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Discourse and Conflict: The President Barak H. Obama Birth Certificate Controversy and the New Media

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DISCOURSE AND CONFLICT: THE PRESIDENT BARACK H. OBAMA BIRTH
CERTIFICATE CONTROVERSY AND THE NEW MEDIA

A Thesis
Presented to
The Faculty of the English Department
Western Kentucky University
Bowling Green Kentucky

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirement for the Degree
Master of Arts

Timothy Lee Adams

May, 2011

DISCOURSE AND CONFLICT: THE PRESIDENT BARACK H. OBAMA BIRTH
CERTIFICATE CONTROVERSY AND THE NEW MEDIA

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ABSTRACT OF THESIS

A creative exploration of the consequences of public speech in the era of freely accessible, social media, as the author, a former elections official, records and explores the consequences of public dissent in the case of President Barack Obama's eligibility controversy. This non-fiction narrative culminates with the author's analysis and observations on both his personal experiences and the state of public speech and political power in contemporary America.

KEYWORDS: Birther, Corporate, F.B.A.L., Mediaverse, One-sided.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

This thesis is definitely the product of serendipity. I originally didn't wish to write about this subject now, it is too close to the actual events, and that has made the analysis and synthesis difficult. Encouraged by Dr. Dale Rigby, the creative nonfiction professor at WKU, I determined to tackle this timely and controversial subject.

This work is both a personal narrative and a study of the events and forces surrounding the people, prejudices, and acts described within. What initially began as an investigation into a political group on the extremist right, became a first-person account of the conflicts surrounding speech and public discourse, and the barriers to and consequences for unpopular speech. When a question is particularly unpopular, attacking the questioner's motives in an attempt to discredit him becomes a means to prevent having to answer the question in the first place. I was someone who happened to be at the convergence of a heavily charged political question. My answer to that question led to all sorts of attacks on both my motives and my character, but as I will show, my answer was not really attacked for its content, but for the implications others attempted to attach to it.

Before venturing into an investigation of my primary source material, some mention of my choices in style and technique are appropriate. I have chosen a harsh, confrontational style for this piece. Since the initial writing project for this study was based in New Journalism, I have decided to stay with this approach for the larger work.

New Journalism makes no pretense for objectivity, and while New Journalism is relatively new to academia, it has been present in mass media at least since the end of World War Two. The movement could be defined as a post-modern approach to journalism, one in which the old ideals of objectivity and unbiased reporting of facts are discarded as dishonesty on the writer's part. In the present, media-saturated reality, few authors ever claim to lack bias, so I believe this a suitable approach, as this is the prevailing norm for both journalism and opinion reporting in America today.

New Journalism is generally accepted to have entered mass-culture with literary works like the "nonfiction novel"* *In Cold Blood* by Truman Capote (1965). Capote wrote about his work that "a factual piece of work could explore whole new dimensions in writing that would have a double effect fiction does not have"¹ (Capote 78). Tom Wolfe is credited with coining the phrase "New Journalism, in a series published in *New York Magazine* in 1972.² A contemporary journalist and editor, Wolfe also wrote in the new, non-fiction style, and would become a compiler and archivist for many of New Journalism's best-known talents. Wolfe would go on to publish the accepted definition for New Journalism, consisting of four major devices that New Journalists borrow from their literary predecessors, paraphrased here:

1. Telling the story using dramatic scenes, rather than historical narrative as much as possible.
2. The use of dialogue throughout the narrative.
3. Point of view writing: often first person accounts of events from the reporter's perspective.
4. Recording of everyday details, such as behaviors, possessions, or family.

* Truman Capote's own term.

New Journalism as a literary force was aided by its acceptance at a wide range of national periodicals and newspapers of the age, including *The New York Times*, *Playboy*, *Rolling Stone*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and *Vanity Fair*. Various new journalists became names associated with these publications, resulting in the new style gaining a large popular following: George Plimpton at *Playboy*, Joan Didion at *The Saturday Evening Post*, and Joe Eszterhaus and Hunter S. Thompson at *Rolling Stone*. It was Thompson's particularly confessional style and mass popularity that first drew my own interests to the genre.

But it was through the works of Edward Abbey, one of the last, great, American-anarchist writers, that I became aware of the connections between Abbey's coyote anarchists in the southwest, and the counter-culture works and philosophies of journalist and Kentucky native Hunter S. Thompson. Discovering that these two counterculture icons were not only aware of each other but also communicated at times during their lives, led to my studying Thompson's works, particularly *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*,³ and his political writings, especially his critiques of the rising neocon/new right movements in the 1980s,⁴ hand in hand with Abbey's works on personal resistance.

I discovered deep, parallel strands of this resistance to the totalitarian in the works of Edward Abbey and Hunter Thompson. Progressive ideals of personal liberty and conflicts between people and authority abound in these author's works. It is these ideals of resistance to power, of questioning the legitimacy of the structures of power, and of speaking truth to power that I find so similar between the two authors. Both men also denounce violence against persons, while using other, sometimes unusual and illegal methods, to thwart institutionalized abuse of individuals. Since my own desire was to

foster both a public debate and legislative remedy for this political controversy, and finding my own situation to be that of an individual opposing similar, entrenched power structures, I have freely borrowed some of Abbey's and Thompson's techniques.

Abbey himself wrote that he intentionally provoked readers to anger in order to raise awareness of issues. Abbey states that "[I]t is the duty of all authors to 'speak the truth'—especially unpopular truth. Especially truth that offends the powerful, the rich, the well-established, the traditional, the mythic" (Trimble 27). I, too, adopt the stance of deliberately attacking political correctness and some collectively held truths throughout the narrative. With *ad hominem* attacks becoming the norm in public debate, it seems as if truth has too often been the first casualty of discourse. I have made my own attempts to illustrate some of these tactics used to attack individuals, silence opposition, and obfuscate truth throughout this work. Since such a personal narrative can take on an almost stream of consciousness feel for the reader, I have used changes in font to help delineate the shifts in voice, and I also directly address the reader at times to aid clarity, all of these techniques are borrowed from Thompson.

Tom Wolfe described Hunter Thompson's work as follows, "while Tom Wolfe mastered the technique of being a fly on the wall; Thompson mastered the art of being the fly in the ointment"⁵ (K of F p. ii). Both Thompson and Abbey use subversive and sometimes humorous disingenuity to unbalance their intended opponents, so I have taken up the gadfly position as well. I thought Thompson's gonzo-style⁶ to be the only template into which I could fit these many strands of race, politics, and violence. Considering the coarseness of the new electronic public media, especially when broaching the taboos of race and class in American society, I thought I needed a method that was as raw and

unforgiving as my opponents'. Discourse today is blood sport; the ramifications for employment, education, and a host of other consequences that can materially harm the individual are real and immediate. Yet I undertook what became an ongoing series of political actions and public debates as part of a protest against these forces that homogenize opinion and enforce conformity. If Thompson's "gonzo" is journalism as performance, then sometimes a performance can be a political tool as well. This is another technique I've taken from my two authors, for if I had made my initial public comments at some mainstream media outlet, they would never have been as effective. If one must go to a law enforcement conference to make an effective polemic on personal liberty (as Thompson did in *Fear and Loathing*), and if one must work for the National Park Service in order to sabotage the Bureau of Land Management (as Abbey did, working summers at fire stations), then where does one go to speak about issues of race and identity, if not a convention of racists?

Both authors were also known for their use of writer's personas. Abbey's alter ego was code named Kokopeli, after the flute playing, mischief god of the southwestern deserts, his use of the coyote as a brushy tailed, hard-to-catch, nocturnal menace, an iconography cheekily embraced by his followers. Thompson adopted various names and identities as suited him, Dr. Raoul Duke becoming yet another maze for Thompson's critics to navigate, as well as a convenient person to lay the unpaid hotel and bar tabs off onto when confronted by management. While I did not claim to be anyone I was not during the events depicted herein, I did use my manner of dress and my status as a stranger and unknown quantity to keep what could easily have been a hostile environment in my favor. Thompson and Abbey both changed their plans of action as

their situations changed, and I took advantage of the changing opportunities in my personal situation as they presented themselves throughout the events related here.

I am also very aware of the concurrent dangers and consequences of immoderate or violent rhetoric and speech, and as such, I believe that we cannot bar those who hold unpopular opinions from the public forum, lest we marginalize them to the point of no return. I don't think the tactics of mercenary politics can be justified when they isolate entire communities, cutting off any real public engagement. To exclude minority opinions from political life is to ensure their withdrawal from society, but that does not end their existence, it simply sets up oppositions.

I don't believe anyone has the right to dictate individual speech or beliefs, nor do I believe I can dictate such things to another, co-equal, citizen. I have written this thesis to illustrate the contemporary consequences for unpopular speech. I have also written this piece as an apology against the many lies and attacks made on me personally, not just to clear my name, but to show the reality of the mechanisms of personal coercion in American life today. People ask me if I've learned anything of value from this experience in the new American media. Yes, I have.

I've learned the gadfly is the one who has all the fun.

CHAPTER II

THE BEGINNING

It's not like I ever intended, nor wanted, events to turn out this way. Sometimes the bigger parts of the cosmos shift while you're not paying attention, and then, well: we're back to an entirely new situation. I have often said that not only does God have a sense of humor, it's a vicious one. So, just how did I wind up in the center of a national media frenzy? I could say it began when I went to a reactionary political convention and found myself being interviewed by a well-known talk radio personality, or I could say it all really began with my several years' stint as a man about town in Honolulu, Hawaii. Those experiences culminated in my being part of the electoral process for the national plebiscite of 2008. While all this would be true, dear reader, and would involve murdering gang bangers, the Chinatown mob, a few damsels in distress, and a professional pornographer, that is not this tale.

Note to reader: We can choose to do anything we want; we cannot control the consequences of our actions. This is notably important for your final grade, so please note this; it will be on the final exam at the end.

What's really funny about what happened is that none of this would have been possible only a few years ago, but today, we live in a realm of integrated media that not only saturates every part of our public existence, but has reached the point where almost anyone who is willing to learn the ropes can make the levers and pulleys of this vast,

hydra-headed, electronic, parallel universe work for them, at least marginally. It had not been my intention to involve myself in local politics or issues. I'd had quite enough of political intrigue and race politics during my time in Honolulu. I had come back to my ancestral hometown from the distant islands of Aloha for two reasons: first, my ailing father was on his final journey to that long home we will all wind up in someday, and second, I had been accepted as a graduate candidate in the English department of Western Kentucky University.

Scoring a place in WKU's graduate program had been a coup that permitted me to live less than two hours from my parents' rural homestead.

My first day at graduate school someone called my boss and attempted to get me fired.

Down in the Bluegrass

Unbeknownst to my detractors—being as I was coming to Western Kentucky University from my alma mater, the University of Hawaii—I had already been vetted many times. I've held several positions in both military and civil service, each of which required both a background check and a top secret or higher security clearance. I had just recently been invited to the Honolulu Police Academy as part of their community enforcement program but had allowed myself to be dissuaded by my then-current love interest' fears of such a job. A short time later, the girl was gone and so was my opportunity, as is so often the case when dealing with women.

While at U of H, my senior project had dealt with the notion that literary genres could be mapped in linear time and physical space. My advisor, a young father with a stylish surfer haircut (think Justin Bieber) and brown penny loafers, who hailed from California's Inland Empire, freaked. Even now I'm not sure why, only that he was a

devotee of Michel Foucault and studied hardboiled detective literature. I later found myself mimicking his personal style, with a set of dark-brown Docksidors, and some cargo-pocketed, khaki trousers. Dress for the job you want, they used to tell us. When I wrote that cultural products are the results of ethnicity, he freaked out for good.

Actually, I was just quoting another twentieth-century giant, Derrida—who'd told us that cultural products are created within "ecological spheres," or the interactions between artists and the people who consume their works. Derrida wrote that these microcosms should be approached as mini-ethnicities, and so, convinced of the old man's slant, I thought that cultural productions, including literary works, could be mapped on the globe by the movements of the people who create them.⁷

I didn't realize what I had done at the time. I had said out loud that people are different. It was interesting that when I wandered over to the art studios to rap with the players amongst their varied mediums, they all gave me the same blank look as if I were slightly dull and replied, "Of course they are." So if the artists agreed with me, why did my advising pedagogue so bewail my indiscrete assertions?

Because they struck at the heart of his own, closely-held, fallacy—that people are all the same—note: I had never said that anyone was better, only that there IS difference. So politically correct had been my well-intentioned advisor's academic indoctrination, his first reflex to any challenge was to pitch the whole child out with the bathwater. He forbid me to read my project at my senior presentation before the faculty, instead requiring I write a paper, little more than a glorified book report, on one of the major texts in my bibliography: the often mentioned *Grapes of Wrath* by Steinbeck.

I wrote the additional twenty-five pages, as I was told, seething the entire time. The day for my senior presentation arrived, and I was to have a full twenty minutes on the podium to demonstrate what the previous five years of undergraduate work had accomplished. I had copied the necessary lecture notes from the hated paper onto a thumb drive, since I'd had so little time to prepare. My friends, fellow students, and even some of my instructors knew I was pissed and why. What they weren't aware of, was that I had in my possession a thumb drive that was infected with a rather noxious version of the blaster-worm computer virus. The drive was a relic from a friend who'd been a Microsoft Systems Engineer, whose death from suicide had occurred one year previously. Knowing him as I do, he'd have heartily approved of what I did next.

I've always had a vindictive streak, my mama says.

When my time on the podium approached, and as we filed, assembly-line like, past the bored-looking crowd—one hot, nervous, inexperienced speaker following the next in required public ritual—I handed the infected drive to the keeper of electronics:

This must be what happens to the A.V. Club when they grow up I thought.

Waiting while the machine whirred and clicked, and the polite applause for the podiums' previous occupant died away, I shuffled my thick sheath of papers and stepped up. I waited silently for a moment, and this drew everyone's attention to the front of the room. We were almost two hundred people, sitting closely together in a wood-framed Quonset hut, in the middle of a tropical summer day. The musty room smelled of damp wood. The interior was dim, excepting the bright rectangles of light from the two opposing entrance doors on either end of the right side of the room. I was standing in a ring of smoky light from a projector that was suddenly unable to place my lecture slides upon the white drop

screen behind me. A curse from off in the darkness to my left told me the machine wasn't feeling too well. The group's attention was now fully focused on the events unfolding at the front of the room. The A.V. Club guy gave the sputtering computer a loud smack with his open hand and cursed in Pidgin. The lights came up. Folks were talking. Something interesting was going on.

"Is it going to work?" I asked A.V. guy.

"No, it's not working." He replied.

"Just go then" said the moderator. (Impatiently wanting to move things along).

Without my notes, I had to wing it. "The last thing I wanted to do when I started this project," I began, "was to write yet another paper on the novel *Grapes of Wrath*."

This was my opening line for my paper. I glanced at my advisor, seated midway along the right edge of the crowd.

"And so," I said, "I didn't. Instead I'd like to read for you some excerpts from my senior project, 'Populations and Cultural Production: The Mapping of a Literary Genre in Physical Time and Space'."

My advisor looked as if someone had just yelled the word "FUCK!" mid church service. The next fifteen minutes went by in a blur as I hit as much of my eighty-pages as I could in the time permitting. When I finished, instead of the next speaker being ushered forwards, I found myself responding to questions from a scattering of faculty members. When it was over, I'd been on the platform almost forty-five minutes.

My advisor was gone. After the remaining graduates were finished, several faculty members approached me and congratulated me on my presentation. One in particular, a well known poet, journal editor, and publisher, came over and asked me for a

copy of my paper. We spoke for a few moments and then left. It was over. My advisor never forgave me despite my reception. He spoke few words and roughly to me the rest of my time at campus, and my email and letters went all unanswered.

I guess I should've taken notes.

So you see, my educational experience has not been quite what I might have wanted, even before the controversy surrounding President Obama's birth records became the public movement it is today. Folks have asked me, "Tim, why do you do this stuff?" After all, I don't make any money at it, I don't usually get any public recognition, and I do occasionally get someone trying to kill me, or burning my home, or vandalizing my car, so why would I ever keep doing things like this? Actually, it's pretty straightforward: because no one else does.

There's a great scene in the movie *Braveheart* where William Wallace's character, played by Mel Gibson, has a discussion with his mates just before he goes to Edinburg, where he'll be captured and later executed by the English.

"You know what happens if you go."

"I know what happens if I don't go."

"What's that?"

"Nothing."

Keep that in mind.

YouTubes, MyTubes, and OurTubes

"The Internet is a series of tubes," Senator Ted Stevens—July 2006

The Senator was later convicted of corruption. The caption under the YouTube footage of his court appearance, (posted by **tpmtv**) taken from a *FoxNews* story reads:

“Prison—it’s a series of bars” (highest rated comment, by Monkeypeopleofearth, 2008).

I told you this story could actually start at any one of several different places, and I felt you as a reader ought to know just why things developed the way they did. I suppose having seen much of my fellow humans’ callous inhumanity towards each other left me with the desire never to be THAT GUY. You know the one, the one that sits there at the bus stop while an old lady gets her purse snatched. The guy that walks away, head down, when he sees three guys stomping some poor, homeless dude on the sidewalk.

Saying, go unto this people, and say,
Hearing ye shall hear and shall not
understand; and seeing ye shall see and not
perceive. (Acts 28:26)

Since we’re talking about the mediaverse here, let’s use a contemporary example, something I call:

NOT Seeing

Hugo Alfredo Tale-Yax, thirty-one, homeless, and lately of Jamaica, Queens, New York, happened to see a low-life attempting to rape/rob/kill a woman during the early morning commute (5:18 a.m.) at the intersection of 144th Street and 88th Blvd. Stabbed by the crook, and lying in a pool of his own blood on the sidewalk, Mr. Yax was left there, unaided for almost ninety minutes, while passers-by avoided, took pictures, and even attempted to rouse him from the sidewalk at a rate of one pedestrian almost every two minutes. Mr. Yax died before help was finally summoned, and the events in their entirety are recorded by surveillance cameras at the scene.⁸ Does anyone know what’s wrong with this picture? Let’s discuss.

In college, at some point if you study a little of the humanities, you will encounter philosophers like Michel Foucault, or Albert Whitehead, or some other old, dead, white guys. Well, it seems that Monsieur Foucault is very well known for his study on the dynamics of power and authority. He mentions a concept that actually goes back to a design for prisons by a man named Jeremy Bentham called the Panopticon. In the Panopticon, cells were arranged like pie wedges around a central tower, from which the guards could watch the prisoners, but the prisoners could never tell if they were actually being watched or not. This innovatively designed mind-fuck was so successful that some jails and penitentiaries were actually constructed in this fashion. Today, this idea of ever-present surveillance remains the cornerstone of modern security and government control over you, the ever-threatening populace. The problem is, sometimes there really is no one watching. Mr. Yax died because the cameras had no one to monitor them.

Machines record, they do not see.

We had similar problems during my stint in Honolulu, where the city put up an entire set of video cameras to combat street crime in Chinatown, with a bank of monitors placed in the local police substation. While initially effective, eventually the bad guys realized no one was actually watching the damn things. So it wasn't long before the mere threat of Big Brother's omnipresence had little influence on the bad guys' activities, which returned to their normal, anarchistic ways. This was much to the law-abiding folk's chagrin, for it was they who still had to pay out the cash for the now useless system. Eventually, the HPD figured out a novel way to actually get a handle on street crime in Chinatown: they hired more cops and put them to walking patrols there.

So our Mr. Yax dies, and all we are left with is a voyeuristic version of a snuff film. Yet it was the medium of the Internet that allowed Mr. Yax's story to reach an audience at all. Without the electronic media that allowed us to collectively see his final moments, would any national or international television or cable media have broadcast his story? The reality is, almost everything most of us do every day is now recorded somewhere, and not by someone, but more often by SOMETHING. Mindless automatons now routinely process most of the data of your daily living, entirely without human intervention.

In order for this to have any MEANING, however, requires a brain to actively separate all the sensory data and arrange it into some sort of order, and whether it be a cop's brain on the street, or your own in front of the television, in order for that information to be useful, SOMEONE HAS TO DO SOMETHING.

I teach students twice a week for an hour and twenty minutes—their biggest obstacle is their utter inability to discriminate between the continual blasts of information and media that envelope them twenty-four, seven. They're distracted; most of what they see and hear barely rises to the level of notice before being just as quickly discarded. Facts and information are as disposable as the next entertainment snippet or media sales pitch.

Have you ever asked yourself, is this a good thing?

This same power to record, broadcast, and share data, also has great possibilities to empower ordinary people—by allowing direct participation in the public square from wherever there happens to be some kind of communications access. This access, this public participation, is what is now giving our Big Brother-wannabe government types

conniption fits. The professional media are still driving hard to keep us amateurs away from the castle gates, but despite their best efforts to erect legislative and discriminatory barriers to ordinary citizenry (thereby keeping special rights for themselves), there's little doubt the new media is going to be a democratic phenomenon. The prisoners can now look in on the guardians, no longer is the flow of power and data a one-way street, with valves the suits can control.

They try though. It is now a felony in some places to videotape police officers or military personnel committing criminal acts on the public.⁹

Is THIS a good thing?

What does it say when a government—which is really just a bunch of smucks with no more rights than anyone else—who happen to get paid by you, actively records your every waking (and perhaps sleeping, since their hang ups about who and how you sleep with someone are well known) action, yet make it a felony crime for you—the citizen who supposedly possesses rights to the public square—to turn the recording entities back onto them? These are just part of those “special privileges” I mentioned a moment ago.

But there's nothing wrong with that, is there?

Are you paying attention yet, dear reader?

Despite what I wanted, the Cosmos had other plans. There had been a lot of discussion about the rise of radical politics since the elections in 2008, and when I heard a group that called itself the Council of Conservative Citizens was holding a national meeting only about an hour away in Nashville, Tennessee, I, being of libertarian and somewhat hedonistic bent, decided it might make a good subject to write about for my

summer program at WKU. Brushing off my copy of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, I decided to attempt a little of the master's gonzo-journalism myself, and so with the Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil" blasting from my blue Sedan Deville's stereo, and armed with an assortment of cameras, a micro recorder, and some notepads, I set off on the weekend of June 4th, 2010 for a journey that would become a very strange trip indeed.

CHAPTER III

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL

In Memory of Hunter S. Thompson

It's June 6, 2010. I'd better tell you where I am and why. I'm sitting in a large conference room at a hotel in Nashville, Tennessee, located directly across the highway from the gates of the Grand Ole Opry. Sitting three feet to my right, across the strangely patterned red, black and orange carpeting, is Paul Fromm, the most notorious National Socialist leader in North America. There are about two hundred other folks also milling about the room, constantly transiting the doors to the atrium outside and back again, eating and drinking, talking in moderate, indoor voices. All these folks, no matter their age have one signifying characteristic that unites them to the others gathered here. They're white folks.

I'm attending the national conference for the Council of Conservative Citizens, a self-described paleo-conservative[†] political action committee made up largely of middle class southern whites. They begin each day's activities with prayers to the Almighty and close each day with a rousing rendition of Dixie, standing and holding their hands over their hearts as if it were a national anthem. Most of the men, including Dr. Fromm (a former English teacher, he informs me during our talks, no less), wear business suits.

[†] Paleo-Conservative: term attributed to Patrick Buchanan, means "Old-Style," like Paleolithic, like cavemen.

“We are not in charge.” The pale men informed the crowd.

One speaker predicted our fate to be that of Zimbabwe.

“Genocide,” they replied.

“Fear and power.” I said to myself.

I’m wearing my most appropriate gonzo journalist attire; a fine braided men’s straw hat with pheasant feather band (birds were indeed harmed in the production of this product, and eaten too, no doubt). I have a single silver conch shell, a token from the Native Hawaiian people’s movement, given to me in the islands, with my black out sunglasses hanging from the brown leather thong that circles my neck. I’m wearing an Alfred Dunner plaid linen jacket, size 44 regular. It was an original from the mid-sixties, one I’d pulled out of second hand shop for three dollars, and in excellent condition. The light green/brown plaid on off white patterned fabric goes well with the mint green Hawaiian shirt I’m wearing beneath it, festooned with huge white plumeria blossoms. I’m also wearing a gold watch and new khaki colored trousers with a pair of dark brown Dockside shoes. Nothing in my ensemble is cheap, and the colors and style allow me to pull this off, just barely enough to appear professional, and I stay much cooler in the ninety-degree heat of this sticky, summer day than the stiff sweating it out in the gray pinstripes.

Later, I would opt for all black jeans, sneakers and golf shirt. Black was very popular amongst this crowd. “*For clothing,*” I thought bemusingly. Our hotel staff, all shades of black and brown in a way that wasn’t very popular with this crowd, moved among us, never speaking: they would not look at us.

I had gone to the conference as well equipped as I could manage. I had a fully stocked portable wet bar for entertaining (hey, Nazi chicks might be easy), and a forty millimeter riot gun tucked into my overcoat that fired a three pound, bean bag loaded with steel shot at a velocity of 300fps, with an effective range of almost eighty feet. Its black, carbon-fiber barrel resembles an M40 grenade launcher, and having a three-inch wide muzzle pointed at you does tend to calm all but the most idiotic aggressors. I'd only been informed of the meetings' location the morning prior to the event: a tactic used to prevent protestors and other nasty things from disrupting the goings on. As I saw it, I had two possible avenues of threats to my personal safety while attending the meeting: the first would be from some pissed-off attendee who wouldn't care for an outsider asking questions; the second would be from some Antifa[‡] protestors, who have been known to attempt to violently mob such meetings and break them up by force. I decided it was simply better to look out for myself in either case.

Conferences like these usually spawn more than their fair share of death threats; when these fail to prevent the get-togethers, protestors can begin making death threats against the employees of the hotels and trashing the conference centers instead. Not knowing what to expect, I decided it would be better to get to the site and do some reconnoitering before the players showed up. I arrived in the early morning hours and found some local police staking out the property, attempting to photograph anyone who looked like they might be there for the big shindig (in other words, all the white people). After spending some time photographing Aunt Sally and Grandma Sue, who were there visiting Music Row and commenting loudly how disappointed they were that the Grand Ole Opry Hotel was still closed due to flooding earlier in the year. The Police seemed to

[‡] Antifa: anti-fascists.

realize the stupidity of their actions and left before the actual attendees began to arrive. Whether they meant to actually record who came and went, or were merely intending to intimidate the participants, no one knew.

I'd seen this kind of thing before. Back in 2004 in Honolulu, I'd attended the debut screening of *Fahrenheit 911* by director Michael Moore. As the crowd left the theater, a huge Dodge Ram pickup, diesel-dualie, sporting a stars and stripes paint job and blacked out windows, sat across from the entrance with cameras steadily flashing pictures of the crowds. Being the confrontational sort, I marched directly over to the vehicle and promptly copied down its Republican Party vanity plate. When I attempted to approach the photographer in cab, they punched it hard and took off. The crowd cheered, many giving the universal salute of disdain to the occupants to make sure their feelings about the matter were clearly understood. Little did I know how intimately acquainted I was going to become with such intimidation tactics in the coming weeks.

The Council of Conservative Citizens event, while entertaining, was, except for moments of weirdness that were far too few, dry as any corporate shindig you've ever attended. For the final evening, the majority of us went to a local nightspot for drinks and steaks, which was fun, but hardly the kind of thing you would feel necessary to keep your boss from finding out. Except for the lone MSM (main-stream-media) reporter who tried to sneak in incognito and some obviously disturbed guy who interrupted the speakers several times to ask why they weren't telling us all the truth about THE JEWS, the whole thing was about as calm and bourgeois as a Rotary Club meeting.

Okay Rotary, you guys actually awarded me a scholarship when I was an undergrad, so please don't attack me saying I'm trying to conflate your organization with white supremacists. The lady who gave me the check was Japanese for God's sake.

The reporter was outed from the podium during the meeting, with the speaker stating flatly that as long as she remained, nothing of importance would be discussed. A planned open meeting of the group's leadership was instead to be held privately. I didn't see the reporter after that; I suppose the lady took the hint and left.

The speakers' themes ran the gamut from instances of real grievances—racial, age, and gender discrimination, loss of jobs by the working classes, government ineptitude—to those that were guaranteed to stir up the fear and rage of the base as they say: demographic shift and engineering, brown on white crime, and white genocide. Zimbabwe and South Africa were held up as examples of the fates of whites in majority non-white societies, i.e. what America would be like in the not-so-distant future, depending on whose timeline you followed. Western Europe has already fallen, we were told, to the radical Islamic hordes, and soon mandatory Sharia law and mosque attendance would be required of all white children in France and Germany. Your granddaughters in Cleveland, or Memphis, or Augusta, will be wearing burkhas, and getting clitoral circumcisions, while attending mandatory Spanish and Arabic classes in the public schools. They will all be forcibly impregnated by non-white males, as the government's policy will call for the extermination of whites, excepting for a small cadre of wealthy elites, who will preside over the masses of non-white indentured workers while living the lifestyle of the ancient Roman emperors. All media, except that which is

directly produced by their own people, are controlled by a certain element of these elites, who shall not be named too loudly in public, lest we offend.

For the most part, I found the people to be very nice...within the word's original connotations. Nice was something of a derogatory term at its inception, and it meant that one was probably of the lower classes, but had managed to get a little education or culture behind you at the new public schools. Some well-to-do merchant who sent his plain-looking daughter to a music master to learn a little Bach for the parlor sort of thing. "How, NICE!" One would say, when entertained over your glass of Port. Nice was also a pretty good term for the public presentation these guys put on. Having learned the hard way that capes and hoods, strange rituals and storm trooper outfits, blackshirts and brownshirts, and all the rest tended to have a negative effect on folks, these guys had moved out of the street protests, and tucked away their swastikas, (most of the time, anyway) and had moved on up into the world of ethnopoltics. As I spoke with these men, I had to remind myself just who I was talking to: Mr. Fromm, the Canadian political activist, who had once been a driving force in the National Socialist Party, was speaking as the head of something called the Canadian Association of Free Expression. The program noted, "Canada's leading defender of free speech." Mr. Don Black, the owner of *Stormfront*, the largest pro-white website in the world, once did time for attempting the armed invasion of a Caribbean island nation.

There were half a dozen Ph.D.'s loose on the podium, and books by other working academics, such as Dr. Kevin MacDonald, were on sale. Dr. MacDonald's writings express the idea that human civilization requires a baseline level of human I.Q. The problem is, according to the writings I've looked over by the doctor and other

“Forensic Psychologists,” the vast majority of the human population just doesn’t have the brain matter to reach that threshold. I bet, dear Reader, you can guess which population has the most members above that necessary watermark, and which colors of folks have the most that just don’t make the cut.

But these are men. REAL men—let’s face it, not just anyone would attempt to invade a country, nor does just anyone wind up a successful doctoral candidate and have an academic career. The extremists in the group I was visiting with that weekend had these men and women there because they provided both the reputations and intellectual firepower these guys desperately needed. The unstable fellow that was harassing the speakers for failing to “name the Jew” could feel like he was part of something far greater, because he was standing with his peers. To their credit, most of the ordinary folks who’d paid their admission and hotel bills to be here were in fact appalled by this kind of thing. This was, after all, the very kind of guy the conference organizers both needed to tap for money and support, and longingly wished they could get the hell away from. A veneer of carefully constructed civility and manners had been created for this meeting, and no one, especially not some slightly off-kilter dressing stranger, an unknown graduate student from a nearby state university—who cursed a little and drank at table with the elderly Baptist folks—was going to be allowed to poke holes in the paper windows.

The entire white power scene of the 1960s has changed. After the Civil Rights Act, the Gun Control Act of 1968, and the defeat of McGovern and George Wallace, the radical right found itself abandoned by whites of all social classes and sorely in need of a new public image. The old White Citizens Councils (from which the Council of

Conservative Citizens gets its name) faded away as school and societal integration became the norm. Though it seems strange to us and the younger generations, who never lived under Jim Crow, my father's hometown of Somerset was only desegregated a couple of years before my birth in 1965. I and my brother were among the first American children to go through our entire lives without ever seeing government-sanctioned segregation of the races. We had Blacks, Hispanics, and even an Armenian or two in our high school, as I recall, and no one cared much about it. I am however, not quite THAT old yet, and so there are still many people who not only remember living as separate nations, but who were taught that this was the better way, the natural way, the God-intended way for humanity to divide itself, and the map of the world. So whenever political and economic hard times appear, groups circle the wagons with their own and look for someone, an Other, to lay the blame on. These guys have got that part refined down to a close science.

Selective Truthing

They do this by selective truthing. They're not the only ones, nowadays all sides in the public forum do it, and it's especially applicable to the miasma of misinformation that surrounds the current occupant of the oval office and his carefully constructed media image. I'll demonstrate both the how and why and the effect on your average distracted media consumer. Our paleoconservative friends, as they call themselves, will point to an accepted bit of data like the following: "By mid-century, European-Americans will become a minority population within the United States."¹⁰ What they don't tell you is that whites will only be a minority in comparison to all other persons living in the country COMBINED. That is, if you counted everyone living in America who isn't white, then

the total for whites will be slightly less. Taken singularly, none of the competing groups will even begin to approach the number of whites, but that doesn't sell the message.

Further misdirection places blame for this demographic shift on immigration, welfare policies that supposedly increase the numbers of non-white children at white Americans' expense, and anti-white bias by government agencies. What's NOT mentioned? Well, factors like lower white birth rates due to economic and educational attainments, whites marrying later in life, and lower birth rates for white, single mothers. In other words, whites have fewer children because as a whole, white Americans have more money and better opportunities than other groups, even in poor economic times.

But this is not the message.

In the case of President Obama's natal narrative, a similar campaign of obfuscation has actively and admittedly been pursued by most of the major media, despite all evidence to the contrary. Groups like FactCheck.Org have a so-called Certification of Live Birth available on their website that purports to prove the President's birth in Hawaii in 1961. The widespread media hyping of this forgery during the presidential elections of 2008 has led to several claims, none of which have any basis in reality.

"The Obama administration has placed his birth documentation online."

In fact, neither the State of Hawaii, nor the Obama administration has ever claimed the purported document as theirs. A simple comparison shows the document is not a Hawaii, state-issued, document.

"The C.O.L.B. has been certified by the State of Hawaii and contains a Notary Seal from the State."

Fact: Contrary to several media reports, it does not.

“The State of Hawaii changed the birth certificate documents. These are the new ones.”

Fact: The C.O.L.B. document is dated 2007. Two years before the laws were changed in 2009.

So you can see, dearest reader, how misdirection and outright falsehood becomes accepted and common wisdom. “But you can’t be claiming that _____, (insert any of your favored media talking heads, news programs, or media channels here) LIE, DO YOU? Well, all I can say to you, Dear reader, is get over it. This barrage of media bullshit has left the following discourse as typical public dialogue:

ME: “President Barack Obama’s birth certificate is NOT on file at the State of Hawaii Dept. of Health. It simply does not exist.”

THEM: “President Obama placed his birth certificate online. Anyone can see it.”

ME: “Sure he did. And I have a bridge to sell you too.”

THEM: “Funny buddy, have fun living in the twilight zone.”

ME: “Have fun in La la Land.”

FIN

June 6, 2010

**A thousand lies still don’t change the truth.*

**The biggest problem they face is their utter inability to discriminate between the unending barrages of media that bury them twenty-four seven.*

For the most part, I was feeling tired and frustrated. The meeting’s leadership had been around, and they didn’t want to talk with anyone they didn’t know. I spent my time

listening to the keynote speakers' lectures and taking pictures but began to think I'd wasted my time by coming. My voice recordings, made during breaks sitting in my caddy, sound as exciting as the preceeding Internet conversation above. I was getting hoarse from the air conditioning. I was dying here. When we broke for lunch, I wound up seated at a table with three twenty-something couples, C of CC members, but not part of the group's leadership. They were more interested in meeting a new face, and soon we were discussing our careers and personal histories. That was when events took on the twist that resulted in my own brush with public infamy. I mentioned that I had just finished my undergraduate degree at the University of Hawaii before coming back to the region, and one of my table mates looked up from his chicken and white gravy and asked. "You were in Hawaii. What did you think of the election?"

The problem was I had been part of the election. I was, for about six months, the Senior Elections Clerk for the City and County of Honolulu. I'd been a manager in the office of absentee balloting, and had seen enough of the events there that I had resigned that September and returned to university instead of staying on until November. I stared down at the well used white cotton tablecloth and saw my reflection next to the green beans on my plate.

"Well", I murmured, 'it was an interesting experience."

I should have expected what was coming next, and kept my mouth shut, but I was more than a little pissed off and decided to see what would come of the whole thing.

"What do people in Hawaii say about Obama's birth certificate?"

"There isn't one" I said.

"What? You mean you think that President Obama wasn't born in Hawaii?"

“No.” I replied. “I was there. There is no hospital record of his birth in Honolulu, and the Hawaii Department of Health told us in the Elections Office that there was no birth certificate... There isn’t one.”

“Then, that means he’s lied.”

“Yes.” I said. “From all I have seen he’s lied about being born in hospital in Hawaii. It simply didn’t happen.”

As you can imagine, my table guests were rather excited over this admission. I spent the rest of our time discussing just what a lack of documentation did or didn’t mean. Just because there is no record doesn’t mean something is automatically some sort of criminal conspiracy. Later on that evening, I was approached by one of the young men from our lunch.

“Tim, James Edwards is doing a live broadcast from the conference tonight for Liberty News Radio; will you go on and tell them what you’ve told us?”

If I had left it at that, we wouldn’t be here now, dearest readers. I’ll let you know that I told them, I couldn’t say anything that I didn’t know to be the truth, but I was to discover that other folks will take what you say and run with it to suit their own desires far too easily. At the same time, I’d spent the last couple of days listening to more McCarthy style paranoia than I’d ever heard in the last four decades of my existence. I wanted to get out there and say something to the unstable guy who was obsessed with Jews. I wanted these ordinary folks to wake up and realize that they were dealing with extremists—folks who were taking advantage of them for a not inconsiderable amount of fiduciary gain—and knowing what I had learned over the years about government and the workings of power I had wanted to get people talking about solutions to the problems that

were swamping us, the very problems that had driven the people here to consider joining a group whose first principle was to cut off their membership from the rest of society. I considered what I was about to do. It was risky, but I decided to go ahead.

[§]James Edwards: "A man in the middle of a political firestorm, his name is Tim Adams, and he was the Chief Elections Clerk for the City and County of Honolulu, Hawaii during the 2008 presidential election. Why is that significant Bill?"

Bill: "That is significant because that is where questions were raised about the citizenship and origin of the current president, Barack Obama...Tell us what you know, Tim."

James Edwards: "You were in a unique position to have a little information about the birth certificate issue?"

Me: "Yes, I was the Chief Elections Clerk for the City and County of Honolulu, for, on a temporary contract. I ran an office that verified voter eligibility that had a staff of about fifty people. When this question came up, I had access to all the usual government databases that people have to verify identity: NCIS, Social Security, all these other things we use on average voters; there were two people higher than me in our office, who are under the City Clerk of Honolulu, and the question came up about the birth certificate and about President Obama's birthplace, in my

[§] Copied from transcript, see bibliography for publication details.

professional opinion, Barack Obama was not born in the United States, and there is no Hawaii long-form birth certificate."

For the next minute or so, the hosts commented.

Bill: "Well Tim, with this information, was this pretty common knowledge within that office that there was no long-form certificate?"

Me: "It was openly admitted by everyone in the office who was above me, at least my immediate supervisors, that there is no documentation."

James Edwards: "For Obama being a naturalized American citizen...being born here with a birth certificate?"

Me: "Barack Obama was not born in Hawaii."

James Edwards: "And I guess the fact that you know that and that you're speaking out on it, you're probably no longer the Chief Elections Clerk of Honolulu."

Me: "That's another interesting story. I was there from the start of the election cycle when they hired us in the spring, until August of that year. We had a set of documents, fifty identity documents stolen out of the office, and they were all the voting records—the ballots that people sent in who were members of the U.S. Foreign Service around the Pacific rim. Now why this was significant is these are ambassadors and people who work in

embassies and so on around the Pacific; they are mailing in their absentee ballots for the presidential election.

Someone stole these, and since these are political appointee positions, they would now know whether or not they voted for the current president."

Bill: "Interesting. I see, so this was a way of finding out who should remain in the diplomatic corps or who should not; or who should remain in the Foreign Service or not, correct?"

Me: "That's what we believe, yes."

Bill: "So there's a little elections fraud as well involved in this whole scheme."

Me: "From there, things got really, really ugly, and that August I went ahead and went back to the University of Hawaii, and finished up there, and then came back here to Western Kentucky University where I teach now."

The entire thing takes about three minutes of airtime. When I put up my video on Sunday night after arriving back home, I had about twenty views on YouTube. For my writing class at WKU that Monday, I drafted the description of my trip which opens this chapter. Of course, you never hear the rest of what I saying on the tape, and though I know they weren't overly interested in what else I had to say about the controversy surrounding the President's birth, nor the problems that came up in the elections office, I still won't just accuse them of cutting me off intentionally. We had tried to continue, but the technical problems that caused all the dead air and static in the broadcast were mostly

to blame. Don't take my word for it, as Ronald Reagan said, "Trust, but verify."¹¹ The entire broadcast is archived on a couple of media sites. LibertyNewsRadio, the parent company, has it archived on the Web, and you can listen in during the second hour—at about nine minutes in—to start my segment on the show.

Still, I am not a professional interviewee. I don't get paid to sit in a chair and make quaint punditries, like the professional talking heads, so I have to admit I am disappointed with a couple of my answers: For starters, just because there is no long form birth certificate on file in Hawaii, that doesn't rule out President Obama being born elsewhere in the United States, or even in Hawaii. What it does mean is this: President Obama's official autobiography is false. Whether the President was born in the United States or no, we have no public documentation to prove that one way or the other. We do know that no hospital in Hawaii has any record of his birth there. We do know, that a child born quote, "In hospital, in Hawaii," in the first half of the 1960s would have been issued a standard, long-form birth certificate, complete with all the normal birth documentation, signature of the attending physician and so on.

Several folks who have Hawaii State Birth Certificates have placed photos of their forms online, and you can readily compare the authentic state documents to the imposter without difficulty. A while later, a letter that was reported to have come from President Obama, arrived at Kapiolani hospital in Honolulu, which celebrates the anniversary of the place of the president's birth.¹² The problem there is twofold: the letter itself has never been verified by the President's office (why?), and a letter written by the president in 2009 would be proof of nothing more than that the president indeed wrote said letter. I could sit at a typical workstation, not unlike the one I'm on now, and produce brilliant

documents that would declare me King of Mars, but that doesn't make me royalty anymore than any of the documents we have currently available makes the President born in hospital, in Hawaii.

This is why all the venom hurled by any one side of this debate against their opponents is just about equally invalid. What we can reasonably prove is, that at some point, a lie has been told. What is being kept from the American people, and why? We can't really say. We do know, however, that children born in Hawaii in the 1960s IN HOSPITAL—for that is the official story—were issued a standard, State of Hawaii long-form birth certificate, and that up until 2009, copies of those certificates were sent when they were requested by their owners. We also know that children who were born outside the state of Hawaii or at home without an attending physician were issued a short-form of birth certificate similar to the Certification of Live Birth. If President Obama had been born at home, and not at hospital (as he has said), then a short form would have been the appropriate documentation for his birth, but the President has been quite clear that this is not the case. The truth of the matter is, President Obama spent very little of his life in the State of Hawaii otherwise, when his official biographical story had been penned, they would have been aware of the differing types of birth certifications, and they would not have screwed up their story in so obvious a manner. This is why, when their critics spout lines like “stupid birthers,” they discredit themselves. A lie has been told, and when a lie is obvious, the public's just not going to go away.

“But!” I can hear you say. “All the media on television and the fact ‘checkers’ on the Internet verified that the certificate was a legitimate document.” Did they? I and the rest of you were all treated to the sight of selected media talking heads, waving this scrap

of paper around and telling us, loudly, how evil and stupid anyone who doubted the president's official mythology was. Let me leave this with these two facts: One, if it were issued by the state, which the current document is not, a document issued by the state in 2007 does nothing to verify an event that occurred in 1961 or 64 especially since that event has already been legitimately called into question. Two, if the document was authenticated, why are your same talking heads calling for the release of the long-form birth certificate NOW? A big lie, told often enough, eventually becomes almost indistinguishable from the truth—but only sometimes. Selective truthing has worked marvelously well. The majority of folks are so distracted and overwhelmed by the barrage of media they're inundated with each day, they've never noticed the difference.

Have you...yet?

June 7th 2010: or How's this for the Anniversary of D-Day?

So, I returned home, did my weekly video report and submitted a well-received paper at school. Everything seemed to have turned out well; I'd managed to speak publicly about a controversy that had been causing a lot of turmoil since the election, and I was optimistic that jumpstarting the public dialogue could lead to an eventual solution, hopefully one that would take the steam out of the extremists on both sides, and cause more talking and less screaming invectives. I was optimistic there still existed out there a whole, vast middle of America, the silent majority, which would take the ball and run with it. New evidence could come to light, resolving the issue of President Obama's birth, and then maybe, just maybe, we could get some public officials honest enough to admit the truth of the matter, that it's not about President Barack Obama, and only

incidentally about race. Intrigued? I promise to get to it all before the end, so hang with me for now.

Some of you might ask, what's with the Hunter Thompson fetish? Well, I met the man once, just once, and he gave me his hat.

In Honolulu, within walking distance of the low-rent district of Kalihi and the seedy decay that defines Chinatown, the backside of Honolulu harbor has a mile-long stretch from Kapalama to Kakaako where the fishing charters ply their trade upon the tourists who wander up towards Waikiki from the kitschy flash of pricey Aloha pier. One morning, I was downtown with my friend at a local gymnasium frequented by the city's business leaders, a rather exclusive luxury, a patron having fronted my membership fees as a kindness to me, when an excited fellow came in and told all us assembled that no less a personage than Mr. Hunter Thompson and his entourage were assembled at a café not far from these aforementioned boat docks. We then took off towards the quay and before long spied a knot of tourists and onlookers indicating the spot. The man was there, talking with his table and the crowd. He looked at us, and I'm sure we didn't appear like much.

"You guys live here?"

We answered affirmatively. Then he asked us how it was we came to be residents there.

"I came and liked it, so I did what everyone always says they wish they could do. I said the hell with it, burned my return ticket, and stayed."

He liked that answer, the man asked me where I'd come from.

I told him I was a Kentuckian, and that prompted him to remark in kind.

We were standing there, rather star struck (he was there to fish, I think). The late morning sun was up, and the white light was blasting the concrete, frying us all. I am one of many men whose hair has long left home. Seeing me, bare pate and all, under the brilliant tropical sun, Mr. Thompson looked up at me from his seat, and said, “You need a hat.” He took a hat he must have just recently purchased—it was still new—and handed it to me. I examined it, it was a dull brown, bush hat, a Columbia, and they aren’t cheap. I happily accepted but was mildly disappointed that he wouldn’t autograph it. He was wearing a long-billed fishing cap and it may have been he just didn’t care for the hat anyway and wanted to get rid of it. It didn’t matter to me, IT WAS MINE!

I wore it almost daily for years. Since his death, I’ve had offers of three hundred to five hundred dollars for it. I wouldn’t have parted with it for twice the amount. I can easily imagine Mr. Thompson saying something like, “You’re a college student, for Christ’s sake. You need the money: sell the damn thing! For five-hundred bucks, I would!” But the great man is gone now, and that makes it far more special. He was a rawboned Kentuckian by birth, and like so many of us from Appalachia he had an appetite for alcohol and drugs that far exceeded what was good for him. In the end, he’d decided when his life wasn’t going to be good enough to keep living anymore and did something about it.

It takes guts to put a 12 gauge shotgun muzzle to your head. It’s not for the squeamish. He and Edward Abbey were two Anglo writers of a regionalist tradition at the end of its existence. Once they left the scene, both too young, and both on their own terms, the Anglo-Southwestern, Okie style was gone. Eco-criticism, nature writing; political and social commentary would continue, but without the voices of Scotch Irish

immigrants that first moved west out of the Alleghenies. New immigrants from other traditions and the voices of first-peoples would build the ecological spheres,¹³ the communities whose cultural products would now define how's and why's. Part of what made Abbey and Thompson's work unique was the elegiac air their words took on as they viewed the grim progression of machines and capital. When Thompson wrote *Fear and Loathing*, he was writing the eulogy of the American-Anglo Counterculture. As they watched the progression from Lyndon Johnson to Ronald Reagan, from Clinton to Papa Doc and Baby Bush, they wrote with a foreboding in their verses. They knew the twilight was coming and that we, the people, had lost the war before we'd even started.

What dear reader? Don't you know there's a war on? There are actually at least five that we are involved right now, but that's not what I mean. When I tell you all this controversy surrounding the birther movement isn't about President Barack Obama, it's because it isn't. There are forces at war with your life, your family, and your community that are far beyond the powers of the office of the president, or whoever occupies it, but we're digressing too much.

I told you this is a story about connections. I went to Hawaii, and wound up being asked to work the election because of my personal connections. I took up reporting on community politics and malfeasance because of personal connections. I decided to try the gonzo-style because of my connection, however brief, with the old master. I do what I do, helping folks, because of my connections. It is our connections that take us places we could never foresee ourselves. I recently returned from an invitation to speak at a conference held in the state's capitol city of Frankfort. While there, I met Mr. Paul Patton, a former governor.¹⁴ We were discussing his roots in the Virgie community, a

rural, coal-mining area. He mentioned he used to help with the annual camp meetings the local churches held there every summer. I was there with my family for a few summers, while I still wore short pants, as they used to say, some forty years ago. “Well, I was just an ole coal-miner back then” he replied.

Connections matter.

June 9, 2010

When evil arises, a prudent man hides himself; the simple continue on and are punished.

Proverbs 22:3

When my story broke, I was contacted by both supporters and family members of Lt.Col. Terry Lakin, the Army officer who even now sits in Leavenworth for his refusal to obey orders to deploy to our most recent murderous overseas adventures. In response to their requests that I, somehow, could aid his then current legal case, I sent the above quoted proverb. Col. Lakin replied to me that he knew that his chances were about what I measured them to be. They didn't punish Westmoreland for Viet Nam; they didn't punish Lyndon Johnson for the Gulf of Tonkin, why would they care what they do to you? I said.

Then, of course, THEY did just that. The military command, under tremendous pressure from the White House, sentenced Lakin to prison for his refusal.

My words, unbeknownst to me, went out into the ethereal realms of media and Internet. I figured very little would come of my comments, placed on a small radio show

in an isolated market. Perhaps some interested parties would look up my video page and watch my weekly report from a rural hamlet in south-central Kentucky and get a kick out of it. Maybe it would make someone think. If I am to blame, dear reader, it is for being too naïve about the nature of the beast that is media in America today. For anyone could take my words and make video and put that video out into national circulation, and I would then be forever tied to a work of expression that I had nothing to do with and no knowledge of. I'd underestimated the desire of some folks to use whatever they can for the means to their own ends.

As I went about my daily routine, I was unaware that, at that moment, dozens of people were appending my words or my name to a host of videos and images that had nothing to do with me. Both righties and lefties decided that they could ascertain all sorts of things about both me and my public statements, without any evidence to support their conclusions at all. I was about to receive a crash course in the swamp of modern American media. Some of it would be humorous, some infuriating, but all of it would be weird. We were off the range Dorothy, we weren't in Kansas anymore.

Simultaneously, I became the subject of an intense manhunt. There were the politically motivated and the racists of all colors, there were the radicals and the mainstreamers. On June 7th, someone named "Buddy" with the YouTube account name of **EastWindRain**, produced a seven minute video¹⁵ that combined audio of my radio interview with logos for the Council of Conservative Citizens, StormFront.Org and pictures of President Barack Obama dressed as a Muslim, in traditional Indonesian garb. The video received ten thousand views a week, was seen in countries as far away as China, South Africa, and Australia and spawned hundreds of copycats. In two weeks

following this initial video posting, over two hundred videos would be posted on YouTube and other sites around the web, and by the end of June, my name would receive over two million hits. The videos ranged from well produced alt media to crude racial propaganda. One particular video that stands out in my memory was done by a man in overalls in a very rustic log cabin with banjo music in the background, (Moon Mulligan would have loved it). All this alternative media attention quickly brought mainstream media attention, and the attacks were fast and furious.

On June 9th at 9:59 a.m., I received an inquiry email from a supporter named James Carter by 9 p.m. that evening the following mass email had gone out to hundreds of web subscribers:

VERIFIED!!!!!! Tim Adams who is in the U-tube (attached) has been verified as a graduate assistant at WKU in Bowling Green, Ky. as is claimed in the message. His email address is also attached. I plan to try to contact him and further verify the content of the presentations [sic] authenticity.

Yes, it was in size 16 font, Arial, bold lettering just as you see it here. By the morning of June 10 both the alternative and mainstream media were contacting me, as well as dozens upon dozens of private and public citizens. The first phone calls began at the university offices that morning on June 10 I had received over a hundred emails by lunch; by June 14th I and the english department was receiving over three hundred calls and emails daily.

CHAPTER IV

JUNE 10th 2010

I asked English department workers about the flood of callers and received this response from one of the staff.

Tim,

As for all those phone calls, I don't remember specific ones. I was out of the office the days most of the calls came in. I instructed my student worker not to converse with those people. We told them they were interrupting university business and that we could not help them and hung up the phone. Kimberly may have taken some of those calls, you could ask her. The only thing I remember is most of them were rude and pushy.

The email, handwritten notes, letters, and phone calls that both I and the English Department offices were receiving became a nuisance for everyone. Office staff was quickly overwhelmed, and many of the callers were not well mannered. Foul language, threats of violence, and charges of institutionalized racism were all hurled at the handful of men and women who performed the day-to-day routine of our department functions. To this day I'm sure some of the staff resent me for the abusive behavior they were subjected to. Let's just say the level of discourse most of the callers, left, right, or otherwise, engaged in would have been better suited to the *Jerry Springer Show*.

The persistence of callers was often to the point of distraction—either not realizing they were calling an actual working set of offices, where the daily affairs for hundreds of workers and thousands of students is being conducted, or simply not caring

how much hardship they caused the office staff and management—they would continue to harass the workers until my department chair, no less, would have to send a note asking me to please contact this person and find out why they keep calling continuously. Many of them were less than cordial, figuring I was ducking out on their brave efforts to unmask the evil villain who had dared speak a word against the anointed one. I sat down that afternoon and began answering email—it took six hours, and try as I did, I know some folks never got more than a quick “Thank you” as a response. In the meantime, I was actually supposed to be both studying and working, (the whole in college thing, you know) as well as taking care of the rest of my life. Well, now I know why anyone of any notoriety has someone “who handles that” they’d like to actually be able to eat dinner, bathe, and go to bathroom regularly.

I mentioned the phrase “anointed one” earlier, not as a dig at our President, but to illustrate part of the reason for the violence of the responses from both sides. President Obama ran a masterfully organized political campaign, and his public persona, both at the time of and for several months after the election, became so exaggerated that even his own supporters feared the inevitable letdown following the media hype. At no time in our nation’s history—perhaps with the exceptions George Washington and Abraham Lincoln—has any president received the kind of religious iconography that surrounds President Barack Obama. The rage vented at ANY CRITICISM of the President, or his administration was the rage of religious fervor.

The Republicans had attempted it with Ronald Reagan (how many times did they have to bury the poor man, and how many miles did his bones have to travel to satisfy the Washington gang’s efforts to touch the sacred relics), and then with George Bush Jr. (no

hope for that one, even with an assisted carrier landing and the USS Eisenhower for stage props), but Barack Obama's candidacy was the culmination of the hopes of multiple generations of non-white Americans who'd seen far too much offense and far too little consideration. Combined with the sophistication of modern political media presence, President Obama's public image had become something so disconnected from the real man, that no one, not even Mr. Obama, could challenge it. I cannot imagine that the president looked upon the adopted religious iconography that was grafted onto his own likeness with anything other than discomfort and unease. A man running for president has enough worries without trying to live up to being the second coming of Christ.

Some of his more religious-minded critics took that adopted imagery and went so far as to proclaim him the anti-Christ. I can only think that a man who was raised among Muslim cultures and with secular political influences would find such hagiography unwanted. Furthermore, President Obama's American experience is not typical of other African Americans any more than an internationally traveled and ivy-league educated professional white male's experiences are congruent with an unskilled rural laborer's family. While it should be noted that his education, breadth of travel and personal experience are assets for anyone striving to be president, they are not likely to put one in touch with the man on the street.

So by telling a simple story about simple facts, I had found myself in the same position as Gideon, or perhaps Socrates, accused of corrupting youth and defaming popular idols (I was indeed accused of both charges after all anyone who instructs while holding unpopular opinions is automatically subversive). While Socrates went ahead and drank the hemlock, I took a page from Gideon and replied, "Let Baal contend for Baal if

someone has broken his altar.” But as throughout all of human history, when the gods fail to show up, mercenaries from the priest’s temples still do. For you see, when gods do not act, those who rely on them for their daily bread suddenly realize they might miss a good meal.

President Barack Obama blinked. For lack of a better descriptor, I guess that one will have to do. On January 20th, 2009, it appears that that’s exactly what happened. If the best thing in the world is desiring something great and rare, the worst thing in the world is the getting of it. Its bad enough we place as much authority as we do on the executive office. In the last half century, we have continued to weaken the other arms of our government, placing those powers under the responsibilities of a single man (so far). Facing the realities of the presidency, Mr. Obama blinked. End the wars? No. Close Guantanamo Bay, and other camps around the globe? No. Reestablish the militia (his promised civilian corps) and institute compulsory national service? No. Repeal the unconstitutional and abusive Patriot Act? Nah. Immigration Reform? No.

Wait just a minute! The outraged ones will reply. We have healthcare reform! He promised it, and it happened! Yes, we have something that has been foisted on us as a healthcare reform package, and the special interests and insurance companies are making record profits from it. No one even suggests the single payer clause be put into effect any longer. People are being dropped from care at higher rates than ever before. The healthcare bill was a compromise to nowhere, a desperate fig-leaf move just prior to the mid-term elections, when after wasting two full years of solid, three part majority, the Democratic party realized they had squandered their entire opportunity. American voters, caught in a two-party system the money won’t let you out of, have only one weapon to

wield come election time, make party A get replaced by party B. Reactionary punishment is the sole stick left to the general public, and in frustration and anger they used it. A few years earlier they'd done the same thing to the Republicans but notice, now they're back, and nothing's changed at fucking all.

So I believe Mr. Obama gave in at the very moment all those who'd supported him expected him to stride forwards. I believe the controversy surrounding his birth story began in the same fashion. At some point, it became apparent that the mythology of his being born in Hawaii would be a key element to his political success, and the boys said, "We think you ought to run with it." Bill Ayers handled the ghostwriting, or so they say, and the official biography was tweaked for consumption and released to the public. John and Jill Q Public were eager to accept the story of President Obama's life, because they knew nothing about this new guy, except he was a wonderful change from the idiots we've had in charge for the last eight years.

If the powers in Washington had come together cooperatively and carried out much of what President Obama had intended, I think our situation internally and internationally would be far better than what we face now. But the guys who actually run the games and profit from the rackets, they don't see it that way. For them, a president is just some guy we have to deal with for a couple of years before he's back begging for money to go get re-elected again. I can imagine one of the lousiest parts of the presidency is finding out how little you really do matter. We've seen public displays of it before. Congress left cooling its heels while bankers from upstate opine that they just can't be bothered to appear and answer questions about the people's money.¹⁶ You know—that kind of thing. But the one thing these guys who run the rackets don't want is for you to

get smart to the game lately, that's becoming a problem, because the rackets ain't doing so well anymore.

The other reason anyone daring to call the current administration into question is because to quote the Rolling Stones, "Meet the new boss/same as the old boss"

("Teenage Wasteland"). It means admitting that, "Damn it, they've done it again!"

Whenever the electorate gets so unhappy they start to actually pay attention, it usually means the old way of doing things is the way to lose. The Republican party in 2008 was in such a deep hole, they threw a bone to John McCain and company, the same guy they'd run over to prevent winning back in Y2K. The Repubs had thought to established the "Dallas Dynasty" of the Bushes, in true Camelot fashion, but unlike the Kennedy family of the 1950s, what the Bushes lacked in charismatic leadership they more than made up for with plain, old fashioned, spoils system nepotism and corruption. Kennedy's old man may have run booze with the mob, but Bush's ole man had never met a Nazi he didn't like. In the 1930s, Germany was essentially a corporate oligarchy/autocracy, and so was the model of governance most favored by Papa and Baby Bush. Having been absolutely beaten to a frazzle, dragged into multiple illegal wars, incursions, invasions and a host of "security measures" that used the constitution for toilet paper, the American people were seething with resentment.

Sensing the electorate's mood, the spin doctors, and the social psychologists, and the party tactical advisors got together and said, "We could run a catfish for president at this point and beat these losers!" (Love ya, Wavy Gravy)¹⁷. But it wouldn't be quite that easy: for Americans are quite properly wary of too much change at once. After all the

fighting over the nomination was finally finished, the new guy, some hotshot young senator from Chicago, had pulled it off. Everything looked great!

It was supposed to. After all, perception is important.

The one part of the 2008 election that Obama's critics got correct was the unmistakable fact that, for most voters, President Obama's election was very much about his race. While about half of all white voters voted for Barack Obama, 98% of African American voters did. The damn spin doctors had pulled it off again... The only change that had come to the White House was the color of the skin of its occupant. A couple of recent political slogans sum it up pretty well: the first is a picture of a smiling George W. Bush Jr. with the caption, "Miss Me Yet?" (No, God no!) The other is a plain white horizontal strip crossing a solid black background. In block letters, the sign asks, "FEELING SUCKERED YET?"

The anger directed at critics of the Obama presidency may have started as a reactionary response of religious fervor, but now it is the hollow anger of an electorate aware they've once more been shafted. I'll say it again, this isn't about Barack Obama. It wouldn't have mattered who you elected; they don't run the country. There's an old wives' tale told about the western gambler, Doc Holiday, where Doc's sitting at a table playing cards and one of his friends spies him playing. The friend knows that the tables in the betting parlor are rigged, and so he walks over to talk to his friend:

"Doc, this game's crooked." He says.

"I know, says Doc, but it's the only game in town."

Just because you know the game is rigged, don't always mean you can do anything about it.

June 10 2010 14:13:02-0500

To: "Timothy L Adams (Student)"

Hi, We should talk as soon as possible. One thing leads to another. I won't be in the office tomorrow, but I will check my email. Or you can call me at home (--- ----).

Thanks, dr.s

The constant clamor of email, snail mails, and phone calls had started to cause problems for the university. Dr. S met me in the department hallway on the morning of the June 8th with a greeting of:

"Well Tim, you're a Nazi."

"What?" I replied.

"Someone's put up a video on YouTube, and it has your name, and Barack Obama dressed in Muslim clothing, and logos from some White-Supremacists' websites on it. You're a Nazi."

This was when I realized anyone could use your words and likeness, whether it had anything to do with you, or not.

This is the side of the new mediaverse that has politicians and the like in fits. Many young people, raised from the womb in this new technological society, are finding as our use of the Internet, social networking sites, and electronic media sharing matures, that the lack of privacy, combined with the free exercise of personal liberty, can have very detrimental consequences. Headhunters now search online for job applicants' web pages, scanning for photos of drunken bar parties or drug use. Posted a picture online of that six-point buck you shot while on that hunting trip last winter? Hope your potential employers don't think gun ownership makes you a security threat. On the more humorous

side my very beautiful, Filipina friend, who bartends on Oahu, liked going clubbing with her girlfriends. She started receiving solicitations from gay and lesbian websites, both online and by mail. She came to us and complained that her online profile listed her “status” as straight, but she kept getting the same kinds of merchandising, which she didn’t want her small kids at home to find when they went online or picked up the mail. We got online and went to her _____ pages. Almost every photo of the dozens of shots she’d posted online was of her and her girlfriends out partying at some bar. In several of the photos, she was hugging, kissing, or sitting on the laps of her girlfriends.

“Gee, I said, I wonder why they think you could be gay?”

We all attended school together and occasionally went out together too. After a few drinks when things would get a little silly, something would happen, and the cry would go up “Take the MySpace picture!” (This was several years ago, before the war with Facebook). What no one considered was just who might be viewing those pictures, and no, sorry, there’s no photos of me that would interest anyone; I’m too boring, and ugly to boot.

For you see, while we all knew that anyone could look up what we had placed online, we never thought that anyone we didn’t know would ever want to do so. It’s okay readers, most people thought that way. However, human nature dictates that if there’s a new kind of way to communicate, someone will realize a way to make money from it. Newspapers spawned advertising, home mail delivery developed catalogs, home telephones gave birth to the damn telemarketers, television brought commercials and telethons, and now social media sites had given marketers a vast, free database from which to mine the personal data for huge swaths of the populace in ways that could never

before have been realized. Most folks are still two steps behind the data miners and profiteers, even now. Much like walking down a public street, and despite the fourth amendment privacy is dead.

I was now a target. Various people began systematically attempting to locate anything I had ever done, written, or said, in an attempt to either confirm or discredit me. Much as the YouTubers had taken my interview and appended their own, radical, right-wing symbolism and spin to it. Angry lefties would now attempt to discredit my assertions, usually by *ad hominem* attack. Just as with the snarling, national socialist wannabees, veracity had little to do with anything they tried. On the same day my boss had informed me I was now a Nazi, a “pro-Democratic Party” weblog published an extensive hatchet piece on me.

The blog site, located at www.ohforgoodnesssake.com, began by trying to take a collection of short fiction stories I’d self published as a portfolio piece to help my application for graduate school and then proceeded to try and attack me with it. Yeah, I know, here’s an excerpt to show you what I mean:

In early 2009, Timothy Lee Adams self-published a print-on-demand book, The River And Other Stories, which was apparently was an update of a 2007 book, “Stories I’ve Finished Before I’m Dead.” This first issue was marketed as fiction. The book, as reissued, is categorized as motivational, and similar categories; assuming from that, if the stories are about his own life, he was as miserable and hateful a child as he appears to be as an adult.

The “report” goes on like this for another page or so claims are made about various email or blogsites that I was supposed to have posted on over the years, none of which were in my name. Here’s some more:

“He [me] had a 1.8 GPA in high school...” Just so you know, I did graduate high school with a combined GPA of 1.8. My high school was so poor that my 1.8 GPA put me in the top third of my graduating class, almost the top twenty-five percent; but that part of the story wasn’t in the OFGS’s “reporter’s” self interests. The rest of that misquoted passage OFGS couldn’t be bothered to mention includes the following:

“I later graduated from college with my first associate degree with a 3.65 GPA, so yes, Little Miami High School, IT WAS YOU.”

My high school, like many rural county or inner city schools of the time, was overrun with drugs, crime, bad teachers and violence (that was the point of the story), so you see why they could only run with half sentences and dubious “found” evidence.

Just so you know and can judge for yourselves, the motto for the www.ohforgoodnesssake.com website, is the following:

“Fun with wingnuts — who just can’t wait until the country recovers to bring this administration down. Fuck ‘em, fuck ‘em all.”

No possibility of bias or lying there...OFGS also neither permits readers to comment or respond to any of the stories published there, nor do they give the names or identities of their “reporters” seems they don’t want anyone to do unto them as they do themselves. I wonder how many of their “writers” would face professional and legal consequences of their own.

Just for the curious, how do you graduate from high school in the top third of your class with a D+ average? Half my class of over three-hundred didn't graduate. By the way, for anyone who'd like to purchase a copy of my undergraduate work, a friend of mine is a book dealer and you can order it from her online, so look her up, she needs the cash.

Anyhow, supposedly one of the cats down at OFGS actually printed out the hatchet job, and snail mailed it to the university in a bid to get me removed from my position. That's the story anyway. Frankly, I figured one of the faculty there simply downloaded the piece off the Internet and then lied about how it came to be on my boss's desk that morning, especially since it had only been two days since the first report of my interview had gone out, and one of those was a Sunday. What they did was try to ambush me with it when I went to meet with "S," hoping I suppose to find some convenient reason to get rid of me. This began various rounds of problems I would have at school that June my application forms would mysteriously disappear my transcripts from my alma mater, the University of Hawaii, somehow did not arrive. My financial aid documents suddenly all had to be reviewed; that whole sort of thing. "S" finally admitted me to one day, that of course "they" had at some point decided my records and papers had needed a good rifling through. I was told I would probably be disciplined by the college president, but when the date for our meeting finally arrived, I was informed by messenger that the president had stated, quote:

"I ain't touching NONE of that."

Adding to the rather sophomoric attacks I suffered by the alternative media, and the general pooh-poohing I was getting from the university administration, June 10th also

marked the beginning of several “phishing” attacks I would be the target of. Tech-savvy lefties repeatedly attempted to break into my personal email and classroom pages on the university servers. These became such a nuisance they disrupted web services for the school and caused students problems with their personal data security. Using whatever information they could find, my cyber stalkers attempted to find blog postings or emails I might have sent going back as far as nine or ten years. Looking for anything I might have said or remarked about that they could use against my character, but of course, these would have no actual bearing on the truth of my story or not. That, they were finding out, was coming in verifiably true, and it infuriated them.

Sometime between June 9th and the morning of June 11th, my home computer was hit. My home computers, my phones, and even my apartment off-campus would be searched. The folks who did it made no attempt to prevent my knowing they’d been there. These kinds of searches and wiretaps are now completely legal (and fourth amendment by damned), thanks to that wonder of the Bush era, The Patriot Act. Recently, President Obama, who had run for office on the promise of removing this criminal act against the people of the United States by the governing few, decided he liked having Gestapo powers, and kept the sunset provisions in the bill from expiring¹⁸. On top of all these incidents, I began to be followed everywhere I went. Both unmarked and local police black and whites tailed my big, blue caddy whenever I left home. I had a local police escort, to and from work, every day for months.

After awhile, you start having fun with it. I’d get up at 1:30 a.m. and drive a circuitous route to the local grocery store, or I’d pull off the highway, re-enter the on ramps and keep going, just little things to let the suits that were stuck tailing me around

know I cared. Eventually, and I don't know if they have a pre-set time limit on most of these assignments, or if they just keep going until they find out there's nothing interesting you're going to lead them to, I wasn't followed anymore.

But at the time all this was occurring, it helped the opposition accomplish what they wanted more than anything else. They wanted me silenced. While no doubt they simultaneously held out hopes of personally discrediting me, and/or getting me fired/financially ruining me, at the moment getting me silenced, preventing my speaking with the media, was their first priority and this my opposition accomplished by pressuring my superiors at university to place a gag order on me. How does that work? I'll tell you. Someone comes and says to you, if you don't stop speaking, you're going to be fired. You're causing too much trouble for the institution, and you're not a professor, and you don't have tenure. As it was explained to me, people who had the ability to make those kinds of decisions were actually pretty sympathetic towards my plight, but if it came right down to it, if it would cost the school far more money in lost contributors, reputation, and prestige than it would to absorb a successful lawsuit from me, the bean counters would cut their losses.

Actually, I have to admit, it was sound business, but that doesn't mean I wouldn't have been just as gone. I was fortunate to have several professors and staff at Western who decided to let their objections be known, who supported me at a time when there were folks who were attempting to paint me as some kind of white supremacist. I owed those folks, so when I was asked to not speak out for awhile, I told the various media outlets I couldn't.

It didn't change anything though. The thing about all our little neo-fascists, liberals or conservatives, is as soon as they believe they can get what they want, they'll just keep going. While other liberal blogocrats began making comments stating that the discrepancies between how I was portrayed by their peers and the facts that began cropping up—one group said the way my employment at the Office of Elections had been described compared to my actual job position was, I quote: “disturbing”—yet no one ever retracted any of their inaccuracies. That's not the way political and media discourse in America works anymore. If they put a lie out there (any side), and it goes for awhile before it gets squashed, then if you go to all the effort to make a retraction, you lose all the benefit of the lie in the first place, and that doesn't help you. We live in world where lies are a calculated part of the public discourse, and much like the financial loss formula my university heads used for my situation, I imagine the political strategists use something very similar to this:

The Fucking Big Ass Lie (an equational description)

Note: This is my only original contribution to the study of mathematics; I'm an English major for a reason. My mathematics professor was an absolutely smoking hot, Japanese twenty-something, who used to surf every morning by my flat in Honolulu dressed in nothing more than a little black bikini. Hence, I kept getting a picture every time she stood lecturing that prevented my making any real progress in collegiate intermediate algebra. I passed the course with a C- minus. She must've known:

$$\text{Lie} \times \text{Gains} \times \text{Time Acquired}$$

(How many people will hear and believe the lie, for how long)

L (lie) x G (people who believe) x T (how long the lie lasts) equals benefits for our side,
or:

$L \times G \times T = \text{Big Bucks and Believers (BBB)}$.

Minus

How Many Folks the Other Side Can Get the Real Story Out To: HMMF (How Many Motherfuckers) HMMF plus + Damages to our side from lying. Big Ass Damages (BAD).

Solution: $L \times G \times T = \text{BBB}$, if $\text{BBB} - (\text{minus}) \text{HMMF} + (\text{plus}) \text{BAD}$ is greater than .5 (more than half in our favor) it is advantageous for us to tell the FBAL (Fucking Big Ass Lie).

Note: in this equation, helping your opponents by spreading the truth when you either deliberately or accidentally spread falsehoods is not to your advantage, as this would raise the value of the BAD, as in “My Bad,” to a greater extent than by leaving all the work to your opponents alone. Note that this equation is heavily dependent on the unexpressed “Ignorance Factor,” in which the greater number of folks you keep ignorant (like by not helping spread the truth once you are caught lying), the better your results are.

So readers, “FEELING SUCKERED YET?”

So, having nothing else, the looneys kept trying to pressure my superiors. Law enforcement was kept busy, being simultaneously tasked with both investigating and protecting me, while also having to protect the university staff from the steady stream of threats they were receiving. The lefties kept up a steady stream of complaint, the righties kept screaming back, and the mainstream media took notice, and took sides.

I've been in the *Globe* weekly tabloid four times now. The first article came out June 10th, 2010 with following articles about every third issue until the recent New Year's, January 3rd, 2011 issue. The *Globe* wanted an interview, but I was effectively under a gag order at the time, so they simply ran with what they could find. For those who tend to dismiss tabloids, I'd have to commend the staff at the *Globe* on their fairness and accuracy. I'm not sure what that says about other mainstream media outlets, but other than the *Globe*, Mr. Farar's people at World Net Daily, and Fox Television, media outlets were something less than stellar when it came to the veracity and honesty of their reporting on me.

The radical lefties' media attacks culminated with my appearance as "Third Worst Person In The World" on *Countdown* MSNBC with host Keith Olbermann:

Time for tonights' worst person in the world (inaudible)
fine fantasist World Net Daily. Their story, "Hawaii
elections clerk. Obama is not born here." It's about Tim
Adams, who worked as a senior elections clerk for the city
and county of Honolulu in 2008 and is making the stunning
claim Barack Obama was not born in Hawaii as the White
House maintains. And that a long form hospital-generated
birth certificate for Obama does not even exist in the
Aloha state. World Net Daily left out two little details.
This Tim Adams, he made his claim on a quote "pro white
radio show" hosted by a man named James Edwards during a
broadcast from a meeting of the Council of Conservative
Citizens. This council states on its own website that its

members oppose all members who mix the races of mankind, who promote nonwhite races over the European American and who force the integration of the races. We're quoting white supremacists about a black president. Well-done World Net Daily.

Olbermann's smear was universally panned:

"Olbermann does not dispute a single element of the story, he just smugly pretends that calling everyone involved a "racist" is an adequate rebuttal. Olbermann debates at the kindergarten level." (Gossip magazines picking up the story... June 13, 2010).

Keith Olbermann's employer, MSNBC, has one million viewers. World Net Daily, whom Mr. Olbermann disparages, has five million regular subscribers and averages in excess of forty million individuals visiting per month. WND also has one of the stickiest ratings on the web, a rating based on the amount of time viewers actually spend on the site, averaging in excess of twenty minutes per visitor, far more time than the typical MSNBC viewer at approximately eight (8) minutes per broadcast.¹⁹

Please stand by. We will tell you what you need to know.

Note: Are you aware, dear reader that the SCOTUS has recently determined that television news networks have no legal requirement to report truthfully?

Note: Lying for you can be a criminal act. Lying for them is simply business. Another one of those special privileges they'd like to keep that we talked about earlier.

Several of the facts Olbermann claimed turned out to be untrue. The C of CC website had no such screed of racist dogma posted. Fact checkers soon discovered Olbermann had simply reiterated the claims of an investigative writer from the liberal website Daily Kos. Keith Olbermann, who routinely claims his competitor FoxNews is a propaganda machine for the Republican Party, was himself formerly a Fox Network host. I wonder how MSNBC feels knowing they're reduced to using Fox's leavings. Recently Mr. Olbermann, under fire following the mass shootings in Arizona, has posted a public statement that "violence and threats have no place in democracy." If you're wondering when Mr. Olbermann ever got around to correcting his factual errors, or making an apology for his slander, please see the previous section entitled, "Fucking Big Ass Lie."

So, let's review. It had been nine days since my appearance on *The Political Cesspool* radio show with James Edwards, and it had been a single week since the first YouTube video had appeared carrying my story online. Two days after the initial flood of Internet postings, I had already been contacted by over fifty alternative and mainstream media outlets. We were receiving emails and phone calls at the rate of several hundred per day. Three days following, I was being contacted by my university administration, and had been charged with being a Nazi, a White Supremacist, and a host of other claims, some so fantastic you wonder where they came up with the ideas. Five days into that first week my email and computer accounts had been the target of data phishing and my home computer had been hacked. By the end of that first week: my university admission, finances, apartment, phone, and Internet usage had been investigated. A nationally televised news anchor had run an active smear job on me that was viewed both by

television audiences and by Internet users in the millions, and I was under active police surveillance and had received numerous, violent threats.

The cumulative effects of this constant pressuring, even from those who were sympathetic, was considerably debilitating. Of course, this is the desired outcome. Things looked so bad I started closing my messages to the professors I worked for with the comment, “I don’t think I’ll still be here when you come back in the fall.” I contacted the local American Civil Liberties Union, encouraged that the fellow in charge for our state happened to be a faculty member at the University of Kentucky in Lexington. He sent a request to the local chapter to assist me in locating an attorney. The ACLU never replied. The same folks who had at different times defended convicts, National Socialists, and members of the Klu Klux Klan refused to even assist me in locating an attorney. If this seems troubling to you, please refer back to the two types of anger directed at critics of the Obama administration: religious fervor and the “Damn it, they’ve done it again!” categories.

I was being shut down in a very real fashion, and it looked like no matter what the truth was, the people who were responsible, first and foremost, for ensuring the university was well run, and who had the livelihoods and welfare of thousands of students, workers, and their families to consider, were probably going to be backed into a corner, no matter what they might think about getting rid of me from a personal or moral standpoint. I am still convinced that if it weren’t for the instructors and other members of the university community who publicly voiced their support for me, the bastards would have managed to get me. Only a handful of my critics ever attempted to refute my story, the ones who tried early on were quickly dismayed when my account held up to public scrutiny. So the

vast majority simply attempted to discredit me because of my race, gender, or even my appearance:

The following has appeared repeatedly online:

Here is a picture of the skinhead you guys are hanging your hat on. Tim Adams



The photo is taken from my book jacket. I've not had hair since I was in my early twenties, and at forty-five years of age now, I've got far less hair than what I had then. It's called male pattern baldness. Speaking of my book, in one passage, I tell the story of my walking through my neighborhood when I lived in northern Alabama. Two small children, each about two or three years of age, were playing in the yard in front of their house. As I walked by, they began pelting me with pebbles, "Skinhead!" the first child cried. "Skinhead!" his younger brother joins in. The parents, a young looking African-American couple, came out acting somewhat embarrassed, and began to scoop up and scold the two boys while making apologies to me. I was trying hard to keep from laughing. When the parents asked me why I was laughing, I replied, "Twenty years ago, they'd have been afraid to throw rocks."

A lot of the public work I did in Alabama and Georgia and Washington D.C. involved church folk, and sometimes that meant I was the minority. I visited a friend of

mine's congregation one Sunday the Elder stood up to make the announcements and said, "We have a visitor today, I'm not going ask him to stand up, cause I think everybody can tell who he is." Back when I still hoped that faith communities would be an effective way to help people, I was usually far more welcome at congregations of people of color than I was at the white churches we worked with. I soon found that, at most of the churches we worked with, the members were more likely to complacently sit in the pews and give money than they were to ever get up and go out and actually do something about the problems facing their communities. I also discovered that people absolutely love their institutions and that successful institutions carefully crafted their public personas, so as to best fit the ideal imagery their financial supporters wanted. Anyone who pointed out the discrepancies between the beloved image and reality was much like the boy who shouted the emperor has no clothes. Folks would rather lie to themselves than admit that "Damnit! They did it again!"

Another of the things I'd learned from experience was that most things in your working life are dealing with other people. Most of what anyone who's good at what they do actually does is related to dealing with the needs of those you come into contact with daily. So it's usually not a good idea to become a vampire and spend your time complaining. Complaints rarely accomplish anything and use up time and energy you need to actually get out and do something. So despite what might happen on any given day, or how I was being treated, I simply went on about my business as best I could under the circumstances.

Sometimes, though, folks do things that still manage to get under my skin. One day I was confronted by a rather unusual hybrid-critter, one of those U.S.A.! U.S.A.!

chanters, a real Rush Limbaugh-style conservative, who was very angry with me for “disrespecting the office of the President.” He attacked me quite vociferously, disparaging my parentage and calling my personal character into question. He then asked, since I was (quote) “A coward, and faggot,” why I possessed such an intense and irrational hatred for America? After rebutting him with the fact that it’s not America I dislike, but the corrupt bought off, criminals who run it, the man replied that, “Hating the government of America is the same as hating the country itself.” And so, I told him why I have such an intense and irrational hatred for the Government of America:

Back when I was in Alabama and Georgia working with a couple of large, well-known denominations of protestant Christianity, I had a co-worker and friend named Nadeem. Now Nadeem was from a traditionally Christian set of communities in northern Pakistan, who had lived there since converting to the Christian faith sometime before the end of the second century CE. He and his wife were in the states studying and raising funds and supplies for his father, who was the circuit minister for several villages in the home region. At that time, Benazir Bhutto was Prime Minister of Pakistan, and Nadeem’s relative, an uncle, I think, was a member of the Pakistani Supreme Court. Christians are subjected to fairly poor treatment in the Pakistani countryside, where the official government policies of tolerance are not well enforced as they are in the urban areas. Nadeem and his community had a fairly harsh existence.

When Nadeem and I met, we hit it off well, for I had some experience working with the government and was aware of events in the Pakistan/Afghan border region, which Nadeem seem to find refreshing, as most Americans couldn’t even point to his nation on a map. Over time, as we discussed the growth of what would come to be known

as the Taliban here in America, Nadeem and I decided we would hold lectures for various Christian groups and colleges and see if we could raise some support for organized humanitarian aid to the Afghanistan/Pakistan border region. I had secured a main lecture hall on the campus of a private college run by the Southern Baptist Convention for a certain date, and since there was to be a regional meeting of the SBC in the area the same week, it looked promising that at least we would have ample opportunity to be heard and to raise awareness of the issues. A few weeks prior to the lecture, we received news that Prime Minister Bhutto had given us permission for eight entry visas, so that we could send aid workers into the area—and we would not be prevented from crossing the border to distribute medical or other humanitarian aid to folks on the Afghan side either. We were astounded at our good fortune! I have no doubt Nadeem's family connections in the government were what made it possible for us to obtain the visas. Now, it would be far easier for us to find sponsors and volunteers, as we were no longer coming to the table empty-handed.

The day before we were to speak at the lecture hall, and after the meetings had already been well advertised, the college administration locked us out of the campus. A few days later, I attended the SBC meeting and tried to garner some interest for the aid mission. Their response was unenthusiastic. I was told, "It takes too much money, and far too long to see any results from a place like that." Nadeem was forced to return to Pakistan not long after that, the Bhutto government was toppled, and I moved on. The lecture we were giving that got us locked out of our lecture hall? "Terrorism and Violence," was the title. The year was 1996. Five years later came 9-11.

Several people had spoken out about the need for humanitarian support following the Afghan/Soviet war many experts from the Rand Corporation ²⁰ and other military/policy think tanks had been warning the western governments for years. The idea that the attacks of September 11th were some kind of surprise out of the blue is just another manifestation of the F.B.A.L. We were then treated to months of spectacles, where lines of young people carrying Old Glory marched into the megachurch aisles accompanied by booming, patriotic music, while evangelists gave out the good-old, U.S.A., gospel version of events. Critics pointed out, before they were shouted down, that the scenes looked like something out of Leni Riefenstahl: because they did. And the guys who actually run things told the F.B.A.L., because they had an agenda to go with it, and enough of the people bought it, that Damn it! They did it to us again.

The dichotomy of the university in mid-America is that most of the faculties are very pro-personal liberty, yet none of them dare support those who speak out or speak up against accepted revelation, once delivered. Political correctness is the law on campus in most places. God, or whatever higher powers you may or may not subscribe to, forbid we speak the truth. A homogenized, conforming, thought factory built to keep the young busy and out of the job market for as long as possible, college has become a mass-consumable, a non-cultural product that fulfills its part in the accepted, societal myth of American, middle-class success.

University shouldn't be for the masses. Saying this goes against the current fashion of government that all our wonderful children should have a college education. Truth is, standards in many schools have hit bottom, and students with scores that would have never allowed them to enter college before are now catered to (after all, MONEY

must be made). Despite this, twenty-five percent of incoming freshman tend to fail their first year. Because, quite frankly, we neither need all these graduates, nor do we have enough upper level classes and teachers to provide an education for all these students. A four-year degree in most fields is now worthless, the equivalent of a G.E.D., meaning that students must swallow an additional 25K or more in debt to enter the much more competitive graduate fields.

Note: “It’s money first, education second,” was a comment a recent graduate student kept using in a conversation several of us were having about teaching methodology.

This is generally kept quiet around the paying students.

It used to be that between five and ten percent of the population possessed a two-year or a four-year degree. Now about twenty-percent are getting some type of undergraduate education; as a result, one now needs a master’s or doctorate, which not surprisingly puts the educational pool back at the five to ten percent level of the population. Something less than ten percent of college graduates go on to earn a master’s degree, while about five percent earn doctorates, so it is apparent through observation that we as a nation only need about ten to fifteen percent of our workforce to hold college degrees: if we wish to uphold the economic and societal underpinnings of the university system. The watering down and dumbing down of the four-year system has already occurred; now, if we don’t rein in this idiocy, we will soon have a generation of “doctors” whose degrees aren’t worth the paper their made of. College should be a privilege, an opportunity earned by merit and talent, not a Wal-Mart commodity to be sold for the enrichment of the banks.

What does a university have to do with learning? (Poster-responding to above comments online, Topix forum December 2010) .

Raze the universities! (ditto :))

Reversal of Fortunes: June 18, 2010

The weekend prior to the eighteenth was the lowest part of the ride I'd been on since the start of the month. In the two weeks since my initial radio appearance, I'd already seen my personal and professional lives subjected to every kind of attack, both by individuals and in the mass media. The typical opinion of those around me seemed to be that of waiting for the true nature of my character to become publicly exposed, so that I could then be both rhetorically and physically dismissed without consequence. But that weekend as I knocked around my off-campus efficiency, the cosmos was still turning in ways that I could not perceive. Around one-o'clock that afternoon, I answered the knocking at my door to find a young black man in a dress shirt and slacks, who asked if I was, indeed, the man who had spoken blasphemy against the accepted word of the public revelation.

I won't try to snow anyone here when I opened the door, I figured I was either going to be engaging in an argument or a fight. The twenty-something at my entrance portal probably didn't know what to make of me either. I had not slept for two days, as I was furiously writing a piece I needed for school, I was unshaven for probably two days more and couldn't remember which day I had last bathed or changed my wrinkled clothes, which I'd taken to sleeping in. I'd lapse into unconsciousness while seated at my keyboard, awakening a hour to three later with my neck bent into some excruciating

form of hyperextension. The fellow had no doubt expected something more: “Mr. Adams, the man said, we’d like you to tell your story on television.”

He was a reporter for WBKO, a local Fox network affiliate,²¹ and when I agreed to come by the next day and do the interview, he let me know that he’d sought me out as a fish worth catching as it were. In a media market like our rural, collegiate city, he’d been ambitious enough to figure that if he could find me, I might be the hook that would get him some serious facetime on the air at the local station he worked for. I, for my part, bid him a good day, went into the kitchen, poured a large glass of absinthe, sat down and drank it while contemplating just what the hell I’d gotten myself into now. I finished the glass, turned off the laptop and went and took a shower and shaved myself, and then lay down for a couple of hours of much needed rest. I awoke far too early, and so I sat up, staring at the empty page on my computer screen, too tired for anything good to come out. *Fuck it*, I eventually decided. I went and grabbed a glass of orange juice, a handful of vitamins, an energy shot and downed my guard shack breakfast. Once the jolt from several hundred times the recommended daily dosage of vitamins A, B and C were coursing through my bloodstream, pushed along by a double jolt of caffeine, I was able to dress myself as professionally as my wardrobe would allow and headed out for the studio. Just before I left, I went, took up Hunter Thompson’s battered, brown hat, my own sacred relic, and armed with a sort of divine force I mounted up, and rode my big, blue Detroit warhorse to battle.

It turned out that Mr. Ryan Dearbone, the reporter who’d tracked me down, wasn’t going to get his chance to make his bones on my interview. He came out to meet me, simultaneously letting me know that his boss, Gene Birk, the station’s head

newscaster, was going to do the segment instead. I felt bad for Ryan, he'd gone out and done the footwork, but now I was too big a catch for him to get a crack at. There was a good possibility that stations across the country would pick up the segment, and so the company's recognized talent would be doing the honors: *I know, Ryan, life's like that.*

So with Hunter Thompson's hat carefully folded beside me on the couch (watch the video carefully and you can see it next to my left leg), I felt rather like Don Quixote, freshly blessed by the bishop, heading into the arena. The only problem with that feeling was, as a literature major, I knew what happened to Senor Quixote, and it wasn't pleasant (read the damn book for yourselves! I did!). I can't tell you what we spoke about as I and Mr. Birk sat there with the studio spots RIGHT IN YOUR EYES FROM THREE OR FOUR ANGLES AT POINT BLANK RANGE! But, once it was over, it seemed to have gone well. As it turned out, by the end of the interview I had angered a large number of Neo-Nazis, and yet I had done little to reconcile militant supporters of President Barack Obama to view me with less rancor either. *The Political Cesspool* ²² would never again invite me on their program, for on air, I had let it be known that I and my Jewish/German/Native American fiancé were engaged.

Teri and I have just celebrated our first year together as I write this. She is one of several Jewesses I've had in my life at various points and times, and so I am far too suspected of being an agent of Zionists' aggression to be welcomed at *The Political Cesspool* again. Some of the responses I received complained that I had recanted my earlier statements, and to this I must counter with the following response I received from Mr. Joseph Farah, editor of *World Net Daily*, "We appreciate that you didn't go back on your original story." Mr. Farah, Joe Kovacs, and other supporters in the media knew the

pressure that had been put on me to change my account of events. At the time, none of the recent events that would eventually vindicate my original story had taken place, and there was no reason to expect any validation to come for me down the road from anywhere. I've seen folks break down in situations like that, when you have no prospects for help, no prospects of winning.

"It's times like these, when who you really are counts for something," my father²³ would say.

He also used to shake his head at my youthful enthusiasm for getting into conflicts over folks' civil rights and such, saying, "Son, I don't know why you pick such a hard row to hoe." But I've spent many days in the fields, bent over in the earth, with heat and sweat and stink and poison sap from tobacco plants making you throw up in the fields, losing precious fluids and the weakness of dehydration twelve hours into a day that started before it was light. I've spent days watching my friend's life leak away, body mauled by violence, Sergeant Jesse²⁴ slapping wound packs trying to cover fissures from a crushed skull. I've spent days threatened by assaults, armed and unarmed, single and groups, days when the local drug dealers didn't like us moving them off our block. Yeah, there is a reason I choose where I go, and after a couple of decades to think about it, I've realized why I feel compelled to help, to act, to speak out for others when no one else does. Like I said, this is a story about connections, and connections matter.

My relatives were about equally split between hard charging semi-evangelicals, who mined coal and cut timber in the West Virginia Mountains, and conservative Southern Baptists and Church of Christ factory workers and tool and die men, who traveled to Indiana and Ohio to take jobs in the factories and mills. My relations were the

types of men who'd get up in the middle of the night when I was an adolescent, arm themselves, and go out as a group to meet other groups of men that had been caught up to no good in our isolated, rural communities. I was confident in the ways of these men, hard living, hard working men, who were known to fight when need be. I had seen their mettle with my own eyes, when they were faced with crime and violence, and I trusted them to be who I thought they were, until the summer of my thirteenth year.

It was the middle of the night, and we kids were supposed to be sleeping. We were all at my uncle's lot on the lake, enjoying a summer vacation not too far from any of our homes. It was the trip when a girl a year or two older than I and wearing a red swimsuit had propositioned me while we were swimming at the boat dock.

Unfortunately, youthful ardor is rarely tempered by discretion and my aunts and mother had soon noticed us, leading to a stern and speedy intervention, and my forced banishment from the beach for a couple of days. It was my first experience with cock-blockery, a skill I would find my strictly religious parents particularly good at in the intervening years of my early adolescence.

Sitting awake in the lush black that is summer darkness in the countryside, far from the electric noise of the cities, I listened to the things that the adult men discussed when we were no longer part of the room. That's when I heard one of my mother's relatives tell what had happened to my one of my female cousins, and just who had done it to her. Without getting graphic, let's just say it was violent, and an adult against an unwilling teenage girl. I had seen these same men lock and load and walk armed into the local police station when another of my cousins had been sexually harassed by a small-

town cop. I didn't want to consider what the man in the report was going to be in for; I was grateful for once that we, the kids, were not supposed to know.

But nothing happened. Well, several things happened, and since my aunt in question had five children, there were plenty more opportunities for this perpetrator to continue his violent abuses, both physically and sexually. My male relatives, who I had previously observed taking up arms to fight armed criminals, grew quieter it seemed to me, from that night on. I don't know why they made the decision they did; their failure to act, either lawfully or otherwise, has resulted in years of misery that still boils up in the lives of my cousins, and by extension, me, whenever something occurs to set off the same old wounds again. I don't think they understood the damage they inflicted on us.

Witnessing the culprit's violence and the results on my cousins and my aunt, sharing my beloved cousin's pain, were secrets we, the children, kept to ourselves. It became so much a part of how we felt, we didn't even recognize it anymore. It's taken me most of my life to remember why I became motivated to always take action when people are abused; somehow, the one thing I can take away from the events surrounding this controversy is I finally know, really know, why I have chosen "the hardest row to hoe." Because no one did anything, and connections matter.

June 20th, 2010

Shortly after my interview, I received this response.

From: "Tom & Sandy" (A media outlet*)

Subject: ABC TV interview

I contacted you a couple of weeks ago concerning Orly Taitz. You replied that it was in the works.

I just watched a video of you doing an interview with ABC affiliate ****-** in Bowling Green, KY. Over[sic] all I thought it was a good interview. However, I do disagree with you on at least one point. You stated that Obama was vetted and that we should not go after the man but the process. I would say we must go after BOTH...We must go after the man because he is not eligible according to the Constitution (just because a supposed vetting was done does not change the fact of his ineligibility) he must be removed! We are a nation of laws and the Constitution is the supreme law of the land and we cannot allow it to be disregarded (a person knows when entering the race for President whether they are eligible or not and if not knows they are a fraud and a usurper). Especially in the matter of the Commander-in-Chief the President must not owe allegiance to any but the United States of America!

One last point. There are many people qualified to be president according to ability but we have this pesky little thing called the Constitution. If we feel it is no longer applicable, in these times, there is a means of changing the Constitution. If the country decides that the "Natural Born Citizen" requirement of the Constitution is no longer necessary then the proper steps should be taken to amend it. It cannot just be ignored because we don't

like it. Barack Obama was not properly vetted because he, himself, said publicly and in his book that his father was not an American citizen which means Obama cannot ever be a natural born citizen, according to the prevalent definition at the time of the writing of the Constitution and protected by Article 1 Section 8j; protecting the Law of Nations which clearly gives the definition in chapter 19, 212, and also the same interpretation used by the last Senate to pass a resolution declaring John McCain a natural born citizen.

Thank you for speaking out but I do hope you will take a stronger stand for the Constitution along with your caviat [sic] of changes you may deem necessary.

TomC

(* I have quoted the message verbatim, including misspellings and punctuation, or lack thereof).

My interview did silence a lot of my critics. It also had the result of causing some of the birthers to turn on me, as the media guy above did. Suddenly I was being criticized for “wanting to overthrow the constitution” or “trying to destroy Article 2.” How I could manage to destroy any portion of the United States founding compact was somewhat fuzzy to me, but I guess since I wasn’t a neo-nazi, KKK member, I must be a rabid, anti-constitutionalist with communist leanings, funded, no doubt, by international financier George Soros. The comment I made that so angered the extreme right-wing crowd was the following: “The thing is, it’s all our government, we can change it.”

BirtherReport.Com ran with the headline: “Regarding (fmr) Hawaii Official Tim Adams and the Media, there is a process for Amending the Constitution, Usurping or Race-Baiting Isn’t One!”


Attorney Mario Apuzzo, and his organization, *Protect Our Liberty*, ran a full-page ad in *The Washington Times* that spelled it out in wartime sized, red, white and blue type:

ADVERTISEMENT

Hawaii 2008 Senior Elections Clerk, Tim Adams, Says He & His Supervisors' Investigations in 2008 Showed Obama NOT Born in Hawaii and He Would So Testify In Court.


OBAMA's Lack of Constitutional Eligibility

The Three Enablers of the Cone of Silence in Washington DC




CONGRESS

See No Evil



COURTS

Hear No Evil




MEDIA

Speak No Evil

Obama is NOT an Article II Natural Born Citizen and therefore is NOT Eligible to be President

The President and CINC of the USA Must be a "Natural Born" Citizen — U.S. Constitution, Article II, Section 1, Clause 5

<p>No Person except a natural born Citizen, or a Citizen of the United States, at the time of the Adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the Office of President</p>	<p>The Law of Nations, Vattel, 1758. Used by Ben Franklin, John Jay, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and other founders. Vol. I, Ch. 19, Section 212: "natural-born citizens, are those born in the country, of parents who are citizens"</p>	<p>Per the British Nationality Act of 1948, Obama when born in 1961 was a British Subject at birth. Obama's Father was NOT a U.S. Citizen, nor was he an Immigrant to the USA, nor was he even a Permanent Resident of the USA.</p>
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Obama, the Putative U.S. President, was Born a British Subject Governed by the British Nationality Act of 1948, and is Currently also a British Protected Person and/or a British Citizen to this Day.
How can a person who is born a British Subject be considered a Natural Born Citizen of the USA?

If you would like to help with this lawsuit, please contact
 Mario Apuzzo, Esq., 185 Gatzmer Avenue, Jamesburg NJ 08831
 Email: apuzzo@erols.com • TEL: 732-521-1900 • FAX: 732-521-3906
 BLOG: <http://puzo1.blogspot.com> • <http://www.protectourliberty.org>

Make a donation to this cause today
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Help Protect Our Liberty.

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Please send check payable to Mario Apuzzo, Esq., to:
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 ATTN: ProtectOurLiberty Fund
 185 Gatzmer Avenue,
 Jamesburg, NJ 08831

Paid for by: American people donating funds at ProtectOurLiberty.org in support of the Kerchner et al v Obama & Congress et al lawsuit.

MONDAY, JUNE 28, 2010 // THE WASHINGTON TIMES

In the fine print, Mr. Apuzzo made comments like the following: “We are in danger of losing our Republic unless we REMOVE the Usurper!” Much as I had been charged with attempting to destroy parts of the Constitution, I wondered exactly how a sitting president, even one that might not have been eligible to run for office, could somehow likewise manage to destroy the Republic. Please remember dear reader, the problem with attacking the President remains the fact that he doesn’t actually run the country. While the lefties love to scream, “Racist!” the righties love to make every enemy into an Adolf Hitler styled boogeyman.

Both sides have abused these respective tactics so often, that neither one carries much weight anymore. This became evident to even the most unobservant idiots when Baby Bush kept trying to transform his former ally and arms customer, Saddam Hussein, into the likeness of the great, evil one. The “racist, racist, every one of you is racist!” tactic, popularized by Saul Alinsky²⁵ and his disciples, finally gave birth to a bastard child called, *Racism, Schmascism*,²⁶ a book released by James Edwards, my Political Cesspool interviewer, on the same day as my radio appearance that began this whole mess. Which just goes to show you, that even the most unobservant body politic will eventually grow aware that you are full of shit, when you keep it up for long enough, which was part of the reason I’d decided to come forward in the first place.

CHAPTER V

No Apologies: The Abercrombie fiasco and Vindication

Some recent discussion board comments from the Web that come up upon performing a Google search of my name:

He recently claimed that there is no Obama birth certificate. Doesn't he make a striking similarity to another crazy whacked out politically motivated insane person?

American History X 2. He's back and he's pissed.

It seems like everyone just wants to open their big fat mouth these days..... :-x

So your defense is because he looks like the ''Tucson crazy man'' I'm assuming because he's a bald white guy, that somehow discredits him

The resemblance is unsettling...all he needs is that insane grin and he'd be a dead ringer!

Does Adams have one?? He looks like a clone.**

I felt the WBKO interview and the resulting media responses had gone pretty well. Yet I have to admit to some errors I made that I became aware of only afterwards. In November of 2010, the Congressional Research Office admitted publicly that President Barack Obama had not been formally vetted to run for public office, an assumption I had shared with millions of other Americans. In my interview, while I had stated President Obama was not born in hospital, in Hawaii, I think the viewer still came away with the idea that I meant that he must have been born overseas, but what I actually intended was for people to realize that, lacking any factual records that could verify events, it was impossible to determine where the president had been born.

While the lack of records gives credence to the idea that his biographical story is false, it in no way precludes the President's birth in any one of the other States, or in any of the four or five territories that would still constitute his being born "in country." The rightists, sensing anything less than rabid, anti-democratic party absolutism on my part, began to claim I was everything from a government plant, an agent provocateur sent to destroy the opposition, to the claim that I was guilty of some kind of performance art, a stunt to discredit the anti-Obama movement. The left, for the most part, either remained silent about my comments, or attempted to claim I had recanted my earlier statements. Both sides were, of course, wrong.

In mid-December, former Honolulu Mayor Mufi Hanneman²⁷—a man known locally in our neighborhood as "The Kalihi Rapist"²⁸ for an incident involving the good

** Pro Obama supporters comparing me to Jared Loughner, the Arizona mass murderer.

mayor and his local, street gang toughs, in which a beauty queen contestant and her family were assaulted and threatened with death should they not drop their complaint against the then youthful Hanneman—lost his bid to win the governors’ office to one Neil Abercrombie. Mr. Abercrombie being one haole mainlander, an ex-hippie whose claim to fame was he once drove a cab around Chinatown in which a juvenile Barack Obama was transported. Mr. Abercrombie being a stand up kind of guy, as anyone who survived in Chinatown driving a cab would have to be, set out to bring an end to what he saw as the disrespectful actions of those who questioned the official hagiography of little Barry Dunham. After commenting quite publicly and loudly for some three or four weeks that he would soon make public the documentation that would silence and discredit the birther movement (and me), it soon became apparent that something was wrong.

As one commentator from Fox News had put it, “The danger here is that if he fails, the problem will only become worse.”

But of course, no one in their right mind thought he could fail. After all, the proof of President Obama’s birth has to be present, right there in the State Archives, an easy thing for the Governor of the State to obtain, right?

Like I said before, God has a sense of humor.

The Media Shell Game

Some folks think Republicans lie, and Democrats tell the truth.

Some folks think Democrats lie, and Republicans tell the truth.

Some of us admit there is only ONE party, and they ALL lie, all of the time.

On January 1st, 2011, my story was voted “The Most Covered-Up Story in America of 2010” by World Net Daily members and other Internet media members of the Associated Press.

On January 18th, 2011, Governor Neil Abercrombie announced that while his investigations (which, it was later revealed, included a warrant issued by his office), had located a notation hand written into the state archives in 1961, no originating document for President Obama could be located, and while President Obama’s name is present on an archive index for registered births, no evidence of the type of birth documentation, nor where he was born, is actually present.

The partisan media circus began.

The *London Mail* reported the facts of the case almost word for word, in this fashion.

The news site *World Net Daily* headlined “Hawaii Governor can’t find Obama birth certificate” in bolded black, wartime script.

The *New York Post* ran a small column in the back of the paper that read “Hawaii Governor finds Birth Certificate” and almost as immediately—pulled it.

Other news outlets were similarly divided between camps. Some of us admit there is only ONE party, and they ALL lie, all of the time.

There are numerous other incidents that have since occurred that illustrate the near unintelligibility of the public discourse now surrounding the President’s birth documents. Only two days later, on January 20th, a well known media personality from Hawaii, Mr. Mike Evans, made headlines nationwide by telling several radio station audiences that Governor Abercrombie had confided to him that there was no birth certificate. Mr. Evans recanted the entire story three days later, claiming he had

misspoken. Except that according to continuing media stories, apparently he's saying the same thing again now. Further confusing these events are both Mr. Evans' position as an established media reporter, and his long personal relationship with Governor Abercrombie, spanning some twenty years. A couple of decades ago, I worked for a young Jewish guy out of Dayton, Ohio. One day we were discussing newspapers, and that new media that was just catching on at the time: A.M. talk radio.

"You listening to THAT guy?"²⁹ He asked me.

"Yeah, I said, but I don't put any faith in what he says, I listen to *** to find out what's really going on."

"But they lie too, He said, you can't count on them either."

"Well, if the Republicans lie and the Democrats lie, then how do I know whose telling the truth?" I asked.

"You don't," he replied, "You just have to figure it out for yourself."

Corporate Citizenship

Americans are beginning to remind me of a girl I used to know. I met Victoria working my second job delivering pizzas after hours in my home town. My workday began as soon as I could leave my day job at five, and usually went til round midnight, whereupon I would then drag my exhausted ass home, shower and crash for about four hours before getting up to work another 18 hour day. On the weekends, I could sleep in until suppertime, and then drive until one or two in the morning. It allowed me to survive.

Victoria was a young red-headed spitfire of a woman who stood about four-feet eight in her stocking feet, with a mop of hair that Raggedy Ann would have felt affinity for. One day I came in to start my shift and "Vickie" was nowhere to be found. I found

her later that weekend. She was being housed on the fifth floor of the county hospital where she was recovering from an overdose of amphetamines. I went to see her, and her initial joy quickly soured to low hostility, when she discovered I wasn't there to sign her out.

“Why are you so angry?” I asked her.

Vickie sat and stared away, past me towards some point only she could fix on. She never answered, and when visiting time was over, I left.

“I was only trying to get some energy so I could work,” she'd explained, when I asked about her overdose.

Vickie was angry and couldn't name why. Most Americans today are angry about the disposition of their country, but when pressed couldn't really tell you why. Like Vicky, they might give you an explanation of financial shenanigans, or lying political leaders, but deep down, they just can't name the thing that's gnawing in their guts. The reason they are angry is they've realized the game is rigged, and it's not looking too good for them. Lots of them are still stubbornly clinging to their institutions, figuring that if their side wins, at least they might stay afloat while the others sink. Like I said earlier, folks just LOVE their institutions. It makes them feel as if the decisions that matter are still made by them. “The insignificant, wrote Louis Lamour, hate to be reminded of their insignificance.”³⁰ Want proof? Every four years you're given the choice of either one of two candidates for the office of President of the United States, delivered to you by our massive, media driven, national-political, corporate machine. What if you don't want either one?

Please continue if you like, dear reader, with the idea that any criticism of Obama is just racism. Please tell me just how this loyalty to some part of the U.S. governing system has benefited black Americans? Are African-Americans better off today than twenty or thirty years ago? Whose communities suffer the most from government corruption and crimes? Whose communities suffer the most from the influx of illegal aliens and foreign immigration by non-Europeans? Black Americans used to be the number two population group in America; now they are the number four group, with both Asian and Hispanic minority groups outpacing their own population and rapidly displacing black Americans at every level of society. Entry-level jobs, college educations, medical care, political organization, personal and group wealth, life expectancy...all these indicators are now overwhelmingly in favor of non-Blacks.³¹

The government the black community seems to so knee-jerk, genuflect before incarcerates, redlines, and ignores black Americans concerns. Homicide, police violence, and incarceration are the leading mortality and economic factors in over one half of all African-American men. STD rates, especially HIV, which hasn't gone away, is still infecting thirty thousand men who have sex with men, (gay or bi or straight on the down low, or incarcerated and forced into gay sex) every year.³² That's every single day, one-hundred men in America are infected, not counting their female partners, nor other groups. In some prisons, seventy-five percent of the male prison populations are infected with a variety of incurable and lethal diseases, including hepatitis, HIV, and HPV.³³ Black communities suffer disproportionately from lack of infrastructure: an inner-city black neighborhood suffers the same lack of grocery stores, public transportation, and

other access issues as a rural, white community located over thirty to fifty miles from any major city center.³⁴

Black education is a nightmare. Black students' performance is much lower than other groups, and has stubbornly refused to improve despite forty years of manipulation of the educational system by—whom else?—the government.

Dear Black America: get real. The government is not only your enemy, it is the enemy of all poor in America, all marginalized in America, all workers in America, all families in America. The government, now led by a half-white man, is just another plan to get your vote while the ruling class (and they think they should rule over you), continues to abuse, steal, and screw your families, your communities and your futures. But don't worry, they're after all of us, or have you forgotten what your own Black leaders tried to tell you decades ago? They want to take away your rights and freedoms and make your their property all over again, only this time, it's not about race, it's all of us.

Get over Obama, he's one of them, and you've been sold a bill of goods.

If an arsonist burns your home, and you have no insurance, what happens? I can tell you. The fire inspector will turn his car around mid run, and go home. The crime committed against you means nothing, unless a corporation has a financial stake in the outcome. Your rights are only as secure as the legal struggle you can afford to wage when they're violated. You are not who you think you are. Your ruling class doesn't really believe you're free, nor equal, and that's why you're angry and can't name why.

We live in an America that increasingly resembles a third-world dictatorship. The partisan divide is merely a smokescreen for the real division of American society: The politicals versus the property, the nobility against the peasantry, the ranchers versus the

cattle. Once again, I'm sure some of you, dear reader, will demand of me, "Where's your proof?!" My proof is in the same vein as the Fucking Big Ass Lie, or the Media Shell Game. It's called:

The One-Sided Win

The one sided win is how government continues to gnaw its way deeper into your life with every passing year, rather like a maggot on a corpse, determined to get in deep to find the good stuff. And much like maggots, most folks would agree these government types breathe out their ass, are harder than hell to kill, and breed like flies once they find a free meal ticket. The original one-sided win was the plight of the Native Americans. Ask the Native American peoples about the one-sided win and then settle down, you have a long evening ahead of you.

The one-sided win works like this:

"We, the elites who know better than all of you, want THIS!"

"We don't want it!" (and WE vote it down)

"WE the ELITES, who know better than all of YOU, WANT THIS!"

"We don't want it!" (and WE vote it down, again)

"WE THE ELITES, WHO KNOW BETTER THAN ALL OF YOU, WANT THIS!"

Suddenly, whatever "IT" is, it's automatically brought into being, whether WE wanted it or not.

BUT THE REVERSE NEVER HAPPENS

In other words, nothing that's forced through ever gets overturned, the power progression never backs up towards the starting point from whence it came.

The Federal Reserve was the fourth attempt at a national banking system in the United States. The value of the U.S. currency since the Fed was created in 1913 has dropped by 98%. Repeated attempts to force an audit or a review of the Federal Reserve have never been successful.³⁵

The Patriot Act was passed without the bill even being read by congress in the days immediately following the attack of September 11th, 2001. President Bush included sunset provisions that were to cause parts of the act that violate the fourth amendment of the bill of rights to die two years after the emergency passage of the bill. President Obama ran on a promise to get rid of the Patriot Act. He is about to renew the act, including the sunset provisions, for the third time in his tenure as President.

The nation of Ireland held a referendum on joining the European Union. When the voters in Ireland overwhelmingly defeated the idea at ballot, the Irish government promptly placed the measure right back on the ballot to be voted on, AGAIN. So that, quote, “They can get it RIGHT!” unquote.³⁶ Now despite widespread financial disasters that many economists warned of if nations joined the E.U., the idea of LEAVING THE EUROPEAN UNION IS JUST OUT OF THE QUESTION.

The One-Sided Win is easy to spot. The people always lose their rights, access, money or freedoms, and some government, which is really just another bunch of people, but they have guns, gets it for themselves.

The People always lose power.

The Government always gains power.

The threat of force is always present to intimidate the victims.

When I started this story, I told you the controversy surrounding President Barack Obama's birth certificate had nothing to do with Mr. Obama. It has everything to do with the real divisions in the American body politic, the F.B.A.L., the Media Shell Game, Corporate Citizenship, and the One-Sided Win. Please consider my closing words; President Obama is not the problem, after all, he doesn't even run the country. And neither my friends do we.

Feeling suckered yet?

Edward Abbey died March 14, 1989 at home in Fort Llatikcuf.³⁷ His final words, "No Comment."

On August 20, 2005 Hunter Thompson's ashes were blasted over the North American continent by a 153' cannon.³⁸

One day soon, I'll travel to these lonely spots and see if I can smell the ashes, or the bones wasting in acrid soil.

Because connections matter.

And perceptions are often wrong.

Your final test is if you understand the problem. It's open book; please feel free to review your materials and finish at home.

Peace.

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