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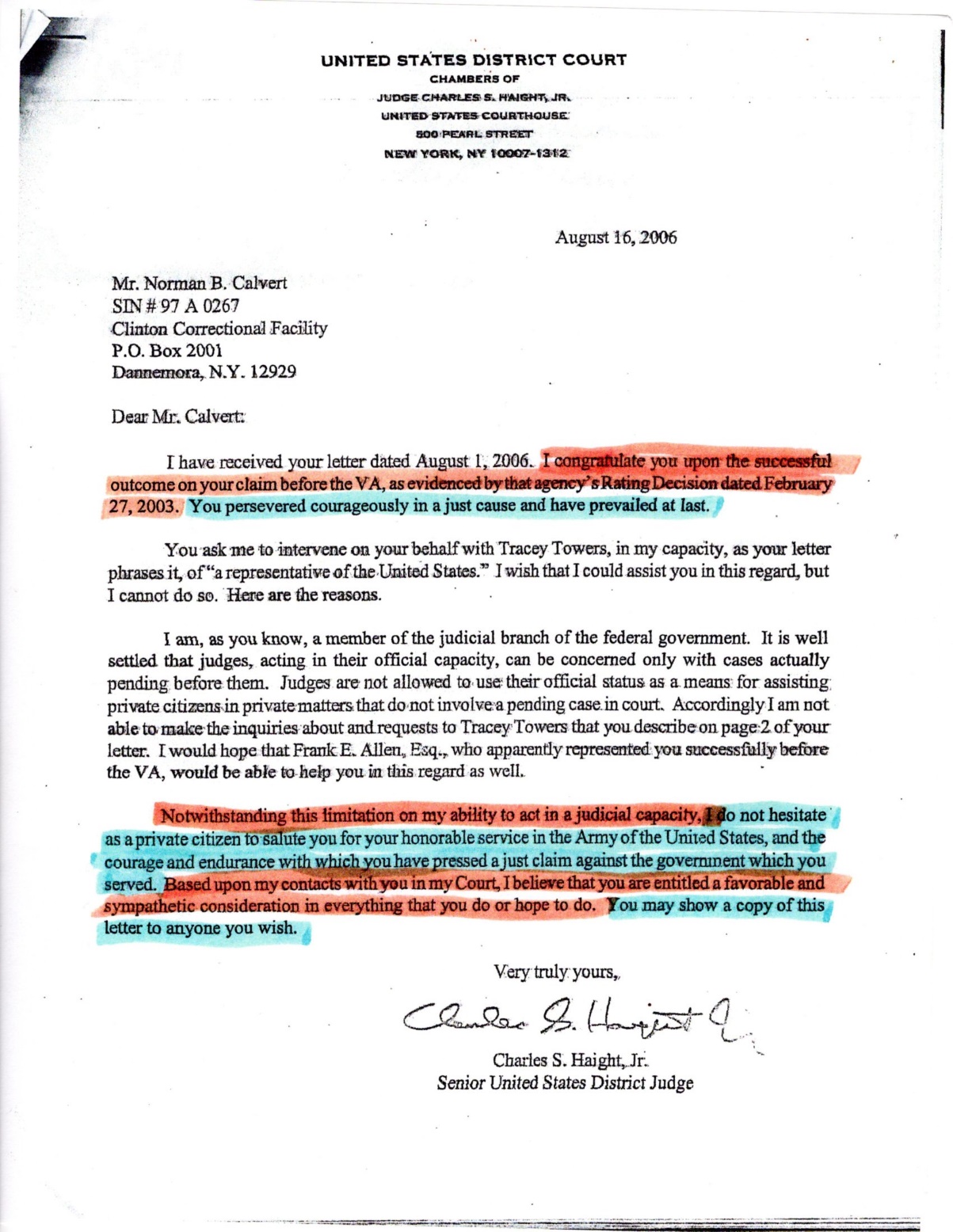
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This pic was taken in January 2011.

See this on my website: **exodus2.org/Trump/Docs.**



The VERY BEST letter I EVER Received!

See this on my website: **exodus2.org/Trump/Docs.**

**PREFACE**

TO All my SHORTY’S Shortys in da House:

I was born just about as far South in the South Bronx as you can possibly get; *The Old Lincoln Hospital.* As a Bricklayer, I even helped to build *The New Lincoln Hospital.* See six Dark Bricks in a row.

Not only have I been locked up in more than a dozen Penal Institutions (City and County Jails, State and Federal Prisons and Penitentiaries, and a Military Stockade), I have also been locked up in more than a dozen Psychiatric Wards (City, County, State, Federal, and Military). I actually woke up once, in a Straight Jacket and in a Pink-Padded Cell. See Mark 3:21 NKJV.

I am a 75 year old ***Wounded Warrior***, a Deco-rated and Disabled Viet Nam Veteran, with **TWO** Honorable Discharges from the United States Army. I am also rated by the Veterans Administration as **100% Service Connected Psychiatric Disabled.**

          I Cuss, I Fart, I Smoke Weed, I watch Porn, and I Masturbate. I got about a Buck-Thirty I.Q.

My name is *Caprice,* and I am the coolest thing since the Peppermint Patty.

        I am so cool, in fact, that SHORTY, The Creator of the Heavens and the Earth, and Sovereign of the Kingdom of Heaven, has appointed *Me* to be the Ambassador–at-Large of the Kingdom of Heaven.

            As you probably already know, an Ambassador-at-Large is a Diplomatic Official of the *Highest Order*, sent by a Sovereign to accomplish a *Special Mission*.

            My *Special Mission* is named EXODUS2™ - The Evolution Revolution, and it will take Humankind to the next Quantum Level, from Homo Sapiens to Homo Creators.  EXODUS2™ will lift up ALL of Humankind to an Infinitely Higher state of Consciousness, synergistically multiplying the potency of YOUR Creative Conscious Energy by more than 7,000,000,000 times.  You and I, ALL of us, as Individuals, will be like GOD! This is our Inheritance, our Birthright; and now we have the Technology to attain this incomparably Majestic **APOTHEOSIS.**

            Many of the Prophets have spoken of this time; All of the World’s Major Religions, and the Mayan Long-Count Calendar, have predicted that it would arrive at EXACTLY this point in our History.

            Aren’t YOU expecting it? Of course you are. Well, here it is:

       In Matthew 11:12B, The Master said: “…*the kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent take it by force.”*  So, let’s get to *taking!* We can begin by clicking on the Download Button, exodus2.org/Introduction - SHORTY’S Bumper Stickers, and put these SHORTY’S Bumper Stickers ALL OVER, so that every time and place you see one of them, it will compel you to think of EXODUS 2™ - THE EVOLUTION REVOLUTION.

        One more thing you need to know; I did not use profanity in the book. Instead I used numbers: so, for Fuck, I used four (mothafourer); for Shit, I used six (I stepped in some six); and for Ass, I used eight (eightholes). LOL Billion is still billion; I do NOT like "the B word". "Sometimes a cigar is only a cigar".

Thanks Chapter 1 India

My SENSATIONAL, SPECTACULAR, SPELL-BINDING STORY.

My friends call me Caprice, and I am the coolest thing since the Peppermint Pattie.

I am a 63 year old Decorated and Disabled Viet Nam Veteran, with TWO HONORABLE DISCHARGES from the U.S. Army. [I am also rated by the VA as 100% Service Connected Psychiatric Disabled].

MY SENSATIONAL, SPECTACULAR, SPELL-BINDING STORY has to start by clearing up the issue of profanity. Without exception, all of my Teachers have cautioned me against using any profanity. But I am "Street People", a *"fangito"*, and some things I only know how to say with curse words. So I have devised an ingenious method to get around this dilemma. I will use numbers instead of curse words.

Does that sound good to you? For instance:

Whenever I want to use the word that starts with an “F” and ends with "u-c-k"; you all know the word I am thinking of, right? Firetruck! So when I want to say "Firetruck", I'll say "four" instead. Rather than saying "I sure firetrucked up", I'll say "I sure foured up. And instead of saying "Mother-firetrucker", I'll say ‘Motherfourer". Okay?

For that four-letter word that starts with an "S", and ends with "T"; what is it, "shot", "shut", "smut"? You know the word I'm thinking of, right? Instead of that word, I'll use the number "six' . So, whenever I say "bullsix", you'll know what I mean. Or if I say "He's full of six", or I stepped in some six" you'll know what I really mean. Right?

Then there's the three-letter curse word, for which I'll use the number "eight"; as in "what an eight"; "kiss my eight"; or "eighthole". You get the picture, right?

Theoretically, I could easily use the number ‘billion’ to replace the “B word", but since "the B word" has no business being in my vocabulary in the first place (or in any other man’s vocabulary, for that matter); whenever I use the number billion, it will mean exactly that: "billion". Like Sigmund Freud has said: "Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar."

MY SENSATIONAL, SPECTACULAR, SPELL-BINDING STORY must begin even BEFORE the beginning - 1 year and 9 days before.

My German Mother wanted a big family, with six kids; my Black Father wanted a small family, with two kids. So they compromised, and settled on having four kids. I am number five --- that should give you a clue. (grin)

My brother, Arnold, was born in the old Bronx Hospital, on Fulton Avenue and 169th Street, in the South Bronx, on August 25th, 1943 - one year and nine days before me. My Mother, being an immi-grant, and not knowing her Rights as an American Citizen, was intimidated by one of the nurses in that hospital, and hesitated to request the "procedure" that would curtail her future fertility "tying her tubes"?.

So about three months after Mom left the hospital, I was conceived, in all of my "splendid glory"; and I was born on September 3rd, 1944, in the old Lincoln Hospital in the South Bronx. You really can't get too much further South in the South Bronx, than the old Lincoln Hospital, without wind-ing up in the East River.(grin)

For the first six weeks of my life my family lived on East 168th Street, between Union and Prospect Avenues. Then we moved to 1415 Clinton Avenue - both were private houses.

On October 9th, 1953 my very, very best good Friend, in the Whole Wide World, and my Protector and my advisor, my big Brother, Arnold, died of cancer. I was DEVASTATED !!!

I remember that on that day I used my week's Lunch Money to buy a goldfish and a little fishbowl for Arnold. I knew I was gonna get my eight whipped, but I didn't care.

When My parents came home from the hospital, I told them that I had bought the goldfish and fishbowl for Arnold.

I don't think I will EVER forget my Father's words: "It's no use, Arnold is dead." Tears are welling up in my eyes, even today, as I write this now.

My whole world came crashing down on me that day; and I believe that that is the reason why I can't remember anything of my early childhood, even to this day.

Two years later, on September 5th, 1955 we moved to South Jamaica, Queens. People in "The City" considered that to be "The Country"; it was called South Ozone Park then.

The next few years were unremarkable, except for the fact that I had to repeat the eighth grade, in Shimer Junior High School --— and I was so madly in love with Frazell Larrymore that I don't think I ever had the nerve to say more than two words to her the whole two years in her class.

Oh, yeah, I was the only one of the kids in my family to ever fight with our Father; and I did it twice. The second time he told me: "You're going in the Army in two weeks; when you leave here, don't you ever set foot in this house again” Yeah, right!

Two days after my 17th Birthday, I quit school and went into the Army, on September 5th, 1961. After two months of Basic Training at Fort Dix, I came home on leave. My father welcomed me home with open arms, and a big hug . So much for "Don't you ever set foot in this house again.

But that's just how Fathers are.

After that 30 day leave, I went to Aberdeen Proving Grounds(APG), in Maryland, for my A.I.T. This means "Advanced Individual Training”; unless you are in the Infantry, in which case, it will mean "Advanced Infantry Training".

At A.P.G. I was trained as a "wheel and Track Vehicle Mechanic", and I was qualified to fix ANYTHING on any wheeled vehicle the Army had --- that didn't fly.(grin)

When I finished at A.P.G. I went on another 30 day leave, and then I boarded a ship to head for The Fatherland.

If I remember correctly, it took us 13 days to cross the Atlantic - but only 5 days to return. I remember one extraordinarily beautiful day I was leaning on the ship's railing and breathing in the clean salty air, and the spray from the ship's bow was misting my face. I love the Water, it felt so good spraying in my face on this most beautiful day. Then I looked forward, towards the bow of the ship, so I could see the water splashing --- and a dude was leaning over the rail and vomiting. His vomit was dropping down from his mouth, and being picked up by the wind, and was blowing back, straight into my face! UGGGGGGGGGGGGGH !!!!!!!

We landed in Bremerhaven, and traveled from there by train to Neckersulm, a tiny little town about 50 miles, or maybe it was kilometers, south of Stuttgart.

I was assigned to the 333rd Artillery Battalion, with the Redstone Missile. That was the Biggest, Baddest Mothafourer that America has in those parts. A 60 foot Jammy with a Nuclear War-head packed into its business end.

You'd better believe, that when America was on the brink of war with the Soviet Union in the Cuban Missile Crisis, at the forefront of the Soviets’ imaginations, was the 333rd Artillery Battalion, aiming that 60’ Jammy right down their throats.

On paper, we were AWESOME! Those papers said that when a RED ALERT is called, we can be in one of our many "secret" field locations, and fully Combat Ready in under four hours.

What a fouring joke!

None of those papers reflected Real Life – wherein resides Murphey's Law. In THAT reality, it took closer to four days, than four hours, for us to set up that missile, and be Combat Ready; if we got it up at all. And don't let it be raining or: snowing. I swear, that mud in those woods can be "eighthole deep to a tall injun" in the ruts made by the convoy of trucks.

And as far as those "secret" field locations are concerned, I can bet you that every KGB Agent; every Deutsches Politzei, and every Landsman, knew precisely where each and every one of these "secret" field locations were.

Hell, about the only people over there who did NOT know where those "secret" field locations were, were all of the GI's in the 333rd Artillery Battalion.(grin)

One day, a couple of weeks after I arrived in Germany, we were out on a Field Training Exercise, and one of the fellas that I had bonded with, a Medic from Harlem named John Martin, asked me if I wanted to take a ride into the Post, so we could take HOT showers. Since I would be off for four hours, I jumped at this rare opportunity.

I met John right after I arrived there, and we found some common ground because he was a Black man, married to a German lady - as were my parents. John lived off-Post.

Anyway, we were in the back of a 2½ ton truck; those are the big troop carrying trucks that you usually see in the war movies. On our way to the Post we were going around a curve, and the water trailer that we were towing slid into a ditch on the side of the road. This trailer started flipping over, and over, and over; and eventually pulled the truck into the ditch also. The truck was banging back and forth, and it slammed into a telephone pole. It knocked down the telephone pole, and smashed in the side of the truck. My right arm got caught between them, and all three of the long bones, the humorous, radius, and ulna, were snapped in two, just like you would snap a pencil in half.

At least one of the arteries in my arm must have been sliced, because I was bleeding something fierce, and I knew that I was going to bleed to death right there[at only 17 years old], because nobody knew what the four to do. I was the only one hurt; but everybody else was "jumping through their eights".

Everybody, that is, except for John. Him being a Medic and all, he literally saved my life. He broke a branch off of a nearby tree, took off his belt, and made a tourniquet to stop the bleeding. He made that damned thing so tight, and it was hurting me so much, that I was cursing him out all the way to the hospital in Heilbraun, demanding that he loosen it up. I must have called him every name in the book, but he refused to listen to me, which probably kept my stupid eight alive.

To this day I still have two metal plates, and eight metal screws inside of my right arm, and on the outside I have six big scars. But you know what they about scars: Scars are like tattoos --- but with better stories.(grin)

Thanks Chapter 2 India

One day when we were off duty, me and my buddy Pete Wieden (he's German, well German-American, so that name is pronounced as "weedin"), and another dude who was a Spec 5, and a Training NCO, decided that we would go into the woods and take some pictures for a class of his.

Let me tell you about Pete: That dude could SING! I mean, he could REALLY SING! In all of my years' I have NEVER heard anybody blow "Beware My Foolish Heart”, or "I left My Heart In San Francisco" like Pete. I ALWAYS expected that I would see his name mentioned in the same class as Tony Bennett, Nat King Cole, Johnny Mathis, and yes, even with Frank Sinatra. None of those guys could blow a tune like Pete. He lived in the Twin Cities, I believe.

Anyway, Pete signed out an M-14 from the Arms Room; that Spec 5 signed out a .45 Automatic Pistol; and I signed out my own Star 9 millimeter Automatic Pistol.

And off we went into the woods. We did what we went there to do, and then we went to a Gasthaus to get some cold brewskies. When we left the gast-haus, we took a shortcut back to the jeep, and we cut through some Landman's backyard. All of a sudden this big German Sheppard Jumps out of “nowhere", barking like crazy, and looking to four us up.

Now, I know I wasn't supposed to have any live ammunition on me --- but I did; and I know that I wasn't supposed to have my piece loaded --- but I did. I busted a cap in that German Sheppard's eight. I gave him a quick and permanent “attitude adjustment". We jetted out of that Burg as fast as possible.

When we got back to the Post, we were let in without any problems - but then they closed and locked the gate behind us, and they came at us from everywhere, armed to the teeth. They had us listed as "Armed and extremely dangerous".

I got my first Courts Martial for that escapade. It was the first of my two Special Courts Martials. I also got two Summary Courts Martials, but they will come later. They reduced my pay grade to private E-l, gave me four months of hard labor(without confinement); and fined me $50.00 per month, for four months.

Hey, what the Hell; I was still a teenager; and as everybody knows: "Boys will be boys".(grin)

Let me tell you one last thing about Pete - he taught me all of the German curse words that I know. You know, all of those words that you really can't live without, that Mom and the Schools wouldn't teach me.(grin)

When I was getting close to getting out of the Army, the Redstone Missile was replaced with the Pershing Missile. Our Outfit was dismantled, and one fine Spring day we had to have a convoy to take all of our trucks to some Post near Bertchesgarten, in the Alps.

We were driving, and driving, and driving; and somehow me and the Wrecker (tow truck) driver, Heims, got separated from the rest of the convoy. I remember driving up, and up, and up a mountain road. It was a nice Spring day, and I was really enjoying the ride.

Then, all of a sudden, a driver comes around a curve and swings into my lane. I moved over to the right to avoid hitting him, and the projecting hub on my right front wheel hit a guard-rail post, causing my front wheels to turn to the right —-- and away I went, off of the mountainside.

The last thing I remember seeing, was looking up at the totally sheer mountainside before me, which looked to be at least 1,500 - 2,500 feet high; and I had no idea how high, or how steep the mountainside was where I had just flown off of the road. I was literally flying over the treetops.

Luckily for me, the curvature of the ground below me perfectly matched the arch the truck was traveling. So the truck landed without too much damage, except that the front tires were kissing the back tires. And I walked away with only some minor scratches.

I was afraid that this incident would hold up my being discharged, but that didn't happen.

Because of my early enlistment, and the phasing out of our Battalion, I was afforded a VERY rare opportunity of getting my first Honorable Discharge while I was still a Teenager - more than two months before my 20th birthday.

Here's something real cool: I came home on July 1st, 1964, when all of the Gangsters and the Thugs, and even all of the Law Enforcement Officers, were packing 38 revolvers. Now everybody packs a 9mm. When I came home with my 9mm, I was One of the very first people in the Nation to have one.

I guess it would be safe to say that I was: "The First Kid on the Block" to have a Nine.(grin)

I stayed out of the Army for the Summer of 1964, and I reenlisted on September 11th, 1964, with the promise that I would be stationed in Fort Dix, New Jersey.

My oldest brother, Charlie, had this real old classic car, I think it was a Packard, or something like that. He kept that car immaculately clean; even under the hood. One night me and my other brother, George, borrowed it to go to a party in St. Albans, Queens. Before you know it, the damn car slides into a parked car, and almost bends at a right angle, right behind the passenger seat, where I was sitting. We weren't hardly gonna wait around for the Police to come, and see us in the shape that we were in, so we just left the car there, and went on to the party.

After the party we went home, and went to bed.

The next morning, we were awakened by some very angry Police Officers, who wanted to know why we left the scene of an accident. My brother, George, told them: Hey look, nobody was hurt, you had the license plate, so we weren't trying to hide from anybody, and it was late at night; so we just came home and went to sleep, intending to straighten it out today - but you got here first.

In those days, most people gave Veterans a lot more respect than they do these days, so nothing happened to us. At least not by the Police.

I can't recall Charlie's reaction.

Intending to make a career in the Army, I reenlisted at the end of the Summer, and returned to Fort Dix. I was assigned to the Motor Pool in an Infantry training battalion, with a Black Company Commander, Captain Charles Evans(I believe), and a Black Motor Pool Officer, Lieutenant Smalls (I believe).

Back in those days(and maybe even today), the Black Community had a name for dudes like me: light-skinned, good-looking, with blue eyes(and tall, 6' 3"). They called us 'High Yella (yelIow) Pretty Boys.

As soon as I got to that company, I got the distinct impression that some High Yella Pretty Boy made, or was making cuckolds out of both of those two dudes. I mean, they were both on my case, from day one. The Italians have a name for dudes like that - *Gernudes.*

One day I was in the Motor Pool, and Lt. Smalls told me to do some real petty, trifling thing. As I was walking away to do it, I mumbled under my breath, "damn". Lt. Smalls said: What did you say?" "I heard that!" "I'm gonna give you an Article 15." I told him, "You are gonna have to Courts Martial me; I didn't say anything to you."

The thing is, I had put in for a 30 day leave, and that was put on hold because I was pending the Courts Martial. So I took the Article 15. Capt. Evans took a stripe away from me, and gave me a fine. I was so fouring pissed off, that I QUIT THE ARMY! Yeah, I Quit The Fouring Army !!! FTA!

I went on a 30 day leave, and stayed gone for 70 days. Hell, I even had a job as a mechanic with Hertz Rent-a-Truck, at 325 Pearl Street, under the Manhatttan side of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Check out this six. I was making some phone calls, looking for a job as an auto mechanic. I was telling people that I was Honorably Discharged from the Army - and I had my first DD 214 to prove it. This guy gives me an appointment to come down for an interview.

At the appointed time, I was in his office, waiting for him. He tells me: "Well you're on time, that gets you on First Base." First Base my eight! I looked at his name, and it was German - so I took a chance - I started speaking German to him. To have a Black Man in his office, in New York City, speaking German to him - not a Doctor, Lawyer, or Indian Chief; not a Professor — but a Black Auto Mechanic; He couldn’t have been more stunned, if a pony was in his office speaking English.

First Base? Man, I hit an out-of-the-park, bases loaded, Home Run! I was hired ON THE SPOT !!!

At that time I was living in my parent's basement. One morning I was awakened by the Police, and they told me: Your Mother says that you belong in Fort Dix, and you can't seem to find your way back there. I was infuriated with my Mom. But that didn't last too long. She really did what's right.

That was the cause of my second Special Courts Martial. I did four months in the Fort Dix Stockade.

God only knows how many brain cells I destroyed while I was there. Not too many people were aware of sniffing glue in those days, and I found lots and lots of "canvas patching cement". The only thing, it was brown, instead of clear. So, if I was careless with putting it in the bag, I would have brown "tell-tale signs" all over my face.(grin)

Oh, and when they made me work in the mess hall there, I used to put salt in the sugar jars on the guards' tables.

I survived the Stockade, and went back to that company.

Thanks Chapter 3 India

Okay, here is something REAL funny:

Back in those days, a GI in uniform could hitch-hike all over the Country, if he wanted to. It was real easy to get a ride back then - not so these days; and it's illegal.

Okay, so one real cold Winter night I was hitch-hiking back to Fort Dix - and I couldn't get a ride for nothing! I was out on the New Jersey Turnpike for hours. Finally I get to Exit 7; and I waited, and waited, and waited for another ride --- that never came.

So, for the first – FIRST AND ONLY - time in my life that I ever stole a car, I went in a gas station and stole a car. It was a Buick. I was driving down the snow covered road, and this car was cruising. I started wondering what it was in the gas station for. I couldn't figure that out. Then the light up ahead turned red - and I found out why it was in the gas station. It needed a brake job.

As soon as I hit the brake pedal, the car went straight for the trees on the side of the road. I started fanning the brakes, but I still blew right past that stop light. I did manage to get back to my company, and I parked that car in the parking lot and left it there.

At breakfast, I was kicking Willie Bobo with some of the Brothers, and I told them about that car. A few days later, some of them asked me if it would be okay if they used the car to drive into Wrightstown. I told them that I couldn't care less, as long as I wasn't involved in any way.

A couple of days later, some of the Brothers told me that they were driving back from town, and they had to hit the brakes. The car careened into a snow bank, and got stuck. While they were trying to free it from the snow bank, an MP jeep pulls up, and the MPs get out. They said that they just knew they were busted; but instead, the MPs tied a chain to the Buick, and towed them out of the snow bank.

NOBODY ever touched that car: again.(grin)

After a few weeks I noticed that the car was gone from our parking lot; and then I saw it back at the gas station.

I started getting together with this nurse who lived in Rosedale, Long Island. She had this brand new Mustang, with a 289 and a stick; and she didn't know how to drive it.

One night we were doin' the Nasty, and lost track of the time. I would never make it back in time for reveille, and Capt. *Gernude* - oh, I mean Capt. Evans, would have just loved for me to mess up again. So the lady gave me the keys to her brand new Mustang.

Suffice it to say, that I was in time for reveille; but if the toll collectors on the New Jersey Turnpike had checked the times on the ticket, I would have been arrested IMMEDIATELY.

One night I had a few dudes in the Mustang, and we were going from Browns Mills on one end of Fort Dix, to Wrightstown, on the other end of Fort Dix. We were all smashed. We were driving on Airport Road, which runs alongside of McGuire Air Force Base, and is a very straight road.

Then a cherry on an MP car behind us lights up, and the siren starts screaming. Hey, I told you that I lost a lot of brain cells in the Stockade, right? Well, the few brain cells that I had remaining, told me that those MPs could never catch me. I didn't give one thought to their RADIO.

I was leaving them in the dust. Until we got to Wrightstown Circle. There was a whole bunch of MPs waiting for us there. They dragged me out of the car, with guns in my face. They arrested me; and confiscated the Mustang.

That was the cause of my first Summary Courts Martial. A funny thing happened to me on my way to the Court Martial. Well, it didn't really happen on my way TO the Courts Martial , but on my way back from it. To the best of my recollection, I got a stripe taken away from me, and fined.

However, it was lunchtime when I was finished there, and as I was on my way to the Mess Hall the Company Clerk yelled out to me, “Calvert, after you finish lunch, come in here and get some papers to clear post, you're going to the Dominican Republic."

So I cleared Post, and went on a 30 day leave, and then I reported to Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

The same day that I got to Fort Bragg, they pulled the troops off of the plane, who were headed for Dom Rep. That day the USA stopped shipping troops over there.

So a bunch of us had to wait in Fort Bragg for new Orders to Viet Nam. That was in June of 1966. We were only there for about a month, but I had an absolute BLAST for that One Month!

The Brother that was on the bunk above me, I believe his name was Lorenzo, had a Sister who was then going to Fayetteville State Teachers' College. Now Lorenzo was a good looking dude, so I figured that if good looks really “run in the family", his sister was a natural fox too. She really was a gorgeous Slim Goodie, and she also had a foxy girlfriend for Lorenzo.

We were "restricted to the post". Yeah, right! Me and Lorenzo went AWOL every night that we were in Fort Bragg. After a little while, we even got the Mess Sergeant to drive us into town every day. I even spent several nights in the Mess Sergeant's house, with Lorenzo's sister. She was so nice, I was thinking about marrying her.

Everybody knew that we were going to Viet Nam, and most people treated us like we might not be coming back. Another GREAT thing about those days, SEX was much looser then.

To the best of my recollection, whatever they did to me in that last Courts Martial, got lost in the melee, and NOTHING was ever done to me about it.

In August, 1966 there was a nationwide airline strike. I couldn't get a flight to California, so I had to get there by bus. I didn't look forward to that long bus ride. My family was having a going away party for me, and late that night the phone rings. It was my Travel Agent, to tell me that she had just gotten a flight for me. It was on a converted cargo plane - Flying Tiger Airline; and it was a propeller aircraft, in the Jet Age. But, hey, I certainly wasn't complaining. I just saved about five travel days. Which, of course, meant that I had just been blessed with another five more DAYS TO PARTY!

I left home for Viet Nam on August 10th, 1966.

By an extraordinarily remarkable coinci- dence, right after my going away party, my sister, Elizabeth, began her already scheduled vacation - to, of all places in the entire world --- San Francisco.

I arrived at Oakland Army Terminal a few days later. Oakland Army Terminal is adjacent to San Francisco. Again, we were all restricted to the post. And, again --- Yeah, right! I went AWOL every day, to hang out with my sister and her friends. My stay in Oakland passed by very quickly.

We flew to Viet Nam in an Air Force C-141 Cargo plane. Whereas all Commercial Flights fly at an altitude of 35,000 feet, the C-141 flew at an altitude of 50,000 feet. From that height even the ocean liners look like tiny little specks in the water - all the waaaay down there. .

Did I tell you how terrified I am at the "prospect" of falling? One day I was at Rye Playland with my wife and kids, and my daughters were teasing me to get on the "Kiddie Rollercoaster". I thought that I was gonna have a heart attack. Never again! Never, NEVER Again !!!

Anyway, I was in a window seat, looking directly at the plane's wing. I swear, the fourin' wing was flapping in the air so much, ‘I just knew it was going to break off at any minute. All I could think of for those many terrifying *hours, is whether the whole plane would break up* when that wing came off; would I freeze to death at that altitude, or would I be alive for the whole time that the plane fell to the ocean? Or maybe I would go quickly, without oxygen.

We landed on Wake Island, or Guam, for a stopover; and as soon as the plane stopped, I told one of the 'Fly Boys"(Air Force guys) that one of the wings was about to break off. He calmly explained the principal of "Wing Tolerance" to me. I'm like, Mothafourer, why the four didn't you tell me that six before I got on the fourin' airplane, EIGHTHOLE!

As it turns out, the C-141 has a Wing Tolerance of 12 feet. That means that the wing is designed to flap up and down, a distance of 12 feet from top to bottom at the tip.

My brother, George, who is 6’ 5½” tall, told me that when he was in the Air Force, in SAC (Strategic Air Command), where the B-52s are; when the plane's wing tanks were empty, he couldn't even reach them when he was standing up, but when the wing tanks were full, the wingtips were so low to the ground that he could sit on the plane's wingtip. The B-52s have a Wing Tolerance of 22 feet.

We landed in Viet Nam at Tan Son Nuht Air Force Base, which is next to Saigon - which is now Ho Chi Minh City. Picture the Third of July, in an American city. The night before Independence Day. Not the BIG BLAST yet, but people are still shooting off fireworks all over the place.

That's what it looked like "down there" where we were about to land. And I thought: "what the four!" I knew that I was entering into the deepest six of my entire young life.

Thank God, I was only there for a few days, then I was shipped to Cam Rahn Bay. Cam Rahn Bay had the biggest Air Force Base in the entire South East Asia. It was also the safest place in Viet Nam. When President Johnson went to visit "the war zone", he went to Cam Rahn Bay.

I was assigned to the 864th Engineer Battalion (const). That means that it was a construction engineer outfit, as opposed to a combat engineer outfit. Don't ask me what the difference is, I have no idea.

What I do know, is that we built all of the roads in Cam Rahn Bay, which were used to supply the Fighting Men.

Napoleon said that "an army marches on its belly". The roads we built made it possible to feed those bellys.

Cam Rahn Bay was ALL sand, right next to the water. In order to make a foundation for the roads, we had to blast a mountain to smitherines (literally). Every day at noon, you could hear the dynamite blasting the mountain apart. Then those big boulders were put into a rock crusher, to make the small stones for the foundations of the roads.

My job, as always, wherever I go, was fixing vehicles.

Almost every week we used to have a barbeque. We had a 55 gallon oil drum, cut in half lengthwise, as a barbeque grill; and we used a Jeep trailer for our beer cooler. Of course we would put a 200 pound block of ice in it, to cool the beer.

Everything in Cam Rahn Bay cost a $2.00 case of beer.

We would go to "Ration Breakdown" right down the block from us, and get a 60 lb case of chicken; or a 60 lb case of sirloin steaks; or a 60 lb case of jumbo shrimps (when available), for a $2.00 case of beer. We also went to the Ice Factory, for a 200 lb block of ice at the same price.

Our barracks was a literal "stone's throw" from the water. And that water was absolutely beautiful. We would go swimming, and sunbathing; and I even went fishing there. I had my brother, George, send me some guides for a fishing rod, some hooks, lures, and a fishing reel, with line, etc. I had everything BUT a fishing rod, and wire leaders.

So I went up the hill to the Signal Company; of course, since they are the ones with all of the fiber-glass antennas. I told them that I wanted one of those 10' long antennas to make a fishing rod - THAT was NOT gonna go for a $2.00 case of beer. So I had to go to "Plan B" - trading.

The lieutenant there asked me what I had to give up for the antenna, and I told him that I was an auto mechanic. He said "GREAT! I need a carburetor for my Jeep." I got him a carburetor, installed it for him, and got my antenna

Thanks Chapter 4 India

WITHOUT QUESTION, the absolutely most disgusting, nastiest, filthiest, job in Viet Nam was Latrine Detail; or, as it is commonly called: "Sixhouse Detail". You had to be there to understand the magnitude of obnoxiousness involved.

My company had two sixhouses; one for the Vietnamese, and one for the GIs. Each of them had six sixstalls; but the Vietnamese one was split, three sixstalls for each sex.

Unless you've been there, it is IMPOSSIBLE for you to fathom the magnitude of DISGUST that this detail entailed. But it had to be done --- and somebody had to do it.

Every morning at roll-call, Sgt. Lee, our platoon sergeant, would ask for three 'Volunteers" for sixhouse detail. Without fail, nobody was stupid enough to raise their hand. So Sgt. Lee would say: "Okay, you, and you, and you volunteer." With 60 guys in the platoon, you could expect to catch the sixhouse detail about once every three weeks.

So, let me draw you a "word picture" of this detail. Imagine a 55 gallon oil drum; it is divided into three sections, by evenly spaced-ribs. The middle section is cut out, leaving a bottom and a top. These are the "sixbarrels" that were used to catch the six.(grin) On opposing sides of the sixbarrel, holes are cut for the "sixhooks", which are used to handle the sixbarrels. The sixhooks are shaped like a letter "T", but with the curve on the bottom at a 90° angle to the cross of the "T". These sixhooks are about a foot long, and the cross of the "T" is what you grab; while the curved part is what grabs the sixbarrel, to drag it.

Now, each sixhouse has six(the number "six") sixholes in it. This was just a piece of plywood. It was disgusting to even have to sit on this filthy 'seat"; so NOBODY did.

Underneath the sixholes were the sixbarrels; and since nobody cared about aiming, at all - well, you can imagine. Hell No! There is no way in the world that you can possibly imagine that six. I mean, you had to be there.

Now these sixbarrels were usually filled up with six, and counting the 12 under the sixholes, and the two dozen or more spares; at any given time there were 40 sixbarrels. And they STUNK to high Heaven.

Every morning the sixhouse detail would change the 12 sixbarrels that were under the 12 sixholes, with 12 of the spares. Then they would burn those 12 "new" sixbarrels.

This is how we burned the sixbarrels. We had two 55 gallon drums set up on wooden stands, so the little hole was on the bottom, with a spigot screwed into it. From these drums we would fill up some 5 gallon gas cans with diesel fuel, which we used to pour the diesel fuel on the 12 "new" sixbarrels.

We would use over a quart of diesel fuel per barrel; dip some bundled-up toilet paper in some diesel fuel, light the paper, and toss it into one of the sixbarrels. We did this to all 12 of the "new" sixbarrels --- two times every day. The sixbarrels would burn for about a half an hour; and while they were burning, we would sweep the sand out of the sixhouses. We also had two “urinals", which were 55 gallon oil drums buried most of the way in the sand, with oil on the surface(to kill the piss stink), and a pipe raising up out from the center of it; I guess to disburse the stench.

We would have to pick up all of the cigarette butts, in and around the urinal stalls, and rake the sand around them. We did this EVERY morning, and after EVERY lunch.

I have been so painstakingly meticulous with all of the details of that background, in order to prepare you for the following mad funny story:

After I was in Viet Nam for about four months, I found myself on the sixhouse detail again; But this time, there was no diesel fuel to burn the six. We waited, and waited, and waited for the diesel fuel tanker, but it never came. Eventually we learned that the tanker had broken down, and was in the shop awaiting repairs.

Let me interject here --- did I happen to tell you how VERY, VERY, VERY GOOD that Vietnamese Weed was? It REALLY was !!!

Anyway, it was costing about $5.00 an ounce; or, for $5.00 you could buy a pack of "KOOLS" with the weed in the place of the tobacco. Kools were just about the only filter cigarettes that were available, way back then. Sometimes, since there was no "Bambu" or "Zig Zag" over there, we would empty out the Kools ourselves, and suck in the weed.

Okay, so we are waiting around for this diesel tanker, with nothing to do; and I sparked up a couple of spliffs. I was on cloud nine; up there with the Astronauts. After a while, Sgt. Lee requested the gasoline tanker.

Now, let me take a moment to explain to you how diesel fuel differs from gasoline - especially on a hot day. Diesel fuel must be coaxed, cajoled, and coerced to make it burn. In an internal combustion engine, the diesel fuel is injected into a highly pressurized chamber; it is the pressurized air in the chamber which provides the heat for the explosion..

Gasoline, on the other hand, requires only a minimal amount of heat to burn. Gasoline will burn *at the drop of a match.* Of course the pun was intended.

So when the gasoline tanker finally arrived, I asked Sgt. Lee what I should do. He told me to "Fill them up and burn them." So that's exactly what I did. There were 28 sixbarrels, and a big toilet paper box.

Did I tell you how VERY, VERY, VERY GOOD that Vietnamese Weed was?

I used 280 gallons of gasoline to fill the sixbarrels, with 5 gallons for the toilet paper box..

Then I took a half-roll of toilet paper, dipped it in the gasoline, stood waaaay, waaaaaay back, lit the toilet paper, and I threw it at the sixbarrels. But I was so stoned, I missed the sixbarrels two times. But on the third try --- oh, yeah!

You will not believe the "CONFLAGRATION" that I caused! Thick, black, acrid smoke, EXPLODED) into the air. To make matters even worse, Satan, himself, decided to blow the smoke Directly into Battalion Headquarters.

Angry, no, LIVID "Brass" was coming from all over the place. And every one of them was screaming at me; cursing at me; and threatening me with all manner of vile wrath. But I was Stoned. Four it.

None of them was more pissed off than my Company Commander, Captain Andrews. He was like: "Calvert, you're gonna be on sixhouse detail for the next two weeks, to clean up this mess. You're gonna scrub every last bit of that soot from those sixhouses; and if they burn down, you won't get any sleep until you rebuild them.‘

I couldn't have pissed them off more, if I had thrown a Hornets' nest on all of them.(grin)

That fire was so huge, that there was no getting close enough to it to use a fire extinguisher. They had to call in a front loader, to dump sand on the fire to put it out.

Let me tell you, being stoned like I was, the hardest part of that whole ordeal for me, was restraining myself from busting out laughing in all of their faces.(grin)

Okay - so let's assess this deplorable situation that I just got myself into. Two weeks of sixhouse detail. The Eighth Amendment prohibition against "cruel and unusual Punishments" does not even begin to address my punishment.

Now, let me tell you something about Mr. Charles Nathan Calvert, and Mrs. Elfriede Marie Calvert: they didn't raise any stupid children. I certainly do do stupid things; countless stupid things. But by no means whatsoever, am I the least bit stupid!

The VERY FIRST thing that I had to do, was to get rid of all of those 40, nasty, filthy, disgusting, despicable six-barrels. So I went to my man, Tommy The Flea(his real name was Tommy C. Fleanor, from Covington, Kentucky). He was a welder, and I asked him to cut nine 55 gallon oil drums for me, to make 18 brand new sixbarrels. Also, I had asked Tommy to make one BIG six-barrel, two-thirds of a 55 gallon oil drum, with handles welded on opposite sides.

Tommy The Flea was one of my regular reefer smoking partners, so he gladly did that for me --- RIGHT AWAY !!!

Then I got a Duce-and-a-half(that's the 2½ ton truck), and we loaded all 40 of the old six-barrels on it, and took them to the dump, to dispose of them.

So now we had 12 brand NEW sixbarrels under the 12 sixholes, and six brand new spare sixbarrels.

Next, I got me a couple of gallons of that Industrial Strength, concentrated pine disinfectant cleaner; and I got hold of a 5,000 gallon water tanker. We took a couple of brooms, and scrubbed ALL of that piss stench away.

Then I scrounged up a couple of gallons of bright red enamel paint, and a few gallons of white latex paint; and I got some red and blue food coloring from the Mess Hall to put some color in the white paint. Then, instead of having to scrub the soot from the plain wood of the sixhouses, I painted them. The Vietnamese sixhouse I painted red and white; and the GI sixhouse I painted red, white; pink, and lavender. That is the God's Honest Truth. No six!

Next, I scrounged up a half—dozen REAL toilet seats, and I installed them in the GI's sixhouse. The Vietnamese didn't need toilet seats, they squatted over the sixholes.

Okay, this is The Mother of ALL Coupe de Grace. I took some string, and tied it up in a line inside of the GI's sixhouse; and I put a bunch of Playboy and Penthouse magazines on it. Later I scrounged up a bunch of plexiglass, and some wood, and I made a real cool Magazine Rack in there.

Then I made a bunch of picture frames with the extra plexiglass, the size of the Playboy Playmate centerfold, and I hung up a bunch of them in the GI‘s sixhouse. No six!

Also, I always kept a big box of toilet paper in there. That sixhouse was sooooooo cool that people would come from all over the area to see it. Especially the "Big Shots". There were so many "Big Wheels” coming around to see that sixhouse, that I wouldn't have been surprised if Mr. Ferris, himself, saw it (he's the "Big Wheel" from Coney Island). (grin) Really, a bunch of Officers and NCOs from our Battalion, and other companies, came to use that sixhouse.

This is how we worked this detail now: We would dump six(6) sixbarrels into the BIG sixbarrel. Then we would put about a cup of diesel fuel in each empty sixbarrel to sanitize it. They would burn for a few minutes, and while they burned, we would sweep out the sixhouses, and take care of the urinals.

Then we would come back and empty the other six(6) sixbarrels into the BIG sixbarrel, and put a cup of diesel fuel in the six sixbarrels.

But this time we would put about a half-gallon of diesel fuel in the BIG sixbarrel, so that it would burn for a couple of hours. Then, after only 10 minutes of light activity we were off for the rest of the morning.

In the afternoon, we would repeat the same routine; but instead of burning the BIG sixbarrel, I would get a jeep or a 3/4 ton truck (that's the ones that the Army uses for ambulances), and we would take the BIG sixbarrel to the dump and dump it; then take it back, and burn it. We would put a lot of diesel fuel in the barrel, so that it would burn for a couple of hours.

Then we were finished for the day, and we had either a Jeep or the 3/4 ton truck, for the rest of the afternoon. We could go to the Air Force Base, or whatever. Sometimes I would go off, and go fishing. No six!

It got so that the sixhouse detail was so fouring easy, that I had to ask Sgt. Lee to take one man off of it.

When I first started my two weeks of "Punishment", I would be at roll-call, and Sgt. Lee would ask for his three sixhouse "volunteers". Since I knew that I would be one of them anyway, I would jump up and down, with my hand way up and waiving in the air, and shouting, Pick me! Pick me!

Everybody got a kick out of that; but the real deal is that I had made the detail so fouring easy, that I stayed on it for the rest of my tour in Viet Nam.

And nobody. I mean NOBODY, ever foured with me. Who in their right mind, would four with the sixhouse detail? I could be lying down on my bunk, and drinking a beer, during duty hours, and Sgt. Lowery, out First Sergeant would enter the barracks, look at me and say, "How’re you doing Calvert?"

Then he would go to the other end of the barracks, and see a guy who was on his legitimate day off, and hassle him.

I would go swimming, or fishing, or climb up the giant hill nearby, and get stoned --- and NOBODY foured with me.

Those eight months were the easiest eight months of my 6½ years in the Army - except for two major incidents.

Thanks Chapter 5 India

We had showers built, which if used in the afternoon, on a warm and sunny day, had nice hot water. To get the water hot at other times, a water heater was used. Diesel fuel was burned to heat up the water.

One morning I went to take a shower, and was in the process of firing up the water heater, and it blew up on me. It really burned the six out of me. I was admitted to the Battalion Infirmary for several days; and while I was there a Field Grade Officer informed me that the explosion was the result of Enemy Sabotage, and that I was being recommen-ded for a Purple Heart. I thought WOW, a Purple Heart in Cam Ranh Bay.

But I never did get that Purple Heart; and I'll have much more to say about that later on in this Story.

That explosion changed my life. Those daily dynamite blasts in the rock quarry at noon? They now had me almost jumping out of my skin, and messing in my pants - every day at noon. And I started crying, for no reason at all, at the "drop of a hat", I was crying like a scared little baby.

I knew something wasn't right with me, so I went to see a doctor; and I was locked up in the psychiatric hospital in Na Trang. I don't remember how long I stayed in there; but I do remember that their diagnosis was pure bullsix.

That was my first, of more than a dozen "Flight Decks".

I said that there were two major incidents. The first one actually happened before the explosion, and was the cause of my second Summary Courts Martial. The charge sheet reads; "In that Private First Class NORMAN B. CALVERT. .. ,did, . . .wrongfully have in his possession 4.30 grams more or less of marijuana." Yeah, you read that right, 4.30 grams MORE OR LESS of reefer. Can you imagine THAT ???

Everybody knows that you cannot have any kind of conversation about Viet Nam, without talking about drugs.

Did you see that? "4.30 grams MORE OR LESS!” What kind of pure, unadulterated, bullsix, poppycock is THAT ???

In the first place, 4.30 grams is about as exact as you are going to get --- there can be no "MORE OR LESS". A gram is one 28th of an ounce; so 4.30 grams Is about a dime bag.

For that I was reduced in pay grade; fined $75.00; and I had to perform hard labor for 30 days. And this was in Viet Nam; you'd think that that was in Texas. To view those Courts Martial documents, click HERE.[NOT]

Okay, here's how this happened:

Sometimes when an outfit went to Viet Nam, they sent the Men over by airplane, with just the bare essentials, and all of their heavy equipment was sent there by ship.

When such an outfit arrived in Viet Nam, they had to temporarily "borrow" equipment from some of the companies that were already there. That equipment usually came with the designated operator.

In my case I went "TDY", which is "Temporary Duty", to D Company, 14th Engineer Battalion - with my 2½ ton truck. I was basically assigned to their Mess Hall, mainly to do the Ration Breakdown run, to get their food. Remember what Napolean said: "An Army marches on its belly."

Let me interject something here: When we were going to Ration Breakdown for our "Regular" barbeque run, I ran into an old buddy of mine there, from another assignment we had.

Now, unless you've been in the Military, you cannot understand the significance of this. To put it mildly: "How can I help you?" takes on a whole new meaning.(grin) Being as it was Ration Breakdown, this was like Pandora's Box being opened up to me. (grin) Okay?

So I had to go to Ration Breakdown with a cook from D Company; and this dude was a straight-up REDNECK. When I say REDNECK, I mean REDNECK. He would make Jeff Foxworthy look like he came from the 'Hood. No six!

Being in Viet Nam, it was no big thing for me to be driving, and toking on some Weed. Hell, almost everybody did it. As a matter of fact, driving on the open road was one of the coolest places of all to spark up, and get stoned.

Anyway, one day while we were driving, and I was toking away, this Hick asks me if that was reefer, and I said yeah. Then he asks me if he could try some, and I said sure, and passed the joint to him, and he takes a few tokes.

Shortly after that, my stash disappeared. I searched all over for it, but it was nowhere to be found. I figured that it probably dropped out of my pocket somewhere; and I would re-up the next time I visited my own company. Then I thought no more of it ----- until.

Coming back from Ration Breakdown one day, when we got to D Company, some guys in civilian clothes were waiting for me - CID (Criminal Inves-tigation Division), and they searched me, and found that reefer that I had recently "LOST".

I later figured out that that little Redneck Hick must have gotten jealous of me, and the relationship that I had with my buddy in Ration Breakdown. I mean, he was there on Official Business, and he couldn't get a "Crumb Louie" more than his requi-sitions called for. While I could get just about anything that I asked for - with no paperwork at all.

I guess that that made the Peckerwood feel smaller than he already was, and he decided to exact some misguided revenge. So he took my stash, dropped a dime on me, and then he planted the reefer back in my pocket.

That is the ONLY WAY that this could have went down.

Here's the way I look at this: Once he ripped-off my stash, that reefer was no longer mine. Had I been searched then, NOTHING would have been found on me; and I wouldn't be copping anything more, until several days later.

Therefore, for all practical purposes, that reefer was "planted" on me - by that little Peckerwood Redneck, who was in effect acting as an agent for the CID.

CHECK THIS OUT! Several days before I was busted, the CO of D Company, Capt. James C. Kemp, told me that I was doing a fantastic job. I told him that I didn't want to hear that six. If he REALLY believed that, then he should put it in writing - give me a letter of commendation, and a recommen-dation for promotion. He said he would surely do that. He certainly did; and my promotion orders were issued.

After I got busted, and returned to my own Company, my CO, Capt. James H. Andrews tells me: "Goddamnit Calvert, why'd you have to do this now?" And he put a copy of the Orders promoting me to SP4 in my hands. I actually held those Orders in my own hands, and saw them with my own eyes.

In ALL Courts in the United States of America, including Military courts, DUE PROCESS prohibits punishing somebody without first following the proper procedures.

But those people rescinded my promotion, when there was only a CHARGE of wrongdoing against me. That was WRONG !!!

And the conviction - with "planted" evidence, was also wrong. This is TWO STRIPES that were wrongfully taken away from me. That has adversely affected my entire life.

I am linking the courts Martial documents HERE,[NOT] so you can see for yourselves what I am talking about. Look at the date in the Specification of the Charge, 14 December 1966.

Now look at the dates on the other three pages: Page 1 says, 8 Mar 67; Page 3 says, 11th day of March, 1967, 11 March 1967, 11 March 1967, 11 March 1967, and 11 March 1967. Page 4 says: date of trial, 28 March 1967; date of sentence, 28 March 1967; and also 30 March 1967.

Dates in the month of March 1967 are mentioned NINE TIMES, and a date in the month of December is mentioned only ONCE. So, what does that suggest to an intelligent person?

I submit that the ONE December date couldn't possibly be correct. Since that—Date constitutes the Charge, the Charge, itself, is Constitutionally defective on its face.

As they say in Legalese; it is "Fatally Flawed".

Therefore, no proceedings pursuant to that Charge should have been initiated against me in the first place. Accordingly, that entire procedure was BOGUS; and I have been wrongfully deprived of TWO STRIPES since then !!!

I left Viet Nam on August 13th, 1967, and I flew back on Northwest Orient Airlines; and landed in Seattle-Tacoma Airport. Then I went on another 30 day leave.

My next duty assignment was with the 202nd MP Company, in Fifth Army Headquarters, at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. I failed to tell you before; "MP" is for Military Police.

The CO in that Company was a First Lieutenant, and as soon as I got to his Company, he called me into his office and read me “The Riot Act". He told me that he wouldn't normally allow someone with a record as bad as mine in his Company; but since I was so "short", he would take a chance. But if I foured up, even once, I was out of his Company.

CHECK THIS OUT! Army Regulations require that one must be in a Command at least 60 days before a Commander can give that person a promo-tion. They figure that a Commander needs a certain amount of time to evaluate the person. In extra-ordinary circumstances, half that time can be waived. But in no circumstances, whatsoever, can one be promoted in less than 30 days.

LOOK AT MY second DD 214! I came home from Viet Nam on August 18th, and went on a 30 day leave; that's Sept. 17th. That's when I got to the 202nd MP Company. September has 30 days, and I was promoted on October 17th, 1967 – WOW !!!

There is no way in the World, that the very same guy that had just read me "The Riot Act", could have promoted me one moment sooner than he did; even though he wanted to.

Here's what went down.

I was working in the Motor Pool, fixing their cars and Jeeps. Whenever it rained, the entire Motor Pool would get flooded with several inches of water, making it impossible to do any work until the rain stopped, and the water was squeegeed away from the garage floor.

All I had to do was to see that crazy six one time, and I decided that I would do something about it.

There was a drain in the floor, and I removed the cover and dipped out all of the water - which wasn't too much. Then I started digging out the sand and dirt. And I kept digging, and digging, and digging. Finally, I reached the drain pipe, which had a down-ward elbow. I kept digging past the drain pipe, to the concrete foundation. Then I replaced the drain cover - and the floods NEVER returned!

That's why I got promoted so quickly.

Thanks Chapter 6 India

Fort Sheridan is about 40 miles north of Chicago, right on the shore of Lake Michigan. When it's warm, it's nice.

Half of the weekends, I would fly to New York to be with my so-called wife - but that's another story that you will have to get my ABSOLUTELY FREE Autobiography to read about. "THE FIRST 20,000 DAYS OF CAPRICE" will be the name of my Autobiography; and I'm gonna try to get a lady named Angela Allen to write it for me(she doesn't know it yet). I will be able to give it away ABSOLUTELY FREE because I will put it in sort of a magazine format, my Autobiography on one side, and advertisements on the other side. I will be charging advertisers three times the going rate for the pages --- and they will be clamoring to buy them.

Most of the weekends that I stayed on Post, I would spend with a cute Sista, who was a WAC stationed there. On more than one occasion, we would be in one of the MP cars, and be parked on the beach doing some very serious "Submarine Race Watching" (all of the young whippersnappers will have absolutely no idea what that is)(grin). Every once-in-a-while, some MP's would roll up on us, and bust us.

Usually they would just laugh, and tell me: "Come on, Cal, you are gonna get us in trouble." Those people really appreciated what I had done for them in that garage.

THIS NEXT ITEM IS VERY, VERY IMPOR-TANT: On Friday, January 5th, 1968 I went Home to Mt. Vernon, NY, and I made my very first, of what was to become many, suicide attempts. I took seven Red Devils (Secanols) and drank a pint of Gilbey's Gin.

My so-called wife found me and called the Police, who took me to Mt. Vernon Hospital, where they pumped out my stomach.

Because I was in the Active Military, they called the Military Authorities, so that I could be taken to a Military Hospital. The nearest Military Hospital to Mt. Vernon, was the St. Albans NAVAL Hospital, in St. Albans, Queens, NY.

I woke up in the proverbial pink-padded cell, and in a straight-jacket. No six!

Now this was less than 50 days before my February 18th, 1968 Discharge, and I already had all of my separation examinations for physical and mental; and being as the Viet Cong Tet Offensive had just been initiated, everybody in the Military was jumping through their eights.

The bottom line is --- those NAVY psychiatric records NEVER caught up with my ARMY records in Fort Sheridan, and I was discharged with a manifestly erroneous mental diagnosis.

This “S.N.A.F.U." has been the bane of my exis-tence, following the Military, in more ways than can be imagined.

FINALLY, on February 18th, 1968, after six(6} years, I got my Second Honorable Discharge.

Now what ???

I wanted to get as far away from everything "Army" as I could get. I wanted no reminders - at all. That is most likely the reason that I didn't get into Auto Mechanics. I did several and sundry types of work when I got out.

Oh, I forgot to mention - four days after I came home from Viet Nam, I drove a brand new 1967 Pontiac Firebird out of the Showroom. It was "Fire Engine Red"(Regimental Red). I used it to paint the bottom of a telephone pole, ten months after I got it.

Anyway, one of my first jobs was working in a warehouse in Yonkers NY, and loading trucks with VERY HEAVY stuff. I was getting $1.67.5 per hour, when minimum wage was $1.65.

I was working nights, and every night I made several trips to my car, to load it up with all kinds of stuff. Even so, I only lasted two weeks in that place.

I worked for a dude who cleaned up buildings that had burned down. There was a lot of "swag" in that job too, but it was REAL FILTHY work, and I quit after a short while.

For a couple of months I worked at this gas station in White Plains, NY. I worked 8am to 6pm six days per week; and I was paid $125.00 per week, cash. But this place sold a lot of gasoline, and I would make "salary adjustments" when I pumped the gas. (grin) I was stealing more than he was paying me; but I left there shortly.

I also got a job working for Fisher Body, in Tarrytown, NY, next to the Chevorlet Factory. I worked there about two months and I caught one of my fingers with the staple gun that staples upholstery on the seats. I stayed out on disability for a few months, and never returned there.

Then I got a job with the U.S. Post Office, as a letter Carrier. By then I had started shooting up heroin, and the Post Office supplied a source of extra money to supply my indulgences. I would steal, and steal, and steal some more. I stole as if I had a license to steal there. When you are using drugs, you do some incredibly stoooopid things, and you deny that you will ever be caught - it's fouring crazy!

I would steal packages - even C.0.D. packages. I would go on the Parcel Post run in the morning, for the business district in New Rochelle, NY, and I'd be like "two for you, and one for me".

And when Check Day came, I would take a stack of Government Checks and open them up. If there were any that were between $100.00 and $300.00, they were mine. One of the Bank Tellers in the bank across the street from the Post Office, was married to one of the letter Carriers that I worked with. They never expected me to be doing anything untoward, and they knew me to be a personable and decent young man. So, all I needed was a smile and a few nice words to get those checks cashed there.

There were two checks that I cashed in Mt. Vernon.

One day I went on Parcel Post run in the morning, and I drove the truck to my apartment in Mt. Vernon, and unloaded four armloads of packages. I had all kinds of stuff.

With the Parcel Post run, you deliver to the Business Loop in the morning, and in the afternoon, you make a run to the Book Publishers, to deliver books.

This particular afternoon, there was a strange C.O.D. package with my Book Packages, for an Appli- ance Store across the street from the Post Office.

I smelled a rat, instantly! But I figured, if they went this far, then they had me already. So I took the package, $41.80, and I delivered it. The guy goes in his pocket, and pulls out two twenties, and two singles, and gave them to me, and told me to keep the change.

I knew right then and there that I was BUSTED. So I took the money, went to "'The Spot", and got Stoned.

When I got back to the Post Office, and pulled the truck into the back of the Post Office loading dock, there were two White dudes in suits waiting on the platform. They called me by name, and said that they wanted me to come inside to talk to me. I told them that if they had anything to say to me, they could say it to me right there. So they slid their jackets back, and said that they would rather talk inside. After I saw their 38 Specials, I said, Okay, we can talk inside.(grin)

When I got inside, I saw that they had two shopping bags filled with empty boxes; and I could see that most of them were for C.0.D. packages that I had delivered, and kept the money. They had me "dead to right". Of course that ended my employment at the Post Office.

While I was there, though, every once-in-a-while, I had to make the Mail Run to five towns along the coast. They were Larchmount, Mamaraneck, Harrison, Rye and Port Chester.

I would take mail to them from New Rochelle (which was the main Post Office for that area), and I would pick up their mail and bring it to New Rochelle.

That Christmas Season, of 1968, I caught that run. As I was driving along, I would take several Christmas Card-looking envelopes and open them up, looking for cash; and, surprisingly, I found quite a bit of it. Then I would throw the dozens of cards down the sewer.

On New Year's Eve, that year, I was on a collection run in New Rochelle. That means that I had to pick up the mail from the mail boxes. Well, I was drinking, and sniffing heroin, and I got so stoned that I had a hard time finding several of the mailboxes. I was out soooooo late, that the Post Office called the Police to try to find me.

Needless to say; all of the Clerks who had to wait for me to return, so they could process the First Class Mail, were infuriated with me, because all of them had someplace else to be, besides hanging around in the Post Office.

Look, let me make this perfectly clear - I am NOT proud of these shenanigans that I was pulling then. I am relating this stuff to you, well, because it happened. If I could undo the damage I caused so many people, I would not hesitate to do so; and I Apologize to EVERYONE that I have Harmed.

Let me interject something I forgot to mention earIier: Before I had said that the title of my Auto-biography would be "THE FIRST 20,000 DAYS OF CAPRICE. I forgot to tell you that on the event of that occasion, the New York Daily News printed a letter from me, announcing that day. On June 2nd, 1999 they printed my letter saying: "Keeping time, Beacon, N.Y.: This June 6, I will turn 20,000 Days old. I just thought I'd let everyone know about it. Norman B. Calvert, Fishkill Correctional Facility"

The New York Daily News also printed two other of my letters, commemorating two other milestones in my life. On October 6th, 1996 they printed a "Thank You" letter that I wrote to a Judge, The Honorable Steven W. Fisher, for letting me out of pretrial jail, to attend my oldest child's/ daughter's Wedding, so that I could give the Bride away. Amazingly, without my writing that letter, there is NO WAY WHATSOEVER that I could have been convicted in this case, for which I have Already spent more than twelve years in prison.

And on my 50th Birthday, September 3rd, 1994, they printed a letter from me about McDonald's having lost that lawsuit with that lady who spilled that hot coffee in her lap. That was really, one very funny letter, which I wrote while I was in Federal Pre-Trial Confinement in Brooklyn, until August 29th, 1994; and I was released and on the street, when it was published.

Thanks Chapter 8 India

While I was working at the Post Office, I met this young lady named Bessie Brock; and I left my so-called wife, and moved in with Bessie. Bessie was probably the only Southern Sista in the whole Country, who didn't know how to cook - anything !

I remember one time I asked her if she knew how to cook smothered pork chops, and she said yes. So one day when I was working in Wykigill, I don't remember how to spell that, which is the Lilly White, Ritzy section of New Rochelle, I bought some beautiful, center cut pork chops, and brought them to Bessie for her to "smother" them.

So, I go in the kitchen, and Bessie had the pork chops already fried, and lying on a plate. I asked her where the grease was, and she says that she threw it out. I'm like, how are you gonna make the gravy, without the grease? She got real pissed, and says: “Well I covered them up while I was cooking them, ain't that smothering them?"(grin)

Bessie had just broken-up with her boyfriend when I met her. His name was Al, and he had a lot of brothers – which in da 'Hood means: if you four with one, you got trouble with all of them. One of his brothers was named Kenny, I don‘t remember any of the other brothers' names.

One day I was up in Al's crib, and we were drinking and kicking Willie Bobo. Al brings out these two pistols, a 22 and a 38, both revolvers, and he shows them to me.

Now, I KNEW for a fact - just as surely as I knew that my name was Norman Byron Calvert, that when you pull the trigger of a revolver, the cylinder is gonna turn to bring up the next chamber. I could clearly see that the next chamber was empty, so I was pulling on the trigger of the 22, and waiting for the cylinder to start turning.

I was pulling slowly, but the cylinder was not turning. Suddenly, POW, the fouring gun explodes in my hand! On THIS gun, the fouring cylinder turns AFTER firing. Luckily, I was pointing the gun at the floor.

This gave me a whole new worldview about playing with guns. NEVER AGAIN will I play with a gun. Period! Anyone who plays with guns around me, is not my friend! I do not play with Guns, Dogs, or Cars – in ANY way !!!

Here's a very disturbing Fact: Every day in America, more than one child is killed with an EMPTY Handgun !!!

Now, back to Al. Could you imagine what kind of deep six I would have been in if I was pointing that pistol at him, and the gun went off and killed him? We were alone in his house; and that thing with Bessie? Surely, everybody would have thought we had been fighting about that; and I would have wound up in prison for a very long time.

One day I was with Bessie, and my so-called wife, Maria, calls there and tells me to go outside and meet the cab that was bringing my stuff there. I told her that I don't have any money to be paying for a cab, that I would come and get my stuff myself. She said that the cab was on its way. I told her that if I had to pay for a cab, I would take it out of her eight, at "two pounds for a nickel". It turns out that she had to send TWO cabs to send my stuff.

Okay, so like I was working real hard on this quart of Schmirnoff 100 proof vodka. Working real hard on it. I got in touch with this dude, Lying Ernie, and I asked him to give me a ride to Mt. Vernon, so I could get some things.

I didn't know it, but she had called the Police as soon as we pulled up in front of the building. I went in there, and beat her eight(I'm not too proud of that either). The Schmirnoff was telling me to mess her up.

I passed the Police on my way out of the building, and I told Lying Ernie to take the back way to New Rochelle. We went a few blocks, then ducked into an alley way to chill for awhile, until the coast was clear.

When I sobered up, I'm like "What the four did I do?"

I really should have gone to prison for what I did to her. She was in the hospital, looking like she was in a train wreck. I was bringing her flowers and candy, and begging her not to press charges. She didn't.

Much later I asked her how she knew where to send my stuff. She had swiped my phone book, and she just started calling the females in it. They would answer with something like, I haven't seen him", or "No, I have no idea where he is". But when she called Bessie, she gets all up tight, screaming about "Don't you call here no more". So that's how she knew where to send my stuff.

I eventually left Maria for good, two days before Christmas, 1969; and moved back to my parents house.

My parents had their own business at that time. A radio and TV repair shop, on Jamaica Avenue and 181st Street; named CALVERT’S ELECTRONIC SERVICE CENTER.

I was a very sick puppy during those days.

My parents had a regular route they used to get to work, and to come back home. That route took them by the corner of Sutphin Blvd. and 119th Ave. That is where I mostly wasted away my life. And I really mean "wasted". I was nothing more than a total waste of protoplasm back then. Most mornings I would wake up drunk, in the gutter, even though I had a good home waiting for me to go to.

At that time in my life, I would tell anybody who would listen: "When I die, I want them to bury me face down, so God can kiss my eight!" I was a very sick puppy back then.

Before I moved back to my parents house, those two checks that I mentioned cashing in Mt. Vernon?, they charged me with Grand Larceny, and I pleaded out to one year of probation. The Probation Officer told me that it was okay for me to move back to Jamaica, with my parents.

Then I came under suspicion of an armed rob-bery in Mt. Vernon, and I was violated on my proba-tion so that the Police could come to Queens, and extradite me to Mt. Vernon.

The truth is, I had nothing to do with that robbery.

My probation was revoked, and I was sent to Westchester County Penitentiary, in Valhalla, NY. I did a ten month bullet there, and while I was there, that Post Office thing came to Federal Court, and I got a Misdemeanor bullet.

While I was in Westchester County Peni-tentiary, I was assigned to the Mess hall, to work on the Tray Machine. My job, not like the toast maker, or the coffee maker, didn't start until the guys had finished eating; which was at least an hour after the Mess Hall opened. I could never see the sense in my having to be there, with everyone else.

So I stayed in my cell, until after the people had eaten. The "authorities" really didn't like that action.

One day after my cell was opened, and I didn't come out to go to work, they came and slammed my cell door shut.

They gave me a Disciplinary Hearing, and found me guilty of "Intelligent, Independent, Thinking“, but I'm certain that they had some other name for it.(grin)

They locked me up in the Isolation Block for five days, and kept me there for five months - until I left there.

While I was in the Isolation Block, somebody put my name on a call-out to go to Bible Study classes. Who, Me? I don‘t think so!

But the next week, a couple of the Brothers from our little Revolutionary Clique came by, and told me that they had put my name on that list. They told me; Hey, look, they can't keep you from going to Bible Study, and we can hang out there. There's an old White Lady who teaches the class, and we can have some fun running her around the Bible.

So, the next week I went to Bible Study.

There was this little old White lady, Colleen Citarella, from Dobbs Ferry, NY who was teaching the class. Did you notice that I used her full name? Everybody else, I use only their first names, to protect the Guilty. But there was no guilt, nor guile in this Lady. My Mom used to keep in contact with her, even many years later.

When I was there, I picked up this very old, beat-up Bible. It was held together by a genuine Miracle. I took it back to my cell with me, and on the way I stopped by the Mess Hall to give a Shout Out to some of the fellas. One of them asked me, Hey Cal, what the hell are YOU doing with a Bible? So I opened up the Bible, and mocking Billy Graham's style, I said: "The Bible says” - and then I looked down and read: "She is more precious than rubies, and anything that thou canst desire cannot be compared unto her”.

WOW! Now, l knew that the Bible was filled up with a whole lot of freeky deeky sex, and stuff; and now I had to know who was this woman that I just read about. So I surrepeticiously took notice of the page number, and I "dog eared" it so that I couldn't POSSIBLY forget the page.

When I got back to my cell, I opened that old Bible, to find out more about that woman. She was in Proverbs 3:15.

Man! Talk about being played. SHORTY played me like a fouring piano! There wasn’t any woman there; it was talking about Wisdom and Under-standing. But by then - I was hooked!

I read all of Proverbs; then I read all of Psalms; Then I read the Gospel of John; then I read the Synoptic Gospels. Hell, by that time I was "Off and running" !!!

Thanks Chapter 9 India

The story is told, that when Michelangelo was commissioned by the Medici family to create The David - which is the most renowned sculpture in the World - he had to search for years to find the perfect block of marble. He searched all of the marble quar-ries, but was never satisfied with what was available. Then one day when he was passing by a deserted storage yard, he saw a giant block of marble, dirty and covered over with all manner of debris.

He took that block of marble back to his studio, and chiseled away the rough spots for the next two years. Then he sanded the fine aspects of the statue for two more years. Only then, after all of that work -—- THE DAVID !!!

When Michelangelo was asked how he made such a beautiful statue from such an "ignominious" and ugly block of marble, Michelangelo's reply was that he saw The David in that block of marble, and the only job that remained for him to do, was to remove everything that was not The David.

The Holy Scripture says, in I Corinthians 1:27, that: SHORTY "chose the foolish things of the world to shame the wise;" SHORTY "chose the weak things of the world to shame the strong. [She] chose the lowly things of this world and the despised things - and the things that are not - to nullify the things that are; so that no man may boast before [Her]."

Now, do I fit that description? Or what?

Ain't I the dude who used to say: "When I die, I want them to bury me face down, so God can kiss my eight.”

However, where Michelangelo only required four years to remove everything that wasn't The David. SHORTY needed more like 40 or 50 years, to remove everything that wasn't Ambassador Caprice.

In our little Revolutionary Clique, there was a Brother named Mario Ammatucci. Of course that was an alias, but I am not at liberty to mention his real name. I can tell you that he was from 116th Street, in Harlem.

Anyway, Mario was, I guess you could say, the de facto leader of our Clique. He would hip us to lots of LegaI Eagle stuff; among which was to encourage me to submit a CPL 669(a) Motion, for a Speedy Trial. Which I surely did.

When I tried to get a copy of that Motion, all of the "authorities" assured me that it was secure in my files, and that I really didn’t need a copy of it myself. BULLSIX !!!

I asked the Psychologist, Dr. Potter, if he would get a copy of it for me, and he did.

The next time that my Mom came up to visit me, I gave it to her, and told her that when I called for it, to send me a copy of it - not the "original".

When it came time for me to return to Court, on the Armed Robbery charge, the State's only witness was in Arizona. They tried to get me to plead to "attempted possession of a firearm", with the sentence of one year to run concurrently, and retroactive, with the one I was presently serving — so I wouldn't spend any more time in jail.

I refused; and I told my attorney to show the District Attorney that 669(a) that my Mom had brought to Court. The case was dismissed - right there. THANK you MARIO! That really taught me how Very Powerful the Law really was.

One night a misunderstanding arose between myself, and the guard on duty in the Isolation Block, and he ordered me to lock up in my cell. I refused. The next thing, there were eight guards vamping down on me, and they threw me in one of the 'Strip Cells". The six hit the fan !!!

Like a Wildfire, with this BIG Brother named Dutch leading the Revolt, the Word spread through-out the entire jail: They beat up Calvert; NOBODY goes to Breakfast! The next morning, only five dudes went to breakfast, and one of them paid for it with a broken collarbone.

Dr. Potter later told me that in all of the years that he had been in that jail, he had never seen any Action go off as effectively as that one.

Back to the night of the melee: Pandemonium broke out in the Isolation Block. All six of the "Strip Cells" were filled up, as well as the six Isolation Cells.

There was this young and skinny, crazy-assed White Boy named "Demo". He was an Italian, named Steven Demartino, and he was also from Mt. Vernon. Demo was locked up next to me, for The Revolution.

For three days, and three nights, all Demo did was to whine and cry about how he hates the "Strip Cells". But when the day came, and they opened his cell to let him out; Demo says: “Where's Cal?"

They told him that I would be let out in a little while. Unbelievably, Fouring Demo turns back around and goes back into that "Strip Cell", slams his door, and tells them: "When you let Cal out, you can let me out too."

There are no words to tell you how IMPRESSED I was. I have been telling myself, for the past 35 years, that if I ever do anything in this life, I want Demo on my Team.

Demo used to call me "Yam" all the time, and when I asked him what it means, he said "It means that you are cool." Many years later, when I became a Bricklayer(Local 37, Bronx, NY), and I worked around mostly Italians, I learned that "Yam" was short for *mulinyam*, which is Italian for eggplant: but, when it is being used for slang, it means Nigger(not Nigga), Nigger. Perhaps when it is abbreviated, it means Nigga; which is cool with me.

There was this college student who used to come to the jail, to teach classes. I forget what the classes were called, but this guy once brought us several copies of Mao's Red Book. I took my copy, and put a cover from a "Gospel of John" booklet on it - it fit perfectly, so I glued it on.

Toastmasters International used to come there also. I spoke twice, before I got locked up in the “Strip Cells”, and won two trophies.

When I was leaving Westchester County, I had to go directly to the Feds. One of the guards in WCP approached me when I was about to leave. He was the Biggest, Baddest, Blackest guard in that jail, and whenever there was trouble, they call on him. This guy tells me "Cal, I don't have much on me now, but please take this." Then he hands me $1.00.

That old Dollar Bill was of insignificant conse-quence, but the enormity of the symbolism was immeasurable. I was overwhelmed! I was fouring flabbergasted!

About fifteen years after I left WCP, I was in the Bronx, and walking down Jerome Avenue, around Kingsbridge Road. I saw this "unmarked " police car going in the opposite direction. Then the car makes a U-turn, and pulls up right in front of us. Both of the cops jump out of the car, and I just knew that we were busted(we were going to buy drugs).

One of the cops goes over to some Latino brothers, to hassle them. I'm about to "hit the wall", when the other cop says, "Hey, Calvert! How're you doing? Do you remember me? '

He was a guard in the WCP when I was there. I sure must have made an indelible impression on him. Nicht wahr?

From there I went to the Federal Detention Center, at 427 West Street, at the West Side Highway, in Downtown Manhattan. That was a damp, dark, and dank dungeon, to say the very least. Dudes going to MCC have it much better now. I have been to both places, and I know.

Hey, I ran into one of my Viet Nam buddies in West Street. He was one of my smoking partners over there, Raphael Mojica.

From there I went to the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, PA. Yes, I went there with a misdemeanor – ILLEGAL AS ALL HELL, but that's where I went, anyway.

I arrived there the same day as Carmine DiSapio, the Big Time New York City politician. He was the Tammany Hall Boss, who had left a suitcase full of cash in a taxi cab; then denied that it was his.

Of course he wasn't on the bus with the rest of us; he traveled by car - probably a limousine.

Jimmy Hoffa was there too. I used to see him walking around the track a lot. They created a special job for him, in the mattress factory, or something. I was looking out of my dormitory window the day he got released from there.

In the four months that I was at Lewisburg, there were twice as many dudes murdered there, than was killed in my whole battalion in Viet Nam, in the year that I was there.

The most frightening part about my stay there, was that I had a fouring misdemeanor - amongst dudes who had 40, 50, 60, 70, 80 and more years without the possibility of Parole, if not multiple Life Sentences. There was a distinct possibility that one of them could look at me, and think: "A fouring misdemeanor? Let me murder this 'skid-bid' mothafourer right now." That prospect really scared me.

There was this group of dudes there who were really into a revolutionary bag. One of then, a tall thin Brother named Mario Moorehead, was their sort of de facto leader.

One day I handed him my "Gospel of John". He looked at the cover and said: "Man, I ain't into that six." So I told him to trust me, and at least open it up. He did so, and a GREAT BIG GRIN broke out on his face.

Mario was in there for attempting to overthrow the United States out of the U.S. Virgin Islands. He was a sure enough Political Prisoner. I have met several people from the U.S. Virgin Islands since then, and when I mention his name, all of them have known of him, and his family there.

While I was at Lewisburg, that Armed Robbery came up in Westchester County, and I had to go there. Like I said, the case was dismissed. When I got back to Lewisburg, I went straight to the Law Library, to see if they could still hold me in a Penitentiary, even though that Felony charge was dismissed. I discovered that I wasn't supposed to be there in the first place-without me giving the Attorney General my WRITTEN permission - which I certainly did not do.

So, the next Monday, when it was time to go to work, I stood in front of the Lieutenant’s Desk, and told them that I don't belong there. So the Lieutenant says: "Oh, yeah? Well come with me, and I'll show you where you DO belong."

So he starts leading me towards the Box. But on the way down the stairs to the basement, he asks me: "why do you think that you don't belong here?" So I started quoting him "chapter and verse" from the Law Books.

Instead of putting me in the Box, he put me in a room, and told me to wait there. After a while they conducted a special hearing, and those dudes were telling me that I was "Throwing a monkey wrench into the works." I told them that I wasn't throwing a monkey wrench anywhere; "I AM the monkey wrench!", I said. They wouldn't let me spend one more day in there!

Thanks Chapter 10 India

I was sent to Allenwood, otherwise known as Club Fed.

Here's one of those "Small World" coincidences in Life: There were these two little old brothers in Allenwood, who owned a building on Wall Street - 80 Wall Street. Now, here in Clinton prison, the porter is a 73 year old Latino, *Miserable Frank*, and he was telling me that he used to work in a big building on Wall Street - 80 Wall Street; and he knew those brothers.

Anyway, I had been trying to get into a Federal half-way house in New York City, but they kept denying me. Then one day, all of a sudden, I was given some papers and told to clear the facility, I was going to the half-way house in NYC.

This place was set up in a hotel(the Clark), on 3lst Street and Broadway, in Manhattan.

This Black dude was in charge of the place, and one day he started getting all over this Latino Brother's case. So I got down with the Latino Brother, and started giving the Director some serious drama. He tells me: "Calvert, you got 72 hours to find a job; or you'll go back to West Street.

I told him that I could do the little bit of time that I had left, "standing on my fouring head."

Unbeknownst to me, my parents were at a prayer meeting at that time, in New Rochelle, NY; and after the meeting proper, they asked if anyone had any prayer requests. My Mom said: "My son just got out of prison, and he needs a job."

So, while they were all doing the "coffee and cake" thing, this White Lady goes up to my Dad, and gives him her Business Card, and tells him to have me call her.

I called my parents that night, and my Mom tells me to call that lady right away, that she had a job for me.

The lady was in Elmsford, NY; and at 9:00 am when I called her, I was already at the 241st St. Subway station, where I could get on a bus to White Plains, and to Elmsford. By the time I got to Elmsford, the lady apologized to me, because the job that she thought she had, a Latherer, had already been taken. But she gave me the name of this Black dude, in Mt. Vernon, who was with The Program; and he had a Bricklayer job that I could get.

Well, I got to Mt. Vernon, and that job was taken also. But he told me that I could go to this Latino Brother in the Bronx, named Angelo Gonzalez, and he had a Bricklayer job there. He was with the Recruitment And Training Program which was sponsored by the Federal Government.

In 1972 the Congress passed the Equal Employment Opportunity Act, which mandated that "the ethnic diversity of a job category must reflect the ethnic diversity of the Community as a whole". This applied to any entity getting government money, and was supposed to favorably impact construction jobs; but a lot of “checkerboarding" was going on there.

Anyway, Angelo got me a job as a Bricklayer Trainee. He told me that the starting salary was $3.90 per hour. But that was not true at all. The starting salary was $4.10 per hour; plus $2.25 per hour for the Annuity Fund; and another .30¢ per hour for the Vacation Fund. The Annuity Fund we got every three years, and the Vacation Fund we got every year. So my starting salary was really $6.65. And, we got a 5% raise every six months; plus I got a Job Training Benefits check from the Veterans Administration every month, for the first four years of my training.

Now, My very first job laying brick, was on a school in the Throggs Neck section of the Bronx; it was at Hollywood and Randall Avenues.

THAT was some VERY cool six!

I had been living in a hotel, on Broadway and 100th Street, in Manhattan, with my girlfriend, Jackie Daniels. I was with Jackie before I went to prison, and she was there for me when I got out. Jackie got me the very best compliment that I ever got from another man, about a woman.

We were walking down 100th Street, and Jackie was wearing Hot Pants and high heels; and this Brother tells me: "Man, that girl is gonna have you fighting the whole block."

Jackie and I broke up, and I went to live with my brother, George, in South Jamaica, Queens. He was working as a mechanic, for Pan American World Airlines.

One day he tells me, "Let's go to my man Tommy's house; he has three fine daughters. So we went to Tommy's crib, on Croes and Westchester Avenues, in the Bronx.

Tommy Hines was a Union Representative at Pan Am, and George was seeing his daughter, Pamela. His oldest daughter, Connie, was a straight up super-star, and I was kickin' it with her. She was a Stewardess (now Flight Attendant) with American Airlines. Connie was one of the very, very first Black Flight Attendants in the Country - since 1968. So you can imagine that for her to break into that Lily White industry - she had to be a super-star. Girlfriend was "all that", and much, much more.

I was wearing this big, gold(colored) ankh - the Egyptian Symbol of Eternal Life, and she showed an interest in it, so I took it off of my neck, and gave it to her.

I asked her if I could come by the next day to see her again, and she said yes. But the next day, when I showed up at her place, someone answered the intercom, and said that she wasn't in. I’m like "four her!" I got her out of my mind, with a quickness; and went about my business.

A few months later, my sister's old man, Bill Morton, was gonna throw a surprise Birthday Party for her. Her birthday is on July 15th. So, guess who shows up there? Connie was seeing this dude who was a friend of my sister's old man. That's how she was invited there.

This time it was a whole different ballgame. That party was on July 15th, 1972; and Connie and I got married on September 1st, 1972. Her Birthday is on August 30th, and my Birthday is on September 3rd; and we decided to get married right between those dates. Connie only went on one more trip during that time, and then she had the entire month of August off, on vacation. I guess it is safe to say that we were almost glued together during that time.

The English Language probably has a half a million more words than any other language in the World. Yet, even the English language is incompre-hensibly inadequate to fully describe how much Connie improved my life, and means to me.

I am still amazed that beautiful flowers did not spring up in her footprints, as she walked through Life. And I know that I am not the only one who felt like that about her. Both men and women held her in the highest regard.

I forgot to mention; a couple of months before this, there was a strike in the Building Trades. Brick-layers do not go out on strike - something in our contract; However, whenever ANYONE else goes on strike, we can't work - period!

At that time I hadn't been employed for the 20 weeks required to get Unemployment Insurance, so I had to go on Welfare - which doesn’t even amount to even a pittance.

So when Connie and I were about to get mar-

ried, I could not even afford to buy her a ring. That REALLY sucks !!! So I pawned about $400.00 worth of camera that I had bought in Viet Nam, for $60.00(if I remember correctly), and I used that money to buy her a fouring USED wedding band.

Connie had "Doctors, Lawyers, and Indian Chiefs" hitting on her all the time; and she married me. UNBELIEVABLE! I didn't have two of nothing to rub together in my pockets.

While on Welfare, I had rented this abysmal apartment in The Lower East Side of Manhattan, on 11th St. & Ave D. That place was so decrepit that Connie adamantly refused to stay there, after coming home from one trip. So we stayed for a while with either my brother, George, or my sister - until we found our own apartment.

One of her Father's friends, had an ex-wife, who owned a four story building in Washington Heights, at 188th Street between St. Nicholas Ave. and Audubon Avenue. We had our first child there, a daughter named India.

We stayed there for about three years, and moved to Flushing, Queens; 44-35 Colden Street. From that sixth floor apartment, I had a view of the World's Fair Unisphere with the World Trade Center Towers directly behind it. We stayed there one year, and had our second daughter, China. All four of our kids have Country names.

While we were living in Flushing, I got arrested for what has to be one of the most colossally stupid things that I have ever done in my entire life - a Subway fare-beat. We were going through the turnstile, and I put the token in, and pushed in behind Connie. Is that real stupid?

Okay, I'm back. I had an "emergency", and I had to go away for awhile. The New York State Court of Appeals(which is the State's highest Court) sent me a letter requiring me to submit what is basically my Appeal to them. So I had to do that RIGHT AWAY. But since everything I had to say in this Appeal, I already said in the Intermediate Court, all I had to do is to repeat what I had said before - mostly grunt work; except that I had to make three minor adjustments to direct this Appeal to this Court. That took 1½ days.

The "ground" I am using here is DOUBLE JEOPARDY. I am claiming that the Prosecutor goaded me into requesting a Mistrial, and the Judge(Judge Steven W. Fisher) only considered "Jury convenience", and never explored any other alternatives to a Mistrial. We'll see what happens.

So, back to that Fare-beat. I said that I pushed in behind Connie, and I asked you: "Is that real stupid?" To make it even stooooopider, I had almost $100.00 on me; and I'm sure that with the money that Connie had on her, we had well over $100.00 between us. Now that's stupid!

To make it even stooooooopider, we weren't just going shopping, or to a movie, or to visit some-one; we were going to an appointment with an attorney, for a Worker's Compensation case that Connie was pursuing.

It even gets stoooooooooopider! I had a fouring ounce of reefer in my pocket. Now, DOES THAT TAKE THE CAKE ???

There was a Black Cop and a White Cop, and I was about to rumble with these dudes; and if I was by myself, I probably would have --- but I told myself, hell no!

They took me into this little room, and told me: "Hey, all we want is the fare-beat; you're gonna be going to Central Booking, if you have anything in your pockets that you don't want them to find, I suggest that you throw it in that trash can, before you get charged with that too."

So I start throwing these few joints that I had rolled up; and then I pull out the ounce, and I ask them: "Can I give this to my wife?" Gran Cojones Grande! Nicht wahr?

So the Black Cop goes out to get Connie, and when she gets in the room, the White Cop takes her pocketbook from her, opens it up, puts the ounce in it, and gives it back to her, and says: 'We didn't see that." Unfouringbelievable!

Then he tells her that I will be "occupied" all day, and for: her to go and take care of her business.

So the subway fare was .50¢ or .7S¢ at that time; and I was found guilty, and fined $10.00. I never returned to Court to pay that fine, and a Bench Warrant was issued.

SEVENTEEN YEARS LATER, I had about four (4) warrants out on me, and I decided that I was gonna answer them all. So I go to Court, and when we get to the fare-beat, the Judge says: "Mr. Calvert, I just want to know why it took you seven years to come in and answer this ticket?" Then he does the perfect "Double Take", and says: "Oh, no! Not seven years, but SEVENTEEN YEARS! How do you explain that?"

So I told him that at the time I just didn't have the money; then I got busy; and then it just wasn't important to me anymore; and after a while I just forgot about it."

He only Ordered me to pay the $10.00 fine - and he gave me something like thirty days to pay it. Cool, huh?

Thanks Chapter 11 India

Okay, here are some things that I thought about as I was doing that Appeal. I am writing this Story real fast, and I am leaving out lots and lots of stuff. But all of that stuff will be in my Absolutely FREE Autobiography, that will be titled: THE FIRST 20,000 DAYS OF CAPRICE.

I forgot to mention that when India was born, I was 28 years old; and she was my first child EVER. I was feeling sooooo good, that I was actually HIGH, without any drugs.

When I met Connie, she didn't know how to drive; so I made it a top priority to teach her how to drive. I first gave her a perspective - and told her to look around, and see all of the people who are already driving. Hell, if THEY can learn how to drive, you certainly can too.

She passed the written test, and got her Learner's Permit on a Thursday afternoon. We went out to give her some time driving around, and she did GREAT.

That Saturday morning we went to my Parents' house – a trip from Washington Heights to South Jamaica Queens.

Connie was driving, and everything was going great. Until we got just three blocks from my Parents' house. Then Connie goes left around a corner, and swings too wide. She smashes in both doors on somebody's parked car. I told her to stop the car, and relax. Don t worry, we have insurance.

After a couple of minutes, to let her calm down, I told her to pull the car to the curb. I wrote a note to the car's owner, and left my information for them to contact me.

Then I DEMANDED that Connie continue driving. They say that if you fall off of a horse, you MUST get right back on the horse, or you will develop a fear of horses for the rest of your life. That's why I DEMANDED that Connie stay behind the wheel and continue to drive. Connie is an excellent driver today - but she still probably curses out all of the Tractor Trailers on the road.

Before we left Queens that day, I stopped at the Auto Body Repair shop right next door to my Parents' Business, and I told the owner, Joe, what had happened, and that this dude would probably be calling him to get his car fixed; and that I would pay for all of it.

Well, the dude did contact me, and I gave him Joe's phone number, and told him to take his car to Joe, and he would fix it at no cost to him.

But this dude kept coming up with all of this oopsplabeedoo bullsix, over, and over, and over again; and he never called Joe - so I finally said mothafour that dude.

Right after Connie and I got married, that Bricklaying was wrecking havoc on my right arm; which had been broken when I was in Germany. So I went to the Veterans Administration(VA), to file a

claim for Disability Benfits. They gave me a disabi-lity rating, but at 0%; meaning I got no money from them.

I filed this claim in February of 1973, and on July 18, 1972, the VA enacted/revised 38 C.F.R. § 3.103(a), stating: "Proceedings before the Department of Veterans Affairs are *ex parte* in nature, and it is the obligation of the Department of Veterans Affairs to assist a claimant in developing the facts pertinent to the claim and to render a decision which grants every benefit that can be supported in law-while protecting the interests of the Government."

Had the VA abided by this Regulation, they would have advised me that Service Organizations were freely available to me, to assist me in developing my claim to its fullest potential. The Service organization, in questioning me, would certainly have uncovered the fact that those NAVAL Psychiatric records from the St. Albans NAVAL Hospital had to be included in any claim that I made to the VA, and I would have been granted the 100% Psychiatric Disability rating then, that I was granted in February, 2003.

Those are the three things that I thought of while I was doing that Appeal. Now back to Colden Street.

One day India was playing in the sandbox, in the play-ground right across the street from our building; when, all of a sudden she starts screaming. I ran to her and her face was covered with sand that some other kid had thrown at her.

I wiped the sand from her face, only to see that her eyes were literally FILLED with sand. Fortunately, there was a hospital within "running distance"; so I gathered up India in my arms, and ran like hell to the Hospital. I was thinking that she might be permanently blind. I was scared as four!

They gave her eyes a thorough rinsing, and bandaged them up. Sand was coming out of her eyes for days.

While we were in Flushing I bought two baby Boa Constrictors, for pets. I also bought this Oscar, who had one of his eyes foured up. We called him "Bad Eye".

Being eager to see the snakes eat, I put some mice in the cage with them, when they weren't yet hungry. Bad move! The snakes weren't hungry, but the mice were. They gnawed on the snakes' skin, and killed one of them.

Bad Eye grew, and grew; and although his eye completely healed, we still called him Bad Eye. I trained Bad Eye to jump out of the water to snatch a goldfish out of my hand. Bad Eye could jump 6" out of the water, to snatch a goldfish from my hand He was at least 90% accurate at 3", 25% accurate at 6".

We only lived in Flushing for a year. during that time Connie's sister, Pamela, and her Old Man, moved into Tracey Towers, in the North Bronx.

We used to visit them there, and we really liked the place. So we put in an application, and we moved in there in 1975. We had a two bedroom apartment on the 29th floor. While we were in that apartment, our son Israel arrived.

All of our children were born in Lenox Hill Hospital, on 77th Street and Lexington Avenue; the same place that Connie and all of her siblings were born. Funny thing, none of them cost us a dime, for full pre-natal care, delivery, and post-natal care. Matter-of-fact, with both of our insurance plans, we made money on the four of them being born. It was not a lot of money, about $60.00 or so; but with everybody else crying about the HIGH cost of having a baby?

I got into a "pet" thing during those days, and Connie tolerated them all. At one time I had 7 birds, 4 snakes, 2 snapping turtles, a tarantula, a dog, and a big fish tank.

If I've learned nothing else about pets, it's that they are ALL six factories. You have to feed them, and then you have to clean up their six. Six factories.(grin)

We were living in the "B" Tower, which is closer to the East/West Bronx border, which is Jerome Avenue. I think that Tracey Towers is the only place in the World, where a higher street number is closer to a border than a lower number. For instance, the "A" Tower is numbered as "20", and the "B" tower is numbered as "40"; but the "B" tower, the 40 building is closer to Jerome Avenue.

I haven't seen that ANYWHERE else - EVER.

Anyway, I used to hear talk about this Brother

who was living in the "A" tower, who had four(4) 125 gallon fish tanks in his apartment. I thought that that just had to be a gross exaggeration; but the Brother who was telling me this, was the son of my sister's former old man, Bill.

Anyway, one day this Brother, named Poppy (Rutherford) Brown, moved right across the hall from us. And, indeed, he did, in fact, have four 125 gallon fish tanks.

Needless to say, we became very good friends.

He and his wife, Jaunita, had a daughter, Tina, who looked more like China's sister, than India. One day we were over at their place, and we returned to our place. It must have been hours before either Connie or Jaunita realized that they kept the wrong daughters with them.

THAT was absolutely hilarious, indeed.

At one point Poppy, knowing I was an Auto Mechanic, asked me to teach him how to fix cars. He told me that any time his car, or van, wouldn't start, the only thing that he knew how to do, was to lift up the battery, and shake it. So I took him "under my wing" and taught him Mechanics.

There can be no greater joy for ANY teacher, than when the day comes that the Pupil teaches the Teacher. It didn't take too long for that to happen with Poppy. He absorbed everything, avidly, like a thirsty dried sponge with water. He bought books, and books, and he read, and read.

Poppy was a Butcher, and he worked in a supermarket on Jerome Avenue, at Burnside Avenue. There was a constant flow of people coming in that place with all manner of goods from "The Five-Finger Discount Market"; and once they found out that Poppy was interested in buying tools - well. Poppy had almost as many tools as a well stocked auto repair shop.

They say that "Ignorance is bliss", and in at least one case I can agree with that statement. Check this out: Poppy used to go to pet shops all over the region, to look at what new kinds of fish they had; and to trade. At times he would meet with these White Boys who were in this Fish Club. Well, these dudes wouldn't just look at fish, they would "examine" them. They would point out the most Insignificant, so-called, flaws on the fish.

Poppy used to complain about their petty, trifling, standards; but, hey, I would just be thinking: “But can any of your purportedly perfect fish jump six(6) inches out of the water and snatch a goldfish out of your hand?”

Yeah! Find a flaw wit dat, mothafourers!

Thanks Chapter 12 India

While we were on the 29th floor, I was hearing about the apartments on the 37th floor. From what I had heard, when you stepped into those apartments, you normally exclaimed: "WOW!"

That's how huge those apartments were. Where there were 12 apartments on the 29th floor, there were only four(4) on the 37th and 38th floors. But the 37th floor was more appealing to me, because besides having a terrace, you could also step out of one of the THREE giant picture windows, onto the roof of the 36th floor. There we could sunbathe, fly kites from over 400 feet up; and when the Fourth of July came, Connie's Dad would come with two or three big shopping bags filled with fireworks, that we would shoot off from the roof; and we had a roof-top garden.

But let me return to the 29th floor, for now.

I had been out of work for 27 months straight – and Connie didn't get on my case, even once! Like, around September 1978, one of the Brothers in the building, Bernard Watson, told me about a job with the City, working on the Highways - but you had to have construction experience, which he didn't.

So I followed that lead, and it got me a job with the NYC Department of Highways, working as a Highway Repairer. The starting salary was over $18,000.00 per year, with benefits, paid vacation, etc. This was the first place I heard of getting paid double time for holidays, without working.

This was another one of those Federally funded programs that were in abundance at that time. They worked out of this garage in Van Cortlandt Park, in the North Bronx; just a five minute drive from my apartment. Way cool!

As soon as I got the job, I called my man, Wendell. Let me tell you about Wendell Owens . He was 23 days younger than me, and we grew up across the street from each other. So, I guess you could say that we knew each other since birth. I don't think that anyone in Wendell's family knew how to whisper. Everybody there was always yelling.

You know those young Black dudes that used to play basketball on unicycles in the Barnum and Bailey Circus, the King Charles Troop? Well one of Wendell's brothers, Albert, was in that, and his nephew was the star attraction of that group.

Mr. Jerry, the Numbers banker, used to see those kids in Crotona Park playing basketball on their unicycles, and he did what had to be done to get them paid for their talent.

Wendell and I worked on four different jobs together, that is, if you count dealing drugs as a job. I met him at Fisher Body when I worked there. When he got out of prison, I got him a job as a Bricklayer Trainee. I was VERY reluctant to refer anybody to the Bricklaying Trade, because the Italians have a very big thing about Respect, and if I got anybody on a job there, and one of those older Italians hit him in the back of the head, or slapped his hand with his trowel (man, that six hurts like all hell), and the Brother starts thinking it's some racial six, and gets snotty with the guy, then I'm in deep six. But with Wendell it was different. Like the Italians say: "We go way back!"

And then Wendell got that job with the Highways. The name of that Federal Program, it was the C.E.T.A. Program; Comprehensive Employment and Training Act.

Now the dude who was in charge of us in that garage, was one big, mean looking Black dude. I bet you that if you took 100 big Black dudes, and put them together, and had to pick out the meanest looking one, you would pick out Nat.

That was his name, Nat. Nat Dowtin, I believe.

One day I saw this memorandum about an upcoming Auto Mechanics position with the City, and I asked Nat about it. He said that he would look into it for me.

A couple of days later, he calls me into his office,

and asks me am I really good with cars. So I say "So, so". Then he asked me if I wouldn't mind taking a look at his car, because it wasn't running too good, and he had to drive all the way out to Babylon Long Island every day. So after work I took a look at his car.

I told him that for about $30.00 or: $40.00 in parts, I could have his ride spinning like a top, in no time. But he said that he didn't have the money at that time. So I asked him, if I put it out, would he repay me? He said sure.

So I went and got the parts, did my thing, and "whip, wop, sklibidy sklop” . He told me that in all the time that he had that car, it NEVER ran that good.

Needless to say, we became pretty tight. And he wasn't anywhere near as mean as he looked; actually, he was a damn cool dude, not just with me, but with all of the fellas.

I'm sure you all know what it means, to be "treated like the redheaded step-child", right? Well, our unit in the Van Cortlandt Garage was the Red-headed Step-child of the New York City Highway Department. We didn't have Jack Six for equipment; and whatever equipment that we did have, was the most decrepit, dilapidated imaginable to Human-kind.

So, after I worked my 'Magic" on Nat's car, he asked me if I would do him a favor, and work in the garage, to help start up the trucks in the morning, and get all of the lawnmowers working. Of course I said yes. Hell, five minutes from home? I could go home for lunch, do the "Nasty", and be back before the lunch hour was finished.(grin)

But before I started working in the garage, I would go out with the fellas, doing that 'make work' that we did. We used to ride around in the Highway trucks, and look for any lightpoles that had been knocked down by cars. Then we would put them in the back of the truck, and go to the scrap metal yard, to sell them for their aluminum At that time all of the "Precious Metals" were sky-high; gold was over $900.00 per ounce, and aluminum was like .25¢ a pound.

So we would get the money for the poles, and go to "The Spot" to cop some weed; and then go get some brewskies; and while all of the Squares and the Lames were taking their coffee breaks, we would be doing our own thing.

As I said, Wendell and I were Highway Repairers, making over $18,000.00 per year. There was another category of workers, the "Arterial Highway Worker", who were making about $11,000.00 per year. I'm sure all of the women who-

read this, are familiar with the two-tier, double-standard system. Well, there was absolutely no difference in the duties of both of these groups of workers.

But there was a significant difference between the two groups, that would never show up on paper. The Highway Repairers were overwhelmingly White - and I'm not talking about Jimmy White, because he was one of the very few Blacks. O.J. Smith was the other one. Damn near ALL of the Arterial Highway Workers were Minorities; Black and Latino.

So I “Organized", and created an Organization called C.A.S.E.R. - The CETA Alliance for Socio-economic Employment Reform; and I made some "noise". The Organization’s motto was "Pupa Finere"; that is Latin for Puppets are finished. Our letterhead had an image of a Black puppet on strings, and was printed in blue and red ink. It was really cool.

There was this little guy in Highway Administration, who everybody in the Highway Department was terrified of; his name was Teddy Resnick. So he was my first "target".

I took off one day, put on a suit and tie(it was my "Captain America" tie, with Stars and Stripes [grin], and I went Downtown to see Teddy Boy.

He was flabbergasted, to say the very least. He was like, "I just don't know what to do. Nobody has ever done this before. You just come down here, and barge into my office? I really don't know what to do.” ' Man, I just LOVE those words: "Nobody has ever done this before." I have heard those words so many times, from so many different people, in so many different places, that I think I will make that the subtitle of my Autobiography. What do you think? How does this sound?

THE FIRST 20,000 DAYS OF CAPRICE

("Nobody Has Ever Done This Before")

Anyway, after all of the huffing and puffing, about this manifest Injustice, nothing was ever accomplished.

One day Nat comes into work, and he was complaining about how his wife's car needed an engine, and the mechanic wanted to charge him "an arm and a leg “, and "his first-born son" for changing the engine. So I told him that I would come out to visit him, with my wife and kids, and while they were occupied with Girl Talk, we could look at her car. I think it was a Dodge Omi, or a Plymouth Horizon.

After checking out the engine, and concluding that the engine was, indeed, shot; we went to a junk-yard and bought another engine. Before I went home that evening, that car was purring like a kitten. And we didn't even need an engine hoist - us two big dudes just lifted that engine up, and put it in place with only a couple of 2X4’s and a chain.

Nat still has his "arm and leg", and his "first born son". Times like that make me glad I know how to fix cars.

While I was with the Highway Department, the Civil Service test for Auto Mechanics came up; and I took it. Out of more than 1,100 professional Auto Mechanics who paid $15.00 to take that test, only 289 passed it. I was number 221 on the list. Also, I got 10 points for being a Disabled Veteran. So that 0% did contribute 5 points to my score.

So, after 18 months with Highways, I left there to go to the Department of Sanitation, as an Auto Mechanic. I was assigned to the big Sanitation Garage on Zerega Avenue, in the Bronx. We worked on Garbage Trucks, which, even after they were rinsed out, stunk to high heaven; not to mention the ubiquitous and ever-present maggots and flies.

There was a time schedule for completing jobs. For instance: 48 hours to change an engine; 36 hours to change a transmission; 12 hours for a brake job; etc. Let's say you finished up a 48 hour: job in 42 hours. You had better NOT put the 42hours on your work order; you put down 48 hours.

Something very unpleasant and very unfortu-nate could happen to anyone stupid enough to put down the 42 hours.

What you did, was put those 6 hours in your “bank". So whenever the time came --- and it certainly would come, believe me --- that you ran into a motha-fourer of a job, that took many more hours than the work order required, you just took some of those hours from out of your “bank".

Sometimes, if necessary, you could lend, borrow, give, or receive extra hours from one of the other Mechanics.

Sometime around the time I transferred to Sanitation, the five of us moved from apartment 29D to 37F. My goodness, what a fouring fantastic view! We had the three giant picture windows, one facing East, one facing South, and one facing West. The Southern view is where our terrace was, and from that angle we looked right towards New York City - with the World Trade Center Towers directly behind the Empire State Building. I took some pictures from our terrace, of Manhattan, and it looked just like they were taken from an approaching airplane. WOW !!! Needless to say, I NEVER leaned against the terrace, or roof, railings.

Now, people who would come to visit us, would say, WOW! when they first stepped into our giant Livingroom.

Tracey Towers aren’t the tallest buildings in the Bronx, but because they are built on the highest point in the Bronx, they are the highest, maybe even in the entire City.

Thanks Chapter 13 India

Also, around this time, Connie visited a Church, and she started bugging me to go there with her. She promised that if I didn’t like it, she would never bother me again.

So I went with her. It was on Westchester Avenue, off of Prospect Avenue, in the South Bronx. There was a Spanish Church there, JOHN 3:16, with a small, but growing English Department, called LOVE GOSPEL ASSEMBLY. The Pastor of that little Church is Reverend Gerald Kauffman, more affectionately known by his parishioners as Pastor Jerry. Pastor Jerry is a former drug addict, as were most of the other Ministers of that Church, the Deacons, and a huge portion of the parishioners. But that little Church EXPLODED in growth, until now it is housed in a big former Synagogue on the Grand Concourse at 183rd St. in the Bronx. I got baptized, as an adult, in that Church, when it was little.

My Father left the religious upbringing to my Mother, and being as she is German, from the North (Hamburg), she is a Lutheran, and we always had to go to Lutheran Churches, or some facsimile thereof; ie. Reformed, Presbyterian, etc.

I'm here to tell you, if those are the kinds of people who will be populating "Heaven", let me just "go to Hell".

But the Assemblies Churches, hey, I could hang out with them. They be playing some jammin' music, and they preach with an Intensity of Sincerity that comes from somewhere that I have been.

But still, there was something that was inher-ently missing there. Something that is missing from All Organized Religions. There is something in the Bible, that was not there. I left the Church - again. But I continued searching.

Most of you probably know the story of Job; who had everything, and then had it taken away from him; only to have something better restored to him, after a time.

There is also the account in Jeremiah 18:1-4, "This is the word that came to Jeremiah from the Lord: 'Go down to the potter's house, and there I will give you my message.' So I went down to the potter's house, and I saw him working at the wheel. But the pot he was shaping from the clay was marred in his hands; so the potter formed it into another pot, shaping it as seemed best to him."

It was the conceptual knowledge of these two passages which held me together while SHORTY, The Creator of The Heavens and The Earth, reshaped me as it seemed best to Her.

Where I was taken from the ghetto gutter and raised up to the penthouse, now I was taken from the penthouse, and dropped back into the ghetto gutter. More about that later.

I used to call China "The Destroyer", because it seemed that she could manage to break just about anything. If I had it to do over again, I would never refer to any of my children with anything less than positive, edifying, terms.

But that was when I did things in absolute ignorance.

India and China used to meet me at the elevator door when I came home from work, and China would plead with me: "Daddy! Please don't kill me." And all I could do was wonder, "what the four did she do now?" One day it was the glass door to the terrace - at least a $200.00 repair bill. A big pile of glass was in front of the terrace door. Luckily, nobody was cut up; which was my major concern.

Then, it was my penny jug. I had one of those glass 5 gallon water bottles, filled with coins, mostly pennies. All of the pennies were now in a 5 gallon plastic bucket. She had dropped something into the jar, and when she tilted it to get the thing out, the bottom of the jar came apart.

Hey! How many of you have a penny collection" in your homes, because pennies are a nuisance? If you are one of those people, I would like to teach you a method that I have used for years; and that requires you to keep no more than four“ pennies - at ANY time, for the rest of your life.

Check this out — it is soooo cool:

You know that GEICO Ad that says it is "so easy a caveman can do it"? Well, this method is even easier than that. This method is so easy, a Correction Officer, or an FBI Special Agent, can do it.

All you have to do, is to separate your pennies from the rest of your loose change. That way you will ALWAYS know exactly how many pennies you have on you at any time.

For instance; if you buy something for $3.27, and you have three pennies, you use two of those three, leaving one. If you buy something for $3.27, but you only have one penny, you will get three pennies in change; leaving you with four. At no time, for the rest of your life, will it ever be necessary for you to possess any more than four(4) pennies.

Is that waaaay cool? 0r what?

You can put your pennies in a different pants pocket, or in a separate location in your purse. Believe me, this method relieves a lot of penny hassles in your life.

Now you can turn-in the pennies in your penny jars, and relegate any more than four(4) fouring pennies to History.

If that suggestion has been helpful to you, you might want to do something that will surely help me, in return.

At this point I have to make something perfectly clear. Unambiguously, explicitly, emphatically, and irrefutably clear; without any sort of prevarication or equivocation: PRISON REGULATIONS STRICTLY PROHBIT ME FROM SOLICITING ANYTHING, FROM ANYONE, AT ANY TIME !!!

However, having said that: If there is anybody, anywhere, who, acting on your own initiative and by your own volition, would like to "reward" me for teaching you that aggravation saving, and time saving method of eliminating the "Penny Nuisance" from your life; well, I certainly would heartily welcome any such thoughtful gestures, and I am confident that there are no Prison Regulations in existence which can prohibit you from freely exercising your United States Constitutional Ninth Amendment Rights in that way.

Now, back to China Doll:

One day China came home with $25.00, and she told Connie that she was playing in the park with this other little girl, and she found this pocketbook, with the money in it. But she took it out before the other little girl noticed it; and she didn't tell her about it.

So Connie is like: "China, that is just too much money for a little girl like you to have at one time; so I'm gonna give you half of it now, and the other half later on. Now, be sure to share this with India."

Man, talk about having a BLAST! Those two girls had a Monster Party at the candy counter; they had candy for days.

"Dum-da-dum-dum-duuuuunmnmnn !!!”

Then Connie had to go out on a trip, and she goes to get her "Trip Money". Do you think that you can possibly guess how much money she had stashed for her "Trip Money"?

If you said: "$25.00". You get a big gold star.

Man, talk about an eight whipping.

One day there was a serious Medical Emergency in our apartment: China's legs were "paralyzed". They were just sticking out straight, when she was sitting down, and there was nothing that could be done to get them to bend.

Luckily, there were two big hospitals within running distance from our place; North Central Bronx Hospital, and Montefiore Hospital. So Connie, and her younger sister, Josie, carried China to the hospital.

The doctor, after a thorough examination, with many tests, called Connie into another room, and told her: "Just let her sit there with her legs outstretched for a while, she will get tired soon enough."

How I wish I had been there to see this, but I could only get second-hand accounts from Connie and Josie. But they were telling me how China fought, and fought to keep her 1egs outstretched, but finally, she had to drop them.

And they all went home, and lived happily ever after. Until the next China episode. Okay, here's one more: I had this 125 gallon fish tank - with 50 RED PIRANHAS in it. I bought them as tiny babies, less than 1 inch long. But they grew to about 4 inches long; and their red color was really coming out. Only three had died so far.

One night I came home drunk, as I was wont to do most of those days, and I crashed on the livingroom couch. I woke up in the wee hours of the morning, and glanced at my fishtank. I couldn't believe what I was seeing(or not seeing); all of my fish were gone! UNFOURINGBELIEVABLE! I got up to see if all of them had jumped out of the fishtank - which I didn't believe for even a minute; but nothing was on the floor. Nor were any of them on the top of the fishtank. I was totally mystified, and dumb-founded!

Then I bent down, to look closer, and a tiny movement caught the corner of my eye. I looked up, and there were all of my fish, floating on the top of the water, the last few of them making their very last dying spasms of life.

As it turns out, I had asked China to replace some of the evaporated water in the tank; and she decides to find out if Dad was lying about how harm-ful soap can be to fish. I think Josie had something to do with that, though. **NOTE:** I just now learned from India, as she gave me these pages of the Book, that SHE was the One who did that to my Piranhas.

No, I did not kill China. I didn't even yell at her.

China might have been the "destroyer", but India was the "crafty" one; and the more I think about it, I wouldn't doubt if it was India who was doing half of the things that China took the weight for. I can imagine India telling China: "You tell Dad that you did it, he won't do anything to you, because you're little". And China wanting to please her big sister, and all, would do it without question..

Hey! Check out THIS six! Remember I told you about my Oscar, Bad Eye, who could jump out of the water to grab a goldfish out of my hand? Well, when I get out of prison, I am gonna get a school of 100 RED PIRANHAS, and put them on the Internet, so you all can see me teach them how to jump out of the water for their food; the whole school of them!

I can guarantee you that NOBODY in the World has ever even thought about something like that; much less seen it.

Thanks Chapter 14 India

If I thought that there were racial "imba-lances" in the Highway Department; they paled in comparison to what was going on in the Sanitation Department.

One night I went to a Union Meeting, and I saw only one other face with some color in it. I think that he was a Guyanese. He was a Shop Steward, and he told me that other than the two of us, there were only three other Blacks in that Union. So I started making some "noise" there too.

True to form, just like they did to me in Highways, the City transferred me to Queens.

I was at the giant Sanitation Garage in Wood-side; and while I was there I was "encouraged" to join their Softball Team. So I joined. I bought a uniform Jersey, a glove, and a bat and ball; and since a lot of the guys there knew that I owned a few snakes, I got a snake decal for my jersey. I spent quite a few dollars on this Softball Team thing.

A bunch of the guys on our team asked me to use one of my snakes for a team mascot, but since they had transferred me so far from home, it would be impossible for me to go home and get the snake for the game.

So, the day of our first game, I brought Billy the Boa to work with me. Billy was 100% harmless. I had him in the shopping cart with my tool box. He wasn't bothering anyone. One of the supervisors saw Billy, and told me to get him out of there. Then I was suspended; and because I was still on probation, I was terminated - permanently. They wanted to get rid of me anyway, and this was their chance.

This happened, I believe, in April or May of 1980. For the next three years and 355 days, I was to be unemployed; until I started laying brick again, in 1984.

Just before I was terminated, we had bought a dog. But what a dog that was --- a Mastiff. His father was 240 lbs, and his mother was 220 lbs; both of them AKC Champions.

His name was Deer Run El Gigante Igor, but everybody just called him Igor. I trained Igor very well. He could add, subtract, multiply, divide, and do square roots. With the two High Schools right next to Tracey Towers, I used to delight when a bunch of young girls would stop to play with Igor, and I would ask him: "Igor, if these girls are pretty, I want you to bark." Igor would bark. Then I would ask the prettiest girl in the group(in my opinion) to pick a number from 1 to 5. let's say that she said three. Then I would say: "Igor, if this girl is really, really pretty, I want you to bark three times." And Igor would bark three times.

I could bet someone(just play bet) that Igor could do math better than they could. Naturally they would doubt it. So I would say something like: "Igor, what is the square root of 144 divided by 6, plus 14, divided by 8?" In most cases, Igor would bark twice, before the "challenger" could figure out the Square root of 144.(grin)

Igor was way cool, and EVERYBODY just loved him. By the way, Igor's pawprint is "immortalized" in the concrete, on the North-East corner of DeWitt Clinton High School.

Also about that time, 1980, I started using drugs real heavily again; drinking wine; and hanging with the rest of the Riff-Raff, who were on the same aimless path as I was.

Amazingly, Connie put up with my insane six. Sometimes she would drive up to where I was hanging out in the park, and shout out to me: "Hey, handsome, you want to go for a ride?" Man, Connie was so good to me. But I sank lower and lower, on my way back to the Ghetto Gutter.

While I was still with Highways, and I was making that "noise", I had filed a Discrimination in Employment Federal Lawsuit against New York City, and the union, District Council 37. By the time it got to the Federal Court, I was in that four(4 year period of unemployment.

I fully believe in the Sanctity of a Judge's Chambers. What happens in there, STAYS in there. PERIOD!

Therefore, I am VERY, VERY UNCOMFOR-TABLE about what I am about to disclose; but it is so vital to other things that I will be discussing later on, that I have to violate one of the pillars of my own belief system.

In the Southern District Court, I was in the Chambers of the Honorable William C. Conner. Also in attendance were the attorney for New York City, the attorney for District Council 37, and the Judge's Law Clerk, Bonnie, I believe.

So Bonnie asks me: "Mr. Calvert, what is it that you want?" Then Judge Conner says: "Well, right now he's not working; so the most important thing is to get him back on the job." So I say: "If you put me back on the job, it will only be a temporary, or provisional, position; and as soon as I drop this Lawsuit, I will get fired again." Bonnie then says: "Oh no, Mr. Calvert, it will be a permanent position." And I say: "You can't do that. I would have to take a Civil Service test; pass the test; and get hired off of the List. Any other way is illegal, and you can't do that." Bonnie says: "Mr. Calvert, we can do anything we want to do in here."

I will NEVER Forget those words!

Nobody in that room said anything. Not the attorney for New York City; not the attorney for District Council 37; and not Judge Conner, himself.

So I told them something like: "I want what I came here for; Equal Employment Opportunity. I want the Ethnic Diversity of a job category to reflect the Ethnic Diversity of the Community as a whole." Yeah, right!

They then dismissed my lawsuit, without any further ado.

***Mr. Calvert, we can do anything we want to do in here.***

One day that I was out in the park, this White dude Lenny and I were kicking Willie Bobo, and he mentions the Bricklaying Trade. So I told him I used to do that too.

We got to be pretty tight, and in the Spring of 1984, he told me that he was gonna be the Shop Steward on a job building a building for Montefiore Hospital, right around the block from there. He sug-gested that I pick up my trowel again, and make some of that money with him. So, I did.

Lenny Reale and I became close "Bricklaying Partners"; we worked on a lot of jobs together, and he taught me a lot.

I worked as a trainee, but with full pay, on that Montefiore job; and I was paying for my Union Book while at that job. That was the last job I worked as a Trainee. I became a fully qualified member of the International Brotherhood of Bricklayers, Local 37, Bronx, New York.

But I was really foured up, and I messed up that job, probably worse than anybody before, or after, me. I take this opportunity to apologize to all of the contractors who put up with all of my bullsix, and still gave me break, after break, after break; with a special apology going to Bobby and Artie. Thanks for your tolerance, guys.

Around the Autumn of 1985 Connie had reached her limits with me. Our marriage was irreconcilably in the toilet.

I really can't believe that I did this to my family, but one day Connie and I were arguing, and she was threatening to get a divorce. So I told her if she wanted away from me, she didn't have to spend a lot of money on a divorce lawyer, all she had to do is give me $100.00, and I would buy ten dime bags of dope, and be out of her life forever.

Shortly after that I was sitting at the diningroom table, with my whole family at home, and I told Connie that she didn't even have to spend $100.00; this "Cindy"(a street dealer's name for his particular Heroin) was so powerful, that all she needed to spend was $50.00.

Then I told her to look what just $20.00 worth of this "Cindy" could do. I then proceeded to cook-up the dope, tie-up, and shoot-up. The next thing I know, is the Police and EMS are in my home shooting Narcain in me, to revive me.

My kids were terrified. I can't believe that I abused my family in that way. And I did it twice more, within that month’s time. Both those times were with that Mexican Black Tar.

Connie HAD TO take those kids, and get them as far away from me as she could. I never blamed her for leaving me, nor did I ever have anything negative to say about her.

I was falling apart, mentally; a total mental collapse.

In October 1985 I went to the Bronx VA Hospital, for admission on the Psychiatric Ward. They diagnosed me as polysubstance abuse, and wanted me to go to Montrose VA Hospital, but I refused; and they discharged me.

I wonder how much of a different diagnosis I would have gotten, if that St. Albans NAVAL Hospital stay had been in my psychiatric records at that time, and I’d have been given the 100% Psychiatric Disa-bility rating in 1973 or 1968 - rather than in 2003(which was made retroactive to May 1986)?

How much of a difference? Pretty much, I'd say!

And, as you can see, all of the subsequent Psychiatric Diagnoses after this one in 1985, merely 'rubber stamped" this misleading, erroneous, and life-altering MISdiagnosis.

It is said that 95% of the people need some type of Psychiatric help; and the other 5% are Psychiatrists and Psychologists. Well, let me tell you; if I had my druthers, those two professions would be rated lower than Lawyers. In my book, they are all "Click-heads", which is Army parlance for, "Two clicks lower than a Six-head". Of the dozens of those Click-heads that I have seen in my lifetime, NOT ONE of them has ever helped me in any way. They ALL suck!

In his autobiography, General Colin Powell tells us that when he was a brand new Lieutenant, he lost his pistol. He said he mentioned this most embarrassing moment, because he wanted those who followed him to know that sometimes very big mistakes are made along the Path To Greatness.

By the way, where he was living, on Kelly Street in the South Bronx, was only a few short blocks from where I first lived, on East 168th Street and Prospect Avenue.

With that in mind, I am gonna tell you something that is certainly painful for me to mention. I had always been comfortable with freely touching and holding my children, in a clean and healthy, fatherly way. However, I KNEW that my girls were getting too old for some types of cuddling, and I Respected those limits, and, accordingly, I made adjustments to my cuddlings. However, during those last "dark" months that I was still with my family; I was drunk and lying down on the couch one day, and India cuddled up next to me.

Red Flags should have gone off --- but they didn't.

After a while I asked India if she wanted to have sex. She said "No"; and that was the end of that. But I was Never again comfortable being so cuddly with my children.

Now, by no means, whatsoever, did that incident rise to the level of abuse; in any way, shape, or form. But when I denied it for five years, basically calling India a liar; I think that that was abusing her - psychologically.

After five years of that, I mentioned it to my Mom, and she came up with some words of Wisdom, which I can't recall right now; but I apologized to India for making her out to be the liar, and I never denied it again. So before anybody starts thinking otherwise, my feet ARE "made of clay".

Thanks Chapter 15 India

In April of 1986 Connie had the Police remove me from our home. In retaliation, I took a knife, and punctured all four of the tires on her car real-stupid, huh? Then she sends India and Josie to the park where I was, and sends Igor with them, and throws Igor out of the house with me.

So I bring Igor back to Tracey Towers, and put him on the elevator, and press the 37th floor; and leave. Igor was riding up and down, up and down, with nobody wanting to get in the elevator with him. So the Police were called.

They bring me from the park, to Tracey Towers, and tell me to take him off of the elevator. I tell them: “Look, the apartment is in both of our names, and the dog is in both of our names; so how come the apartment belongs to her, and the dog belongs to me? You do what you want to with the dog."

They tell me that if I don't take the dog, he will be sent to a shelter, where he will probably be killed. So I told them: "Give me your .38, and I will kill him myself."

I went back to the park, and left Igor there.

Later on that day, a cop in civilian clothes pulls up to the curb in front of me, and asks me: "Before he goes to a shelter and gets killed, would you give me your permission to keep him? I have a big place in Rockland County, with kids who would love to have him."

Everybody around there knew how cool Igor was. That cop had Igor in the back of his car. So I told

him: "Right now you have a 200 pound mutt in your car; but if you can get me back into my house, with some official authority, I’ll get my wife to sign the AKC Registration papers, and you will then have a Champion." So he flashes his tin, and tells me: "This is all the 'Official Authority' that we need." So we went back to "my" apartment and got those signed papers for him.

Losing Igor somehow had pushed me "over the edge", and I knew it; and I knew that I could be very dangerous to my wife and children. So I went to see my Pastor, Ralph Pagan, in the Glad Tidings Church, and I told him that he had to get me away from them, before something very ugly happens.

Pastor Ralph made some phone calls, and drove me to the Montrose VA Hospital, and I was admitted to the Psychiatric Ward, where I stayed for almost three weeks. Then I left, AMA, which is "Against Medical Advice"; and I went "home".

Connie was out on a trip when I arrived there, and her sister, Josie, was watching our children. India was the one who answered the door and let me in, Connie had changed the locks. Connie had a natural fit when she got home, but she let me stay there, until she left for good around June 30th.

Some of you might remember Len Byers, the first round Draft pick of the Boston Celtics, in 1986; and how he died the very first time he used cocaine?

Well, he died on a Tuesday, and on that Thursday I had bought a gram of rock cocaine; and I had a brand new "blue tip" syringe. I was gonna commit "Hari-Kari" - just end it all.

Connie took the children to their graduation, down the block, at the Glad Tidings Academy, and I watched from our window, to make sure she was gonna be gone for awhile.

Then I got down on my hands and knees, and put my forehead to the floor; and I prayed: "If You have something for me to do here, then You will keep me alive. But if You don't, PLEASE get me out of here NOW! Then I cooked up the cocaine, filled up the syringe, and shot it all up.

Then I covered my "works", and laid down to die.

Almost instantly my heart EXPLODED in my chest. And it was still EXPLODING in my chest like that for hours on end.

BUT I AM STILL HERE !!! BET THAT !!!

The next morning my heart was still thumping in my chest, and I had to ask Connie to give me a ride to Fordham University, so I could pick up my pay check (we were building a dormitory there). My heart was thumping in my chest for hours and hours more, before it finally calmed down.

A few days later, Connie took the kids, and left for good. It was over two years before she would even give me the phone number where she was. I had to go to my sister's house, at a certain time, if I wanted to hear from them.

My odyssey in-and-out of the Mental Institu-tions began. Every time I turned around, I was getting locked up on somebody's Psychiatric Ward. It got so bad that dudes on the job would be like "Who let you out?"

One day when I was working on the NEW Montefiore Hospital, Bobby, the contractor, comes by and asks me: “Who let you out?‘ So I tell him: "Yo, Bobby , man I'm broke. Lend me a hundred dollars." He tells me: 'Get back to work!" So I turn around, and go back to work. The next thing I know, somebody is tugging on my pants leg; it was Bobby. He had climbed up on the scaffold, and handed me a $100.00 bill.

Another thing I used to do back then, whenever I got bored, I used to call up the 52nd Police Precinct, and bust their chops. I would be like: "Do you pay money for anonymous tips? So whose name do you make the fouring check out to?"; or "I just saw a Police car with 'K-9' written on it. I always thought that 'K-9' was for dogs. So how come all I ever see riding in that car is pigs?"; or "Do you guys want some good tips? Rabbi Guggenheimer works on the circumcision ward in the hospital, and on the eighth day, he will give you all of the tips you can use."

I would call them up so often back then, that they would recognize my voice, and ask: "Norm, is that you?"

One day I called up there, and whoever answered the phone, called me "Boy". So I. told him I ain't nobody's boy. And he called me a boy, again. I told him that if he calls me a boy again, I was gonna come down there to see him. He called me a boy again. So I told him I was coming down there to see him; and he said: "Come on down here, boy. I got something for you."

Now, I just knew that I was gonna get locked up; but I felt that I just had to go down there; I told you that I was not right in the head. I took this book I had with me, it was a book about Piranhas; and it had a picture of a Red Piranha on the cover, with a big red eye, and all of those teeth.

I walked to the 52nd Precinct, all the while knowing that I would be spending the night in jail. I get there, and it must have been a shift change, because the place was swarming with police. There were two Sergeants at the desk, and an Officer. There was also a green card on the desk, the same size as a credit card.

So I place my book over the card, and say: "Somebody stole one of my fish."(by that time that green card was in my pocket already). That cop was mesmerized by that fish's picture. Then I continued: “I know somebody stole one of my fish, because I bought 25 of them, and now I can only count 24. Do you have anybody here who has enough balls to put their hand in my fishtank, to count my fish?’

I walked to the door, turned around, and said: "Don't you ever threaten me again!" Then I walked out the door.

Okay, I forgot to tell you, that after Connie left, I bought 25 more piranhas. This was the third time that I had them. I bought ten of them the first time.

I got outside of the Precinct, and looked at the green card. It was a "Fuel Distribution Card". Each Precinct had a green card for their patrol cars, and a red card for their “unmarked" cars. Without this card, they couldn't operate the gas pumps at the precinct. So all of their patrol cars had to go to a civilian gas station to get their gas.

I kept the card for four days. I used it to get on the bus; I'd flash it and tell the driver: ”I'm on the job." I also used it to get in the movie theater. I'd flash it and tell the usher; ' I'm tailing somebody." They'd look the other way, and mind their business.

After keeping the card for four days, I called up Police Headquarters, and asked for a "Special" Chief: "let me speak to Chief Raymond Jones. You don't have to trace this call, this is Norm The Storm, from Tracey Towers in the Bronx. That green fuel distribution card that is missing from the 52nd Precinct? You don't have to look for it anymore - I got it right here." And I hung up the phone.

I went outside; got me a quart of OE 800; and rolled up a joint. By the time I took three pulls on the OE, and two tokes on the joint, they sent a "special" Police Officer to come and arrest me - Chris Hassan. His fellow Officers called him "Hassan The Assas-sin". Chris was way cool.

He gets out of the car and says: 'Norm, could you come over here with me?" And he walks a ways into the grass. He tells me: "Norm, I'm sorry, but I have to arrest you. This is out of my hands, it comes from 'Downtown'. Would you please put the joint out." So, I tell him: "Chris, that joint's been out. Please don't put the cuffs on too tight."

Now, check out this six - ALL of the Police Officers, from Sergeants on down, were laughing their eights off. But from the lieutenants on up, they were waaaaaaaay pissed off at me.

They were like: “How the Hell did this dude just walk into one of our Precincts(Fortresses), and take our six?" You can bet your eights, the NYPD changed their policy right after that. Now each car has its own Card.

A short while later, I called up the 52nd Precinct and asked the person on the phone if he wanted me to tell him how I got that card. The guy said, Yeah. So I told him that he was gonna have to get a dictionary. Then I told him that I used 'Prestidigitation", and I told him that I would call back to see if he found out what that meant.

When I called back several minutes later, he answered the phone, and I asked him if he found out what that means? He told me to hold on, then another Officer gets on the phone, and yells at me, "Yeah, it's magic, you four!"

If you think that this is simply too fantastic for you to believe, you can see this on my FBI(Fouring Buncha Idiots) Rap Sheet, by clicking HERE.[NOT]

Okay, here's what happened to me in Court --- NOTHING!

I explained about the conversation that I had with the Officer, and how he told me to come on down there, that he had something for me. Well, he wasn't at the desk, and I saw this green card on the desk, and it was the only thing on the desk; so I thought that he had left it there for me.

Since the whole Precinct was swarming with Police Officers, if I was doing something wrong , how come none of them said anything to me when I was picking it up?

Oooops! We got a live one here! Case dismissed.

There is also another charge, right above that one, from one year before this one, August 26, 1986. That one was pretty funny too.

Remember what I said about the Federal Judge's Chambers and what was told to me in there? Well, I wanted to get back into one of those Federal Judge's Chambers.

So, what I did is make up a bullsix array of drug "paraphernalia", to "surrender" it to the Police. So I get this female Police Officer, and I tell her: "Look, I am NOT throwing this AT you; I am throwing it in front of you."

Then I "slid" the package in front of her. There were some giant "horse" needles; some syringes with cocaine residue in them; and some "cookers" with cocaine residue.

So the two Officers cuffed me, put me in the Patrol Car, and proceeded to drive me to the 52nd Precinct --- all the way there, they were begging me to reconsider making an issue out of this. But I kept telling them that I wanted to go to Federal Court, to address my VA Claim issue there.

When I got to the Precinct, and I had to empty out my pockets, there was a joint in there that I had totally forgotten about (or I would surely have sparked it up with that fine White girl, Jeannie, when we were chillin' on the park bench together earlier in the day). When I pulled it out, the cop throws it in the trash can, and says: "I didn't see that." Then I said: "But I saw it. Put it with the rest of that stuff."

When I got to Court, my Court Appointed Attorney asks me why I did something foolish like that. I told her that I wanted to Defect, and I wanted to go to the Federal Court.

Finally, we get in front of the Judge, and I told him that I wanted to go to Federal Court, so I could Defect. The Judge tells me: "There is a number four train right down the block from here; if you want to Defect, take that train to the Federal Court. Now get out of my Courtroom."

I always thought that they had dismissed that case; but I found out later that they arranged it so that I pleaded guilty to time served(3 days). They really okeedoked me.

Thanks Chapter 16 India

One day, shortly after Connie had left me, I again made a move to commit "Hari Kari". I asked this female to get me ten dimes of that "Cindy". She brings them to me, and I gave her one of them for herself, and we each sniffed one of them apiece. That left me with seven dimes of "Cindy". Now, remem-ber what just two of them did to me before.

So, after the girl leaves, I cook up the seven dimes, and the damn things coagulate. Sometimes heroin is good for sniffing, but it won't cook up for six.

I was totally PISSED! I grabbed my knife, and was on my way to get my money back, when I ran into Ray. Ray is a Latino Brother, who is a Plumber. He asked me if I had any "toys", meaning "works", and I said yeah. So we go back up to my crib, and Ray has a couple of grams of coke; and we cook it up, and get off.

Then the doorbell rings. It is this young Brother, Dameon, who I had watched grow up since he was a little boy. He asked me if it was okay for him to smoke some Crack in my crib, and I said okay. At that time I didn't mess with Crack — it just didn't float my boat.

So Dameon does his thing with the Crack, while Ray and I are getting off with the coke. Then Dameon sees the stuff on the table from the Cindy, and asks me what it was. I told him that it was straight-up garbage.

Then Ray goes out to re-up, leaving Dameon and I there. After a while Dameon asks if he could smoke that Cindy in his Crack pipe, and I said that I couldn't care less. I would have thrown it away already, if I was cleaning up the place - which I was not during that period.

So Dameon pulls out a $20.00 bill, and scrapes all of that residue from the cooker, and the syringe, onto the bill. Then he puts some of it in his Crack pipe, and lights it up. Until that time, I had never even heard of anybody smoking heroin in a Crack pipe, much less seen it.

It wasn't too long before he was WASTED. Then I take his stem, and take me a couple of tokes; and I got blasted.

By that time Ray returned, and he was like; "Have you dudes been holding out on me?" I told him, No, it was that garbage that we had been smoking, that did this to us.

Then Ray and I get busy speedballing - that's mixing heroin and cocaine, and shooting it up. In the meantime, Dameon is continuing to smoke that Cindy. After a while Dameon gets on the bean-bag chair, and crashes out.

Ray and I continued with our thing, letting Dameon enjoy his high. But after a while, we got concerned. I got up real close to Dameon, to check his breathing, and his pulse, and they were both okay. But he was soooooo deep into a nod, that we decided to drag him up, and walk him around the room. But he was still nodding.

Then we put a couple of trays of ice in his drawers. Even that didn't wake him up, so we took him to the shower, and ran cold water on him for a while. But still he kept nodding. So we just let him sleep it off.

Most times if you wake somebody up from a deep nod like that, they will get real pissed-off at you for disturbing their high. In reality, a good high is hard to get. However, I continued to monitor his pulse and breathing all night long; and it was as steady as anyone could want.

Ray left to go to work about 5:00am, and I walked him to the subway; giving me a chance to walk the dog.(Connie had left her crazy Giant Schnauzer with me, to try to find a good home for him, which I had not as of then).

I got back to the crib, and I checked Dameon's pulse and breathing, and it was okay. I was watching him closely.

Then around 6:00am, I noticed that his breathing had stopped, and I jumped up and checked his pulse, and it had stopped. I called 911 right away.

Now, I know that most other people in the drug scene would have just dragged his corpse into the stairway, down a few flights of stairs, and denied any knowledge of ANYTHING; but Dameon was my friend. I had watched him grow up from a little boy, for 13 years. I just couldn't do that to him. Matter-of-fact, it was just a few days before his 20th birthday.

When the Police came, I told them: "He smokes Crack, and I shoot drugs, I don't smoke Crack, and he doesn't shoot drugs. Do I have to call my attorney?" They said: "No."

I told the Police that Dameon had stopped breathing around 6:00am, but they said that his body was then cold to the point that he had to have died much earlier than 6:00am

Hey. I was looking right at him, real closely, and I KNOW I saw him breathing, and felt his pulse, at around 6:00am.

Then we all waited for the Medical Examiner. He took so long that I had sent out for a quart of Wild Irish Rose, White, and that was long gone before the M.E. came.

Those black body-bags are real morbid looking. I hope that I never see another one again; unless it's from inside. When they were zipping up that body-bag, I couldn't help but thinking: "That should be me inside of there."

I REALLY wanted out of this life, in the worst way.

Right around the time that Connie left, I applied for Social Security Disability. My work record speaks for itself. I made less than $102,000.00 in my entire lifetime.

I got the SS in early 1987. I also applied for **100% Service Connected Psychiatric Disability** from the VA, in May of 1986; but they denied that; and I had to fight with them for the next 17 years, until February 2003. I am still fighting with them.

Lenny was one of those dudes with a real big belly, not fat, just a big belly, and I called him "Pasta Belly". His woman was giving him mad drama, and he was going through some major stress. So I told him that I had another bedroom in the apartment, and he could stay there. He did.

When I needed a Beneficiary/Payee for SS, Lenny was it.

One night I fell out of my bed-and when l woke up, I didn't remember it. But I did have this excru-ciating pain in my left big toe. I had to go to the SS office that day, which was on Jerome Avenue at Kingsbridge Road. Since the Bronx VA Hospital is right around the corner from there, on Kingsbridge Road, I went there to find out about my big toe.

On the way there I stopped at the "Hobby Shop" on Kingsbridge Road, and bought a pint of Wild Irish Rose, White. I took a big swig, to help ease the pain in my big toe.

Then I entered the VA Hospital. I asked the guard at the metal detector to hold my wine until I finished there.

X-rays disclosed that my left big toe was broken in three pieces. I still didn't remember falling out of the bed; Lenny later told me that he heard a big thud in my bedroom that night, so I figured that was what broke my toe.

There was nothing that they could do for a toe broken like that, so they sent me home with some pain killers.

On my way out, I stopped by the metal detector and asked for my bottle of wine. I didn’t know that VA properties prohibit alcoholic beverages). They refused to return it to me, and I insisted that they do. They threatened to give me a ticket. I told them "Give me two of those tickets, so I can six on one, and wipe my eight with the other one."

So they gave me a ticket. A $500.00 ticket!

It was payable to the United States Magistrate Judge.

So I write them a letter, saying something like: “This is the most ridiculous ticket that the United States Government has ever issued. What I'm gonna do with this ticket, is nail it to my wall; and when the nail falls out of the wall, you can expect me to come and pay for this ticket. Four your ticket; and four you; you got any friends? Four them too!" Then I waited for them to come. But they didn't.

It is not a good thing to threaten someone, and then not carry out that threat. That is being "A Paper Tiger".

I was sending out a lot of very nasty letters at that time, so I put the U.S. Magistrate on my "Mailing List".

Sometimes Lenny would take the mail to the box for me. A few years later, he confessed to me that he didn't mail half of that six I was sending out — lucky for me.

You know how dogs dig in the dirt? Well, I think it was April of 1988 that I stepped in one of those holes in the park, and broke my right knee into three pieces. The plateau of the tibia was broken. What excruciating PAIN! I still have a metal plate, and five metal screws in there.

I sued New York City for $3,000,000.00.

Around that time I wrote a letter to Chuck Scarborough, WNBC-TV News Anchorman, with cc's to a whole bunch of other Government People, including that U.S. Magistrate Judge, Rudy Giuliani (when he was the U.S. Attorney), and several other Government People. I threatened to send them some rounds of live Ammunition.

Nobody responded to those letters --- WTF?!

Sometimes SHORTY makes people "go Blind". Well, at least causes them to not see certain things. On July 10th, 1988 I had to leave Tracey Towers - before the City Marshall evicted me. I know that NOBODY reading this is gonna even begin to believe this crazy six; but I left Tracey Towers with a rent arrears bill of more than $20,000.00.

I told you that you wouldn't believe t.

Right before I left the Bronx, I mailed those bullets.

Six! I almost forgot: My youngest son, Jordan, was born in 1984. He's happily married now; in the Army; and presently in Iraq. I got a nice letter from him last week.

Check out this six: The main letter I mailed to Chuck Scarborough, it had twelve(12) different kinds of bullets; with enough 38 Specials to equip a fuIIy loaded "Blue and White"(that's 6X4, or 24); plus there were 11 others. All of the 25-30 cc's had a 25 caliber high velocity bullet.

Of all the bullets that you can buy with just a Driver's License in New York State, there are only two that you cannot; one of those two is the 25 caliber.

Surely I thought, that will get their ATTEN-TION!

I moved back to South Jamaica, with my Mom. As soon as I moved back in with her, she was like: 'Norman, while you are living here, you might as well learn how to use the computer.‘ Okay. the very first letter I sent out from that computer, got me six months in Federal Prison.(grin)

One day I went back to the Bronx, to pay to get my Driver's License reinstated. When I got off the train in my old neighborhood, I went to the Delicatessen(see, I DO know some really "big words" [grin]) to get a cup of soup; and to the "Hobby Shop” to get a pint of Wild Irish Rose.

As I was crossing the street, my man Bobby Barrelli, was yelling something at me, but I couldn’t catch what he was saying. He was saying: "Get the Hell outta here, the FBI is looking for you.” But it was too late; they had me.

Special Agent Richard Finelli, and another FBI Agent got me. I asked them: "Man, you got those bullets already?"

They said: “What bullets? We didn't get any bullets."

They were arresting me for just the written threat.

I remembered that some time ago, in Washington, DC, the Chicago newspaper columnist, Carl Rodin, had shot this young White Boy who was trespassing on his property; and he was charged with possession of the bullets. So that's what I thought that I would be charged with.

However, they charged me with sending threats through the mail; Title 18 USC § 876; a Felony, punishable with five years in prison, and a huge fine - for each envelope I sent.

I was facing about 140 years in Federal Prison, and a 5 – 7.5 Million Dollar Fine.

The chronology of those past incidents might be somewhat "disarranged, as my memory some-what fails me here.

The reason I say that is because I know that I composed and wrote that letter with the bullets, at my Mom's house. But I mailed them in the Bronx, at the 10468 Post Office.

I remember there being a jurisdictional issue involved about where the crime was committed, and it was determined that where the letters were mailed, is the point where the crime was committed. That's why I was prosecuted in the Southern District, rather than the Eastern District.

By this time the MCC (Metropolitan Correc-tional Center) had been built, on Pearl Street, in Lower Manhattan. What a BIG difference between this MCC and 127 West Street.

Thanks Chapter 17 India

I had to appear in Court, and my Federal Legal Aid Lawyer, Mr. Paul Davison, tells me that I will appear before Judge “Hate", and he's really a fair Judge. Well, I'm like, Judge "HATE"? That don't even sound right! I really wasn't expecting somebody with a name like "Hate" to be fair.

Mr. Davison tells me it's not "Hate", but "Haight"; it is spelled H-A-I-G-H-T --- Haight.

The Honorable Charles S. Height, Jr. In my most humble opinion, Judge Haight is way cool. He is the very, very best! I have kept in touch with him over these many years, and I can comfortably attest that he is the Personification of the expression: "A Gentleman and A Scholar”.

The Government had only Indicted me with two counts(Indictment No. 89 Cr 6); the ones against Rudy Giuliani, and the Magistrate Judge Kathleen Roberts, (I believe). But the Prosecutor was threatening to supersede the Indictment with all of the other bullets that I had mailed.

But Judge Haight says: "There is ambiguity here." And he allows for consideration of my “misguided" intention to get into a Federal Judge's Chambers to address my VA Claim.

I stayed in pretrial confinement for six months, and then my Mom came to Court and signed a $10,000.00 Personal Recognizance Bond to get me out (no money involved).

Before I got out, I went on my first 40 day fast.

I had asked my Mom to bring a coat, and leave it at Mr. Davison's office, across the street from the Federal Court.

They released me in the middle of February, at night. I couldn’t get any of my money, and it was freezing outside. Mr. Davison waited for me, with my coat, and he loaned me $20.00 - which I came back the next day to repay.

I deliberately violated every one of those bail restrictions. I was restricted to the Southern and Eastern Districts of New York; but I went to New Jersey with my brother, George, and mailed the Turnpike receipt to the Court. When that didn't get a reaction, I went to Jersey City to get a ticket to send to them. But instead, I wound up getting arrested for Aggravated Assault on a Police Officer(that's what they charge Blacks with, after they beat their eights, to prevent a lawsuit). I was gonna file a lawsuit on those officers.

So, when I got out, and got back home, I called up the FBI in New York City. I asked to speak to Special Agent Richard Finelli, you remember that he arrested me in the Bronx. I asked him if he remembered me. And he says: "Of course! You're famous." I asked him what he meant by that; and he tells me: "For beating up those Police Officers."

I asked him how the hell he knew about that; and he told me that some of the FBI Agents in Newark, read about it in the local papers, and called the FBI Agents in New York. How did the FBI in New Jersey know about me, like that?

There was this Black Parole Officer(Federal) named Bruce(something or other), who came to my Mom's house several months before, and tried to get me to plead to a misdemeanor, with a year on probation. He told me that that was “The best deal that the Government had to offer."

I told him that that might be true for criminals, but I was not a criminal. And I declined his "Kind" offer.

After I called Agent Finelli, I called that Parole 0fficer(Bruce), and asked him if he heard what had happened to me in Jersey City? He told me to call the Court.

So, I called Court. They said: "Call your lawyer." When I called Mr. Davison, he said to come there, NOW!

I just KNEW that the Federal Marshals would be waiting for me in his office, and I would be going back to prison.

However, when I got to his office, he tells me: "This 30 day deal might still be available.” Then he says: "In all of my years here, I have never heard of anything less than 6 months or one year."

I still didn't know what the Hell he was talking about; so he told me that the Government was gonna give me a Deferred Prosecution for 30 days – WITHOUT SUPERVISION! That means that if I be "a good boy" for 30 Days – and nobody is gonna be watching me- the case will be DISMISSED! THIS, is “the best deal that the Government had to offer."(grin)

So we get back in Court and - no six, this really happened, it's on the Court Transcript: I was reading the conditions of the Deferred Prosecution Agreement, or whatever.

So I say: "I can't sign this!" Yo! EVERYBODY in that Courtroom acted like I had just spit on them.

So Judge Haight asks: “Why can't you sign it?"

I say: "Because of this item number four, it says: 'I will associate only with law abiding citizens.’ Your Honor, I don't even know any law abiding citizens."

Then Mr. Davison says: "Hey! I don't know any either."

And the Assistant US. Attorney, Nelson Cunningham, says: "Don't look at me, there ain’t none in my office."

This really happened, it's in the Court Transcript.

So, I signed the papers -- and that was finished.

Then I asked Judge Haight: "Your Honor, I have a lawsuit against New York City, up in the Bronx, and the only way that they will advance me on the calendar is if I am over 70 years old, or if I am indigent. They want all kinds of paperwork, which I can't provide. But YOU know that I am indigent, and if you will write a letter to the Judge in the Bronx, as a colleague, and inform him that you know me to be indigent, He will take your word, as a Federal Judge.

So Judge Haight says to tell Mr. Davison to give him the details, and he would write the letter.

Man, he didn't just write anybody's bullsix let-ter. He wrote a page and a half typewritten letter, and in it he said: "In the time that I have known Mr. Calvert, I have come to respect him." WOW! [You saw a copy of one of the letters he wrote to me , at the beginning of this book.]

Okay, here's some more incredibly unbe-lievable six: The Judge that he was writing to, The Honorable Douglas McKeon, was the youngest Judge ever appointed to the New York State Supreme Court Bench --- and when he used to Law Clerk, guess who he Law Clerked for? They were like Father and Son.

So I'm in the Bronx Supreme Court, in the Courtroom with my lawyer. And this young dude in a pink shirt, with white cuffs and collar steps to me and says: "Mr. Calvert, I'm glad to finally meet you."

I had no idea, whatsoever, who this dude was; or why he had said that to me. I was dumbfounded.

Then my lawyer tells me what the deal was. Way cool.

Eventually the City hit me with "the Pot Hole Law". This law requires at least 72 hours notice of a condition (eg pothole), before someone can sue them for damages.

Thanks Chapter 18 India

Anyway, I got $150,000.00. After I paid the lawyer's third, and the medical bills, and $4,600 in parking tickets, I walked away with over $86,000.00 TAX FREE. I was broke in less than six(6) months! But I have absolutely no regrets!

Check out this six. when I first moved back with my Mom, she took me to JFK Airport, to open bank accounts with the Pan American Federal Credit Union (PAFCU), now the People's Alliance Federal Credit Union. This is the most "User friendly" banking institution imaginable; period.

So, when the City FINALLY sends the check to the lawyer, I was gonna get mine in a few more days.

So I tell the lawyer, Richard Ancowitz, that I wanted to open a checking account for a small busi-ness; and I was thinking about Chase Manhattan. He advises me that that bank is too big for my purposes, and suggests that I use the Chemical Bank, which had a branch nearby his office.

He calls the bank manager, Pete Macata, maybe Macara, and tells him that I will be coming to him, and that I will have a sizable check in a few days - to look out for me.

Okay, here's the crazy, unbelievable, part:

I go to Pete, and tell him that I want to open a

Business Account. I have the certified copy of the DBA Certificate, and I had a nine month old check from the telephone company, that I kept in my wallet as a conversation piece, it was for .13¢. The check was actually expired.

I used that check to open the Business Account. Pete gave me a starter check book, with a few checks in it.

Does everybody know what "check kiting" is?

I wrote a check for: $4,000.00 to my checking account at the PAFCU. Their policy is that, no matter how big the check is, you can get $100.00 from the check the day you cash it, and you can get the remaining amount the next day.

So I walk out with $100.00 in cash. And the next day I go back to get $1,000.00 in cash. I bought two cars (total $700.00); I registered them, and I insured them. All of this was done with checks written on that $4,000.00 check.

Then I went to the Crack spot in Harlem with my brother, George, and we bought several grams of Crack and Cocaine; and we stayed high for quite some time.

When I went to get the "Money" check, I had $1,000.00 in cash on me. And then we went back to the Spot in Harlem.

Remember, all of this was on a .13¢ expired check.

Only one check bounced, my sister-in-law, Ingrid's, for the $500.00 Datsun. She re-deposited it, and it was okay.

Is that some crazy manipulating six, or what?

Let me interject something here, and give you another one of those real cool "tips" that I have learned along the way; in my travels "around the block".

Being in a Maximum Security Prison, I can't just "turn the channel", or "turn it off", like you can do at home. I have to listen to whatever anyone else decides to play on their radios and TVs, if they don‘t use headphones. Very often I hear things that are annoying, to say the least.

But NOTHING been so annoying these past few years, as is this song now being ubiquitously played by so many radio stations - "Beautiful Girl '. In my head, this song keeps playing over, and over, and over. It is robbing me of my 'thought privacy", and I am really pissed about that.

I'm sure this has happened to all of you before.

A few days ago(September 6th or 7th) I read an article in the New York Daily News, about Earl Graves from Black Enterprises Magazine, pulling the plug on comedian Eddie Griffin's microphone, because he was using the "N" and "B" words, and "Ho", which was inappropriate for that audience.

The article went on to say that most of the [purported] Black "Leaders", and the Record Com-panies, and certain Sponsors were pushing that record because it was "clean".

Personally, I think that they went overboard this time.

Anyway, whenever a song, or an advertising jingle, or whatever, is going around in your mind, and you can't get rid of it — the more you try, the more it predominates in your thoughts --- try NOT thinking about "a pink elephant".

Okay, here's the simple little trick you can use. You know how that GEICO) commercial says, "so easy a Caveman can do it"? Well, this is even easier than that. This is so easy that a Correction Officer, or an FBI Special Agent can do it.

Remember the "Penny" trick used "separ-ation"; Well, this trick uses "substitution": SUBSTITUTE THE THOUGHT !!!

Since there is now ample evidence that our predominant thoughts manifest themselves in our physical lives, instead of allowing the annoying use-less thought to predominate in your minds, substitute a positive, edifying thought instead.

It is IMPOSSIBLE for a Human Being to think of two different thoughts at the same time. So, by substituting the annoying thought with the positive, edifying thought, you effectively banish the annoying thought to "wherever “.

Here's a positive, edifying affirmation that I "keep" for such occasions; it is “generic", so it is just as fitting for you, as it is for me. Here it is, write it down and USE IT: “I am immensely successful, and I attract bliss, serenity, prosperity, wealth, happiness, true friendships, total health, high energy, and security, abundantly into my life." Would it be so bad, if any of those things start manifesting themselves in your life, as a result of thinking this?

I now have to interrupt this Story, to "take a short commercial break, for a word from your 'Sponsor' ."(grin)

If that suggestion has been helpful to you, you might want to do something that will surely help me, in return.

At this point I have to make something perfectly clear. Unambiguously, explicitly, emphatically, and irrefutably clear; without any sort of prevarication or equivocation: PRISON REGULATIONS STRICTLY PROHIBIT ME FROM SOLICITING; ANYTHING, FROM ANYONE, AT ANY TIME !!!

However, having said that: if there is anybody, anywhere, who, acting on your own initiative and by your own volition, would like to "reward" me for teaching you that aggravation saving, and mind saving method of eliminating the "noise nuisance" from your life; well, I certainly would heartily welcome any such thoughtful gestures, I am confident that there are no Prison Regulations in existence which can prohibit you from freely exercising your United States Constitutional Ninth Amendment Rights.

If you do decide that you would like to "reward" me for giving you that splendid, sensational tip; you can make your checks or money orders [no cash please] payable to:

NORMAN B. CALVERT

SIN # 97 A 0267

Clinton Corr. Facility

1074 Cook Street

Darmanora, NY 12929-2001

Thanks Chapter 19 India

Everything that I had read about Fasting, and believe me, I had read quite a bit, did not even begin to address where I wanted to take this. All of it was namby-pamby, and candy-eight, kiddie fasts. I wanted to go into uncharted domains; I wanted to do summa that Gangsta, Thug-six Fasting.(grin)

So I threw all of that kiddie six "out the window”, and I played my new game, by the new rules I would establish.

Although I had done several fasts in the past, including the 40 day fast that I did when I was in Federal Prison at the beginning of 1989. To "break in" the 1990s I did my first of what I call "Supernatural Fasts" --- I fasted without food and/or water for 220 hours(that's 4 hours into the tenth day). I had walked to my Mom's Church, in the pouring rain(about two miles - adjacent to Lefferts Blvd and the Belt Parkway), to Pray for enlightenment and endurance, in a ”House of Worship”; to participate in their New Year’s Eve Communion Service; and ingest that wafer, so it could hold me down for the duration(cf. I Kings 19:8). After that, I was "off to the races".

I told my Mom: "look, I'm already on 'borrowed time', so please don’t tell anybody what I am doing; or they might call the Authorities with their misguided intentions. If anything happens to me, so what!" She was okay with that; and she watched me as the days passed by, without hindering me in any way, whatsoever. My Mom was cool like that.

I did have to rinse my mouth out with "flavored" water, constantly; because my mouth was tasting like a hundred little men had sat on my chin and sixed into it. Also, my mouth was "drier than a popcorn fart"; my saliva was like literal cotton balls in my mouth - void of any liquid. Nothing alleviated that indescribably intense sensation of THIRST. But I was DEMANDING some Answers from SHORTY, and my ironclad determi-nation and fortitude would not relent!

Eventually, SHORTY dissed me, and didn't answer JACK.

I cannot remember exactly when I started using Crack, I can only remember that at one point I was not a Crack-head, and then I was. There was no dramatic "defining moment", or anything like that; no "First Blast and then I was hooked". Nothing even remotely like that. It was simply: "One day I was NOT a Crack-head, and then one day I was a Crack-head."

Everybody is always emphasizing about how much MONEY Crack robs from you. Like that master Card commercial says: "Five Jumbo Purple Tops, $25.00; one new glass Crack stem, $2.00; one disposable Bic lighter, $1.00; a nice and quiet, safe and secure place to Blast Off --- Priceless.

However, they are only emphasizing the money aspect, because they haven't yet learned the value of TIME!

More important than the money that Crack robs from you, is that it totally consumes All of your Time. Once you take that very first Blast in the morning, your entire day is spent on "A Mission from God". NOTHING ELSE IS IMPORTANT!

Once I was hooked, I could not get away from Crack. It took me to the VERY LOWEST point in my life, and I could only see myself going lower and lower; with nothing in sight that I could grab hold of to stop this descent - no, this PLUNGE into my very own perdition.

Here's something really pathetic - some really aberrant behavior. I would be walking along - everywhere I went, and - my eyes would be "sweeping" the ground, back and forth, in front of me --- looking for any Crack vials that might have dropped from someone's possession. Every once in a while, I would find something. Sometimes, someone would play games, and put wax in the vial, which would destroy a Crack stem screen; or they might put plaster, or soap in it.

Another pathetic thing; you don't have any friends anymore. The only people you have any time for, are those who can contribute towards getting you some more Crack.

I used to be smoking with someone, and I would ask them: "Do you sometimes hear a little voice telling you that what you are doing is wrong, when you are smoking Crack?" And without exception, everyone that I asked that question of, would say Yes. However, I soon found out that NOBODY wanted to be reminded of that "Still Small Voice", and they would quickly stop getting high with me. I literally chased them away with that question. I cut my own throat.

Let me tell you this. I have been in prison now, for more than a dozen years, and I am not guilty of the charges that I was convicted of. But if this is the price that I have to pay, to get away from Crack, then I have no problem with that. It's just that this entire prison episode is so UNJUST; and twelve years is really a long, long time.

But I believe that I am in training, to prepare for a very VERY *SPECIAL MISSION* for SHORTY, and I am willing to remain here for as long as that training requires. If you try to help a butterfly out of its cocoon before its time, or if you take a cake out of the oven too soon; both of them will be a disaster - useless and worthless for ALL purposes.

So it is with me with this prison episode.

In South Jamaica, on the corner of Sutphin Blvd. and 119th Avenue, where I hung out, there was this little Sista who used to walk by with her two sons every school day, without fail - and always on time. That is what I first noticed about her. Okay. Okay. I'm lying. I did notice that about her; but the FIRST thing I noticed about her was that cute "onion" that she had back there.

After she took her sons to school, she would stop by, and hang out for awhile. We sort of developed a "routine '. I would tell her: "Excuse me Miss, but your shoelace looks like it is untied." She would say: "Thank you." And then she would turn her back to me and bend over to "tie" her shoelace(which, of course, wasn't untied).

We became pretty tight, and we would some-times get high together. Her name is Josephine Lewis – (Josie).

When I got hold of that 86 grand, I wanted someone to hang out with, someone that I could trust; so I hooked up with Josie for the next couple of years - on and off. We rented this cute little one bedroom corner house, in Springfield Gardens, in Queens, NY.

I had started seeing a Psychiatrist, Dr. Nazir, at the VA Outpatient Clinic, on Reyerson Avenue in Brooklyn. None of the Psychotropic drugs that he prescribed for me was doing any good. I was living in a very disturbing place, in my head; and there was no respite nor surcease.

Let me tell you something about SHORTY, with regard to what is going on in the "Houses of Worship" these days: The Master, in Luke 11:11-13[NKJ] says: "If a son asks for bread from any father among you, will he give him a stone? Or, if he asks for a fish, will he give him a serpent instead of a fish? Or if he asks for an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him!"

I am gonna be bold and presumptuous enough, to take what The Master said one step further: Which of you, if your son asks for a serpent, and you KNOW that what he means to ask for is a fish, will give him the serpent anyway?

Can you see where I’m going with this?

Okay, that's the way that I see SHORTY working. Even though we don't know how to ask for things, SHORTY will know that we really mean something else, and make allowances.

I'm not talking about the "object" of our requests, but the "method" of making our requests. For instance; it makes . no difference to whom you address your petitions, or whether you direct your petitions to; SHORTY gets the message.

However, there are Laws, and the more these Laws are adhered to, the more effective your petitions to Her become.

Getting down on your knees; putting your forehead to the ground; WORSHIPPING, or any other manner of obsequious, sycophantic, pusilla-nimous subservience; are ALL to no avail.

SHORTY don’t want NOBODY down on their knees, unless they are cleaning baseboards, working in the garden, or giving some good ~~head~~ advice.

Does not SHORTY, Herself, say: "I said ‘You are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High’." (Psalms 82:6 NKJV – cf. John 10:34, where The Master reiterates this.)

And The Master says, in John 14:20: "At that day you will know that I am in My Father, and you in Me, and I in you. " And He also says, in John 10:30, “I and My Father are one." Furthermore, the Apostle Paul, who is the most prolific writer in the entire Holy Scriptures, says in Philippians 2:5,6 NKJ: "let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, Being in the form of God, did not consider it robbery to be equal with God. "

How can there be ANYONE who believes in those words, in any way abide with the obsequious, sycophantic, pusillanimous subservience that is prevalent in the Houses of Worship today?

Okay, I got THAT off my chest; let‘s continue

By Sunday, February 28th,1993 I had reached my limits with the getting high routine, and after making enough money for gas and tolls, by driving my car as a "dollar cab"; I went to Harlem to my Sister's Church - Bethel Gospel Assembly - on 120th Street and Madison Avenue. I wanted prayer for deliverance from alcohol and drugs, PERIOD!

Thank You Chapter 20 Constance

Nothing unusual happened immediately after that.

Then, on Thursday, March 4th, 1993, at around 4:00pm, the Police came to our house, and arrested Josie for Second Degree MURDER. Not Attempted Murder, Second Degree Murder.

You are NOT gonna believe this, but I was the victim!

With an astonishing suddenness; with a surprising and startling, no-nonsense decisiveness, SHORTY answered my petition. But now I'm dead. So, what part of the game is that?

We weren't fighting, or even arguing. Josie is like five foot, nothing, tall; and at that time she weighed about 98 pounds - soaking wet, with two bricks in her pockets.

We were getting ready to go to the service station to pick up one of my cars that had a brake job done on it.

I bent down to hug her (I am 6' 3" tall); she had a big knife in her hand, but I didn't pay that any mind (why should I? We weren't fighting). Then as I was looking into her eyes, I saw such a distinct change in her eyes, that I can only liken it to one of those "Possession" movies. I have to conclude that "something" possessed her at that moment. It is for that reason, that I never faulted her.

There was no actual pain, *per se*, just 2 little stings. I thought that she only cut me, not stabbed me. Then the blood started SHOOTING out of my back. It looked to me as if someone was behind me, throwing a cup full of blood every time my heart beat. It was simply amazing to watch that.

I KNEW that I was going to die - VERY SOON! I told her to get me a pen and some paper, and then I told her to go across the street to get our neighbor to call 911. Then I wrote a note to exonerate her, saying it was an accident.

I also wrote a "goodbye" note to my children. That note was bloody as all hell. Then I laid down to die. My only concern about leaving this Physical Realm, was that I was leaving China, with her continuous multitude of problems.

I remember peacefulness. Everything was so peaceful; and I will never have to eat any more Brussels sprouts.

The words "Hero" and "Heroic" are way overused these days. Whenever a Uniformed Public Servant gets injured, or wounded, in the line of duty, they are designated a hero.

This diminishes the value and intent of these words.

However, the EMS Technicians who responded to that 911 call to my house - THEY made HEROIC efforts. They had to; because I came back" - to this cesspool. Mothafourers!

When I regained consciousness in the Mary Immaculate Hospital, I thought that Josie would be there, but she was not there. I didn't think she would have gotten into any trouble; after all, I did write that note.

After a few days, a friend of ours(now deceased) called me, and told me that Josie was on Rikers Island, charged with Attempted Murder, and with a $50,000.00 bail(when I was "revived" they reduced the charge to Attempted Murder).

So, I called up this Legal Aid Lawyer, and asked him to do what he could to get her out of jail; that I was not going to press charges against her. He said he would do it.

He soon called me back, to tell me that he couldn't take her case, because she already had a case with Legal Aid, and that would create a conflict of interest.

So, I asked him if he would recommend another attorney who could do that for me, and he gave me the name of this 18B attorney, Jose A. González. Remember that name.

Anyway, I called Jose, and explained the situation to him, and asked him if he could get her out of jail for me and give her $5.00 to make sure that she had carfare.

Josie later told me that he was like one of those angels in the movies with the light behind them, when he came and told her that he would be getting her out of jail.

She said she was like: "Who do I know with $50,000.00?"

Josie gets out of jail, and comes to see me in the hospital, and tells me that they ran some blood tests on her at Rikers Island --- and she was pregnant.

As soon as I got out of the hospital, I had to go to the District Attorney's Office, to formally sign papers that I would not be pressing charges on Josie. I told the ADA that it was an accident. He says: "But there were two stab wounds." So, I told him: "Then there were two accidents. Stay out of Black People's business."

To tell the truth, at close to 50 years old, I was not too keen about bringing more children into this world. But Josie said that she wanted a daughter, and she rejected all of the evidence which suggested that hers was not the most propitious age to be having a baby (she was close to 40).

So I decided to support her in this endeavor.

She stopped all of the *"Jodedera"*, and I did too. She enrolled in drug programs; and we both attended AA and NA meetings on a regular, and frequent basis. We even went to Church, my sister's Church in Harlem, every Sunday.

We both stayed "clean and sober" from that point on.

At one point during that period, Josie received some jubilant news - there was not one heartbeat, but two. She was carrying twins. Later she was told that they are girls.

She wanted a daughter - now she would have two.

Everything was going great. Since we weren't spending any money on drugs, we had money to buy maternity clothes, and the nutritious food that babies need to grow.

One day we stopped at the vegetable stand, and Josie wanted this carton of strawberries. It cost two or three dollars. I started complaining that that was too expensive. Josie said something that "cut me to the core"; she said: "If I wanted some Crack, you wouldn't be complaining." I think of that quite often. The bad part is, it was true.

I don't remember how I got the message. I don't remember who gave me the message. Nevertheless, on July 26th, 1993, I got the message that Josie was in Queens General Hospital, and she was in labor - two months early.

Thank You Chapter 21 Constance

When I got to the hospital, the doctors were trying to forestall the birth, giving Josie some medications that would help develop the infants' lungs. They told me that they would continue doing that for as long as they safely could; after which, we all went into the delivery room.

Rachael came out first, and everything was going good.

Two minutes later it looked like a fire hydrant GUSHED forth from Josie's womb. The fluid sprayed so far and so wide, that it temporarily blinded the delivering Doctor – at the precise instant that Rebekka sprung forth. There was nobody there to catch her. When I say "sprung forth", that is exactly what I mean. I know that many of you saw that "Martin" episode, where he is delivering this baby on the couch, and it pops out and flies across the room, where Tommy catches it. Then Tommy asks Martin: "Where's the umbilical cord?" And Martin says: "Tommy, we are on TV, we don't need no damn umbilical cord."

Well, that is exactly how Rebekka flew out of Josie. And when she came to the end of the umbilical cord, she stopped, and fell in the trash can at the end of the table.

Remember "Kodak moments"? That was a You-Tube moment.

"R&R" were born two months premature, and they looked like little aliens. At first Josie was scared to hold them, but I had no such reservations. They were in incubators; and they had to remain on the Preemie Ward for two months.

The reason that they came out on that day, is because Josie's defenses weakened, and she succumbed to a craving for a blast of Crack. Well, those Twins just weren't gonna have anything to do with that nonsense, and they burst out so quickly from the offending envir- onment, that although Josie had cocaine in her, the Twins had none at all in them.

So Josie wasn't charged with anything, but the babies were taken away from her, and placed with their Godmother.

The Twins' Godmother, Carole "Tina" Davis, was about the best thing that could have happened to R&R. She was about the same height as Josie, but a little bit heavier.

And she had a great big "007"; and I had no doubts that she could, and would, use it with skill and dexterity. And Heaven help anyone who would DARE to mess with R&R on her watch. She showered R&R with love and adoration, and she raised them to be Ladies. Tina is recently deceased.

By the time Tina died, Josie had been "Clean and Sober" for a half-dozen years, so the Courts awarded her custody.

This September Josie attains her Eighth Anniversary of being "Clean and Sober". I for one, personally admire anyone who can cease using Crack, while they are still on the Streets. I don't believe that I could have done that. I REALLY admire Josie for that. You go, Girl!!!

Back to the summer of 1993. R&R are born, and Josie and I have been "Clean and Sober" for several months (except for that one incident with Josie). It's Aug. 26th, Josie's Birthday, and that morning I am in Brooklyn, at the VA Clinic to see the Psychiatrist, Dr. Nazir. He gives me a prescription for PROZAC. I take the first of them that morning.

Later on that afternoon, Josie and I are in the car, and Josie says: "Norm, it's my Birthday. Can I get a wine?" I'm like, a wine? Hell, I got some bucks on me, how about we get us some Jumbo Purple Tops? And we were both "back on the merry-go-round".

Now, several doctors have told me that PROZAC does not act that quickly; that it takes a couple of weeks for it to become effective. To that, I say bullsix. I can bet that none of their studies have ever considered a Crack head; or any other kind of drug addict, for that matter. All I know for sure is that the day I took PROZAC, I smoked Crack.

Chapter 22

Just before that happened, I had an Appeal in the Court of Appeals for Veterans Claims, in Washington, DC. They had sent me a list of attorneys who were qualified to practice in that court. I called this female in Forest Hills first, and I got no answer. Then I called this attorney in Howard Beach, Mr. Frank E. Allen, Esquire, to arrange a meeting. As they say in Black parlance: "He passed the Telephone Test"; so I had every reason to believe that he was a White man.

You all remember that tragic incident that happened there back in the 1990's; where those White dudes chased that Black dude onto the highway, and a car killed him? Well, I certainly didn't want to be caught walking around in THAT neighborhood. But this was the closest of those attorneys who was near to me. So, I HAD to go there.

I never knew exactly where Howard Beach was, so you can imagine my absolute surprise when I discovered that this was the same neighborhood that I had been to time, and time again - I just didn't know the name of the area. Since we were kids, my friends and I used to ride our bicycles there to go fishing on the Cross Bay Bridge. We NEVER had any static from ANYBODY in that neighborhood. I could just NOT believe that this was the same neighborhood that the Media, and certain putative Black Leaders, had been portraying as a racially biased neighborhood. I personally knew that that simply was not true - from many decades of experience.

Here's something else, to verify that position: When I got to the attorney's house - which was not more than two blocks from where that "incident" happened - the door opens, and there is a Black man standing there. Surely, I thought, he has to be a visitor. But, no. He owned the house; had been living there for more than a quarter of a century, and had NEVER experienced any racially motivated incidents in that entire time.

So now a gargantuan question begins to assault my head: Why the Hell was this little community portrayed as this racist neighborhood, by the Media and certain putative Black Leaders? Well, we all know why the Media would be motivated to stir up racial strife and disharmony - to hype, to sell.

But why would any Black Leaders do such a thing? Now, when I say "Black Leaders", I am not talking about people who are obviously leaders and who happen to be Black. Oprah Winfrey, I believe, would be the "Crown Jewel" in this highly esteemed array. Others would include Reverend Creflo Dollar; Reverend Frederick Price; Bishop T.D. Jakes; and the multitude of their ilk. These Leaders teach their constituents how to prosper, uplift, and edify themselves.

The putative "Black Leaders" that I am talking about; are more specifically - without naming any names - those two Reverends who we all know: The Reverend Frick, from The Windy City; and the Reverend Frack, from The Big Apple. These despicable POVERTY PIMP Rabble Rousers, who, along with their notorious ilk, leap from their lairs at the first sign of a Black-White conflict, to inflame with their poisonous disharmony and discord.

These are the putative "Black Leaders" I speak of. While in the rest of the world, the Most Important Discovery in the entire history of Humankind is forcefully unveiling itself - This Astounding Concept that we CREATE our Environment with the Power of our Thoughts; Reverends Frick and Frack are “Leading their constituents to the Back Door of the Plantation's Big House, to beg ‘Mr. Charlie’ for a slightly bigger piece of the Plantation Pie.” What fouring cave have Reverends Frick and Frack been hiding in? Why haven't they been standing on the rooftops of the Black Community, and screaming this fantastic discovery from the top of their lungs? Why aren't they making noise about this profound Truth? Why are they not going door-to-door, and spreading this remarkable, life-enhancing information?

It is IMPOSSIBLE that they are ignorant of this Truth!

Reverend Frick, when you were running for President in 1984, I collected so many signatures on your Petitions, and registered so many people to vote, on your behalf, that the guy in your Bronx Campaign Office told me: "We had to make a special folder for all of the work that you've done."

I EARNED the right to ask you now: "Why weren't you telling me about this Extraordinary Truth twenty-five years ago, when I believed in you and would have probably listened to you? You could have dramatically altered the course of my life back then. Only if. Only if. Only if.

But you and your cohort, Reverend Frack, and your notorious ilk of Rabble Rousing POVERTY PIMPS were too occupied spreading that counter-productive garbage of yours. I simply can't understand why Reverend Frack didn't learn his lesson from that ignominious fiasco in Duchess County.

Two millennia ago, The Master, in Matthew 23:13, 26-28 [NKJ), might just as well have been addressing you and your ilk: "But woe to you, Rabble Rousers and POVERTY PIMPS, hypocrites! For you shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for you neither go in yourselves, nor do you allow those who are entering to go in.

"Blind POVERTY PIMP, first cleanse the inside of the cup and dish, that the outside of them may be clean also.

"Woe to you, Rabble Rousers and POVERTY PIMPS, hypocrites! For you are like whitewashed tombs which indeed appear beautiful outwardly, but inside are full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

"Even so you also outwardly appear righteous to men, but inside you are full of hypocrisy and lawlessness."

Reverends Frick and Frack, and all of your notorious ilk, you call yourselves "Black Leaders"? I wouldn't let either of you nincompoops lead my dog to a fire hydrant, to take a leak; or into the street, to take a dump.

And you are the very same clique of “Black Leaders” who are now proclaiming that Senator Barack Obama is not Black enough. All of this really makes me wonder: "How many of those Caucasian ‘Ivory Tower Hoodlums', from Washington, D.C., are signing your paychecks?"

Howard Beach was NOT a racist incident. It was simply a testosterone episode. The fact that one side of the altercation happened to be Black, does not elevate it to a racist incident. The same thing would have happened if the other party was Irish; German; Polish; Chinese; or whatever. There is no way, AT ALL, that those young men did what they did - without provo- cation. I can GUARANTEE you that!

Before I can believe something like that, I would have to surmise that a group of highly inebriated Blacks were in a "strange" neighborhood, and made offensive remarks to one of the neighborhood females. In that case, the young men in that area would have reacted the very same way, no matter what neighborhood this occurred in - anywhere in the world!

Moreover, I already told you how big the Italians are with Respect. IF ANYBODY would have come in their neighborhood and disrespected one of their females; whether they were Black, White, Yellow, Red, Purple, or Green; and those young men did NOT do something about it - YOU would not want to be in their shoes when they got home that night.

It is a pity, a travesty that those young men had to be so stigmatized by those putative "Black Leaders", and the Media; and then had to go to a predominantly Black prison system, to serve their time falsely labeled as racists. I believe that New York City, New York State, those putative "Black Leaders", and the Media, ALL owe those young men, and the community of Howard Beach, a humble apology.

Reverends Frick and Frack, I of all people, as fouring indolent as I am, certainly appreciate the concept of someone "resting on their laurels". But when you adulterate, bastardize, corrupt, and debase the noble principles established by your Great Mentor, The Reverend, Doctor Martin Luther King, Jr; then it is time for you to reexamine your agenda, and adjust your course; or step aside and relinquish your leadership reins to those who are better qualified to assume those reins for a more propitious future.

The times are swiftly passing by, and it makes no sense to retard, inhibit, and stagnate the growth of an entire assembly, because of your obstinate, cantankerous, and perverse refusal to pursue an agenda that promises to guide your constituents to "The Mountain Top" that was envisioned by your Great Mentor, almost a half of a century ago.

Okay, I got THAT off my chest; let's continue.

Chapter 23

The Black man who answered the door was the attorney I had come to see, Mr. Frank E. Allen, Esquire. I’m sure that if he had known then, what he was getting into with me, he would have immediately called THE EXORCIST to get rid of me.

Sometimes SHORTY brings together Holy Alliances that are needed to realize Her objectives. This was such a one. He has stood with me for more than thirteen long years, through thick and thin; through Hell and high water.

On November 22nd, 1993, I was admitted to the Psychiatric Ward of the Brooklyn Veterans Hospital. I was discharged around January 7th, 1994.

Then, a few days later, I got this letter from the VA that said something like: "We are processing your claim; there will be a delay." Well, after more than seven years already, I was in no mood to be hearing about another delay.

I got my stiletto (NOT a woman's high heel shoe - a very Dangerous and VERY ILLEGAL type of spring-loaded knife), and I was on my way to Foley Square (the Federal Courthouse), where I was gonna start randomly sticking and slashing people with abandon. ***This is the end of the Three Pages that I had saved.***

***-----------------------------------------------------------------***

***Now, back to that which Constance had saved:***

My Mom's neighbor's son, Byron (Norman was his last name; and my first and middle names are Norman Byron), who is now deceased, stops me, tells me to chill out for a while with him, and we can smoke some weed. And then he convinces me to return to the VA Hospital, which I did, on Jan. 15th.

Byron drove me there, and waited until I was admitted.

I was utterly fed-up with those VA mothafourers, and all of that waiting they were putting me through. Little did I know, at that time, that I would be fighting with them for more than another ten years before I got the rating of 100% Psychiatric Disability that I had applied for in 1986.

Once, when I was bitterly complaining to Mr. Allen about the VA bureaucrats, he told me something that was very profound about government workers. He told me that although the majority of government workers were quite intelligent, when they first go to work for the Government, they are issued two items: a light bulb, and a button. Then they are told: "Whenever the light bulb lights up, you push the button. But if the light bulb does not light up, you don't push the button." And THAT guides their every decision.

Now, you can go into a government office for some service, or another, and see that the plug for the light is not connected to the outlet, and that is the reason why the bulb is not lighting up; and EVERYBODY will agree that yours is a situation which requires that the button be pushed; but since the light bulb is not lighting up - regardless of the situation with the plug. Or maybe the filament is burned out; or the bulb, itself, is shattered. You get my drift?

Anyway, the VA was denying my claim because they were saying that I only had the one psychiatric hospitalization in Viet Nam; there was "no evidence of chronicity, and no evidence of psychotic behavior within one year of leaving the War Zone." That St. Albans NAVAL Hospital stay would have met both of those requirements; but those records had never caught up with my ARMY records, before my discharge.

Another thing - in 1968 when I was in St. Albans, it was a NAVAL Hospital; but in 1986, when I applied for Veterans Benefits, it was a VETERANS Hospital. I kept telling those VA eightholes that they had to go to the Department of the Navy for those records, but they kept going to the Veterans Administration. Apparently, "the light bulb was not lighting up"(grin)

Finally, in May 2002, while I was in the Wende Correctional Facility, I submitted a Petition for a Writ of MANDAMUS, to compel the VA to give me "The benefit of doubt"; and then they "found" those records in TWO WEEKS!!!

On Friday, February 4th, 1994, from the Psych Ward, I mailed a lengthy letter to my Congressman, U.S. Representative Floyd Flake, with several copies going to various Government Officials. This letter was tantamount to a Declaration of WAR against the United States. The letter was delivered to all parties on Monday, February 7th, 1994.

It was my expectation that my letter would be construed as "sending threats through the mail", in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. § 876, and I would be arrested by the FBI.

That did not happen. My letter was totally ignored.

On February 10th, 1994, I learned that Washington, DC was sending an Inspection Team to the VA Hospital, and that they would be arriving on our ward that morning. Okay, I thought - whoever came through that door, would be a TARGET! I would send an UNMISTAKABLE message to Washington, DC. SHORTY assured me that they could do NOTHING to me.

At approximately "High Noon" the ward door opened, and several people entered onto the ward. I "fired a shot across the bow". I was accused of assaulting three female Federal Employees, one of whom had her neck slashed, which required six stitches, and plastic surgery, to mend.

They “recovered” the knife from me, and put me in the

"Quiet Room", in a four-point restraint "bed"; and then they injected me with some psychotropic medications.

Shortly thereafter, two VA Police came into the room and told me that I was under arrest for assault, and they handcuffed me in addition to the four-point restraints. They read me my Miranda Warning, and asked me where I got the knife. Two other VA Police Officers responded to that call, making it one Sergeant and three Officers in total. These "Fantastic Four" consisted of: Sgt. Lawrence Bianculi; Off. Benjamin Taroc; Off. Roscoe Fountain; and Off. Aruta, whose first name I can't recall right now.

The Report says that they put the knife in the evidence locker, and took statements from seven witnesses. Then they called the Assistant U.S. Attorney, Jason Brown, to press charges against me, and to prosecute me. However, the AUSA was like: What, a Viet Nam Vet, on a Psychiatric Ward, and nobody got killed?" So he declined to prosecute this case.

THAT should have ended any attempts to prosecute me, since the VA Hospital is "Within the special territorial boundaries and jurisdiction of the United States", and no other Authority has JURISDICTION to prosecute me.

However, the then Hospital Administrator, Mr. James Farsetta, was infuriated with what I had done, and he was adamant that I would not get away with that"; so he pressured his minions to go to the NYPD to prosecute me, KNOWING that the NYPD, and the State of New York, had no JURISDICTION what- soever in this matter.

Title 18 USC § 3162 clearly states that when someone is arrested by Federal Authorities, they MUST be brought before a U.S. Magistrate Judge for arraignment as soon as possible. These "Keystone Cops" brought me past THREE Federal Courthouses, to take me to the Montrose VA Hospital, where I was locked up in the Acute Intensive Care Psychiatric Ward, until a "special" Police Officer from the 68th Precinct in Brooklyn came off of her vacation. What this amounts to, under ANY theory or concept of Law, is that the United States of America KIDNAPPED me !!!

On February 23rd, 1994, those "Keystone Cops" returned to Montrose VA Hospital, to take me to the 68th Precinct passing those Three Federal Courthouses AGAIN, where I was put in a line-up, arrested, and charged with three felony counts of Assault, against those three women. Then I was sent to Rikers Island for another week.

Thank You Chapter 24 Constance

Somewhere around the end of February, 1994, the FBI calls up the VA Police Chief, Gregory Bennett, and they are like, "What the four are you doing with Calvert? Don't you know that this is an illegal arrest?"

So I get before the State Judge in Brooklyn, on March 1st, 1994, and he writes "LACKS JURISDICTION" on the folder. I am then returned to Rikers Island. On March 2nd, 1994, I was taken to Queens County Court, to answer some traffic tickets, which were dismissed.

An FBI FELONY Complaint was issued against me, which was dated as MARCH 1, 1994. The Docket No. was 94-0290M. However, this FBI Complaint was NEVER signed by a U.S. Magistrate Judge (something I didn't notice until this year).

The Fourth Amendment to the United States Constitution states, in pertinent part: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons,...against unreasonable... seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation,..."

Without the signature of a U.S. Magistrate Judge, there was NEVER any Oath administered. Therefore, the Complaint is Fatally Flawed for the purpose of issuing a Warrant.

Making this matter even more incredible, the UNIFORM OFFENSE REPORT-CONTINUATION SHEET, signed by VA Police Chief Gregory Bennett, and dated THREE TIMES as February 28, 1994, states: "The U.S. District Court Arrest Warrant, 94-0290M, is attached to this report." Waz up wit dat ???

This is a Physical Impossibility an INTOLORABLE REPUGNANCY, for him to have the Arrest Warrant THE DAY BEFORE the FBI Complaint, upon which that Warant was based, was dated.

Even The Village Idiot knows this!

In addition to that, When I was finally brought before a

U.S. Magistrate Judge for arraignment, The Honorable John L. Caden(a fellow Viet Nam Veteran), the VERY FIRST thing he asks my Federal Legal Aid attorney, is as follows:

THE COURT: Mr. Concannon(my Federal Legal Aid attorney) have you reviewed the complaint with Mr. Calvert?

MR. CONCANNON: Yes, we went over it together, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Ms. Avergun (Asst. U.S. Atty), I've read this and maybe you can explain - I want to make sure I understand this clearly. Agent Nelson I gather is not here.

MS. AVERGUN: Oh, Agent Nelson who signed the complaint.

It is "obvious to a duck" that Judge Caden KNEW that that complaint was “stinking worse than a ten-day-old dead fish".

I am telling you that Mr. Concannon was "less than truthful" from the very beginning of this matter; that he NEVER "reviewed" or "went over the complaint with me - nor did he "review" or 'go over" the complaint in any way whatsoever --- or HE would have noticed that the complaint was not signed by a U.S. Magistrate Judge; a Fourth Amendment DUE PROCESS prerequisite for the issuance of any warrant.

Therefore, without a VALID Complaint, there can be no VALID Arrest Warrant. Without a VALID Arrest Warrant, there could be no LAWFUL ARREST. Without a LAWFUL ARREST, ALL of those proceedings that followed that UNLAWFUL ARREST, were also INVALID; the "fruit of the poisonous tree" Doctrine.

It is noteworthy that on August 10th, 2007 I submitted a FREEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT request to the FBI in Washington, DC, seeking a sample of Special Agent John Anthony Nelson's signature, to compare it with the signature that appears on the FBI Complaint, Number 94-0290M, to verify the authenticity of that Complaint's signature.

It is also noteworthy that on August 11th, 2007, I submitted a FREEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT request to the Brooklyn VA Hospital, seeking a copy of the arrest warrant that was purportedly attached to the UNIFORM OFFENSE REPORT, the day BEFORE the complaint upon which that arrest warrant was based, was, itself, dated. I am still awaiting replies from those two requests.

If you would like to view these three documents - the FBI Complaint(3 pages); the page of the VA Uniform Offense Report; and page 2 of the Arraignment Transcript of March 8th, 1994, you can go to: exodus2.org/SupCtCasePapers.

I was sent to Federal Prison, and I remained there until August 29th, 1994 - more than six months. I came back to the Federal Court, and I raised Holy Hell.

Judge Aileen Ross, who was also a Magistrate Judge on this case (she got promoted), was presiding. She asked this attorney, Mr. Joel Walter: “Mr. Walter, are you doing anything right now? Will you please take this case?" Less than three hours later, I was in the street!

Now, understand this. Mr. Walter knew NOTHING of this case. He had to meet with me, and learn what the hell was going on. Then he had to contact my daughter, India, on her job in Manhattan. India had to leave work, and travel to Brooklyn. Then he had to converse with her. Then we had to go back into the Courtroom, where bail arrangements had to be made, and papers had to be signed, etc. And, still: Less than three hours later, I was on the street!

Judge Ross released me on another $10,000.00 Personal Recognizance Bond (no money involved), and when she was explaining the provisions of this arrangement to India, and she got to the part where she said: "If he commits a crime while he is out on bail, he will be charged with the crime of committing a crime." Well, I just couldn't contain myself, and I busted out laughing. And Judge Ross is like: "Ms. Calvert, will you try to explain to your father how serious this is?" And I just laughed even harder. (Grin)

So, Mr. Walter is now the second defense attorney assigned to this case; and during his watch, in October, 1994 this matter was reduced to a Misdemeanor. This was after I had already done more than the six months maximum sentence that the Misdemeanor charge provides for.

Mr. Walter stayed on until February 7th, 1995, when I again raised Holy Hell in the Courtroom, and DEMANDED that Mr. Allen be appointed as my defense attorney.

Thank You Chapter 25 Constance

Let me interject some incredible, unbelievable six:

This MISDEMEANOR is now before the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit - for the FIFTH TIME. It has already had seven (7) U.S. Magistrate Judges assigned to it; three (3) U.S. District Court Judges assigned to it; three(3) defense attorneys assigned to it; and I sent it to the U.S. Supreme Court twice - but I didn't know how to properly fill out all of the paperwork for that Court, and my papers were rejected. I believe that it is safe to say, that the only other misdemeanor in the entire history of Humankind to ever receive more attention than this misdemeanor, 94 CR1095 (CBA), is Hip Hop Supa Dupa Diva, and Mega Recording Artist, Missy “Misdemeanor" Elliott.

Now, here's some real outrageous nonsense. When I put in a Motion for a writ of AUDITA QUERELA (those two Latin words will send 99.999% of all of the attorneys in the country to Black's Law Dictionary), Judge Carol Bagley Amon tells me that I had ample opportunity to raise this before.

Hey! Wait just a minute! I am a Layman in the Law; and there had been THREE Professional Attorneys assigned to this case before, who didn't catch the fact that the Complaint was not signed - how can that onus now be placed on me???

Okay, I have to go back to Tracey Towers for a moment.

Remember all of the bullets? Before I had sent them out, I had made other moves to get back into a Federal Judge's Chambers. Here is just one that I just remembered:

I had been breaking the U.S. Marshals’ chops in the NY Southern District Federal Court for quite some time. One day I bought a gram of Rock Cocaine, and I was gonna bring it into the Federal Courthouse; which I just KNEW would get me arrested - RIGHT AWAY!

Okay, so I'm NOT stupid! So I first gotta get me some protection. So I go to see Pastor Ralph (of course I leave the Cocaine outside - I will NOT bring any *"Jodedera"* into a House of Worship). I tell Pastor Ralph that I am going to do something that will probably get me locked up, and I wanted him to anoint my head with oil, and pray for me. He did that, and I went to the Federal Court.

When I got to the metal detector, there were two Federal Marshals there. I believe their names were Bruno and Richie. I take the coke out of my pocket, and put it on the podium that they were using. I told them: "There's cocaine in that aluminum foil! What are you gonna do about it?"

They said: "Norm, is cocaine really in there?" I said: "Yeah. Some serious Rock Cocaine. What are you gonna do about it?" They said: "Norm, please go home, and leave us alone."

Now let's go to 1994, and the Eastern District Federal Court. Remember, I am on that $10,000.00 bond, right? Now this is on the Court's Transcript, about the reefer.

Anyway, when I first went on that bond, one of the conditions was that I live with my daughter. So I was in the little park/square across the street from her building, and I was smoking this monster blunt. For you Squares and Lames, a "blunt" is a real fat joint, rolled up in the cigar leaf of a Phillies Blunt cigar, or a White Owl cigar. So, I got this long roach, about 1 inch long, and I really don't want to just throw it away. So I’m wondering what I can do with it.(grin) So I tape it on a postcard, and mail it to the Court, with this message: "I was walking through the park and I saw this big bag of money, and this roach on the bench. I went to call the Police, to report it, but when I got back to the bench, the big bag of money was gone. This roach will prove that I am telling the truth."(grin)

Here's something else I did that is really funny. In my Mom's garage, I had found this complete skeleton of a rat. I took some powdered incense, and some beans, and burned it with the rat's skeleton. Then I laid this concoction on a paper towel, and put it in a cassette tape case. You could clearly see the rat’s burnt skeleton.

I wrapped this up in a package for mailing; I got a few nickel bags of reefer, and a fifth of Smirnoff 100 proof vodka; and I took a Greyhound bus to Washington, DC. I mailed it to the Court, with this message: "I am at the Seat of Power of our Nation. You know what I can do." Then I got right back on the bus, and came back home.

Actually, I was homeless at that time, living in the Salvation Army's shelter for homeless Veterans - the Borden Avenue Veterans' Residence, in Long Island City.

Then I got a call from this lady in the probation department to call her back - RIGHT AWAY! When I call her, she tells me that I have to come to Court IMMEDIATELY!

Now, here's the deal; since they have me down as a "Slasher", they wasn't hardly gonna let me be walking around in their Courthouse all by myself; so every time I came to that Courthouse, I had to be escorted by two or three U.S. Marshals. Well, this day when they met me, they all KNEW that I was gonna be remanded back to prison. They told me that they had to get the Bomb Sniffing Dogs out to check out that package. Then the U.S. Attorney wanted to charge me with sending animal feces through the mail (those beans).

Anyway, I get in the Courtroom, and I tell the Judge that I was sick and tired of all of these delays; and that if she didn't get Mr. Allen in here to take this case, I was going to defend myself.

The next day Mr. Allen was in that Courtroom, and Judge Amon says to him: "Mr. Allen, I don't know if this has ever been done before, but I have the power to do it, and I'm gonna do it, will you please take this case?"

You see, Mr. Allen was not on the panel of attorneys approved by the Court for criminal defense Lawyers. They only paid about $75.00 per hour, and Mr. Allen charged about $200.00 per hour. So he never applied to be on that panel.

Whenever a Judge "asks" an attorney if he would please take a case, there is REALLY no choice involved; if they know what's good for them, they will take that case. So, on February 7th, 1995, Mr. Allen was appointed to my case.

Let me digress from this Court stuff, to tell you about something that I think is hilarious - but you might think it is just outright disgusting: Back when I was living at my Mom's house, I put in an application for a credit card to Citibank. They rejected my application, and I got pissed off at them. So my Mom's neighbor, Byron, had this dog, and he was "in between yard cleanings", so there was a LOT of "doggie doo" in his yard. I asked him if he would have a problem, if I were to clean that up for him. Like he would really say "No!”

So I get this garden trowel, and this cardboard box, about a cubic foot in size; put double-thick plastic bags in it; and fill up the box with "doggie doo".

Then I employed this trick that I learned from Abby Hoffman, in his book, "STEAL THIS BOOK"; under the chapter "Monkey Warfare". You know those "business Reply Cards" that have First Class postage pre-paid? Well I took one of those for Citibank, and I glued it on the outside of my "Doggie Doo" box, and I took it to the Post Office. The Clerk there was gonna send it Third Class Mail; but I pointed out to her, that this card paid for First Class. Anyway, I am quite sure that whoever opened that box, will NEVER forget my scatological shenanigans. (grin)

Okay, back to the Court, and my legal shenanigans.

Thank You Chapter 26 Constance

In the legal profession, there is a concept called the "Presumption of Correctness", or the "Presumption of Regularity"; which means that in some cases things are presumed to be correct, by their very nature. For instance, if a document is issued by the Clerk of a Court, wherever that document is received, it is presumed that the facts so stated on that document are all true. Do you understand this?

So when Mr. Walter took over my case, he had every reason to believe that everything he was inheriting was correct. And when Mr. Allen took over my case, he had even stronger reasons to presume that my case was correct.

Therefore, it was highly inappropriate for Judge Amon, or any Judge in the World, to now hold me to a higher standard than the THREE Professional Attorneys who defended this case for at least five months each, and neither of them noticed the defective Complaint or Warrant. Any failure to assert these defects previously, must be imputed to those three attorneys --- not to me.

It is my belief; MY VERY STRONG BELIEF, that my first defense attorney, Mr. Concannon, acted in concert with the Asst. U.S. Attorneys Ms. Avergun and Mr. Walden, and Judge Carol B. Amon, to conspire to violate my Constitutional Rights, and my Civil Rights. I don't know whether the U.S. Attorney, Zachery Taylor, or any Judges in the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit were involved in this Conspiracy, or not. Though I wouldn't dismiss that possibility.

I do know that VA Officials at the Brooklyn VA Hospital were involved, because all four of those VA Police Officers mentioned previously, committed perjury in Court, when they testified, under Oath, that they did not arrest me on the day of the incident, February 10th, 1994. There is NO WAY that those Veterans would have lied, under Oath, against me, unless someone with a VERY LOT OF AUTHORITY suborned their perjury. They were probably told that I had already done the maximum six months, and nothing that they said could cause me to spend any more time in prison.

Little did anybody know, that this misdemeanor conviction would be used against me at this State Trial, and would be the most damaging element against me at that trial, which caused me to spend more than twelve years in State Prison

The reason that I say this, is because the Judgment of Conviction was misworded, whereby it says that I was convicted of assaulting another "by striking, beating, AND wounding"; while the statute says "by striking, beating, OR wounding". (Emphasis added). This might appear to be a minor conjugational discrepancy; but when I was asked on the witness stand whether I was convicted of "striking, beating, and wounding" someone, I had to say "No!". Or I would have committed perjury.

Since the Prosecutor was brandishing the Federal Document before the Jury, certainly the Jury believed that the Federal Document was correct - ergo, I was lying to them.

In the novel BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES, which is about an attorney making bad decisions and paying the price for them, there is a passage wherein the author says: "You can lie to the Police, and the Jury will forgive you; you can lie to the Prosecutor, and the Jury will forgive you; you can lie to the Judge, and the Jury will forgive you; BUT, if you lie to the Jury, and they catch you, they will NOT forgive you."

So here, the Jury thought that I was BLATANTLY lying to THEM! But it was not me who was lying, it was the document!

I believe that that was the single most influential factor that contributed to this State Conviction. I would like to see the result of having those twelve Jurors polled, to determine whether they would have decided differently, if they had known that I was the one that was telling the truth and not the Federal Judgment of Conviction. I believe that it is incumbent on the Court, to find this out - FORTHWITH!

**I Believe that I am Entitled to this Reconsideration, in Our NATION OF LAWS.** What say YOU ?!?!?!?!

More, much more, on this State Conviction Later.

I believe that the new United States Attorney General, whether it will be the Honorable Michael M. Mukasey, or someone else, needs to investigate this Federal Misdemeanor, to determine the length, and width, and height, and depth of the corruption involved in obtaining that conviction against a Decorated and Disabled Viet Nam Vet - by other Veterans.

Before I leave the Federal arena, let me tell you about what happened to me, once again, in the Brooklyn VA Hospital right before I got arrested by the State for this charge I am now in Prison for.

On May 22nd, 1995, Dr. Nazir from the VA Outpatient Clinic, in Brooklyn, Diagnosed me as MAJOR DEPRESSION, and he DIRECT ADMITTED me into the Brooklyn VA Hospital. He even told the guards at the clinic not to let me leave the clinic, because he didn't want me on the street.

The ambulance picked me up sometime after 4:00 pm, and took me to the VA Hospital, where I was admitted to the LOCKED Psychiatric Ward, at around 5:00 pm. Less than 24 hours later, I was directed to go to a room, where a Dr. Cohen was waiting with two male psychiatric nurses, and a VA Police Officer; and Dr. Cohen told me: "Mr. Calvert, you can't stay here. You have to leave." Then they "kicked me to the curb". With no medication no referrals; no nothing!!!

I believe that the U.S. Attorney General needs to investigate this outrageous act against me also.

And check this out --- less than ten days later, I was arrested for Attempted Murder. I was homeless, depressed, and despondent; and I should have been on that LOCKED Psychiatric Ward in the Brooklyn VA Hospital. NOT on the Street!!!

Thank You Chapter 27 Constance

Now, let's look at this State Conviction:

On March 12th, 1995, I was hanging out on my "usual corner" when I saw what appeared to be a young kid, on the second story roof of the building across the street, looking down furtively, like he was up to some mischief. I did not have my glasses on at the time (March 12th, 1995 was a Saturday).

So I yelled up at the "kid": "Yo! Mothafourer. If you don't get down from that roof, I'm gonna turn you over my knee, and beat the six out of you."

The next thing I knew, unmarked" Police cars came screeching to a stop on the comer, and all of these TNT Police jump out, and start throwing everybody up against the wall, and searching us. They cuffed me, and took me to the 113th precinct, for additional Police harassment, and Police Chickensix Bullsix.

Now those Police REALLY searched me back on the street, unlawfully digging their hands in all my pockets; and they found NOTHING.

So, when I got to the precinct, and they told me to empty my pockets on the table, they didn't like it one bit, when I asked them: "Where do you want me to put this pint can of beer that I have in my pocket?" They said: "You don't have a can of beer on you." Then I asked them again: "Where do you want me to put this pint can of beer? Should I put it on the table?" So they said: "Yeah! If you got a pint can of beer in your pocket, you can put it on the table."

Well, ALL of those mothafouring Police in that Precinct damn near sixed in their pants, when I pulled a pint can of Colt 45 out of my pocket, and put it on their table. That could have been an Uzi; a 9mm Automatic; a hand grenade. It could have been ANYTHING! They were ALL infuriated with me!

When they finally charged me with something, they gave me a ticket for "Open alcohol in public". I'm like "How the Hell are you gonna write me a ticket like that? None of you even saw that beer until I took it out of my pocket, in here!"

That Monday morning, March 14th, 1995 I was on the corner once again. It was a beautiful Spring-like day. Some dudes were in the street throwing a softball around - it was a very pleasant day, indeed.

Then this White, uniformed, beat cop approaches me, and tells me: "You gotta get off of this comer." So I ask him: "Do you mean just me, or everybody else?" He said: "No, just you."

I'm like, "Okay." Then I pull a pen and paper from this "Fanny Pack" that I was wearing, and I write down his name and badge number, and his exact words. Then I go to the telephone on the comer, and I call Mr. Allen, and I ask him if I can file a Federal Civil Rights Lawsuit. He told me that it was my word against theirs.

However, that previous October, an Officer from the 103rd Precinct had written a similar ticket to me, and he left out the time and the date of the Court appearance; which rendered the entire ticket invalid.

Okay, the officer in the 113th Precinct, when he was writing the ticket, I told him to make sure that he got all of the information correct, because I had gotten a similar ticket from the 103rd Precinct, and a lot of information was wrong, making the ticket invalid. So this Officer tells me: "Oh, I'm gonna get everything right on THIS ticket." But this Officer even leaves out the Court, itself, from the ticket, and a lot of other vital information.

So now I got TWO bogus "Open alcohol in public" tickets (which strongly suggests a 'pattern'), and "My Word"; so I borrowed some carfare, and I took the Subway to the Eastern District Federal Court, and I sat in the lobby of the Court, and wrote out a Complaint against New York City: the NYPD; the 113th Police Precinct; TNT Sgt. John McEvoy: TNT Off. Mike Bailey; and that other Officer who told me to get off the corner (TNT means Tactical Narcotics Team).

This Lawsuit asked for $50,000,000.00 in damages, and the Federal Court Docket Number was 95 Civ 1032(CBA).

After the Court applied all of their Official Stamps on my Complaint, I got a couple of photocopies made of it, and I carried a copy of it with me. The next time I saw Sgt. McEvoy and Off. Bailey again, I showed them a copy of the Civil Rights Lawsuit, and told them that if they foured with me again, for no reason, that would be "retaliation".

With the exception of that arrest in August of 1986, which I deliberately provoked, I had not been arrested for possession of drugs for more than 25 years.

However, less than two weeks after I showed Sgt. McEvoy and Off. Bailey that Federal Lawsuit, I was arrested on April 5th, 1995 for possession of a $5.00 vial of Crack. I KNOW that YOU know that it was Sgt. McEvoy and Off. Bailey, and several other TNT Officers who did the arresting.

On May 17th, 1995 I get to Court to answer this charge; and I bring documents with me. I had a receipt from my bank that showed that I withdrew my last $10.00 that morning, and since I bought a couple of cans of beer and some pumkin seeds, and took the bus, that reduced that amount. I also had a receipt from a supermarket that proved that I had purchased some other items. These documents, along with the receipt for the cash that I had on me when I got to jail, proved that I did not have the $5.00 to buy that Crack. I also showed the Court a copy of the Federal Lawsuit.

They wanted me to plead guilty to "disorderly Conduct", or even "spitting on the sidewalk", but I refused. I told the Judge that I wanted this case dismissed, or I wanted a trial. She dismissed the case - on May 17th, 1995.

Then I returned to Federal Court, to amend my complaint to increase the Damages to $75,000,000.00; and I claimed that the Defendants retaliated against me.

On May 22nd, 1995 Dr. Nazir DIRECT ADMITTED me into the Brooklyn Veterans Hospital - I told you about that already.

Then on May 31st, 1995, just TWO WEEKS after that bogus drug charge was dismissed, this incident occurs.

This Sista named Jeannie Jones, used to stay with me at my Mom's house sometimes. Her mother was a VERY domineering type, and used to beat Jennie quite frequently - even though Jeannie was almost 40 years old. Jeannie had two teenage sons, but her mother had Legal Custody of them, and Jeannie only had "Supervised visitation rights"; by Court Order.

All of the other dudes that Jeannie ever dealt with, let her mother "push them around", but my hand didn't call for that kind of nonsense; and her mother resented me for that reason - we never got along, and kept our distance. Then her mother gets married to this dude who is two years younger than Jeannie - I'll call him Freddie, well, because that's his name(grin) - which makes him twelve years younger than me.

I can only surmise that Jeannie's mother nagged this dude about me, and provoked him to do something to me. I had never met the dude, and I had nothing against him.

The night of May 30th, 1995, I was hanging out with Jeannie on the corner of Rockaway Blvd. and 146th Street. At around 10:00 pm she sees her oldest son, Robert, and calls to him. He comes to her, and they greet each other with a big hug. Then Freddie comes along and pulls Robert away from his mother, and slaps him in the back of his head; and takes him home with him. None of the many dudes there who saw this, said anything to Freddie.

The Morning of May 31st, 1995 was a gorgeous spring day. The sun was shining, it was quite warm, and people were out in droves - especially since we were across the street from a "Hobby Shop". I was sitting on a milk crate, as was Jeannie, and we were sharing a quart of beer.

Then Freddy walks by, and I stood up and asked him: "Why did you slap that brave young man in his head, when all he wanted to do was say hello to his mother? "Freddie jumps towards me, saying: "Mothafourer, what'd you say to me?" And about four or five dudes held him back, telling him: "Freddie don't hurt him, he's cool." So Freddie tells me: "You better be glad I don't have my gun." And he walks across the street to the store. So, I tell him: "Bullets are bullets; and words are words." Meaning, don't come to me with a gun, and start talking.

While Freddie is at the store, all of these dudes are telling me: "Don't four with that dude, he will kill you." Or, "Leave that dude alone, he will shoot you." And six like that. And Jeannie is talking about; "Now I'll never get to see my boys again."(Meaning that her mother won't let her see them, because she caused her man drama).

So when Freddie comes back from the store, I tell him: "I apologize if I spoke out of turn." And he is like: "The next time I see you, I'm gonna have my fouring pistol." To which I say, again: "Bullets are bullets, and words are words." Then I went back to drinking my beer.

Freddy goes home, which is a half of a block away, or about 75 yards. A few minutes later he comes back, and he is "walking with a purpose". As he approaches me, I reach into my pocket and pull out my pocket knife.

Freddy runs up on me, reaches under his t-shirt and pulls out a 9mm automatic pistol; grabs me by the neck, and shoves my head back into the brick wall; jams the pistol in my forehead, above my eye; and screams at me: "Mothafourer! Don't you know I'll blow your fouring brains out!?"

Unfortunately - for Freddie, nobody bothered to inform him that I was a Combat Trained Viet Nam Veteran. I sent him and his Nine to the Trauma Unit. "Do not pass 'Go', do not collect $200.00." "Knife beats gun!"

Thank You Chapter 28 Constance

There were "Enough Niggas to make a Tarzan Movie" on that corner when this happened; and I can guarantee you that every one of them was looking right at this Action. But when it came time for the District Attorney to call eyewitnesses; the only one that they called was a School-crossing Guard, who worked for the 113th Police Precinct. Her name is Gayle Underdue, and she is listed on the Police CRIME REPORT as the #2 Eyewitness. Jeannie Jones is listed as the #1 Eyewit-ness - but nobody ever called her.

Gayle Underdue testified that she was standing about eight feet from the incident, and she saw and heard everything. Yet, her testimony, under Oath, clearly shows that she did not see anything at all.

Where both Freddie and I, and Jeannie by her Affidavit, all say that the incident happened in front of the brick wall, by the green dumpster, and the milk crates; Ms. Underdue says that it happened by the big yellow sign, on the yellow railing - which is about 30 - 40 feet from the wall.

Both Freddie and I demonstrated that I stabbed him with an underhanded motion, Ms. Underdue demon- strated that I stabbed him with an overhanded motion. By her own testimony, Ms. Underdue proved that she didn't see JACK!

About Jeannie's Affidavit - I had called Mr. Allen, and I asked him to please go into the 'Hood, and get an Affidavit from Jeannie. He did so, on August 8th, 1995; and he faxed that Affidavit to both the District Attorney, and my first defense attorney, Mr. Paul Vladimir...

And, while he had no trouble whatsoever finding her, the Police and the District Attorney claimed that they could not locate her - clearly demonstrating that they couldn't find their eights, with both hands cuffed behind their back, unless they had a snitch. (Grin)

Even my own defense attorney, Mr. José A. González, who was my second lawyer, claimed that he sent a Private Investigator out to look for Jeannie, and he couldn't locate her.

What Hogwash! What pure, unadulterated Bullsix!

In her two-page Affidavit, Jeannie swears SEVEN TIMES that the gun was to my head, BEFORE I made any moves. To read her Affidavit, in its entirety, click HERE. NOT

Because I had that Federal Civil Rights Lawsuit pending at the time of this arrest, with a claim of retaliation, the Federal Government can assume Jurisdiction for a Justice Department Investigation into the wrongdoings in this case; and I would like for our new U.S. Attorney General to do that.

My first trial, before Judge Steven W. Fisher, ended in a Mistrial. The District Attorney withheld information about Freddie's prior convictions until AFTER the Jury was Sworn In; goading my attorney to ask for a Mistrial. And Judge Fisher NEVER explored any alternatives, but, rather was motivated solely by "Jury Inconvenience"; a "No No". This is DOUBLE JEOPARDY: and this ground for Appeal was entered into the NYS Court of Appeals in September 2007.

I was found guilty at trial, and as I said before, I believe that the "and/or" issue unduly influenced the Jury.

At sentencing I protested that the District Attorney failed to produce Jeannie Jones as a witness, although she was listed as a prosecution witness, and was listed on the NYPD Crime Report as the #1 Eyewitness.

Oh, Yeah; I almost forgot - Since Ms. Underdue didn't know me "from Adam", she had no reason to commit perjury against me - unless someone with some kind of Authority had suborned her to commit that perjury.

The DA claimed that: "We tried to find her, but we couldn't locate her." This is what is called a "conclusory statement", and these are NOT permitted by the Criminal Procedure Law. The Judge should have ordered the DA to produce evidence that they did, in fact, try to locate her.

I already told you that Jeannie's mother, who is Freddie's wife, had Legal Custody of Jeannie's two teenage sons, and that Jeannie only had supervised Visitation Rights". So, why didn't the DA tell Freddie: "The next time Ms. Jones comes by for one of her Supervised Visits to see her sons, tell her that she will have to see the DA before she will be able to see her sons?"

Or, since Jeannie was on welfare, all the DA had to do was to tell Social Services that when Ms. Jones comes around to ask where her check is, tell her that she had to see the DA first, because he will have to approve her receiving it.

Moreover, the Police --- any Police Department --- has to know the denizens of the 'Hood, or they are NOT properly doing their job. They know ALL OF US - by name!!!

Any claim that they couldn't find Jeannie, is simply PREPOSTEROUS, under the Law, in ALL respects!!!

I was sentenced to from five(5) to fifteen (15) years; and I have already been in prison for over twelve(12) years, with no "Good Time" having been taken from me as a result of a disciplinary hearing. Since I was sentenced, New York State came up with some new six, which requires inmates to participate in certain "therapeutic" programs, or have their “Good Time" taken away from them until they do so. With that new policy, all five years of my "good Time" were taken.

This was NOT the intent that the Judicial Branch, and Judge Jaime Rios, had in mind when they sentenced me.

I have already refused four (4) Parole Boards, because I only defended myself from an armed aggressor, and I could NEVER admit guilt and I could NEVER express remorse.

I claim that I have TWO Federal Government Agencies that pay me because I am mentally disabled from working; The Social Security Administration has been paying me since 1987 and the Veterans Administration has been paying me since 2003 - RETROACTIVE TO 1986 - at the rate of 100% disability.

Because that Federal Misdemeanor Conviction was used against me at this State Trial; when that Federal conviction is reversed, this state conviction MUST be reversed also.

Check out where I spent these four (4) holidays: Christmas of 1996 I spent in the Queens House of Detention; New Year’s day of 1997 I spent on Rikers Island; Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.’s Birthday of 1997 I spent in Downstate Correctional Facility; and Valentine's Day I spent in Fishkill Correctional Facility. I was really moving around.

Thank You Chapter 29 Constance

After I was in Fishkill C.F. for about five months, they changed the photocopying policy, to something that I thought wasn't right; so I filed a Grievance. They don't like for Inmates to file Grievances, so they gave me drama. This Latino Brother asked me to make three photocopies for him (like .15c ). The CO (Correction Officer) at the Law Library decides that he was going to read my stuff first. He sees that the three papers have someone else's name on them, and he writes me a Ticket(Misbehavior Report) for "Unauthorized Exchange", and I was sentenced to 15 days "Keep lock" - which in a Medium Security Facility means in the "Box". You know how it takes two to tango “Well, it also takes two to make an "Unauthorized Exchange".

However, they never said anything to the Latino Brother who gave me the papers in the first place; and he had been in the System for five years, while I had only been in the System for five months. Even by their own regulations, HE is the one who should have been disciplined - NOT ME! This clearly showed that they were then retaliating against me.

Anyway, since before I was even arrested for this charge, I had been signing my signature as CAPRICE. Now some of these CO.’s notice that I am signing my signature as Caprice, and they start pushing up on me to sign my signature with my "committed name", Norman B. Calvert.

Well, contrary to what is believed by most people, your signature has absolutely NOTHING to do with your name. In fact: Your Signature need not be HOMOLOGOUS with your Name. Legally, I can use as my signature, Rumplestilskin; Pinocchio; Darth Vader; or even your name as long as I did not make myself out to be you, and it is perfectly Legal.

So they call me in their little "office" and tell me that I had to sign a Disbursement Form for $2.00, to pay for a new ID card, with my "proper" signature. They ordered me to sign my "committed name"; and I told them that neither one of us was gonna live long enough to see that happen. Then I "crossed the Rubicon", and I signed Caprice.

Unlike my "Street Name", Norm The Storm, Caprice is my Holy, Spiritual Name, specifically given to me by SHORTY; and I wasn't gonna let these Eightholes mess with it. It hit the fan then. I got 30 days "keep lock".

I knew that I was NOT going to change my Holy Spiritual signature for these Bozos, under ANY circumstances, so I had to do something drastic. I stopped eating and drinking anything: except for a tiny bit of water, for about 18 days.

This Sista Correction Counselor, Ms. Rattray, passed by my cell one day, and I told her that I wasn't eating or drinking for the past several days, and the next thing I know is that I was transferred to Greenhaven C.F., to their Pychiatric Ward, and on "Suicide Watch".

I stayed in Green Haven (a Maximum Security facility), for the next four months, and while I was there I went on my first Fast of more than 11 days without food and/or water. I went for 265 hours; one hour more than 11 days.

I had occasion to look at my urine after it had settled for a few hours, and there was lots of mud-like sediment piled up on the bottom of the container. THAT was awesome to be able to see; a real once in a lifetime event.

After four months I returned to Fishkill, and for the next two or more years I did a lot of fasting there. I did one more 40 day fast, and a couple that were for more than five weeks. I also did two more fasts without food and/or water; one for 268 hours, and one for 273 hours. After the last one, I was standing on my feet too long, and gravity pulled the water in my body to the bottom of my legs, where everything in my legs was shrunken and shriveled up. My legs started hurting like all Hell, and I thought that it was a Charlie Horse; so I got up and started bouncing up and down on my toes. However, that was just exacerbating it.

I am VERY THANKFUL that I didn't lose both of my legs behind that "ignorance"; and to this day my left leg is visibly smaller than my right leg, below the knee.

After all of that PAIN, the next time I went on a fast with no food and/or water, I began it feeling extraordinarily positive, like I could, and would, SHATTER my previous record of 273 hours. NOT SO! I didn't even make it to ten days.

Thank You Chapter 30 Constance

I was transferred from Fishkill to Otisville C.F. The funny thing about Otisville, is that it is right next to the Federal Prison, Otisville. I have been to both of them, and while the Federal Joint is as flat as a pancake, the State facility is hilly as hell.

I knew about those hills in advance, and with the metal plate and five metal screws in my right knee, I wasn't about to be walking up and down them - under any circumstances! So, when I got off of the Van, I told them that I was on a "Hunger Strike" until I was returned to Fishkill.

They took me straight to the Box; and after they bullsixed me time and time again, I finally decided that Otisville is not the place for me. From there I went to another (200) box jail in Fishkill. I stayed there for about two weeks, then Albany moved me to the box in Fishkill proper. I did about 4 months in the box, and then I was sent back to the same company that I had left before.

Then around the end of 2000, or the beginning of 2001, I was transferred to Attica. I stayed there for about ten months. The ONLY nice thing that I have to say about Attica is that the Brickwork on those buildings is FANTASTIC! But that is something that only a Bricklayer would notice.

One day I was in the mess hall, and this young Latino Brother was sitting across the table from me. His name tag said DIAZ. But this nigga had some really red/pink lips, like my man, Jose Diaz, from Washington Heights. So I asked him, “Do you have an uncle named Gilbert?” He looked at me like he had just seen a Ghost, and he says, “Who the four are you?”

I tell him that his Dad is one of my Best Friends. Tears started coming out of his eyes, and he said that he had never met his father. I’m like: HOLY FOURING SIX!

The last time I saw Jose is in that last NYC Blackout. He was living on the north end of the Grand Concourse, with his girlfriend and a newborn baby. He even helped Connie and I up those 29 flights of stairs, with our baby stroller, during the Blackout. Ain’t that some six ???

I did have a chance to get familiar with the rudiments of a computer; which allowed me to grasp what I was later reading in the many computer books that I bought.

While I was in Attica, my Psychiatric classification was dropped from a "2" to a "6", and I was transferred to another Medium Security facility, Collins C.F...

To program" - meaning, to work. I ADAMANTLY REFUSED!!!

I claimed Federal Protection, under the Americans with Disabilities Act (ADA). The prison authorities refused to recognize the legitimacy of my disability claim. This matter is currently in the Western District Federal Court, and it has been since April 2002. Docket No. 02-cv-6194. Collins C.F. locked me up in the Box three times, then sent me to Wende C.F., another Maximum Security Facility.

Wende C.F. locked me up several times. One of those times was for "Smuggling" - I was "smuggling" a tiny bit of garlic power, and Sazón, INTO the Mess Hall. Is THAT some fouring unbelievable six, or what?

I have to interject something about fasting here. The reason I have to do all of this interjecting, is because all I have in my typewriter is a 7K memory. Can you believe that? These days computer hard drives can have 500 gigs of memory, and the RAM can have 2 gigs of memory; but all that we are allowed to have is 7ks (7,000 bits) of memory. That means that I can type a little more than 1 page, before I have to stop, and edit ONE PAGE at a time; then I must erase that page, and start on the next page. IS THAT some Caveman six, or what?

What I wanted to interject here is what happens to my thinking processes when I go on an extended fast. To put it mildly - I become OBSESSED with Megalomaniacal delusions of grandeur. Like "The Geto Boys" said: "My mind is playing tricks on me". Megalomania is not even the proper word to adequately describe the heights that my delusions reach.

It is my belief that when The Master was in the wilderness" and was "tempted by the devil."(Matthew 4:1-11), He was only experiencing the Megalomaniacal delusions brought on by extended fasting. That his delusions were interpreted and characterized as communications with "the devil" only emphasizes the deep superstitious beliefs prevalent during those times, which demanded that such delusions be anthropomorphized into such an imaginary being as "the devil".

I'm sure that most of the Abrahamic Monotheists will vociferously and vituperatively remonstrate because of this blasphemous HERESY --- but, hey, get over it!!! One of the definitions of the word, "Caprice", is Heretical in small things. I am heretical in BIG things. (Grin)

I am a Monist; that is one who believes that EVERYTHING originates from one Source - which I refer to as SHORTY. So, you might as well get used to it: I am here; I am a heretic; and the extent of my heresies has not yet begun.

Okay, I got THAT off my chest; let's continue.

Thank You Chapter 31 Constance

Back to Wende. I thought that that ticket for smuggling" was the height of pretentious idiocy and absurdity: but I was sadly mistaken. Not too long after that, I was given a ticket for "attempted escape".

There was a company cell search, and they took all of our bags and boxes; so all of our property was strewn all over our cells. Since there were no headboards for our beds to elevate our heads for reading at night, I took a pair of my pants, filled the legs with clothes, wrapped a blanket around that, and tied it up for a makeshift headboard. When I returned from the Law Library, I was taken into a room, where a sergeant asked me: "Tell me about the dummy." I'm like thinking: "The only dummy that I know about, is the one sitting in front of me, asking me about a dummy."

They gave me TWO YEARS in the box for that, with a year loss of good time. Since the Prisoners' Legal Services only took cases with more than a year in the box, they reduced that sentence to one year in the box; and on appeal it was further reduced to three months - with no loss of good time.

So, you tell me - how BOGUS was that ticket??? I had started fasting again, as soon as they locked me up for that bogus bullsix; but this time it was with a more lethal purpose in mind. I was aiming at "Hari Kari" again. I went for something like 36 days without food - and the last nine of those days were without water either. They transferred me to Upstate C.F. until the three months were over; and then transferred me to Clinton C.F.

Of all the prisons in the system, Clinton is the one that I dreaded going to the most - from what I had heard. Clinton C.F. was notorious for the cold weather, and the racist pig CO.’s. Since I was on Limited Privilege status, because of my refusal to program, and I wasn't going outside, the weather was not a factor to me. As far as any "racist pig CO's" are concerned, in my own experience, that characterization was a Manifest Mendacity.

When I first came into the Department Of Correctional Services (DOCS), I did so with the understanding that NONE of the CO's here had anything to do with me being here; it was the NYPD and the Queens District Attorney who were to blame for me being in prison. So I never ascribed any blame to the CO's, and I guess that that showed in my demeanor; since I very seldom had any difficulties with any of the CO's.

I have a "theory" about what makes the CO's tick: If a CO is getting his share of sex, he is not gonna come on the job and mess with any of the grown men, without provocation. But, if he looks at the inmates, and he's like: "Damn, I ain't getting any more sex than these dudes." Then that CO is gonna break the Inmates' chops, without provocation.

Then there's the "Rodney Dangerfield" CO's, who don't get no respect. Their wives don't respect them; their kids don't respect them; their neighbors don't respect them; and when their dog sixes on the carpet, everybody leaves it there for him to clean it up when he gets home. That CO will hassle the Inmates, without provocation.

Then there's the CO's who are *Gernudes* . Everybody is screwing their wife, and they know about it, and don't do nothing about it. Those CO's will hassle us as well.

On those very rare occasions that one of the CO's do get in my face, it helps me to understand that I am in their “Jungle", and they would NOT be doing so if they were in MY "Jungle"; or, they are just a little "twerp", and perhaps I remind them of someone who kicked sand in their face, or took their lunch money when they were a kid; so I pity them.

In all other cases, I, personally, get along with the overwhelming majority of the CO's - ALWAYS keeping in mind that they are on one side of the "fence"; and I the other.

And one last thing: I am smarter than any CO(or they wouldn't be a CO); I am better looking than any CO; and I have more money than any CO. Hell, about the only thing that they could have on me, is a bigger Dick. But since my Dick is the perfect size, they lose out there as well.(grin)

Actually, there are some CO's who I could probably hang out with, if we met under different circumstances; like in a VFW meeting, a supermarket, a gas station, or a Bait Shop.

Shortly after I came to Clinton, this young dude in a suit walks by my cell, and says "Hello" to me. I thought this unusual, since this is a Maximum Security Prison. It turns out that he was the First Deputy Superintendent. Shortly thereafter he became the Superintendent.

He is way cool, and is one of those that I could probably hang out with, if we had met under different circumstances. He is the ONLY employee in DOCS who calls me Caprice; and most times when I write a request to him, or when I am referring to him, I call him My Good Friend Dale. But I would NOT call him that to his face, where someone else could hear me; although everyone knows I call him that.

I told you that I had that Lawsuit in the Federal Court about my Programming issue, since 2002. Well, since I put that Lawsuit in, the VA granted me the 100% Psychiatric Disability that I was fighting for since 1986 - and they granted it RETROACTIVE to May 1986. Now, although I had mentioned that MAJOR change of circumstances to the Correction People here, they did not change their ruling on my programming.

This past April, 2007, my Sister wrote me and told me that our 94 year old Mom was on her deathbed, and wanted to die. That put my mind in another dimension, and I thought that: Hey, nobody here ever considered both my Social Security Disability status, and my Veterans Disability status together; and I started pushing up on them for that.

On May 3rd, 2007 My Good Friend Dale, and a Deputy Commissioner of DOCS came by my cell, and I stopped them to explain that my Mom was on her deathbed, and if someone had previously considered BOTH my SS and my VA Disability Status TOGETHER, then it would be determined that I really should not be in prison (you see, my Conditional Release date was on May 30th, 2005). The Superintendent assured me that he would return the next day, to discuss this with me - but he didn't come. So I wrote him a four-page letter. He got my letter on May 7th or 8th; and on the morning of May 9th, 2007 I was locked up on "The Flight Deck"; which is the suicide watch cells in the Mental Health Unit.

Check out this six. I filed a Grievance about this, and their answer was that I was locked up for observation, on an "emergency" basis. The Psychiatric Social Worker who locked me up, stated twice in her report that I was locked up on an "emergency” basis. But then again, in that same report, she says that I was referred to them by the Superintendent, who came by my cell, and noticed that I was upset about my Mom being on her deathbed.

Okay - three times these people say that it was an "emergency", but they also say that the Superintendent referred me, when he came by my cell, and saw me upset. He was by my cell on May 3rd, and I didn't get locked up until May 9th, six days later. What kind of "Emergency" is that? Anyway, I am in the process of filing another Lawsuit about that, and My Good Friend Dale, will be a Defendant.

Incidentally, my Mom finally succumbed on May 28th, 2007, just four (4) days after her 95th Birthday.

Right now it is 3:00 pm of September 20th, 2007. I started this Narration on August 29th, 2007. I rushed through this manuscript, and there are countless events and episodes that are not contained herein --- but will be included in my Absolutely FREE Autobiography. If you would like to read more about me in that Autobiography, I promise you that it will be available shortly after I am released from prison; and I am scheduled to Max-Out in 3 more years.

Thank You Chapter 32 Constance

But, perhaps, what you have read in this Narration convinces you that a tragic miscarriage of Justice was perpetrated against me, and I shouldn't even have been locked up on this charge in the first place. If that is so, perhaps you would like to do something that will help me to secure a more immediate release from prison.

At this point I MUST make something perfectly clear. Unambiguously, explicitly, emphatically, and irrefutably clear; without any sort of prevarication or equivocation: PRISON REGULATIONS STRICTLY PROHIBIT ME FROM SOLICITING ANYTHING, FROM ANYONE, AT ANY TIME!!!

However, having said that: Should there be anybody, anywhere, who, acting on your own initiative and by your own volition, would like to send some e-mails to let the World know that you would like to see me released from prison as soon as is humanly possible; well, I certainly would whole-heartedly welcome any such thoughtful gestures, and I am confident that there are no Prison Regulations in existence which can prohibit you from freely exercising your United States Constitutional Ninth Amendment Rights.

I suppose that if someone wanted to send some e-mails to some of the more distinguished "Ivory Tower Hoodlums", and "The Fourth Estate", to tell them these two specific words - FREE CAPRICE!, it would not violate Prison Regulations for me to supply the following e-mail addresses: President George W. Bush – president@whitehouse.gov; Hon. Michael B. Mukasey - AskDOJ@usdoj.gov; Hon. Eliot Spitzer - gov.spitzer@chamber.state.ny.us; Mr. Donald E. Graham – corrections@washpost.com Send the "FREE CAPRICE" letter to the President, with cc’s to the other three individuals. These days I guess you can tweet that message to @realDonaldTrump, Right?

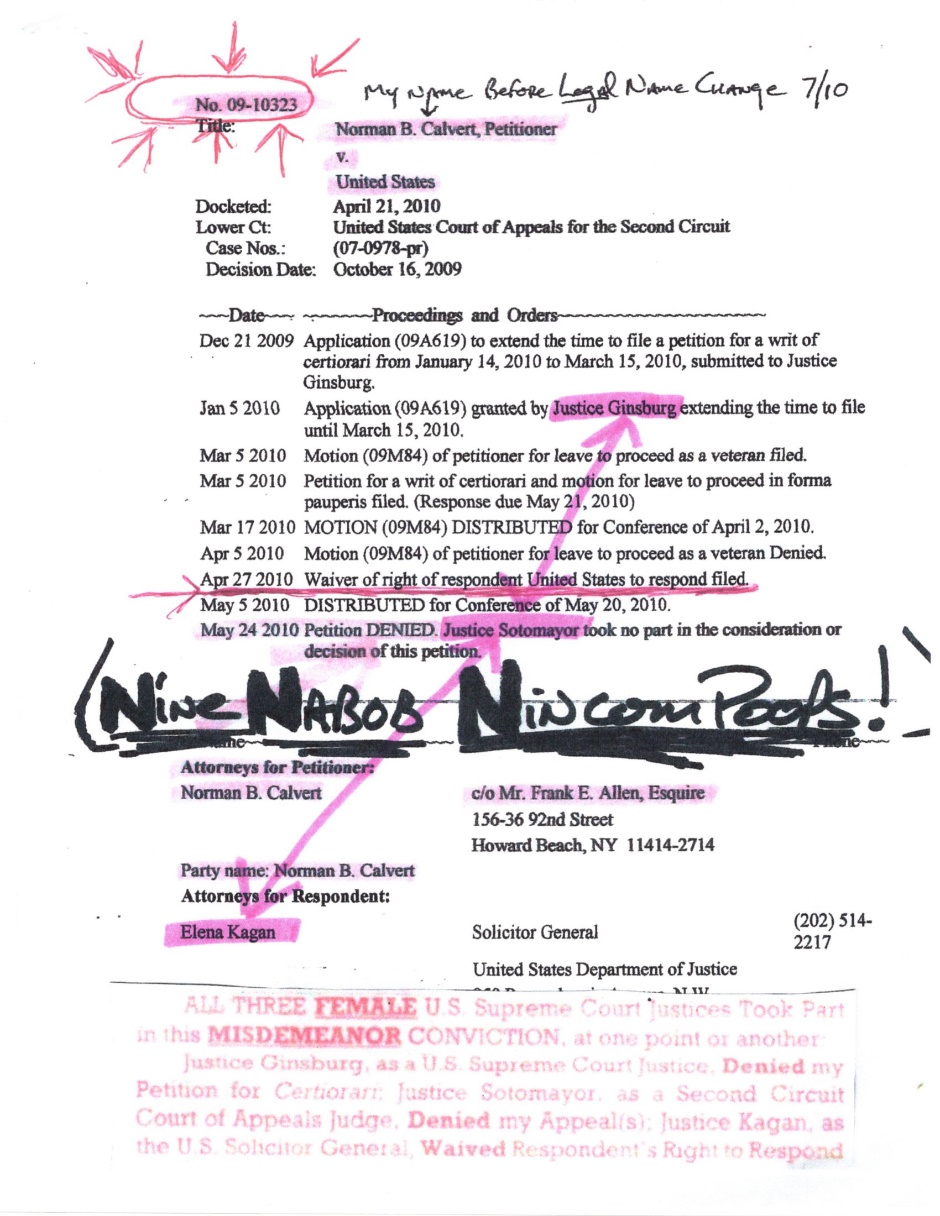
I would suggest that for total effectiveness, you send an e-mail in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, each and every day, until I am out of prison, and you see me on a fishing boat with a fishing rod in one hand, and a big bag of Popeye’s Fried Chicken in the other hand. (Grin)

Now, I want to tell you a TRUE story. It happened in New York City, I believe in Forest Hills, about 30-35 years ago. It was so startling, that I read about it in an anthropology book about 10 or 15 years after the incident.

The lady’s name was KITTY GENOVISI, she was attacked and murdered – and dozens of her “good” neighbors heard her screaming and pleading for help, over the course of more than half an hour; and didn’t so much as pick up the phone to call the police. The Psychiatric Community was aghast.

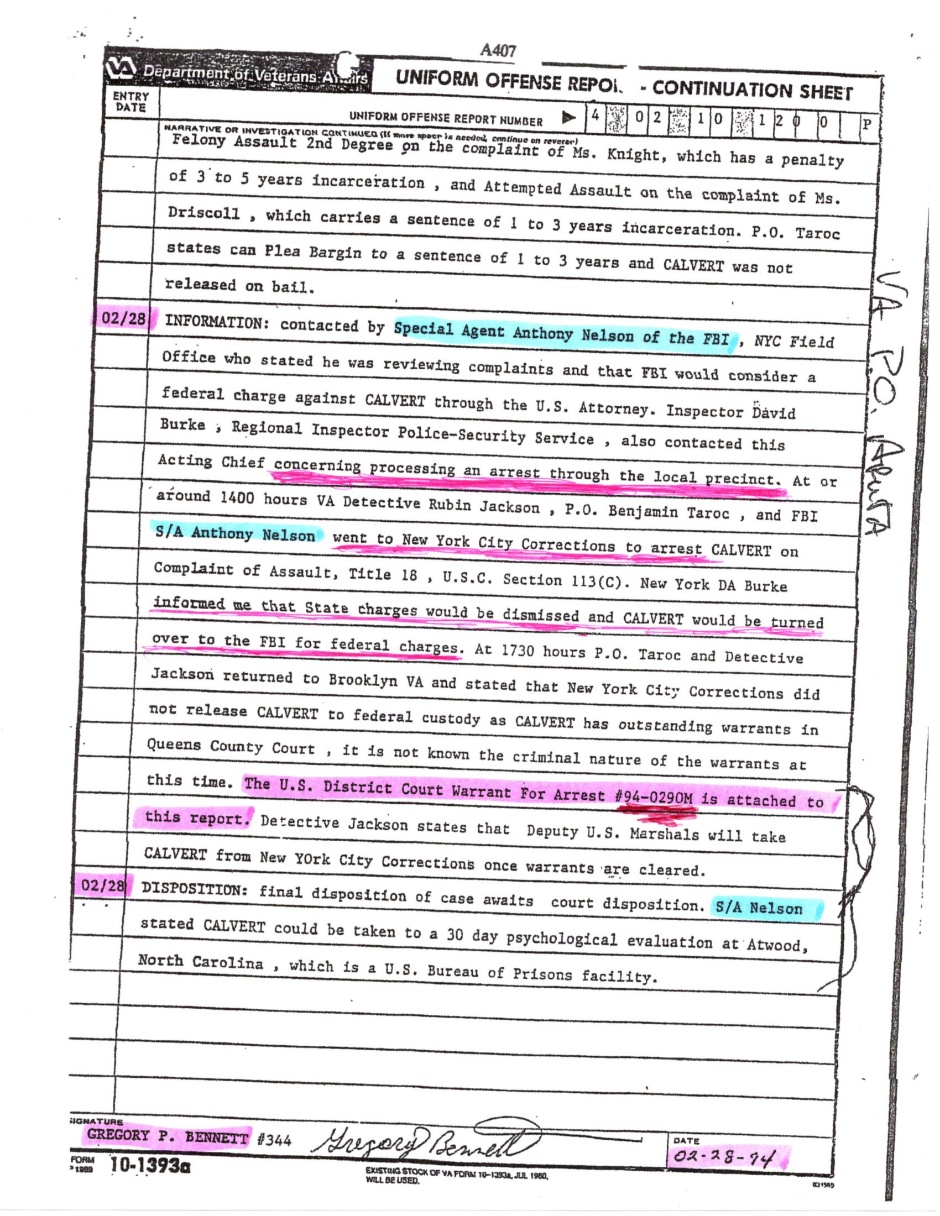
This didn’t happen in the “Inner City”(that’s a Media code word for the Black Ghetto), this happened in a “Nice” neighborhood (that’s a Media code word for “White”). So, why the four didn’t ANYBODY call the Police????? Because, it turns out, that EVERYBODY expected that somebody else would do the calling, and it would then be

***“That’s all Folks”***



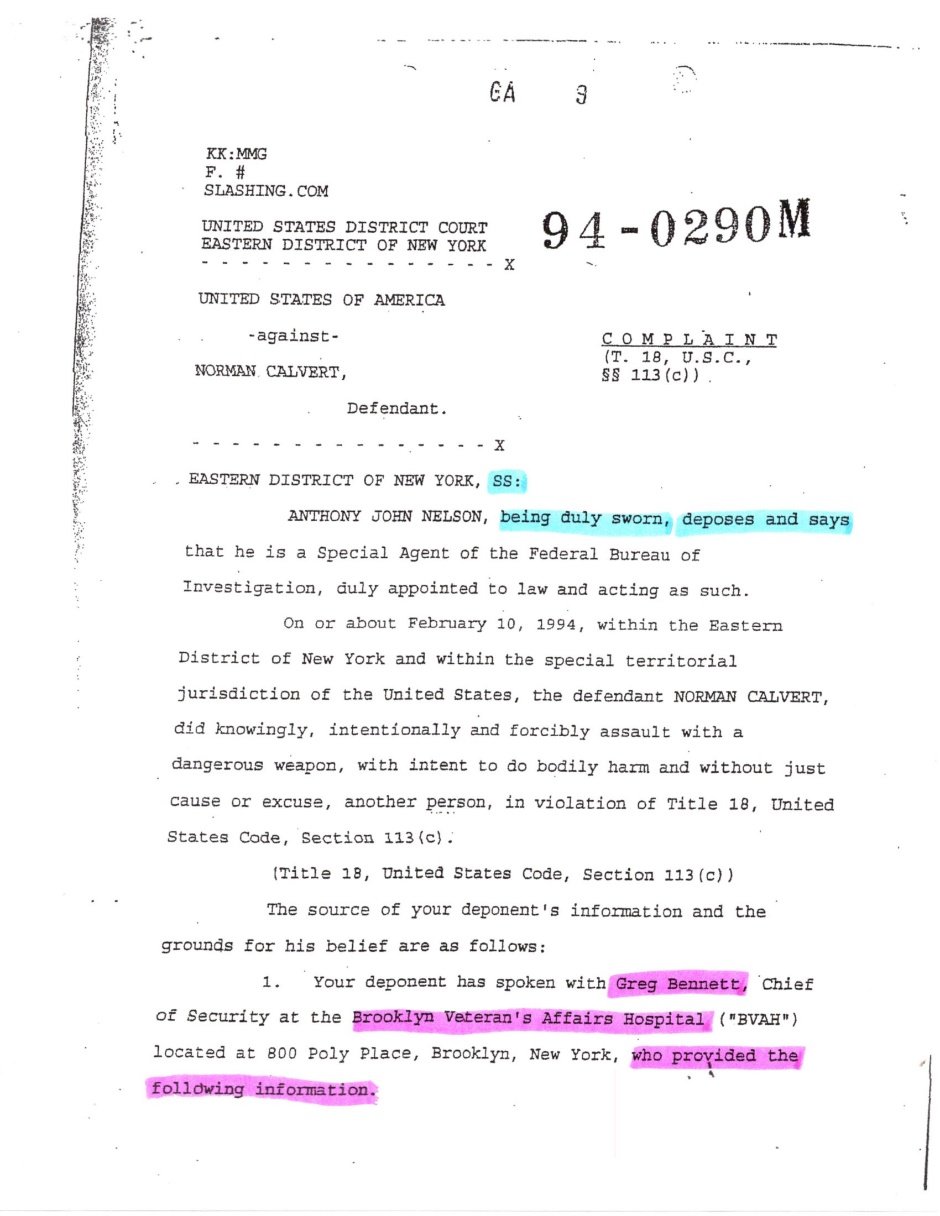
The United States Supreme Court Decision. If you can’t determine that this is as Wrong as Two Left Shoes, in less than Five Minutes; I don’t know.

See this on my website: **exodus2.org/Trump/Docs.**



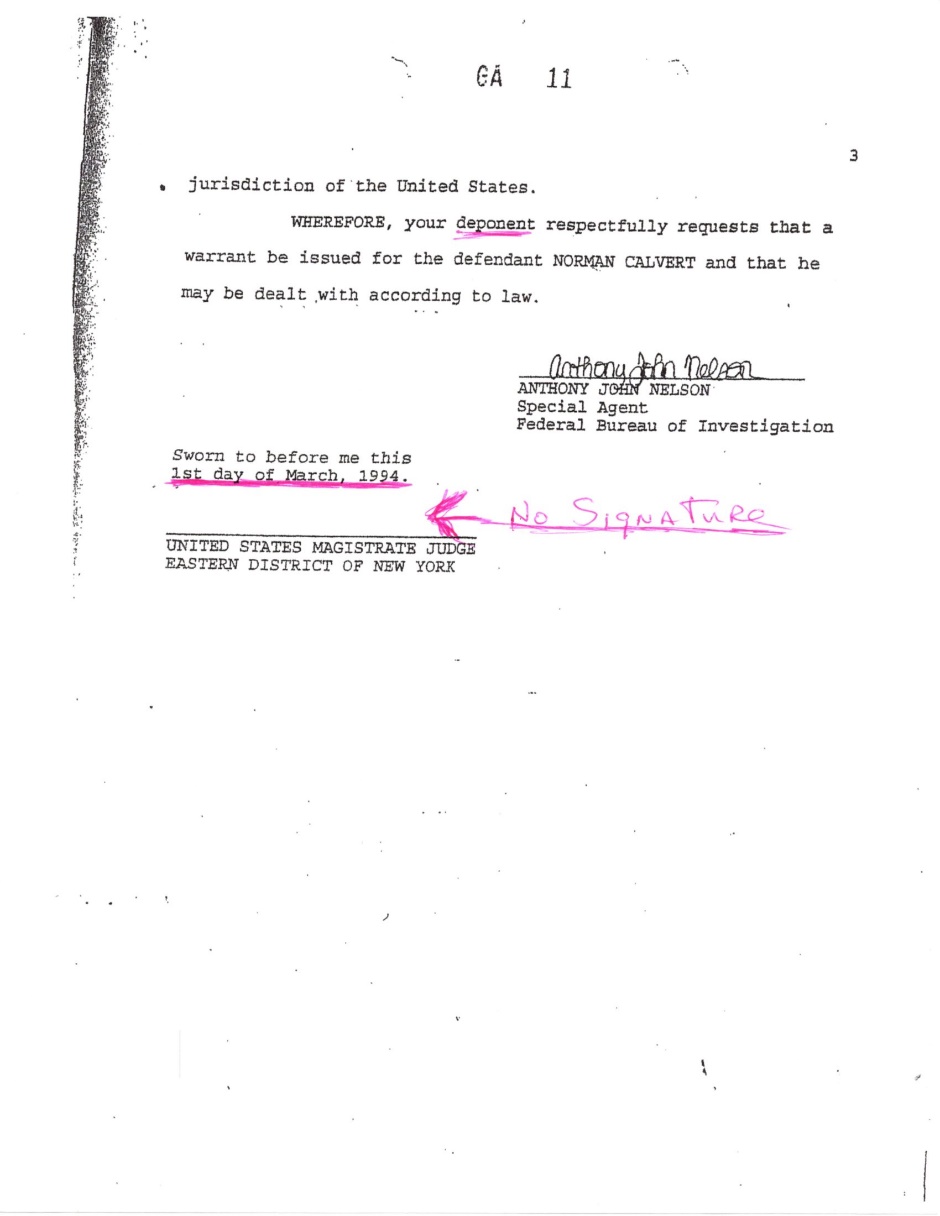
The 6th line up from the bottom says: “The U.S. District Court Warrant For Arrest **#94-0290M** is Attached to This Report. Yeah! Right! This Document is Dated **THREE TIMES** as 2/28/1994.

See this on my website: **exodus2.org/Trump/Docs.**



This is the FBI Complaint, **#94-0290M**, upon which that Arrest Warrant, **#94-0290M**, was based. **WTF?** Is this a **CONSPIRACY THEORY ???**

See this on my website: **exodus2.org/Trump/Docs.**



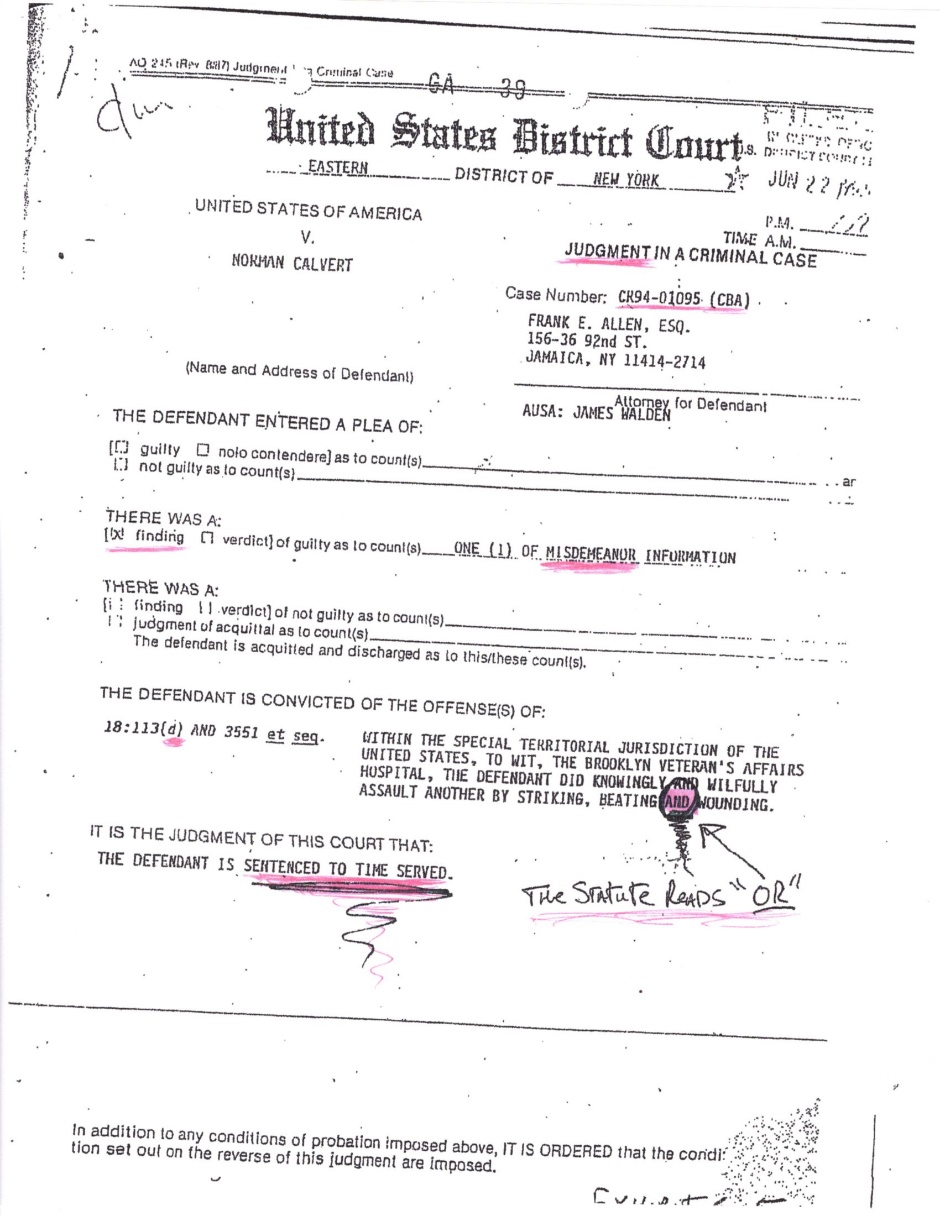
As ANYBODY can see, this FBI Complaint was Dated **March 1st, 1994**; the **DAY AFTER** the VA Hospital’s Chief of Police had the Arrest Warrant. And this COMPLAINT was never signed. I Never saw a **FINAL DISPOSITION** to this Matter.

See this on my website: **exodus2.org/Trump/Docs.**



**94-0290M** was Discarded, and replaced with this **Misdemeanor Information, No. 94-CR-1095.** *What a Tangled Web we weave, when we Practice to* ***DECEIVE.*** As you can see, I was charged with “**and**” instead of “**or**”. **BIIIIIG DIFFERENCE!**

See this on my website: **exodus2.org/Trump/Docs.**



This is the **JUDGMENT** in this Case, that the U.S. Supreme Court decided on. The Second Circuit Court Ruled that I can be CHARGED with either, but I cannot be CONVICTED of the “**and**”. And there is the matter of the **UNLAWFUL SENTENCE !!!**

See this on my website: **exodus2.org/Trump/Docs.**

**EPILOGE**

On October 2nd, 2011 my Firstborn Son, Israel Gabriel Calvert, and I went fishing at 254th Street in the Bronx, on the Hudson River, not too far above the George Washington Bridge. We drank some Brewskies; Toked on a few Joints, and caught a few fish.

While I was there, I saw this long stick floating away far off; it appeared to be floating towards me. DIRECTLY Towards Me! It kept coming closer, and closer, and closer --- until it was so close to me that I thought that if I didn’t do something to get that stick, SHORTY would throw me in the water after it.

So I took my fishing rod, and snagged it in.

I took it home with me, and let it dry out. Then I began decorating it, ***as SHORTY Dictated*,** see Exodus 4:17: *And thou shalt take this rod in thine hand, wherewith thou shalt do Signs***.**

I don’t remember where I was in this process, when a Detective Ericks Rodriquez, with another Detective, came to my crib in the Bronx, around January 5th, 2012, asking me about my Son. I just KNEW that Izzy was busted, probably for Weed.

Then they told me that Izzy was dead. He had taken his own life, with duct tape and a plastic bag.

In the lengthy, detailed, and considerate letter that he left us, he claimed that he was sick and tired of the “Rat Race”, which he didn’t wish to participate in until he was old and decrepit. Nobody ever came back to tell us what is out there, and since he was definitely going to go there anyway, sooner or later, he was going to take his chances now, while he was young. I really don’t have a problem wit dat. As a matter-of-fact, I Admire the fouring six outta dat six.

Izzy’s Memorial Service was held in the World Renowned **SAINT PATRICK’S CATHEDRAL !!!** My Son, in St. Patrick’s Cathedral. Imagine THAT !!!

What **LOVING FRIENDS** Izzy had, to have Honored him in such a Beautiful, Memorial Way..

I took that MISDEMEANOR back to the US. Supreme Court, and this time I got their Decision on May 27th, 2010 — My Very Last Full Day In Prison.

I am gonna include just a small portion of what they considered in their Ruling.

First; there is the US. Supreme Court Decision itself. As you can see, ALL THREE of the female Asso-ciate Justices are named on this One Sheet of paper. THAT is Very Rare indeed. Justice Kagan was the United States Solicitor General, then; and, as you can see, she declined to even respond to my Petition. What Da Four!

Let's see what was so unimportant that it didn't deserve a Response:

Let's look at the Brooklyn VA Hospital's Chief of Police UNIFORM OFFENSE REPORT — CONTIN-UATION SHEET, dated THREE TIMES as 2/28/94.

FBI Special Agent Anthony Nelson is mentioned three times in this page alone.

Also see:...also contacted this Acting Chief concerning processing an arrest through the local precinct. And a little bit down from that: FBI S/A Anthony Nelson went to New York City Corrections to arrest Calvert. Then there is the coup de grace, six (the number LOL) lines up from the bottom: "The U.S. District Court Warrant for Arrest #94-0290M is Attached to this report.

Next we have the FBI COMPLAINT, Number 94-0290M, upon which that Arrest Warrant was based. You will notice that FBI Special Agent Anthony Nelson is the one who filed it --- CONSPIRACY THEORY. The bottom of page one says: Your deponent has spoken with Greg Bennett, Chief of Security at the Brooklyn Veterans Hospital.

You will also notice that I am charged with a FELONY, 18 USC Sec. 113(c]. Also, the two lines above SLASHING COM, upper left, need to be questioned.

Page #2 of the COMPLAINT is inconse-quential, with only details.

Page #3 is Da BOMB! It is dated as March 1st, 1994, the day AFTER the Warrant for Arrest, #94-0290M was in existence. Also Notice that there is NO

SIGNATURE from a US. Magistrate Judge, invalid-dating the COMPLAINT entirely.

Next is the IUDGMENT IN A CRIMINAL CASE, # CR94-01095, a Misdemeanor.

I NEVER saw any WARRANT FOR ARREST in this case. And I never saw a FINAL DISPOSITION.

This is in Our NATION 0F LAWS where THE RULE OF LAW Reigns Supreme.

I am a German, a Black German, and I am very sensitive to what happened in Germany that pro-voked my Mom to ﬂee from there.

Incidentally, my Mom voted for Hitler before she left Deutchland.

Although I have been a Democrat, and a Republican, I am now NOT PARTY AFFILIATED. Donald Trump is the Only Republican that I ever voted for; and now I am afraid of what he is doing — AND NOBODY IS SEEING THIS SIX. He is doing EXACTLY what Adolph Hitler did in his ascent to POWER.

In his book Crippled America, Trump has a photo of his Conﬁrmation at the First Presbyterian Church in Jamaica, Queens. That Church is on 165th Street and Jamaica Avenue. When that photo was taken I was a mile-and-a-half East on Jamaica Avenue, at 179th Street, at the Hillside Presbyterian Church. My Parents' business, Calvert’s Electronic Service Center, was on 181st Street and Jamaica Avenue.

Donald Trump is a Jamaica Queens Gangsta Thug Nigga; and I am a Jamaica Queens Gangsta Thug Nigga. I will do what I can to insure that he is NOT Re-elected, beginning with this U.S. Supreme Court Decision, 09-10323, and a Call to Arms to ALL Voters.

There is No Statute of Limitations for FRAUD and MISREPRESENTATION. All three of the Female Associate Justices are NOW subject to Charges of Conspiracy to Kidnap me, after the Fact, and I will do WHATSOEVER I can to make sure that the three of them RESIGN when the New Administration is in.

I don't give a six if the new Administration re-appoints them right away. This could potentially be the BIGGEST shift in our Judicial History, with another Trump Administration; or it could be Just A Glitch. YOU DECIDE!

Those documents begin on the previous pages.

Get out, VOTE! And Pray for our Government.

On May 28th, 2010 I Raised Up. Most Inmates are released with just $40.00 and a Bus Ticket to the City of their new home. I, being as Who I AM, get out with over $1,300.00; and I got over $135,000.00 in the Bank. SHORTY had my back.

When I got off of the bus and was walking right in front of the Port Authority Bus Terminal, this Brother tells me: Welcome Home, Brother. I mean, was it that obvious that I just Raised up? I went right across the street to get me a Blackberry, but the store was closed; and I had to wait until I got to Far Rock to get one. I didn’t know Jack about a phone then. I had soooo many questions.

I stayed with Josie at ﬁrst, in Far Rockaway in Queens. I believe that she was on the fourth ﬂoor, and after being sedentary for ﬁfteen years, my legs were just not up to all of the walking around that I had to do. I got home one day, and my legs were totally KILLING ME! I was laying down on the ﬂoor, on my back, with my feet up on the couch; and I was crying, because the pain was so intense.

I had all of that money, but it was under VA control. I had a psychiatric beneficiary payee, and my money was in Texas, and I was told, would take a month to get to me. I'm like, you can get $10,000,000,000.00 here from China, in seconds. Why does it take so long to get my money? I Performed in there.

They had already barred me from the upstairs areas in the building; so I pretended to rush the stairs — and ran to the escalator, and sat down on the step. It is a Federal Crime to block the entry into a Federal Building.

The Federal Police came and gave me a ticket; and then they took me downtown to 26 Federal Plaza, the FBI Building. They put me in the Bullpen, and came in there trying to talk to me. While they were talking to me, I tore the ticket in half— in their face. I believe they were Department of Homeland Security (DHS) Officers. Then I tore it in half, again. Then again, and again and again. Then I told them that I'm not gonna throw it in their face; and I politely laid the pile of pieces on the bullpen bench. And I sat down and waited to be set free.

The DHS Officer's name, if I remember correctly, was Stephen Anest.

Some organization in Brooklyn, at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge, I believe, helped me get my first apartment. It was in the Ritzy Riverdale Section of the Boogie Down BRONX. It was the first, and only, apartment I looked at. I could lay down in my bed, and look East, right at the Tracey Towers apartment that I left owing them over $20,000.00 in rent arrears. I could also see my old apartment when I kicked back in one of the four recliners on my livingroom couch. How's THAT for some freeky deeky six?

I was paying $1,600.00 a month, plus utilities, for a "two” Bedroom Crib. I got a car, a 2001 Chrysler LHS-forerunner to the 300. I Went to Georgia to visit my ex-wife and kids. I started a $10,000.00 Ad Campaign in The Riverdale Press --- That might sound important, but I had no idea WTF I was doing.

I went to Snellville Georgia for Christmas, to visit my Family. Right in the middle of that $10,000.00 Ad Campaign. Now let me tell you some Real Funny six about that trip.

I had dealings with this Big Time US. Marshal, at 500 Pearl Street, in NYC, named James M. Howard. He was pretty cool with me. So, I called him up on December 20th, 2010, and tell him that I was going to Atlanta the next day, and I would be carrying a bag that will be ﬁlled with something that nobody had Ever carried through an Airport before. "They" were waiting for me when I got to the Airport with my bags. You know, I'm a fouring Criminal; I know what "They" look like; and "They" grabbed my bags as soon as I dropped them off. They were soooooo Eager, it was pathetic. I had a hard time not laughing out loud..

When I got to the waiting lounge, there was a White guy and a Black guy, older dudes in suits, standing afar off, about 30-40 feet away. I knew who “They" were. Then the White dude approaches me, and calls me by my Government Name — That was one of the ﬁrst things that I had LEGALLY changed, My Name. So I cussed his ass out, and told him to Step the four off; which he did.

Now, here's the Hilarious six: I called up the US. Marshal, Jim, and asked him what they found in my bag. He said the bag was empty. I told him that I said the bag would be ﬁlled with something, so it couldn’t be empty. I told him that my bag was ﬁlled with Emptiness. Four them MFs, if they can't take a Joke !!!

While I was in Snellville Georgia, right after Christmas, I was called to do another Fast. I rented a Hotel room for $200.00 a week, so I wouldn‘t have to smell the aromas of cooking food, and I fasted for 40 Days; stopping on Febuary 5th, 2011. I stayed in Georgia until Febuary 10th, 2011.

Before I left for Georgia that time, I had had a problem with my Landlord, Slumlord, Morris Rubin. The bathroom ceiling collapsed, almost falling on my head. They wouldn't fix it, so I withheld my rent.

I was getting ready to buy a house in Brunswick, Georgia; and everything was going Great. I was gonna Close. My oldest Son, Israel, who works for a Mover, came to my Crib with the boxes and six; but he warned me to not send my six down there until I had actually Closed.

What a fantastic Tip.

I called up the Slumlord, to ask him if my boy, Vinnie's Mom could get my apartment when I leave; she's on Section 8. He starts getting into me about his fouring rent. He tells me that he is gonna do this and that to me; and he is gonna stop me from buying that house. How the four did he know about that?

I went to the Bronx Registrars Office, to check out his paperwork. I found out that the building's purported Legal owner was Registered with the Secretary of State on January 22nd, 1997 — but they purchased the building on May 13th, 1996. Eight months earlier.

Moreover, the name of the company was M. Rubin & Co, LLC, but the only one anybody made their rent checks out to, was Morris Rubin.

So I tell them in the NYC Housing Court: Hey, M. Rubin & Co, LLC don't even own this building (an 87 unit building), and I show them the papers. They tell me that as far as they are concerned, they own the building, and the ownership issue had to be taken up with the NYS Supreme Court. Which I did.

However, even when I submitted the papers, unequivocally proving that M. Rubin & Co, LLC did NOT own that building, they still EVICTED ME. I was able to stay in my apartment, even after the UNLAWFUL EVICTION, because me and the building’s Superintendent were tight.

I got Evicted on October 16th, 2012, and I wanted to hang around so I could vote for a Black President before I went Hari Kari again. I voted; turned in my 2012 Camry back to the dealer, and went to the VA Hospital in the Bronx.

However, Hurricane Sandy made that impos-sible. Sandy pushed up a lot of salt water over New York City, and shorted out Manhattan's VA Hos-pital's electrical stuff, where they had to transfer all of their patients to other nearby VA hospitals. Filling up all VA hospital beds in New York City; and causing me to be transferred to the VA Hospital's Psychiatric Ward in East Orange, New Jersey.

Every morning while I was there, except Sunday, we were told that they can't even acknow-ledge that we are in there if somebody calls for us. So, you can imagine my absolute surprise when, on Saturday morning(l was gonna get discharged on that Monday) I was told that my daughter, India, was calling. Sandy had wiped out the public phones, so they had to let those calls through.

I told India that I was getting out on Monday and I didn't know what I was gonna do. I DID know, though. I was gonna get a pint of 100 proof Vodka, and a bunch of Klonapins; and take the #1 Subway line from 241st Street to the South Ferry station. By then, somebody will have discovered my body. So India tells me that Maybe SHORTY is telling you to move down here.

So, remembering that Constance had told me that she would take that $200.00 a week that I was paying the Hotel; I called her and told her what India

had said, and asked her if I could come down there and stay with her. She had told me several times over the 25years that we were separated, that she wished that I didn't use drugs; and she saw that I was out, and not using anything but Weed; so she let me share her home with her. I agreed to pay her $800.00 a month, with another $300.00 for my food. Which I changed to $500.00. Now, with other six added on, I give her $1,910.00 a month— and I'm glad to do that.

After a while I sued my former Slumlord in the Atlanta Federal Court. They Dismissed my Lawsuit, claiming, Res judicata, the thing had already been decided. But since I was Pro Se, meaning I was representing myself, the Judge should have construed my Pro Se COMPLAINT as a Direct Appeal from the State Court. He had enough Prima Facie Evidence to do so. But, he didn't. Shame on him!

I did a few other bullsix things after that six.

One, not so bullsix thing, Constance and I remarried. Check out this Really Outrageous six. The Divorce Summons was served on someone who was 5' 6" tall, and 110 pounds. In 1996 I took that to the Court, and asked that the Divorce be Vacated, and my Marriage be Reinstated. The Court did so.

Then Constance gets her younger brother, Darryl, a paralegal, to Oppose that Extraordinary Move that I had made, and the Judge reverses his Decision and Reinstates the **Unconstitutional** Divorce. WTF ??? The Judge Ruled that I had 30 days after my release from prison, to Address this matter again. I didn't know how much longer I would be in prison, and I didn't believe it to be fair that Constance would have to be hanging out there for so long, so I let her go. Funny, I had always thought that she was doing very well in Life. LOL

Then, sometime prior to September 7th, 2016, SHORTY Called me to Make a Move, on that day.

Following that *Call*, I entered into the Federal District Courthouse in Atlanta, and SPARKED UP A JOINT! It was soooooo Funny, the way those Court Security Officers(CSOs) were jumping through their eights. They went Ballistic and Berserk crazy at the same time. They were yelling at me: *Sir, you can’t do that in here.* And I’m like, *What do you mean, I can’t do it? I’m doing it now.*

I just KNEW that they were gonna arrest me.

But, alas, they did not. They gave me a ticket. Which gave me Standing: so I went straight to the Clerk’s Office and filed a previously prepared Civil Rights Lawsuit against the United States, claiming that as a SHORTY’S Shorty I had the Right to smoke Weed, pursuant to 42 USC Sec. 2000(bb), the Religious Freedom Restoration Act of 1993; and the First Amendment’s FREE EXERCISE Clause.

That Ticket was Dismissed on November 1st, 2016. I returned to the Court on November 14th, 2016, to spark up another Joint, and I got another Ticket.

They weren’t doing anything with that second Ticket, so I let them know that on July 10th, 2017 I was coming back there to spark up another Joint. I did so. Not only would the DHS Officer NOT arrest me, he wouldn’t even so much as give me a ticket.

On July 19th, 2017 I went to the Atlanta VA Hospital, and when my appointment was finished, I went to the lobby and sparked up a Joint. They were damned near begging me to leave the hospital, but I insisted that they arrest me. Finally, they wound up giving me another ticket. I told the dude that this will be the third ticket that I was getting for Weed, and he writes it up with a mandatory Court appea-rance date – meaning that I couldn’t just mail in a fine.

On August 8th, 2017 I submitted a ***Habeas Corpus*** **Petition** to the Court, about that second Tic-ket. That Petition, was HIJACKED by Judge Richard Story, and was NEVER considered by the Federal Court, before they Dismissed the Ticket: in our NATION OF LAWS. Since that ***Habeas Corpus* Peti-tion** explains my position so thoroughly, I suggest that you see this ***Habeas Corpus* Petition**, on my website: exodus2.org/HCPGwinnettLawsuit. This is a Lawsuit that I will file against Gwinnett County to FREE all of their Inmates convicted of Weed six.

On September 5th, 2017, my MANDATORY Court appearance for that VA Hospital Ticket; I got to the Federal Court in Atlanta, and tapped on the window to let them know that I was there --- and then I sparked up another Joint.

**President Trump was just Impeached by the House on December 18th, 2019.**

The CSOs called the U.S. Marshals who came to ask me to put out the Joint, which I refused to do. Then two dudes in *Suits* came out. A White one, and a Black one. The White dude was okay; but the Black dude, a Little Lord Fauntleroy looking dude, who comes out with his badge pinned on top of his DICK. I’m like, “Motherfourer, what the four is wrong with you, making another Man look at your Dick like that? You need to play that six down at your Gay Bar, Motherfourer.” I even wrote a Complaint Letter about that to the top U.S. Marshal there, a Ms. Beverly Harvard.

So, now I have smoked Weed on Federal Pro-perty, *Within the Special Territorial Boundaries and Jurisdiction of the United States,* FIVE TIMES, with-out ANY adverse consequences WHATSOEVER. **WTF** more can I do to make those Motherfourers Arrest me ???

On **4/20** of 2018 I celebrated by going to the new FBI Headquarters in Atlanta, and sparking up a Joint at Noon. See the six short videos on my website: [exodus2.org/WEED@FBI4/20Videos](mailto:exodus2.org/WEED@FBI4/20Videos). The United States by now, I believe, has made it Crystal Clear --- **The United States of America will NOT Prosecute me for Smoking WEED !!!**

You know how some States have Legalized Weed, and the Weed Business Owners are con-stantly afraid that the Feds will come and Close Them Down, and take all of their six? Well, that’s because Federal Laws TRUMP State Laws.

On April 21st, 2018, having determined that the United States had Waivered, Acquiesced, Rolled Over, Abdicated their Opposition to Me with WEED, I wrote the Gwinnett County District Attorney, Mr. Danny Porter, Sheriff Butch Conner, and the Twelve Superior Court Judges, letting them know that I was coming to the Gwinnett County Jail; with *Pro Se Habeas Corpus* Petitions to give to the Inmates there who were Busted for Weed alone. I wanted to Chal-lenge the Legitimacy of their being incarcerated, if they were there for Weed alone, and they claimed to be a **SHORTY’S Shorty.**

Because I had COMPELLED my arrest for smoking Weed in Snellville(I called the Chief of Police, Chief Roy Whitehead, and told him that I was gonna do that) that previous July 31st, 2017, and that Ticket was Dismissed by the District Attorney, I wanted to make sure that my six was Not Dismissed again. So, this time I made my Intentions known by sending Fat Joints to the Gwinnett County District Attorney, with CC’s(each with a Fat Joint) to Sheriff Conner, and the Twelve Superior Court Judges.

Master Sales Guru, Brian Tracey, says that EVERYBODY is Preoccupied, and if you want to *Sell* them anything, you MUST First Break the Preoccupation. He likened this to *Throwing a Brick through a Plate Glass Window.* THAT was my intention when I mailed all of those Joints to them; **TO BREAK THEIR PREOCCUPATION !!!**

Then, on Tuesday, May 1st, 2018, **MAY DAY**, I did something Awesome, Incredible, something that only the **Ambassador-at-Large of the Kingdom of Heaven** would EVER do – I stepped into the Gwinnett County Jail, and slapped an eight-ball of Weed on the Sheriff’s front desk.

Motherfouring FINALLY Arrested !!!

The First Thing that I noticed was that Gwin-nett County was NOT giving the People that they were arresting a **Miranda Warning**; a Fundamental ***Due Process* Requirement** of the Fifth Amendment, as per the United States Supreme Court. Gwinnett County’s “Miranda” Warning states: *Anything you say can be used against you*; woefully failing to in-clude the Imperative, **“WILL”**, as is Mandated by the United States Supreme Court.

This means that everybody who signed that Institutionalized Violation of the Miranda Warning Form, can sue Gwinnett County, and the State of Georgia for False WHATEVER: Incarceration; Fines; Community Service --- WHATEVER !!! Shame on ALL of the Gwinnett County Criminal Attorneys who never noticed this *FATAL FLAW* in their midsts.

The next PHENOMINAL Ambassador-at-Large of the Kingdom of Heaven six that I did was; I did not like the sight of the food that they presented me with; so I did not eat it. Nor did I eat ANYTHING for the next 42 days and 9 hours.

Those People did not know WHAT the four they had on their hands. Was I a fouring Alien 7??

You know that they sent me to the outside Flight Deck. First they sent me to the Eastside Medical Center, in Snellville, with a Sheriff Deputy escort.

From there I was sent to the Parkview Psychiatric Hospital, in Monroe, by Ambulance WITHOUT A SHERIFF'S DEPUTY ESCORT!!! **WTF**???

I was released from Jail on July 7th, 2018, and now I am on a $30,000.00 bail, with 15 Felony and 2 Misdemeanor charges against me.

Less than three weeks after I was released from Jail, I placed an Ad in the Gwinnett County Post telling the World exactly what I thought about this bullsix Arrest.

I will close this book by putting that Ad on the final page for you to see, and an Invitation to **YOU**:

ALL that any Organized Religion can offer you is Immunity Faith. SHORTY gives SHORTY’S Shortys Impunity Faith; like the six that I be doing. **LOL**

The difference being that if you are walking through the woods, and you see a Hornets’ Nest; if you have Immunity Faith, you can have the fullest assurances that if you walk around that Hornets’ Nest, being sure to keep your distance, and you don’t bother them, you will not be harmed. THAT will be the extent of your Immunity Faith. But, if you have Impunity Faith, you can Step To that Hornets’ Nest and throw rocks at it, and you can have the fullest assurances that when all of the Hornets come out to four you up, they will only sting themselves.

THIS is what SHORTY offers to Ee’rbody !!!

You are Already a SHORTY’S Shorty, Take It!

-----------------------------------------------------------------

After reading this, you can probably imagine what the other lost pages contained.

I have a **Coffee-Table,** **Hardcover** book of this manuscript; if you would like to Order a copy, for a **$100.00 Donation, 90% of the proceeds of which will go to America’s Disabled Veterans,** click the ***My Shopify Store*** Button on my website, **exodus2.org.** Also see my other website: **dafmaw.org.**

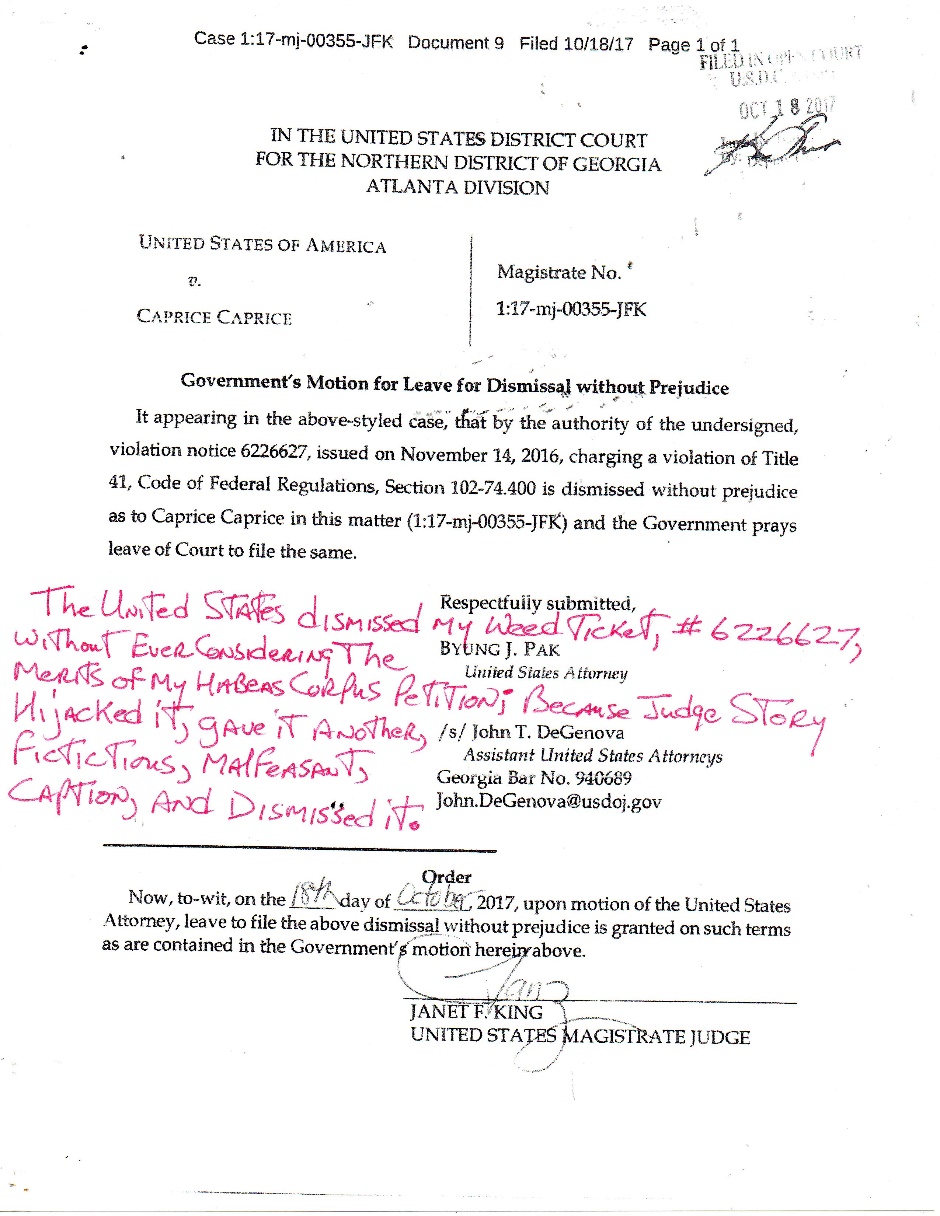
If you liked what you have just read - **I Need Help To Launch My *Special Mission;***Please Help Me ***STORM into the History Books***, and Us, **into** **The Kingdom of Heaven.** Help Me accomplish this, by ***“Throwing Me A Bone”***, using the *‘****PayPal****’* **DONATE Button,** on the bottom of any website page

I’m doin’ better than the Butcher’s Puppy, and **so can *YOU !!!***

**THANK YOU VERY MUCH**, in advance, for Helping me to Launch **The KINGDOM of HEAVEN**!

**Please Share this with Your Social Media Friends**.

***¡VENCEREMOS!***



**This is the Final Disposition of that Second WEED Ticket, which the United States RAN FROM; The Religious Free-dom Restoration Act of 1993-The Most Powerful Law in the Nation. So, now We can Claim Protection under a *Law* that Does Not Even EXIST: The EQUAL PROTECTION Clause of The FIFTH AMENDMENT. LO fourin’ L**

See this on my website: **exodus2.org/Trump/Docs.**



**I saved This Ad for the Very Last Page. This was printed in the *Gwinnett Daily Post* on 7/25/2018; just 2½ weeks After I was Released from Jail. This is: MY ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE WORLD !!!**

See this on my website: **exodus2.org/Trump/Docs.**

***¡VENCEREMOS!***