concerned with those things, but as long as there was no talk of overthrowing the government, and there was no chance of innocent people being led to slaughter by a sick religious leader, they could talk about separation all day long. I’m sure they believed it would never happen anyway.

“As I mentioned previously, one of the most cumbersome problems facing these first DWG meetings was how to recognize and address all the issues brought by the people. How to thoroughly document the proceedings was another. That wasn’t even touching on satisfying the basic needs of food, clothing and shelter. The die-hard participants didn’t expect to stay for three days, but you could tell they were serious about the conference and its mission when you heard about them wearing the same clothes for the entire time.

“At one point, we stopped the proceedings and raised money to buy food, to rent nearby hotel rooms for those individuals or families who had come from outside the state, and for anyone who needed it. If memory serves me correctly, I don’t think I heard of a single instance where anyone complained about donating. That proved we were onto something extraordinary and there was hope for our cause.

“Although those first sessions yielded very few real actionable items, it was still notable that so many people took such an active interest and were willing to devote time, energy and money to this new initiative. As I mentioned before, one of the best things we managed to do during those three days was develop a good contact list. We later found out that these people would turn out to be the nucleus of our future organization.

“Because of the revelation of the conference’s agenda, and its intrusion by the media and protests, one of the things that came out of those sessions was a need for total secrecy for any future assemblies or operations. Whatever course of action we decided on, it would have to be completely discreet.”

Rabbit later explained this comment and his use of the words *completely discreet*. Apparently, these comments weren't totally directed towards the media, other races, the government or even hate groups. As confusing as it may sound, his comments were directed towards some of our own people. He said, "As a matter of record, black voices that tried to raise our conscious levels in previous civil rights efforts were usually silenced in one way or another. Unfortunately, sometimes our own people in collusion with hateful elements were involved with the silencing—elements that were hell-bent on stopping our forward movement."

Fran elaborated on Rabbit's statement, "Why or how does this happen? Positive movements like ours ran the risk of reducing or possibly obliterating immoral activities within our communities. Criminal elements have always put a substantial price tag on the suffering in the Black community, be it drugs or other illicit activities. Giving it up would never be an option for these people. And as much as we hate it, we all know people in our communities who are willing to sell their souls and sacrifice their brothers or sisters just to appease those elements. And then there is the matter of our sibling jealousies. There are far too many Blacks who don't want to work towards success, but don't want the rest of us succeed either, even if in the end that success could benefit us all. With this knowledge of our history, we wanted action, but we wanted aggressive *and* guarded action."

After the first DWG meeting, and as Mrs. Westmoreland had predicted, those who saw the venture as a fad or improbable (like myself initially), just faded away. In fact, the second set of meetings only six months later, barely tipped the scales at 900 people. A drastic decrease from the first, but this remained a solid number throughout the formation of the next generation of DWG organization. This was a manageable number, and the principal members were even able to host the meeting indoors where they could better control the flow of the meeting as well as the topics and outside interference.

In a lessons learned context, one of the main points outlining the DWG conferences was the necessity to form a real organization and not a convoluted, haphazard or informal get together. In the framer's minds, this was perhaps one of the reasons why participation waned so much after the first meeting. Real structure did eventually rise from the confusion, but it wouldn't be for another year and a half, and even then, it was still somewhat crude.

Following the fourth and fifth sessions, the conferences took on a completely different tone. As the numbers of people again dwindled and the issues became more streamlined, the meetings became more focused and intense. This intensity was defined by the actual commitment and delivery of funds, new personnel and technological resources. In truth, technological delivery was the chief reason for this intensity.

In the latter sessions, to achieve true focus, the DWG members established separate panels to work specific issues. Next, they established the position of DWG Chairman and appointed Mr. Roger Ward to that position. Although it did change over time, the chairman's position initially was merely a focal point through which all panel issues could be funneled. With the eventual acquisition, or should I say the dedication of more funding, it was decided that the Chairman's position should have real decision-making authority to oversee the proper use of materials, personnel and funds.

With the installation of formal DWG leadership, the Westmorelands decided it was time for them to step aside and let younger more experienced people take the helm and do the “heavy lifting.” They were satisfied with the direction their “baby” was taking and the people now leading it. After decades of dreaming and scheming, real change was now within reach.

The Westmorelands were given an advisory role to the Chairman, but mostly participated in the active recruitment of new professional talent. Traveling across the globe, Fran and Rabbit scoured cities, towns, hamlets, villages, alleys and anywhere they thought they might find talented people of color who were willing and capable of contributing to the cause.

In a final action before stepping down, during their “farewell” ceremony, the Westmorelands contributed the first and at the time the only items to the DWG’s new historical repository. One was Rabbit’s first shoeshine stand; the other was Fran’s sewing and touch-up kit she used at the Francis Mayweather hotel. To everyone in attendance it was a bittersweet moment.

“These two items don’t equal two plug nickels.” Rabbit said, “But they’re the most valuable things we’ve ever owned. Our dignity, respect, love, passion, and commitment were stitched together and made to shine for us, and our families.” Glancing over at the ornate glass showcase now housing the items, Rabbit said proudly, “They were our new beginnings, and now hopefully they’ll be yours.”

Wistfully, Fran added, “Many a night we used to sit and dream of this day, thinking it would never come. Now that it’s becoming a reality, I have to thank you for believing in us, believing in yourselves, and believing in our people.”

She continued, “When I was around seven, I remember coming home crying one day because of something a little white boy had said to me. I was waiting for my mother to console me or get angry, but instead she took me into our backyard, knelt down and burrowed her hand down deep into the ground. We never planted or buried anything in our backyard, so I was confused as to what she was doing. She pulled her hand up out of the ground and gestured for me to open my hands. She placed the thick rich black dirt into my cupped hands, and this is what she told me, *‘This is who we are!’*

“I started crying again. My mother had just told me we were ugly, nasty, worm and insect infested dirt. But she enclosed my dirt filled hands with her own to comfort me. Then, she withdrew her hands and said, *‘The good Lord raised us from this,’* pointing to the dirt in my trembling hands. *‘Look at your skin, now look at the dirt. They’re the same color. So no matter what anyone says to you, always remember that we look the way we do because after the Lord created our wonderful and powerful Mother Earth, he reached deep inside her and formed the first man.’*

Then she asked me, *‘You remember the rest of Genesis?’* I nodded. *‘Then you remember the Lord took one of the first man’s ribs and created the first woman.’* She looked at me intently and said, *‘Our Father is the Creator of the universe. Our mother is the ground from whence we were raised. We are her children, and that’s why we will return to her when our lives are done. We are the strongest because we were the first. And because we were the first, we are God’s natural best.’* she said proudly and nobly.

“I’ve never looked at dirt the same way again.” Fran said concluding her story. “I know the way forward will be difficult, and you will face many more challenges. But if you ever get weary of the struggle and need a reminder of why you’re doing what you’re doing, maybe take a stroll through a garden or park, kneel on the ground and commune with your unseen Father, then dig deep and connect with your Earth mother. God bless you and the work you are doing.”

The DWG sessions were eventually extended to one week in duration and were held at least once every quarter from 1992 through 1996. During this timeframe, fiscal policies were firmly instituted governing the use and distribution of funds for the DWG. This was yet another step towards solidifying the powerbase and shaping the support structures of the organization. These now historic working groups were the start of an exchange that would forever change the image and influence of African-Americans.

A final note about the DWG organization. The DWG presence in the early 90’s must have served as a catalyst for future movements such as the Million Man March in 1995. This formidable gathering of Black men set on atonement and taking responsibility for their lives was clearly inspired by the Discovery Working Group, and undoubtedly took DWG Chairman Ward’s message of “necessity of action” to heart and to the next level. Without a doubt, this assembly must have been one of the Westmoreland’s proudest moments.

## THE AWAKENING!

IN THE LAST FORTY or fifty years, American society has been inundated with a myriad of movements—civil rights, women’s rights, gay rights and abortion rights just to name a few. Whatever problems in our society we felt needed addressing or changing, we’ve gone to painstaking lengths to make our feelings known and then to turn those feelings into actionable responses. As one might expect, any movement takes on an entirely different and deeper meaning when the involved participants aren’t merely liberalistic supporters of the cause or defenders of idealistic notions, but people who will be personally and directly affected by the movement’s principles, actions and results.

The term *movement* implies some type of change or motion. Motion can be in any direction, but generally implies forward motion. For African-Americans in their pursuit of equality and peace, this attempt at forward motion has been laced with lateral and reverse steps, like some dysfunctional social cha-cha. Ultimately, it appears our forward steps are actually in reverse order.

The African-American’s commitment to obtaining equal rights is well documented. But even with this commitment and our steady involvement in social movements in history, there still hasn’t been a radical change in our basic behavior. It would then seem that those movements were superficial at best, or just wrong in some cases. We’ve done just about everything imaginable to get our point across, but have we been addressing the right people or the right topics?

I believe the education and progress factor of Blacks is limited and goes in cycles. For a certain number of years, we are pushing, prodding, demanding and seeking new and higher standards for ourselves and from others. Then, it all but dies, and we almost have to start over again relearning and reapplying the principles we were all once familiar with. If you don’t believe that, you can poll any number of Black people today and ask them what UJAMAA, UJIMA or UMOJA means and observe their responses. I may be dating myself, but I remember when Black people wore these words proudly on t-shirts, hats and bumper stickers, and they could name the other four principles of Kwanzaa as well.

Unfortunately for black people, I feel our call for action and change can be compared to nothing more than a hungry stomach. It will scream, churn and burn for food, and once its temporarily satiated, it’s content, until the next day. For us as a people, we will scream, churn and burn over an unfair or violent act against one of us until we get some type of temporary relief (slight changes in systemic policies, perhaps some monetary compensation, meaningless apologies etc.). Then the hunger will begin again when there is another police shooting or the next black child is killed in gang violence. We need to find a way to stay satiated at all times through long-term effective changes in systemic policies and administration, sweeping reform in the criminal justice, law enforcement and education systems.

Remember the old blaxploitation movies? The prevalent theme in those films was removing drug dealers, prostitution, numbers gaming and other organized crime from our neighborhoods and empowering the community. In today’s society has *Foxy Brown* been totally

forgotten, or have we merely succumbed and accepted corruption, the constant presence of hoodlums and social maladjustment as a normal way of life?

It's also been implied that this amnesia-like condition isn't an accidental thing. But one would have to subscribe to the theory that everything that happens to us is the result of some form of conspiracy to undermine our existence or progress. I don't necessarily agree with this, although there have been documented cases where heads of racist groups have openly stated that White America keeps a controlling and constant cap on the number of successful or wealthy Black Americans in an effort to keep some semblance of control over us all. Certainly, the blame isn't on all White America for conspiracies or klansmanship any more than it is on all Black America for all welfare, crime or drug problems. But that mindset and perception *is* there.

For the most part, the originators of this particular movement were people who in some way or another had experienced the brunt of these controlling factors and set about to change them permanently. They wholeheartedly and vigorously announced that *no one*, regardless of color, persuasion, position or institution would ever put the Black race "in check" again. And to do that, they understood their movement needed to be an extremely powerful one. In short, the Awakening needed to come out of the starting gates as a powerful adversary and remain powerful to quell any obstacles that came its way.

Like any other attempt at changing social structure, this new movement had to be rigid enough to stand against obstruction in any form, but it also had to be flexible enough to change and bend if the need arose. This meant instituting or deleting plans and actions if there was no foreseeable added value, regardless of their initial attractiveness.

Of particular interest, this movement employed no new concepts at all. The same principles that our leaders and authors have always advocated were again invoked. The fact that they were used again and successfully employed on a long-term basis is a testament to their trueness.

Lecturing on the Awakening, Richard Anderson, a professor in Black Studies at Southern Illinois University once remarked, "Afro-American problem sets have been explored and researched for decades, but that exploration has barely progressed beyond the clinical or academic stages. And none of that extended research has ever yielded any real measurable or sustainable results. The problems that were present decades ago are still very active but frozen in a cycle of madness and indecision."

At its very heart, this new movement was a venture that wholly encompassed economic, social, political, spiritual, scientific, technical and personal commitment by its participants. The following extraction is taken from the DWG's initial preamble to their charter:

**Economically**

As many black leaders have advocated for years, if we are ever going to succeed in any form of solidarity movement, we need to form muscular, synergistic financial relations with blacks not only in America, but also in Africa and other countries of predominately black or brown color. Once this is accomplished, we can then turn the monetary value of those relationships into successful fruits of political power, economic growth and proper social representation in each of the participating countries.

### **Socially**

We have to overcome the underlying jealousies, greed and hatred that we've harbored within ourselves for so long. These ill feelings toward each other are nothing more than social abnormalities and we have to find a way to identify, treat and eradicate them. We know these feelings of doubt, inadequacy and suspicion were forced on us through systemic methods for centuries, but we have to find a way to overcome them.

### **Politically**

Real changes in the United States' political mechanism have to be accomplished in order for the system to work effectively for blacks and other minorities. A good measurement of how well the Awakening pursues and accomplishes its tasks will be in the political arena. The goal will be to identify, alter and eliminate costly, ineffective or duplicative social programs, laws and infrastructure programs and ensure they will never reoccur in our New Cities. By joining forces, we can establish the clout necessary to help rectify or reform the U.S. political system and alter the path of destruction both the U.S. and African-Americans are ultimately headed for.

### **Spiritually**

We need to once again give the glory to God that He deserves and place Him back in the position He belongs—as absolute Governor of Earth. Once He is again in the forefront of our lives, we can attempt to correct the injustices and atrocities in the U.S. and around the world. We have finally awakened to the fact that it is time to return to the one person who never has and never will fail us.

### **Technologically**

In order to accomplish the goals we have established, we need to ensure that we are the innovators, users and keepers of the most advanced technology possible. Employing science and technology, we have to find a way to diminish the evils in our society as well as removing ourselves from those evils.

### **Mentally**

We have to change our worldviews and renew our faith in each other. The real challenge of the whole movement is here. The changing of our attitudes towards each other should be of the first and highest priority for this venture. For without a change in attitude, regardless of any changes in our geographic, political or economic situations, we will remain the same mentally oppressed people. Aside from the power of God, it has been determined that this is the only possible way we can hope to achieve true equality and peace.

### **Personally**

Each one of us has to dedicate our lives to extending a hand to each other and preserving each other. It has to be a personal commitment to seeing this and subsequent social experiments through, regardless of personal cost or outcome.



This effort to seek a higher existence among African-Americans started in the year 1991 and lasted until the spring of 2007. The Awakening was a by-product if you will of the Discovery

Working Group. But although it was an outgrowth, it was also the natural evolution of the DWG. While the Awakening confronted issues and assembled hundreds of thousands of blacks from around the country into a cohesive unit, the DWG orchestrated the actions of blacks both inside and outside of the U.S. through a formalized organizational charter based on a “single needs” methodology.

Often referred to as the “Awakening Period,” this movement brought about an astounding number of scientific, technological, medical and social accomplishments by African-Americans—the level of which hadn’t been equaled before or since. With the Discovery Working Group at the forefront, this group of driven African-Americans compiled and networked strategic resources while tactically engaging human capital to establish the most powerful organization of Black Americans in history.

Like the DWG originally, the Awakening was formed, fortified and implemented under a flag of anonymity. As explained by Fran Westmoreland, “While trying to accomplish this nearly impossible task, we understood it would be necessary to keep people in the dark about our actions. Even those people who could potentially help us might want us to slow our activities down to consider the possible repercussions of our actions. However, when such ‘possible repercussions’ are already known, or it’s understood that there couldn’t possibly be any more serious repercussions than the ones already being experienced, then it’s time to press on with or without their blessings or support. Time was a critical factor to us, and any form of delay was deemed as counterproductive.”

As part of the new Awakening, and to further define their goals, the DWG instituted a level of hierarchy and a series of Councils in mid-1996. These Councils replaced the panels and the Chairman’s position. About this time, the U.S. government started taking a serious interest in the organization. The rumor of the establishment of any kind of decision-making body or chain of command had to be closely scrutinized. As far as the government was concerned, they had already let a number of minority organizations get out of hand and as one former FBI agent said, “We are dead set on getting this one under our thumb immediately.”

Former DWG Chairman Roger Ward wrote to a colleague, “Our main focus was narrowed to two agenda items: The first being a realistic determination of the feasibility of relocating millions of blacks, and then determining what financial, human and technical resources were at our disposal to accomplish this task. The second agenda item was to specifically outline how we planned on actually incorporating these resources into a single integrated operations plan for program implementation. This agenda isn’t totally dissimilar from those outlined during the early days of our DWG, but with our newer, improved membership and resources, we now have the expertise and means to actually carry out these ideas.”

Although the transcripts and minutes from these meetings are now available for viewing or downloading from the Nexus Library at Bahariya Oasis, one of the lesser-known facts about the latter stages of the DWG was they established the New Kenya Proposed Alliance (NKPA). The NKPA in fact laid the groundwork for the financial and cooperative connections between numerous West Indian and African countries in germinating trade, finance and land development agreements. They were responsible for generating the wealth that eventually catapulted the

PAASG and the Final Frontier into the thriving, powerful international organizations they have since become.

The DWG outlined the initial roadmap for the direction they believed our people wanted to go. Since they obviously couldn't raise the amount of money they needed internally, or it would take much longer than they planned, it was necessary to gather monetary support and resources from outside the U.S., hence the NKPA. More significantly, when the Awakening was officially inaugurated, the DWG managed to forge informal agreements with South Africa through Nelson Mandela's chief of staff, the honorable Nigel Batal. The purpose of these agreements was to collect support for American Blacks, who would reciprocate the effort once the Awakening was in full swing. This agreement jumped into hyper gear in 1996 after Mr. Mandela signed the country's new Constitution.

Fran Westmoreland elaborated, "Once they jump-started us, we could then return the favor with thriving economic strength to begin infrastructure repair and other aid programs in *their* countries. This relationship with South Africa and the rest of the participating African countries was loosely based on an old West Indian tradition called the 'Pardoner.' Basically, the pardoner is a regional fund that hundreds if not thousands of West Indians invest in and pool from. Each month, a person would send in a small, designated amount of money to the fund, and after a certain amount of time (usually a year), the individual could withdraw large amounts for whatever purpose he or she needed. From a \$50 a month investment, a person could eventually withdraw a couple of thousand dollars in times of need.

"In essence, the DWG was the fund, and as they swelled in economic strength from their partnership investments, they could eventually reach in and pull these countries out of their economic straits. It was indeed heart-warming to enter into agreements between entire nations based on a tradition that was established by black folks for black folks. To a degree, that showed us that despite geographical and cultural differences, we were family, and as a family, we had more in common than we ever imagined."

As previously documented, one of the most important connections made during the formation of the Awakening was with black churches throughout the country. They were extremely instrumental in the development and continuation of the DWG. Indeed, they were the glue of the entire effort. As history has shown, the support of the church in the community can be a fantastic boost to any organization. Black churches in particular have *always* been the cornerstone and backbone of the Black community more so than any other race, and to gain their support was truly wonderful, and very necessary. African-Americans needed a strong anchor to cement the participant's efforts spiritually as well as financially and socially. This proved to be the most important leg of the triad. Even with many non-Christians in the fold, it was generally recognized that the church was the one organization that was truly centric to effective team building.

In addition to all the incredible social accomplishments during the Awakening, it also served as the wielding instrument for uniting thousands of United States black-owned business resources into a financially sound leveraging device for implementing DWG programs. This energizing and unification of black commercial and financial institutions was a serious wake-up call to the country. There had been efforts in the past to combine and properly utilize these

entities before, but they partially failed, were somewhat limited, or were generally resisted against. As I speculated previously, it was probably the instability and downward climate of the country that successfully brought this venture to fruition this time.

In regard to the financial puzzle piece, the Westmorelands recognized the fact that in the early 1990's, blacks in America collectively generated nearly 300-500 billion dollars in purchasing power each year but commanded very little of those dollar destinations.

“This is totally unacceptable! Imagine what we could accomplish if we had even a portion of that money coming directly back into our communities,” Richard Westmoreland announced at one of the working group meetings. He continued, “Don't let the government or anyone else fool you. They'll tell you their so-called 'help' programs are in place to correct misguided or wayward minorities or to strengthen mediocre community or governmental programs and policies. The problem with these programs and the thought processes behind them is that they're weak in scope and even weaker in results. Also, when they are ready, or if you disagree with them, the government will threaten or actually pull those resource from you. It would be a much better idea to keep those monies in our communities from the very beginning where *we* can direct them for the most good. I think we know what's best for our people and we understand the best ways to use our money in our communities.”

By the second year of the DWG, the technological base of the Awakening expanded dramatically. Hundreds of researchers, scientists and engineers with new innovative ideas were hungrily brought onboard, due much to the Westmorelands' extensive searches. By and large though, the primary core of scientists and technology innovators had already joined by the time the Awakening began. In fact, their addition actually ushered in the Awakening as it was their groundbreaking ideas that gave the DWG the technological vehicle to carry out their plans and programs. This will be examined later.

During this time, the computer and its new capabilities proved to be a wonderful tool for the recruitment of new talent. During their second year of operation, the DWG used their limited computer resources to reach thousands of black professionals at their homes, universities and businesses through bulletin board systems and chat rooms. Although the earlier pamphlet passing method was effective to a degree, email and new “online” presence were far more effective methods to reach greater audiences in a much shorter amount of time.

Fran Westmoreland explained, “Using our broader access electronic connections, we found many similarities in the mistreatment of our people in the U.S. and other countries, but we also found a diverse range of ideas in solving those problems. Many of these solutions included exciting new scientific ideas and theories that lacked necessary funding or collaboration. We provided both. This was an exciting time as we interfaced and interacted with our brethren across the country and across the waters. It was the start of agreements and unparalleled innovation that would eventually alter the paths of all our futures.”

Representatives from every imaginable field were contacted and recruited. As a start, recruitment efforts were focused on engineers, physicists, medical researchers and practitioners, educators, behavioral scientists, lawyers, accountants, imagery and remote sensing specialists. Would they be willing to participate in this venture? Fully supporting this undertaking would be a big gamble for them. If the Movement flopped, then quite possibly so would their professional

careers. It was one thing to ask people to contribute money, but quite another to ask them to place their livelihoods in jeopardy.

But responses and attitudes were better than expected. These professionals were ready to use their skills for the betterment of their people instead of individual advancement or profit. More importantly though, these professionals understood the issues that confronted the DWG were the same issues that in one way or another affected them every day regardless of their status or location. They recognized the fact that you could be the smartest or richest person on the planet, but if you were black, well, you were black. And all the money in the world couldn't change our past, or put a halt on our present, but it could radically change our future.

The Awakening Period was exactly that, an awakening. In those few years, African-Americans woke up to realize their fate for the most part was in *their* hands. If they wanted better schools and more qualified teachers for their children, they needed to rid their communities of drugs and gangs so those teachers would feel safe both traveling to and from the school and while inside the school. If they wanted better jobs, they needed to concentrate more on books and studying than partying and being on the club scene. If they wanted better representation in politics, they needed to vote and fully participate in the citizen process. If they wanted to end police brutality, they also needed to stop black on black murders in their cities. If they wanted to end racism and unequal treatment, they needed to stop just protesting and start consolidating Black resources (human, financial, commercial) to amplify their footprint and influence in American economics and power. This was paramount because changing the laws that end police brutality, systemic racism and all forms of injustice starts and ends with money, not compassion or the will to do what is right.

For many African-Americans, the Awakening brought about a sense of grounded truths. Those truths were - nothing ever changes without action; action cannot occur without the will or desire to perform the action; desire is impossible without the heart and mind being stimulated in some fashion to make a change or decision. But, to reiterate Prof. Anderson's statement, "Our problems are frozen in a cycle of madness and indecision."

And so, without doubt, the Awakening stimulated our hearts and minds to near madness. The chorus of inequality, violence and murder had reached a crescendo and drove us to experiment and implement fantastic new ideas to stop the madness. In its totality, the Awakening allowed us to finally awake from a centuries-long nightmare.

1<sup>st</sup> SERMON  
Reverend Isaac Stern

*“My sermon today is going to be a bit longer than usual. There are multiple topics I’d like to cover and . . . no, go ahead and sit back down brother. Nobody’s gonna slip out of this one!”*

“I OFTEN WONDER JUST how many times God must have looked down on the troubled people on this planet and wondered why He created a race of disloyal, disobedient, self-destructive beings.

“I remember listening to the preachers of my day, speaking of God’s limitless capacity to love and forgive. But it always seemed to me that nobody could be so forgiving or caring. Even He must have a limit. Have we pushed Him to that limit?

“We’re desperate for answers. Drive-by shootings, the scarcity of Christian men in the home and community, moral decay and racism are the norm. What’s even worse is these things have become the accepted norm. We’ve accepted these diseases and we even joke about them as if they’re not socially or personally reprehensible and destructive.

“How many times have we seen our neighbors trying to console each other after the tragic murder of yet another loved one? Doesn’t it seem as if their words are empty and practiced, and their emotions dull and apathetic? What can we say to a victim’s family when all we’re really thinking is how can we protect ourselves and *our* families from falling victim to the next bullet. And when we pray with them aren’t we really praying how glad we are that we weren’t that victim or family? In these dark hours, we wander through life imitating it and wearing multiple faces. We put on the painful daily smiles, knowing inside that we really don’t care for or trust anyone anymore.

“How do we stop it? It pains me to say we can’t! As a nation once dedicated to and in the service of the Creator, we are powerless to institute any changes in our lives without first returning to Him. This is what we need to stand up and shout about!

“Looking around me, I believe the main catalyst that drives people to do the hurtful things they do is despair. People despair when they can’t pay their bills, they despair when they lose their job, they despair that their wife or husband is leaving them for someone else—probably someone who has a better job, they despair that they will probably never live their lives the way they want, and they despair because they don’t know that God loves them.

“Despair is when kids watch drug dealers make incredible amounts of money while their parents, who try to live by the rules, get laid off from work, lose their home and their dignity. Despair is when a child sees another child their age get gunned down in the street. When you see despair in a child only five or six years old, there is a serious problem in our society. This is an age when their little minds should revolve around fun and exploring the good and innocent things in life. But nowadays, children less than 10 years of age are committing heinous crimes that even adults cringe at. Why is this? Because they saw it on TV, or someone they know taught them that that’s just the way of the world. Kill or be killed, survival of the fittest, only the strong survive. This is how they equate life in our communities.

“But it doesn’t have to be that way. I’m going to shift gears for a second here. It’s going to seem strange that I might endorse the affiliation or joining of any other group besides our church, but I believe there is a group of people out there who have a serious plan to help combat despair and inject hope back into our lives. And this is the good part—they’re doing it with God as their shield!

“You’ve probably heard about this organization and what they’re trying to do. For those of you who haven’t heard of them, they’re called the Discovery Working Group. And they’ve started this thing called the Awakening. I see some of you nodding your heads. You’ve heard of them. I knew you would, because sister Hayes is out there in the congregation. Bless her soul. She can spread Man’s word as quickly as she spreads God’s word. Amen?

“As I understand it, this Awakening is about a drastic change in attitude and geography. Yes, they’re talking about physically moving, but I think we all know that an attitude adjustment is what we really need.

“I must admit I laughed when I first heard about this notion of separatism and building new cities for black people and all that. In fact, I asked the gentleman if he had ever read a chapter in the Bible called Exodus. It took some time to convince me that picking up and moving anywhere else would make any difference in the way we treat one another. But their words kept re-playing in my head. ‘What if the rules were changed? What if *we* can be changed?’

“This movement of theirs is about hope. Specifically, it’s about the hope in our Almighty partner delivering us to a new Promised Land. These are the rules and the changes they’re speaking of.

“Since I mentioned it, in regard to Exodus, was God wise when He told Moses to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt to escape Pharaoh and to set up a new nation elsewhere? Of course He was. What will happen if we try it? What will happen if we don’t?

“So what was it that convinced me that this Awakening movement was something worth trying? One word actually—RESPONSIBILITY! You and I know that no one wants to be responsible for anything these days. Who’s responsible for the state of America’s terrible economic and social climate? Somebody is. Maybe we all are. The fact that millions of people around the world starve or die from their brother’s hand is someone’s responsibility too! Again, I see some heads nodding.

“You know I’ve been talking about responsibility for a long time here at Greater Abyssinian. We’ve got programs in our church to help take on some of the responsibility of the problems in our community, but we’re a small congregation. What about the rest of our brothers and sisters around the country and the world? We’re responsible to them too! How can we help them?

“When I heard that this organization, which hadn’t even finished working out the kinks in staffing and budgeting was ready to accept the responsibility of changing our current way of living, I knew this was something I wanted to be a part of. As a matter of fact, *anyone* who steps up and just *tries* to take some of the responsibility for changing the society we live in is someone I would be very proud to be associated with.

“I know we already have many organizations dedicated to the upliftment of our brothers and sisters in this country, but think about this . . . do they actually take responsibility for

anything as they pursue their objectives? No, they can't. They won't. Why do you think that is? As far as I can tell, this movement represents a drastic but needed departure from the way things are currently done. And you must agree that we can't keep doing things the same old way, because obviously those ways don't work.

“What I'm asking from you today is to make a commitment—a commitment to yourselves, your community and to people both here and around the world. If you were offered the chance to reinvest in your brothers and sisters, would you take it? If you had the chance to really change the world, would you try? If you believed that God was challenging you to take on some of the responsibility for what happens in this world, would you accept the challenge? Sounds like a sermon I've given before, doesn't it?”

## CHAPTER TWO



## THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS

## PAASG INTO THE UNKNOWN

*“The collective vision and mission of the Preservation of the African-American Steering Group was to ensure we survived through the ‘90’s and the decades that followed. At the rate things were going, we weren’t sure we would.*

*“The very name of our organization implied we wanted to be the way or passage to a new and better existence—an existence our brothers and sisters might not otherwise have believed was even possible.” – Charles M. Day*

**BY JUNE 1996, A SOLID BASE OF AUTHORITY AND CONSTITUENCY HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED WITHIN THE AWAKENING.**

THE DISCOVERY WORKING GROUP was renamed the Preservation of the African-American Steering Group (PAASG), appointed a Director, established a Council system, and relocated from New York to Kansas. We shall examine this relocation shortly.

The new PAASG was originally a 40+ person board that collated and reviewed data critical to the general formation, development, maintenance, welfare and continuity of the proposed “New Cities” and their prospective citizens. The previous generic DWG panels were dissolved, and a total of ten councils were established and organized functionally to implement decisions by the collective PAASG. PAASG members were composed of selected but alternating members from each of the new councils. PAASG members were alternated on tri-annual rotations.

Each council was composed of a number of specialists and subject matter experts. For example, the Medical Council consisted of ten psychologists and fifteen medical doctors who in addition to performing in their core disciplines in the New Cities also developed programs to treat the physical and mental stresses suffered in their former cities. This consisted of forms of post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) acquired from living as marginalized or disenfranchised citizens outside of their communities while also dealing with daily bouts of crime, murders and despair inside their communities. After these programs were developed, they made recommendations to the PAASG as to the best ways these programs could be implemented in the New Cities on a larger scale. The councils and their responsibilities are listed as follows:

### **Land Suitability Council** (15 representatives)

After initial standup, this council is charged with investigating the environmental factors of acquired land that could adversely affect human migration into these areas. Conditions can only be favorable or capable of being favorable for migration. Responsibilities include:

- Establishment of centers to perform mapping, surveying and organic testing of soil for human occupancy with plans for long-term sustainability
- Performing and reviewing studies of human migration and adjustment using past and current biophysical and ecological models and datasets. Integrating positive results of those studies into action plans and programs for all prospective New Cities.

- Determining the capability or suitability of prospective areas to include, but not limited to ensuring hazards (natural or manmade) are identified for containment or elimination. Environmental, climatic and terrain suitability must meet previously set standards and requirements (go/no go areas).
- Ensuring natural elements, such as forests, lakes and indigenous wildlife are not disrupted or violated.
- Ensuring inhabited areas are not disrupted or violated.

**Medical/Psychological/Spiritual Council** (25 representatives)

- Establishing new research facilities, procedures and medical teams for combating disease and life-threatening illnesses. This includes establishing preventive care and outpatient facilities.<sup>2</sup>
- Ensuring quality psychological treatment and counseling facilities are available for all citizens. These facilities would treat citizens who might experience difficulties adjusting to the New Cities' culture and lifestyle, but also to deal with reactive problems developed from the stress of previous lifestyles.
- Ensuring spiritual tending and counseling services are available for all citizens, regardless of denomination.

**Financial Council** (15 representatives)

The Financial Council is divided into two offices - *Service* and *Trade*.

- The Service Office is charged with devising and instituting a currency-free system of exchange for goods and service within the New Cities.
- The Service Office will ensure loans from external sources to the DWG and PAASG are repaid in a timely manner and ensure proper management of the New Cities/U.S. government tax program.
- The Service Office is responsible for personal and organizational financial accountability for all citizens of the New Cities. This includes personal financial account management and income sustainability
- The Trade Office is assigned with integrating portions of the New City financial framework with the U.S. financial framework to engage in trade and sales within the U.S. and the Alliance. Oversight of the Trade Office affairs will be conducted by the Financial Council with advice and approval from the Legal Council and the PAASG.
- The Service and Trade Offices are charged with preparing and submitting budgets and financial statements to the PAASG for review.

**Legal/Political** (25 representatives)

This body, along with the PAASG, is the political and legal conduit to U.S. and international legal entities. Though not inclusive, this list of primary functions includes:

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<sup>2</sup> Medical team leads are responsible for reporting any and all new developments to the Logistics Council but have total jurisdiction in all medical affairs.

- Ensuring all New City occupants support the government of the United States through taxations, military service and elections.
- Ensuring all New City citizens remain equally represented in political forums such as state and federal forums, Congressional and Senate elections.
- Reviewing laws passed for the rest of the U.S. to determine their relevance and applicability to the New Cities.
- Ensuring legal clarification for national or international trade agreements and provide representation in U.S. or World Courts systems.
- Arbitrators/Counsel for the citizens of the New Cities with any other legal entity.

**Engineering** (35 representatives)

The engineering Council plans, coordinates and implements the construction, maintenance, connectivity and expansion of the New City architecture and infrastructure. *(Roles and responsibilities for this council are extremely lengthy and consequently only available in the Bahariya Oasis virtual libraries for review or download)*

**Educational** (50 representatives)

The primary role of this Council is to integrate existing U.S. core learning objectives with New City learning objectives. Adjunct responsibilities include:

- Establishing a system for learning commensurate with the level of new technologies in the New Cities. This includes measurement of all learning objectives by testing and evaluation on literary, scientific, mathematical, technical, philosophical and religious materials.
- Coordination with external city and state educational programs, measurement and testing centers.
- Development, integration and implementation of 3rd Millennium Culture, Lifestyle and Language centers, educational programs, learning resources, books and materials (electronic and hardcopy).<sup>3</sup>
- Developing new academic learning and language standards in accordance with 3<sup>rd</sup> Millennium guidelines and methodologies

**Scientific and Technology (R&D)** (60 representatives) This Council is responsible for developing emerging technologies, enhancing existing technologies and implementation of such technologies as they pertain to the New Cities and their operation or maintenance. Primary responsibilities are:

- Operating major test centers, laboratories and programs, specifically the Exploitation of New Developments, Capabilities and Technology program (ENDCAT)

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<sup>3</sup> 3rd Millennium Culture, Lifestyle and Language (3MCLL) initiative was the program that introduced Nouveau Ge'ez (the official language of the New Cities based on ancient Eritrean Ge'ez). New styles of dress, customs, neologisms and traditions were also originated under this program.

- Coordinating with the Education and Logistics Councils on the development and distribution of operating instructions, standard operating procedures and training of citizens and key personnel on new technology and systems.
- Expanding AI platforms and Fuzzy Logic capabilities to maximize New City interoperability and progression
- Developing systems and training necessary for implementation of space-borne systems and platforms. (*The Exo-atmospheric Operations (EO) Council later replaced this function*).

**Logistics/Planning** (45 representative)

The primary function of this council is to ensure the comprehensive interoperability of all New Cities. Further responsibilities include:

- Ensuring all populated centers are self-sufficient and survivable from attack or natural disaster.
- Maintenance of readiness supplies and equipment in case of food shortages due to natural disaster or attack.
- Maintain sufficient Personal Protective Equipment, sanitization and cleaning supplies and equipment in case of pandemic outbreak.
- Introducing and integrating new technologies from R&D into the New City infrastructure (concept to creation).
- Developing and coordinating plans and programs for construction and maintenance operations in the New Cities.
- Coordinating with all Councils on any new developments concerning the overall operation of the New Cities.

**Security** (40 representatives)

Primarily responsible for Command, Control, Communications and Computer Information (C4I) Security for the New City Infrastructure

- Responsible for the integrity of all New City security systems, to include security screens, city entry, point surveillance and tracking of all security incidents.
- Monitors the New Cities' orientation program (LATR indoctrination, geo-locational device implant procedures) and movement of key personnel. Monitors interaction with citizens outside the New Cities
- Develops synergistic communication and coordination with international as well as U.S. federal and local law enforcement.
- Implements individual and organizational security training and awareness programs.
- Maintains a capable security cadre that can effectively respond and quell any security incident. Develops proper restraint or arrest procedures according to New City protocols
- Performs security escort service for identified internal and externally assigned personnel.
- Responsible for the development and of safety protocols, policies, guidelines and directions governing travel, operation of hover vehicles, use of LATR procedure

### **Occupational** (15 representatives)

- Responsible for establishing an occupational work force, work positions, assignments or appointments for all New City citizens.
- Monitors, reviews and modifies job descriptions and tasks for each citizen's role
- Responsible for the training, continuity and funding of these roles. Assignment and occupational positioning are mostly internal New City roles, i.e. computer technicians, security. Appointments are normally extended roles such as liaisons to U.S. government entities or envoys to international organizations or nations. (*Assignment and occupational positions are on a voluntary rotation basis. Appointment are rotated on fixed three-year intervals*).
- Establishing sporting, thespian, artistic, music and literary programs within the New Cities.
- Establishing Morale, welfare and recreation programs and services for the workforce and general populace. Coordinates with the Medical Council when developing programs to reduce stress and to foster physical and mental health. <sup>4</sup>



More than just a name change, the PAASG was a more powerful, but controlled entity than the DWG. The most important change at this time was the development of a solid and substantial financial backbone and network. This was truly significant because it would certainly take a formidable organization financially as well as numerically to carry out the plans that were drawn up for the separation effort. This was also a signal to those who were previously unconvinced with the former DWG's effectiveness and intentions to reconsider and consolidate their efforts with the newly inaugurated PAASG.

First and foremost, the goal of the PAASG was to step up and try to challenge evil by reducing its effectiveness within the Black community. How they chose to go about it was by establishing God as head of all activities in their organization. They weren't all Christians, but they tried to abide by the laws of God as much as possible. Their rationale was even if everything they were proposing to accomplish didn't sit well with Man, at least they would still be righteous with God.

It must be said that in its attempts to flag and halt evil, the PAASG and its followers were by no means a guiltless or pristine society. However, unlike other societies, they recognized the fact that they were human and often in need of God's help to make things right in their endeavors.

Curiously, even with the plans of the PAASG out in the open, there was little resistance from the government or any other organization to stop their progress. Most speculation concludes

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<sup>4</sup> Although each council is empowered with decision-making authority and program implementation within their specific fields, there are select members from each council who also chaired members of the PAASG.

that these entities were probably just waiting to see the PAASG's real agenda, or for it to fall on its face in failure. Coincidentally, perhaps the wars and skirmishes around the world, plus tremendous military and governmental downsizing efforts had reduced our government to the point where they just didn't have the effective manpower or resources to totally investigate the new radical group, at least initially.

While the world seemed to be at an impasse to solve its numerous problems, and country after country continued with their assaults on each other, the plans and programs of the PAASG continued on with a fury. There might have been times when the PAASG's course was somewhat muddled, but the end goal was crystal-clear. Enunciated in an unofficial letter, the first PAASG Director Charles Day responded to President Byron Walker as to the reason for the PAASG's formation:

*“As we looked to a new millennium, we believed that if things didn't drastically change, either we (African-Americans) would probably totally succumb to the pressures of society, or possibly be reduced to a society of insensitive miscreants, and pitiful, confused, irresponsible public charges. In our minds, to consciously allow that to happen was in itself criminal and irresponsible.*

*Therefore, we had to use every means at our disposal to institute a System of Survival to raise the conscious level of the African-American, and to institute immediate, efficacious, influential changes for him. The conduit for effecting these changes is the organization heretofore known as the Preservation of the African-American Steering Group or PAASG.*

*It is my sincerest hope that we can forge an understanding, as well as support and cooperation, between our offices as we engage our mutual problems and issues.”*

After its formation, many in the PAASG were concerned that not only had African-Americans forgotten the lessons of their ancestors but had also forgotten who they really were. At best, they were hoping to instill some of the pride once felt when a Black fist went up in the air. While this new group wasn't advocating physical revolt or rebellion, it was adamant on reinstalling that pride and unity. This was something that many White Americans were worried about. They feared that if blacks joined together in great numbers economically and socially, they would violently turn against them. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

In earnest, I believe our people had forsaken the basic unit of life—the family. Pride in one's family should go without bounds. Therefore, one should be willing to do whatever is necessary to preserve and maintain that unit. As a consequence, pride results in family strength and formidable connection. The establishment of the PAASG and its internal and satellite organizations represented a new way of thinking that was unparalleled in its execution and perpetuation. But it also represented a true family environment.

I am reminded of a comment I once overheard in crowded room. The attempt at humor speculated that the real reason blacks call each other sister or brother is because they don't know who their real fathers are. Unfortunately, this is true for many of us, and for that reason, it underscored one of the PAASG's principal core values that had to be energized—*responsibility*.

I feel that at a very deep level, African-Americans really are family. Regardless of the disparaging remarks or other nonsense that is said about us, as a race, we have been through tremendous turmoil, upheaval and achievements together. In a sense, we are married to each

other, and for better or worse, fate has bound us together stronger than any friendship or relationship could ever hope to. For that reason, we *are* family, and because we are family, we are responsible for each other and to each other. That belief, plus the belief in God I feel was the basis and strength of our Awakening, and consequently the reason for its phenomenal success.



The PAASG Director and Council leads weren't content to rest on their laurels while they awaited "new blood" to report for duty. They developed an operational charter to effectively utilize the new resources that had fallen under their control. Due to its length, the original charter can also be downloaded from the Bahariya Oasis virtual libraries.

The charter, for what was intended at that time, was quite simple. Paraphrased, it stated that the PAASG was charged with "*...providing all African-Americans with an environment and a standard of living that ensured physical, spiritual, mental and financial fulfillment as well as total social cleansing and progressive restoration.*" But they were also charged with the responsibility of "*...attaining a level of technical and scientific superiority over any other nation or state.*"

This seeming divergence in ideals is difficult to understand at first, but the rationale behind it was clear. There had to be a total cleansing of the African-American's lifestyle and thinking in order to effectively change the way in which we interacted with each other. It also meant that in order to solidify and maintain those changes, they would have to develop a formidable means of denying outside interference from any source while going through the repair stages.

While it was never intended for blacks to be *totally* or *permanently* isolated from the rest of the U.S., the PAASG wanted to be in a position where they could dictate the level of involvement or interference from any outside entity. Along with control of outside interference, the PAASG also required internal discipline. The LATR procedure would eventually suffice for this requirement.

With a steady number of extremely motivated and talented people and technology suddenly available, it suddenly became necessary for the PAASG to hastily shift and move into high gear. It was no longer a question of *when* the acquisition of land and building would begin, but how soon and how many cities would be built.

When the first of the Discovery meetings were held, the initial idealistic goal was to determine all the factors involving a physical move of an estimated 25-40 million persons. Then in midstream, it occurred to the panels that not all of those people might want to relocate. While there was considerable interest in the project, there certainly hadn't been equal affirmative responses of that magnitude. This posed a serious problem. There had to be a way to accurately determine who would be really willing to relocate. Otherwise, what was the use in continuing the project?

Some members suggested that relocation wouldn't be necessary at all. They argued that with the people and resources they had, they could just rebuild or renovate existing U.S. cities to the point where they would virtually *be* New Cities. While this seemed like a viable solution, it

wasn't the solution the DWG/PAASG was looking for. Remaining inside the same strangling environments just wasn't in the plan. That wasn't even considering the potential logistical and legal issues of actually razing or physically altering existing U.S. cities and the associated and connected infrastructure requirements.

To continue with the relocation, phone calls were initiated, and new questionnaires were sent out. These questionnaires specifically asked if the recipient would be willing to relocate if offered the opportunity. It still wasn't a surefire method of proving the integrity of the recipients, but the call and response method was the only way they knew to begin realistic planning.

Surprisingly, responses came back quickly and in great numbers! Three million African-Americans stated they would actually be willing to relocate. Hopefully, this wasn't just lip service, but from these numbers, the PAASG and Councils started the planning stages.

The planners believed that of the three million responders, they could realistically count on about one and a half million people. Since it would take an estimated 4-5 years to complete the first project, they figured thousands of people would lose interest, get talked out of it, or just plain reconsider. This was a pretty safe and accurate assumption given the circumstances. But they also reasoned that once their first project was completed, interest would again soar. So they settled on half a million people as a baseline. They weren't necessarily presumptuous in their estimations, but they were confident in their abilities and the need for their actions.

At the start, there were problems with the purchases of land from government agencies; however, that curiosity was abated when lenders and government officials were [legally] reminded of the hypocrisy and absurd practice of selling thousands of acres of American land to foreigners like the Chinese, Germans or Russians who started businesses and then diverted a substantial amount of the profits from those businesses to entities outside the United States. Even worse, it was discovered that some of these monies helped directly or indirectly fund or support terrorist organizations around the world, and even some in the U.S.

Richard Westmoreland elaborated, "Our major selling point was any type of business or venture the PAASG started would result in jobs and income generated by Americans for Americans. And we stressed that people of color, (Black people in this case) weren't the ones who participated in terrorist or anti-nationalist operations or connections. This was obviously a pretty convincing argument because we were able to procure land in several areas around the country for our purposes with minor but typical annoyances.

"I'm sure most of the people in the government either thought we were crazy, that we would never get started, or we would just quit because we would eventually realize just how ludicrous the idea really was.

"No one really seemed to believe we were financially or otherwise capable of turning a land investment into anything profitable, but they were willing to give us support. In fact, federal and state governments gave us really good rates on loans. I suppose this was to appease us by outwardly showing their willingness to support our endeavor, regardless if inwardly they felt it was a totally ridiculous and racist idea. Maybe this was their way of giving us some sort of reparations for slavery. Whatever the reason, I have to commend our White brethren. In the interest of promoting equal opportunity, or because of their basic curiosity in our project, many were willing to provide what we needed to get our undertaking off the ground.

“Before these loans were granted however, a lengthy three-month session was convened with the members of the PAASG and the Department of the Interior to discuss the particulars of where and when the procurement of land would begin, and for the PAASG to explain their environmental considerations and intentions. The outcome of those meetings was to be expected. It was emphasized numerous times that loans allocated by the government would only be to procure land (in areas identified by the PAASG and agreed by individual states and the DOI), but with no additional loans or cost to the government for development, construction, manpower, materials or any other purposes. Once the land was purchased, that was the end of government involvement. Stipulations, rules and fines concerning the disruption or tainting of the environment in these areas and permit limitations were reiterated to the point of exhaustion.

“When these conditions and regulations were presented to the PAASG, they accepted them without hesitation. Though they hadn’t come up, Secretary of the Interior, Harold Levowitz was still ready for the inevitable questions from the PAASG like, will the government help with funds to contract labor, or can the government supply equipment, etc.

“When these types of questions never surfaced, Secretary Levowitz was genuinely perplexed. After meetings with PAASG representatives during initial site selection, he had to ask those questions in order to satisfy his own curiosity. When he received the response, he shook his head and replied, ‘I hear what you’re saying, but I’ll believe it when I see it.’” Westmoreland concluded.

It had begun! The purchase of suitable land was probably the PAASG’s second biggest anticipated problem. Teaming these land purchases with the new technologies they possessed, they were ready to commence their magnificent project in a grand manner.

**EDITOR’S NOTE:** ACCORDING TO PUBLIC RECORDS, NEW CITY BUILDING PROJECTS ARE CREDITED SOLELY TO THE PAASG, BUT RECENT RESEARCH REVEALS THE DISCOVERY WORKING GROUP RAN HIGHLY COVERT OPERATIONS IN THE EARLY 1990’S THAT PROCURED LAND AND COMPLETED FOUR BUILDING PROJECTS IN NEW YORK, OREGON, TEXAS AND KANSAS AT LEAST SIX YEARS BEFORE PAASG STANDUP. HOWEVER, FOR THE PURPOSES OF THIS DOCUMENTARY, AND TO AVOID CONFUSION OR CONFLICT, THIS SEGMENT WILL CONTINUE TO ALIGN AND REMAIN CONGRUENT WITH THE PUBLIC RECORD. FURTHER EXPANSION OF THIS TOPIC WILL FOLLOW.

Despite the outward seeming disinterest in the New City project, the PAASG was sure they would be under strong public scrutiny. The problem was how to continue with their development plans after the world learned of their technology. This was a very realistic and inevitable problem, because without a doubt, there would be an endless stream of agencies, organizations and curiosity seekers that would try to pry.

From my research, *I* didn’t necessarily see this scrutiny as a bad thing at first. The world today is built around technology. We’re introduced to it from day one, so I don’t think it was curiosity the PAASG was afraid of. I think it was the fear of someone trying to wrench it away from them before they had a chance to use it or properly protect it that scared them. If this were to happen, they believed they would be sent back to square one.

Knowing the government might divert a few of their intelligence collection platforms to “check the status” of the building projects, at times the DWG and the PAASG had to institute and apply very deceptive measures to prevent discovery. While these measures were somewhat

devious, both organizations understood the very real consequences if it were found out that they possessed technology the rest of the world didn't.

Many in the PAASG and Councils thought it would have been better to simply reveal these technologies and then just deal with it. "We can still carry on with our own projects, make money from the sales of some of those technologies, and then use the gains to further improve our cities," one representative proposed.

But others realized the inherent danger in such a move. Even from improbable spy and mystery movies, it was quite evident what people were willing to do in order to advance in status, wealth and power from new technology, especially if they weren't the owners of that technology.

The reluctance of the PAASG to share or even reveal any of their newfound technologies with the rest of the world became a center topic and a sore spot with the rest of America and even some citizens in the New Cities for years. The pros and cons were many, but it was decided that until the New Cities' programs were completed, and the world was better suited to handle these new technologies "in a civilized and reasonable manner," they would have to remain proprietary and extremely well protected. Were they right or wrong? The reader can draw their own conclusions as we progress through this documentary.



The way in which the PAASG was able to achieve their goals was a blend of skill, knowledge, experience, brilliance, and to a degree, just plain luck. As stated by Richard Westmoreland, "Drawing upon the decades of our colleagues' collective experiences, we were able to do some things that previously might have been seen as impossible. But only with the right combination of science, technology and realistic goals were we able to accomplish so much so soon. The lyrics of an old song stated our intent very well, *'The difficult I'll do right now, but the impossible will take a little while.'* That was our attitude throughout the whole venture."

Prior to the middle years of the DWG, no one had an inkling of the true number and level of talented Black scientists in this country and around the world. But even with such great numbers, sometimes it was just the luck of the draw that these stellar people chanced to join the new movement. For example, the only reason Michael Copeland, an outstanding physicist from the Oakland area joined the team was because he had been released from his job at Allied Research after 15 years. Out of work and struggling to make ends meet, Michael joined because he was tired of the instability of the economy and the backstabbing in his division. He wasn't necessarily impressed with the PAASG or what they offered; he was just looking for a way to provide for his family.

The PAASG understood the basic way in which a governmental type body should operate, but theirs wasn't meant to be a government in the traditional sense. They would have a base of power, but not one with absolute authority. The PAASG would be there to guide the Councils and citizens and not necessarily govern or dictate to them.

Typical government normally operates when mechanisms are in place that can support it, such as a justice and penal system. Punitive measures are usually called upon when rulings and

legislation have been ignored. The system the PAASG envisioned was one whereby all citizens worked together synergistically without fear of reprisal or punishment. It would be up to each citizen to support the next citizen. In short, true responsibility to each and every community member was the goal. They wanted to prove that at this point in Man's existence on this Earth, we still didn't think like single cell amoeba and dependent on archaic and non-productive attitudes. We were about to enter into new millennia and a new way of thinking should accompany it.

Without reinventing the principles of legislature and government, the PAASG utilized portions of state, federal and constitutional law to implement their charters and bylaws. They adopted those that suited them and developed new ones where there were none.<sup>5</sup>

With some of the most skillful legal and political representatives available, they soon developed their charters, and their brilliant strategies provided such actions as establishing new trade routes internal and external to the U.S.

Skillfully managing and overseeing the building of a pyramidal hierarchy of professional people was an area in which the PAASG owed its success to experience. This was a new organization, but most of its members had been "around the block" so to speak. They knew what it took to stand up an organization and how to make it work successfully. They also comprehended the complexities of such a structure.

After the PAASG truly gained momentum in its quest, there came the question of how they should operationally proceed with their plans. There were a number of possibilities, but only a few that offered any viable solutions for what they were trying to achieve.

At first, it was suggested that the PAASG and its newfound power "should come out smoking with all barrels wide open." This meant that once they completed their building and relocation projects, they would effectively use their resources, manpower and technology to implement change in the U.S. and the world by force if necessary. If passive, unresponsive or unrealistic factions got in the way, they would step over or go through them. They believed it might be necessary to sort out the balance of power with a little "scale tipping" of their own.

The main instigator of this school of thought was Mrs. Anita Hunt. Mrs. Hunt was a fervent believer in the "Lead, follow, or get the hell out the way!" adage. She also believed that multiplied power begets massive respect.

A now famous excerpt from one of the last DWG meetings clearly showed that in no uncertain terms Mrs. Hunt and some other members wanted the power and position that came from being an influential world leader. She envisioned using their new strength to leverage actions in every part of the world that in some manner exploited people of color. From one of her speeches, her exact words were, "*This is going to be payback, and believe me, it's going to be brutal!*"

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<sup>5</sup> Though the term "law" is used, these directives were mostly for interaction with outside agencies and not for governing citizens. PAASG law, within the New Cities infrastructure, served mostly as guidelines and direction. There are some instances however where violations resulted in legal recourse or punitive measures such as exile from the parent city.

She and others thought this was the only way to regain respect for our people. Once we had enough political and financial clout to effectively make changes in policy and action in the country, we would proceed to do so and we wouldn't care who liked or disliked it. She wanted to push and push until changes were made in every government program and social attitude concerning Blacks and other minorities.

One of her pet peeves was the American stance toward hate groups like the KKK. Organizations like these were tolerated in society and she couldn't understand why. She wanted to make it a crime to belong to any group that advocated the violent displacement, harm or eradication of any race, and not merely just the overthrowing of the government. In her opinion, anyone who espoused such ideas was in fact trying to overthrow the foundations and principles of the U.S. government, Constitution and Bill of Rights, and therefore was clearly in violation of the law.

Not only targeting hate groups, she also wanted the government to pass legislation that made it a crime to be a part of any sort of organized crime groups, specifically street gangs. She stated that if you were a gang member, you should automatically get five years in prison. Her rationale was if you were a member of one of these organizations, then by virtue of what they stood for, and how you normally had to enter one, a crime had to be committed. If you professed to be a gang member, but weren't actually involved (wannabees), then a mandatory sentence of six months to one year in prison should be instituted. She reiterated time and time again that if you couldn't change the social climate around these people, then you should give them something real to think about before they actually thought about joining a gang or hate group.

At first, this philosophy prevailed in the PAASG. It served as a catalyst to get and keep everyone motivated. The idea of calling the shots and finally getting their hands around the throat of crime and hate appealed to everyone. Mrs. Hunt and a number of other representatives felt that every second counted and they weren't willing to play political games until action was taken. Mrs. Hunt was again quoted as saying, "We have to start off strong and *finish* strong if we're going to win our race against time and apathy!"

Infusing ideals of power and control to achieve one's goals might seem like the wrong way to start off any peaceful movement, but it was more of a realistic fact than an imagined power play. Collectively, they understood it took plenty of money and influence to change policy and minds, so power and control in any form was absolutely necessary. This was just a fact of life.

Some of these new leaders also realized that one of the major problems concerning Blacks was the significant lack of being recognized as true leaders or worthy of holding the same elevated respect that other races were. If there was some respect for us in any regard, it always seemed be rooted in the past. We *had* some great leaders, we *had* some great inventors, we *had* some great ideas, and we *had* potential. This was unacceptable. Even with the stellar achievements of Blacks in the 20th century, it still wasn't enough to class our people as being worthy or equal to others regardless of their rank, position or status.

It seemed that besides the superior legislators, educators, athletes and entertainers we produced on a continual basis, most other races only respected or could remember those who had pioneered in the past. If you asked a White person to name a great Black American, the first name they called was Martin Luther King or maybe Booker T. Washington. There's no criticism

against these extraordinary gentlemen, but it's almost as if there weren't any great lawyers, scientists, politicians, engineers, or doctors living and excelling every day in the present. Blacks were being viewed as the lost tribe—people who at one time had potential but had lost the determination and the collective passion for turning their attitudes and lifestyles into positive, powerful forces of brotherhood.

The newly founded PAASG wanted to show the world that we had lost nothing! Maybe Blacks had temporarily misplaced their brotherhood and respect for themselves, but they had been rediscovered, and soon the rest of the country would witness the results of that discovery. They were doggedly determined to instill dignity and pride into every Black American. This was something every PAASG member mutually agreed on and pledged themselves to. And when the first opportunity to flex those new muscles came about, it was implemented without question or challenge. This flexing came about a year later in the form of the Queen's Message.

The PAASG set down goals that had to be accomplished, but in the beginning they were without a disciplined order. Although a more organized, detailed and methodical charter would follow, the thinking in these early times was archaic, freshman, and very emotional. The following is extracted from scribbled notes from one of the original PAASG meetings and is representative of that collective school of thought:

**Phase I** (1-3 years) Gain and meld the support of the Black financial, political and scientific communities. Begin procurement of needed resources for re-host and begin preparation for New City development projects.

**Phase II** (3-5 years) Develop new economic, trade and social alliances with African nations. Begin New City construction in the U.S.

**Phase III** (5-7 years) **Begin** aggregation of resources in Africa. Continue with New City construction in the U.S.

**Phase IV** (8th year) Commence African rebuild projects. Redirect African resources and extraction efforts back into African hands and direct the profits and results back into each affected or contributing country.

**Phase V** (10th year) Begin re-host in U.S.

**Phase VI** (10-12 years) Re-host continues.

**Phase VII** (15 years) Expansion of New Cities into other countries.

**Phase VIII** (20 years) Assist in the rebuilding of America's cities. Eradicate substandard housing and education for all African-Americans. Re-host completed.

**Phase IX** (20-25 years) Long-term plan. Eventual re-unification and re-integration of African-Americans with other American ethnic groups is achieved.

**Phase X** (25-50 years) Complete equality of races. Prejudice and injustice are overcome. Separation is no longer required.

As stated, this phased approach was idyllic at best, but it gave the PAASG a base from which they could begin planning and establish timelines for what they felt needed to be accomplished.

There were certain inevitabilities that were assured if any of these wishful "phases" were completely carried out. For example, if New City development in Africa went according to plan, there would be a tremendous and almost incalculable increase in financial influence and

affluence for both Africans and African-Americans. This influence and affluence coupled with political stability and the unification of African nations could lead to the inevitable fall of oppression and restraint of those peoples. Additionally, it was possible there would be a reduction in the number of disease-related deaths, an increase in the proper management and utilization of each country's resources, the quelling of African tribal or border disputes, and a reduction or end of terrorist activity on the continent.

Here in America, problems such as low value education, inadequate housing and dependence on deficient social programs would become a thing of the past. Racism would a tough nut to crack, but it's commonly known that people tend to respect those with financial and political power. This could be the start of a healthy respect for our people while ending prejudicial treatment and negative policies based on economic disparity and educational poverty. If nothing else, it would at least temporarily correct the standard of living for most African-Americans and level it with that of the White American.

So went the PAASG's initial thinking. The *smoking gun* approach sounded like the only way to proceed. However, once the "smoke" cleared, cooler heads prevailed. Some ideas were used and others discarded, but the desire for fear and respect remained. The notion of gaining worldwide attention for the new organization was another idea that was well received and retained.

To accomplish this attention-getter, one of the ideas that bore fruit was to incorporate ancient Egyptian mystique with present-day technology. Since most people agreed that the Egyptians possessed wisdom far beyond their assessed chronological years, an association with this culture, especially a kindred one would hopefully bring the PAASG two or three steps closer to their goals. Given the continued global fascination and preoccupation with the Egyptian culture, this was indeed a brilliant strategy. Like the Westmoreland's association with the Navy in the 1940's, they were sure it would attract attention, respect and an appreciation for an established and disciplined society with extraordinary vision.

The Egyptian theme was extremely important to the PAASG for two reasons. The first reason was the ridiculous misrepresentation of Egypt being part of the Middle East when in fact it is, and of course has always been geographically situated in northern Africa, had to be corrected. This was important because after centuries of falsehoods about nothing good coming out of Africa, the truth is this revered civilization, and its mystifying wonders is part of a continent where the indigenous people are and have always been Black or Brown. As one PAASG member stated, "*A look at any unaltered images on Egyptian obelisks, columns or pyramid walls confirms the skin color of their represented people.*"

The second reason the Egyptian theme was important to the PAASG was because they wanted the world to understand the tremendous influence Africa, particularly Egypt had on the development of the Greek and Roman civilizations. This would prove to be antithetical to the belief that the Romans and Greeks were the primary originators of advanced astronomy, architecture, mathematics, and medicine and did not first seek and obtain knowledge from the libraries or universities in Egypt and later Timbuktu. This is especially true when considering Hellenism (the result of Greek-Macedonian culture blending with the societies of North Africa, as well as the Middle East, Central Asia, and India) meant the Greeks would have certainly ingested

the scholarly works of Egypt's millennia-old temple libraries, a large part of which was undoubtedly incorporated into one of the most significant libraries of the ancient world - the Library of Alexandria.

Regarding architecture, it is apparent the Greeks and Romans "borrowed" heavily on Egyptian architecture. And even up this day, obelisks, based on Egyptian prototypes, are dotted all over the world. In America, the most famous tribute to the Egyptian obelisk is the Washington Monument. As a testament to their enduring allure and influence, three original obelisks were transported from Egypt during the nineteenth century. Cleopatra's Needle is the popular name for each of those three original ancient Egyptian obelisks re-erected in London, Paris, and New York City. Although all three needles are genuine ancient Egyptian obelisks, their shared nickname is a misnomer, as they have no connection with the Ptolemaic Queen Cleopatra VII of Egypt and were already over a thousand years old in her lifetime.

All things considered, the simple fact that ancient Egypt's history spans 6000 years over the relatively adolescent timeframe of Greece and Rome would strongly imply these two cultures traveled to, absorbed and in some case expanded on what they learned in Africa's Egypt. These reasons were tantamount to the PAASG's quest for recognition and respect. In their estimation, the ancient record as well as the current record had to set straight in order for true acknowledgment of our history and worth.

Along with the aforementioned attention getting, the plan to include only African-Americans during the execution of this venture was overwhelmingly accepted by most participants. There was slight internal resistance to this idea initially, but it was decided to continue with the singular pursuit of addressing African-American's needs first. When those goals were completely met, they would then begin the integration with Hispanics and Native Americans. Not to be forgotten, they were sometimes as confused as Blacks in their thinking and treatment of each other. This was a hard choice to enunciate and execute, however. Hispanics in particular had been "in the trenches" with us for as long as we could remember, and it seemed extremely unfair to exclude them in this undertaking. In the slums they lived next to us, they were targets of racism, and just like us they faced certain internal social "digressions."

But one thing Hispanics had learned to do was work with one another in a way Blacks for the most part had yet to accomplish. In cities like Newark, New Jersey, Hispanics owned and operated hundreds of successful and connective businesses for decades. They even managed and controlled portions of their own import/exports at the Port Authority. Blacks unfortunately have a history of destroying the businesses in their communities rather than helping them expand and becoming successful. It would seem that the main difference between us and our Hispanic brothers and sisters is that most Hispanics don't harbor the same jealousies, mistrust and mistreatment of their own race as we do. Ours are unique and recognized exclusions from any other race, and ones that required unique and immediate attention from the new organization.

A key part of the PAASG plan was to deny assistance from any other race. Not so much because they didn't trust people from other races, but for this Awakening to be truly successful in its practice, Blacks would have to be awake enough to carry it out solely. Over the centuries, Blacks received an extraordinary amount of help with endeavors like the Underground Railroad, abolitionist movements, the civil rights movement and integration efforts. These advances would

not have been possible or victorious without help from our White brethren. Indeed, thousands of White men and women risked their livelihoods and their lives by voicing and acting on the principles of equality, fairness and justice.

The PAASG recognized that fact and understood they might need help again along the way, but they opted to try to do this without any “outside” assistance. This entire Awakening had to be wholly dependent on *our* actions. It was the only way we would know if *we* could ever be capable of trusting and loving ourselves again.



As anyone can imagine, with an endeavor this colossal and encompassing, there were many setbacks and disappointments. The most disappointing was the “First Assembly” during the early days of the DWG. This was the first call to African-Americans to tally the number of people who would be willing to put together monies or volunteer skills to kickstart the Awakening and to assist in its operation.

Unfortunately, it seemed that as long as there wasn’t an outlay of personal finances or sacrifice of time, there was plenty of interest. It was a vicious cycle. Folks wanted change, but they couldn’t afford it. They couldn’t afford to spend time in meetings, forums or action groups because they had to work to pay the bills. They couldn’t afford to be associated with a radical group because their employers or families might react indifferently and ostracize them. They couldn’t afford to waste time, because somewhere deep inside themselves they feared it wouldn’t work and nothing would ever change. The pitiful responses the DWG received was indicative of the apathetic attitudes of our people at the time.

The second setback was the establishment of the hierarchy of the PAASG and the councils. During the early DWG days, there weren’t many objections to positional appointments because the organization hadn’t acquired much in the way of finance or resources yet. But with the PAASG standup, it was a totally different situation. Now they were looking at a multi-billion-dollar operation that was still growing incredibly quickly and being thrust into the eye of the entire country. As a result, most of the new recruits were eager to assume positions of authority and leadership.

It was a difficult process. Many of these people were already leaders in their own right. There were former political office holders, business executives, community leaders as well as clergy intermixed in the organization. These people had attained their positions because of their merit, and each had their own particular ideas on how to proceed with the Awakening and the utilization of its resources.

When it was obvious that many of these talented people disagreed with the way a hierarchy should to be established, it appeared they were going nowhere fast. Indeed, it seemed this new Awakening would soon become the ultimate oxymoron. During one particular session, there was nothing but confusion and arguments about positional appointments. Tired of the bickering and hoping to help ease the tension, former Austin city council member Akilah Chambers asked to have the floor in order to give her observations and for everyone to regain their composure.

“Friends and colleagues. I have been working with all of you for about a year now, and whenever I attend one of these conferences, I realize I’ve truly been immersed in the presence of greatness. We all have our own unique abilities and qualities that would perhaps make each one of us a dynamic leader in any one of these programs. We’ve made tremendous strides forward, but insofar as to the hopes of carrying out the goals and hopes of our founders, I’m somewhat disappointed.

“When I speak of founders, I’m not speaking of Fran and Richard Westmoreland, I’m speaking of the countless number of people who left their freedom involuntarily and who died at the hands of some devilish slave owner, or are prisoners to the mental slavery of drugs, gangs, violence or social injustice. To me, *these* people are our founders, because without them, we wouldn’t even have to be here today.

“I wouldn’t have left Texas to come here if I didn’t fear for the safety of my children. I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t think Blacks weren’t still targets of hatred and murder. I wouldn’t be here if I believed that when someone called me “sister” they really meant it. These moral and social discrepancies are also our founders, and every day they grow in number!

“These last couple of days I’ve heard nothing but squabbling over who should be in charge of what program and who is going to lead what council. I think it’s all irrelevant and petty! Our charge in this forum is to establish a new order to free us from the problems of our past! Listen, like anyone else, I’d like to be in charge of some grand program, but I know that the greater good is at stake here. We don’t have the luxury of being divided even before we begin. It’s either we get it right now or forever suffer the embarrassments, hatred and inferior lifestyles that we’ve endured since our arrival in this country. Ours can be the way to alleviate all that and we cannot, I repeat cannot, afford wrangling and power struggles in our ranks.

“Regarding the Awakening, and this forum particularly, we should all be without ego. It’s about survival, and it’s about the person or persons who can best ensure that survival. Now that I’ve had my say, I would like to start the nominations for the offices of the PAASG Director and executive councils again. And this time, I’d like us to honestly think about who could best fill these positions based on their experiences and potential. I would like to nominate . . .”

“Without ego” became the theme of the forum from that moment forward. It was apparent that one of the problems blacks faced was the ego and its hold on us. American society had taught us that unless you were a leader or in the spotlight, you were insignificant. For our people, it was even worse. This was because even our most powerful leaders were still seen as insignificant or ineffectual by White society because of their color. Therefore any opportunity for a Black individual to disprove that insignificance and be seen or at least recognized is immediately seized. While the ego and its grip certainly didn’t disappear in the DWG, the desire to move past personal elevation multiplied tremendously. Most of the gathering matured somewhat that day as they realized their need to abandon individual self-actualization for community fulfillment.

The proper operation of newly introduced equipment was another one of the Awakening’s major setbacks. Since just about all of the equipment was right out of the testing labs, there were many incompatibilities and failures. For instance, introduction and integration of the new, and as yet unfielded Reeves 2000 super-processor, proved to be one of the worst problems initially. This

machine performed so rapidly that it literally burned up the circuits of connected client computers.

“So we had this computer that could perform trillions of calculations per second and no ability to interface with any other computer or any other system to extract data from it,” a systems application engineer remarked. “We had tons of computing power, but we literally had to go back to pen and paper because there was nothing we could connect it to.”

Eventually, the inventor of the Reeves, in addition to producing mainframe servers, developed client processors and peripherals capable of handling the great deluge of data and phenomenally fast data transmissions. All computers installed in the New Cities thereafter had to be Reeves compatible.

That was a huge setback. The PAASG had initially planned to use existing computer hardware and software technology to accomplish their tasks because of the cost factor. But the Reeves solution provided a myriad of invaluable security and expansion options, so it couldn't be discarded. Therefore, time was the greatest hindrance with the Reeves. It took a considerable amount of time to replace the existing hardware and to develop indigenous software for the new Reeves compatibles.

In retrospect however, the Reeves setback/solution turned out to be the best thing to happen to the Awakening. By virtue of its unique configuration, computation/deciphering and encryption capabilities, it was next to impossible for outside entities to tie in or extract data from it. Besides the incredible products spawned from it, the Reeves and its new network infrastructure represented a fail-safe method and firewall in protecting the New Cities.

All in all, the PAASG faced a number of setbacks, not unlike those encountered by any new business or government. But there was a strong sense of purpose and urgency in the air and the participants desperately wanted the Awakening to work.

The threat of African-American genocide almost drove some participants to the brink of obsession with this project. Some say they were a little too paranoid and genocide was hardly what they were facing, but when you look at the problems in American society, and in the Black society in particular, genocide was exactly what was happening. It may not have been the textbook definition of genocide, but nonetheless, it was happening.

And such was the start of the remarkable Awakening Period. The expertise needed to lay the foundation for the establishment of a new social order was being ravenously ingested and hastily set into place. It was an extremely exciting time to witness. Armed with some of the most versatile and ingenious Black minds in the world, the PAASG seemed assured of success.

Even with all the trials and tribulations, it was a party that everyone donned their best and showed up *on time* for. They brought their finest ideas, hopes and intentions to make this endeavor succeed. By the time it was over, they wanted the Awakening and its legacy to touch the lives of virtually everyone in the world. The Angelic Upstarts, as they would soon become known as, were furiously trying to earn their wings.

## THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

*“From Occipital to Operational!”*

*“The world exists on set paradigms, but we started out on a different sheet of music than everyone else. And while it seems we broke all of the rules, we in fact made new ones. You see, when you learn something incorrectly or incompletely the first time, it’s hard, if not impossible, to go back and relearn the right way. Not to brag, but this time around, we did things right!”*

- Richard Westmoreland

### **THE SCIENCE COUNCILS DEVELOPED WONDERFUL AND UNBELIEVABLE TECHNOLOGIES TO ENHANCE MAN’S CAPABILITIES AND SPIRIT.**

BUT THEY WEREN’T DEVELOPED ARBITRARILY. Every stitch of technology, every line of code was either designed specifically or adopted for use towards accomplishing documented goals within the Awakening. As successful and intriguing as they were, it’s curious why some of these technologies weren’t introduced into society before. Certainly, the potential for their development existed years previous. Perhaps they *had* been offered to the world before but were rejected for one reason or another.

Even more curious is how they were developed as peaceful and non-threatening solutions to modern day problems. This is especially curious since many white Americans believed that if black Americans ever got their hands-on powerful technologies, and used them collectively, they would most assuredly use them for racial retaliation.

I’m sure we’ve all heard about the inventions that would have revolutionized modern living if they had been injected into mainstream society, but were stifled because of their impact on existing, prosperous businesses. Indeed, the introduction of incredible technologies such as a gravity-free vehicle would spell disaster for many industries around the world. While a new segment of our economy would emerge and become prosperous, many others might all but perish.

Former PAASG Director, Charles Day, was once asked how we managed to contrive or accelerate such technologies, especially when the world was spewing out super technology like an out-of-control gusher in the 1990’s. How did we manage to pass the rest of the world in such a short amount of time?

Day’s reasoning was because “African-Americans had experienced so much internal and external oppression and depression that necessity truly became the mother of invention for us. Certainly, we never lacked the knowledge or capability to invent, but it was definitely necessity which catapulted us into the forefront of the technology game.”

He continued, “Clearly, our people have been inventing since history was first recorded, but the specific inventions indigenous to the New Cities, I believe were truly born out of necessity—the necessity to free ourselves from our social, financial, and educational bindings. These things simply became a matter of survival. Spring-boarding from the problems in our society, even the most fantastic ideas became guilt edge priorities to achieve. And if one just

looks at the inventions of the last twenty-five years alone, it's evident that technology is as current and as real as the people who still dream. Consider our hovercraft in the skies and think just how long men have dreamt of such a wonder. After all, the old saying about what's science fiction today becoming the reality of tomorrow is definitely true."

Richard Westmoreland however had a couple of different reasons why our technology pushed the developmental and temporal envelope. He explained, "The world exists on set paradigms, but we started out by working from a different sheet of music than everyone else. For example, most people are taught about gravity, but only to the level where they basically understand it. We began by not relearning those same old theories but inventing and exploiting new ones. The same is true with our revisits to the principles of light and invisibility. We broke the paradigms. You see, when you learn something incorrectly or incompletely the first time, it's difficult, if not impossible to go back and re-learn and right way.

"But I feel the single greatest reason why we excelled so quickly is because all of our scientists, mathematicians, engineers and so forth, were people of color. For once, that gave us an extreme advantage. If you look at the world racially, Whites are the minority. People of color dominate the globe in that respect, and so we had more of a resource pool to pick from."

Westmoreland continued, "Additionally, most of the countries that were enslaved with the worst cases of crime, prejudice, inequality, disease and famine, were countries of color and mostly Black. We not only recruited an incredible amount of new, untapped talent, but we were also blessed with people who would stop at nothing to rid their homes and homelands of these problems.

"It must be said up front, and credit given where due, that many of the technologies developed during the tenure of the Awakening weren't new ideas, nor in some cases new products. For example, ideas on the absorption and refraction of light to the point of invisibility have been experimented with for decades. Similarly, the techniques for negating gravity have been experimented with for years previous to our own, but only with a modest degree of success.

"Some of these techniques were tried before but owing to the enormity of power consumption and the inability of needed computer processing power, these ideas weren't feasible. We were only able to accomplish what we did because of the tremendous strides science had made in the last thirty years in complex computing, laser technology, medical research and new methods of producing, processing and utilizing raw power.

"Speaking of which, surely another reason why we jetted to the forefront of technology, was because African-Americans, like the rest of America, were swept away by what must have surely been the most used (and abused) word of the 1990's—POWER!

"The Power generation. Every other day it seemed someone had invented something that was ten times faster, stronger or longer lasting than its predecessor. Power was the catch phrase and was used in every facet of life. The New Cities were no different. If we were to attain a level of prominence and stature, we too had to possess power. But the power we needed was the ability to effect changes and to keep effecting changes on a permanent basis. It was power in its most basic form—collective energy and synergy of our brothers and sisters, nationally and globally.

"We realized that with technology traveling faster than light, it was all too easy for society to forget or overlook the problems with Man himself. As the architect of power technology, Man

often forgot that his technology should be used to benefit and enhance his life. This meant besides using technology for his convenience, he should also use it to change and hopefully uplift his station in life. As always, power should be used with temperance and sound judgment.

“Unfortunately, power sometimes outgrows its chains and shackles until we become a slave to it rather than it to us. Within the Awakening, we were also caught up in the power generation. Although some of the outlets for that power differed than the rest of the nation, we still wanted to use our power effectively. We wanted power to cure the problems in our streets, in our minds, and in our hearts. Much of the technology wrought by the Awakening was designed with this in mind. There were a few superfluous inventions included in our lifestyles, but overall, our technologies were developed to bring about changes in living and social standards and preserving our ideals.

“In the New Cities, our abuse of power often came in the chokehold on the new technologies we developed. In our imagined safety from the outside, we became super dependent on technology rather than the spirit to keep us free from society’s pitfalls. We were also constantly on the watch to continually improve our technologies to keep ahead of the rest of the world. It soon became an obsession with us.” Westmoreland concluded.

With all their new technologies on the rise, it became obvious to the PAASG that a stringent method of protecting these technologies had to be instituted. Given the state of the world, this was an altogether understandable decision. They decided that the release of core level technology should be forbidden to anyone outside the New Cities. This drew harsh criticism from supporters as well as the opposition of the Awakening. But the PAASG deemed it necessary to totally control and regulate all emerging New City technologies. Their aggregate rationale was when technology was normally distributed on a wide scale basis, or before proper regulation, inevitably it was used for purposes other than what it was intended for. Case in point, the Internet. This medium was intended to be a conduit for strengthening communications around the world for the military, educators and businesses. It was never intended to transmit pornography, promote virtual prostitution, or set up murderous meetings with unsuspecting women or children. But before any kind of regulation or forethought was initiated, it was available to the world. And to this day, incredibly, even with these kinds of scandalous and unacceptable activities going on, individuals who promote pornography, and their customers, still emphatically state that it is their Constitutional right to be able to do so.

The PAASG had no desire to go through any similar problems. Given the reality of these types of occurrences, it was determined that a singular entity with absolute control of these technologies would be best. The result of this determination was the infamous Resolution 143, Revision 2, and the Not Releasable To Outside Sources (NRTOS) restrictions. These were the not-so-popular PAASG declarations that placed numerous and almost unbelievable constraints on the use of New City technology to anyone outside of the New Cities. These documents and their provocative contents are still being debated in the New Cities and beyond.

There were many technologies that thrust the Awakening into its current position, but three of the most important were the Laser Assisted Testosterone Reduction (LATR) procedure, Negation or Reduction of Gravity (NRG), and the use of directed, absorbed and refractive light.

Although these technologies and the technology portion of the Awakening were by and large a collective effort, there are some individual notables without whom we couldn't have made it thus far. Some of the developments that were key to the success of the Awakening were contributions made by the following individuals: Ramsey, Warber, Mustafa, and Reeves. Their contributions are the cornerstones of our society. I'm sure much of this technology is now taken for granted, but without them we wouldn't have been able to temporarily separate ourselves and allow for the repair of our people.

I have dedicated a section to each of them to highlight their achievements as well as chronicle their personal lives. For brevity purposes, I've only presented a short narrative for each person as taken from his or her own journals. I refer the reader once again to the libraries at Bahariya Oasis for additional clarity and depth.

### PIERSON/RAMSEY

Contribution: Negation or Reduction of Gravity (NRG)

For ages, engineers have recognized that the main problem of any major topographical undertaking was the ability to first tame and then develop the terrain. Wheeled and tracked vehicles were adequate but took an inordinate amount of time and effort to produce the desired results. In theory, if construction and engineering vehicles weren't limited to operating on adverse topography, the time to clear and level terrain would be cut in half. Likewise, if conducted by air, any vertical construction could be accomplished effortlessly without necessarily using expensive cranes or dangerous and time-consuming scaffolding.

The suite of equipment invented for these purposes was built on the Negation or Reduction of Gravity principles (NRG). These vehicles performed terrain and vegetation clearing, digging and trenching, lift, placement and construction from aboveground with incredible precision and speed.

Without a doubt, mastering and manipulating gravity must be compared with the discovery of the atom and its subsequent splitting. Quite simply, it is one of the greatest scientific solutions in the history of mankind.

The lead scientist responsible for this monumental discovery was Professor Lloyd Pierson from Rutgers University Newark. Before his untimely death, Prof. Pierson was hailed as one of the world's foremost physicists. His legendary work in rocket engineering and propellants revitalized NASA's sluggish endeavors and helped turn their space program into one that was again commercially viable with the French and Russians in the early 1990's.

Prof. Pierson was working on redefining the principles of gravity negation when tragically and ironically, he was killed in an airplane crash in Kentucky during a winter storm. While the scientific community mourned his loss, his longtime assistant, Dr. Allison Ramsey carried on his work even up to the day his remains were cremated. Although she outwardly appeared normal, Ramsey's disposition changed drastically. She became uncommunicative and unsociable and some of her colleagues even thought she might be using narcotics to help cope with her grief.

Ramsey and Pierson were together for seven years and enjoyed a relationship that surpassed student/teacher. It was actually more of a father/daughter relationship than anything

else. And while her friend, mentor and colleague's ashes were being scattered to the winds, she stood in the lab studying Pierson's chalkboard seemingly caught between the world of the conscious and the unconscious.

In retrospect, a lab worker said of her, "After the professor died, she started directing questions to empty space. We understood her grief and weren't too concerned until it seemed that she was getting answers back. She would pose a question out loud and then nod her head and jot something down as if to say, 'I see your point.' Pretty weird huh?"

"Allison had the gift," another researcher said. "Professionally, she remains one of the most brilliant, but strangest scientists I've ever had the privilege of working with. To sum up her genius, I would say that Allison was one of those rare people that tragedy and stress actually propels them past their normal mental limits and into a state that causes them to excel faster and with greater alacrity than their contemporaries."

Allison Ramsey was indeed one of those people whose past bore a significant effect on their field of study. Born in Akron, Ohio, Allison was the eldest of three children. Although not poor, her parents often had to scrape and pinch because of poor financial management. But when she was eleven, her mother unexpectedly and quickly expired from cancer and the loss threatened to tear the family apart.

From her journals she wrote, "Losing my mother was the hardest thing I ever experienced. It was touch and go for all of us for a few years, but we made it through. Gradually, my attitude about life got better when tragedy struck again. It seemed that our family had been targeted for constant suffering in this world.

"One of my cousins and my youngest brother Philip were killed by a car driven by a drunk woman while they were on their way to a football game. I could feel rage welling up in me afterwards. I wanted every gas-driven thing on this planet to disappear. Particularly, I wanted that woman who was driving to pay for what she had done!

"What really set me off was the courts weren't particularly hard on her. Maybe she knew somebody who knew somebody in city hall or whatever, but some community service, a few classes, a fine, and some points taken away on her license and she was out on the streets again! No jail time, no order for her to appear at the funerals of those she had killed, nothing like that. In my estimation, she had gotten off scot-free. I wanted her to die! I'm sure if I were given a psychiatric evaluation back then, they would have said I was extremely unstable, but who wouldn't feel the same way?

"At only seven years old, Philip didn't have a chance to live a full life, and it was unfair as hell to take him away from this earth. Forty-two years later, I still stop and think of Philip and his little light that he never got the chance to shine. I know for a fact that he was *the* driving force for me continuing with school and getting on with life. I wanted to live the life that my little brother never had a chance to live.

"When I got to Rutgers and met Prof. Pierson, he seemed to almost sense that something was lacking in me. He'd been around enough students to know when there was ability, but the student wasn't motivated or was just plain lazy. From our meetings and labs together, he must have seen the pain I harbored within me and realized I needed something to bring me out of my dark state and to channel that pain into something positive. He took me under his wing and into

his confidences. I was really impressed that this man whom I hardly knew was willing to risk ridicule by revealing his secret projects to me.

“I became immensely interested in his work, although I’m not sure if it was because I actually believed in his claims or because he was a good man. But I didn’t want anyone hurting or making a mockery of him, so I threw myself into the work and set my sights on helping him prove his theories. Since I was unmarried and had no children, I didn’t have an outlet other than my work. Consequently, all my energies were dedicated solely to him and his projects.

“Prof. Pierson was always there for me. He became a second father to me. We consoled each other as we went through failure after dismal failure. We worked on that project continuously for about six years and we shared many cries together and just as many “this is it.” We thought we were always close to a workable solution, but it never happened while he was alive.

“Even after all those years, I subconsciously clung to the notion that automobiles were created by Satan. I always hoped that maybe if Prof. Pierson’s experiments worked, I might be able to do something great for the world like replacing those wheeled monsters with a safe method of transportation that couldn’t kill regardless of the idiot behind the wheel. Even now, I still look forward to the day when huge piles of metal and plastic are gracing the junk and scrap yards around the world. I know I’m still following a child’s dream, but it’s not one that I can easily shake.”

Dr. Peter Janovik said of Dr. Ramsey, “One day she walked in the lab and very calmly said to us, ‘I think Dr. Pierson can rest now. His work is done.’ Seeing the baffled looks on our faces, she quietly said, ‘Follow me into lab #3 please.’

“In the lab, she pointed to a scale model of one of Prof. Pierson’s rockets. It was a gift from NASA, but now it was suspended in the air right above his desk as if held by invisible wires. From across the room, it looked more like a matte drawing than an actual object.

“I stepped up to it and touched it. There was a warm, tingly feeling around the rocket like static cling. I slowly worked my fingers around the rocket as I examined it. As I applied pressure to the model, I noticed there was a definite difference in temperature. The field around the rocket was warm, yet the rocket itself was cool to the touch.

“Allison explained that the field was set on Level One. She further explained that an electro-magnetic field was produced around the object, but at this setting the field was forgiving enough to touch the object. That was how I could actually feel the coolness of the rocket. She pressed another button and then asked me to touch the rocket. I did as she asked, but I could no longer put my fingers around its form. She told me to try to move the rocket. I felt like an idiot trying to push against the air around it, but I did as she instructed. I tried numerous times, but even after applying my full weight to get more leverage, the confounded thing just wouldn’t move!

“While I was still trying to force the rocket to budge, Dr. Ramsey turned around to the rest of our stupefied colleagues and carried on as if she were giving a normal lecture. ‘Negating the effects of gravity turned out not to be as difficult as we originally thought but manipulating the gravity field surrounding an object, so its forces existed equally on all sides and generating a stable field that also preserved its integrity took considerable work.’

“Then she showed us Prof. Pierson’s original test subject, a model version of the *Star War’s* Death Star. She picked it up from her desk and then picked up a remote-control device and pressed a button or two. The Death Star rose and hovered to her eye level. She pressed another button and then she poked it with her index finger. Unlike the rocket, it moved backwards, although it maintained its altitude.”

“Dr. Ramsey gave us an abbreviated explanation, ‘As you can see, when you exert force on this model, it gives. Prof. Pierson solved the gravity problem, but its effects on an object’s inertia were the major stumbling blocks. What I brought to the research was the ability for an object to remain inert while exerting the force of gravity on it. This field should also induce negative gravity effects within an object as well. I haven’t tested this theory yet, but I will at some point in the future. Prof. Pierson called it the Negation or Reduction of Gravity principle or NRG. I always liked that acronym because it was pronounced ENERGY and the very nature of the principle produced results dealing with energy fields.’

“We all examined the rocket again and again, but even with our collective talents, we were at a total loss at how she and Prof. Pierson had managed such an inconceivable accomplishment. I don’t recall how long we played around with the objects, but I do remember that somebody started shouting, and then all of a sudden, we were all shouting. We were shouting for this magnificent triumph of science and Allison’s individual accomplishment. We couldn’t believe she had actually found the secret for defying gravity! What’s more, we couldn’t believe she had found the answers right in our own labs!

“We were so preoccupied with examining the two specimens and our exuberance that we didn’t even notice when Allison collapsed into a chair in a corner of the room. She was tired, and it seemed that her grief and her lack of needed rest had finally taken its toll.

“When we finally realized what had happened, we rushed her to a nearby hospital where she stayed for three days. I personally locked the lab to ensure her work stayed intact until when she returned. By mutual agreement, none of us revealed anything we witnessed that day. We didn’t want to risk anyone stealing or damaging one of the greatest scientific finds in history. We just wanted her to come back and fully explain her discovery and properly document it before she revealed the findings to anyone else.

“But Allison never returned. Less than 24 hours after her release from the hospital, she disappeared! Police didn’t believe foul play was involved, but she was gone without a trace.

“We didn’t see or hear from Allison again. If she left of her own free will, and we assumed she did, she didn’t leave us any means of contacting her. We presumed she just wanted some time to get away to resolve her personal issues. We imagined the cumulative tragedies in her life and her mad schedule had done more damage than anyone had known.

“But equally as mysterious as Allison’s disappearance was the disappearance of the equipment, the models and the notes she had been working on. It was almost as if someone was trying to completely erase all knowledge of her and her work. Since we hadn’t told anyone about her experiments and we had no proof of her discovery, we reluctantly let the matter pass. Besides, who would have believed us? Allison was the one person in the world who had that knowledge, and we would have looked like fools trying to duplicate her results. It wasn’t until

years later when I saw a hovercraft in the PAASG's First Interview that I knew that both Allison and her work had survived and that she was still producing phenomenal work.”

In actuality, Dr. Ramsey had been in contact with recruiters involved in the Awakening some months prior to her “disappearance” and finally decided to join the organization because of its possible benefits. She accepted a position with the Science panel, and on the advice of DWG members, retrieved all evidence of her research that she and her “invisible” partner had completed.

Allison was ready to reverse the heartbreak she had experienced throughout her life. This new venture was no doubt a hopeful channel to escape from her inner mental prisons. In my view, the idea of starting a new life and putting her painful past behind her was an offer she simply couldn't refuse.

Dr. Ramsey's breakthrough proved to be a vital link in the building of the New Cities. With conventional equipment, it could have taken anywhere from 6-8 years or longer for the completion of each city, but utilizing equipment and procedures based on her work, the first project was completed in two and a half years. With additional research by Ramsey and others, the NRG principle was refined with more robust capabilities. It was technological evolution at its finest.

From national and international scientific organizations alike, Dr. Ramsey and Prof. Pierson's extraordinary breakthrough has been hailed as one of the greatest scientific achievements in recorded history.

Dr. Ramsey's work continues in the New Cities today. She is a chaired member of the Science and Exospheric Operations Councils and is still an active volunteer member of Mothers Against Drunk Drivers (MADD).

## WARBER

### Contribution: Laser Assisted Testosterone Reduction

The PAASG blueprint wasn't designed just to improve the relationship among African-Americans, but also to try to rid the U.S. of the terrible tragedy of gang violence, drugs and sympathetic apathy. Although they had no idea how they were going to go about this, it was of paramount concern to all members. The now noted psychologist, Dr. Bradley F. Warber, developed the procedure that addressed some of these concerns.

Warber's procedure, which caused such an extraordinary stir in the late 1980's was introduced to a member of the DWG as an act of desperation. This procedure known as Laser Assisted Testosterone Reduction (LATR) was pronounced unstable by government researchers and therefore banned. But that did not stop Warber's experiments or his determination to succeed.

Besides testosterone's inherent functions, Warber discovered it also had similar properties to the chemical serotonin and was present in men and women. Low levels of serotonin usually caused aggression in subjects, but that condition could be treated by doses of Prozac and other drugs. Warber's supplemental research revealed something new - a second form of testosterone (TL2). And like regular testosterone, it was also present in males and females.

Warber found TL2 contained nearly five times the level of serotonin in the body and was also heavily present in the brain. He postulated that it was this chemical that was responsible for violent or at least highly emotional disorders. He further hypothesized that TL2 was assisted by an increased level of the “stress hormone” cortisol. The testosterone inhibitor that he developed blocked both the production and use of the TL2 chemical in the body. This riddance forced the brain to depend primarily on the serotonin produced within the brain and to basically disregard the now reduced TL2.

While undergoing government evaluation of his inhibitor, Dr. Warber argued that incompetent government appointed doctors and researchers had neither the experience nor the capability to conduct the experiments and consequently couldn’t duplicate his results. In essence, they botched the procedures. He further argued that he was refused the chance to aid those same appointed doctors. He felt that if he were allowed the chance to assist them, the experiments might have had a reasonable chance to turn out positively. The researchers on the other hand, were convinced that if given the opportunity, Warber might try to tamper or possibly alter the experiments in his favor. For this reason, they omitted him during their testing.

In Warber’s mind, there wasn’t any earthly reason why he shouldn’t have been afforded the most cooperation possible during these tests. His procedure could potentially save hundreds of thousands of lives a year. The only rationale Warber could think of was that someone or some agency was more interested in maintaining the violence that fed drug and weapons trafficking than saving lives. He hated resorting to stereotypical images of “evil government conspiracies,” but their track record required no embellishment from him.

Warber was wholly disgusted and decided he needed to find someone outside of the government to help him. He was sure that if he could find a way to administer the procedure on a large scale, he could all but eliminate wanton murder. But unfortunately for his vision to be fulfilled, he needed the approval and the backing of American medical institutions and federal and state governments.

When he wasn’t preoccupied with his experiments, Dr. Warber operated a mobile health unit throughout the poor areas of southern Alabama. He treated hundreds of cases of sexually transmitted diseases, gunshot and stab wounds and other ailments indigenous to inner city life. And he did this at little or no cost to his patients. Many of his patients, in attempts to evade the law or attackers would jump fences or run into areas where rusted nails, glass and other assorted objects were strewn about in abundance. Warber had lost count of how many cases of lockjaw he had prevented. He used to jokingly tell his patients, “You might want to change your diet, because for some reason, the body seems to reject these objects when administered internally.”

Many referred to Warber as the “Doc,” like the doctors in the old Westerns who still treated patients knowing they were known criminals or murderers. He never asked questions as to how they acquired their injuries, and for that reason many also called him the “Saint of the South.”

His track record for treating patients with little or no income was also well known. He operated with funds contributed from a few city council members and private citizens, but mostly his expenses were out of his own pocket.

Even with his “saintly” activities, Warber was so bent on implementing and testing his theories and procedures that he started operating in a guileless manner. In fact, some of his experiments were totally illegal and would have surely landed him in jail if the authorities had learned of his conduct.

Even knowing it could cost him his license and freedom, Warber still solicited volunteers on a covert level to participate in his experiments. Since all of his patients were receiving free medical care and trusted him implicitly, he got volunteers easily. But unfortunately, they weren’t the “type” he needed.

Most of the people he baselined were type “H” or normal. These were people who were fully capable of committing criminal and murderous acts, but had enough self-restraint, or whose chemical balances never overshot their limits. These were regular people. What he really needed was someone of a violent nature—type “E” as he labeled them, a habitual criminal offender. In his experiments, along with other consults, he noted that many violent prisoners (male and female), had higher than normal levels of testosterone, particularly TL2. His studies suggested that the chemical levels in type “E” people were always over the tolerable level. These were the people he needed to treat with his inhibitor.

The key was to find a way to permanently reduce the amount of testosterone produced to a point where the Type “E” person would become type “H”. Further, he wanted to progress the experiments to the point where even normal type “H” people would become incapable of anger and violence.

Theoretically, any manipulation or forced change in the chemical levels of the brain was permanent, but human beings and their genetic complexities were sometimes unstable and unpredictable. Naturally, Warber’s main concerns with his LATR treatment were if it would work at all and how long would it be effective for.

He believed when humans thought of committing an act of violence, a chemical reaction causing an imbalance took place in the brain replacing the normal chemical levels. Once elevated, these imbalances remained in that state until some sort of action was accomplished to stabilize those chemically elevated levels. The result in most cases was normally a violent reaction of some sort. One of Warber’s examples was the reaction of a person who walks into work one morning and finds out he or she has been fired. Those chemical levels might stay in an unbalanced state until some kind of action is taken such as the employee returning to work and having it out with his boss or acting out his or her anger by harming fellow workers.

The way Warber envisioned the LATR procedure benefiting an individual was it would act as a safety valve to bring the chemical levels back down to an acceptable level by bypassing both testosterone chemicals in the brain and to expeditiously and safely activate the serotonin. If he could minimize the penchant for violence and murder, he could solve a problem that has plagued Man since Cain and Abel.

The only problem with his treatments as far as he could tell, was with individuals who were “natural born killers” or type “G” personalities. This was someone who could perform violent acts in any state, chemically imbalanced or otherwise. With these people, killing was a matter of natural course and therefore they showed very little elevation in testosterone before

committing violence. This is similar to people who can adapt their responses and “fool” polygraph detection machines.

Dr. Warber hoped his procedure would work on type “G” people. He expected that the moments just before performing their violent act, the testosterone levels would be slightly elevated. If true, then the effect could hopefully be neutralized.

To break down the LATR concept, basically, the LATR’s artificial release was like a manual gear car. If you accelerated to 20 mph in first gear, your RPMs would be high. If you then shifted into second gear, you would maintain this speed, but with decreased RPMs. Similarly, if the LATR decelerated or shifted the levels in a quick enough manner, then murder and violence could be avoided because the levels of testosterone would be reduced. On the flip side, there might be serious risks with this sudden “shift” in chemicals. There might even be permanent damage if this shifting occurred improperly or too frequently.

Warber wasn’t sure what would happen if the person were pushed to the limits in some stressful position for any length of time. He believed that once the desire to commit murder was quelled, that condition would remain so for an extended time. He couldn’t even guarantee that the procedure would work 100 percent of the time, but it was remarkably better than any procedure or program in existence.

Most importantly, his procedure wouldn’t alter a person’s basic makeup. At least he didn’t think it would. This was one of the benefits he saw in his work. The procedure left the rest of the brain unaffected and basically allowed a person to retain his or her temperament. If the person were quiet by nature, he would remain so. Likewise, if the person was a jerk, he would remain a jerk, he just wouldn’t be a murderous jerk. The procedure didn’t control people, just their ability to kill.

So far, Warber hadn’t detected any adverse effects in his subjects, but he needed to continue his experiments in greater length and with greater results if it were to ever be proven safe by government and health officials.

As a proposal, after widespread medical testing, Warber’s vision was to incorporate a perfected procedure into American society through state and federal law enforcement and legal channels. With an approved procedure, the LATR could be injected into American society as easily as obtaining a Social Security card. In fact, he envisioned it being administered as a mandatory prerequisite to applying for a social security card or driver’s license. From there, he was looking further into the future. As a follow on, he wanted to enhance the LATR technology by increasing its capabilities and reducing the testosterone levels and elevating the serotonin levels even further. In essence, he wanted an individual to almost be incapable of violence. At this point, it was just a dream, but it was certainly worth investigating.

With all the intended good of the LATR, Warber also realized the negative ramifications of his work. Even if the procedure was a complete success and was adopted into society, there would still be many problems to tackle. For example, the issue of war was a snag. If everyone in America was subjected to the procedure and was incapable of killing, who or more accurately, *how* could war be prosecuted in times of emergency or necessity?

Further, to a degree, violent behavior has been linked to the success of business and military leadership. The fiercely aggressive and almost violent state of some business and

military leaders has been proven to help them with their critical decision-making abilities. Would this be a debilitating blow in these areas as well? Warber thought not. He reasoned that these individuals were backed by inherent, natural instincts though somewhat augmented by learned behavior to make such decisions. In any case, these people weren't type "G," nor were their testosterone levels out of synch.

There were other considerations to engage as well. There would have to be massive training and periodic reappraisals/re-certifications of everyone who underwent the treatment to ensure the procedure was still effective or had no ill side effects for legal, medical and law enforcement records. These considerations would have to be in accordance with government policy, and all of this was going to cost a bundle of money. To Warber though, the pros outweighed the cons exponentially. With this procedure, not only would there be a significant drop in murders, but when properly refined, there might even be a marked reduction in crime in general.

Besides saving lives, he reasoned an additional bonus would be the reduction in the need for prisons, juvenile homes, counselors, guards, police and so forth. This could potentially save Americans hundreds of billions of dollars a year in the penal system alone. He saw the LATR as the end-all cure-all for some of society's worst evils and was more than willing to incur any risks involved.

While receiving limited success in his experiments, Dr. Warber had yet to satisfy the requirement of a type E or G personality. It wasn't until he met T.J. and his brother R.C. that the full potential of his treatment was realized. The actual names of these men aren't known since Dr. Warber didn't wish to reveal them. This is due to doctor-patient privacy, but it is strange that even after all these years, he has still kept their names private, and even stranger that these men have not come forth publicly.

T.J. and R.C. were almost as different as night and day. By Warber's initial estimations, T.J. was type H and his brother type G. Warber desperately wanted to get a chance to try his procedure on R.C. to prove or disprove his theories.

T.J. and R.C. grew up together in Mobile and been through life and almost death together. One year, T.J. had gotten busted after trying to sell crack to an undercover cop. He faced hard time but managed to plea-bargain and turned evidence against some of the more heavy-duty drug dealers. Even so, he still earned five years in prison.

R.C. was sure to follow in his footsteps. In fact, during an unusually hot summer evening, he shot an individual because the man changed his car radio station. Luckily the man survived, and no one ratted R.C. out, but he showed no remorse for what he had done. That really bothered T.J.

T.J. didn't want his little brother to end up in jail, or worse, so he went to Dr. Warber hoping his experiments could help relieve his brother of his anxieties. T.J. managed to convince R.C. to participate in the experiments by telling him he heard that the number of young Black men with brain tumors was on the increase and he should get himself tested. After much hesitation, R.C. agreed but only because he believed T.J. had also undergone the same test.

Warber was ecstatic and got R.C. into his office as soon as possible. Afterwards, the "test" showed signs of success, but at first it was hard to tell because R.C. was irritable and unusually

nervous. Dr. Warber had anticipated this type of reaction as the body adjusted itself to the less than normal production and reduction of the hormone. Warber made a notation in his logs about the experiment. "He (R.C.) seems edgy at times, but no other signs of negative reaction to the procedure are visible."

Though R.C. passed all of Warber's laboratory tests, the true test came one Friday night at the Back Street Lounge.

"Mistaken identity almost got my brother killed!" T.C. recalled. "I guess someone who looked like R.C. had been spending some 'quality time' with this guy's lady friend. That fool was in R.C.'s face and threatening to beat him down right there in the club. R.C. was about to take care of business when all of a sudden, he fell back in his chair and started grabbing his head. He was in pain. I knew it had something to do with the Doc's procedure. He sat there for a second looking confused, then he got up and stumbled away."

T.J. then stepped up and let the gentleman know that he was messing with the wrong person and he had better take his frustrations elsewhere. After an onslaught of insults, the gentleman left the club.

Checking inside the club, T.J. discovered R.C. had also left. He figured he had better get outside just in case something else developed. Sure enough, he found R.C. on the ground near their car. He had been shot several times. It didn't take much for T.J. to figure out that the same guy R.C. had been arguing with in the club had shot him, but at that point the most pressing thing was get his brother to a hospital.

Days later, after R.C. passed the danger point and was finally able to speak, he told his brother that when the man pulled the gun on him, all he could think of was "if I could've dealt with him in the club, this wouldn't be happening now."

Warber's experiment was a success, but almost cost R.C. his life. This should have been enough to dissuade him from continuing, but the fact that R.C. was unable to harm his adversary was enough to prove the validity of his research. While the procedure might prevent normal individuals from committing murder, it prevented a type G person from committing murder.

After Dr. Warber documented R.C.'s results, his next move was to present the results to the world. Even knowing the risks he faced, he was willing to accept whatever punishment awaited him in the interest of science and the betterment of Man.

He went to a government research hospital in Bethesda, Maryland and presented his data. They were genuinely interested in his theories and results, but they were less enthusiastic with his methods of experimentation. They promptly reported him for medical malpractice and illegal human experimentation. Desperate, Warber returned to Mobile and turned to the local community for support. He hoped they would be willing to throw support his way by overlooking how he achieved his results and just concentrating on the potential of his work.

He received mixed support and was only a hair's length from being thrown in jail, when as a last resort he contacted a local radio station and asked if they would grant him free airtime to talk about his discovery. They agreed, but it was because of his previous charitable services in the community and not because of his experiments.

While he believed he had effectively articulated the need for his continued research, again Warber was received with mixed emotions. Many folks were anxious to defend and back him,

but there were just as many or more who regarded his actions as unprofessional and contemptible.

Eventually, Warber was arrested and ordered to stand trial with the threat of 5-10 years looming over him. A few of his friends and backers were able to arrange bail, but with very little of his own money left he didn't have enough to afford a really good lawyer. His fate, as far as he could tell, was sealed.

Unfortunately, litigation wasn't the only thing threatening him. On the eve of his trial, Warber's home was broken into and he was brutally assaulted. While he never learned the identity of his assailants, the meaning for the attack was clear.

Realizing he was in a lose-lose situation, he contacted one of his former criminal patients to see if he could help him temporarily "disappear." He needed to get out of the city and to find a place where neither the authorities nor his assailants could track him. The patient arranged fare to New York and for someone to keep him safe until he could figure out his next course of action.

By accident, at a bookstore in Brooklyn, Warber met a member of the DWG Medical panel, Dr. Rudyard Franklin. In a chance conversation, Dr. Franklin took an immediate interest in Warber's talk of decreasing the ability to commit crime by artificial medical means. Further, he was thrilled at the possibility of either collaborating or continuing Warber's work. Warber told Franklin he would be willing to turn over all of his notes and case files studies if Franklin could convince the DWG to get him safely out of the country. He believed he stood very little chance of escaping the law or his assailants if he remained in the U.S.

Franklin relayed Warber's situation to DWG Chairman Roger Ward. Ward acknowledged and sympathized with Warber's plight, but flatly refused his request. He recognized the good that Warber's work could generate, but he didn't want it to appear that the DWG was a haven for criminals and fugitives from justice. But just as he couldn't condone what Warber had done, Ward realized the potential Warber's work could offer the still young Awakening. He definitely didn't want Warber or his knowledge to slip into oblivion.

Speaking on Warber's behalf, Ward mediated between the authorities and Warber. He relayed that someone had threatened Warber's life in Alabama and they might be putting him in serious jeopardy if he were returned to the state. Ward also tried to convince them to somehow overlook Warber's methods of experimentation. He argued that Warber hadn't done anyone any harm and his LATR patients gave their permission without any duress.

Ward was told that regardless of those reasons, Warber still had to stand trial. They were willing to overlook the fact that he skipped his original trial date, but that would be the extent of their leniency. He would be given protection, but they reiterated that there was an order and procedure to the way things were legally done, and Warber had violated those procedures as well as his medical codes of ethics. He was ordered to return to Alabama immediately.

Warber regrettably understood the decision and was willing to comply, but only after he completely transferred his documents and notes to Dr. Franklin. He was sure he wouldn't be returning after the trial for some time, if ever, and he desperately wanted his work to continue. Franklin asked Ward if he could give him two days to transfer Warber's data. Ward agreed to this but emphasized that the temporary stay in no way guaranteed him asylum. Ward then informed

the authorities that Warber had fallen ill and it would be at least two days before he could travel. The authorities weren't convinced, but with Ward's assurances, they allowed him the time.

Swiftly, Warber and members of the Medical panel traveled back to Alabama and transferred his notes, tapes and computer disks to their files. He explained his techniques and procedures as best he could in the time given and illustrated possible future applications of his work. When he was done, he turned himself over to the authorities.

Dr. Warber's infamous research solved an enormous piece of the social dilemma at the DWG's planning table. The problem of how to reduce our people from killing each other had been solved, albeit it was artificially induced.

One of the most interesting aspects about Warber's operation was that everyone who underwent the procedure said they felt as if a burden had been lifted from them, and in fact, it felt natural. In Dr. Warber's opinion, after a few generations, maybe the procedure wouldn't be needed at all and the changed behavior pattern might somehow encode itself as a normal part of the DNA structure.

The DWG/PAASG planned to re-introduce the operation to the world at a later time when it was proven that the operation wasn't harmful or when attitudes had changed towards the procedure. However, it would take years before any serious consideration of national LATR implementation would occur.

Taking his volunteer and charity work into consideration, Warber was given a maximum of five and a minimum of three years in prison for his misconduct. He served three years and two months and was released in 1996. He currently works in the New City of Heliopolis as a researcher and consultant in the area of psychotherapy.

## MUSTAFA

Contribution: Terrain Altering Device

Not everyone in the Awakening was in it for the ideology and humanity factors. Ja'hael Mustafa, a second-year student at the University of Nairobi in Kenya was just trying to perfect his discovery so he could sell it and make his fortune. His passion was the forced manipulation of visible light and other bands of the electromagnetic spectrum and their inherent properties. He also theorized applications in directed energy and its potential power.

A prodigy just in his twenties, Mustafa envisioned fantastic uses for the formidable power of laser and laser-type products. He imagined inventions like household or industrial disintegration devices. He realized that a device with the capability of disposing of inorganic materials such as bottles, cans and typical waste material would be worth its weight in gold. Besides practicality, its clean and safe operation was sure to especially attract environmentally aware consumers and advocates.

In his experiments, Mustafa succeeded in producing a working disintegration component, but had a problem in making the device differentiate between organic and inorganic material. No one would buy a machine that was a potential safety horror. If he could solve this problem, messy and temperamental kitchen garbage disposals, trash compactors, the dreaded bathroom

toilet cleaning and garbage dumps would be a thing of the past. That market alone could be worth billions.

While he was “surfing the Net” one night, he came across the Discovery Group’s advertisement for expertise in the sciences. He didn’t know what it was all about, but he responded hoping to find someone who might be able to help him with his setback. A DWG member contacted Mustafa with a similar background in laser technology, and at the request and expense of the DWG, he on a plane for New York the next day.

Mustafa couldn’t have imagined the extent of talent he was about to encounter, but he was treated with equal respect and was offered a position with the Science panel and given a small staff to assist him. He was also teamed with three other researchers who were working on parallel lines of work.

After only four months, his team produced a rudimentary Terrain Altering Device (TAD). It was so aptly named because it could cleanly disintegrate or pulverize dense objects such as boulders and rock in seconds. With this new discovery, Mustafa and his team’s collective work helped secure the future for New City building projects.

After fielding Mustafa’s disintegrator, Harrison Green, one of the members of Ja’hael’s team, discovered the missing element in distinguishing organic from inorganic material. As was Mustafa’s hope, waste could now be disposed of sensibly and hygienically. Additionally, methods for mass waste disposal for the New Cities could now be designed that would make unsightly, not to mention malodorous dumpsites obsolete.

Another scientist who was working along similar lines as Mustafa and Green was Frank Segers. Segers was working on an invisibility formula while employed by a private company that primarily dealt in military and government black world projects. The company and Segers had been trying to develop capabilities based on the exploitation of the entire EM spectrum, but were forced to halt their research because of the lack of “deliverables.” The project was initially funded for eight years, but investors finally decided to stop the funding since it wasn’t producing any measurable results. Before he was terminated, Segers resigned, and through an unremarkable turn of events ended up working with the Science panel where he met and collaborated with Mustafa and Green.

Segers believed he had developed the capability to render objects invisible by using one of the techniques that Mustafa and Green were also working on. The manipulation of visible light and the other bands in the electromagnetic spectrum was possible, but the problem he faced was the equipment he needed to operate and maintain the invisibility field would fill a 15,000 square foot area. Additionally, there was too much complex computing for ordinary machines to calculate, project, draw and refresh the particles around even a small object. With his small-scale experiments, and extremely limited successes, he was sure he could duplicate the results on a larger scale if a more powerful processing machine was available. Segers was about ready to give up hope when someone on the S&T staff passed him a blue-slip document on the capabilities of the new Reeves super-processor.

The document detailed the power of the Reeves 2000 super-processor and the background of its inventor Harry Reeves. Segers immediately contacted Reeves and asked if he would be willing to collaborate with him. Although the Reeves 2000 hadn’t been fielded as yet because of

client computer and peripheral hardware connection problems, the inventor was willing to help Segers in his efforts.

In the initial experiments utilizing the unrestricted crunching power of the Reeves 2000, they were able to form an invisibility field effectively around an area the size of a city block. One of the Science Council's most important requirements—to mask multiple large areas simultaneously and continuously with an invisibility field, was now realized. After successive testing, this ability was used extensively to ensure sensitive New City operations, equipment and capabilities remained concealed.

With this accomplished, Reeves found even more potential in his invention and it spurred him on to further improve his computing phenomenon. Pooling other scientists, the Reeves 2000 was further enhanced and finally incorporated into the logistical plans for New City infrastructure development. Together they formed the nucleus of the New City scientific and technology community.

As an added bonus, besides the invisibility function, Segers and Allison Ramsey found a way to combine and reverse the density and polarity of the NRG field to form a defensive force screen.

“The notion was in the back of my mind,” Dr. Ramsey said. “But it just kept eluding me. Sometimes, it takes a fresh new mind to bring an idea to fulfillment.”

There were countless other scientific minds and technological marvels that helped shape the New City community, but these selected men and women provided the PAASG with the ability to construct, operate and maintain their cities with uninterrupted efficiency.

*The following excerpts represent other inventive genius from the Awakening that were not incorporated into the New City infrastructure, but still deserve special mention.*

## MILLER

Contribution: PUMA (Perspective)

Arguably, the greatest hindrance in today's justice system is the seeming inability of that system to provide swift, appropriate justice and punishment. Second to which is the capture and sentencing of innocent persons. But what if there was a way to do both? What if you could always know who the guilty parties were? Wouldn't that speed up the process so that swift justice could be served? Maybe there was a way.

Scientists have known for decades that the brain produces bioelectric emanations or brain waves as a method of relaying information throughout the body, and for the exceptionally gifted, to other human beings. What if this energy could be intensified to the point where it could be picked up by instrumentation and recorded as it happens or even after it had happened?

The process of the collection and exploitation of perspective and retrospective brain data was called Previously Unexploited Mental Abilities (PUMA). For reference, the overall program is also listed as PUMA. PUMA has two components – PUMA Perspective and Retrospective. Its inventor is Dr. William A. Miller.

The first of Miller's endeavors dealt with *perspective* or precognition. PUMA used the brainwaves to record normal and abnormal brainwave patterns. It was therefore argued that with a database of normal readings (orderly behavior), and abnormal readings (disorderly behavior or intent to commit violence), it might be possible to register and activate an alarm when violence is being considered. It might then be possible to prevent violent actions from occurring.

Miller's prevailing thought was since all brainwaves are as individual and distinguishing as a fingerprint or retina pattern, if all citizens in a particular city were to have their brainwaves recorded, it would be possible to identify offenders with complete certainty and detect any abnormalities.

The baseline would record patterns during active brain intervals as well as inactive intervals. Additionally, calm and agitated states could be recorded. This would give the instruments a solid baseline of an individual's brainwaves during normal periods as well as mood swings.

It was quite reasonable to accomplish this procedure with one or even a multitude of subjects, but the obvious problem was how to differentiate and classify thousands or even millions of human beings in a regular sized city into categories. Not only would it be impossible to track all of these people, but it also wouldn't account for people who were transient in that city. The only way the perspective solution would work is if everyone in the world was subjected to it, and that wasn't very realistic.

Additionally, there were potential problems with "dead areas" within a city where signals couldn't be picked up. This could stem from natural or artificial obstacles. Such an effort required enormous computing power, and it would also require the cooperation of all citizens to agree to an individual "recording session."

The only practical use for this capability was dealing with already known criminals. Since most criminals are repeaters, having a database of their brainwaves could actually detect when a possible crime was going to be committed. In comparison, since criminals are usually much fewer in number than the regular populace, this was almost a feasible idea.

All of these technological problems could be overcome, but for citizens to grant permission to let someone tinker around inside their heads would still remain the greatest impediment to Miller's procedure. For this reason, PUMA Perspective has yet to be implemented into the New Cities, anywhere else in the United States, or the world.

## MILLER

Contribution: PUMA (Retrospective)

Before his inclusion into the New Cities, Dr. Miller was regarded as an eccentric, bordering on insane doctor of neurophysiology. Like many others, he ardently believed that the spirit, as well as the mind, was mostly electrical in nature. Many occurrences in nature were explained for that reason. One theory he touted however resulted in his removal from his position at Stanford University because of its almost absurd implications.

Besides being a brilliant neurophysiologist, Miller was a follower and believer in the paranormal. On numerous occasions, he stated openly and emphatically, "The human spirit is

nothing more than electrical pulses and emanations and “hauntings” as an example, are merely one of many scientific sides of nature.” He reasoned that when the spirit left the body, either temporarily or permanently, its electrical image remained within the confines of the physical world, trapped by the layers of atmosphere and bouncing back and forth.

He further argued that the reason hauntings occurred (and he claimed there were), was because portions of the Earth and atmosphere were extremely magnetized or charged. As a result, these areas were sensitive, and both attracted and retained spirits in their ethereal form. That was the basis for what was known as a haunted site. In his estimation, because magnetism is such an extremely powerful force, it also explains why objects associated with that particular spirit moved or functioned like normal at these sites, like clocks chiming or telephones ringing.

When questioned as to why all the spirits in the world aren’t merely attracted to the magnetic poles or other magnetic intensive sites like Stonehenge, he offered a solution: “When a person dies violently or suddenly, there is a severe discharge of electrical energy that is released just before the second of death. This discharge is somehow saturated into the area immediately surrounding the incident. That area then becomes magnetized to the frequency of the discharge. In this instance, the area and the spirit are charged to the same frequency and therefore magnetically and ethereally tied to each other. Unless the pull from another source was exactly the same frequency and strength, the spirit couldn’t actually leave the area. The energy from that sudden discharge is essentially replayed. Since the energy is of the deceased person, it sometimes reenacts scenes over again or does the same things as in life.”

Although more people than expected admitted this as a plausible theory, most rejected it because it didn’t fit in well with science. As most scientists regarded it, parapsychology and ghost chasing is for the scientifically impaired.

Having been excluded from most circles because of his theories, Dr. Miller decided to investigate parallel areas of interests on his own. PUMA was one such effort. The area he eventually concentrated in was the theory of transmitted and received brainwaves.

Psychics, poltergeists and similar activities again caught his interest because it was ultimately brainwaves that enabled people like Uri Geller for example to mentally bend metal spoons or move objects. If he could find a way to identify the area of the brain that possessed that power, perhaps he could tap into and intensify it. It occurred to him during his experiments that an important bonus of this project would be if he could detect the thought patterns of individuals, he could use them to intercept potential crimes or injustices.

With the aid of so-called psychics and sensitives, Dr. Miller conducted hundreds of experiments until one day he came across something that he hadn’t expected. One of his patients, 19-year-old Tonya Sergeant, demonstrated an extraordinary aptitude for psychic ability.

Most psychics claim they can predict one’s future, a form of precognition. What Miller was more interested in was the ability of recognition, or the ability to see into one’s past. Tonya had just such a unique talent. It was that quality that Dr. Miller was most interested in tapping into. The ability to determine someone’s thoughts in retrospect was the key to determining criminal actions.

Miller explained that the brain and the electronic version of our brain, the computer, were very similar. PUMA Retrospective allowed for the fact that similar to a computer, when a file is

created and then later deleted, it's not really gone from the storage unit. It remains and can be retrieved through specialized file retrieval software. Only when the CPU has been degaussed or wiped clean, is the data gone forever.

The brain is no different. Files or memories (thoughts) also remain in the brain, although in most cases, this information cannot be erased permanently. When a smell brings back vivid memories of an instance in time, you have in essence accessed and retrieved that file.

Dr. Miller also realized that many of today's worse criminals weren't behind bars. Through whatever means, they had gone unpunished for their crimes. With limited resources and funds, cases were often dismissed, and these people literally got away with murder. Likewise, he realized that many of these criminals had at one time actually been apprehended but were released because there just wasn't enough evidence for a conviction. With a method of accessing, retrieving and documenting thoughts and images of past occurrences, you could accurately determine who had done what, to whom, and when. It was one hundred percent accurate, because it came directly from the perpetrator of the crime. This capability would be especially useful when there were a number of suspects in a particular crime.

The way Dr. Miller envisioned accomplishing this was to modify existing electroencephalograph receivers to reflect recordings of brain waves in the visible spectrum, as well as incorporating technologies such as positron emission tomography, or PET scans. These scans provide color-coded maps showing which parts of the brain are used during the performance of different tasks. If he designed a receiver to intercept and interpret these signals, he could retrieve individual transgression data.

Miller's experiments closely resembled the work of Dr. Bradley Warber, although the two never met. They probably could have formed a dynamic team, but unfortunately, at the time Dr. Miller was conducting his experiments, Dr. Warber was serving a prison sentence. But their work was definitely on similar lines. Whereas Warber's operation prevented an individual from committing a violent act, Miller's development theoretically could indicate current civil violations as well as determining past violations.

The process of forward and regressive scanning had the potential of becoming one of the greatest crime-fighting techniques ever. Law enforcement could truly be proactive instead of reactive. Unfortunately, these techniques were never brought to light. There were too many strenuous objections to their intrusion into the human brain and their unproven accuracies. It is indeed a pity that these techniques weren't further explored and perfected.

Dr. Miller currently lives in Southfield, Michigan and teaches at St. Jude's College in that city.

## MARCUS FELDMAN

Contribution: **(Bio-Invisibility-Gravity) Components**

There were a few technologies that surfaced in the New Cities that were developed past the beta stages but were never scheduled for normal production. The reason for this was the developers and managers couldn't really get a feel for how these technologies could be logically incorporated into the New Cities. Some of these items were fantastic to say the least, and because

of their curious nature or undetermined application, many of these innovations were either put on hold or scrapped altogether.

One such curiosity was the invention of the “Leisure Suit.” To some people this brings back memories of those funky looking garments from the sixties and seventies. As a matter of fact, the name was jokingly used to invoke a certain familiarity among fellow African-Americans.

Despite its name, the Leisure Suit wasn’t a garment at all. It was a field of energy designed to harness and manipulate the gravity and energy surrounding an individual. Although it was originally intended as a single purpose device, it eventually ended up being multi-functional by utilizing three fields of energy – gravitational, electrical and thermal.

Initially designed for space travel by the Exo-Atmospheric Council, the Leisure Suit was slated to be an alternative to clunky vehicles (even hover-vehicles). Employing the gravity component, it was to be primarily used to allow an individual to defy “local” (10-50 feet) gravity. With it, one could fly through extremely low altitudes without the need for complicated outer-body protection.

Although this type of utility was extremely desirable, the Leisure Suit was extremely impractical. Even Feldman himself used to tell friends that he once imagined a kind of rush hour scenario with thousands of people flying through the air on their way to work with these huge packs on their back and briefcases in their hands. “It was a ridiculous notion,” he said, but admitted he always got a laugh from it.

But the Leisure Suit wasn’t something that was easily forgotten. New City scientists and researchers didn’t want the device to slip into obscurity, so they constantly tried to improve its capabilities. One such capability was the Bio-environment element. The bio-environment was the result of amplifying the electrical and thermal energy generated from an individual. Every object with a non-zero temperature gives off thermal electromagnetic radiation. In human terms, the thermal radiation within and surrounding a human body is mostly infrared or heat radiation. Similarly, all humans generate an electrical field as a result of a set number of protons and neutrons in our bodies. Static electricity is created when positive and negative charges aren’t balanced. We all understand this when we touch a doorknob or scuff across the carpet and get an electric shock.

These two fields of energy (thermal and electrical) are perceptible and able to be converted, enhanced and magnified by computerized means. The bio-environment effectively combined the electrical and thermal fields with a method to monitor and regulate a person’s body chemistry and temperature.

As previously mentioned, the Gravity element allowed an individual to defy local gravity, but similar to the thermal and electrical fields, it was magnified, enhanced and partially converted to allow it to repel objects similar to when two magnets are in direct contact with each other. With the addition of the Gravity element the bio-environment produced an energy field that was resistant to outside intrusion, heat, cold and penetration, and was also unique to each individual allowing the subject to operate in extreme weather without adverse reaction, and without additional protective or bulky apparatuses.

If all that wasn't enough for the bio-environment device, another feature that was eventually added was the invisibility function.<sup>6</sup> This function was mostly an afterthought since the equipment and energy necessary to successfully mask the individual was so bulky that it couldn't even fit in a standard size shuttle and almost required a Reeves mainframe server.

The challenge of perfecting this device and its capabilities greatly appealed to the Science Council, and when some of their members were in between projects, they devoted all of their time to it. Within two years after introduction, they devised a way to utilize all the functions of the unit independently and compactly. With its new functionality, the B.I.G. (**B**io-**I**nvisibility-**G**avity), component was now a reality and of a practical size. The term "B.I.G" component was essentially correct, but the name "Leisure Suit" still played on the imagination of developers and was kept.

The Leisure suit, with its enhanced capabilities had enormous potential applications. Military and civilian Emergency Ordnance Destruction (EOD) and emergency response teams needn't fear explosions for example. Similarly, aircrew and passengers needn't fear crashes from in-flight emergencies. By far though, the greatest feature of the Leisure suit was its ability to repel objects and projectiles such as bullets, shrapnel and other flying debris—an indispensable enhancement for military and civil police. It gave the "wearer" total protection in any circumstance.

The idea of marketing millions of these devices appealed to the inventors and the Science Council, but despite that appeal it was eventually decided not to mass-produce or even promote the item. I think the concern was the use of the Leisure suit might somehow render other safety methods too lax, thereby putting personnel in undue danger. A debatable decision, but one that nonetheless warrants further investigation.

Although the prototype was officially shelved, 300 of the Leisure suits were produced. Two hundred and fifty were distributed to New City Security Forces for "emergency" use. The rest were included in amusement centers as supervised fun rides at the Arts, Sports, Entertainment Center in the New City of wi-Dakhla.

#### SCIENCE COUNCIL (collaborative)

Contribution: Mind/Machine Interface Link

For all the technologies the Science Council produced, the Mind/Machine Interface Link (MMIL) was probably the most intrepid and possibly the most advanced. The mechanics behind it were staggering, but regardless, the theory was quite simple. The MMIL was engineered to control the operation of any mechanical device as a natural extension of an individual's thoughts. The device could be a car, prosthetic device, computer or anything that required action resulting from mechanical or electrical responses. Devices could be matched to an individual's brainwaves, so they operated almost as if they were physically attached to that person.

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<sup>6</sup> The majority of New Cities technologies were modular. The basic leisure suit design utilized components introduced by Dr. Allison Ramsey. The biological components, developed by the Medical panel, were incorporated into the basic unit as modules. Modularity in equipment and processes was one of the keys to New Cities technological successes.

Every brain operates and emanates unique patterns and waves of electromagnetic energy. Similarly, most machines work on the principle of electrical energy transmission. Even stand-alone computer terminals and electric typewriters produce such emanations. In fact, most machines that produce classified material in secured environments in the government and military have to be TEMPEST approved. This means that coatings or exterior shells of that hardware have been fortified to reduce the number of electromagnetic emanations produced from it.

Normally in mechanics, an energy source provides the power to set certain elements into action. This is the same with the human brain and our bodies. Once the brain sends electrical impulses to various parts of the body, an action is accomplished. The principle behind the MMIL was to link a device so that it receives direct thought input from the subject's brain, thereby making the machine function in whatever manner it was designed. The way this was done was to capture an individual's brainwave pattern, store it and then transfer it to the device or machine. The more complex aspect of the MMIL was how the transmitted brainwave was amplified until it not only functioned as an information carrier but also as a power source to the receiving device.

Rudimentary work had already been done with this capability in the area of prosthetic devices by Dr. William Miller (PUMA), but the amazing difference was the MMIL could perform these functions from great distances and without being in direct sight of the "sender."

The transmission itself was ingenious. Narrow beams, operating in ultra-high frequencies were transmitted by X and S-band signals. This allowed the brainwaves to be transmitted over-the-horizon instead of line-of-sight and in greater speeds. This capability gave greater range and flexibility between operator and machine and bypassed interference from natural or manmade structures.

Some of the intended uses for the MMIL were the aforementioned prosthetics, deep sea and mineral mining as well as fire and sea rescue operations. Researchers were even confident that a brainwave could be recorded and then fed into a device for tasks that required constant repetition like in a factory setting for example.

In the world of prosthetics, there was a plethora of uses for the MMIL. And while superb advances had been made in this field, they still didn't respond as well as a real limb. This was owing to the fact that it was mechanical, and even the fastest processor couldn't send signals from the brain to the prosthetic fast enough to convince the client that it was a real limb or give the artificial limb a real feel. With a small MMIL processor placed inside a prosthetic limb however, you had an artificial limb that responded as good and sometimes better than a natural one. A far cry from the Six Million Dollar man, but to someone who has gone through the mental and physical tragedy of losing a natural limb, it was clearly a viable alternative.

Space exploration was another capability of the MMIL. With the MMIL, it might be possible to send robotic "workers" into space to assemble or repair space stations or satellites or collecting and disposing of "space junk" without risking human life.

The only drawback researchers found with MMIL operations was the operator tired very easily when executing specific tasks. In experiments where subjects remotely assembled a house of cards, simulating complex tasks that might be required in space for example, the subjects constantly complained of severe headaches and exhaustion. Many actually had to be medicated

afterwards. The explanation offered for this disadvantage was it took extreme concentration to visualize the exact steps of the task and to remotely accomplish these complex tasks with precision.

All in all, there were so many uses for this super technology that it was hard to imagine what humans had done prior to its invention. It also isn't hard to imagine that the PAASG kept exceedingly tight reigns on this technology. Resolution 143 and the NRTOS restrictions were mild in comparison to the stranglehold they kept on the MMIL.

From most estimates, MMIL technology will eventually be solidly incorporated into maritime operations, particularly salvage and rescue ops during hurricanes, tornadoes and other disasters. Each year, thousands of lives are lost because manned ships aren't able to safely operate in those environments and many times rescue ops are called off due to those unsafe conditions. With MMIL married to Anti-Gravity Unit (AGU) technology, operators could easily pilot unmanned shuttles into troubled areas to rescue victims. This could be applied on land as well. Firefighters and explosives ordnance destruction teams could guide MMIL operators through highly volatile areas with just high resolution and spectral cameras.

The MMIL presented enormous potential and most Council and citizens agreed the PAASG should loosen its grip on it. Even members of the Science and Security Councils who developed the denial methods were in agreement.

Its potential uses were many. As to its actual use, there were only a few. It's a shame that such a great technological breakthrough has never gotten past the red tape and apprehension of its discovery.

The MMIL was in a class by itself, but in my estimation, by not releasing this technology, the New Cities further alienated themselves yet again from the rest of America. Whether they had good intentions or not, the PAASG didn't think the release of this technology would be in the best interests of the world. Though this hasn't been proven either way, it still remains one of the New Cities' best-kept secrets.

After the introduction of so much new technology, the PAASG had to literally rewrite their charter and purpose statements. Though still in its infancy, the organization was suddenly thrust into adolescence and maturity almost at once. Everything was happening incredibly fast, but it was a welcome change. Progress always seemed to go slowly in the past, if at all.

With unheralded knowledge, motivations and passion, the PAASG and every person assigned or associated with it secured incredible technological breakthroughs and advances for a much needed and previously marginalized people.

The challenge now was to utilize the new technologies and relationships to a productive end for everyone in the organization. Further, they had to incorporate them without conflicting or compromising the principles they were founded on. A lofty goal that was sometimes easier said than done.

## CHAPTER THREE



### THE FLEXING

## QUEEN'S MESSAGE

*Introductory narrative by Thaddeus Lewis, St. Louis Bugle*

“ON AN UNSEASONABLY WARM Wednesday, January 28, 1997, at exactly 12 p.m., something extraordinary happened in the U.S. For exactly 75 seconds, all radio and televised communications in the U.S. ceased their normal operations and broadcast a highly irregular message. While bewildered technicians were scrambling to trace the origin of the signal to suppress it, the rest of the country watched or listened in wonder and confusion.

“Visually, it appeared that all stations had tapped into an Egyptian play of sorts. The scene was focused on a large room similar to an ancient Egyptian prayer chamber and was replete with indigenous furnishings and ornamentation. The room was enormous, but only five people were visible in it. But almost immediately, all attention was directed to the center of the room.

“Seated on an ornate throne, she was magnificently garbed in a satiny robe and sandals the color of gold. She wore the Egyptian ceremonial wig of royalty, and in her right hand she held the Egyptian symbol of life, the Ankh.

“She was no legitimate queen I had ever seen or heard of, but she certainly looked the part. She wasn't overly burdened with the usual cosmetics and accouterments I'd seen in books or movies, but actually it was the lack of those things that made her seem more authentic. She had a certain confidence that radiated from and about her. I guess the best way to describe her is she looked comfortable and natural in her position.

“With exquisite almond-shaped green eyes and skin the color of honey, she was one of the most stunning women I had ever seen. It was hard to estimate her age. She could have been eighteen, but I would have settled at twenty-one. But even at that youthful age, she still looked as though she could command a nation. As beautiful as she was, it was her self-assurance and assumed regal authority that mesmerized me. It's hard to describe, but she touched me in an unexplained way. Perhaps it was a vague tug of familiarity or romance with the culture she represented, but nonetheless, I strongly felt it.

“She was seated perfectly still and stared directly ahead of her. Her gaze was concentrated and steady as though she were trying to mentally connect with her external audience. When I finally persuaded my eyes to leave her, I began to take notice of the rest of the surroundings.

“The throne on which she sat appeared to be made of white marble and resembled an oversized lazy-boy recliner. It was centered on a platform with five steps leading from it to the floor. Both the platform and the steps seemed to be made of the same marble material as the throne. Two huge palm plants and two lighted urns were placed on either side of the throne.

“On both sides and a few feet behind the throne were two tall and incredibly powerful looking women whose role was easily ascertained. They wore long white robes with gold sashes, and each held a strangely decorated ivory-colored staff that they held close to their bosoms.

“The room was brightly lit and Egyptian golden bas-relief sculptures adorned the walls. Two huge columns with hieroglyphs were the most prominent features, while small marble altars or tables were placed strategically throughout the room. About five meters to her majesty's right

were two men, whom I shall call scribes, kneeling behind two of the aforementioned marble tables. On each table were items that looked like parchments and writing utensils.

“The last person I recalled was a man standing near the column on her majesty’s left. He wore a white robe and a *wesekh* collar. He appeared to be someone of great importance as his countenance was stern and officious. On a silent cue from this man, the scribes stood and both they and the guards went to a position of attention. Then the man of importance started walking across the room towards the scribes. When he got to the front of the throne, he stopped and gave the queen a slight respectful nod. She reciprocated, and in quick, measured steps, he bounded the distance from the throne to the scribes and took up a position behind them.

“When he was in place, she rose. She was tall and her frame was thin, but muscular. She stepped down three steps and stopped. She looked over to the scribes and they quietly knelt down behind their tables and waited in preparation. The man of importance remained standing while the guards went to the parade-rest position.

“Then the young woman faced front and spoke. It was like something from another world. I don’t profess to know or speak any other languages besides English, but somehow I knew she wasn’t speaking a language commonly used today. As she spoke, the scribes recreated her words on the papyrus paper. Years later, a spokesperson from the PAASG revealed that one scribe produced a textual version of her address and the other a pictorial version. Both were a form of the New Cities’ language known as Nouveau Ge’ez.

“She spoke for exactly 60 seconds, and during those brief moments her eyes and facial expressions conveyed what I interpreted as disappointment but hope, anger but solace. As she concluded her address, she turned and nodded to the gentleman of importance. He said something to the scribes and they picked up their papyrus sheets and stood. Quietly and almost reverently one of the scribes presented the gentleman with a parchment. He gingerly accepted it and advanced to a position slightly in front and to her majesty’s right. He bowed his head to her and she reciprocated. Then he turned and faced front and began reading the contents of the parchment in English.”

*Descendants of Ham hear these words. I come to you today through the mercy and charity of our Lord. I come to you with a gift. For so long we have been a strong people, yet without strength of union, conscious but not awake, alive but without purpose or spirit. In our present state we are lost.*

*But do not despair, the means to return to a peaceful and fruitful co-existence with our brothers and sisters has been inaugurated and is forthcoming. In the wake of this rebirth, we must instill within ourselves a new spirit of brotherhood to solidify these means.*

*As I stand before you, I offer my hand in friendship and partnership. The horn of invitation is about to sound. Without fail, let us all heed its call.*

“He stopped and turned to the queen. She nodded and he strode back to his position behind the scribes. When he was in place, she returned her gaze forward and the entire entourage again went to the position of attention. She walked down the remaining two steps, crossed her left arm across her breast, bowed her head and there was darkness.

“Normal transmissions didn’t begin again for another 5 seconds. The flurry of confusion, anger and consternation was beyond belief. Who in the devil had perpetrated such a stunt and

why? Those few minutes had cost billions in lost trade, advertising and interrupted communications. Immediately, the FCC launched investigations as well as the companies that incurred losses from the event. They wanted blood!

“Since it was an all-Black ensemble in the broadcast, African-Americans were naturally pointed to as the originators and targets of the transmission. Known and highly visible groups like the Nation of Islam and the NAACP were highly suspect as possibly being the culprits. Investigators presumed that even if they weren’t the actual executors of the broadcast, they probably knew who the person or persons who were responsible.

“Investigators tried to hold these groups accountable, but realistically they couldn’t. Whoever masterminded the stunt was technologically beyond anything these organizations were capable of. In fact, they were positive no one in the U.S. possessed the level of technology necessary to cleanly filter all communications in that manner. That meant foreign sources were responsible. Everyone was making allegations, but no one had any real answers.

“Responding to the investigations, Black organizations around the country denied involvement, but at the same time weren’t averse to the attention. For them this was a delicious irony—the mighty U.S. brought to its knees by the very people who for centuries had been knocked to their knees. Most other Blacks were passionately elated. Was this message saying that somehow they were going to get help with their problems? Was there an end in sight to the misery they faced each day? It was almost too much to hope for.

“Besides the invasive communications disruption, like unpredictable internal terrorist bombings, this escapade revealed yet another U.S. vulnerability to the outside world. The actual execution of the broadcast wasn’t the worst part of the situation, the fact that technicians and operators at all levels were incapable of stopping it once it started was the source of the most irritation. That failure showed a titanic weakness in U.S. government capabilities.

“In the strangest twist of unity, for hours after the broadcast, the estimated 270 million Americans who had witnessed the incident via television or radio were voicing the same question— ‘Who in the hell had done this?’” *End narrative.*

Just how the Queen’s Message was executed still remains a mystery to most people. Was it sent over conventional airwaves or satellite communications? Did it use existing wire, microwave, UHF or VHF systems? Not likely, because although the signal was propagated through those systems, no one was able to track the originating or carrier signal. They knew the signal had to operate in specific frequencies or ranges, but none could be traced.

The FCC and FBI, with assistance from the National Security Agency, were leading the charge, but ultimately had to admit failure. President Walker wasn’t happy about it, but part of his duty was to inform the public. The following is a portion of that very brief statement:

“Today at approximately 12 noon EST, a signal of unknown origin and termination interrupted all normal U.S. communications. The actual signal I’m sure we’ve all seen or heard. The offenders have violated FCC law, as well as committed an act of subversion. Appropriate measures have been taken by every federal law enforcement agency to ensure that the perpetrators are caught and that violations of this nature are *not* repeated. At this time, the person

or persons responsible have not been discovered, but I am confident that we will soon apprehend and convict the perpetrators of this crime.”

The Director of the NSA was less optimistic when he was interviewed: “Every emanation and every frequency that we know of has been ruled out. We honestly don’t know how these signals were generated or proliferated. But as I say this, we also don’t believe they were generated from outside the continental United States. So while we don’t think there was any foreign involvement, we just haven’t been able to successfully track it within the U.S.”

During the broadcast, efforts were taken to record the signal, but since it didn’t operate on a known band or frequency, there was no source to record and therefore nothing on playback. This made matters all the more difficult for authorities since they needed at least a still frame of transmission to generate a list of suspects. The only person most people could remember and identify with any degree of certainty was the main character—the *faux* queen. Sketch artists were back in business again.

The reports sent to President Walker were inconclusive. They described the incident, its duration and its content. Walker certainly wasn’t placated by these reports because he already knew all of that. The only tidbit of useful information he received was the NSA’s list and pursuit of possible suspects in the broadcast industry, and within its own agency.

At the time, internal subversion was the name for the incident. Actually, it was the only acceptable name. No one wanted to admit that someone outside of the U.S. had the capability to effortlessly disorder U.S. communications and go undetected or untracked.

While agencies were overwhelmed with demands for information, and agents continued to be dumbfounded, an unusual silence fell over Black America. The message had woven a profound effect from the smallest to the largest African-American populated city. For the twelve hours following the broadcast, a sense of extreme pride descended on Afro-America, and indeed, there were significantly record drops in crime during that period. Whether it was because this “queen” had stirred a deep-felt emotional connection in them, or they were just astounded that someone of their persuasion possessed a capability so advanced is arguable.

The *why* of the broadcast was just as confusing as the *how*. Why was a mock Egyptian queen telling the world she had come to save Blacks in America? Who or what was she saving them from? —From themselves maybe? And what was this gift she spoke of? For nearly everyone in the country, her address brought more questions than answers.

Speaking of answers, government agencies were still without them. Grasping for any solution to this enigma, agents recalled the group of African-Americans who had staged large-scale conferences a few years prior. The group had claimed they were going to build new cities and a new society for Blacks. Was it possible they were responsible for this?

“It’s inconceivable that they have either the technology or the resources to carry out such an action,” one federal agent reported. “That organization had absolutely no technology base to accomplish anything of this magnitude. I’d stake my career on it!”

To reinforce their skepticism about the DWG’s capabilities, intelligence reports assessed that “. . . all Discovery Working Group building projects have been either postponed or canceled. Other than a few insignificant deliveries of building materials to still undeveloped areas, there has been little or no activity at any at the proposed building sites, and no evidence of any new

technology bases of operations or equipment.” Still, the DWG seemed to be just about the only possible lead they had and they pursued it zealously.

The FBI initiated the investigations but discovered the DWG’s headquarters was no longer located in New York. From interviews with local citizens, they learned that the DWG, now called the PAASG, had relocated somewhere in Kansas. With their only lead dwindling even further, the FBI set out to find the now Kansas-based PAASG. It was a big state and they definitely had their work cut out for them.



The first message from Queen Tamaket represented the flexing of the DWG/PAASG’s new muscle. Despite the results, they actually planned for the Queen’s Message to be broadcast during a timeslot that would be the *least* costly in terms of business and transaction losses. They realized exactly what impact this action would have in terms of disturbing the communications and financial networks, but that wasn’t their primary concern. In fact, this was a crucial power play. There were numerous other ways to make themselves known, but this was the one chosen to announce their full presence in America.

The outward intention of the Queen’s Message was to increase the support and confidences of the African-American and to publicize the solidarity of the Awakening, but there was another less publicized reason—to instill some semblance of fear in America. One must question the motives for promoting fear in any form, especially from a primarily religious based organization, but a short excerpt from the newly appointed Director of the PAASG, Charles Day, might bring about some insight:

“I was watching a talk show one day, and a gentleman who was affiliated with a nationally known hate group said, ‘I don’t care if there are rich blacks, blacks in the government, or blacks in space, we (whites in America) will never permit an overabundance of these people to surface and we have many mechanisms in place to ensure these small numbers will never be breached. Giving Black people any kind of real power in this country will never happen!’

“That was a severe wake up call to every African-American watching that show that day. I know it was for me. He was letting us know that no matter what we did to reach true equality, there will always be those factions out there that will try to stymie or halt our progression.

“For reasons such as these, we were determined to let those factions know that there was a force on the horizon with considerable power and influence. Further, we wanted them to know that this force was more than a match for their evil practices, and if needed, we intended to use our strength to sweep them aside.”

In addition to the reason mentioned by the Director, I feel there was another reason why the fear factor was so important to the PAASG. Many of the PAASG’s leadership and followers were of the age where they remembered the atrocities that had been inflicted on African-Americans in the past three or four decades.

They vividly remembered the lynching, separate facilities and cross-burnings. No less painful, they recalled their feelings of grief and helplessness as they watched their brothers and

sisters being hosed down, beaten and murdered. They also remembered the *deja vu* type experiences as Blacks in Africa and other countries underwent these same types of experiences. These incidents were extremely difficult for them to forget, try as they might. Consequently, the need to erase some of the pain from those episodes was paramount in their minds.

The Queen's Message and its significance are ambiguous. Years later, many of the Awakening's participants were of the opinion that upsetting U.S. communications represented an extreme lack in judgment by the PAASG and Queen Tamaket. But regardless, it made an indelible impact on African-Americans and all Americans in general.

In recent years, Queen Tamaket was quoted that she made a mistake in giving that address for two reasons: "It gave the impression that the people involved in the Awakening, and specifically the PAASG and myself, were nothing more than a bunch of hooligans with high tech computers and nothing better to do with our time or resources. Secondly, it also falsely exploited my heritage."

As to why they did it, her only reply was simply, "We were young."

If I interpreted her majesty correctly, she meant that she chronologically, and the PAASG organizationally were young and destined to make mistakes. Despite all the power they possessed, they were indeed young in their thinking. Because of this experience and the aftermath, she vowed never to give another external address unless a stated emergency existed within the New Cities.

Restitution was eventually made, but it started the Awakening off on the wrong foot. True, it herded more African-Americans into their corral, but it also caused a stampede of negativism and opposition from the rest of America. However, one thing it did produce was respect. Without question, every scientific and technical organization, as well as intelligence and military office in the country was cognizant and quite respectful of the young organization's power.

The PAASG obviously foresaw the backlash against them, but as previously stated, what was important to them at the time, and what they desired the most, was complete respect. Unquestionably, they got it, but in doing so, they nearly painted themselves into a corner of complete mistrust and isolation.

## “BLUE”

*“It was held in the strictest of confidences and destined to be one of the ultimate achievements in this century. A city set apart from others geographically, socially and spiritually—a city of incomparable technology and enchantment—a city that renews the belief in self. Close your eyes brother and imagine a place that sings the praises of the eradication of fear, hatred and jealousy. Now open them sister and see what I see. Some still call it impossible; we just call it home.”* - Richard Westmoreland

**AFTER MUCH PRODDING, TAP DANCING AND BEGGING, DRS. MARLON JAMISON AND KENNETH WEISBERG CONVINCED A LEADING OIL PRODUCER THEY HAD PERFECTED AN INSTRUMENT THAT COULD ACCURATELY MEASURE UNTAPPED DEPOSITS OF OIL AND NATURAL GAS IN EXISTING FIELDS TO DETERMINE THEIR LIFE-SPAN AND PROFIT POTENTIAL.**

WHAT WAS EVEN BETTER, was they could also pinpoint this potential in *new* fields for future development. Jamison convinced his benefactors that his procedure was whiz-bang and state of the art, but it wouldn't be available forever unless they acted immediately.

Previously, Jamison and Weisberg utilized multi-spectral (MSI) data from commercial satellite systems when they marked the first success with their procedure. MSI data imaged objects simultaneously in two or more bands of the electromagnetic spectrum, and objects could be seen in the visible portion as well as the near and far infrared ranges of the spectrum. But with the advent of hyper-spectral imagery (HSI), which imaged objects in the hundreds of frequencies and bands of the spectrum, their equipment could actually pinpoint deposits and classify them much more accurately. As a comparison, while MSI might be able to detect armored tanks in a field if they were camouflaged, HSI could detect the fumes from those tanks if they were running so you wouldn't even have to see the tanks themselves to spot their positions. With this type of technology, success was 98% guaranteed.

Being an extremely new technology, Jamison and Weisberg were among the fortunate few who could properly use the time and labor-intensive equipment that processed, manipulated and interpreted the HSI data. But even after all the successful demonstrations and briefings, the bureaucratic red tape of most companies threatened to end their chances before they even began.

Eventually a bit of mixed luck did come through, however. A relatively new company named Mitchell-Evans sponsored them, but due to budget constraints and doubtful board members, Jamison and Weisberg only received a pitiful grant of \$150,000. This amount also included procuring transportation, equipment and crew wages.

Jamison understood the company was still only a few years old, didn't understand why they weren't willing to invest more money. If this trial panned out, it would bring in untold billions in new resources and they would be the only company capable of doing it. As a scientist, Jamison thought everyone wanted results that paid off in measurable profits. To portray a “we'll see” attitude was simply something he didn't understand. This wasn't the first time he'd encountered such nonsense and it never ceased to amaze him that corporations didn't always investigate and pursue new developments in science as vigorously as they should have.

It reminded him of the story about the Swiss watchmakers back in the 1970's. A new technology had come on the scene and was being exhibited in a small booth at a nation-wide trade-show. It was the digital watch. At that time, the Swiss were the largest and most respected watch manufacturers of the day and they simply ignored the booth and the demonstrations. After all, they were the premier watchmakers in the world, and no one could dare challenge them. However, Texas Instruments and Seiko took interest in the product and decided to use and market it. What followed next was ironic and a major lesson in business and economics. TI and the Japanese companies nearly put the Swiss out of the watch business totally. The Swiss' inability or reluctance to adjust with changing technologies literally reduced their advantage and extensive market share to near zero.

Jamison made the same comparison with their invention. In the event this process did work, why would any company take the chance that their competition would get their hands on it? He didn't understand their logic, but for right now, he had an opportunity to shine and he was confident in his equipment's abilities. What's more, he was really confident they would eventually sell the rights to a more enthusiastic company for a fortune.

It took a year to get permission for MarBerg, as they dubbed themselves, to get fully funded. And while the funds were allocated in the summer of 1996, the actual purchase of equipment and manpower didn't begin until January the following year. This was because a new fiscal year had arrived and the MarBerg project was racked and stacked against programs that had already been projected and approved for funding. Actually, they were extremely lucky, especially since a few other Mitchell-Evans projects were scrapped altogether during this evaluation period.

Dr. Weisberg determined the initial "dig" should take place in the northwestern part of Kansas. Much of that area was still somewhat unexplored and enhanced LANDSAT thematic mapper imagery over the region had shown considerable promise for their project.

After final assembly of their team and procurement of sensor equipment, MarBerg needed transportation. Unfortunately, a couple of old Coast Guard Sikorsky III helicopters and two former military pilots were all they could afford on such a limited budget. Costly repairs and quick upgrades had to be done to the aircraft in order to accommodate their equipment and the eight-man crew. Things were starting off badly already.

To maximize the search efforts, Jamison and Weisberg divided their members into two teams. The first team consisted of Jamison, pilot Ron "Butch" Meale, imagery analyst Laurie Metzger and systems analyst Todd Benshoof. Weisberg's team consisted of pilot Mike Ferson, imagery analyst Craig Thompson and systems technician Norm Eicheson. These folks weren't the *crème de la crème*, but they were all they could afford. Jamison took chopper #1 and Weisberg relegated himself to chopper #2.

On Feb. 16th, 1997, the exploration began. They flew into the prospective area through threatening early morning clouds. A quick check with the local weather station revealed the worst—a winter storm front was moving in fast. It would be on top of them in less than five hours. It didn't look as if MarBerg's luck was getting any better.

To make matters worse, Jamison and Weisberg planned on using both helicopters to initially survey the areas to save time. But despite extensive maintenance, chopper #2 was

already showing its age and difficulties. This was undoubtedly due to the extremely long flight time to Kansas. It might make it back to the scrap yard, but working the mission it seemed was out of the question.

They decided to have chopper #1's crew stay up for an hour to take preliminary readings while chopper #2 landed and set up base camp. It turned out to be a good decision, because by the time they reached the intended airspace, chopper #2's mechanical problems had gotten worse.

Using a combination of thermal imagers, multi-spectral and precision high-resolution electro-optical sensors mounted on chopper#1, the imagery analysts did a broad area scan and then analyzed the data. As the IA's picked up changes in detected signatures, they correlated them to form baseline natural gas or oil signatures.

"They screwed us! This could have been so much easier!" Jamison kept repeating. By *this*, he meant he had worked on many high-end machines that provided automatic recognition and signature processing, but they were way above his budget.

Weisberg's crew touched down in an area that looked as though it would afford moderate shelter against wind and blowing snow. They had barely started assembling the campsite and setting up their monitoring equipment when Benshoof started receiving the first detections on chopper #1.

"What's going on Marlon?" Weisberg radioed to Jamison.

"Todd's getting some peculiar readings from the thermal imagers," Jamison answered.

"What do you mean peculiar?"

"I mean one minute they're off the scale and the next they're completely gone!"

"That's unusual, but it's probably some kind of interference from the weather. Or maybe there's heavy iron ore deposits in the area making the equipment go haywire," Weisberg reasoned. "You've been up long enough anyway. Let's get her down and secured before that front rolls in."

"Roger that," Jamison replied.

Jamison's chopper had just turned around and was headed for camp when he got the second reading.

He shouted through the mike to Weisberg, "Damn, this thing is big!"

Weisberg adjusted the controls on his equipment. "Can you get a good location on the signals?"

"Not really. It's like everywhere!"

"What does Benshoof say about it?"

"He says all systems check out."

"Have Eicheson look at your equipment when you land. Maybe he and Benshoof should do a cross-systems check for malfunctions." Weisberg suggested.

"Affirmative. Out."

Just as Jamison chopper was descending, a third detection came through.

Jamison was totally confused. "You guys aren't getting *any* of this down there?"

"Negative. We're clear here." Weisberg reported.

Jamison turned to Benshoof. "You think the equipment's screwy?"

“Don’t think so boss. It’s like K-Mart cheap, but I gave everything a thorough check before we left, and there wasn’t a single malfunction. I’ll betcha it’s probably the same with the equipment at the camp. No, I think there’s really something out there.”

Jamison shot him a grin from ear to ear. That’s exactly what he wanted to hear.

After landing, Jamison, Benshoof and Eicheson immediately started reviewing the similarities in readings. Meanwhile, the rest of the team finished securing the base camp. After finishing the review, Jamison made an announcement.

“We’ve been over these readings five times! Whatever they are, they’re not fluke or rogue signals. We need to get out there and find where these signals are coming from and what’s causing them.”

“Are you crazy Marlon? That storm is nothing to play around with! You could die out there!” Weisberg countered.

“All I want is to find the source of these signals, that’s all. They could point us to huge deposits of oil or who knows what else. Once I find and chart them, we’ll be good to go till we can get the whole crew out there.”

Weisberg couldn’t believe what he was hearing. He had known Marlon Jamison for eight years and he always seemed to be a levelheaded man. What had changed him on this particular outing?

The storm was predicted to last for two days, but after getting those huge detections, Jamison was excited with anticipation. It would be dangerous, but there was no telling if they would ever get another chance or another grant again. In Jamison’s mind, every second they spent on the ground or not doing anything meant another dollar was going down the drain.

Like Jamison, Weisberg was excited by the elusive detections and their potential, but he was also sensible enough to know the danger and absurdity in what Jamison was suggesting. It was far better to wait than to risk crashing in a winter storm.

Jamison wasn’t in agreement with waiting around. He thought the longer they waited, the greater the chance someone else might pop in and find the deposits. Realistically, he realized the chances of that happening were slim, but he had already felt the business end of a buggy whip from his sponsor company, and he knew that if this little venture failed, he would be financially ruined. Those detections could lead him to the payday he needed, and nothing was going to get in his way.

The way he looked at it, he had three things going for him right now. One, the weather was reasonably clear, and the storm wasn’t due in for another four hours, two, the equipment was working fairly well, and three, his team members could set up, record and transmit those readings pretty quickly. Jamison conferred with his team and gave them the options.

“The good news is with the low surface and air temperatures generated from the front, picking out a matched signal for oil or gas should be a snap. And the sooner we get it done, the quicker we can go home!”

Weisberg was sure Jamison wouldn’t get any takers for his foolish expedition, but he was in for a surprise. He was doubly surprised when Meale agreed for the short trek. He thought all pilots were sensible, but Meale proved him wrong. The only person who backed out from

Jamison's team was Metzger. Wisely, she agreed with Weisberg not to tempt fate in potentially dangerous weather conditions.

Within half an hour, Jamison's volunteers were suited up and ready to go. While they were preparing, Dr. Weisberg merely shook his head at their stupidity and busied himself with preparing the monitoring equipment again to track their progress.

Weisberg thought Jamison would at least take a chopper to do a quick aerial reconnoiter of the area first, but Jamison declined saying he didn't want to risk anything happening to the only good helicopter they had left. "The last thing I want to do is end up staying in this hell hole for a week waiting to be rescued," he told Weisberg.

Weisberg instructed Eichenon to meticulously monitor the signals and Jamison's transmissions for any irregularities. He then gave Thompson the job of monitoring the local news channel for updates on the weather front's intensity and direction. They were to report any changes immediately to him and he would determine what actions they should take from there.

Jamison and his crew were gone about an hour and forty-five minutes when the signals started again. For fifteen continuous seconds, they received emanations originating 5.5 miles north and east of their location. But almost as abruptly as they started, the signals stopped. Benshoof checked his equipment again, but just as before, all was in working order.

Fifteen minutes later, exactly on the hour, Jamison checked in with the base camp. He reported the weather was still relatively clear, but they could see clouds gathering strength in the distance. He also relayed that they "should have plenty of time to get close to the signal's origin and establish a field receive station before the brunt of the storm hits."

At 11:15, Jamison sent the next signal report. This time, Eichenon also picked up the signals at the base camp. He promptly got Weisberg to the communications tent to hear Jamison's voice report and to double-check the readings. Weisberg saw Jamison's readings were strong and the integrity of the signals was high. Jamison reported that his team would have to pass over a small ridge, but according to his map, he didn't think there were any major obstacles after that.

When they reached the base of the ridge, Jamison assessed its height to be at least 80-100 feet and instructed his men to set up camp. Once camp was established, they could proceed over the top without the extra burden of carrying heavy site gear.

While they were setting up, the first snow began. At first it was an annoying flurry, but it quickly grew in intensity. Within twenty minutes, it was almost whiteout conditions. Jamison began cursing the company again for their limited vision and funds. "We could have had this entire area mapped, marked and cataloged if the company would have only spent a few thousand more." But now, all they could do was dig in and literally weather the storm and hope the next day would bring better luck. He relayed his team's final position and settled in for the night.

The next morning was a beautiful, clear day. It was bitterly cold, but it was passable weather, and it didn't seem like the storm was going to return for some time. As Jamison looked about him, it looked like they received about three feet of additional snow from the night before. This would make reaching the top of the ridge all the more difficult. He started cursing to himself again.

After check-in with the base camp, it was time to move on. Weisberg confirmed the storm had passed through, so they should make the best of it. He also reported they had just started clearing chopper #1 of snow and once they loaded the monitoring equipment and Ferson finished his pre-flight checks, they could meet them at the ridge in about an hour and a half.

“Finally, some good news.” Jamison said to his team. “Okay, Let’s move out!”

They set out to climb the ridge at 0830. At 0917, a flurry of jumbled and almost incoherent voices came over the radio at the base camp.

“What are they saying?” Weisberg asked trying to decipher the transmission. Within a minute, Eicheson was able to distinguish some of the words. He heard one of Jamison’s team members yell in the background, “Its a freaking pyramid!”

“What’s going on out there?” Eicheson shouted through the headset. After a few seconds of silence, a calmer Jamison took control of the radio.

“We’re at the top of the ridgeline and we’ve spotted a city about six point two miles out from our current position. It seems to coincide with the signal’s origin. Our present position is . . . hold on . . . 39 degrees 12 minutes, seven seconds, 101 degrees 13 minutes, 28 seconds. We are proceeding down the ridge towards the city and will keep in regular thirty-minute radio intervals. Until then keep radio silence. Copy?”

A bewildered Eicheson responded. “Copy, Dr. Jamison. Did somebody say something about a pyramid—over?” But there was no answer. Jamison had already switched his radio off.

For a moment, Weisberg and Eicheson just stared at each other, then Weisberg cast off his confusion and told Ferson to expedite the chopper for departure. Jamison had found something, and from the sound in his voice, it was something extraordinary.

Todd Benshoof was the first to discover the presence. Taking the point position, he was leading the team towards the city when he collided hard with something and fell backwards on his rear. For a moment he just sat there perplexed, then he leaned forward and extended his hand outwards.

Benshoof shouted, “It’s a wall—a damn invisible wall!”

Barely five steps behind him, Meale stopped in his tracks. “What did you say?”

Almost whispering, Benshoof stood and waved Meale back. “Move back . . . slowly, very slowly.”

Though he was thoroughly confused at Benshoof’s actions, he obeyed and quietly started backing up.

Suddenly, the temporary quiet was shattered as Jamison caught up to his now reversing team.

“What the hell are you two doing, taking a smoke break?”

“There’s something’s over there,” Benshoof said almost reverently.

“Some *thing*? What? A reading? What?” Jamison yelled out.

Now Benshoof was angry but spoke softly as if the presence would punish him for any loud outbursts. “You tell me! You tell me what that thing is!” He said pointing to nothing in particular.

Jamison slowly walked forward and was squinting to see what it was. Benshoof was so excited about. Holding his portable registering device in front of him, Jamison advanced to a position slightly beyond Meale and Benshoof's. He took another couple of steps and the device's metal end came in contact with something.

Jamison jumped back in shock. Something *was* there! His first thought was it was some type of generated field from a high-powered communications array or something similar. But he had never heard of one that repelled objects before.

He took his glove off and found the field was warm and gave off a slight static generation. He stood back and "looked" at the field. Then he stepped forward and touched it again. It was solid enough, which ruled out electrostatic energy. He pushed on it until he thought it would give, but it disregarded his attempt. It was while he was still testing the field of energy that he heard Meale shout out.

"What is that?"

He looked up towards where Meale was pointing. There was a flying vehicle approaching from the direction of the city. It was unlike anything he had ever seen. It made no noise, and its dark color gave it the impression of being evil. The vehicle came within ten meters of their position and hovered. There was a high-pitched noise and then a voice addressed the team. The voice seemed to generate from all around them.

"You are trespassing on privately owned and controlled property! You must leave immediately!"

"Who the hell are you?" Benshoof yelled. "What is this place?"

The voice repeated the warning slower and with more insistence. "Leave this area now!"

"Or what?" Meale asked defiantly. There was no reply.

Jamison turned to Meale and shouted, "You fool, what are you trying to do, get us killed?"

Then he yelled out to the vehicle, "Look, we're here on an authorized research project. We haven't done anything illegal, and we . . ."

The voice cut Jamison off and reiterated the warning, "Leave now!"

There was no activity from the vehicle, and from its inaction, Jamison determined there was no real danger and stood his ground.

"We're not going anywhere until we get some answers!"

Benshoof whispered to Meale, "It must be some kind of military base like down in New Mexico. They probably got places like this and Area 51 all over the country!"

"No, they don't. Somebody would know, especially with a huge pyramid sticking out." Meale responded.

"Well, everyone's going to know about this! As soon as we get back, we're going straight to the press," Jamison said quietly still facing the craft.

Benshoof suddenly had a morbid thought. "*If* they let us go! You remember what they did to the people who talked about Roswell don't you?"

"Bull! You know that was all fake!" Jamison said testily. "There's no such thing as UFO's or aliens!"

"Wonder why we didn't see this place before we landed?" Benshoof asked.

Meale was about to reply when he saw something out of the corner of his eye—two more of those vehicles were on the approach.

They silently drew near until they flanked the first vehicle. There was no further movement for a couple of minutes and then the last two vehicles unexpectedly made a pass over their heads. Benshoof saw the white smoky material oozing from the craft as they passed over them.

“Oh God, they *are* going to kill us!” he cried out.

As he turned to run, Benshoof suddenly felt a warm sensation throughout his entire body. He attempted to shout out to his teammates, but before the first syllable exited his mouth, everything went black.



Memphis was the fulfillment of ideas initially conceived by the DWG. In accordance with newly established charters, the purpose for its construction was “to provide an environment where African-Americans can collectively and *effectively* thrive through an improved separate social order.”

Originally code-named “BLUE,” all information about the genesis of this city has been shrouded in mystery. Exactly how the DWG surreptitiously acquired and developed ten square miles of land and constructed a city in northwestern Kansas has never been revealed. While it is true that the U.S. government did eventually sell areas of land in three different states to the DWG, this particular area was not one them.

I sincerely doubt there were any illegal activities involved, but neither current PAASG authority nor New City citizen has ever provided any clues to those activities. Likewise, no governmental authority has released documentation or comment regarding this topic.

This lack of important documentation may or may not have been deliberate. My reasoning is during the emotional early years of the DWG (and even before its organizational formation), there might not have been a serious call to document everything, or document everything properly. This was probably due to the urgency and rush just to get the organization up and running. Also, during this initial period, it was more accepted to operate covertly to keep antagonists from possibly interfering. Given the fact that they had just gotten the organization off the ground, this is understandable. After PAASG standup however, there was a marked push for maintaining accurate records and specific orders for accountability.

The enigma of Memphis aside, no one has managed to pin down exactly when the rest of this U.S. land was purchased and constructed. From my research and collated interviews, at best guess, the land was acquired somewhere between mid-to-late 1991. Assuming this is true, the DWG would have had at least three years to complete Memphis, and 5-6 years to complete the remainder of the projects. I think this is a good estimate as this timeframe was coincident not only with PAASG standup in 1996, but also with Queen Tamaket’s initial broadcast in 1997.

Regarding how the land was purchased, it should be understood that not all land for New City projects was bought or leased from the federal government. Of the ten areas for instance, seven were bought or leased from *state* governments. During economic downturns like in the

late 1980's and early 1990's, the U.S. was reeling from the savings and loan crisis and huge spikes in gas prices sparked by the Gulf War. This crippled the country economically, and states used whatever means were at their disposal to generate income. Land sales have always been a primary method of generating income, so it stands to reason that some states sold land to the PAASG as a lifeline for their lagging economies. The difference was while the federal government purchases were made public (due to federal guidelines), the state sales were kept private.

So why weren't the states' sales made public? One possible explanation could be the state governments and the PAASG were deliberately trying to avoid public scrutiny and outcry for giving or selling land to blacks and not Native Americans. As one might expect, the theft of land from Native Americans is a constant irritant to tribes across the country. The announcement of these deals could have triggered widespread protests or worse and ripped the scab off a still festering wound for Natives. Another explanation was there still were plenty of people in the U.S. who were dead set against blacks advancing in any form.

The construction of these areas was another source of mystery, but as documented, the DWG had recruited thousands of construction personnel as part of their initial outreach both internal and external to the U.S. by 1992. The full details of this amalgamation of people and equipment have been reported earlier in this documentary.

From the outset, the PAASG planned to construct fifteen U.S. based New Cities, but to date only eleven have been built. The three publicly known government sales were in New York, Oregon, and Texas. The seven state sales were in South Carolina, Oklahoma, Florida, Missouri, Arizona, Iowa and Wisconsin.

Timeframes for construction varied for each of these projects because not all of these cities were designed to be the same in form, function or population. In particular, four of the New Cities were designated as "Limited Occupancy Cities." This meant these four cities did not have the "Center" pyramid complex and were primarily housing only. It has been documented that the Center complex alone took a year and a half to construct. LOC occupancy was set to be limited between 25-40 thousand people instead of 150-160 thousand people. And, while it normally took 2-3 years to build a full New City with the Center complex, it only took one and a half years for LOC cities.

As to how the PAASG managed to hide all of this activity, one only need to review the earlier accounts in this documentary regarding technology breakthroughs and innovation. Several technological advances not only helped the PAASG construct the cities, but mask them from prying eyes as well. Not to say these projects were all smoke screens, but the DWG and PAASG absolutely *did not* want any New City construction to be observed by outside entities until they felt it was time to reveal them. From nearly every account, the need to protect their technology was deemed just as critical as their separation mission. It was probably assumed that after the world witnessed their first technological result (Memphis), perhaps it would be safe to show the means of its construction. This is as long as the technology behind it all remained properly protected. Since no one is willing to come forward with any comments to either support or condemn this conjecture, I will take it as true.

Was the PAASG wrong in the way they pursued their cloak and dagger operations? That is debatable. If effect was what they were truly looking for, they surely found it in abundance. If they were unintentionally looking for a way to cause the world to totally mistrust them, they found that also.

Being the first revealed New City, the PAASG was firmly committed to making Memphis globally familiar while also representing the unique embodiment of the *new* African-American. They didn't want characterless structures or influences defining them ever again. They wanted something bold and new, something to trigger and stagger the imagination while showcasing their power as only the original people of this planet can.

The name "MEMPHIS" was selected from the ancient Egyptian city as a connection point. And just as Memphis served as ancient Egypt's capital for most of its history, this new Memphis was slated to be the capital for all New Cities, and the connection point for all people associated within the Awakening.

Memphis currently serves as the main operating location for the PAASG and all Councils, but until other cities were built, it was also the singular home to all incoming personnel transitioning from the old cities to the New Cities. The Logistics Council first set an Initial Occupancy Limit (IOL) of 200,000 persons for every New City, but Memphis reached and easily surpassed that number within one year. This of course was because it was the only city built at the time, and it would have been somewhat ridiculous to repatriate citizens, even if it meant temporary crowded spaces for a while.

Memphis' existence and non-detection were tributes to the ingenuity of its planners and builders. Many of the technologies used in its construction were never-before-tried methods, and completion of the PAASG's long-term goals wholly depended on their success or failure. The builders embraced and incorporated these technologies as quickly as humanly possible and triumphantly ushered in a new way of life for Afro-America.

Equally as important was the migration of people into this first city. Tens of thousands of people left their homes for a new start in a place they knew very little about, and a lifestyle that was yet unproven. And for the most part they did this without alerting or communicating their move to friends, neighbors, colleagues or family. Foolish or intrepid, they made their move in faith and with fiery determination in their minds and hope in their hearts.

Despite all the mysteries surrounding her, Memphis will always be the darling of the New Cities. With fresh and remarkable super-science, this place of new African-American nativity thrust blacks into unparalleled magnificence. But on a more basic level, the hopes and prayers of an entire race of people were concurrently and proudly installed with each microchip and fiber-optic cable.

Science and technology aside, and in my opinion, infinitely more important and impressive was the spirit of cooperation and family connection that really set this place apart from any other. People working unselfishly in a true spirit of love and togetherness toward a shared goal is a concept that seems to have faded away through the ages. But to me, that was the real magic of Memphis and eventually of all the New Cities—the people and that singular dedication!

On blueprinted paper, this protected and majestic marvel was probably a construction and logistical nightmare, but she and we are forever linked. She was romantically special! She

inspired our passion! She demanded our devotion! She was the first and the last in a lifetime of searching for love and understanding!



When Dr. Jamison and his team awakened, they were in a hospital type environment. Groggy, but uninjured, they inspected each other and their surroundings.

A man was sitting in a chair across the room and judging from his white attire was a doctor. He addressed the team, "That disorientation will pass momentarily."

Standing next to him was a large, formidable looking man dressed in garments Jamison immediately recognized as Egyptian.

"I'm Dr. Anthony Lewis, chief physician here. I don't know whether to congratulate or criticize you, but regardless, you're the first outsiders we've had here. My apologies for the disabling agent used on you, but it was necessary."

"Dr. Marlon Jamison. I'm in charge of this team that you brought here. Where is *here* anyway?"

"You are inside the New City of Memphis. More specifically, you're inside the Center." Lewis answered.

The look of confusion was evident in Jamison's face.

"The pyramid." Dr. Lewis clarified.

"Oh. Let me ask you this doctor. This Memphis, what is it, some kind of military gimmick or something?" Jamison asked.

"It's many things, Dr. Jamison, but a gimmick it is not. Nor are we affiliated with the military or the government in any fashion," Lewis said rising from his seat.

"I've checked all of you for any possible side effects from the agent, but you seem fine. So, if there's no need for medical assistance, security will escort you to a waiting area. Refreshments will be provided if you're hungry, and a representative will be there shortly to answer any questions you may have. Again, our apologies." Lewis said pleasantly.

After Dr. Lewis departed, the security guard led the team outside the examination room where a second guard was waiting. Together they led the team to a large open congregation area.

"I can't believe it! A pyramid full of blacks! Nobody will believe this!" Jamison whispered to Meale.

Meale had no response.

Presently, two men in finely cut but unusual suits came walking towards them.

"Good afternoon, I'm Charles Day, and this is Frank Carney, my chief of staff. We're representing the people of Memphis. And you are?"

Taking the lead, Jamison pushed past his colleagues and aggressively walked towards Day. This was enough to cause an immediate response from one of the security guards, and within a second, Jamison was in a chokehold from behind. The second guard expanded his staff until it was about four feet in length. He faced the rest of Jamison's team with assured harmful intent.

Day ordered Jamison's release and signaled the second guard to stand down. The guard released the chokehold but held Jamison to prevent him from falling hard to his knees. When he was able to stand without help, Jamison jerked away from the guard.

"Forget the formalities! We were on a research project when your people gassed us and brought us here against our will! They said something about us violating private property, but we researched this area for months and there isn't supposed to be anything out here but tumbleweeds! I want to know what's going on!" Jamison said almost spitting out the words.

Day was unshaken. "Please have a seat. I'll explain as much as I can."

Jamison was about to say something extremely provocative but reconsidered after looking at the two guards again. The team seated themselves and Day began explaining the Memphis project. Although Jamison listened to every word Day said, he feigned disinterest.

Meale was the first with a question. "I heard about you people trying to buy land a few years ago, but I thought it was a joke. How did you manage to keep it a secret all this time?"

With a grin, Day replied, "We prefer to remain low key in most things we do. And the hills surrounding our city give us an extra measure of seclusion. Or so we thought."

"Any more of these cities going to be popping up?" Jamison asked sarcastically.

"The plan right now is to have a city like this in 13 states in the United States, a few in Africa and the West Indies, and generally anywhere else that can accommodate our requirements." Day replied ignoring his sarcasm.

"Just about everywhere, huh?" Benshoof said partly mesmerized by a passing anti-grav unit.

"Just about." Day replied.

"How do those things work?" Benshoof asked pointing to the unit.

"The AGU's? Actually, I don't know *how* they work. I'm not a technician. But I do know we'd be lost without them." Day said truthfully.

Meale was confused. "AGU's?"

"Anti-gravity units. From heavy-lift vehicles to large capacity personnel transporters, they're used in every facet of our society." Day explained.

Unexpectedly, Jamison shouted out, "What about weapons? I know you must have weapons somewhere in here!"

"Sorry Dr. Jamison," Day said calmly. "No need for weapons. Our citizens are quite peaceful, and we're not too worried about anyone overrunning our borders. Besides, you've already encountered one of our most formidable lines of defense."

"One of your lines of defense.... So that means you *do* have other means of defending yourselves." Benshoof said.

"Let's just say there are several mechanisms in place to assure our privacy."

"Is this where *she* lives?" Meale asked.

"She? Oh, Queen Tamaket. Yes, she does."

Benshoof perked up somewhat. "Are we going to meet her?"

"I'm afraid not. Nothing against any of you, but we prefer not to disturb her majesty unless it's absolutely necessary."

Jamison appeared agitated with Meale and Benshoof's interest in the queen. He abruptly cut off Day's next sentence and asked, "Okay, now that we've stumbled onto your little secret, what are you going to do with us?"

"We'll escort you back to the point where we discovered you. From there, you'll be free to do as you please."

With obvious sarcasm, Jamison asked, "Really? So we don't have to worry about strange knocks in the middle of the night?"

"No, we never knock." Day said without expression.

They were all stunned at his comment.

"What does that mean?" Jamison asked angrily.

"That was meant to be a joke." Day said breaking into laughter. "Believe me Dr. Jamison, there's nothing you have that we need, and we have absolutely no intention of harming you or any of your people."

Meale was slightly annoyed. "I don't get it. So why did you bother bringing us here in the first place? Just to show this place off?"

Day was unfazed by Meale's attitude.

"To answer your question, since you managed to stumble onto our city, we thought it best to bring you inside where we could monitor and restrict your movements until we could assess your intentions and hopefully minimize any potential damage done by your 'discovery.' As you can guess, we never imagined anyone finding us here, so we needed time to deliberate and you needed time to process what you've seen."

Day then led them to a wall-mounted monitor. He pressed a button and a digital map appeared on the screen.

"A little more information should help. This is where we are right now. The ridge you climbed is known as Carter's Ridge. The circles here, here and here represent security screens operating at one, three and five-mile intervals. After you descended Carter's Ridge you were about half a mile from our five-mile outer perimeter screen. I will tell you it was fortunate you hiked instead of using aircraft to get here."

"Why?" Benshoof asked.

"Why do you think?" Jamison snarled at Benshoof. "We would have crashed right into that thing!"

Benshoof stared open-mouthed at Day.

"It's true." Day admitted.

The thought of a possible brush with a horrible death temporarily froze Jamison's team.

Changing the subject, Day directed a question to Jamison. "What made you decide to come out here for your research?"

"We kept getting these crazy signals from this area and we were trying to figure out what was out here." Jamison answered.

"It might have been our screens and power systems recycling. We do that every now and then."

Day then asked Jamison's team, "Would any of you like to see more of the city?"

They slowly but collectively nodded in the affirmative.

Day escorted them to the Center's Main Level and boarded them on his personnel shuttle. As they stepped inside, Meale unloaded a barrage of aviation questions on the Director. Day tried his best to answer them but had to feign ignorance in aeronautics and pilot training.

He breathed a sigh of relief when Benshoof yelled out, "Man, do you know how much money you could make with something like this?"

"Yes," Day replied while setting the departure controls. "But that's not important to us."

Just as Benshoof was about to start spouting moneymaking schemes, Jamison pointed outside and brusquely asked, "Why is there snow inside here? I thought your screens could keep anything out."

"The force screens are quite capable Dr. Jamison, but snow and rain are an integral part of nature and we value nature immensely in our society. We only introduce our screens when harmful weather or other perceived threats are imminent."

Jamison was baiting Day for answers. "These force screens . . . why do you really need them? Seems to me like you're hiding or scared of something."

"There is much to be afraid of Dr. Jamison. The outside world is very dangerous. This is our way of making sure the corruption of the outside *stays* outside." Day said focusing on Jamison.

Jamison had a reply, but again thought better of it and turned his attention back to the aerial excursion.

When they were finished with the quick tour, Day took them back to the medical examining room where he instructed them to collect their personal belongings.

"We're leaving now?" Jamison asked.

"Yes, unless you'd like to apply for citizenship." Day said jokingly.

Jamison didn't even crack a smile. He gave Day a contemptuous look and checked his wallet to make sure its contents were accounted for.

When they were ready, Day took them back to the shuttle and piloted them to their entry point. After landing, he opened the bay doors and said, "Gentlemen, I believe this is where we part company. I wish you success in your venture Dr. Jamison."

Jamison stepped outside and saw Weisberg and the rest of the team standing a few meters from the point where Jamison and his team had been seized. They were waving their arms frantically and although he could see their mouths moving, he couldn't hear a word.

Benshoof and Meale quickly exited the shuttle behind Jamison, and when they were all out Jamison turned back and said to Day, "You know this isn't right!"

"Doctor?"

"All that stuff you've got in there, all that equipment. What are you doing with it? Absolutely nothing! Why not share it with the world? Everyone could benefit from it!"

"You may be correct Dr. Jamison, but now is not the time. Perhaps at some point in the future."

"How long? Five years? Twenty-five years? What are you waiting for?"

"For the right time." Day quietly replied.

Jamison wanted to argue. "I believe the right time is right now!"

“And I believe you have people waiting for you doctor.” Day said pointing to Weisberg and his team.

Jamison yelled to Day, “Someday, somebody . . . probably *you* will have to answer for this!”

“Very soon someone will answer for many things Dr. Jamison.” Day said as he closed the shuttle doors.

Once the entire team was a safe distance away, the shuttle lifted off and noiselessly sped away. Seconds later, a high-pitched noise radiated all around them. It was then that Jamison could finally hear the excited voices of Weisberg and the rest of his people.

Jamison slowly walked to the abduction point. Meale and Benshoof were already there checking to see if the force field was still operating. He was still angry over the whole incident, but he laughed to himself as he watched Meale and Benshoof reaching out and feeling for the force screen. They resembled a couple of awkward mimes in a carnival. When they saw that the screen was no longer active, they ran like children to the imagined safety of Weisberg’s chopper.

Amidst the flurry of questions, Jamison turned back and studied the distant city. A dozen thoughts were going through his head and none of them were good.

Frank Carney met Day at the docking platform. He had a confused look on his face and with great concern in his voice he said, “Sir, I understand from Security that one of the men had a camera on his person the entire time they were here.”

“Yes, I know.” Day said stepping out of the shuttle.

Carney was concerned at the Director’s apparent lack of concern. It was not typical of Day, and it worried him.

“Well, what happens if they release those pictures?”

“They become famous and we become infamous.” Day replied cryptically.

Meanwhile back at Weisberg’s chopper, an excited Eicheson was spewing out a slew of questions even before the first one could be answered. And while Jamison and his team were still being assaulted with questions, somehow Weisberg managed to pull him off to the side of the chopper.

“What in God’s name happened out there Marlon?” Weisberg asked impatiently.

Jamison gave Weisberg the abbreviated version of their experience.

“What? So that’s it? They’ve got hovercraft and they’re building cities like that one around the world? That could start a world panic!”

Jamison nodded. He was grinning with his reply, “Yep, but they made one mistake,” he said pointing down to his trousers.

Weisberg was confused. Jamison reached into his pocket and withdrew the small disposable camera. Weisberg was unsure exactly what the significance was at first, but then it clicked. He nodded his understanding.

“We radioed the police about twenty minutes ago when we couldn’t find you. They oughtta be here soon.” Weisberg said. Then as an afterthought, he looked around at his surroundings. “Damn, there’s no roads up here. I better radio them back and tell them to send a chopper instead.”

“I’m sure they already know there’s no roads near here. They live here remember?” Jamison said sarcastically.

Weisberg thought about how ridiculous he must have sounded so to change the subject he brought up the camera again.

Metzer overheard them talking and was curious. “So exactly what is the deal with that camera Dr. Jamison?”

Jamison held the camera up to Metzer’s face as if she could see the pictures inside. “Laurie, this little baby here is going to get us a spot on every major TV station in the country. I’ve got pictures of just about everything inside that place.”

A sudden thought struck Jamison. He turned to Weisberg and asked, “Did you tell the police about the city?”

“Yes. Why wouldn’t I have?” Weisberg answered.

Without giving Weisberg a response, Jamison ran over to Eicheson and grabbed him by the arm. “Radio the police back and tell them we found our people and see if you can convince them we don’t need them.”

Eicheson was puzzled. “But you said they gassed and kidnapped you...”

“Look Eich, we don’t want anybody else up here snooping yet. This has got to be our little secret for right now.”

Eicheson did as he was instructed. When he received the reply from the police, he relayed it to Jamison. “Said they’d be standing by if we needed them. Because they were still digging out from the storm, nobody’s been dispatched yet. And get this, the guy was laughing when he asked me about the pyramid city.”

“He was laughing. Good, good. That means they don’t believe there is a city here. Good. Alright, let’s saddle up and get back to camp just in case they *do* decide to come out this way.” Jamison ordered.

Quickly, they unloaded equipment from the chopper to make room for the extra passengers. When Ferson gave them the “thumbs up” for the weight check, they boarded. As they gained altitude, they silently mused at the city. Jamison meanwhile was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

Eicheson still couldn’t believe what he was seeing. “Who’d have believed they could’ve built a city out here without anybody knowing?”

Eicheson’s comment started Jamison on a tirade. “That’s how we know they’re up to something Eich! Why out here in the middle of nowhere? They told us they wanted to fight drugs and crime. You see any drugs or crime out here?” He said indicating the open range and hills. “Besides, you know how they are! They’d be on every damn TV station in the country bragging about this place if they were on the up and up. But no one’s heard a peep about it!”

Metzer weighed in on the conversation. “I think you just made their point Dr. Jamison. There *are* no drugs, gangs or crime out here. Sounds like a pretty good reason to me to be holed up out here in the middle of nowhere.”

Jamison was silent.

Then she turned her attention to Benshoof. “Benshoof, you said they’re able to hide the whole city?”

“Yeah, the guy in charge said they can mask everything behind energy screens or something like that.”

“He was lying!” Jamison yelled out. “There’s no way anybody can hide an entire city!”

“They’ve got force shields or whatever you call them and anti-gravity vehicles Marlon, why would they need to lie about that?” Benshoof said matter-of-factly.

Jamison had no reply and returned to looking out the port window as the helicopter banked.

Taking in the city’s breadth, Metzger said with a sigh, “Man, it’s beautiful. I wish I could have gotten a chance to go inside.”

Jamison was staring at her as if she were insane. “Beautiful? This could mean the end of our freedom and you think it’s beautiful?”

Metzger was shocked at his outburst. “What are you talking about? Who said anything about them taking away anyone’s freedom?”

Jamison shook his head. “Don’t be a fool Laurie! Think about it! They said they planned on building cities like this one in every state and overseas too! They’re trying to take over everything!”

No one seemed to want to agree or disagree with Jamison, so they all kept silent. Then he suddenly jumped up and squeezed his way to the cockpit.

“Change of plans boys. Where’s the nearest town?” he asked the pilots.

Meale, who was co-piloting, reached down and started shuffling through a stack of maps. When he found the map he was looking for, he pointed out the feature to Jamison.

“Bird City, about 15 miles due east.”

“All right Mr. Ferson, one more pass over the city, then on to Bird City. And let’s make some time!” Jamison ordered.

“Roger that!” Meale responded.

Ferson made the necessary course corrections, and once he was satisfied, Jamison went back to the cargo area. He pulled out his camera and readied it to take the last pictures remaining on the roll.

“What’s going on Marlon?” Weisberg asked.

“We’re going to get these pictures developed in that Bird City, and we’ll see what major media coverage we can get out here. Then we’ll sue those jig-a-boos for kidnapping us!”

“What about the project?” Weisberg asked.

“What about it? We’ve got something here that’ll get us all the publicity and money we ever wanted! Hell, we might even get on sister Oprah’s show!” he said with a sarcastic laugh.

Weisberg flatly objected. “Look Marlon, I understand what you’re saying, and I partly agree, but if we don’t come back with some real results from our project, we’re going to have to pay that money back and I for one don’t have 150,000 dollars to give anybody! Besides, what will these pictures get us—a few thousand? Divided between all of us, they won’t be worth squat! I say we go back and finish our job, and once we’re done, then we can go to the police, the press, or whoever.”

The entire team seemed to be in agreement. Benshoof assumed the role of the spokesman. “He’s right boss. The project is worth millions for all of us. And if nothing else, you’ve got the pictures as a backup in case something goes wrong with the project.”

Suddenly, Meale shouted from the cockpit, “Dr. Jamison, what if they haven’t lifted those screens? You heard what Day said, we’ll be done!”

“I’m sure they don’t want the murder of eight white researchers on their hands. Besides, he said they’re monitoring these areas really good now to make sure no more accidents like us finds them again.”

“Yeah, well they weren’t monitoring before, so . . .” Benshoof said angrily.

“But they know we’re here now, so stop worrying!” Jamison said confidently, but inwardly he was just as worried. Day could easily let them crash and hide the evidence behind an invisible city. In those few minutes, he did something he wasn’t accustomed to, he prayed.

Director Day was watching the security monitor in the compartmented area of Level One/C4I. As he watched the Sikorsky take off, he ordered Security to initiate a Phase-III security alert. The Phase-III alert disabled the three and five-mile perimeter screens and only activated the one-mile security screen. This would effectively allow Jamison and his crew to leave Memphis’ airspace while maintaining an immediate local security presence around his citizen’s homes. But then the helicopter abruptly changed course and headed in the direction of Memphis’ interior. Day then had to order the one-mile screen to be dropped.

“What is he up to?” Day said out loud.

Day and his operations staff watched as the helicopter flew over the city and into the distance. After the helicopter finally left Memphis airspace, Day ordered Phase-V, return to normal operations. This erected all perimeter screens and enabled the cloaking option. After acknowledgement from all stations of normal status, Day mentally wagered where Jamison’s team was going. The closest place he knew of was Bird City.

Day gave an order to the station operators. “Make sure you keep tabs on all air and foot traffic in the area. And especially be aware of hikers.”

“Yes sir. Do you think they’ll be coming back?” One of the operators asked.

“Oh, they’ll be coming back all right. The question is who will they be bringing with them when they do.”

As he took the elevator back to his office, Day thought about Jamison and his failed attempt to hide the camera in his pants. He obviously thought he had gotten away with it. Just from his brief contact with the man, Day knew Jamison would run to the nearest news source as soon as he got the chance. Now he had to prepare to give the story he knew he would eventually have to give when the reporters and agents came. And they would come, in droves. With a heavy sigh, he sat down at his desk and began preparations.



After a lengthy debate, Weisberg believed he had finally convinced Jamison to temporarily forget about Memphis and to resume their mission. After all, he had managed to convince Jamison to ditch the Bird City thing, so he wasn't beyond reason. The only logical thing was to do was what they initially came to do. Everything else could wait. Jamison remained quiet and when he offered no resistance, Weisberg ordered the pilot to return to the initial base camp. After dropping off most of the team, they returned to Jamison's camp at the base of Carter's Ridge and collected the left behind gear.

At the camp that night, the argument re-surfaced. About the only thing they agreed on was they were getting nowhere by arguing. They decided to sleep on it and to make the final decision the next day.

But the next morning was one where Marlon Jamison should have stayed in bed. When he awoke, he looked out of his tent and immediately knew something was wrong. One, he was extremely groggy, and two, he didn't recognize his surroundings. When he tried to sit up, everything became blurry and moving in slow motion. It was reminiscent of the worst hangover he'd ever had. In what seemed like an eternity, he realized what had happened. They had drugged him and carried him away from the camp.

"Why did they do this?" he said over and over to himself. Then, it hit him. He rifled through his sleeping bag, but as he suspected, the camera was gone. Apparently, the notion of using his pictures to get rich must have appealed to everyone overnight. As he sat there cursing and trying to orient himself, he heard the whine of helicopter engines in the distance.

"They're leaving me! Those bastards are actually leaving me!"

He was murderously furious with all of them. He didn't know how far they had carried him away from the camp, but he figured if he was close enough to hear the engines, he was close enough to catch up to them. He started rummaging through his sleeping bag again.

"You got the camera, but you didn't get this did you?" he said as he kissed the barrel of the 9mm pistol. He always kept it in the bottom of his sleeping bag for emergencies. This certainly qualified.

He crawled outside the tent, stood slowly and allowed himself to experience the dizziness. Immediately, and twice he vomited. When the ill feeling passed somewhat, he started walking towards the sound of the engines.

Jamison was going on pure will power to keep from succumbing to the effects of the drug, and after only a few minutes, he found them. He hid behind a tree about thirty yards away and spied their activity. The first thing he noticed was the articulated rotors on both choppers were rotating slowly, meaning the engines were still warming up. The next thing he saw was everyone was nearly done packing both helicopters.

He looked around until he saw Weisberg. He pulled out his gun and aimed for him. He tried to focus as best he could, but his vision was still a bit blurry and blowing snow from the engines made it even worse.

With a measured breath, he squeezed the trigger and fired off a round. It managed to wing Weisberg in the shoulder. With the engines running, no one heard the shot or his painful yell, but they saw him fall to the ground. The entire crew gathered around him, and after a quick

examination, they realized he had been shot. Almost in unison, they jumped up and started nervously looking around for the shooter.

Finally, Jamison came from behind the tree and motioned for them to put their hands in the air. Not wanting to be the next victim, they did as he ordered. As he came within a few feet of the group, he motioned for them to gather near chopper #2. Then he ordered Ferson and Meale to shut down the engines of both choppers. Once the noise was at a tolerable level, he began his angry outburst.

“What the hell did you think you were doing?” he demanded, his speech slightly slurred. “Are those pictures worth that much to you that you would leave me here to die? Who’s got the camera?”

They all pointed to Weisberg, who was lying in the snow yelling out loudly in pain. He ordered Benshoof to take the camera from Weisberg and throw it to him. When he was again in possession of the object, he stood back and stared at his friend and colleague. He seemed to come to some sort of conclusion. He walked over and knelt down next to Weisberg.

“Doctor, you seem to be in a bit of a spot here. Allow me help you out,” he said with a grin.

Whether it was the drug that severely impaired his judgment or his anger, Jamison was not the same man he was a couple of days previous. He muttered something under his breath and fired. The bullet hit Weisberg square in the temple, killing him instantly.

He turned to the rest of the crew and shouted, “Anybody else want this camera that badly?”

They were too shocked to answer.

Even under the influence of the drug, Jamison’s mind was sharp. He quickly formulated an exit strategy to this predicament.

“Let me tell you what’s going to happen now. First, somebody’s going to load him on that chopper,” he said pointing to Chopper#2. “Then we’re going to Bird City. Once we get there, we’re going to tell them the blacks picked up on Eicheson’s transmission to the police and kidnapped us because we found out about their city.”

Jamison was coming up with multiple scenarios in his mind, and with the drug still governing his mental abilities, every scenario seemed plausible and actionable.

“We managed to escape and when they tracked us down, they blew up Weisberg’s chopper.”

He seemed pleased with that explanation, but Metzger challenged him. “And what about Dr. Weisberg? You murdered him in cold blood! That’s right *cold blood!* Or do you have a fancy explanation for that too?”

Unaffected by her cynical words, Jamison thought for a minute and revised his story. “We’ll put Weisberg in the chopper. We’ll say he resisted, and they killed him - simple. And since you seem to be the only one with any balls Laurie, you can be the one to tell them!”

“Tell them what? Tell them some cockamamie story that any five-year old could see through? You’re going to tell the police you managed to escape and walk back from that city, over a ridge and back here before those people, people who have hovercraft, could track you? You can’t be serious!”

Jamison started walking in circles as he tried to work out solutions in his head. Then he started smacking himself in the forehead to gain more clarity. “Ok, I’ll tell them that I grabbed a hostage from the city and made them bring us back in one of their hovercraft. I was inside one of them so I can describe everything to make the story sound good.”

“Then what? What about the so-called hostage? Where is he? Did you leave him out here to freeze?” Eicheson asked taunting Jamison.

“Look, I haven’t figured it all yet! I will by the time we get to Bird City.” Jamison yelled back.

Metzer just shook her head. “You’re a fool if you think any of this makes sense, or that you can get away with this Jamison.” She said bravely.

Jamison forcibly cocked the hammer on his gun. “You know what? It’s just as easy to tell them they killed two people instead of one. You do what I tell you or you’ll end up face down in the snow here!”

Metzer looked around at the men on the team for some kind of backup, but she stood alone.

“What do you want me to tell them?” she said contemptuously.

“You tell them what I just told you.”

Jamison was satisfied with his unlikely explanation. Then he addressed the entire team, “Any questions? I don’t want to have shoot anybody else, so if we all stick together, we can still come out of this rich and no one will be the wiser.”

“Well, what’s it gonna be?” he demanded.

Seeing they had no choice for the moment, they agreed.

“All right, let’s go!”

After Thompson and Eicheson loaded Weisberg’s body on chopper #2, the rest of team was about to finish packing when Jamison stopped them.

“No, leave that stuff here! As a matter of fact, take some of that gear out of our chopper and toss it overboard. We want it to look like we had to leave in a hurry!”

When Jamison was satisfied with the look of the scene, he told Meale to blow up chopper #2 using a flare gun. After the aircraft had been reduced to a pitiful smoking wreck, Jamison told them to board the remaining helicopter. Once inside, he gave the order to head to Bird City.

Even with everything that had just transpired, in some twisted way, Jamison really *did* think he was doing the world a great service. He would warn everyone what the blacks were planning, even if he had to stretch the truth a mile long. He would be a hero, a national hero, a rich hero. He would even write a book about it.

Jamison was so caught up in his fantasies that he didn’t even concern himself with the fact that he had murdered a man just a few minutes earlier. Likewise, as he committed his tale of kidnapping and murder to memory, he didn’t even think about the obvious questions the authorities would ask when he presented his flimsy account. Questions like how did he manage to take nearly 30 pictures of the interior of the city and then take someone hostage while they were under constant guard? Or where was the hostage he supposedly grabbed? Then there was the question of why would the inhabitants give them a tour of their city if they planned on killing them? And the most obvious question, why even bother bringing them into the city at all when

they could have killed them all at the camp, destroyed any evidence Jamison and his crew were ever there and continue cloaking the city with no one ever being the wiser?

Those questions eluded him, and the only thing on Jamison's mind now was how he would have to share the fame and money with the rest of these people. Like leeches they would suck the limelight, and most importantly, the money from him. Plus, they were all big liabilities. Sooner or later one of them would surely crack and spill the beans about the whole thing. He started thinking of other options, and the only one that made sense was to get rid of them all.

"Thompson! Any chutes on this thing?" Jamison yelled out.

Thompson nervously answered, "Um, I think there's two somewhere."

"Find them and put them there!" Jamison said pointing to the center of the chopper's deck.

There weren't many places to look, and Thompson quickly found the two parachutes in a metal box near the exit door of the craft.

Jamison snickered to himself. "Only two chutes? This is better than I hoped."

It was true that fortune seemed to have been with Jamison. Cost overruns prevented the MarBerg project from purchasing enough parachutes for the entire team, or even half the team.

After Thompson placed the chutes on the deck, Jamison ordered him to cut one of them up with his knife.

"Why?" Thompson asked angrily.

Jamison didn't answer but cocked the hammer on the gun as a reply. Thompson reluctantly started ripping the parachute to shreds.

"Why Jamison? Why are you doing this to us?" Metzger asked in tears.

"Why? Because you left *me* back there to die! Now you want to know why I'm doing this to *you*? What's this sudden burst of morality, and where was it back there? This is all I need now," he said holding up the camera again.

Jamison then stuck the camera back in his pocket, but in his haste, he only stuck it halfway in.

"We weren't leaving you!" Metzger shouted back.

Thompson quickly agreed. "Dr. Weisberg only drugged you because he said you had become too unreasonable last night!"

"Unreasonable? And leaving me in the middle of nowhere in this freezing weather is reasonable?"

Benshoof tried to talk Jamison down. "No, he only wanted you sedated until we could at least start the testing. He said it was the only way to keep you from interfering. He was sure once you saw we were conducting the tests you would become more reasonable. Think about it. If he wanted to hurt you, would he have given you such a low dose?"

"And why move my tent?" Jamison asked.

"To keep you from waking up and hearing when we left to start the tests, that's all." Metzger explained.

Jamison considered this and realized it was probably true. Weisberg only cared about finishing the tests. He also knew his longtime partner wasn't a killer and would never have even entertained the notion of leaving him stranded anywhere. But he shrugged his shoulders and his

conscience of the matter. Weisberg was dead, and things had progressed too far now to get teary eyed or have any regrets.

While the crew was vigorously trying to talk Jamison out of his anger, he merely looked at them with mock sympathy. When he grew tired of their pleas, he yelled out for Ferson to ascend to ten thousand feet, the helicopter's maximum altitude. After reaching altitude, Jamison cautiously strapped on the good parachute and started working his way towards the pilot deck. While his comrades watched in horror, he shot both Ferson and Meale in the back of the head.

Before anybody could react, Jamison quickly made it to the exit and managed to clumsily open the door. Jamison assessed his jump with the craft's diminishing attitude while keeping the gun trained on the rest of the occupants. Suddenly, Thompson leapt at Jamison. He shot him squarely in the chest. He was dead before he hit the deck. Metzger screamed and the rest followed suit.

Jamison waved away their screams, looked in the faces of the doomed team members one last time, and then carefully bailed out.

In a freefall descent, he watched the now spiraling helicopter as it rushed to meet Mother Earth. When it crashed and burst into flames, he started laughing uncontrollably. Now whatever spoils gained from this trip would be his and his alone. He laughed until he reached the ground. It wasn't until he was disconnecting himself from his chute that he stopped laughing.

"No!" he shouted over and over. He felt in his pocket for the camera, but it was gone. As he watched the fire billowing in the distance, he realized the camera, as well as his hopes for riches and fame, were going up in brilliant flames.

Walking almost to the point of frostbite and exhaustion, Jamison somehow made it back to the base camp. Among the unloaded and strewn-about equipment and burning helicopter parts he found the team radio and sent an emergency transmission to the Bird City police department. He spun his yarn of kidnapping, murder and shutdown of his colleagues' helicopter. With the word "murder" hanging in the air, this time the police dispatched their only patrol chopper with all due haste.

With a population of only 482 people, Bird City was virtually devoid of any excitement, but when something did happen, it was all over the town in a flash. And while Sheriff Dan Hanley and his deputy were checking their guns and ammo, the lone local reporter was trying to somehow squeeze himself to fit into the two-person police chopper. Hanley quickly dismissed the reporter while assuring him he would be the first to get any news or pictures.

Before boarding, Hanley looked to the skies. Another winter storm front was moving in, and if Jamison was left out too much longer in the elements, he wouldn't survive long. Realizing he needed more help, just before departure, Sherriff Hanley wisely sent out a message to every law enforcement unit within 50 miles of Bird City to respond if possible. If just one half of what Jamison was saying was true, it was going to be the biggest and possibly worst night of his life.



Prior to all this activity, the FBI had dispatched a six-person team to Kansas to find the group known as the PAASG. While they were enroute, the agents intercepted Sheriff Hanley's report and plea for assistance. Hanley had left nothing out in his request, including Jamison's claims about finding a strange city in the vicinity. On the chance that this alleged city might provide some clues as to the PAASG's whereabouts, the agents decided to look into it and relayed that they would be willing to help in the search.

The agents were one hour out from Bird City when they received secondary reports that the sheriff had found Jamison. They were somewhat confused when the sheriff reported he had picked Jamison up from his first camp and was now transporting him to the helicopter crash site. Agent Lucerne took this as typical dim-witted small town law enforcement. "Probably doesn't even have a GED," he said laughing with the other agents.

When the agents arrived at the crash site coordinates provided by the sheriff, the scene was dismal. Wreckage was scattered over a mile and a half, and police were still cordoning off the area and trying to piece together the tragedy. Even with the combined police manpower from Wheeler and Douglas counties, they still hadn't found any bodies among the debris.

After introductions with on-site officers, agent Lucerne and his team immediately began trying to assess the cause of the crash and determining the whereabouts of Jamison's dead colleagues. Sheriff Hanley managed to clear up the confusion in Hanley's initial report. In his haste and excitement Hanley neglected to mention there were two helicopter locations; one where an actual crash had occurred, and the other where a helicopter apparently had been deliberately destroyed at Jamison's base camp. It was at that base camp that Hanley found Jamison hunkered near the still burning metal helicopter carcass trying to keep warm.

Now, at the crash site, Jamison was walking around the debris dazed and confused. He was curious as to what happened to his dead colleagues but was more concerned if his camera was somewhere among the wreckage. Then he had a thought. He realized he didn't need the camera. He ran over to agent Lucerne.

"I think I know what happened to them."

"To who?" Lucerne asked.

"My team." Jamison replied.

Lucerne eyed Jamison suspiciously.

"Go on." Lucerne said.

Jamison pointed to a ridgeline a few miles away.

"I'll bet they're in there."

"In where?" Sheriff Hanley asked moving into the circle of agents.

"Memphis!" Jamison said excitedly.

Lucerne was totally puzzled. "Who?"

"Memphis! I told this idiot sheriff there's a city over that ridge." He said pointing to Hanley. "

Jamison started rambling disjointedly, "Me and my team were in that city and we saw what they were planning. We managed to escape in one of their shuttles, but not before they shot three of my men, and then they shot us down to keep us from talking. I took pictures and..."

Jamison was embellishing and fabricating by the second. In his mind he had covered all the bases now. He didn't understand he had actually reduced his credibility with each statement and its faulty logic. The police and agents however, picked up on it immediately.

Agents Lucerne and Rogers recalled the mention of a city while they were on their way to assist Sherriff Hanley, but they took notes as if they never heard of it while Jamison recounted his visit inside the New City. At one point he stopped his narration when he saw the look of disbelief in their faces.

"Look, you don't have to believe me, go look for yourselves!"

"All right Jamison. Show us where this city is" Agent Lucerne said while closing his notebook.

Hanley pulled Lucerne to the side and said, "Don't waste your time. There's nothing on or beyond Carter's Ridge but rattlesnakes, scorpions and a few mountain lions. Every word that comes out of his mouth is a lie."

"I know, but I'm interested in seeing how this plays out." Lucerne responded. "It's going to take a while to sort things out here anyway, so let's indulge him and see how far he can hang himself."

Hanley nodded his agreement.

Within minutes Lucerne, Rogers and Jamison were airborne in the FBI helicopter and headed towards Carter's Ridge. When they arrived at a point just over the ridge, they hovered.

Jamison was shell-shocked.

"I swear! It was right there!"

Agent Rogers started laughing. "Okay, Jamison, so how did you manage to misplace seven people *and* an entire city?"

"I'm telling you it was there. There was . . ."

"Yeah, we know. A pyramid, Buck Rogers vehicles and black people running it all." Lucerne replied sarcastically.

Jamison was seething. "What in the hell happened to it?" he said out loud. Then he remembered the conversation between Metzger and Benshoof.

"Could they really have hidden the entire city?" he wondered out loud.

"We're wasting time." Agent Rogers said. "We're going back to the crash site, but none of this looks good for you Jamison."

Jamison was caught off-guard. "What do you mean?"

"Kidnapping, escapes, a shoot-down, world domination? C'mon Jamison, you're pulling all of this out of your ass, but all I want to know is where are your people, and why it looks like you're the only survivor out here." Lucerne said irritably.

"Look, all I know is they came after us and shot us down! Why are you questioning me like I'm the criminal? The criminals are in there!" Jamison said pointing to the open wilderness.

Lucerne ignored Jamison and turned to his partner, "What do you think happened to the others?"

"You got me. Dead people just don't get up and walk away from a crash like that." Rogers answered.

When they returned to the crash scene, two agents had some interesting findings.

“What’ve you got there Pete?” Lucerne asked.

“Couple of things. First, here’s the pilot’s helmet,” Agent Jerrick said handing it to Lucerne.

In a disgusted voice Jerrick said, “A shame to die twice!”

“What?” Lucerne asked.

“Look there on the back,” Jerrick instructed. “He was shot in the head. This man was dead long before he hit the ground.”

“Yeah, I see.” Lucerne said still examining the helmet.

Lucerne was passing the helmet to agent Rogers when agent Mitchell presented the second item.

“What’s this?”

“Part of the fuselage.” Mitchell replied. “We sifted through most of the larger pieces of wreckage. There’s evidence of stress like this,” he said pointing to the stress lines in the fragment, “But there’s not a single shred of evidence that points to a shoot down.”

They turned to Jamison. But just as they were about to start interrogating him again, one of the Wheeler county police yelled out, “What in God’s name is that?”

There in the distance, a large vehicle was flying towards them, a vehicle unlike anything they had ever seen before.

“I didn’t know we had any operations going on out here.” Lucerne whispered to agent Jerrick.

“Nothing like that anyway.” Jerrick replied.

The vehicle approached quietly and settled down about twenty meters from the crash site.

“Here they come! See, I told you! I’m not crazy! I told you there was a city out there! I’m not crazy! I’m not!” Jamison screeched while doing a childish jig. He thought his insane scheme was going to work after all.

After the vehicle touched down, the doors opened, and two men stepped out. As the stunned police and agents gathered around the vehicle, one of the men came forward and addressed the crowd of law enforcement officials.

“Who is leading this investigation?” He asked.

Lucerne looked over to Sheriff Hanley who quickly nodded his relinquishment of responsibility. He knew he was in way over his head with this incident.

After introducing himself, Lucerne said, “But the real question is who are *you*, and what is *that* thing?”

“My name is Bailey, sir,” he said ignoring the second part of Lucerne’s question. “If you wouldn’t mind agent Lucerne, we’d like to show you something that may be of interest to you.”

“Very well. Where do we go?”

“This way please,” Bailey said indicating the direction to the strange vehicle.

Bemused but curious, Lucerne followed. He was hesitant, but he figured he wasn’t going to get any answers otherwise. Bailey stepped inside the craft first and Lucerne cautiously did the same. He quickly observed the plush appointments, but before he could make a complete assessment of the interior, he saw someone on a gurney being attended by a nurse against the far

wall of the craft. For a second, Lucerne thought it odd that such an opulently appointed vessel would be used as a carrier for the sick.

Walking towards the gurney, Lucerne scrutinized the heavily bandaged patient. “Who is it?”

“A member of the expedition that you are no doubt looking for.” Bailey replied in a monotone voice.

“Is he alive?”

“She, and yes she is alive. I also believe she has some interesting insight as to what happened here.”

Minutes later when Lucerne finally stepped out of the hovercraft, he walked over to Sheriff Hanley and ordered that Jamison be placed under arrest.

“What are you doing? I didn’t do anything!” Jamison screamed as the sheriff handcuffed him.

“Mr. Jamison, I have just received a statement from someone who claims that you are responsible for the deaths of six people in your expedition.” Lucerne declared.

“Who? That’s a lie! You can’t believe those nig . . .”

“Metzer. Does that name ring a bell to you Jamison?” Lucerne interrupted.

Jamison was so stunned he couldn’t even think. But he knew he was done for.

“She’s alive in that ship, and by the grace of God she’s going to be alive long enough to dance on your grave, you murdering waste of flesh!” Lucerne spat out.

With Jamison securely handcuffed, Sheriff Hanley instructed his deputy to remain on scene and was about to place Jamison in the police chopper.

“We’ve got more room in our chopper sheriff.” Lucerne said to Hanley. “And a couple more agents who can watch him.”

“Much appreciated,” Hanley said while marching Jamison to the FBI helicopter.

After Jamison was secured in the FBI helicopter, Lucerne walked back to the mystery vehicle where Bailey was still waiting.

“You never answered my question about this thing,” he said, looking up at the hovercraft.

Bailey stared at him but didn’t offer any information.

“I have a few more questions to add to that one if you don’t mind.” He was trying to figure out how to frame the question when he decided to just ask it. “Is there a city somewhere near here where more . . . more black people live?”

“Yes,” Bailey answered.

Lucerne was shocked at his answer. So much so that he felt he needed to keep on asking questions before Bailey clammed up.

“Would we find the organization known as the PAASG in that city?”

“Yes.”

“Do you know what happened to the rest of the bodies from that crash?”

Bailey looked over to the crash site. “Yes,” he said with sorrow in his voice.

“Can you take us to the city?”

“Yes.”

“Okay for me to bring a couple of my agents with me?”

“That will be fine.”

“You don’t have an abundance of things to say do you?” Lucerne asked.

Bailey again ignored Lucerne’s comment and stepped into the shuttlecraft. Lucerne then motioned to Rogers and Jerrick to join him. As the agents cautiously boarded the vehicle, Bailey sat down at the navigation console and sent a quick message to Director Day.

“Yes sir, three in total. I understand. We’ll be leaving momentarily.”

Once the agents were seated, the hovercraft took off leaving many astounded people staring after them.

Watching the craft disappear into the distance, the Douglas county sheriff walked over to Sheriff Hanley. “Who was that? More feds?”

After doing a quick visual of his prisoner in the FBI chopper, Sheriff Hanley turned his gaze skyward and said, “Offhand, I’d say a potential nightmare.”

## NIGHT SHIFT

“Area 36”

**Background:** Immediately after the FBI reported back to Washington on their trip into Memphis and subsequent meeting with the PAASG Director, the government dispatched agents from nearly every agency to establish “temporary” forward operating locations. Agency and bureau directors gave two standing orders to their field agents—*Maintain constant surveillance, and if possible, penetrate the city and collect intelligence on all operations and personnel.*

Even with the initial FBI report stating that there were “no observable means or intent for aggression” by the inhabitants, field agents were still ordered to form 24-hour surveillance and intercept teams. The intercept component was authorized by the FBI and charged with arresting or detaining personnel, confiscating equipment, software and documentation, or otherwise limiting or diminishing the inhabitant’s operational capabilities. In an effort to maximize the resources, the President established a mandate and an operations order for all agencies to share intelligence data equally and openly. It was the government’s first overt attempt at dismantling the New Cities and bringing the leaders and operators to “justice.”

The key component in the surveillance and intercept efforts was access. Government authorities wanted unrestricted access to Memphis, but the PAASG denied every request or demand for access to either the city itself or its residents. The PAASG did however temporarily deactivate the three and five-mile perimeter screens and the city’s cloaking capability leaving only the one-mile perimeter screen in operation.

Since Memphis residents used hovercraft for transportation, a road network within or outside the city was unnecessary. Likewise, there was no ground access to or from the city itself. Because of this inaccessibility, the government ordered the Air Force’s RED HORSE (Rapid Engineer Deployable Heavy Operational Repair Squadron Engineers) to build an emergency access road (designated TAC-1) that would extend from Memphis’ one-mile perimeter to the nearest highway (Kansas State Highway 36). This meant not only laying down a 10-mile concrete road, but also tunneling through a section of Carter’s Ridge. Once completed, this effectively allowed vehicular traffic for the federal agents to and from Memphis.

While the TAC-1 road network was underway, the RED HORSE team also constructed two helicopter landing and parking areas, as well as temporary personnel and support camps midway of the one and three-mile perimeters. All of this new construction was within quick access to the new TAC-1 road.

The camps were set up within specific “clear zones” in a 360-degree circular configuration outside the one-mile perimeter of the city. These clear zones allowed unobstructed views of the interior of the city from all angles. Lastly, once TAC-1 was complete, agents established a single point of entry to the camps to deny unauthorized personnel and unintended ground traffic.

Government supplies and equipment were airdropped to the support area and overflight operations were safely conducted as a result of cooperative measures between New City Security

forces and FBI agents. The entire operation including the city of Memphis, the new TAC-1 road and the surrounding support area was code-named *Area 36* by on-scene agents based on its proximity to Highway 36, the closest highway in the area.

IR Report 26-31A. Secured to disk. *Preliminary and collaborative analysis indicates Sector Nine is possibly a communications or power-related element. An increased concentration of low-level flying hovercraft was observed for three consecutive nights, and ground scarring was noted each successive day. Additionally, approximately 24 ten-meter poles were installed in an adjacent open area suggesting they will be a part of either a communication or power transfer array. Finally, at least 100 personnel and three suspended-air vehicles were observed in the sector with the number of personnel increasing on a daily basis.*

*Summary of activity is speculative, but indicative that the occupants of Memphis are either installing or reinforcing security or telecommunications in Sector Nine. This activity may or may not be due to external government presence. No preparations for equipment or personnel departure or aggressive activity were observed during this period. End report.*

“I hate doing these damn things!” Agent Koch said to his partner while slamming his laptop cover down. “I mean what are they going to do with these reports anyway?”

“You know the drill Frank; everything has to go in the database. They want to keep a record of whatever goes on out here, so if or when more of these cities pop up, we’ll know how to deal with them.” Agent Warner replied.

That set Koch off. “Deal with them? How? We can’t even get one foot inside the perimeter! Is this how we’re going to *deal with them*?” We’re just out here for show!”

Warner agreed, but he had his own concerns. “Speaking of dealing, how are we going to deal with those counter-terrorism guys? Every night they’re over here asking for information and what have they given us so far? —Zilch!”

Koch let out a loud sigh, “Chief says we got to work with them, but I’ll be honest, right now, I wouldn’t mind being one of them.”

Warner gave him a despicable look.

Koch whispered to his partner, “Do you know they get extra money for being out here? They get the Kansas per diem rate, *plus* they get their regular D.C. per diem. And if that wasn’t enough, they get a family separation allowance while they’re here too!”

Warner couldn’t believe it. “They get all that for the entire six months?”

Koch corrected his partner. “Six months? They don’t have to stay out here that long. They get to rotate every three months!”

“Meanwhile, we’re stuck out here for the six months with no extra pay or benefits. How do they get away with it?” Warner asked shaking his head.

Koch made it simple for him. “You know the CIA always has the best—the best benefits, the best assignments, the best promotion rates, even the best-looking women. They make the rules man.”

As they were venting, a man walked over to their position.

“Speak of the devil, and they rise.” Koch said quietly.

“Evening Koch, Warner.”

“Evening Shultz.”

“Anything?”

“Nothing out of the ordinary. Some lights flickering on and off in Sector Eight, but that’s all.” Warner said pointing eastward.

Schultz yawned loudly. “Good. Maybe I’ll get some sleep tonight.”

“Don’t count on it,” Koch said. “There’s always something going on out there. Last week, what’s his name from NSA caught something from a passing hovercraft. Wasn’t much, and they’re still trying to crack the code. They think it’s some kind of new language or something.”

Warner nodded and said, “Give it some time. Soon we’ll figure out what they’re saying and how to take those force screens down and . . .”

“And then what?” Koch asked.

Confidently, Warner replied, “Then we serve those monkeys and go home!”

Koch viewed the situation around him. From what he could see, there were at least fifty or so encampments of high-tech vans and trailers strategically placed in the areas around the city. Antennae dishes of every size and modular military shelters were deployed everywhere. And every night he could hear echoing voices from those other camps like they were on having a grown-up slumber party or scout retreat.

He didn’t like this assignment at all, and he especially didn’t like the premise of the whole thing. Spying on black people to steal technology was one thing, but trying to placate them was another. As far as he was concerned, the President had been too lenient with them. He should have given them an ultimatum to take the damn screens down or face the full might of the U.S. military and law enforcement systems. Why was the government treating them with kid gloves?

Koch didn’t believe himself to be a racist, but a realist. To him, the situation was clear—the PAASG had broken several substantive laws with that woman’s broadcast and somehow managed to evade any real punishment. He was hoping that once the situation was contained, the justice system could put everybody in that city where they belonged, in a jail or in a zoo. Either was fine with him. Koch wasn’t alone in his thinking, Warner’s temperament for example was just as similar, but neither CIA nor FBI policy allowed the open defamation of other races. He was forced to accept it, at least for right now.

Koch secretly spoke on this issue to his fellow deployed field agents and found many of them not only shared his opinions of Blacks but were also willing to do whatever it took to see them hang—literally. There was quiet talk of sabotage and even terrorist type attacks on either Memphis itself or against the families of Memphis residents who still lived in the outside cities.

Koch was excited by these ideas and was convinced that if enough anti-PAASG sentiment were generated throughout the country, the government could legally and forcibly make the PAASG bend to their will. Then all of that technology would be ingested into government and civilian programs for the betterment of the country, and he and the rest of these agents could go back to their regular duties and homes knowing they had stopped a probable insurrection.

Bird City Sheriff Dan Hanley was of a different mind about Memphis than Koch and his fellow agents. It was true he was from a small town, but since neither he nor most of his constituents had ever come face to face with a black person before, he didn’t carry many of the prejudices or preconceived notions regarding them. In fact, he had seen enough decadent

behavior from his so-called civilized, law-abiding White Christian townsfolk not to form negative opinions about any other race. Hanley and all of his townspeople also knew about the Jamison fiasco. Not only had he personally witnessed Jamison's malevolent handiwork, but he was there when the Memphis citizens delivered the remains of Jamison's colleagues to the authorities. Judging from the reverence they displayed for Jamison's team members, both dead and alive, Hanley believed them to be decent people, and he had no reason to distrust or hate them.

Hanley remembered very vividly the questions the Bird City reporter asked him during the Jamison episode. Unfortunately, he didn't have any answers for them at the time. Actually, he had the same questions as the reporters— "Why was this city here? And how did they manage to build such a colossal infrastructure without anyone in the surrounding area knowing about it?" No one had any real answers, but one thing he was sure of, the truth would come out eventually, and it might not be what some people wanted to hear.

He was also curious why the PAASG refused to speak to anyone about the incident over the last seven months. He thought that once the public knew about the city, they would come forth with substantial answers as to what was going on inside those force screens. But they remained as silent as a clam. Hanley was a patient man, and he was often quoted as saying, "If those folks don't want to talk yet, that's just fine with me, but when they're ready, we'll be right here."

As for agent Koch though, with each night shift he became increasingly agitated. One night as he watched Memphis settle in for the evening, something happened that pushed him over the edge. As hovercraft flight activity started dwindling, lights began popping up all over the city. Soon, an image was projected in all quadrants of the city. As if he were the only person privy to the spectacle, Koch yelled out to everyone in his camp, "Look, it's that damn queen woman!"

From his position, Koch could clearly see the curved projected images around the city. There was no sound, but he assumed the sound was piped into residences or the interior of the pyramid itself. He wished he could hear what was going on. She could have been directing an attack against them and they had no way of knowing about it. He looked around, and as far as he could see, every agent in the camp had his or her binoculars or small scopes out and was focused on the display.

Seconds later, there were bursts of light all over the city! Then more! They were shooting fireworks like the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. The images on the screens kept alternating with different people until the queen, a man, a woman and a small baby were the only figures. Then the queen stepped into the circle and they handed the baby over to her. She made a few small gestures over the child and everyone bowed their heads. The general consensus among the agents was a baptism or something similar was taking place.

Koch was seething. He had missed his daughter's fourth birthday party because he had to be out here. His wife understood, but it killed him to hear his daughter crying over the phone. Every second he spent watching the scene made his anger grow and his need for action multiply.

As much as he loathed this surveillance operation, Koch also realized the only way the government was going to order any kind of military or police action against the PAASG was if they thought they were a danger to the rest of the U.S. As little credit as he gave them, Koch

knew the PAASG wasn't stupid enough to do anything malicious or dangerous, and the prospect for this operation lasting months or years more was too much for him. With hate in his heart, he devised a plan to "liven and speed things up."

Koch was a student of history, and particularly he loved the pageantry, the cunning and unabashed power of the Nazis in Germany. He didn't necessarily like their goal of Jewish extermination, but he marveled at how quickly and powerfully they marshalled an entire country into a single voice for progression. It was from the Nazi playbook, specifically Operation Himmler, that he took a page from. Operation Himmler was a plan by the Nazis to create the appearance of Polish aggression against Germany, so they had justification to invade Poland. Koch formulated a plan similar to Operation Himmler with a similar outcome – war or invasion of the New City of Memphis and the eradication of the PAASG.

He drew on the support of several FBI, NSA and DIA agents from Area 36. Their plan was simple—kill or destroy something and make the PAASG the obvious suspect. Fortunately for him, he was in league with "patriots" who were masters of deceit and clandestine operations. Unfortunately, for the folks in Bird City, these patriots didn't care about them any more than the folks in Memphis.



Bird City was one of those small towns you either loved or hated. Because of the size of the town, the people were spirited and outgoing. Visitors were ushered in and welcomed but weren't necessarily encouraged to stay for any duration. The locals liked to keep things quiet and status quo.

Koch and his conspirators planned on upsetting the order of things by using one of the oldest forms of provocation—introducing disruptive outside forces into a small, quiet, rural community and watch the sparks fly. In this case, the disrupters were going to be black. Further, to get the most bang for their buck, they planned on doing this disruption during the city's annual Kansas Day Celebration.

Using their combined connections, Koch and other agents were able to strike deals with law enforcement officials in neighboring Nebraska to release a small number of black prisoners into their custody. To underscore the sad state of the U.S. penal system and the hatred of some people, these law enforcement officials eagerly agreed to Koch's plan, and as one deputy sheriff put it, "Hopefully none of them will come back alive."

The operation took a full month to come together, but Nebraska police flew the prisoners in by helicopter and provided the FBI agents with two unregistered Oldsmobile station wagons. At the drop-off point the agents and the police gave the prisoners their instructions and told them they would be fully pardoned once they "took care of business" in Bird City.

In addition to the ruckus the prisoners were scheduled to conduct, a couple of days prior, Koch and his cronies "hot-wired" portions of the town with explosives to include its single water tower, the Lutheran Church and several historic buildings. At specified times, they planned on setting off these explosives while the thugs simultaneously wreaked havoc in opposite ends of the

town. After the thugs were discovered, events would take their normal course and they would just wait for the inevitable outcome.

As was the town tradition, an hour before the Kansas Day celebration began, most of the city's populace was gathered at the town square for the mayor's speech and Pastor Benton's invocation. While hands were being shaken and greetings passed, fifteen black men and women wearing Egyptian-type attire entered Bird City. They drove wildly through the city park destroying all of the carefully and arduously planted roses, sunflowers and young tree saplings. When they reached the recreation area near the park's entrance, they dismounted the vehicles and set out on foot up Arley Avenue to the local government plaza. Outside city hall, they threw bottles of multi-colored liquid against the structure and broke at least twenty windows.

When they arrived at the town square, the citizens were so thunderstruck by what they saw they could barely move. The prisoners stormed through the square shouting anti-White rhetoric and boasting of New City power. As they neared the ceremonial stands, they started punching or shoving citizens. Grabbing the microphone from the still-stunned mayor, a prisoner screamed out, "Starting with Bird City, the PAASG is going to take back everything you took from us!" Laughing, they said it was the black man's form of eminent domain.

The Bird City citizens were as perplexed as they were angry at this invasion. Like the rest of the world, they found out about Memphis' existence after the Jamison incident. There had never been any contact with anybody in Memphis, let alone provocation, so why were they doing this? They didn't understand what was going on, but once they were over their initial shock, the locals went into action.

Outraged and terrified, the citizens summoned Sheriff Hanley. Unfortunately, the sheriff's consuming fascination with Memphis kept him camped out nightly at Area 36 with the federal agents, and by the time he responded to his radio, the *mêlée* was in full swing.

Without police presence, the local men took up arms. Reporters later recounted that many of the locals still tried to peacefully resolve the situation—that is until the first of Koch's explosions went off. Then all hell broke loose. Successive explosions mirrored rifle and handgun discharges as the citizens started shooting wildly at anyone with a dark skin pigmentation. Bird City mothers were shrieking at nearly at the same volume and pitch as car and building alarms for the shooting to stop so they could get their children to safety.

On Ames Street, two of the prisoners viciously attacked a teenage boy and beat him into unconsciousness while his younger sister helplessly watched. Falling onto her knees and begging for her brother's life, the girl spied a pistol on the ground nearby. But before she could get to it, one of the local wives, Mrs. Benton, ran over and picked up the firearm and fired it at the boy's assailants. They scattered like flies, but she managed to hit one of them. He fell to the ground, but she kept firing until the chamber was empty. Fortunately for the thug, Mrs. Benton had never picked up a firearm before let alone shoot one, so the only thing preventing his sure termination was her shaky hand.

Turning her attention away from the assailants, Mrs. Benton knelt down to tend to the girl's beaten brother. She laid the gun to the side and gently cradled the boy's head in her lap and started praying for him. Then she began praying for his sister and even for herself. This night had forever scarred their precious young minds and now she had to reevaluate her own life. What

manner of evil could make her want to shoot another human being? What's more, she felt a level of satisfaction from the act. How could she, a woman of faith, do something like this?

Then a horrible thought came into her mind. After this incident was over, what would the townspeople do to her family, and her husband particularly, once they learned of this? Would they demand for him to step down as pastor of the community? Would they force them to leave their beloved city and their family and friends? As she contemplated these thoughts, she looked over to one of the people responsible for her present dilemma—the man with the .38 slug in his shoulder laying in the street. He was crying out in excruciating pain. Watching and listening to him made her skin crawl and her stomach turn.

She carefully lowered the teen's head back onto the ground, picked up the gun, and walked over to the injured man until she was standing directly over him. She pointed the gun at his head. Even with her neighbors screaming and explosions and alarms echoing all around her, Mrs. Benton was at peace. She knew she had no more rounds left in the chamber, but it gave her extreme satisfaction to see the black man cry and beg for his life. It was then that she snapped out of her vengeance mode and realized she didn't need the citizens of Bird City to excommunicate her, she had already done so herself.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Hanley was pushing his police chopper to its limits trying to get back to his beloved town. All the while, he could hear the sounds of the battlefield on the police radio. He was near tears with anger at himself and fear of the possible outcome from the confrontation with the intruders.

Hanley mentally ran through police tactics he might use. He thought of the tear gas back in the weapons locker at the station but couldn't remember if it was even useable. Those three canisters had been sitting in the locker for nearly twelve years now and he was sure they had an expiration date or something.

As he systematically checked off items in his mind, he thought of the other weapons in the locker. He wasn't quite sure if he remembered how to properly use the Panther Carbine patrol rifle, or the M203 grenade launcher, or any of the other weapons since he never carried anything other than his .38. For the first time in his career, he regretted that the only training he received on these weapons was just the initial and not annual training. Crazy with anxiety, he couldn't even remember where the protective vests were stored.

Nearing the city limits, Hanley was sweating. Trying to recall the "*Shoot, Don't Shoot*" scenarios he learned in the police academy, he was a nervous wreck. How was he going to handle this situation? The last report he got from his deputy Sam was extremely vague. Sam didn't have any information on the perpetrators, estimate of damage, number of people hurt, or even if the attacks were still going on. In fact, it sounded like Sam was running away while he was transmitting.

Sherriff Hanley started swearing to himself. The whole town knew Sam wasn't a good choice for the deputy's position, but the mayor pressured him because Sam was a Mason and he wanted one of his Masonic brothers on the force. Now their poor choice was running around town more scared and confused than the rest of the citizens.

The beleaguered sheriff did a quick visual assessment from the air. He scarcely recognized his hometown. Fires were on nearly every block; windows were broken out and people were

running seemingly without purpose or direction. Just before landing on the helipad behind city hall, he saw the massacre of flowers, young trees and plants that had flourished for decades strewn about the city park. Some of those trees his mother had planted when he was a young boy.

Hanley landed, and upon seeing him exiting the chopper, a woman ran up to him and spat on him. In between cries of emotion, she said his incompetence and delay in arriving on the scene was the cause of the calamity. This was enough to temporarily displace Hanley's self-loathing, and in an instant, he regained his composure and courage. He took a deep breath, said a silent prayer, and started the manhunt.

As he cautiously walked the streets, he saw the situation had escalated beyond what he previously imagined. His heart sank. A thousand thoughts raced through his mind, but as his boots crunched down on broken window glass, the most prominent thoughts were of the responses he received from the federal agents just before he left Area 36, and how angry they made him.

Realizing he and his deputy couldn't possibly contain the situation, before he departed Area 36, Hanley stopped at a number of the federal trailers and pleaded for help. But the agents refused saying they had no jurisdiction in Bird City. Truthfully, they had no more jurisdiction in Area 36 than they did at Bird City, but nonetheless they were still camped out there by the hundreds.

Hanley was desperate. He needed help, even if none of the agents would join him in a firefight, they could at least try to communicate with the PAASG to stop the anarchy. But as far as he knew, there had been no attempt by any agent in contacting anyone in Memphis to reach any kind of arbitration, or at least to find out *why* they were attacking Bird City. When he questioned them about it, one agent actually got offended.

"What do you think we've been doing out here the last eight months?" the agent responded tersely. "We've tried everything to contact them, but they haven't responded, and they sure as hell ain't talking now!"

Hanley didn't believe a word the agent said, but he didn't have time to argue about it. He had to get back to his town to see if he could salvage what remained of it. After boarding his police helicopter Hanley once again contacted the nearby Wheeler and Douglas county sheriff departments for help.

Meanwhile, Koch and his partners were in constant communication with their disrupters, directing their actions and getting "blow-by-blow" reports. So far it seemed as though the operation was going extremely well. But just as the last explosion went off and his ruffians were about to hastily exit the city, Koch got the bad news—one of his thugs had been shot and taken prisoner.

This news sent the saboteurs into a complete frenzy. "If he starts talking, we're looking at twenty plus!" Agent Davenport growled to Koch.

"You don't think I know that? We've got to find him."

To justify his reason for going to Bird City to his non-conspiratorial FBI agents, Koch preached the obvious, "Look, our job is to monitor Memphis and its citizens. Well, if some of the citizens are in Bird City then I think that gives us special dispensation to go in!"

Koch wasn't at all interested in helping the citizens of Bird City, and he figured if he mobilized a couple of his cronies, the non-conspiratorial FBI agents would be less likely to follow suit because they were unwilling to leave their comfortable trailers and now lethargic routines. Most of them gave Koch the expected lazy, "you've got this" pep talk, while slurping a soda or returning to their magazines. Like Koch, for the most part, they were all angry they had to be out here and weren't willing to do a single thing above what their standard job description called for.

After issuing and checking weapons and ammunition, Koch and his collaborators piled into their SUV's and sped off on TAC-1 to the infected town. When they arrived in Bird City, they were surprised at the low-levels of activity. The scene wasn't as dismal as Hanley had reported, but still, if one could imagine a decent small town suddenly turned topsy-turvy, this would be it. Koch suggested they split the agents into two groups to track the thugs inside and outside the city.

By this time, most of the citizens had retreated to their homes, but there was still about a dozen or so being assisted by either medical techs or neighbors on the sides of the main road. The agents searched throughout the town, and Koch carefully and singularly questioned the people he saw on the streets about his missing criminal. Without any leads, he took to going door to door. He was just about to ring Reverend Benton's doorbell when he received a message from one of his agents.

"The deputy says one of the townspeople saw the criminals leaving in two station wagons about twenty minutes ago."

"What direction?" Koch asked.

"North."

Koch immediately radioed Hanley and relayed the same information to him.

"Sherriff get on Highway 36 north and floor it! You should still be able to catch up to them!" Koch yelled into the mic.

Koch was playing his role to the hilt. Even before he arrived in Bird City, he diverted his thugs to a secondary dirt road west of Bird City. He figured Hanley would barrel down Highway 36 for at least half an hour until he realized the criminals might have used the east-west secondary road. By then, the criminals would have reached their rendezvous point with the escape chopper and be well on their way back to Nebraska.

With the exception of the missing man, everything had gone according to plan. Amazingly, none of Koch's collaborators cared about what would erupt from an unprovoked attack on a white town by a black mob. Koch in particular was only concerned with his own agenda. He sincerely believed that in the aftermath the government not only would be forced into shutting down Area 36 and any other future New Cities, but they might also take steps to squash the Awakening as a whole. That made Bird City expendable in his eyes. It was for the greater good.

This was just the beginning for Koch. He was willing to do whatever it took to wake White America up. He detested the white kids who mimicked black culture, and he loathed the tolerance liberal whites gave blacks just so they could "understand" them. But most of all, he hated whites who appeased blacks by allowing them to be a part of the white world just because they didn't want a confrontation. He believed wholeheartedly that blacks had no place around

decent white people, and while some of them were now separated with these *Nuisance Cities*, their pretense of being high and mighty and above whites was intolerable. Maybe this was the first step in putting things back the way they should be.



Prior to everything that transpired in his town, Sheriff Hanley was prone to disbelieve many things, UFO's, ghosts and magic being the most prevalent. But tonight, he definitely couldn't believe what he was hearing. And just as sure as a new day was about to begin in Bird City, Doris Benton and her husband Reverend Robert Benton were standing in his office and delivering what had to be the shock of a lifetime.

"You shot one of them?" Hanley asked incredulously.

Mrs. Benton replied with her head hung down. "Yes, I had to."

Hanley stood up and walked around to the front of his desk. "Where is he now?"

Reverend Benton spoke up. "He's at our house recuperating."

"He's in your house right now?"

"Yes, Dan," Reverend Benton replied. "Where else could I take him? I'm pretty sure none of the doctors or nurses in town would have treated him. He lost a great deal of blood and I couldn't let him die."

"If he lost so much blood how could you treat him in your house? You don't have facilities to do that, do you?" Hanley asked confused.

"No, we asked Mrs. Perry from the clinic to come over with one of those Atrium blood recovery systems they used during that bad storm in '93. She's a good woman and she promised not to say anything to anyone. We did the right thing Dan, the Christian thing."

The sheriff pondered what he had just heard. "It may have been the Christian thing to do, but if anybody else in this town finds out what you did—well, we just can't let that happen!"

Mrs. Benton finally spoke up. In a soft voice she said, "That's not all Dan. He knows who was really behind the attack."

"We know who it was. It was them!" Hanley said, pointing in the direction of Memphis.

They both shook their heads.

"No? Who then?"

When they told him, Hanley couldn't believe his ears. It was one of the biggest shocks of his life.

"So what do we do now?" Mrs. Benton asked.

"The first thing is to get him the hell out of here!" Hanley said louder than he wanted.

"Where? He told us he's from North Omaha." Reverend Benton said.

"Then I suggest you two take a couple or three days to get him there. I'll make sure the kids are taken care of." Hanley proffered.

"Where are we supposed to take him? Reverend Benton asked.

"Take him to a hospital, police station, anywhere, I don't care, but get him the hell out of Bird City!" Hanley said in desperation.

Reverend Benton knew the sheriff was right. And although he would have preferred to have the support and help from his friend, he accepted the fact that this was something only he and his wife could take care of.

“Thanks Dan, we’ll call you when we get back.” Mrs. Benton said walking to the door.

Hanley walked around his desk and sat down heavily in his chair. “I hate to say this, but you might want to think about moving away from Bird City after you get back.” he said gravely.

Mrs. Benton was distressed. Her previous fears were now realized. “Why? Everything will be all right. No one will know.” she said almost crying.

“Things like this have a habit of finding their way to the surface Doris. Mrs. Perry might eventually say something, or maybe somebody saw you take him into your house. Any number of other things could happen. But I guarantee you someone will find out, and they will have every reason to want to retaliate against you and him.”

The Bentons said nothing as they left the sheriff’s office. Once in the street, Reverend Benton turned to his wife. “No matter what Doris, we’re in this together, whether it’s here in Bird City or wherever the Lord may lead us.”

She took his hand and gently rubbed it across her face. His strength was her strength now, and it empowered her for what she knew they had to do.

Just before dawn, Koch and his boys were still looking and still lacking. Tired and hungry, he sat down on an empty bench near the Kansas Day grandstand and watched as smoke from a recently extinguished fire swirled in the distance. He smiled for a second as he imagined the look on the citizens’ faces when those hoodlums burst in on their celebration. Then just as abruptly, the smile disappeared as the thought of the missing thug resurfaced.

Koch kept thinking to himself, “Where could he be? If he’s dead, that’s fine, but if he’s alive . . .”

Koch’s train of thought was interrupted as a car sped down the street. It appeared out of control as it almost ran down one of his agents who was crossing the street. The agent shouted a string of obscenities while jumping out of the way, but not slowing in the least, the car continued to barrel down the street and soon squealed around the corner.

Instinctively, Koch sought the license plate number, but the vehicle was moving too fast to catch the digits. He almost dismissed the incident, but something about that car speeding down the main street this early in the morning bothered him. Concentrating hard, he still couldn’t remember the numbers, but he did recall a couple of religious symbols plastered over the trunk. Seeing that the agent was uninjured, he let the thought slip into obscurity. It didn’t occur to him that this incident was greatly significant, but a few hundred miles and seven hours later, it would mean everything to him.

Using the last remnants of darkness, the Bentons smuggled their wounded captive out of their home and into their car. Before he started the engine, Reverend Benton and his wife said a prayer for safety and deliverance. Though he believed he was calm, the good reverend was as nervous as anyone in his situation would be. He wanted this to be finished with, so adrenalin and necessity took over. And as such, he made many errors in judgment—excessive speeding, swerving unnecessarily, not looking for pedestrians, and not paying attention to crosswalks and yield signs.

Up until now, the Bentons were sure their actions hadn't been discovered, but a near accident with a crossing pedestrian threatened to expose them and their plans. As he sped around the corner onto 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue, Reverend Benton tried to recall the face of the man he nearly hit. Benton knew everyone in Bird City, and this man wasn't anyone he had ever seen before. He dismissed the incident. He had other things to worry about now.

As they crossed the county line, Mrs. Benton mused over the unbelievable circumstances that had turned hers and her husband's life completely upside down in just a matter of hours. One minute she was lighting a candle on the celebration platform, and the next minute she was driving a black criminal to Nebraska after he helped to nearly destroy her town. If the situation weren't so grave, she might have found humor in it.

James Turner found no humor in any of this though. He knew what was waiting for him back in Omaha. Like most criminals, Turner had no remorse for what he had done in Bird City. He rationalized everything he did in life as need-driven, and at the time when the Omaha deputy approached him, what he needed was freedom. But now as he lay in the back seat of the Benton's car, he had a dismal reminder that freedom comes with a price. The slug in his shoulder was nothing compared to what he would get when his fellow gang members found out that he had snitched on them.

As the Bentons drove through the night, Turner plotted how he could take over the vehicle and make his escape, but the intense stabs of pain through his entire left side reminded him that he was in no condition to challenge any one person, let alone two. He regretted his confession earlier at the Bentons' house. He only did it because the Bentons and the nurse were easing his pain. At that time he would have sold both his and his mama's soul for a pain-free moment.

While driving, the Bentons placated Turner with assurances of his safety once he reached Omaha, but the streets and the police placed a heavy fine on snitching, and unlike the Bentons, it was unforgiving. He was screwed any way he turned. Either his gang would get him, or the police and FBI would silence him for revealing their involvement.

Switching over every three hours, the Bentons arrived in Omaha almost at noon the next day. Undoubtedly turning into one of the most unusual and dysfunctional road trips ever, Rev. Benton stopped at a McDonalds drive-thru for lunch. Even Turner thought it was a bit over the top, but didn't balk at getting the Big Mac sandwich they bought for him.

Eating while driving, the reverend said a short prayer to bless the sustenance and for the wisdom to know what to do next. As if an answer to his prayers, just three blocks away from Mickey D's was the South Omaha police department. Fearing Turner might try to escape after seeing their destination, Reverend Benton wisely sent his wife into the police station while he waited outside with Turner.

When the two large police officers came out to escort Turner, the reverend was relieved. It was done. Now all that remained perhaps was some paperwork and they could go back home and try to piece together what was left of their lives. Maybe Sheriff Hanley was wrong and their fellow Bird City citizens would never find out about this little escapade. He was sure God would see them through.

But less than a minute after his wife started giving her statement, the reverend gave up any hope of continuing a normal life back in Bird City. The plan was for the couple to corroborate

each other's statement that they found Turner on the side of the road in Bird City. After tending to his wounds and Turner revealing where he was from, they were returning him to Omaha before any Bird City citizen could do him any further harm. They would also tell the police the same thing they told Hanley—it was the Christian thing to do. But in one unbelievable minute, Doris not only told the police that she shot Turner, but she also told them everything she learned from Turner, including the identities of the architects of the calamity.

Reverend Benton could only stand there and listen to the voice he had cherished so much over the years—the voice that sang in the church choir and lifted its congregation, the voice that sang to and soothed their children, and the voice that even after 17 years still sounded like a melodic breeze. Now she was singing like a jailbird to a different congregation, and when she was done, instead of applause or amens, the response was dispassionate but forceful as they led her down the hall to prisoner containment.



The phone lines at every bureau station were jammed. Offices were trying their best to relay information about the Bird City tragedy, and since the only agents who actually witnessed the events were Koch's collaborators, there was only one story – domestic terrorism. By the time the reports reached the Situation Room in the White House, there was little doubt what the first slide to be briefed at the President's morning brief would say.

Director Foster of the Central Intelligence Agency was the first to get reports on the incident, and he was the first to order his agents back out to Bird City to get the whole story. At the morning brief, he conferred with his agency counterparts and recommended they do the same. Foster didn't necessarily disbelieve any of the accounts, but none of it made any sense to him. Why would the PAASG send their people out to attack a small town? In fact, why would *any* black person want to invade a small white town knowing what the reaction would be? As far as he understood, the PAASG had no motive for such actions, nor did they stand to gain anything from the tragedy. In a word, he saw a "setup" in progress.

Even with all the ongoing world crises, Bird City made the top of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs and President Walker's intelligence briefings. The same question was asked at both sessions—why?

When asked his opinion, Foster's remarks were right on target. "Someone is trying to make an enemy out the PAASG. And from the look of it, they're willing to go to great lengths to do so."

With senior military and civilian executives of color in the room, Foster didn't expand much on the topic, but his point was well taken.

Warren Christopher, a senior Department of Defense intelligence analyst posed two questions following Foster's comment. "If someone is trying to frame the PAASG, why haven't they contacted anyone to try to set the record straight? Secondly, and most importantly, why didn't they offer to help catch the people responsible or do anything to stop the catastrophe in Bird City once it started?"

Another analyst offered an answer. “You’re assuming they knew about what was going on in Bird City aren’t you? How could they react to something they didn’t know about?”

“But once they learned of the incident, why didn’t they come forth and offer some kind of explanation or assistance, especially since they were the ones being vilified.” Christopher countered.

Everyone sat back in those expensive leather chairs and pondered those questions. The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs had a suggestion. “In order to fully find out what happened out there, I think *we* at our level need to initiate a dialogue with the PAASG instead of us waiting on them. I’m also inclined to say I think we went about the whole Memphis thing wrong from the very beginning. Instead of monitoring them like criminals, we should have tried to talk openly with them to see what their true intentions were. If this Bird City thing was indeed their handiwork, maybe it could have been prevented.”

“But let’s not forget they *did* act like criminals with that broadcast. We didn’t treat them any differently than any other organization that violates the law!” Christopher emphatically stated.

“There is a big difference though,” the CJCS continued. “This is a very powerful organization, and we don’t know exactly what we’re dealing with yet. We don’t want to make enemies out of somebody holding that big of a stick.”

Most of the room was in agreement with that statement. Sadly, there were no comments, admonishments or suggestions from the people of color in that forum. In most scenarios involving political or social problems they were quite vocal, but this one hit home. Even if they had a response to these comments, they weren’t very likely to openly verbalize them. From their own accounts, the issue of race still paralyzes many professional Blacks in almost any environment, and at any level.

President Walker was confused. “Well, how *do* we get in touch of these people? Do they have phones, faxes, carrier pigeons, what? They’ve got to have something we can contact them with!”

“Not as far as we know sir. No one has ever contacted them. *They* do the contacting.”

“Yes, so we’ve seen,” the President replied dryly.

Director Foster offered a suggestion. “Why don’t we have some of our people at the site try to contact them again? Maybe they can attract their attention with signs or something.”

Finally, one of the black intelligence agency representatives spoke up. With a touch of sarcasm she said, “I’m sure if we start dismantling those camps outside the city, that could certainly help open up a dialogue.”

Whether he caught the sarcasm or not, the President was in total agreement. “Hell yes, that’s a great idea! Start recalling those agents immediately! I don’t want a single person left out there by next Wednesday!”

“This is absurd Mr. President! It’s not like they’re on Mars or something. Why can’t we communicate with them?” Christopher argued.

One of the black officers muttered to himself, “That’s been the problem all these years, you idiot. We’ve *never* really been able to communicate with each other.”

“So, we’re agreed that they didn’t have anything to do with the Bird City attacks?” Foster asked, changing the subject.

“It’s agreed that until we know for sure, we will afford them reasonable doubt,” the President replied. “If they’re found guilty, we will deal with them appropriately. Right now, the most important thing is getting help and answers to those folks in Bird City, and then to find the ones responsible for the attacks.”



PAASG Director Charles Day had just finished reviewing the weekly activity report when he received a visit from the Legal Council’s lead arbiter.

“Sir, we’ve got the prep work on the Bird City case completed. When would be a good time for me to come by so you can review the points we have so far?”

“Actually John, you can put that on hold for right now.”

“On hold? We *are* still planning to continue with the current defense strategy, aren’t we?”

“Yes, but for right now we’re going to let the Kansas and U.S. legal and law enforcement systems handle it.”

“Handling it for whom—for us or them?”

“For all concerned.”

“Sir, we both know they’re not going to be looking out for *our* interests. They’re looking for someone to crucify. We need to be actively involved in all facets of this case!”

“And we will be, just not initially. Queen Tamaket and I agree that it’s best that we let them do the investigating. We don’t want to seem like we’ve had any opportunity to tamper with evidence or testimony.”

“Not even if it means we can clear ourselves?”

“And exactly how do we do that John? Do we present some incredible evidence that miraculously places every Memphis resident in the Caribbean at the time of the attacks? Or maybe we can have all thirty hundred thousand of us go through a police lineup to see if the locals can clear us.”

John was surprised by Day’s sarcasm.

“I’m sorry, but for the moment, we’re going to do nothing except hope the police and government agents are doing their best. I fervently believe the truth will come out.” Day concluded.

“And if somehow it comes out to the contrary?” John asked.

“Have faith,” Day replied. “That’s what’s gotten us this far.”

For the most part, the citizens of Memphis kept a silent and civil attitude during the investigations, but when the full story of the Bird City attacks went public, they went into a rage. They were already angry because the government had put listeners at their very “doorstep,” but now they were livid that rogue agents were able to perpetrate such a vile plot against them right at those very same doorsteps.

They were especially angry because Koch had partnered with people from other federal agencies and law enforcement to carry out the plot. Not to intimate the entire federal government or all police departments, but those agents had support from elevated and lateral portions of those agencies during that operation, and that greatly disturbed them. While they were rightly angry at those responsible, they were just as upset at the PAASG leadership's lack of intervention during and after the incident.

The continued contempt for peaceful co-existence, even when separated, and the apparent disregard for human life and property caught many New City inhabitants completely unaware. Concentrating on an invulnerable exterior and forgetting about the very vulnerable human factor both inside and outside of those force screens threatened to cripple the new society. Nonetheless, it was a valuable warning that prepared the New Cities for a future incident that promised to be their most challenging encounter.

## THE FIRST INTERVIEW

(Submitted by Julia Smith, National Journalism Award winner)

ENSURE THIS RECEIVES THE WIDEST POSSIBLE DISSEMINATION!

*The first press conference by a member of the Preservation of the African-American Steering Group will be given on Sat. 2 May 1997 at the John F. Kennedy Stadium @ 11:00 a.m. The topics will be the scope and nature of the New Cities, plans for future expansion and a visual tour of the New City of Memphis. All crews are to be in place no later than 11:30 p.m., Fri. 1 May. Complete video, still and sound checks will be completed by 6:00 a.m. the morning of the 2nd. Contact team chiefs for further details/updates.*

This was an email that flooded the news service desks at the Philadelphia Gazette Telegraph. Similar messages were generated throughout the country, and reporters were scrambling to get equipment and crews to our nation's capital to make the deadline. The notification was given five days before the actual event, and because there was much anticipation over this event, nothing was left to chance.

WITH THE PRESIDENT'S ORDER to withdraw all federal agents from Area 36, a gaping hole was left in intelligence gathering and reporting regarding Memphis. It also made for a potentially dangerous safety situation. While the agents were on-scene, no one was permitted within miles of Highway 36 or TAC-1, but with their departure, it was necessary to establish stringent safety protocols. Memphis Security for example, initiated hourly patrols of the city's natural security barrier, vis-à-vis the hilly terrain of Carter's Ridge, to keep people from trying to access the city on foot. Additionally, TAC-1 was closed off indefinitely by sealing off the tunnel and posting warning signs, barriers and beacons sporadically on the relevant portion of the road. Most importantly, to restrict any potential aerial mishaps, the FAA and local commercial aviation offices declared the airspace fifteen miles around Memphis a "no-fly" zone.

As hoped, after withdrawal of the government agents, PAASG Director Charles Day contacted President Byron Walker and asked for a face-to-face meeting. As reported, the meeting was extremely successful, and as an action item, the President asked the Director to give a national press conference to explain the confusion surrounding the PAASG and the Awakening. Day was excited about this forum, and additionally, he saw this as the perfect opportunity to further emphasize the PAASG non-involvement in the Bird City incident.

Although the PAASG was totally exonerated from any involvement thanks to Doris Benton and Marcus Turner's testimonies, those offices of the federal government and police departments whose members *were* involved failed to acknowledge or punish them. This was expected, but disappointing. In most cases, police departments cover up or mitigate wrong-doing by their officers. The FBI was no different. Therefore, this press conference was really needed to set the record straight.

Hours before the event, stations were checked to exhaustion. One might wonder why so much importance was placed on this particular press conference, but the reasons were many. Besides the obvious curiosity about this new and surreptitiously built city occupied by a single race, there was the not so obvious meaning *behind* the actual project and what the future held for people both in and outside that city.

Twenty-five minutes prior to airtime, reports of an unidentified small craft approaching Washington D.C. alerted military and civil air patrol units. When two of the Navy's F-18's flanked the vehicle, it stopped completely in midair, much to the consternation of the fighter pilots who had to constantly circle the object to keep it under surveillance.

Minutes later, a message was sent from the Pentagon to Bolling Air Force Base stating the vehicle and its occupants were part of an envoy from the PAASG headquarters and were on an approved route and itinerary. With that confirmation transmission, the jets resumed normal escort formation albeit awkwardly, and the craft continued on its course.

In an interview after the event, PAASG shuttle pilot Randall Hughey said, "It was like we were being followed by a metropolitan police unit. And you know how that is for black people especially. Although we had nothing to worry about because of our shields, we still didn't give them any reason to open fire on us.

Hughey continued, "After we received special clearance and landing instructions, we sped up a bit, but still proceeded at a moderate, deliberate pace. I've heard people say they thought we juggled our speed to irritate the pilots, but Director Day ordered us to comply completely with all FAA regulations, and he specifically ordered 'no showboating of any kind.'"

The hovercraft completed its instructed route and silently landed on a platform in the middle of the Bolling Air Force Base parade field. Meanwhile, at the JFK stadium, hundreds of news reporters, cameramen and technicians were infuriated when they realized the shuttle landed at Bolling. No one had informed them of the change. As the grumbling crews began dismantling their equipment for the trip cross-town, the shuttle bay doors were just about to open.

Though not altogether obvious, the change in venue was probably a very necessary one. The PAASG Director and officials from the FBI initially chose JFK as the most likely site for the interview, but at the last minute decided to change the location to limit public access to potential violent mobs. Other than assigned personnel, very few people had access to a military base, and this presented a viable secure option.

Military, government and civilian event coordinators informed a small number of news agencies to represent the total media presence. In fact, only ten national newspapers, two international correspondents and the base's own newspaper representative were chosen to be on hand for the interview.

Other than news reporters, as expected, the bulk of the attendees were military or government intelligence analysts. They were mandated to gather technical information from any display or oratory for further examination. In addition to the intelligence analysts, military public affairs office representatives were on hand to dissect the information that would eventually be distributed to the general public.

The Bolling Security Police Squadron only numbered 250 to include the Honor Guard, but they could easily manage a crowd of about 500 with no problem. Between the military analysts,

the reporters, and local city officials, the crowd was relatively small. But like anywhere else, the base populace got wind of the event and clamored to the parade field. Though still not much of a problem with the swelling numbers, the base police cordoned off the area for safety.

The crowd was relatively quiet when the PAASG shuttle came into sight. Only the sound of the hovering base media helicopter was distinguishable. After the shuttle touched down, reporters converged on the platform to inspect and photograph the craft at close range. After a silent okay from the senior Security Police officer, the SP's relaxed their cordon and allowed portions of the crowd to gather closer.

For several minutes there wasn't any activity around the shuttle, then suddenly, the shuttle doors opened. Quickly and nimbly, two ladies of Amazon stature stepped out of the shuttle and scanned the immediate area. From their gestures and the staffs they brandished, it was obvious they wanted people to back away from the craft. Without hesitation or argument, nearly everyone quickly backed away from the platform, even the armed SP's. When they were satisfied with their space requirements, the guards took positions on either side of the shuttle doorway.

A few seconds later, a man stepped out. He was immaculate in a white robe with gold trim around the neck and sleeves. Many recognized him immediately as the man of importance who translated the queen's oratory during her televised message. He held a small white tablet in his right hand, and a smaller object in his left.

The guards made a crisp right face. Not quite in synch, the man made a lazy right face. Together, they formed a procession and slowly walked towards a podium some ten yards away with a guard at his front and his rear.

Although the trio was now completely away from the hovercraft, people were still gathered around it undoubtedly waiting to see if maybe the queen would emerge. But when the shuttle doors didn't reopen, and it was evident that she was not onboard, they turned their attention to the procession, which by now had arrived at the podium.

The guards took strategic positions on either side of the podium at specific angles to ensure the maximum surveillance of the crowd. When they gave the gentleman a nod of approval, he addressed the microphone, activated his tablet and began with a greeting.

"Good morning, my name is Jon Connors. As the senior spokesman for the Preservation of the African-American Steering Group and the citizens of Memphis, I am pleased to be here with you today. Before I begin, I would like to offer a short prayer."

He bowed his head and quietly said, "Lord, we thank you for this day, and for your many blessings. Grant us the light of your wisdom as we seek understanding and truth here in this forum. We do this in your name and in the spirit of brotherhood. Amen."

Then Connors addressed the crowd, "Now I know you probably have a couple of questions about our organization and our society." Connors said with a little laugh. "As I progress through my briefing, I will hopefully answer most of those questions, but I'm sure there'll be many more. Once I've finished with the information portion of the briefing, I'll open it up for a Q&A session."

"Let's begin with why we chose to have this press conference. The most important reason for this gathering is to quell the misrepresentations and fears about our community that might have arisen from inaccurate or biased coverage in the media or from word of mouth."

“Let me start off by saying that neither the PAASG nor our movement is trying to divide or cripple this country. What we *are* is a people who are desperately trying to repair our own deficiencies, strengthen our family ties, and root out violence and apathy.

“Many of the topics I’m about to cover, you may have heard before, but I want to re-emphasize them. The matter of our separation is not a matter of race—it’s a matter of cleansing. We know our American society is polluted with immorality, but there is a deeper, more hideous presence that threatens us all, and it resides in every corner of our society. That presence is the absence of God in our lives. We believe this country must return to its religious roots in order to once again be blessed with prosperity and peace, and we must also return to an elemental respect for each other. This can’t happen while anyone, regardless of their race, remains in these troubled cities. The evil and greed is too deeply entrenched in our society for us to change from within. Therefore, our separation is not from any race. It’s the immorality, decadence and impurity that yes, we collectively contributed to, that we have opted to separate from. If left unchecked, these things will divide and destroy us all.

“As to the selected population of Memphis and future New Cities, I say this - the goal of the PAASG is to re-establish the unity and brotherhood of the African-American family, and offer them an attractive, rewarding and thriving lifestyle and existence. We offer a safe and secure environment free from weapons, drugs, and other negative forms of influence. And since the African-American comprises a very large percentage of troubled America, and is in constant turmoil, we are focusing our efforts on them first. Once this goal is accomplished, we can then turn our attention to our brothers and sisters of other races and offer whatever assistance we can to help them.

“Regarding the theme of our cities, there are two reasons we chose the Egyptian theme. First, it was an easy way for people to identify with us. Even from childhood, most people on this planet can identify the pyramids, the culture and the people associated with it. This common identification is the first step in opening and building a meaningful dialogue with the rest of the world.

“To elaborate further, the Egyptian theme is an essential and meaningful connection point for us. Most people in this country are still taught that Egypt is somewhere in the Middle East. But in fact, this ancient civilization full of its historical wonders, is and has always been located in northern Africa. If you are in doubt, I challenge you to look for it on a map or globe. Egypt predates European birth and influence by many millennia, and long before there was a Greece or Rome or an England or France, the African countries of Egypt, Kush, Punt and Timbuktu were the centers of learning, culture, science, trade and medicine. We have been taught otherwise for generations to the detriment of African descended people in this country. And this is something we have to change, especially for our children. They need to know their history does not begin in America as slaves, but as great builders, explorers, mathematicians, architects, and the progenitors of culture that is still envied, copied and endures to this day. Most importantly, they need to know they are the progenitors of ALL mankind, and that fact alone grants them greatness by birthright.

“The second reason for the choice of an Egyptian theme, and just as important as the first is we have a citizen in our society whose heritage dates back to Egypt’s Old Kingdom. No doubt

most of you have already seen her. She is Tamaket Abd el-Aal wa, our spiritual leader—our queen.

“I’m sure many of you think that honoring a queen while serving God is contradictory or ridiculous. We look upon our queen as someone who guides us mentally and spiritually in our daily efforts much the same as a pastor or counselor. But unlike any other religious leader, Queen Tamaket just happens to hail from one of the oldest and most respected cultures in human history, and her lineage is well documented. She brings with her thousands of years of knowledge and wisdom to help teach, guide, correct and inspire us. Her presence, history and knowledge quite simply embodies the very spirit of our people.

Mr. Connors spoke for forty-five minutes on the promise and hope of the PAASG, the Awakening and their ideals. As expected, when he was finished, there was a deluge of questions. He faithfully remained and answered every single question to the satisfaction of its asker. This took an unprecedented two and a half hours. At the end of the interview, Connors, who still appeared to be in excellent spirits and full of energy, set the small object he had been holding in his left hand on the podium and pressed a button on it.

“I would now like to edify what you may have already seen on the news or through other media. I’ll navigate you through a short presentation and again answer any questions you may have.”

A second or two later, the large presentation screen behind the podium became alive with vibrant imagery. Connors said simply, “Welcome to our home.”



The first glimpse of Memphis left my mouth agape. There it was, not some fantasy movie or ideological passage in a book, it was really there! I watched with astonishment and tremendous pride as the city came into view. This was the collective effort of *our* people. We had produced something wonderful and it was all about us. It wasn’t European or Asian, and again I say it was all about us! Sometimes it seems we have so little to be proud of, so when something extraordinary does happen, it needs to be shouted from the highest mountaintop. In this case, the screams should have been earth shattering!

A slick 3D fly-through whisked you around the city on a whirlwind tour through the parks, over the lakes, around and into some of the citizen’s homes. It was kind of cheesy how people waved at you like you were really there, but I loved it. The city itself seemed to be quite small. There weren’t any factories, strip malls, gas stations or anything I was used to seeing in a typical city, just huge plots of greenery, rich, beautiful and diverse flora, and hundreds of gleaming white oval and rectangular shaped buildings. There were at least four medium-sized lakes that I counted and at least two large outdoor amphitheaters.

The entire complex seemed so inviting, but of all the feelings I experienced, the one that best describes the scene was tranquility. Here, there was tranquility from life’s ancillary problems like constant and unnecessary noise, incessant and annoying building development, crime, overcrowding and pollution. Here, there was peace.

Besides tranquility, the other predominant feeling I experienced was one of true accomplishment and purpose. The people who built this city didn't seem like they reveled in greed or self-edification. From what I had just seen, they seemed more interested in natural beauty, form, and function. This city was about uplifting Man and his quest for spiritual expression and completion.

A special treat was circling the pyramid. This is the structure the FBI primarily focused on, and for good reason. It was the focus of all the activity in the city. The place was teeming with hundreds of people in colorful garb, huge movie-like screens that were displaying musical events or advertisements, hovercraft prepping for flight, and dancers or performers just about everywhere.

The interior of the pyramid was multi-leveled, and each level except the shuttle port level contained large open communal and dining areas, small ponds and recreation areas. There was also what looked like shops and places of worship on other levels.

Each level contained rows of adorned white marble columns with gold figures or writing etched in them that seemed both familiar and foreign. Throughout the entire pyramid there were carved reliefs in marble, porcelain and alabaster, and if I imagined it hard enough, I could almost smell either cyprinum (a combination of henna, cardamom, cinnamon, myrrh and southernwood) or mendesian (a combination of myrrh and cassia) permeating the air like a fresh summer evening.

The fly-through explored nearly every level of the pyramid. In certain areas like the small museums, it even paused, allowing the viewer to appreciate some of the artwork and sculptures. I've seen similar presentations that used digital and simulated imagery, digital terrain elevation data, and computer graphics, but this particular "ride" wasn't at all like those pixelized or unexacting, faked presentations. This was real! It was like someone tapped into the mind's eye and you felt like you were banking and rolling on a fantastic flying carpet.

As promised, when he was done with this presentation, Mr. Connors allowed for more questions. The majority of the questions of course were about the technology used to construct the city, the hovercraft and other marvels. These questions he declined from answering by tactfully stating he didn't have the technical expertise to correctly answer them. He probably was in earnest with this explanation, but I'm sure that even if he did, he wouldn't or couldn't reveal the information.

At the end of the interview, Connors and his guards returned to their shuttle and silently glided back into the skies followed by their noisy jet escorts and the clamorous base information chopper. As I looked around me, I saw multiple expressions on people's faces—pride, disbelief, confusion, shock and even anger. For many of us in attendance, this was a moment of pride to be sure, but for others, well, you can guess how they must have felt.

The PAASG's first interview seemed to go over fairly well, but sometimes it's hard to judge a person's reaction when faced with the unknown, or when a familiar becomes the unknown. In this case, the media's incessant projection of the drug and crime-ridden, self-mutilating, angry, compensation seeking African-American was nowhere to be seen in Memphis or in Connor's interview. Blacks had now become an unknown with a fear factor attached with

these new revelations. As intrigued as the country was with Memphis, it was also seen as possibly the ultimate trouble source.

Some people may have been slightly correct in those estimations, because concurrent with the First Interview, the PAASG's clandestine earth extraction operations were going full force in Africa. From the cradle of civilization, the PAASG was about to springboard into a position of power, affluence and influence that dwarfed even their greatest expectations.

## SYNERGY!

*“To even presume we can change the world in any regard without substantial financial influence is absurd, and absurdity is the product of ill-preparedness, stubbornness or foolishness. Which one applies to us?” - Alfred Bennett Jr., Chief Advisor, PAASG Financial Council*

ONE OF THE PAASG’S GRANDEST VISIONS was to develop and grow robust relationships with selected countries where black and brown people were the majority. This vision also included strengthening ties with black people in countries like Canada and England where they were the minority and more than likely economically, socially or politically under-represented. They determined the best way to accomplish this would be to offer economic relief to these countries (especially the impoverished ones) by forming a cooperative and common needs effort between the participants. Specifically, they wanted to employ the collective assets of human, technical and natural resources from these countries and use them globally instead of nationally.

Right or wrong, the PAASG wanted to force the world into recognizing and complying with their social development strategies. With stable and stalwart joint action, their intention was to advance or replace unproductive global economic and social programs with more robust, encompassing and effective programs for people of color. They were desperate for new housing, education, agricultural, medical and economic aid to be provided at a scale never witnessed before. To do this effectively they needed an enormous level of international cooperation and prodigious financial leveraging.

A few years before the First Interview and the “discovery” of Memphis, PAASG members met with leaders of countries from all over the world (some not on the U.S.’s good relations list) and discussed a plan for changing unacceptable and deplorable living conditions in those countries. But even with such a big outreach effort, it was obvious they only planned on dealing with a select few countries. This was not because of favoritism or sleight, but to ensure their efforts were not wasted on countries known for foot-dragging or deceptive politics.

The PAASG was dead set on tackling the problems of people of color first, but they realized many of these countries weren’t about to place their trust, resources or money in some “just off the boat” organization. This was especially true since the PAASG didn’t even have the full recognition or endorsement of its own U.S. government yet. But many of these countries were still desperate for any type of relief.

The PAASG’s plan though seemingly complex was actually quite simple. Countries in sub-Saharan Africa for example where substandard living for blacks was abhorrent and unfortunately typical, host governments would devise micro-level development plans and present them to the PAASG for incorporation with the micro plans of other participating countries. Those collective plans would then be executed at the macro level for all associated countries. “Help me by helping you” is a good way to envision this effort.

As stated, micro-level planning was initiated and formulated by each country. These plans included feasible recommendations for better education, disease control and economic growth, but primarily focused on the basic needs of food, clothing and shelter. Ideally, each country provided guidance as to what they considered to be the best solutions for their own problems, but if

they were unable to articulate these solutions, the PAASG formulated the guidance for them as best they could. In countries like Canada and Britain where substandard living for blacks wasn't as prevalent or life-threatening as in other countries, they would provide financial support that could be divided up between member countries with the guarantee that they would share equally in any future profits or gains. Of special note, no provisions for intervening in disputes with neighboring countries, or cultural, tribal or ethnic conflicts were addressed during this planning stage. The PAASG clearly only wanted to be a non-political relief entity and not a political mediation or armed response action agency. Relief organizations dedicated to these types of problems were already in existence, even though there was an obvious need for improvement and expansion. The PAASG's attempts weren't necessarily a "move over" type of operation to these organizations, but merely a complement to any organization that would be willing to accept their assistance.

Alfred Bennett made it pointedly clear, "The end game is to responsibly exploit the vast riches of our Mother Earth, transform them into tangible and accountable wealth that can be equitably distributed among our charter participants. This goal will eventually include all people of the world, but we will begin first with impoverished and deficient African nations."

This was where much of the criticism concerning the PAASG's policies and efforts were directed. It was assumed that an organization supposedly borne out of the necessity for equality and fairness wouldn't condone or practice such obviously inconsistent ideas. However, this wasn't the case. The fact of the matter was *most* of the poverty, disease, hunger and unfair treatment in the world resided in countries where the populations were primarily people of color, even in supposed advanced Western countries. And of that color spectrum, black people were the primary and unfortunate majority. If anyone ever doubted that assertion, they need only to count the numerous international relief agencies that were always present in over 30 of the 55 countries in Africa alone.

As an example, as of this writing, the number of cases of HIV positive people in the sub-Saharan region of Africa was approaching near 14 million. It was assessed that the mortality rate for these areas was sadly dwindling to the age of twenty-eight. This wasn't even addressing their basic needs for survival such as adequate food and water. These were the people who needed the most expedient help.

Although the U.S. government didn't openly sanction it, fostering new financial relationships with any African country would actually benefit the U.S. For example, if new, abundant resources (oil, gas, minerals) were unearthed in Africa, the New Cities and the U.S. stood to gain tremendously. For one, the U.S. wouldn't have to further rely on the Middle East for oil, and two, some of the international skirmishes based on the political instability in that region could be avoided altogether. Further, the number of people normally attracted to terrorist breeding grounds in some countries in Africa could be reduced when education and basic needs were adequately provided. Stability in those regions would mean the return of U.S. troops, billions saved in financial aid to those countries, and cessation of military operations that made for international political disasters. Peace could possibly be maintained indefinitely once these countries started prospering economically, socially and equitably.

Besides greed and political ineptitude, the PAASG identified three main issues that kept most of the African continent in poverty. First, was the reliance on other countries to extract their internal resources, and then the reliance of those same countries to set up and operate the industries that marketed those resources. To illustrate this, the U.S. and European companies like BP, Exxon and Mobil established oil and mineral extraction projects in many African countries. They also established the industries that processed, purified and distributed these resources, but hired very few Africans and returned only a small portion of the profits gained from the sale of those same resources to the host country. Second, was the unequal distribution of wealth from government to citizen from these extraction operations or businesses. Presidents of resource-rich African countries were notorious for keeping their countries in poverty while they pocketed billions from the sale of diamonds, oil, timber and gold. As a testament to this, in 1998, Doctors Without Borders left the country of Angola because they learned President Dos Santos squirrelled away millions for himself rather than providing money for health services for his citizens. Third, and lastly, was the seeming inability for most African countries just to provide basic human services such water extraction and distribution, adequate housing, and sufficient agricultural growth and distribution for its citizens.

To begin their bold experiment, the Discovery Working Group, followed by the PAASG brought together an assemblage of New City partners to be the Awakening's singular conduit and control of socio-economic-political movement and change. There were two separate but crossover organizations that arose from this movement. The first was the 21<sup>st</sup> Century Federation. The Federation was comprised of blacks in the U.S., Britain, Canada, the West Indies, and thousands more from other developed countries. These people provided unified support programs and monetary contributions specifically geared for the betterment of blacks in underdeveloped countries on a small scale. These were typically *short term* and *isolated* programs. The construction of new housing developments in St. Elizabeth, Jamaica by the C.O.B.R.A. was an example of the efforts resulting from the Federation. The monies are channeled through and managed by the PAASG Financial Council in the Nexus city of Abu-Simbel.

The second organization that was birthed during the Awakening was the **ALLiance**, so spelled and pronounced as to render a deliberate statement of the unity, support as well as the importance and intention of this union. It was also referred to as the **Partnership**. This new organization garnered support from a large portion of mostly African both developed and underdeveloped countries, making them all members of an elite organization with privileges and stability. The Discovery Working Group's NKPA agreements and operations earlier were a result of this.

In a bid for membership, during its inauguration, the ALLiance solicited and received responses from 33 of Africa's 55 countries. Of the thirty-three countries contacted, twenty-nine declined. The remaining four countries (Ethiopia, Tanzania, Uganda and Kenya) responded positively and would become the nucleus of the African arm of the ALLiance.

After Ethiopia, Tanzania, Uganda and Kenya's entry was formalized, they were given a special designation and dispensation – New Kenya. New Kenya is where earth extraction operations in Africa were slated to begin. For clarification, the name “New Kenya,” implies that

all activities were relegated to Kenya alone, but New Kenya is the combination of all the extraction, processing and distribution complexes in those four countries. With operations encompassing such a large geographical area and spread across many legal and political jurisdictions, the city of Ngara in northwestern Tanzania, was selected as the “capital” of New Kenya and the focal point for New Kenyan operations. The ALLiance was the direct result of the New Kenya Proposed Alliance (NKPA) originally formulated by the DWG.

For years, it was assumed by many that the ALLiance and New Kenya were the same, but to differentiate the two, the PAASG offered a simple explanation: New Kenya does the work, and the ALLiance takes credit for it. This facetious explanation is somewhat true however. New Kenya is the multiplex operation responsible for the extraction, processing and distribution of earth resources in Africa. The ALLiance is an aggregate of *international* countries that shares and benefits from the wealth created by those extraction operations in New Kenya. Although the terms are sometimes used interchangeably, operationally, they are not.<sup>7</sup>

Until the ALLiance was in full swing, Charles Day was dual-hatted serving as both the PAASG Director and the newly appointed Secretary-General of the Alliance. The SG position was intentionally created to mirror the United Nations, and similarly, the ALLiance SG was the chief administrative officer charged with vocalizing the needs of member countries, and bringing attention to the PAASG and ALLiance members any matter which potentially threatened peace, prosperity, stability and security.

Economic unity and success within the ALLiance was paramount, but with such a diverse group of people and multiple nations, rigid guidelines had to be put in place to ensure there were no hidden agendas and everyone was working together on similar strategies. Each of these countries and individuals had their own reasons for joining the ALLiance, but a clear understanding of the end goals had to be established. Some of the basic guidelines and goals of these relationships included:

- Implementing and maintaining lateral economic support by ingesting resources from all participants. To ensure fair fulfillment of economic and aid distribution, a case-by-case protocol based only on necessity will be the established practice.
- Formation of military or strike capabilities or agreements among members is expressly forbidden. Further, no weapons research or manufacturing using ALLiance resources, manpower or technology will be allowed.
- Formation of financial monopolies among ALLiance members (internally or externally) is expressly forbidden.
- Political coalitions among ALLiance members can only leverage additional monies or services to assist outlined programs and not to further religious, personal, territorial or other autochthonous nationalistic agendas.

The appointed leadership of the ALLiance was the newly established PAASG Legal and Financial Councils. Their primary representative was Ms. Amelia Lewis. Ms. Lewis was also the project lead on the implementation of technologies in New Kenya.

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<sup>7</sup> The terms “ALLiance ” and “Partnership” are used interchangeably due to the different sources used in the interviews.

A graduate of Harvard Law School and former candidate for the Virginia State Senate, Ms. Lewis was the legal conduit through which most of these agreements were forged. She initiated many of the agreements based on existing international legal precedents, but also established new precedents since governments like the U.S. had never participated in an exchange of this scale with second or third world countries in Africa before. There were objections to the ALLiance by the U.S. government, but Ms. Lewis was adamant that as long as they didn't operate to the detriment of or misrepresent the United States in any way, there was nothing unconstitutional or illegal about it. Eventually, the government acquiesced and allowed the ALLiance to continue without further hindrance. In retrospect, I believe there wasn't much effort put forth to thwart Ms. Lewis' actions mainly because there wasn't a strong belief in the retrievability of resources in New Kenya—at least, any that would be significant enough to worry about.

I may be a bit forward in this statement, but I personally believe that no one in the U.S. government suspected people of color could manage to solidify and follow through with such monumental proposals and partnerships. The heart may have been there, but this effort would require a level of commitment and conviction that had yet to be seen in African-Americans or their counterparts in any other country.

The first of these Partnership meetings were held in June of 1996 in Barbados. Although this was the first meeting with regards to New Kenya, it was actually the second arrangement between the PAASG and the new ALLiance members. This second meeting only lasted for two days, but it set specific action items in motion, as well as identifying deliverables to targeted underdeveloped countries/areas. These New Kenya meetings were small in scope at first as the true potential of such a merger wasn't yet clear.

Since it was obvious that the outlined tasks weren't going to be easy by any stretch of the imagination, separate committees were established from those already existing within, but extending from the PAASG. These committees would have the delegated responsibility and full authority of the PAASG without having to confer with the PAASG for approval. Some of the action items that were documented were:

- Establishment of a separate central banking/financial institution for ALLiance international funding, banking, exchanging and investing.
- Establishment of a separate legal entity for international arbitration and litigation.
- Creation of a separate building and construction element devoted solely to ALLiance targeted areas.
- Establishment of new trade routes specifically for New City air operations
- Establishment of new and secure communications networks for participating ALLiance members.

To properly handle these action items, the PAASG set up a 30-member committee. This group was nearly the opposite from the PAASG in that it was primarily comprised of representatives from all ALLiance member countries and had *minimum* American representation. This committee was known as the Transitions, Re-Order and Re-Development Steering Group (TRRSG).

The TRRSG is the action agency of the ALLiance, and held multiple responsibilities. Primarily, the agency is responsible for the allocation and distribution of economic and other

fiduciary aid to ALLiance members. Although the PAASG would be informed of any actions by the TRRSO, the decisions of which countries would receive aid or receive aid first would be the TRRSO's expressly.<sup>8</sup> The TRRSO also serves as the liaison from the PAASG to needy underdeveloped countries/peoples outside of the ALLiance. Most importantly, the TRRSO is the arm of the ALLiance that interacts with international committees such as the World Health Organization, World Bank, World Court, World Food Program and the United Nations. Lastly, the TRRSO oversees all extraction, construction and coordinated operations in New Kenya.

After legally binding agreements were drawn up among ALLiance members, plans to establish base camps to begin earth extraction and construction projects in New Kenya were put into action. To reiterate, from the outset, the PAASG understood that not every ALLiance member country had the earth resources necessary to contribute equally, but it was agreed that those countries could still share equally in the profits from New Kenya. If a particular country didn't have rich earth resources to extract, then as an example, exports of fishing could suffice. Other contributions could be finished products or necessity items such as furniture, shoes and clothing. Alternative contributions included manpower for physical (mining) support, or assembly of prefabricated building items for construction projects.

Such a resource scarce country was Burundi. Burundi needed all the help it could get. Economically, it was among the world's poorest nations. Subsistence agriculture was Burundi's main means of livelihood, but a single crop—arabica coffee, always dominated their main export earnings. Unfortunately, in 1993, flooding all but wiped out this cash crop, and their large number of livestock was economically underutilized as overgrazing contributed to extensive soil erosion. Burundi didn't have the natural resources like oil, gas or timber to contribute, but they had people who were willing to work as construction workers throughout New Kenya. Their human resource contribution would guarantee them an equal partnership in the ALLiance. For Burundi, the ALLiance seemed to be their only hope for progress. That is why it is so confusing why they initially refused the offer to join the organization. This will be explained in depth further into this account.

As previously stated, the PAASG extended invitations to all 55 African nations, but only a select few (Kenya, Ethiopia, Tanzania and Uganda) opted to accept the offer. The rest, most notably Angola, Burundi, Zimbabwe, Sudan and Mozambique, declined membership. Angola in particular was already a leading oil producer and probably figured it didn't need the economic help. It's unknown whether these nations didn't fully understand the ALLiance's intentions, or it was just disbelief in their abilities, but nevertheless they refused. It is speculated that after failures with other pan-African unification projects such as the Organization of African Unity, they probably foresaw another failed effort with this new organization.

If disbelief in the ALLiance's technical abilities to undertake the level of extraction or execution they advertised was the reason for these countries' refusal, it's certainly understandable. This was long before the large-scale demonstration of New City technology, and

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<sup>8</sup> The TRRSO works in conjunction with the Aegis ALLiance Bank to accomplish their financial goals. Additionally, the TRRSO is geographically and not functionally oriented. The goal was to ensure proper representation for specified regions of the Eastern and Western hemispheres.

in particular, hovercraft technology. However, at some point, I'm sure the technologies were demonstrated, or at least discussed with the leaders of these countries.

Another reason as to why these countries may have refused was because other countries like France, China and even Russia were already heavily involved in operations in Africa and were providing some relief economically. The ALLiance therefore might have been seen as a Johnny-come-lately or opportunist entity. Another less discussed reason could have been that these countries knew the U.S. government didn't officially endorse the PAASG or the ALLiance itself, and therefore saw such associations as detrimental or even illegal.

Although the political leadership of these countries was against joining the ALLiance, thousands of their citizens still opted to leave their homelands for a chance to escape poverty and their social problems. Burundi citizens in particular were making a beeline to New Kenya after those disastrous floods eradicated nearly everything they owned. Most of these people were incorporated into the ALLiance's Community Build and Restoration Agency (C.O.B.R.A.), a large-scale initiative to build housing for victims of natural disasters and internal strife across Africa.

After a fixed membership in the ALLiance was finally established, the offers to join were no longer extended or accepted. The ALLiance then moved on with a warning that consideration for membership would only be offered in tri-year intervals. Even after this announcement however, new interest wasn't sparked, so agreements and pacts were sealed, and contracts closed.

In my estimation, in their haste to consolidate the Partnership, the ALLiance leadership didn't anticipate or even entertain the notion of rejection. As bold and somewhat smug as it might have been, they assumed that every nation they made offers to would be chomping at the bit to join them. They were wrong. Of particular importance, it was after the closing and signing of the Partnership pacts that Egypt applied for and was granted member status. This was perhaps the single most significant occurrence in the ALLiance's amalgamation of financial muscle and cooperation. Egypt's already established wealth in petroleum, natural gas, and iron ore added a certain reality and legitimacy to the ALLiance.

Before Egypt's entry, outside sources were skeptical of the ALLiance's growth potential. Although considerable revenue had been generated, somewhere in the two hundred-billion-dollar range, there still wasn't enough of a substantial powerbase to really set the ALLiance in motion and solidify their intent. With Egypt's entry, the ALLiance gained an established and financially proven source of wealth and helped thrust the virtually unknown and insignificant ALLiance right into the middle of the financial and commercial world. It wasn't so much as the amount of oil Egypt produced, but the Egyptians already had existing trade routes and operations, (which could now be greatly fortified by hovercraft), existing financial and economic infrastructures and established customers.

No one in the TRRSG or the rest of the ALLiance touched upon the issue, but I often wondered why Egypt decided to relinquish its status as a Middle Eastern OPEC country to join the new ALLiance. Perhaps it is the same reason it has always been – simply because it is *not* a Middle Eastern country. Egypt is considered by many to be part of the Middle East because the main spoken language is Egyptian Arabic, the main religion is Islam, and because it is a member

of the Arab League. But a look on any map or globe will clearly show that Egypt is located in northern Africa.

I have three reasons why Egypt chose to disconnect from the Middle East. One, despite their lingua franca, they may have simply wanted to finally set the record straight about their ancestry, status and allegiance, meaning they are African. Two, without a doubt Egypt must have wanted to distance itself from the constant and tumultuous political and military fighting between Middle Eastern countries. Three, they wanted to get in on the ground floor of New City technology in the hopes they could further exploit their resources and finally ascend into the top ten list of world oil producers.

Egypt's entry into New Kenya reunited Egypt (politically) with its African brethren. To some, I know this was an extremely important action since blacks in the U.S. had espoused for years that America was instrumental in the political division of Egypt from her African neighbors. That division subsequently caused economic instability and inequity in that region of Africa, and a loss of historical connection and importance to blacks in America.

According to the TRRSg, the main reason for Egypt's accepted late inclusion was because they were never offered the initial opportunity for membership. This may have been partly true, but I'm sure it wasn't the entire reason. It's obvious to anyone that the only reason Egypt was allowed entry at such a late date was because of its strategic financial importance. But still, the PAASg/TRRSg's goal should have been to include as many of these African countries as possible despite standing agreements and former attitudes. 898080

When it was seen that there was real potential in the ALLiance (because of Egypt's inclusion), eventually countries like Burundi rethought their initial admission declination and sought entry. By this time, the TRRSg and their new members had already established firm cooperative agreements and covenants and stated they could not admit new members without breaching the faith of the established membership.

I believe at this point, the TRRSg made a grave error. By admitting Egypt and denying membership to these other countries, albeit belatedly, this caused serious political problems. The TRRSg and PAASg however chose not to belabor the point and concentrated all their efforts in the accomplishment of the objectives that lay before them, namely the extraction of New Kenya resources and the establishment of international trade agreements, shipping and sale of these resources.

As they gained economic stability, the TRRSg rapidly stepped-up development in New Kenya. It was here that New City technologies were fielded and proven with an efficacy that was unmatched in the world in any other resource extraction effort. With thousands of square miles of previously unusable and impenetrable areas in sub-Saharan Africa, most notably jungled areas, there was no doubt the TRRSg and their components would be the first and only entity to lay claim and exploit the riches of these areas. Literally using ground-breaking techniques, they found bountiful deposits of natural minerals throughout New Kenya.

Prior to these operations, Ms. Lewis and her team drew up memorandums of understandings and agreements with each of the ALLiance countries and set her eyes on the road that lay ahead. There were several obstacles that lay waiting for her. These obstacles included the now disgruntled, omitted African nations, the always-interfering U.S. government and problems

with national and international trade agreements and relationships. Some of the trade agreement problems were somewhat mitigated with Egypt's inclusion, but there were still challenges. She would just have to tackle them one by one as they arose.

Although not so much an obstacle, the U.S. press and media was also a thorn in Amelia's side. Time after time they reported that the PAASG was severely overextending and limiting its capabilities while at the same time ostracizing itself from the rest of the world with its consortium.

The media also attacked the ALLiance itself. Notwithstanding the fact that some measure of financial, social and political stability was achieved in Africa after only one year, it was nonetheless reported that "*...if the reason the ALLiance exists is to exploit the poor black people of Africa, how are they any different from so many other countries? With much certainty, we predict it will be a very short and unsatisfying relationship, and undoubtedly will be the next blip on the radar screen for international conflict and uprisings.*" Soon, the media subsequently labeled the whole New Kenya operation as "Lewis' Folly."

From an outsider's perspective, I suppose Ms. Lewis' chances in succeeding seemed extremely slim. But regardless of the outward downplaying of New Kenya's potential, Amelia and her operations remained under close scrutiny by governments around the world. These Partnerships had taken on an all too familiar ring—an union of countries banded together to accumulate economic growth and political strength. This had been tried earlier in the century and had resulted in one of the most heinous episodes in mankind's history.

Undaunted, Amelia estimated her obstacles, kicked in her resources and reported to the PAASG and TRRSG that initial development of New Kenya (not including Egypt) would begin on time and with no anticipated slowdowns.

As if there weren't already enough problems to deal with, when they saw that admission was unlikely, the "scorned" African nations formed their own bloc in protest. They thought strength in numbers might affect the TRRSG's decision, but it was an effort in futility. Some of these countries started threatening that unless their admission was granted, they would disrupt operations in New Kenya by force. Although the PAASG generally ignored their threats, they did recognize the potential for real trouble, and after the initial zoning and surveying of New Kenya, a worried Ms. Lewis ordered the hurried installation of security screens around the multiplex and particularly around Ngara to protect the workers and their families.

With all of the political and legal problems, plus the construction and extraction behemoth undergoing in New Kenya, I suppose many people outside the PAASG/TRRSG circles got a good laugh at what Amelia was trying to accomplish. With each passing day, they continued to scoff at Lewis' Folly... until the winter of 1997.



One of the original "pioneers" of New Kenya, Malcolm Spindler, kept a journal of the first months of activity in New Kenya. Of note were the entries he wrote to his sister Ta'ra about those first few weeks:

*“Remember when I told you that some of us went to Barbados for a secret conference a while ago? When we got there, we found out that we had been selected by the PAASG to participate in a high level, low profile operation in Africa. Well, here’s more on that. They’ve formed agreements with some African countries. I think four or five of them. They’re planning on extracting mineral and oil deposits in a few of those countries.*

*“But here’s the thing, yesterday I saw how they’re going to do it. Ta’ra, you won’t believe this, but they’ve got anti-gravity digging and extraction vehicles! I’m serious! —anti-gravity vehicles! They call them NRG-ET. That means Negation or Reduction in Gravity Enabled Transports. I’ve never seen anything like it. I can’t really talk too much about some of the other stuff we’ve got here, but I’m telling you it’s like being in a big toy store and every day is Christmas!*

*“Aside from all that, our biggest concern now is the potential interference by some of the countries that want to get into the ALLiance. They must’ve seen by now that we’ve got some valuable property and equipment in these areas. I know they’re going to start some trouble. It’s just a matter of time. I just wish those guys from the PAASG would show up soon. These people make me nervous.”*

The “dig” operations in New Kenya were covered by news media 24 hours a day, every day. Correspondents from the four corners of the globe came to report on the flying marvels and their construction crews as they wrought their magic. But even as they marveled, they also saw the inherent trouble. This wasn’t the way technology was normally introduced, especially this level of technology, and by these people.

One British reporter succinctly summed it up: *“The world now knows that a new brand of technology, unavailable to them before, is being exercised in these forgotten and previously forbidden areas of Africa. And it is immensely disturbing to know that this technology exists outside the reaches of normal authority and control.*

*“Particularly, this means the economic, political and social bonds between African-Americans and Africans have finally blossomed into a viable, powerful and profitable relationship that could possibly upset the perceived ‘balance of power’ in the rest of the world. Without a doubt there’s quite a few nervous governments anxiously watching and awaiting the next move in and beyond New Kenya.”*

After the initial operations in New Kenya began, nearly two hundred square miles were cleared in less than a month. After the first one hundred square miles, the job of actually drilling and excavation commenced. It was then that security had to be greatly reinforced because the shunned African nations demanded all operations in New Kenya cease until agreements were renegotiated between their governments and the TRRSG. Some even threatened hostile action until these agreements were made. In a short communiqué to his wife Viola, Malcolm wrote:

*“We heard that some of the African governments are sending in troops to try to stop our operations and confiscate what we’ve extracted so far. I heard today that some of our ALLiance countries are talking about sending in troops of their own to take up a defensive posture against them. Connors from the PAASG is coming in to mediate, but it’s sad to think that it’s coming*

*down to this. Some of the folks I'm working with are looking to buy weapons, but I keep telling them that it won't come to that. I hope."*

Jon Connors was a political tactician by trade and was something of an anomaly in the PAASG. Most experiences with members of the PAASG and their associate staff were cordial and near sickening with pleasantries. This wasn't the case with Connors. He was the yang of the PAASG's yin/yang, and although his primary mission was to reach some type of agreement or arrangement with the vexatious African nations, he told his superiors he absolutely wasn't going to put up with any nonsense from them.

While Mr. Connors was in negotiations, the bloc countries did in fact dispatch a small "envoy" to New Kenya's capital Ngara. The Burundi government took the lead on this action, but it was assumed that the envoy was a combination of their newly formed faction members.

In the dead of night, three helicopters deployed ten miles outside of Ngara, and about three hundred ground troops were positioned about two miles outside of the city. New City Security forces reported that the helicopters were former Soviet Union HIND attack helicopters and weapons were detected onboard.

Burundi denied the weapons allegations and relayed that the helicopters were merely transporting mediating teams and the ground forces were a peacekeeping outfit in case the people of New Kenya became aggressive. They claimed the TRRSG was guilty of resource rape operations just like other European countries in the past and they were prepared to take action if need be.

The Burundi leaders' logic was faulty at best. It's possible they didn't understand that New Kenya was not a real country, but a consortium of four countries each with their own military and response forces. Given their actions, the Burundians must have assumed that either Ngara was the totality of New Kenya, or that by taking it they would control all of New Kenya.

Director Day sent a message to the Burundi president that if he really wanted to resolve the problem, he needed to go through official channels, which at that time was through Mr. Connors. Day of course wasn't the least bit convinced that the Burundi were attempting any kind of arbitration attempt, but in the interest of peace he didn't outwardly dispute them.

The Burundi "mediating team," which was probably being used to scout out the vulnerabilities or strengths of Ngara, continued its course for disaster. Day warned them multiple times of the danger in trying to penetrate the force screens around Ngara, but they chose to ignore these warnings. Then, in one horrific moment, two of the three helicopters encountered the city's perimeter security screen. The two craft were instantly destroyed as they hit the screen full force. The third helicopter managed to avoid direct collision, but was struck by debris from the other helicopters. Thankfully, it was able to land safely, But in all, sixteen people died unnecessarily.

In an attempt to gain worldwide sympathy, and to leverage the TRRSG into complying with their demands, the Burundi government quickly accused the ALLiance of having deliberately destroyed the helicopters. They publicized the reactions of grieving families and disseminated pictures of the crash site around the world to strengthen their position and to further elicit anti-ALLiance responses.

Following this tragedy, the entire globe was intently focused on that corner of the world, and governments as far as Beijing were denouncing the ALLiance and calling for its dissolution.

But it was clear that the less obvious reason most governments wanted the ALLiance disbanded was fear of the entity's capabilities, especially technologically. This incident merely gave them an avenue to pursue its termination.

Mr. Connors fielded the matter with ambassadorial prowess. He relayed the sympathies of the PAASG, ALLiance and the New City collective for the lost men while at the same time condemning the attempted breach of Ngara's politically and legally established territory. He had to remind the Burundi government that Ngara, although the capital of New Kenya, is a Tanzanian city. Therefore, the Burundi government in trying to infiltrate Ngara had in fact illegally crossed Tanzania's borders with soldiers and weapons, a violation of that country's sovereignty. As a consequence, those lawless actions nearly sent the two countries into a senseless war. Connors vehemently denied any fault on the part of the ALLiance, but in light of the dark circumstances, he relayed that the PAASG would pay for the funerary expenses of the deceased Burundi airmen.

As to why they didn't drop the security screens to prevent the tragedy, Connors gave the following statement: "The ALLiance has over four thousand men, women and children living in Ngara. The indigenous citizens of Ngara number in the *tens* of thousands. Our equipment detected small arms weapons on those helicopters, and in fact, the helicopters themselves were attack vehicles with 30 caliber machine guns. We weren't about to let a bunch of armed soldiers with misguided intentions inside that city to hurt or kill innocent civilians and their families. Both the Ngarans and ALLiance families have the uncontested right to protect and defend themselves!"

Connors also stated, "There was absolutely no reason for Burundi or any other country to try to violate these areas. The issue should be brought up before the World Court if the Burundi government feels strongly enough to pursue legal action. But until we are notified by the ALLiance's Legal Counsel, the screens stay in place!"

With this enormous pressure on the TRRSG, this now brought up the issue of the ALLiance's true legality in its territorial jurisdictions. Although legally sound agreements regarding resource extraction operations in New Kenya land were a matter of record, none of the countries other than Ethiopia had given the TRRSG the authority and territorial jurisdiction to restrict any part of their country. This is similar to how England and Germany allow Americans to operate military bases in their country, but those host countries retain ownership over the land and exercise full control and jurisdiction over those bases. Because of this oversight, it seemed the TRRSG and PAASG were going to be spending a lot of time in litigation.

With all the political and legal squabbling, life in the rest of New Kenya continued. Hover-vehicles continued to sweep and level land and extract the bountiful riches of this new world while the C.O.B.R.A. continued to build and house internally displaced people and refugees throughout Africa. While those tasks continued, yet another wrench was thrown into the works. Because of the loss of Egypt, the oil rich countries of the Middle East including Saudi Arabia were preparing for a fight with the ALLiance.

The PAASG originally envisioned a partnership with the Saudis, but not the way the Saudis were planning. The Saudis saw a chance to get in with this new oil producing entity and somehow taking over and cornering the world's oil market. They were assuming that the

ALLiance leadership was either greedy or dim-witted enough to allow this. Unfortunately for them, they were not.



In the summer of 1998, the ALLiance kicked in the afterburners on nearly every New Kenyan project. This enormous boost was due mostly to the expansion of New Kenya by including South Sudan. South Sudan was admitted because of its main export - crude petroleum. This greatly vexed Burundi and other countries, but for the most part, there were no further disruptions.

With New Kenya's combined sources, oil was being produced at nearly double the rate of Saudi Arabia, Venezuela and Mexico combined. Gold, silver, ivory, diamonds and other valuable resources were also being extracted at an incredible rate and without tortuous work conditions or unfair compensation for workers. Concurrently, the TRRSG brokered fantastic deals with world governments with competitive oil rates.

Meanwhile, C.O.B.R.A. surpassed all expectations and housed over two hundred thousand people in New Kenya, most notably in the areas surrounding Darfur in southern Sudan. This new "hands across the borders" initiative was seen as the most lucrative outreach to ALLiance participants as it solved immediate humanitarian tribulations instead of political or economic problems. Even the PAASG hadn't anticipated this kind of quick return and satisfaction.

The next crucial job was exporting the extracted resources. Since trade routes and agreements were already established with the member countries, it was just a matter of arranging for an equitable price for the consumables. To ensure their place in the oil market, the TRRSG set an entry-level price of \$34 per barrel. The Saudis decided to test the mettle of the new Partnership and threatened to end New Kenya's business before it even started. They reasoned that a sharp drop in prices would force New Kenya out of the picture and then they would offer to buy out their operations. With the acquisition of New Kenya, the Saudis knew they would easily become the world's single producer of oil. With crude oil already at \$35 per barrel, the Saudis dropped oil prices to \$25 a barrel in an effort to send the ALLiance packing.

After conferring with the U.S. International Trade Commission and the European Commission, the TRRSG wasn't about to bow down to the Saudis. Instead, they changed their introductory advertised prices to an unbelievable \$15 per barrel. The dumbfounded Saudis were unwilling or unable to match that price. With oil prices lower than they had been in twenty-five years, countries around the globe quickly gave their business to the ALLiance. Within a few short weeks, the ALLiance became the second largest distributor of crude oil in the world. The TRRSG further endorsed a recommendation from the PAASG that the U.S. receive an even lower price of \$8.95 per barrel. This was an offer to recompense some of the damages caused by the Queen's Message. Initially this drew sharp objections from other countries, but generally since they were now receiving oil at a substantially reduced cost, they decided to stifle their disapproval. As for the Saudis, the TRRSG made a simple statement. Basically, it was "play fair or lose the entire game."

The Saudis refused to yield, at least initially. It took them almost six months to lower their prices, and even then, it was only to \$20 per barrel. They were hoping that New Kenya resources would peter out or they would come to terms.

A few months later, the Saudis lowered their prices to \$19.20 per barrel. Not wishing to play games with the Saudis forever, the TRRSG raised their prices to a final \$17 per barrel to allow the Saudis to effectively compete. This only raised prices for the U.S. by 35 cents, and the rest of the world by 50 cents. The Saudis naturally raised many objections, especially since the TRRSG announced that after the last hike it wouldn't even consider adjusting its prices for another year.

The outcome was favorable with almost everyone. The Saudis were still in the game, but they protested every day. The U.S. and other countries were more than happy with the prices they were paying, and the ALLiance became a dominant force in the world economic arena.

With the hanky-panky of Saudi Arabia and the nonsense of the Burundi government at its back, the PAASG turned a deaf ear to the former and concentrated on the latter. The PAASG blasted the Burundi government for knowingly endangering the lives of their people in an attempt to take over New Kenya. This blatant disregard for human life forfeited Burundi, and any of the bloc nations involved in that action, from entering the ALLiance forever. In the same breath, the PAASG reconsidered the applications of five other countries (non-bloc countries) and decided to grant entry to at least three of them (Zimbabwe, Zambia and Mozambique). Zimbabwe's membership however was later terminated after President Mugabi's infamous "Land Distribution Operation."

This was a huge slap in the face to Burundi, but it was also a significant step in the solidification of the ALLiance. With eight highly productive nations in the ALLiance, they realistically stood to become the number one producer of oil, minerals and precious gems in the world. Although there was no such intent, they definitely had the opportunity to wipe the floor with any competition.

The United States couldn't have been happier in this regard. With the ALLiance producing oil and other resources as they were, New Kenya's generated income contributed immensely to shrinking the national debt while the standard of living in the U.S. and other countries was on the rise.

Meanwhile, Burundi wasn't about to give up so easily, especially since other nations had gained entry into the ALLiance. In a last-ditch effort to maintain peace, Jon Connors arranged for additional meetings with the president of Burundi to ease tensions with the country, but not for consideration for entry into the ALLiance. These meetings, which lasted almost two months, served as nothing but forums for Burundi to air their grievances and further blast the TRRSG and their affiliates.

In their declarations, the Burundi government wanted partial ownership of New Kenya with retroactive earnings. Their basic argument was the TRRSG misrepresented their intentions and stole thousands of tons of limestone, peat, sand and gravel for their C.O.B.R.A. construction projects. The Burundi claimed the TRRSG said they only wanted to test experimental equipment in Burundi, but never revealed the intention or ability to actually extract those resources. Further,

they claimed that after successful and very generous extraction efforts, the TRRSG refused to compensate the Burundi government.

This was supposedly the principal reason why Burundi refused the initial membership offer. They simply didn't trust the TRRSG. There might have been some validity in their claims, but it hasn't been proven either way since no evidence has ever surfaced. I choose not to believe the TRRSG performed dishonestly, but human beings are what they are, and deceit among humans can never be fully discounted.

Seeing that the situation was next to impossible to resolve, Connors informed the TRRSG he was canceling the next round of talks with Burundi, and he confirmed his assessment of the situation as being "beyond reconciliation." Based on several factors, he determined that the PAASG's decision to ban Burundi indefinitely from the ALLiance was a just and prudent one.

The next hurdle the TRRSG had to clear was the implementation of new trade and transport routes for the Partnership. This promised to be fairly easy since hovercraft, more accurately named Negation or Reduction in Gravity Enabled Transports (NRG-ET), didn't need to operate within the confines of existing airways and their flight routes. Generally, an airway or air route is a defined corridor that connects one specified location to another at a specified altitude. It also defines which type of aircraft that can be flown within it. For most commercial aircraft, 31-38 thousand feet is the standard altitude within these corridors.

With review and eventual approval by the U.S. Federal Aviation Authority and the International Civil Aviation Organization, NRG-ET were granted exclusive airways and unhindered operations between 10-15 thousand feet. Of particular interest, the only requirement levied on NRG-ET was their speed. As a comparison, commercial airplanes can fly at a maximum of about 600 miles per hour. NRG-ET easily and safely tripled that speed, but the FAA and ICAO limited NRG-ET speeds between 800-900 miles per hour. NRG-ET also didn't require the assistance of traditional navigation systems. With their inherent safety and security protocols they could proceed without hazard or interference to existing commercial, civilian or military flights. The ICAO and FAA recognized these facts and didn't require NRG-ET to utilize conventional navigational aids or equipment.

Though somewhat willing to compromise, The FAA and ICAO weren't really keen to accommodate the New City Transportation Authority (NCTA) at all, but understood the NRG-ET represented the future of all transportation in the world. They had to start working with the NCTA now because in the future there might be little they could do to manage or control them.

Granting limited capabilities for NRG-ET only temporarily satiated international governments, air and water surface companies who wanted to make sure the craft would not be able to unfairly conflict or compete with their existing airborne and shipborne routes. That is until such time they could copy and manufacture their own hovercraft technology.

To further ensure equitable trade and travel, restrictions were drawn up against the method of delivery for ALLiance products. These restrictions clearly stated that ALLiance products could only be delivered by ship or plane. This meant NRG-ET could only deliver products by "normal transportation carriers and conveyances and only along normal shipping lines." This was unproductive for a couple of reasons. One, it wasn't very timely, and two, in the wake of the recent fallout between the ALLiance and other countries, it opened up ALLiance products to

possible attacks by piracy or other attacks along these shipping routes. The ALLiance could however deliver their products to the regular carriers by NRG-ET. So from producer to regular carrier, some time was saved and security was not an issue. This restriction was slated to last for the first ten years of ALLiance trading, or until the PAASG allowed the sale and export of NRG-ET technology to other nations.

Undaunted, and as a slight snub to this restriction and to further promote economic solidarity between the ALLiance and African countries, in August 2007, the PAASG awarded the contract for building new NRG-ET frames and interiors to the Liberian capital of Monrovia. The contract also allowed the Liberians to refurbish damaged or defective NRG-ET. But although they built the frames and interiors, the job of designing, producing and integrating components into the transports remained within American New Cities.

The results from the extraction efforts in New Kenya were more than anyone could have hoped for. Not just a financial boost to the ALLiance, it was a confirmation that the ideals of the Awakening were sound. Now all the PAASG had to do was to proceed with the next phase of their plans and utilize this economic colossus with prudence and haste.

## SYNER-G (Government)

PERHAPS THE MOST PROVOCATIVE ISSUE in the development of New City operations was the relationship the PAASG and their tentacled organizations should pursue with the U.S. government. By this they weren't sure if they should pursue an active relationship or a passive one, and to what extent. An active relationship would mean conforming to nearly every existing state and federal law, regulation, guideline, codicil and general policy. Clearly, this was a problem if the PAASG and the New Cities were to function as a separately operating entity. Abiding by these regulations would subject them to the same bureaucratic rigmarole they were already going through and trying to get away from.

A passive relationship would mean the PAASG would be free to make decisions internally as a separate operating entity with the option of only informing the government of those decisions. This would give the PAASG clear lines of authority in all matters, but it would also mean a political and legal war between them and the U.S. government perhaps forever. After all, they weren't just talking about a few thousand or even a couple of million people. Conservatively, they were looking at as many as five to eight million people under New City jurisdiction by the time the Awakening was in full swing.

The PAASG never had any intentions of seceding from the U.S., but it sure seemed like it at first. Setting up new systems of trade, finance, industry, communication and political cooperation with other countries screamed secession. But in fact, these were just overdue and needed actions to mend broken social and political systems. In the end, these changes were positive for both America and the New Cities.

A Legal Council member explained the necessity for such change: "The United States is still operating on severely antiquated and handicapped financial, judicial and social systems. This should be nothing new to anyone. Disenfranchised and marginalized people have always and probably always will exist in every color spectrum in the country. Sadly, the U.S. government seems unwilling or unable to address or fix the problems of these people." Maybe this was the reason why U.S. systems were always in such a state of flux and confusion. A major overhaul was overdue. The New Cities would in essence be the proving ground for such an overhaul—sink or swim.

The only thing that wouldn't change was New City loyalty to the U.S. government and its obligation to abide by its decisions concerning national policy. This might sound contradictory to PAASG and New City principles, but it really isn't. New City citizens were obligated as citizens of the United States to abide by all Constitutional laws and orders of the President regarding upholding and defending the nation. However, as a separately operated institution, they also retained the right to refuse some laws and rulings that pertained to their local jurisdictions and operations. This is the same as some states refusing to institute federal policy such as mandatory seat belt regulations because of constituency dissatisfaction or lack of federal financial support. The New Cities retained the same rights.

Almost at once it was clear as to what having to abide by laws set down by the federal and state governments entailed. If and when blacks were presented with proper leadership on Capitol Hill, they would have to patiently wait their turn for relevant issues to be addressed. Additionally, they would have the headache of following laws and supporting programs that may or may not apply to or impact them at all. All the while they would still be required to pay taxes to support these inapplicable laws and programs.

This didn't present a pretty picture, but blacks in the New Cities couldn't in good conscience really try to divorce themselves from the rest of the U.S. or her problems. Her problems were *our* problems, and it was up to us as a new and powerful player in the economic and social community to do whatever we could to help move our country in the right direction.

There were solid advantages to remaining avid American constituents. In the beginning, as a fledgling organization, the PAASG needed the help of the U.S. government initially while setting up the organization. This was in the form of land purchases and such. They also piggybacked on established U.S. financial systems to implement new financial networks and systems of banking to carry out their external trade and export operations. Once the PAASG, via the ALLiance, generated enough principal and assets, they could help ease some of the U.S.' financial problems. To be sure, there were several economic solutions that could come about with a cooperative U.S. government/PAASG union.

The cons were few and generally opinionated rather based on fact. As Charles Day wrote, "It was often intimated that if the government had access or some control to our technology, they would find ways to regulate and suppress our mission. They might for instance insist on mandatory racial inclusion of our cities, or that we use the revenues from New Kenya for purposes other than we had originally planned for and really needed. That never materialized, and we were indeed grateful that it didn't.

Day continued, "The only topic where we were sure the government would take substantial issue with us was the utilization of New City citizens in war and conflict. It took an inordinate amount of time for government and private doctors to publicly certify that New City occupants were incapable of killing after undergoing the LATR procedure. We needed a firm ruling from the Supreme Court guaranteeing that the government wouldn't try to force citizens who had received the procedure to engage in war. This was a great obstacle, because without the numerical support (nearly 40%) of African-Americans in the military, the U.S. would be somewhat crippled."

The PAASG wanted to drastically reduce the amount of African-Americans in the military as much as possible. For many of us, the military offered the only way out of the inner cities and its inherent problems. The PAASG wanted to show them there was a much more personal and effective alternative. While this was obviously a herculean legal challenge, the PAASG promised to leverage whatever influences it had to avert or end any upcoming or ongoing conflicts in hot spots around the world, particularly in Africa and the Middle East where the PAASG now held some influence. While that might sound paltry, it is a fact that uninvolved third parties are sometimes more successful at arbitrating peace negotiations than politically interested countries. If they could help attenuate some of the conflicts, there would be less need for an American

military presence, and hence less of a need for African-Americans in the military. At least that was the hope.

From the very outset, the PAASG made it absolutely clear that their organization was to operate free from any governmental influence or interference. Equally as important, they wanted to ensure the government recognized the newly inaugurated New City structure. For example, once the legal and political organizations were firmly established, they would be totally representative of New City authority and subsequently recognized and treated equally as any other. Further, the PAASG demanded that all New City professional institutions such as their education and medical centers be recognized by the U.S. Department of Education, the American Medical Association with inclusion in the Fellowship and Residency Electronic Interactive Database (FREIDA) medical database, as well as all other national and local civilian organizations. Effectively, this meant that any person graduated or commissioned in the New Cities would be formally recognized anywhere in the U.S., with the same privileges and benefits as any other graduate.

Not so much a demand, but one of PAASG desires was to attain access to some of the federal government's databases. This wasn't such an absurd idea as one might think, especially since they knew the reverse was true. The PAASG felt this would give both parties an avenue to expediently and conveniently review and extract data from each other and to build a mutual trust network. In their estimation, this was also a good system of checks and balances. From past experiences with the government, they realized that it would be far better to openly offer and share information and trying to establish a trusting dialogue right off the bat.

To emphasize this, the PAASG realized it needed a current and constant link to government and civilian agencies like the Environmental Research Institute of Michigan and governmental research labs to keep apprised of new developments in the scientific sector. Presumably, this was to accurately gauge how much of their technology they could release to these communities. PAASG officials said it was imperative that they know the flavor of technology the rest of the country was leaning towards so they could interface and possibly assist them. This was the explanation for wanting to connect with U.S. science and research labs, but I have to admit the more likely explanation was they wanted to be watchful for technologies that might reduce their technological edge.

Realizing they would only have limited restrictive access to the government's databases (if any), they wanted access to files from the Departments of Justice, Commerce, Trade, and Bureau of Vital Statistics among others. Perhaps this notion wouldn't have even been considered if the PAASG were merely just another organization, but they were now a world leader and had considerably more influence than even some major countries. Indeed, the U.S. government now needed the PAASG almost as much as the PAASG needed them.

The first links the federal government allowed the PAASG to connect with was the Federal Trade Commission and Commerce Department. They also had a modest link to the IRS mainframes to exchange information. This connection served as a way of measuring individual wealth from the occupants of the New Cities and the ALLiance while also measuring how New City policy and occupation directly affected the national budget, GNP, exports and imports. From

this link, they could also assess if they were being properly taxed and represented in legal and political matters.

The precedent that drove the establishment of the relationship with the government was the monetary reimbursement of lost airtime caused by Queen Tamaket's first message. It represented a tremendous change in thinking among PAASG members who upheld the popular "damned be anyone who gets in our way" attitude. The more reasonable elements of the PAASG explained, saying, "We had gotten our point across of who we were and what we could do, but in the process, we had violated several laws and were liable for them. The fact that the lot of us weren't put in jail for that stunt was an indication that there were people in the government who were still willing to help us germinate our little experiment."

As publicly reported, over time, the PAASG paid back the total of some three billion dollars in lost airtime. Charles Day remarked, "We learned a valuable lesson from that escapade. There was no room for cowboy antics in the world of serious political and financial operations, no matter how urgent the message that is trying to be pushed across.

"The good thing about the incident is it really sparked the beginning of the synergy between us and the U.S. government. The government saw that for all our power, we were still very much in our suckling stages and needed guidance. Whether we liked it or not, the government was in a position to help, if we could get over our mistrusts and preconceived notions and accept that help."

Agreements were eventually made with the government concerning the operations of certain PAASG activities. The shared control of two New Kenyan extraction complexes is an example of one such agreement. The adoption of ALLiance trade agreements, and the merging of NRG-ET flight routes with existing U.S. airways was another.

What wasn't publicly revealed were some of the deals the PAASG struck with the federal government to minimize their debt. Exactly how they bought or leased land for the first three New City projects is still a source of controversy, although most say it was from New Kenya sales. You will never find it written anywhere, but in conversations with former members of the DWG, they will swear that the DWG released portions of their new technology and scientific data to keep from having to pay back that enormous debt. That certainly sounds plausible especially when considering the DWG didn't start generating income in the billions until later in their tenure. Further, even if they had that much capital, to part with that amount of money that early in their operation would have been disastrous for the organization and the Awakening as a whole. Finally, and this is my opinion only, there was a huge spike in U.S. technology between the mid 1990's and 2000, especially in computer technology. Coincidence?

Regardless, the relationship between the PAASG and the U.S. Government has always, and to a degree still remains, a love/hate relationship, but one that has brought both some significant rewards and better understanding from both participants.

## RETURN TO ZERO

*“The ‘Return to Zero’ principle was a well-known theory used when describing the impact a new product or service has when it is first introduced into the consumer market. Basically, it means that previous ideas about the way things were done (even if they were successful), goes back to zero, or back to the start. Outmoded ideas during this paradigm shift must be adapted to the new product or service in order for these businesses to continue to compete and survive. Does anyone not see how this principle applies to the PAASG and our current situation in this country?”*

- PAASG Director Charles Day, addressing the U.S. Senate in 1998

EVEN AFTER THE “FIRST INTERVIEW,” there were still plenty of Americans who were gravely concerned with the Awakening and its proposed agenda. Such a movement had been vocalized by black leaders for decades, but now that it was actually here, it was a centerpiece for discussion and worry. The predominant reason for worry was because the Awakening wasn’t just based on equal or civil rights. As explained by nearly every leader of the effort, the Awakening was rooted in gaining social and economic *power*. And after the inception of the PAASG and its satellite organizations, there was now a way to effectively utilize the aforementioned power. Regardless that it was a peaceful action, this represented a significant change in race relations in the U.S.

The fact that there was now an organization that greatly accentuated the positive feelings of blacks to the point where they were willing to devote time, energy, money (especially money), was deemed a threat to many Americans; maybe not in the fact that blacks were finally realizing their true economic potential, but this unity might force a change that might negatively affect relations with other races or groups. In short, it would upset the balance of established racial “roles” and boundaries.

The vision of Memphis and its wonders was proof positive that the African-American had evolved and was now in a strategic vantage position. Not only had he progressed tremendously both socially and morally, but also technologically. That latter factor being the key in much of America’s concerns and fear.

Despite its intentions, the First Interview did *not* alleviate the fears the Awakening had wrought. Instead, in most cases, it increased those fears and even brought about some new ones.

After reviewing feedback from the press conference, Director Day believed a more in-depth and focused discussion of the motives and goals of his organization and the Awakening should take place. He thought the best way to communicate these ideas would be on a live nationally televised show with a selected member from the PAASG to explain what the Awakening was all about in a no-holds barred situation.

This would be different from the First Interview because this forum would feature regular people with honest concerns asking questions and not just reporters in search of a cover story. This would bring out, and hopefully clarify, any misconceptions or doubts as to the true agenda of the Awakening and the PAASG.

The Jessica Sharp Show was chosen as the vehicle to deliver this discussion. Hers wasn't particularly ranked as the best talk show on television, but it did have a good prime-time slot. Ms. Illayah Sharp (no relation) was chosen as the PAASG's representative. Her goal was to try and illuminate the changes in African-Americans, as well as present a non-provocative outline for their future.

Unknown to the PAASG however, Jessica Sharp changed her guest lineup at the last minute and included a member of the Arian Nation to present his views of the new PAASG, and to disclose the projected plans for the re-structuring of *his* organization. Undoubtedly, Ms. Sharp thought the resulting conflict would result in much better ratings.

What followed was disastrous and unnecessary, but also very curious. While the Arian Nation representative viciously attacked the PAASG representative with accusations and threats, Ms. Sharp (PAASG), kept virtually silent. Indeed, Sharp's attitude was one of total indifference. She later reported that she "...chose not to verbally spar with someone who had absolutely no morals and no compunction about spreading outright lies about me and my race. He was so consumed with hate that nothing I said would have made one bit of difference to him or his followers. I decided to take the high road."

At every turn he contradicted Sharp, accused her and at times tried to belittle her personally and physically. Even when it was her turn to speak, he curtly cut her off. After fifteen minutes of the same nonsense, she asked to be excused from the remainder of the show.

What was really interesting during the abbreviated segment was the audience's reaction to both of the representatives. They didn't seem to share any more enthusiasm for the PAASG representative than they did for the Arian Nation representative. For them, it seemed to be mostly a question of who was worse. While he spouted hate and violence, she represented separation and isolation. Neither seemed to be the answer America was looking for.

"I'm just wondering which one of their organizations will be more effective in dividing and destroying our country." one audience participant said after the show.

While neither the audience nor anyone else articulated it at the time, the fact that the Awakening had managed to separate some blacks from the rest of society was considered a breach of trust and a break from normalcy by some White Americans. As far as they were concerned, most of them had bent over backwards supporting equality and fair treatment in the United States, and now Blacks had broken some unknown code or agreement by separating from them.

The fiasco on the Jessica Sharp program prompted the PAASG to attempt yet another effort to shed proper understanding of the Awakening. This time though they were going to ensure the selected representatives were fixed and more rational. Three PAASG members and a member of the Science Council were solicited for the session. To ensure they reached a wider audience, Director Day contacted President Byron Walker and asked if he would be willing to participate in this televised session. It was simply entitled, "The Future."

President Walker originally came up with the idea for this kind of session after the Bird City debacle. In an effort to understand the complexities of race and society, Walker had met a few times with Director Day to address those issues. While those meetings were more for Walker's own personal understanding, this session was for the entire country's edification. The

session was unrehearsed and spontaneous. The following extracts are representative of that session.

**President Walker:** “Understandably, most Americans fear a large-scale race war or retaliation of some kind will take place with the Awakening and New City expansion. Is this the kind of agenda you’re proposing?”

**PAASG member Donald McLane:** “Sir, what is happening is simply a shift in the economic and social balances. But fundamentally, the Awakening is really nothing more than a people who are trying to reach a higher and more connected spiritual and emotional level. And for the most part, we can’t reach these levels within the confines of our existing cities. So we had to establish new cities, new communities, a new unified purpose, and a new emphasis on our collective progression. As for as retaliating against anyone, our movement is based on the teachings of our Lord, so how can that include retaliation or conflict? We are an emerging people Mr. President, and honestly, we have more important goals and ways of utilizing our energies than plotting race wars or retaliation against anyone.”

**Walker:** “I certainly understand the need for connection and unity, but why the separation? Don’t you realize the kind of damage it could do to America as a whole? Our country is based on working together towards a common goal. Why would you want to deny the chance for that eventuality? Unity isn’t just a dream of African-Americans, but of all Americans—the melting pot of all cultures and races you know? I think most Americans would agree that together we can work out our differences and forge ahead to become the symbol of equality that America was meant to be.”

**PAASG member Rosalind Nicholson:** “Mr. President, I truly appreciate and understand what you’re saying, however, you must look at it from the standpoint that America has *never* really been a melting pot, but a ‘pot that has been boiling over’ for centuries. The races and cultures in this country are *not* and *never have been equal*. And if you honestly examine them, they’ve always been separate! Our Awakening is about separating us from the evils in our society. For me personally, the reason I support the Awakening is because I want my children to be raised in an environment where crime and drugs are *not* what they are exposed to every day on television or in the streets. I don’t want them to be taught that money, advancement and power is all there is to life before dying. This is standard American culture 101. We envision this movement as a social re-ordering. A re-ordering that would have eventually taken place anyway.”

**Walker:** “I don’t understand. What do you mean it would have taken place anyway?”

**Nicholson:** “In *any* society where you have a large number of people who are dissatisfied, confused, or cannot adapt, a re-order is called for. This is an inevitable fact of life. In the case of dissatisfaction, forums and discussions are set up to address and hopefully correct the situation. If forums or discussions can’t solve the situation, action in whatever form generally follows. As for

confusion and non-adaptation, institutions and prisons are set up for those who cannot adapt, are confused, or violate established social order. In order to restore, or should I say *initiate* a true social, economic and moral balance, we must return to zero. And that is what the Awakening is attempting. You must understand that a re-ordering could be any race of people at any time. Think of the British colonists and the Boston Tea Party. You are living in the aftermath of that re-ordering.”

**Walker:** “And you don’t think you can do this re-ordering within our existing cities?”

**Nicholson:** “Honestly, no.”

**Walker:** “How many cities have already been built?”

**PAASG member Anisa Muhammed:** “Mr. President, perhaps you and our audience haven’t been granted the full visualization of this venture. If you will allow me, I will show you exactly what has been done and what is planned for the future.”

Addressing her briefing screen, Muhammed said, “As of this moment, Memphis is the only New City that has been completed in the U.S. However, as we speak, construction is being carried out in New York, Oregon and Texas. Eventually, there will be sixteen New Cities throughout the world. Each city will accommodate approximately 150,000 people, and will be self-sufficient, meaning they will operate on their own power grid, will generate or have access to their own food and water, and won’t have a need to be interconnected with any other American city except by limited communications. The biggest difference comes next. Currency is virtually non-existent in our society.”

**Walker:** “No currency? How are you planning on accomplishing that?”

**McLane:** “Mr. President, besides all the other evils we’re trying to banish, money is chief among them. We’ve built a society where the citizens are totally dependent on each other. Now we *do* utilize money, specifically the dollar, when purchasing consumables when and with whomever it is required in the U.S. and internationally, but internally, we strictly rely on providing goods and services to each other without cost. It’s nothing more than the old barter and exchange system. For the majority of people in our society, this is one of the true payoffs—peace, security, mutual cooperation and no debt.”

**Walker:** “What is your source of money, that is when you use it? Is it American tax dollars?”

**McLane:** “Our source of income is generated through New Kenyan exports and sales as well as ALLiance member contribution, not the American tax dollar, although some contributors are American. These funds are held in trust by our Aegis ALLiance Bank for members and in whatever form including currency, credit, and investments. When needed, the Aegis issues members a card similar to a debit card that can be used for purchases outside the New Cities.

“As you know Mr. President, but for benefit of the those watching, the role of the U.S. Treasury Department is to enable economic growth in the U.S., and to strengthen national security by combating threats to the U.S. financial system. Our Aegis ALLiance Bank is connected with the U.S. Treasury, and we contribute sizably to the national debt, but we also provide unparalleled cryptological security to the Treasury Department to prevent tampering and fraud by external forces.”

**Walker:** “I understand that you’ve invested in other countries, but aren’t you diverting resources and revenue from the U.S.? How does that benefit us here at home?”

**Nicholson:** “As Mr. McLane stated, revenue won’t be used internal to our society, but will be used to strengthen the rest of the country in the form of taxes to the host states and the federal government. Furthermore, the products that we don’t produce in the New Cities, we will continue to purchase from vendors in the United States. Capital gains won’t be diverted from the rest of the country, but reinvested in it. Another huge positive point is the Aegis invests in countries whose economies are unstable. This allows these governments to provide for their people and prevents terrorist organizations from luring the populace into terrorist groups. This keeps the U.S. out of those countries and reduces the amount of money our government spends on monitoring and surveilling of those regions. I understand that has a pretty hefty price tag.”

**Walker:** “Very interesting, but aside from the economic aspect, doesn’t it seem that despite all your good intentions, you’re actually dividing America by working contrary to what has been achieved by African-Americans over the last 50 or so years? The basic contention has always been peaceful, respectful co-existence of our different cultures. Won’t this movement destroy all the progress that has been made and erect barriers that may never be torn down?”

**Nicholson:** “Sir, if I may speak candidly, there will *never* be peaceful, respectful co-existence with *any* culture in this country regardless of what we do in the next 10 years or next 100 years, if America survives that long. As long as there are hate and white supremacist groups and gangs that freely roam our streets and terrorize citizens, there can’t be peaceful, respectful coexistence. As long as we still need training and programs addressing sexual, racial, and religious harassment, there can’t be a peaceful, respectful coexistence. The fact that we still need these programs means these problems still exist and are still damaging people’s lives. How long will it be before we finally get it? In the New Cities, our shared idea is we need to repair ourselves. Think of it—a society where African-Americans are branded equally as great educators, healers and builders as they are great athletes and entertainers. Imagine a society that truly looks on our children as equals to children of other races. Think of erasing the stigma that all African-American youth are gang members, potential muggers, or drug addicts. That’s our goal!”

**Walker:** “And separation will supposedly achieve this? How? I’m sure we can all recall a phrase by a former president, ‘A nation divided by itself cannot stand.’ This division, for whatever reason places a blemish on each of us that may never be erased.”

**Muhammed:** “Suffice it to say, Mr. President, there are millions of African-Americans who have embraced this Awakening and have dedicated their lives to pursuing peace with each other. For the millions who have chosen not to join the Awakening, once we’re firmly established, we will do everything in our power to enhance their way of living if they wish it. I sincerely believe that if this Awakening is not looked upon as a racial movement, but as one dedicated to righting social disorder, I think it will be received more than rejected. And believe me, even if it doesn’t happen now, it will happen at some point in the future. The thing is, will it be a non-violent or orderly movement? We think our way is the best way.”

**Walker:** “How long is this Awakening movement proposed to last? Is there some sort of time frame involved?”

**McLane:** “The Awakening will last for as long as there are people who need and support it. We are firmly committed to ensuring the goals of our charter and consciences are met. If it takes five years or fifty-five years, these goals *will* be met.”

**Science Council Member Bernard Dix:** “Mr. President, as the only non-PAASG member here, I would like to offer something not necessarily from a leadership or political standpoint, but a personal one. Please indulge me as I try to extrapolate on what Ms. Nicholson said about a new beginning. For those who still don’t understand what this is about, we’re simply looking at making a fresh start as if African-Americans had come to America willingly as any other free people.

“Let’s say we arrived in America and established communities free from the sinfulness of slavery. And let’s say we were always free to walk this land as equals to every other race. This would mean that for the many black scientists and scholars that helped alter the course of this nation, there might have been hundreds or even thousands more. Instead, our children had to hide their natural desire to read and write because slave masters threatened them with punishment and death if they did. But even with those fears hanging over us, we still produced noteworthy scientists, doctors, and inventors. By limiting us, America really limited itself and lost significant opportunities to advance itself further and stronger even than previously imagined.

“On that note, one final thing. I want all Americans to know this Awakening is not solely for the benefit of African-Americans. It will uplift and reward *all* Americans one day. I hope everyone understands that.”

And so went the dialogue between PAASG and President. It wasn’t detectable on camera, but President Walker was indeed enthusiastic by the prospect of the Awakening, but not at all for its socially progressive message. In his estimation, if the PAASG was successful and a million or so blacks headed for the “Promised Land,” they would take a huge chunk of crime, drugs, welfare and sensitive color issues with them. He hated trying to institute or manage policy on matters of race and would rather engage war with another country than try and face these internal inflammatory and provocative issues. At least with war, your enemies were clearly defined and usually the entire country supported it.

While he undoubtedly debated with himself if the Awakening was something he should endorse, Walker understood his fundamental duty was to preserve the *whole* American union and maintain its stability at any cost. This might mean trying to stop the Awakening and the PAASG, although he didn't have a clue as to how or if he could possibly do it.

Walker did believe there was some real value in the Awakening, at least economically, but as he had already seen, millions of Americans didn't agree with or condone it. Americans hated change, and this was a change that threatened to rip the country apart. He was genuinely convinced that once this thing was stopped, the rest of America would be grateful it was squashed, and they could return to business as usual.

Knowing he couldn't station agents outside any of the New City areas again, Walker ordered the FBI and CIA to investigate all facets of the Awakening, the PAASG and the ALLiance to find their weak points and develop a plan to incrementally and effectively disable them. The Meade investigations (named after the lead agent in charge), was just another chapter in the book of America's paranoia toward people of color, and an unnecessary one.

The first volley of the Meade investigations began as usual, at the grass roots level. They began questioning and in some cases intimidating and arresting black citizens in order to get information about the PAASG. Next, to exorcise the beast that was the heart of the Awakening, the FBI needed to find out who the real established financiers and backers of the Awakening were. They knew the PAASG was the lead entity for the Awakening, but they also believed there were other organizations in the background that were either openly or covertly supporting them, financially, technologically and otherwise.

Initiated as an intelligence issue, national and commercial remote sensing platforms were re-directed from their normal scope of operations to monitor the areas purchased for New City construction projects. Analysts were tasked to report on the stages of construction, equipment and number of support personnel and camps present. Additionally, intelligence agencies were tasked to report if any existing New Cities had the capability for producing weapons or chemicals. Lastly, agencies were directed to ascertain any vulnerabilities in New City infrastructure regardless of location, meaning inside or outside the U.S. In short, the New Cities and their entire network were being treated as a potentially hostile threat. Sadly, this was given the highest precedence next to the war in the former Yugoslavian countries. It sent an ominous signal to the PAASG, who were of the belief that things were going well. It also meant they needed to step up their game to be ready for the worst. And unfortunately, in a couple of years, the worst did come.



It took some time, years actually, but people finally got used to the resultant changes in America. But even so, the Awakening itself still wasn't the welcomed vehicle to present those changes by any means. The majority of blacks for instance, were unwilling or unable to leave their homes, jobs and family, regardless of Memphis' or the Awakening's potential or attractiveness. As confusing as it sounds, the cities where they and their ancestors had endured their lifelong

suffering were still home, and leaving them was out of the question. In fact, most saw leaving the Old Cities as a betrayal of the people who had lived and died in those cities through slavery, Jim Crow and Civil rights. It was their badge of honor.

Because the Awakening and the PAASG were still fairly new activities, and because some blacks still didn't trust one another, neither the Awakening nor the PAASG represented true stability. America, even with its inherent woes, were all they had ever known and represented a twisted type of stability. Also, from past experiences, they didn't think white America would allow either the PAASG or the Awakening to continue to flourish. And there certainly was no reason to align themselves with an organization or society that was in the U.S.' proverbial and perhaps literal "crosshairs."

Some blacks also resented the fact that "a few opportunist blacks" were once again making it rough on the ones who were trying to "fit in" with the rest of America. Many were quoted as saying, "Why can't they understand that we can make it in this country without having to constantly articulate the fact that we're black. We can dissolve our differences if we just dissolve the color thing - period!"

There were even some blacks who agreed with the Awakening, but didn't like the fact that a select few were trying to make decisions for the rest of black America, regardless if they were trying to do something positive. A long withstanding tradition, some black folks just don't like it when another is trying to advance or disassociate themselves from the collective. The "misery loves company," and "crabs pulling each other back into the barrel" adages were still very much in effect.

What was really remarkable however, was the number of blacks who believed there could never be any permanent change in black behavior. They especially believed their brothers and sisters could never live together in the way the Awakening promised. The proof, they said, was in every major city that sported a large black population. It was evident that some black people, just like every other race of human beings, exist in comfort zones that wouldn't allow them to change. What is curious is why they still clung to this belief after they actually saw the tangible results of the Awakening.

Other resistance came from black citizens who were irate with the government's handling of the matter. Activist organizations were energized to vocalize the "plight" of blacks who were being victimized by federal agents. Many were reported as saying, "Where was all this investigatory power when we were trying to abolish police brutality and white supremacy?" Many also wondered if the government was covertly trying to recruit apathetic blacks to assassinate our leaders—again.

Polling in great numbers showed whites fervently believed the Awakening was destined to destroy the social balance in the U.S. One newspaper boldly wrote an opinion-editorial stating, "There has always been a certain status quo that exists between blacks and whites. We have our perceptions of them, and they of us. Generally, we try to maintain a comfortable distance between each other, engage in polite discussions like sports or the economy so we don't get into the awkward discussions about past or current inequalities."

Conversely, in my opinion, by maintaining the status quo, we remain rooted to the past and these inequalities, and we can never move forward. Also, the status quo doesn't allow for or

acknowledge and appreciate the millions of Americans who are working together to end inequality and injustice. Interracial marriages, religious groups, the military and other organizations bridge those gaps daily and are actively trying to reverse the hate and stereotyping of both races.

Notwithstanding the social implications, most whites were concerned that the Awakening would leave the rest of the U.S. in a precarious situation financially. If millions of blacks successfully upped and separated themselves in some way, a huge void would be left economically.

Lastly, both blacks and whites feared the race war that nobody wanted to mention but everyone had in the back of their minds would soon begin.

About the only groups who weren't voicing their concerns were the white supremacist groups. They were in a win-win situation, and were extremely eager to see if this Awakening would indeed succeed. If the majority of blacks decided to move on to a different zip code, or outside the CONUS, that was a big problem they would no longer have to deal with. But, even if only a handful of blacks decided to migrate to the New Cities, white supremacist groups were confident more whites would sympathize with them and join their "Save White America" groups. After all, they always said that blacks would try to rebel at some point and try to take over the land that the white man had come by through divine providence.

In a chilling magazine article, a writer even referred to the Awakening as the forewarned "*Helter Skelter*." This was extremely alarming because the general association of this term was to Charles Manson, one of the most evil and violent criminals of the century. Manson's *Helter Skelter* reference predicted a race war would take place in the 20<sup>th</sup> century, and it was going to be a bloody one. Manson also predicted blacks would win this war. Although this was nothing more than the ramblings of a madman, many whites actually saw the Awakening as the fulfillment to a twisted prophecy. And with the technology and capabilities of the Awakening, of course they were worried about what type of retaliation blacks in the New Cities were planning.

These were just some of the problems the Bureau and the President had to deal with. Would he have been better off just agreeing with PAASG representatives and supporting them? "No, because then every other group in the country would want reparations, exclusion or whatever, and sooner or later the country will be in total chaos." Walker said to his chief of staff.

Concurrent with the Meade investigations, the FBI arrested three New City Public Affairs officers and eight Science Council engineers while they were lecturing in St. Louis, Missouri. The black community, even the non-sympathizers, went into an uproar. "The New Face of McCarthyism" was advertised on the cover of one black publication.

Because not all blacks gravitated to the Awakening or wanted to become New City citizens, the massive backlash to these arrests took many whites by surprise. But they didn't understand that when you attacked one black person, we looked at it as an attack on all black people. Blacks were abhorred by the idea that their leaders and representatives, endorsed or not, were again prime targets for racist government policies and actions.

The FBI claimed they arrested the individuals because they were harboring federal criminals, although exactly what crimes or names were never released. A few hate groups latched onto these deceptions and started generating rumors—rumors that unfortunately gained a

substantial following and public voice. People like Marlon Jamison for example, with his invented theories and unsupported “victimized evidence” were successful in planting the seeds of hate further into the minds of some of our white brethren even from his prison cell. Jamison claimed there had been a change in PAASG leadership, and using the example of the split between black Muslims in the 1960’s, he said the new members were hateful of white people, and were only interested in settling scores with whites rather than continuing the peaceful course of the old PAASG authorities.

Additionally, Jamison claimed he had evidence of a large weapons cache in Memphis, and the arrested engineers were not only supporters of this new PAASG regime but also responsible for the development and ultimate dispersal of these weapons. The only credibility Jamison had was he had actually been inside Memphis at one time and had given an accurate description of the interior and its operations long before FBI reporting or before the First Interview.

As it always happens, a few newspapers, television and radio personalities put their two cents in and created new conspiracy theories. It wasn’t hard to conjure though. Most Americans, black and white, speculated that it wasn’t beyond the realm of possibility for blacks to want to “even the score.”

In contrast, one young black woman remarked, “Conspiracy to kill white people with lasers and phasers? Are these people for real? It’s obvious that these comments are simply indicative of what extremist whites would be planning if they had access to the PAASG’s technology. But they don’t understand that the Awakening isn’t about them at all. It’s about us!”

But an underground newspaper advertised, “Now that America has seen the Awakening’s capabilities, we now know that their motives aren’t geared at helping humanity, or even the American cause, but ensuring blacks are empowered to widen the gap between the races.”

Thousands of people jumped on that bandwagon. And the more people started believing in those rumors, the worse the social climate became. Another newspaper even boldly ran the headline— “*Second Cold War Erupts!*”

The fact that some Americans were comparing black people to the Soviets during the Cold War had enormous implications. If America was beginning to view African-Americans as enemies and a threat, that meant someone was also thinking of ways of eliminating them. Undoubtedly, there were already factions that looked upon blacks as enemies, but this idea hadn’t been presented to the entire nation as it was now. But just like the Soviets, there was no way of getting rid of the black population short of a nuclear explosion, and the results would have been just as devastating for everyone involved.



On the second of August 1998 in Washington DC, one of the largest rallies ever recorded in the U.S. was organized and led by members of the PAASG and several supportive black organizations. The rally was kicked off to try to gather support for the Awakening and to dispel notions of violent or retaliatory agendas by the PAASG.

Hot and muggy though it was, the numbers swelled with the temperature. Once again, representation from all races told the story of a willingness and sincere desire to change the social and mental climate of America.

Signs bearing “LET OUR PEOPLE GO,” to “THE REVOLUTION IS BEING TELEVISED” were mixed throughout the crowd. But it was the chant “PRESIDENT WALKER, BE A HERO, LET AMERICA RETURN TO ZERO” that was the mostly widely adopted theme for the rally. Although the rally did little to really change people’s minds, it still served as a powerful illumination device. With all the negative commentaries and perceptions, it was refreshing to see that the spirit of true nationalism and respect was still abundant in America.

In the months that followed, the pervasive feeling was even if all Americans weren’t in agreement with the Awakening’s cause, they were tired of hearing about it and were more than willing to get the thing going and finished so they could get on with their lives.

After the tensions declined, it was hoped the PAASG would reconsider their methods of operation and initiate programs that would benefit all Americans, namely the release of technology, dismemberment of the PAASG’s organizational structure, and the total dismissal of the separation agenda. But that wasn’t how the PAASG saw the American social climate, and it sure wasn’t how they envisioned their future. Indeed, they saw the reactions and criticisms, good and bad, as “an inevitable and necessary release mechanism” for all Americans and a go-ahead to move forward. Like Ms. Nicholson had predicted, it was going to happen *sooner or later*.

With no substantive evidence to charge them, and after much political pressure, the PAASG members and engineers were released. The FBI issued a public apology to the PAASG and their families, but basically stuck to the story that they were “just doing their jobs.”

Regardless of their agenda, the Meade investigations were doomed from the start, mostly because resistance came from both whites and blacks in its handling. Although remnants of the Meade investigations still continue surreptitiously today, they were officially and publicly concluded less than six months after they began.

## CHAPTER FOUR



## THE NEXT LEVEL

## NEXUS (Enhanced)

**After the First Interview and subsequent attempts to allay the fears of Americans, the PAASG realized their efforts were wasted on the millions of people who chose not to even try to understand the Awakening or its agenda.**

Disheartened, but energized by the experiences, they decided to abandon their “outreach” efforts and solely concentrate on furthering their social progression. It was at this time when they stopped using the bounded term New Cities and started referring to the Awakening in its entirety as the “Enhanced Nexus,” or simply the “Nexus.” Basically, the Enhanced Nexus was defined as “Enhanced” in their technical capabilities and constituency, and Nexus denoting the connection of many, but performing as one.

As mentioned, in the beginning of the Awakening and through PAASG standup, these areas were simply called the New Cities. It was simple in name, simple to understand, and simple in purpose. This served everyone well at first because the PAASG’s initial goals were bounded to and singularly focused on African-Americans. As the coalition grew however, the New Cities’ agenda also expanded to include global issues and supporting blacks across the globe through the ALLiance and other partnerships.

When referring to the Nexus, there are coincident meanings, and both are accurate. The Nexus *is* the connection point that brings together all the tangible components of the Awakening, such as the cities and their physical structures, the ALLiance extraction operations and partnerships, the human presence, and the technology. Equally, the Nexus is also the central and critical concept and theme that emphasizes the Awakening’s intangible components. It is the energy, the emotion, the sentiment, the spirit, the pride and the consciousness of a force that transcends self and embraces all.

The Enhanced Nexus wasn’t a boast, but a statement of fact. The technical and scientific achievements were a matter of record, receiving acclaim from both inside and outside the Nexus. Many of these achievements were in medical advancements as well as technical innovation, and praised for effective worldwide infusion. Enhanced constituency was also a statement of fact. Not that Nexus citizens possessed superpowers, but they were endowed with a new authority, influence and strength to inflict nearly unlimited change in the world that even to this day has gone mostly undisputed, unchallenged and unceasing.

Regardless of all the positive and substantive changes the Nexus introduced, if you asked some white Americans, the more appropriate name for the New Cities was the Nuisance Cities. Again, the name and meaning is easily understood. Even when benefitting from some Nexus programs, an ample amount of white Americans regarded the new “blackcentricity” as threats to their imagined superiority and competition to their business and lifestyle norms. To clarify the latter, businesses ingested billions of dollars every year and with the exception of a handful of these businesses, very few of those dollars went back into

the black community. These businesses offered products that baited blacks into buying what they did not need, or could afford; one-hundred fifty dollars tennis shoes immediately comes to mind as an example. This was a business norm, but with the emergence of the Nexus, billions were being pumped back into black communities through infrastructure repair, community cleanup operations, infusion of new black businesses, healthy lifestyle and food stores and the eradication of criminal elements. White businesses could no longer count on distressed dollars coming in from black communities, and they were upset. The Nexus represented change to a status quo that had been unchanged for decades.

Changes to lifestyle norms were also prevalent. Whether whites realized it before or not, blacks represented a large number of low-income workers who were now being redirected to places that didn't require them to work these types of jobs. That gap had to be filled once those hundreds of thousands, and eventually millions of factory, fast food, delivery, restaurant, hotel and retail store workers relinquished their jobs. Further, with the promise from the PAASG that Hispanics and Natives were next on the list for support once blacks were socially and economically solvent, whites realized those low-income jobs were either going to fall on them to take on, or vanish entirely. This would result in either a change of career for some, or getting used to a reduced service nation. It was indeed ironic with this unexpected turn of events.

Good or bad, America is a service and hospitality-oriented country. Most of it started when those services were involuntary, such as slavery, or compulsion of servitude for immigrants and others. Even up to the 1960's, a middle-class income white family still had the financial means and social privilege to retain butlers, maids, gardeners and other service-related workers. As a result, many white families have always known someone of a different race, Black, Hispanic, Asian, or European immigrant, who worked inside or outside their household as a domestic in some capacity. With civil rights and other progressive movements, education became available to blacks and these other groups, who then were able to eventually move up the economic and social scale, reducing and eventually killing those last vestiges of servitude roles for white families and a privileged society.

The Nexus was now a new phase in American history that not only paired blacks economically with whites, but exceeded the established perceptions of capability and competence. Blacks were now the most sought after innovators and creators of technology, science, education, math and mechanization. Gone were the days where blacks were just seen as entertainers or athletes, they were now leaders and pioneers. I imagine that after centuries of dominance around the world, the almost instantaneous (just 15 years) emergence of the Nexus shook the white race to its core. They had become complacent with their hold on people of color, and dismissive of their potential to surpass them in any regard. But as I reported earlier in this publication, necessity drove the will of black people to a fever pitch and produced what has become this new reality.

The Nexus is now the definitive way to class or group the next generation of black people. But it also highlights an enviable relationship that black people share with other. Most African-Americans know that they can travel to any city in the U.S., and if they see another black person, they can literally walk up to them and say something like, " hey

brother or sister, can you tell me this, or show me that...” That is a unique, personal and intimate bond we share. With the Nexus, that bond grew exponentially to international proportions. That bond was and still is envied by so many other races on so many levels, and for what had once been a blight for most blacks was now the light for all blacks. In its totality, **the Nexus is the Next Us!**

To you, the reader of this documentary, the question must be asked; what did the Nexus mean to you? Did you see it as a threat, a godsend, or a tragedy? Understand this, some people did regard it as a tragedy since it had to resort to separatism as the means of success. Whoever and wherever you are, you have probably been touched in one way or another by the Nexus, If you haven't thus far, trust me, you will.

## CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE

Reprinted in its entirety from Queen Tamaket's 3<sup>rd</sup> Millennium Almanac, March 2001  
(*The 3rd Millennium Almanac is published annually coincident to the ancient Egyptian Harvest season (Shemu) which occurred from March-May each year*)

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*"The Center; an incredible technological achievement and the most identifiable symbol of the Nexus—Identifiable in that its presence transcends time— identifiable in that its form embodies the simplicity of nature yet yields the most complex of mathematical, scientific and technical relationships—identifiable in that it imbues the mysteries and answers of the universe, for within it they are one." - Tamaket Abd el-Aal wa*

**THE ENIGMATIC GREAT PYRAMID AND SPHINX HAVE CERTAINLY INTRIGUED MANKIND FOR CENTURIES. THEY HAVE BEEN STUDIED, PROBED, SUNG ABOUT, AND YES EVEN PRAYED TO.**

The silent majesty and mystery of these structures seems to evoke mystical, magical or otherworldly connections or properties. But at the very least, they excite the imagination and the odd sense of curiosity. I once read that plants and people would live longer and healthier if they resided inside a pyramidal shaped home because of the natural power contained within its form. People have even gone so far as to fashion pyramid shaped aluminum foil hats to wear in an effort to gain or increase their knowledge potential. Even more curious is the speculation that the ancient structures, the science, as well as the Egyptians themselves, were actually products of extraterrestrial beings. Interesting. I should think my ancestral parents would have something to say about that.

These curiosities mean many things to many people, but I think to *all* people they still pose two basic questions, "Did the ancients possess a natural level of technology and knowledge that we still cannot understand or replicate? And, exactly how old are these structures?" These marvels were built thousands of years ago at a time when it was thought impossible for Man to have the intellectual, technical or mechanical means to do so, especially for the people of that region, specifically Africans. Have historians, archaeologists and researchers been totally wrong in their assessment of the ancient's capabilities? Have they been extremely smug and arrogant regarding the ancients and their abilities? Or, have they been lying to the world all along?

It may surprise the reader to learn that the ancient structures held a similar fascination to my ancestors thousands of years ago. If this statement seems strange given my lineage, then you must understand that my Egyptian ancestors absolutely *did not* build the pyramids on the Giza plateau nor the Great Sphinx. Notwithstanding this fact being documented in my 3000-year old ancestral scrolls, I underscore this statement with the following: Over 2000 years ago, on separate occasions, the Greek historians Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch and Strabo visited Egypt and the Giza Plateau. Each time they asked the local Egyptian priests and inhabitants, "Who

made these structures?” And each time the Egyptians told them they didn’t know because they were made before the Great Flood. It is therefore possible that the many wonders of that region were constructed tens or even hundreds of thousands of years before any Egyptian inhabited that area. This information brings about new complexities, and without doubt, Mankind’s timeline ultimately must be re-written.

But regardless of who or when these structures were made, if all races can stand together and marvel at the Pyramids and Sphinx at Giza, the ruins at Machu Picchu in Peru, the 12,000 year-old structures at Gobekli Tepe in Turkey and not dwell on the race or color of the people that built them, then we have made an important step in our human development. We would be better suited if we turned our focus onto *why* they built these structures and the spirit that drove them to do so. Was it glory for themselves? Was it to glorify a deity? Was it to send an important message to successive generations? Or was it to amplify the spirit of purpose and connection?

In the Nexus, the pyramidal “Center” was introduced to coincide with that spirit of purpose and connection. Its shape may reach for the heavens, but it keeps us grounded in our principles and actions. The Nexus Center is a center of commerce, of learning, of entertainment, of art, but primarily, it is a center of communion where we fellowship with each other and hear the Word of God each day. The Center is indeed the Center of the Universe for us.

Here are a few facts about the Nexus Centers. The Center’s dimensions are roughly double that of the Great Pyramid at Giza. Its base sits on 26 acres; it is 962 feet high and 1512 feet long. The structure is fashioned from Adamantine steel, reinforced Plexiglas and porcelain. Originally, it was thought that only one Center, (located in Memphis), would suffice for all Nexus areas, but it was later decided that each city should have a central place to work and fellowship and a central tie to the rest of the Nexus.

There are eight interior levels of the Center:

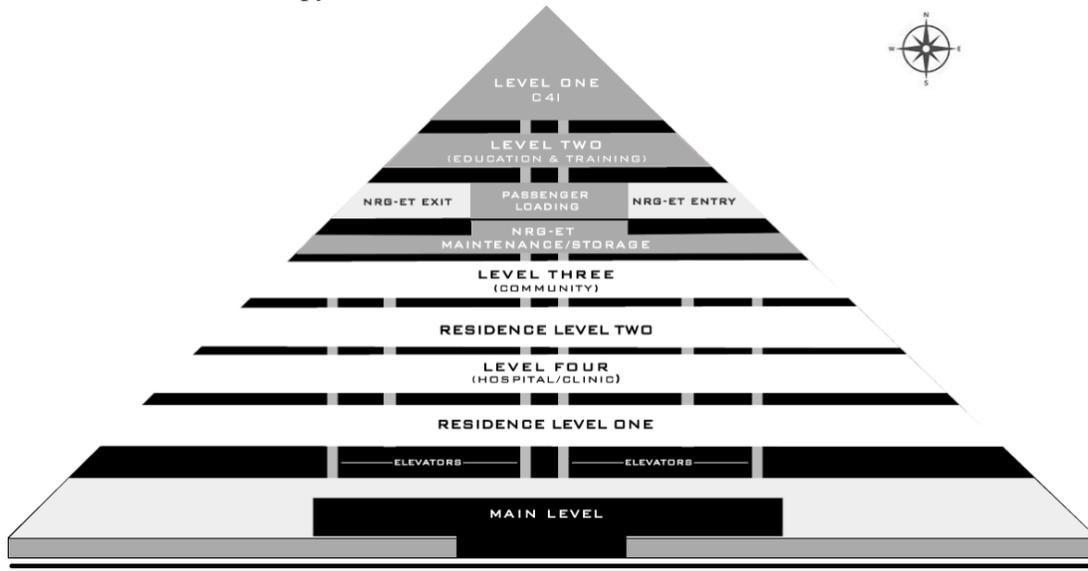
**The Main Level** The Main Level (ground level) is where each city’s operations offices and personnel are located. It is the “city hall” for each site. Security and Maintenance offices and personnel are located on this level as well. Ground floor access to the Center is always located on the north side of the pyramid. A single entrance/exit port for Security shuttlecraft is located on the south side of the pyramid. Visitor/VIP quarters are located on this level. Larger capacity gymnasiums and recreation facilities are also located on this level.

**Level Five** This level is divided into two sections. The uppermost level contains the entry/exit ports for NRG-ET as well as the passenger loading area. These ports are located on the east/west sides of the pyramid. This arrangement is true for each Center in every city. The lower portion of Level Five is where NRG-ET maintenance/storage area is conducted.

**Residence Levels One and Two** This level houses over five thousand citizens and visitors. That is roughly 2500 persons to each level. Individual resident quarters are approximately 1200 square feet. Both of these levels feature community swimming pools, gymnasiums, small parks, recreation facilities, laundry and cleaning services. Childcare services are also available at these levels and on Level Three.

**Level Four** This level is the hospital/clinic area. Full emergency and normal outpatient services are provided on this level. Everything in medical service from veterinary to neurology is located

here. There are two emergency NRG-ET entrance/exit ports on this level. They are located on the east and west side of the pyramid.



Center prototype illustration

**Level Three** This is the community level. Occupants and visitors from other cities meet here for worship and entertainment. Cultural exhibits, museums, workshops and theaters are located here. City sporting events and competitions also take place at this level. As a side note, City level competitions compete on a professional level at wi-Dakhla Oasis in Oklahoma.

**Level Two** This level is where each city's indigenous training is conducted. Normally, the occupants of the parent city accomplish this training, but mobile training teams from other Nexus cities/countries also periodically conduct seminars and hands-on training on new technologies and systems. While there are primary and secondary schools established in each city, some training to include pre-school, high school and college is accomplished here as well. This is mostly to accommodate the occupants who do not wish to "commute" outside of the Center.

**Level One** (Capstone) This level houses the **Command, Control, Communications and Computer Information (C4I)** hub. Since this the most complicated of the levels, I shall go into more depth on it.

- ❖ The **Command and Control (C<sup>2</sup>)** element operates and maintains the security systems built in and around each city. In order to keep Nexus cities free from outside interference, a network of remote and local force screens have been established at designated intervals. Nexus cities are monitored 24/7/365 by these invisible force and detection screens. The C<sup>2</sup> center monitors the status and performs routine tests of all security systems. The C<sup>2</sup> element also tracks the movements of citizens outside Nexus-controlled areas.<sup>9</sup> Additionally, this element interacts with other C<sup>2</sup> units throughout the Nexus and selected federal and state agencies throughout the U.S. It is has been postulated that by 2020, communications and control of Nexus exospheric stations will also be accomplished from this level.

<sup>9</sup> Before the Residual meetings, this could only be done on a "permission only" basis.

- ❖ The next element of the capstone is **Communications**. This element sends immediate or automated daily messages to occupants within each city and to sister Nexus cities around the world. These messages consist of personal and professional announcements, security and financial status reports as well as personnel information. Additional messaging includes systems welfare status. Ninety-eight percent of all communication is generated internally, however external news, sports, and weather reports are available. With few exceptions, citizens cannot directly access external communications without special access codes.
- ❖ **Computers** comprise the last and most important part of the capstone. The successful operation of this element cannot be understated. Without its smooth operation, none of the everyday Nexus tasks could be accomplished. Every system, from the monitoring of home energy usage to the coordination of NRG-ET flight is monitored or governed through this department. For this reason, a one-year training program to include: orientation, baseline, on-the-job training, and proficiency training must be completed. Following successful completion of this initial training is a six-month mandatory apprenticeship. Because of the level and duration of training, personnel rotation is only done on a two-year basis.

Every system from each Nexus city is interconnected with the main computing center located in Memphis. As a comparison, Memphis would be the server and C4I elements in other Nexus cities would be the clients. Additionally, new and approved computer technology from the Research and Development Labs at Napata and selected local technologies are delivered, tested and integrated in this facility.

This portion of the capstone is compartmented into a 1300 square foot area. The actual mainframes consist of four Reeves 2000 supercomputers situated in a 500 square foot area. The remainder of floor space accommodates numerous slave systems, data encryption and interpretation systems, as well as system administrators and technician work areas. Originally, this expanse of space was needed for the bulky support equipment for these processors, however, owing to newer technology, Reeves processors no longer require extensive cooling systems or vast electrical consumption.

The Center is truly a marvel of technology. It is a powerful projection of passion, confidence and spirit. It is also the embodiment of hope. The feeling is indescribable and cannot be described by mere words. You must experience it for yourself.

It has been suggested that emulating structures that supposedly served as burial places thousands of years ago is ludicrous. To underscore the original purpose, the intent was not to imitate the ancients' culture to the letter, but to employ some of the obvious appeal to inspire our people and serve as a focal point for increased clarity to anyone wishing greater awareness—even without the foil hat.

## HOW WE DID IT

*Extracted from a presentation given by Nexus Engineer Malcolm Spindler to O-level engineering students at Britain's Cambridge University, Selwyn Campus*

**THE MOST COMMONLY ASKED QUESTION OF THE LOGISTICS COUNCIL IS HOW DID WE MANAGE TO SUCCESSFULLY RELOCATE NEARLY TWO MILLION PEOPLE WITHIN THE UNITED STATES? INVARIABLY, MY ANSWER ALWAYS IS . . . IT WASN'T EASY!**

AFTER THE DISCOVERY GROUP MEETINGS concluded, and the PAASG was established, the organization primarily went to work setting up the logistics of their building programs. The re-host of personnel would come later.

Originally, we were looking at a 10-20-year project to construct five cities because of the methods of construction, availability of resources, funding and personnel. What we found however was a diverse and abundant mixture of personnel and great new innovations. With this discovery, plus a formula mixed with determination and drive, we were able to build five cities in about four and a half years.

I joined the Logistics Panel in 1993 when the DWG was still planning on building with conventional methods. Being a creature of the old ways, I had a difficult time at first getting used to the new methods of construction. I wasn't the only one, but once we adapted, we literally jumped from one project to the next in months.

We had a large number of construction personnel (between 5-7 thousand at the start), and we weren't lacking for enough equipment to do the job either. We had the usual complement of mixers, dump trucks, cranes and bulldozers, but in NRG-ET form. We also had NRG-ET outfitted for surveying and plotting, trenching, cultivators, digging and a multitude of other uses.

As we became more experienced in using the new equipment, each day we quickened the pace on completing tasks, and instead of taking months or years to finish certain aspects of a project, we were able to do them in weeks, and in some cases days. For example, surveying and plotting only took a few days—actually four days. Afterwards, the next step was the installation of perimeter security devices. This also could be accomplished in about two days. With our accelerated timetables, we found we could complete one of the Center complexes in about eight to ten months.

The entire operation was basically a lesson in fusing laser and NRG-ET technology. With practice, we were able to cut through the most difficult terrain like we were skimming over water. Even with the technology we possessed, these weren't cookie-cutter operations. And although we developed tried and proven methods and operations checklists, each area still presented its own unique topographic challenges. In most cases, we just winged it as we went along.

As a bit of trivia, our hover-vehicles, or NRG-ET as we call them, were initially manufactured in upstate New York in an abandoned and forgotten factory that was used to

produce Air Force bombers in the late 1950's. To preserve its secretive location and purpose during the Cold War, the Air Force built this factory in the middle of nowhere in the Adirondack Mountains. To best enable the fabrication process, the facility was spread out in five multi-story buildings and over two acres. I'm not sure if the PAASG found the factory by accident, but to maintain its concealment, and keep it off the grid, they wisely installed solar powered generators to provide power to the facility, ferried in water and supplies by air, carried out most operations at night, and of course installed security masking screens. They cranked out hundreds of NRG-ET at that facility. The first NRG-ET were extremely crude by today's standards, but they were more than adequate to get the job done.

The next bit of technology I want to present is the EL-T01 architecture. Now, there's a fine bit of science for you. The technology behind the EL-T01 architecture is based on the same principles of negating gravity used in the NRG-ET. The EL-T01 is comprised of four elements: The perimeter Security/Discriminator (S/D) screens, the Point and Relay Power Transfer Stations (PRPTS), the Convergence and Distribution Orb (C/D Orb), and the energy storage unit.

The S/D screens are primarily composed of three tiers. These tiers are ground based, but there is a fourth tier that's airborne. The primary tiers are located at the 1, 3 and 5-mile intervals from "zero point", which is the vertex of the pyramidal Center. Each of the tiers is independent, but mutually supportive of each other.

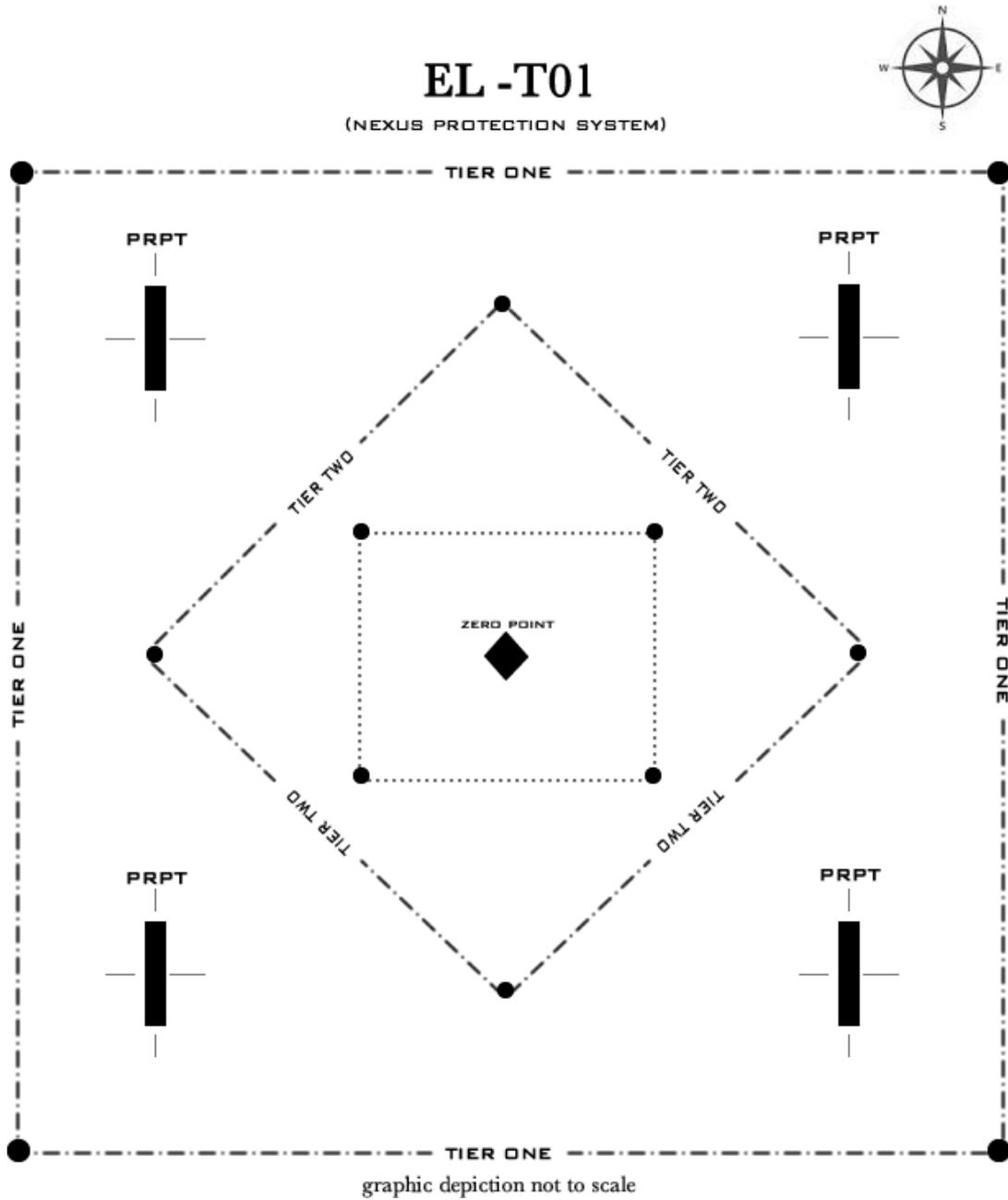
The (S/D) tiers are always set in the same pattern. The 3-mile tier is set in a north/south pattern and the 5-mile tier in an east/west pattern. The reason for two tiers of coverage is to ensure possible "blind spots" are covered. This effectively enables overlapping coverage of all areas around the city. The (S/D) tiers are not line of sight dependent, but the way they are arranged still provide adequate coverage for the entire city. The main idea is to establish a redundant security system that is also complementary to each other. The following is a sanitized description of each of the tiers as provided by the Security Council:

**Security Tier I.** Located on the outermost periphery of the city (5.5 miles from zero point) is a combination of force shield and detection devices. In addition to resistance, this tier searches for weapons and while also checking for drugs and proper identification of personnel. If a violation is detected, Security Tier II is immediately activated. This effectively stops violators from entering city space. Tier I functions continuously as part of Normal Security Operations (NSO).

**Security Tier II.** Located 3.1 miles from zero point. Tier II is primarily activated in response to verified increases in security posture, or for protection against severe weather, i.e. tornadoes or blizzards. In the event there is increased posturing or during shutdown of Tier I for re-charge or during Emergency Security Operations (ESO), Tier II is also activated. Tier II provides the same protection and functionality as Tier I.

**Security Tier III.** Located one mile from zero point. Tier III isn't normally activated. This screen provides one-mile coverage around each Nexus Center. Tier III is only activated if both Tiers I and II or the Collection, Convergence and Distribution Orb (CC/D Orb) fails, or if the city is forced to cut power to the other two tiers for any reason. Tier III provides protection for city residents until the first two tiers and the C/D Orb are restored to full capability. This emergency

screen is operated on battery power located beneath the Center. Since the area of coverage is relatively small, protection can be sustained for 12 hours.



Using the very formidable force of reverse gravity, it's been claimed that these screens can withstand even the harshest of natural storms. On the unnatural side, they should also be able to withstand the strongest manmade attack, short of a nuclear explosion.

The screen's personnel identification procedure is accomplished by reading the encoded history in each authorized inhabitant's thumb. Should a violation ever occur, a signal is

immediately sent to the Security Control Center (SCC). Enforcement of security breaches is relatively straightforward. Lawbreakers are merely escorted to the city's 5-mile limit and released. This process may seem insubstantial compared to the outside, but Nexus cities aren't built to incarcerate or prosecute criminals.

As I understand it, this is how the security tiers work: The ground tier is composed of four Point and Relay Power Transfer Stations (PRPTS). These stations are two hundred and fifty-foot-tall towers that, as the name implies, transfer energy from tower to tower and then to underground batteries for storage. A single PRPT tower represents a point transfer node. Collectively, the PRPTS are where the city draws its energy requirements.

Solar energy provides power for the PRPTS and ensures we are furnished with a clean, dependable and independent source of energy. How this all works is somewhat confusing, but please bear with me. Energy is collected in all spectrums from the Sun and other forms of radiation through what's known as the Collection, Convergence and Distribution Orb. We just call it the C/D Orb. This is the airborne leg of the EL-T01 architecture.

This Orb is the hub of all activity. It hovers in the air about fifteen hundred feet above the city and is where the energy that feeds the PRPT network is generated and distributed. The Orb collects raw solar energy, and this energy is relayed to the PRPT network, distributed to the security screens, and then back to the Orb. Together, the C/D Orb and PRPT network is called the "Array."

The Orb itself is nothing more than thousands of highly sensitive radiation collectors, similar to the ones seen on old style home solar reflectors. The only difference is that this collector is about two hundred and fifty feet in diameter, about the height of a fifteen-story building, and is regulated by three Reeves 2000 super-processors.

It's one continuous flow. Where it gets confusing, is the energy from each of the PRPT stations serves to reinforce the energy from the other PRPT stations and the C/D Orb. This is what is meant by mutually independent but supportive. Essentially, the C/D Orb and the PRPT feed and complement each other.

Within the C/D Orb's processing station is the ability to manually reduce or increase the energy output to the PRPT network. This is normally done when there is an increased demand for power. Thus, in extremely high-energy demanding or production cities like Sakkara, managers can increase or decrease their need for energy based on the level of production or activity required. Similarly, a single-family home's energy consumption can be reduced or increased due to the level of activity such as the continuous activation of home security screens. To power city resident's homes, energy is diverted from the Array to smaller distribution nodes and then to the individual residences.

As you can well imagine, the amount of information being transmitted throughout this process is extraordinary. Information such as security system status messages are generated and sent to C<sup>2</sup> operators on Level One in the Center. Health, status and maintenance systems checks of the PRPTS, C/D Orb, as well as city internal systems are conducted at forty-five-minute intervals. During increased vigilance or harsh weather watches, these intervals are increased to every fifteen minutes.

Once a month, the solar batteries are checked and replenished as necessary. To ensure complete and fair manning of these systems, each city inhabitant is trained in systems operations and rotated on an annual basis unless preference dictates otherwise.

All of this must seem like overkill, but there's a lot to safeguard, and the level of protection must be commensurate. Without question, the tangible factors—the people and the physical instrumentation, as well as the intangible factors—morality and ethics, require the highest protection.

The interoperability of the Nexus cities is pretty interesting and impressive also. Memphis serves as the central or headquarters city. From Memphis, all cities are linked through a network, which is more complicated than I'm prepared to discuss. The cities function as a network by generating and sharing power, communications, security and maintenance systems checks. The conceptual theory behind this network is in the event one city would lose power or attacked, the remaining cities would retain full-up capability.

The Nexus society works in a cohesive and cooperative manner. We produce some of our own food, clothing and materials for building, but we also substantially import goods from other U.S. cities and around the world. The goal wasn't to be totally independent of the U.S., but to ensure that we had the best choice in resources and the least in social obstruction.

What most people don't understand about our society is how we operate without traditional law enforcement. For example, if you decide not to comply with PAASG or Council guidelines or directives, there are no real rules in place to force you to do so. Everything is done on a trust basis. In effect, we are all trusted agents who work for and with each other. The worst that could happen is that you're asked to permanently leave your city. Our security forces exist primarily for our citizens travelling outside the Nexus and for deterrence against territorial breeches, but not necessarily for internal law enforcement.

In this respect, I feel we have established a social system that is far superior to any other. Whereas the need for laws, and enforcement of those laws, might be a necessity in most societies, we operate on the premise that our word, and not fear of reprisal, is the basic fiber of a mature, well-organized and maintained society. We try to uphold all of the standards that we have set for ourselves. Save for a few other religious-based societies, I think this type of communion has only achieved a modest amount of success anywhere else.

Besides the obvious benefits of such a society, there is an underlying but most important benefit from this arrangement. That benefit is the much-needed therapeutic solution to the African-American's deep-rooted problems and treatment of each other. Having to rely on each other for our basic and also our most complex needs builds the trust and fulfillment factor that we've needed for so long.

For me, one of the greatest perks about living in the Nexus is the traveling. I've traveled from el-Lahum, the trade port on the West coast, to Edfu on the East Coast, in as little as 45 minutes. Travel by NRG-ET eliminates costly airline tickets, crowded terminals, undetermined delays, airline safety and being packed in a tin can like sardines. I bring this up because the ability to travel is part of our nature. Maybe that's why so many people in the rest of America seem so wired up. If they can't or won't leave the areas that cause their misery, that misery

festers and is perpetuated. No matter how well we think we can adapt in handling life's problems, a prolonged exposure to any problem without any sort of relief can be disastrous.

To me, the inner-city projects in the 1950's and 1960's typify that idea. Without an outlet to relieve inner-city life stress on the mind and body, blacks often took their frustrations out on each other. In that kind of depressing social situation, not only should travel and vacations be desirable, but mandatory. Unfortunately, lack of money precluded travel for most of our people then.

But, back to travel in the Nexus. One of my favorite Cities is wi-Dakhla Oasis. This is the Occupational or Entertainment City. Everything you can think of in the way of clean entertainment is here. This includes competition sports, recreational hunting and fishing, opera, art exhibits and yes, even video gaming contests. The place is always packed with people, and for continuity reasons, city officials ask that workers not rotate except on an annual basis.

Within the Nexus, there are six Centers of Excellence. Strangely enough, these COE weren't designated as such by the PAASG or any Nexus entity, but by American and international governmental, education, medical and scientific authorities alike. They were awarded this status because of their contributions to the betterment of the U.S. and the world in their respective fields of expertise, and also because they enhanced the interoperability of communities, agencies and governments outside of the Nexus.

The Nexus Centers of Excellence are:

**Thebes** – The Ma'at Jurisprudence Center

**Napata** - Center of Research and Development

**Heliopolis** – Imhotep Healing Center

**Avaris** - Center of Engineering/Logistics

**Bahariya Oasis** - Education and Cultural Center/Nexus Library

The way the Nexus operates financially is definitely different than anywhere else in the world. With the amount of wealth being generated through the Nexus network, I believe that an inevitable change in world banking and trade has to occur. I know here in Britain you've only recently settled into doing business as the European Community, but there might be a change on the horizon soon.

We don't use any specific system of currency in the Nexus. This is a radical break from the rest of the world. We *do* use money in our dealings with other nations and the rest of the U.S., but internally we don't. I know there's been much speculation on how this works, so I'll try to touch on the major points of this process.

There are two levels of our economic strength—*financial origin* and *financial perpetuation*. Financial origin is broken down into two areas, while perpetuation is only one.

Financial origination starts with the 21<sup>st</sup> Century Federation. The Federation is comprised of blacks from developed nations. Financial contributions from the Federation are targeted to blacks in underdeveloped countries, and provides small scale development programs and solutions.

The second segment of financial origination is derived from monies generated from New Kenya operations. New Kenya is the collective name for the countries in Africa where we have established agreements for earth extraction or other business management efforts. New Kenya is by far the more lucrative of the two segments of financial origination. It is ranked number two in the world in the production of petroleum and natural gas and number one in the world in the production of gold and other precious metals. It is also ranked high in timber export.

When we first started construction in Africa, we knew the resources would be plentiful, but we didn't know how plentiful. As a matter of fact, the PAASG is cutting back on resource extraction from New Kenya since our production levels have been met and exceeded already this year. Also, it is predicted he Nexus will significantly cut back on oil and petroleum production by 2025 in order to help reduce the carbon footprint on our planet.

This second level of financial origin are for *long-term, non-isolated* programs. These are normally 5-10-year programs and extend over an entire country or countries. It just makes sense, since this is a larger pool of money.

The funds generated through the first level are channeled through and managed by the PAASG's Financial Council in the Nexus city of Abu-Simbel, while all of the activities and funds from the second level of origination are channeled through the Aegis ALLiance Bank. The analogy between the two is simple, the first level of origination and the financial handling by the PAASG's Financial Council is like your local bank or credit union. The Aegis ALLiance is your global bank like the Chase Bank.

Aegis ALLiance is a unique banking institution. Its main function is to manage the monies of New Kenya and the ALLiance. Primarily, it makes monies available to aid areas of the world that have been identified as poor or in need of development. This could be in the areas of relief from natural or human inflicted disasters. In addition, they provide money to finance building and agriculture projects. Whatever kind of validated assistance or support is necessary, they will normally finance. In Central and South America for example, the Aegis bought and set aside land for people who normally relied on drug derived money so they could plant and farm legitimate, exportable and consumable crops.

In addition, the Aegis invests in countries where the economy is unstable. This allows these governments to provide for their people and prevents terrorist organizations from luring the populace with appealing promises. All of this is accomplished with the host country's governmental approval along with PAASG and ALLiance approval. The Aegis is the fortress of financial freedom and security for millions of people. They provide a way when there is no other.

**Financial perpetuation** is the reinvestment of our capital into each of our member countries. As our members grow stronger financially, so do we. Like any company or organization, there are guidelines as how to properly utilize our assets to get the maximum return on our efforts. So far we have been very successful in our endeavors.

Once the money from the sales of products from New Kenya and the accumulated wealth from the Partnership is calculated, Nexus constituents are given a share of that generated wealth similar to stockholders in a company. This money is kept in trust in the Nexus city of Abu-Simbel and is distributed on a quarterly basis. The only time we really use it is when we travel outside the Cities. On these occasions, we can get cash, traveler's checks or use the PAASG's

credit card. There is a generous limit on these credit cards, and they are generally accepted worldwide.

With that much-accumulated wealth, you would think there would be some form of corruption somewhere. Well, I'm proud to say that except for one incident, there hasn't been a major case of embezzlement or fraud since PAASG or Aegis inception. It seems that most of our people have no desire to return to the ways they scrambled to get away from. Maybe this is their way of proving to the world that Man *is* capable of living a respectable, responsible and cooperative lifestyle. Plus, when you have more than enough for yourself and your family, why steal from your brother?

There are several agencies involved in this process that I haven't mentioned but are an integral part of the successful operations of our financial system. These are the PAASG's National and International Trade Boards, the Aegis' Cost, Resource and Allocation Centers, as well as the multitude of advisory and legal offices. They all have an extremely important role to play in the prosperity and continuation of this system.

On the personal side of living in the Nexus, one of the great aspects about it is the notoriety. I can't lie—I love it! I love watching the anticipation of folks when a Nexus person shows up for events, be it political, academic or otherwise.

One day I was watching a conference in Brussels where a peace treaty violation had occurred between two countries in the Middle East. The arguments had reached a nasty impasse while trying to reach a mutual decision. When the gentleman from Thebes arrived as an observer, they immediately sought him out to try and mediate an agreement. The fact that it was he, and not the UN delegation, that was partly responsible for the ensuing successful arbitration was indeed noteworthy. He was seen as a representative of a *recognized* and powerfully influential organization. There was genuine respect for his position and abilities.

It just seems that now people around the world respect citizens of the Nexus a great deal more than ever before. Maybe it's because of the trials we had to go through to get where we are, or maybe because our folks are known for really addressing problems with no hidden political agendas.

One of our founders, Richard Westmoreland, once said that when he was financially and socially supporting his neighbors in New York, they treated him with respect and valued his presence in their community. It seems the same can be true on a global neighborhood scale.

Oh yes, I almost forgot to mention Christmas. What a celebration! The citywide holo-comms system and the intra-city communications are linked up, and they even patch into network systems in the Old Cities so that greetings and messages can be broadcast. It's an indescribable feeling to look up in the sky and see images of family members or friends splattered over your city's force screen or over citizen's homes. There are so many festive events, that it's impossible to keep track of them all.

If you're like me and love tradition, you'll love this one. It's aptly called the "sleigh ride." Basically, occupants ride in an open-framed NRG-ET that travels on pre-arranged courses throughout the city. Imagine shouting Christmas greetings to your neighbors while travelling two hundred feet in the air! The NRG-ET itself is normally festively decorated and outfitted with

banners and streamers and kids generally throw out fake snow or sweets as they ride merrily along.

For the more intrepid, the Security and Traffic Control Centers create really cool acrobatic and totally safe NRG-ET flying routines. These routines are somewhat similar to rollercoaster rides or other amusement park rides, but naturally are without the ground supports. The algorithms are sent out to NRG-ET owners for approval and installed into onboard computers only by the owner. But be warned, while the vehicles are absolutely safe, some of the maneuvers are not for the faint of heart!

Another one of our loved Christmas traditions falls on the humanitarian side. Homeless people, who have been identified by government and community welfare agencies or churches are visited and fed by Nexus citizens. What's really great is once the season is over, these people are usually considered for entry into the Nexus as residents, if that is what they want. Again, local governments, churches and communities identify these people, and usually don't interfere with the relocation process. Last year alone, I believe over 2200 people were brought in as new citizens.

One of our most advertised technical social advancements is the introduction of the LATR procedure. As we all know, there are many people in the U.S. who are in need spiritually, socially and otherwise. For those who may be incarcerated, we have a legal team that is constantly trying to get these people released into our custody. That's where most local governments *do* present problems. Despite its widespread exposure, there still aren't enough people outside the Nexus who give serious credence to the LATR procedure. Therefore, they have great reservations in turning criminals over to us. That's one big hurdle for us, and I believe your Prime Minister is still engaged in this debate with our current PAASG Director.

With the advances in LATR technology, we can eliminate the desire to commit wanton murder and some violence. The advantage is we can convert these people into solid contributing citizens again. There was, and still remains, entirely too many African-American men and women in prison with no hope of ever being incorporated back into society again. We think everyone should get a second chance at life, no matter what his or her crime was. We know that in the end, God will decide what is just, regardless of what Man has chosen to dispense as justice.

The LATR has been talked about for years, but there's nothing to it really. A quick laser procedure and you're done. Controlling one's desire to hurt another has opened up an entirely different life to thousands of people. The LATR just seems to make the person better by removing the compulsion that would make him or her capable of murder or extreme violence.

Many people argue that the LATR is our form of law enforcement and therefore the Nexus is no different than any other society. I would beg to differ. The LATR offers no means of confinement or restrictions in any sense. Nor is there a need for vigilance or societal labeling. As evidenced throughout the years, people who have been incarcerated are normally repeat offenders and can go years in and out of prison with no foreseeable end in sight. The LATR puts an end to that.

If you didn't already know, the LATR does *not* alter a person's makeup, except remove the potential for murder or extreme violence. He or she basically remains the same person just shy the murder factor. Law enforcement can't do this.

I think the LATR treatment is one of the best hopes for the world. Imagine if everyone in the world were “LATRized?” No wars, possibly no more crime? Can you imagine what that could mean for your neighbor Ireland for example, or Bosnia and Serbia? To bring peace to a weary world is a goal we all want. We’re tackling the LATR acceptance problem in our country. you might consider petitioning your Parliament and Prime Minister to speed up things and do the same here in Britain.

I’ll never forget what a very wise person, my six-year-old, once wrote in her school composition: *“My mommy and daddy says all the people in the world are good and the ladder takes them to a higher place. I wish we could all use the ladder to climb up into the sky like Jack and his beanstalk. In the sky we could meet God and be friends forever.”*

My wife and I definitely got a kick out of what she wrote because undoubtedly she mistook LATR for ladder. But I still think she had the right idea. We may not ascend into the clouds with the LATR, but if everyone received it, I know we’d definitely have a heavenly experience right here on Earth.

## T'S SQUARE

*Although no concrete records have surfaced about the secretive purchase and development of the first Nexus city, Forrest Nance was present during the initial groundbreaking of the area and provided the following journal excerpt.*

WORDS WERE UNECESSARY at Memphis' groundbreaking ceremony. We understood why we were here, and what it took to get here. The blood and sweat of our ancestors, friends, colleagues and even enemies had in some way urged us on until we reached this goal. At this groundbreaking, we vowed we would find a way to repay those we could and remember the ones we couldn't.

If you've never been to one, I'll tell you that most groundbreaking ceremonies are very boring. Some are also pretty pompous and pretentious. But we had no time for that. We were anxious to get started, and so the majority of the short ceremony was a call to prayer and dedication. For our main dedication, we gave thanks to the Almighty for the journey thus far and for guidance as we tilled our way into the future. Second to that dedication was a prayer to guide the hands and hearts of the workers in this venture.

Fran and Richard Westmoreland did the honors. When the first shovelful of dirt was turned, it was clear to everyone that after this day there would once again be hope for all African-Americans to enjoy the liberty and freedom they have sought after for so long. There was only a handful of spectators, maybe about twenty-five in all. Afterwards, there were a couple of brief reflective speeches, but overall, the ceremony was very brief. In fact, I think the entire proceeding lasted less than fifteen minutes,

Once most the spectators left, Chief Architect and Engineer Theo Roberts engaged his engineers and workers with the task of setting up the layout of the base construction and command camp. The setting was totally unfamiliar because the only resemblance to a normal construction site was a lone bulldozer, three extended-length tractor-trailers and two house-trailers loosely scattered around the site. Normally, there would have been scores of construction equipment and planning trailers strategically parked according to their function and order of need.

After a brief conversation with the tractor-trailer drivers, Roberts gave the signal to unload the equipment. The ramps were dropped, but instead of the usual, loud engine start up and huge mechanical beasts lumbering down the ramp, five small, alien looking vehicles flew out of each trailer as gracefully and quietly like gliders riding on the winds. We just stood there with our jaws on the ground. We never knew anything like this existed. The sleek, purplish-tinged vehicles gave no clue as to their purpose, but they were the most exciting gadgets I had ever seen in my life. They hovered above the ground for about a minute, then touched down without a sound.

After the vehicles landed, a smaller vehicle the size of a mini-van exited from each of the trailers. They looked like personnel transport vehicles, but I couldn't be sure. They flew around

the site in what resembled some weird form of ritualistic dance and then finally settled to the ground.

Once those vehicles landed, the operators got out and started laughing. They obviously enjoyed their little joyride and our astonishment. Mr. Roberts was also getting a kick out of our shocked states. After a brief explanation and a few minutes to examine the vehicles, it was time to get down to business. I remember every word he said like it was yesterday.

“Gentlemen, this is the first installment of our New City work horses,” he said proudly. “They’re just part of the new tools we’ll be using to develop our land and cast the footings of our new society.”

Then he introduced the vehicle operators. They were young, maybe between 25 to 30 years old, but they were obviously completely familiar with the equipment. Mr. Roberts explained they were from the new Science and Logistics panels. I had never personally met R&D personnel who actually field-tested equipment before. Usually, testers were contracted out from external companies to do independent testing and evaluation so the R&D folks couldn’t fudge the results.

When introductions were through, they gave us our first lesson in anti-gravity flight operations. It was incredible! After the familiarization, we started collaborating on the vehicles’ deployment. Although they were the experts on the operation of the vehicles, we were the ground engineers and better suited to show them the best ways to use the equipment. It was a good exchange of knowledge, and based on what they learned from us, they could go back and improve the NRG-ET’s capabilities for our specific needs.

Roberts estimated our first project could feasibly take less than three years to complete using this new technology. After I saw the blueprints and layout for the city, I was very skeptical of that timeframe even with this equipment, but I had so much to learn yet.

Next, we partnered up with the operators and they showed us how to do system checkout with the vehicles. After the checkout phase was completed, we were scheduled to start initial site surveys. But before we could begin the surveying, we had to establish correct calibration of the equipment. Roberts improvised a system to do exactly that. He did this by taking a twelve hundred by twelve-hundred-meter square patch of land and dividing it into four strips. Each strip was flown and “scanned” as a piece of paper is scanned into a computer. The idea was to ensure the strips were imaged and scanned simultaneously so that three-dimensional models could be formed. These strips were scanned with less than 10 percent overlap and digital elevation models were added. As a result, precise ground truth, elevation and vector data was developed.

These strips were then correlated to one another and a system of measurement was produced. This data mining method calibrated every survey vehicle’s instruments and on-board computer systems concurrently. This system was known as *T’s Square*. We named it after Mr. Roberts, and we got to know it intimately.

This process was repeated until the entire stretch of land was precisely surveyed. It was important to accurately survey the land for the obvious reasons, but also to prevent any discrepancies resulting in property disputes or additional taxes.

Once these zones were established, at predetermined positions, a pole several meters tall and two meters in girth was planted in the ground. These poles marked the locations where Power Transfer towers and relay stations would eventually be placed.

In the days following, and after all the areas were surveyed and zoned, it was time to begin the actual razing and developing of the land. Watching the activity was almost like watching a circus. There were fancy acrobatics, expert maneuvering and low and high flying acts—or at least that’s the way it appeared. Actually, the operators were setting up safety zones to determine the best altitude for each specially functioned NRG-ET and to gauge how much clearance to provide each other as they went about their tasks.

Once the routines were established, they worked well together. While heavy transports were delivering or replenishing material, the personnel transports were dropping off the diggers, trenchers and cutters so they could complete their precision work.

Nothing like this had ever been done before and it was definitely a learning curve for everyone. It wasn’t really hard to learn how to maneuver the NRG-ET and to use the hardware, and actually it was a lot of fun. But that whole thing still remains one of the strangest experiences of my life. T’s square was just one of a number of innovative techniques we used to develop newly acquired land projects.

It may sound a bit corny, but in retrospect, we formed a special relationship and bond with the land. This was the first time we had claim to something that was uniquely ours, and whether we fared well or not, the burden rested solely on us. I suppose that notion should have been a bit intimidating, but it wasn’t. In fact, it inspired and challenged us to even greater heights—literally.

*Preview of Book II*

**PARADISE**  
*“Transitions”*



## HOMECOMING

(Ta'ra Adams)

**IT WAS MARCH 16, 1998 WHEN TRANSPORTATION OF THE FIRST CITIZENS TO THE NEXUS CITY OF THEBES COMMENCED.**

ALTHOUGH I'M SPEAKING SPECIFICALLY of the Thebes re-host, there were a number of re-hosts simultaneously taking place. The Nexus city of Abu-Simbel in New York, Heliopolis in Oregon, and Bahariya Oasis in Texas were also receiving or preparing to receive their new occupants at this time. Even though Memphis was the first constructed Nexus city, Thebes and the aforementioned cities were the first to be publicly announced, and the first to offer nearly unrestricted citizenship.

I believe Thebes was chosen as the first city to begin the re-host as a public relations ploy more than anything else. I say this because even though the other cities were also re-hosting, Thebes was the one city the PAASG spiritedly promoted and the media enthusiastically reported and documented. Because of this, and because of Memphis' furtive origin, in much of the outside world's eyes, Thebes is still treated as the first legitimate Nexus city.

As expected, there was extensive media representation at this event. They didn't want to miss this second re-hosting of African-Americans, and many of their investigative journalists were still being scolded because they had been caught unawares by Memphis' surreptitious migration and population.

The prospective inhabitants were given designated meeting areas on the outskirts of their respective cities for transport. Those bound for Thebes were scheduled to rendezvous in New York, not far from the old PAASG headquarters in the Adirondack Mountains.

Thousands of us were gathered waiting our turn to begin a new life. Mostly we were sharing our life experiences, or for those who had folks already living in Memphis, a description of what was to come. Notions of Paradise reigned among us, and it was an absolutely blissful time.

Like me, I'm sure there were moments when some of us had second thoughts, but we knew the best of everything had been put into this Awakening. We also knew that the finest people had been selected or volunteered for this transition. This time around, things were done right for our people. Still, a wandering thought managed to run through my head a time or two while we were waiting. But the answer to my own question was simply, "Well, if this *is* a gag or gimmick, at least they didn't get just me, they got a few hundred thousand of us!" Somewhat immature I admit, but it was effective for the time.

We were in a hurry to get to our new homes and get settled in. As clinical as it may sound, we were running away, and in some cases, we were running for our lives. We wanted to finally say goodbye to the seeming unending wave of despair in the Old Cities, and it looked like now it was really upon us.

While we were waiting, it seemed as if that elusive spirit of unity finally hit everyone. It didn't feel temporary, and it wasn't inspired by music at a concert or speeches at a rally, it was just the spirit of being *us*. Our people, the same people who were constantly projected as criminals or lost souls, had gotten it together, and that togetherness affected everyone in the most profound way. Would these New Cities live up to their potential? Would we live up to our potential once we were inside them? Absolutely! This was our hour of triumph!

As I look back on that day, I believe a new sense of morality and attitude was born among us—a morality that was entirely dependent on the will of its participants to make this endeavor work. Necessity forced us to join this Awakening, and nothing was going to stop us from pushing our talents and hopes to the limits. People sometimes criticize our efforts, but history had proven that not too often is a race of people given a second chance to reform, redeem, recharge, or revive themselves. While we had tried so many times before, it looked like this might actually be the blessing that we hoped would rain down on us.

Speaking of rain, after we arrived at our rendezvous point, it began to rain. At first it was an annoying drizzle, then an incessant downpour. It seemed as if Mother Nature herself was giving us a sendoff representative of the Old Cities' mood and atmosphere—dark with a constant torrent of troubles.

But even the weather couldn't put a damper on our spirits. Someone nearby said it was almost like the Old Cities were giving us the old "Don't let the doorknob hit you" sendoff. The mental connotation I made was it felt like a cleansing, purifying rain, and it sent chills down to my soul. After about twenty minutes, ol' Sol replaced the gloom, and once we dried out, the mood was again positive and upbeat.

Now the question of the day was: How were we getting to Thebes? We hadn't been told about the final means of transport. Would we be traveling by the incredible hovercraft? It just stood to reason that we would, because there were no airports or train routes near any of the rendezvous points.

Traveling by hovercraft would definitely upstage the way we arrived at the rendezvous point. The PAASG had either contracted or bought several dozen large passenger busses and had them waiting at our "ports of departure." They positioned them at train stations, airport terminals and at bus stations. I understand that to avoid congestion and confusion, they arranged to stagger the departure and arrival times at the rendezvous points. This made a lot of sense seeing they were talking about bringing in 15-20 thousand people from various cities around the country. This way, those travelling from longer distances would arrive first and have minimal time waiting for those of us from shorter distances. We were lucky because our departure point was in the same state, but we understood some people were traveling by bus from as far as Washington State.

We were waiting for the better part of an hour when shouting started somewhere in the crowd. "*Here they come! Here they come!*" We turned and saw the vehicles on the approach. Three enormous wedge-shaped craft were approaching from the west. Media crews immediately abandoned their interviews in favor of the airborne spectacle.

They flew in a lead and flank formation. The size of the vehicles was alarming at first, but soon we were cheering like crazy. I wasn't sure if the cheers were for the vehicles

themselves or for the freedom they represented. In retrospect, it was a very strange scene, alien looking craft about to descend on a sea of humans who were jumping up and down welcoming them. It reminded me of young baby birds in a nest waiting to be fed by their mother.

The vehicles landed in a triangular pattern about a thousand yards away from us and were separated from each other by nearly that same distance. As soon as they landed, everyone started running over to the landing site. I grabbed Monique and Josh by the hand, and we did our best to keep from being left behind. I'm surprised no one was injured during the near stampede.

As we got closer, we could see that the gargantuan vehicles didn't have landing struts or anything that looked like support mechanisms. In fact, they were just suspended in the air! I couldn't believe it! It was one thing to see something like this on television, but in person, it was too much!

Soon after everyone arrived at the parking area and were fairly settled, a door on the top of the lead transport opened, and a stocky gentleman in a uniform appeared. Those of us close enough saw that he had a device in his hand that turned out to be a microphone. His baritone voice was broadcast through a public address system from the craft and it was almost scary in its volume.

"Hello, everyone. I'm Captain Craig Baker of the New City Shuttle Service, and on behalf of the PAASG and the NCSS, I'd just like to say congratulations on being selected for this re-host, and to sincerely thank you for supporting this Awakening, our Awakening! First, I'd like to make sure that everyone here is awaiting transport to Thebes. If you're awaiting transport to any other city, if you'll please remain where you are, we will make arrangements for you immediately after boarding is complete."

While people were shuffling about, he continued.

"I'm sure you'd like to know something about these little marvels before you. These NCSS ships are called NRG-Enabled Transports. Your sister, Dr. Allison Ramsey, designed them. Some of you may recall Dr. Ramsey was reported missing a few years ago. Well, she is quite safe and still doing absolutely fantastic work for our new society. These inventions of hers exploit the principles of gravity, and as you've already witnessed, are free from noise and air pollutants.

"Since these vehicles work *with* gravity instead of against it, they are considerably safer than ordinary propeller or jet powered craft. I know some of you are wondering about the ability of such large vehicles to transport you and your children safely, so we'd like to give you a brief demonstration of their power and agility. Would PT #7 commence the demonstration please?"

With this announcement, the Herculean vehicle on his left silently lifted off, and with remarkable speed, started circling the crowd while twisting and banking effortlessly. In unbelievably graceful maneuvers, it turned and flew for a few miles inverted, and then it righted itself and flew slow and low to the ground. With every movement, we went wild! We were engaged in both a supercharged air show and pep rally and we loved it!

When #7 was done with its aerial acrobatics, it resumed its position with the other hovercraft. They sat there with an unspoken air of power and dignity. Someone in the crowd started calling them Freedom Birds. They were absolutely right.

Afterwards, Capt. Baker said, “All right! Aren’t they Incredible? As you’ve just seen, these vehicles are extremely maneuverable. But rest assured that their maneuverability is equally matched by their safety!”

Then he shouted like a ringmaster, “Ladies and gentlemen, this is but a sample of the wonders that await you in the New City of Memphis!”

As his words echoed, all three hovercraft quietly and gently lowered themselves until they were about twenty feet off the ground. Then stairways unfolded from side entrances and extended themselves from the front and rear of the vehicles.

“I’ll begin by reviewing the boarding arrangement. In order to facilitate smooth boarding, I’d like all the passengers whose last names begin with A through J, that’s A through J, to please carefully filter over to the transport on my left, K through Q to the transport on my right, and R through Z to my transport. Please don’t rush as I assure you, we’ll have plenty of time and room to transport all of you.”

He repeated the announcement a few times to make sure everyone heard and understood him. For me, the pride and esteem during those moments was overwhelming. The words he’d used echoed in my mind. *“Your sister, Dr. Allison Ramsey, designed them!”* The word “sister” had a new meaning for me now. Someone who might have been demeaned in the past because of her color had created something impossible by most standards. And she was ours!

Immediately, I felt total elation! Not even because we were leaving, but because the spirit and excellence of our people had shone through the adversities of life and blazed a path for us all to follow and be proud of. Thank you, my sister!

About half an hour later, almost everyone had finally aligned themselves with their respective transport. Once they had done so, a representative from each shuttle started reading from a list of authorized passengers and the boarding began. I turned to my children.

“This is it kids! Are you ready?”

That was a stupid question. Of course, they were! They were ready from the get-go, and that little acrobatics show had put them over the top. By now they were crazy with anticipation. Being an adult, I was still a little skeptical about these transports, but kids never see the inherent danger in anything. All they knew is they couldn’t wait to get on our shuttle for the “coolest ride ever!”

Having the last name Adams was definitely a blessing, as we were one of the first names called. When I heard our name, I felt a slight tingle. I remembered having the same feeling when I was a kid in Newark on my way for the first time to Palisades Amusement Park. I’ll never forget that innocent feeling of wonder, excitement and anticipation. Now years later, I was feeling exactly the same way, embarking on yet another wonderful, thrilling adventure.

As we made our way up the stairway, I turned around to look at the people behind us. Then I saw the media crews in the background. I started laughing to myself. I couldn’t even

imagine what those reporters were saying or recording. How were they reporting this? Were they saying we were some kind of huge cult like the suicidal *Heaven's Gate* folks? I imagined them reporting sadly that a few thousand of America's brightest were leaving for another dream, and America was losing its soul. Hardly. No, they were probably just reporting the facts, and the fact was that thousands of Black folks were boarding never-before-seen aircraft and heading to new communities and were clearly eager and happily doing so. But still, I know at least one of those reporters was going to compare us to Jonestown or Hale Bopp.

As we strode up the huge stairway, we could hear hearty cheers all around us. At some point we started cheering as well. I thought to myself that finally we were about to make our way to a place that was far removed from the world of uncertain living. But even as those happy expectations passed through my mind, I thought it was somewhat ironic that I was just as uncertain and fearful as to what may lay ahead of us in this "New City."

The noise level was awful when we finally got inside the shuttle. People were shouting, singing or just talking, and it seemed like they were all doing it at the same time and almost at the same pitch and volume. Every now and then, we could pick out individual voices.

"Look at this!" A woman in front of us exclaimed. "This thing must have cost a mint!"

We were also shocked by the interior of the vehicle. Indeed, the inside was exquisite! Two rows of black alabaster pillars with gold Egyptian-looking symbols and etchings lined the center and the length of the transport. These pillars formed an enormous and majestic archway as we walked through. Black leather bench sofas lined the walls, and chairs of the same material and small tables were neatly and richly arranged throughout the center of the ship. I thought the entire setting made for a modern ancient look, if that makes any sense. And as Capt. Baker had said, there did seem to be plenty of room for everyone. It reminded me of the plushness of a cruise ship.

Although we were among the first passengers to enter, I chose not to take the seating against the sides of the craft. You could see right through the walls and that made me uncomfortable. The nearer the center of the vehicle, the better I felt. I found out later that wasn't such a good idea.

We had a long wait until everyone was finally onboard. I think it took about an hour and a half. But there were refreshments and music to keep us appeased while we waited. I'm sure everyone expected a long wait, especially with this volume of people, so no one really complained, at least that I heard anyway.

From a nearby conversation, I heard that each of the three NRG-ET could comfortably accommodate 1000 persons. The crowd was estimated to be somewhere around 20,000, so there would be ferrying to and from Thebes for some time. Also, I understood that each day, around 20,000 more people were scheduled to rendezvous with the NRG-ET's. A gentleman in the section across from us said that it was an around the clock operation and there would be about seven trips per day to Thebes. This was factoring in the average time of one hour to safely load the NRG-ET's, the 30-minute flight time, an hour to unload passengers and flight

time back to the rendezvous points. With an occupancy threshold of 150,000, the entire re-host for Thebes was scheduled for completion in about seven and a half days.

A woman within earshot said something to the effect that it took six days for God to create the world, and the PAASG was recreating our world in seven. I didn't know if I necessarily liked that analogy. She seemed to be equating the people who initiated this move to God and His power. While I understood her point and her new loyalties, I think she took it a bit too far.

The kids eventually went to sleep by the time the last people were boarding. They'd been up since about 4 o'clock that morning in eager anticipation. But before drifting off, they made me promise to wake them as soon as we were ready to take off. As I watched them, I wondered again if I was doing the right thing. Was I being a good parent by running away to an unknown place and joining an unknown society? Was this the responsible thing to do? Jonestown and its tragic aftermath crept back into my mind. There were lots of crazies out there in the world, and I hoped that I hadn't entangled my family with a bunch of them. The only comforting thought, as lame as it might have been, was that crazies usually didn't have loads of money—certainly not the kind of money that went into this operation—and crazies usually weren't Black folks. Oh, there might be one or two, but generally, Blacks followed crazies, but rarely were leaders of crazies. To me, it always seemed that we had enough problems dealing with everyday living to allow ourselves the luxury or time to go crazy too.

After a while, I became reasonably comfortable with our surroundings, so I sat back and just listened to the conversations around me. From those conversations I got a crash course in the construction of the transport among other things. I learned that the hull of the NRG-ET was constructed of a light, but resilient material similar to stressed skin metal, but supposedly infinitely stronger. Also, the material later to be known internationally as Thameal was installed into the sides of the transports. Thameal was an incorporated component that allowed the wall's material to transition from opaque to transparent. It was quite an astonishing feat actually. It was also quite unnerving for some of the passengers onboard, like me. It was one thing to look through a small window on an airplane at the outside, but quite another to sit next to a floor-to-ceiling see-through wall. If you had Acrophobia, you were in trouble.

I wondered where these people got their information, but I figured that some of them might have been my "online" friends in previous months. It made me kind of envious listening to them spouting their knowledge about the New Cities and its wonders. But again, maybe they had friends or relatives in Memphis who were relaying information in letters or communiqués. I almost felt like an outsider because they all seemed so familiar with everything. I vowed to learn as much as I could about the New Cities as soon as we arrived.

When I heard the bosun's call, I knew it was time. I immediately woke the kids. The captain made an announcement, and a few seconds later we felt a slight tremor like you might feel in an elevator lift. We had started our ascent. I couldn't believe that even with this much weight displacement, all we felt was a negligible vibration. I thought again about my sister, Allison Ramsey. What genius!

Naturally we wanted to look outside, but as you can imagine, the sides of the craft were already lined with excited onlookers piled over the ones already seated along the sides. The distance from us to the walls was almost three persons deep, so it didn't look like we'd be looking at anything except each other for a while. I thought we'd eventually get a chance because those folks would have to get tired of standing there at some point. Again, I was wrong.

I apologized to the children and explained that there would be opportunities aboard other hovercraft in the future. Remarkably, they were adult about it and didn't raise a big stink. Besides, they still got to see the clouds above us as they zipped by. That kept their attention and gave them something to talk about.

We arrived at Thebes remarkably fast! A scant thirty-seven minutes from New York to Wisconsin and we were there. I don't know exactly how fast we were going, but in that time, we must have been traveling better than 1300 miles an hour, around the same speed as the Concorde, I guess. They probably could have made it in even less time, but I don't think they were trying to impress us with the vehicle's incredible speed on our first time out.

I discovered more information about the hovercraft on some of the tables near our seats. As I read through some of them, I found some interesting facts. For example, the Federal Aviation Authority restricts normal commercial airline travel to a maximum altitude of 40,000 feet, but the New Cities' Logistics and Science Councils ruled hovercraft could safely and easily operate at an altitude of 50,000 feet with no degradation in performance or safety. This alone was a revolution in modern travel. With no overcrowded skies, this meant a reduction in possible mid-air collisions, air traffic control confusion and national or international airspace violations.

When our transport arrived at the five-mile marker outside Thebes, the captain asked for everyone to turn their attentions to the sides of the transport again so we could get a firsthand glimpse of the city. As everyone scrambled to get into position, a gentleman motioned to us to join him and his wife near the side of the craft. We graciously accepted, and although it wasn't a life-saving sacrifice or anything, it was one of the kindest gestures anyone had ever done for the kids or me, especially coming from an absolute stranger. If this was indicative of the way it was going to be in Thebes, then I knew I had made the right decision.

The captain then ordered the transport operators to make a pass around the entire city. As he did so, I looked around and our friends had managed to squeeze in next to us. It was tight, but this time *they* were the recipients of good will by some of the other passengers. I don't think any of us were willing to let anyone miss out on this spectacle.

My first sighting of Thebes was a personal experience that I'll never forget. It was almost like an out-of-body encounter. Here I was looking at an irregularity in today's world, yet by the same standard, it seemed so natural. There was a slight mountain range, lakes, greenery and that pyramid proudly thrusting its majesty into the heavens. It was real and surreal at the same time.

The sound of the captain's voice abruptly brought me back to reality. But as he played the tour guide, my mind wandered. In a split second, it jumped from Thebes to Egypt to New

Jersey and returned back to Thebes. My life seemed rooted in all these places at the same time. Though I had never been to Egypt or had yet to set foot in Thebes, it's hard to describe, but I felt as if they and I were all interwoven.

As we got closer, the pyramid took up the entire wall of the hovercraft. Suddenly, all the doubts and misgivings about my moving to this mystery place were eradicated. My fears were replaced by a descending calm, and I realized that I was coming home!

"My God!" I gasped. "Kids, look at that!" The televised fly-thru we saw of the pyramid was nothing in comparison. Our Good Samaritan friends and my family were practically standing on top of each other trying to see every little detail. I thought about the folks arriving at Rykers Island and seeing the Statue of Liberty for the first time. I wondered if they viewed it like we were viewing the pyramid now. To me the freedom it represented, they were the same.

How can I describe pride of this magnitude? I'm sure everyone has something they are enormously proud of - family, sports team, career etc. Multiply any one of the them, or all of them by a thousand and you'll know what I mean.

The hovercraft banked a bit, and as it came around, I could see an entrance in the pyramid's side. In a second, I could see people walking around inside and a line of small shuttlecraft. Our fantasy ride was now concluding with a realism finale. The people inside that structure were real and they had purpose. Maybe we would have purpose here too. My next thought was the Queen must live there. I wondered if we'd get the chance to meet her. Again, my pride spiked.

As we entered the massive entrance, it was like being absorbed into the splendor of the edifice. It was official, we were now a part of it all, the splendor, the majesty, the oneness. It was exhilarating, but it was also humbling. Man had created such wondrous accomplishments, but in my heart, I knew even this magnificence paled in comparison to the wonders that our Heavenly Father has created for us. I closed my eyes, and prayed a prayer of thanks, of joy, of commitment, and of devotion. An NRG-ET may have transported us, but He had delivered us.

