

Council House directors and employees wrote hundreds of scurrilous letters during a three-year period. They sent them to the appellant, media, his professional associates, his friends and colleagues, also filed them with government agencies as false and misleading reports. Then, *ex parte* (communicating in secret with bias), they gave copies of undeclared statements and accusations to Judge Doerty who entered selected items, and copied part of what they posted on the Internet, into evidence without allowing cross-examination or a rebuttal.

Enter Princess Becky, who must feel grateful for her staunch allies. She knowingly affirmed manufactured evidence then validated *ad hominem* and unfounded accusations. She even used some of it in court. Higher courts with a modicum of ethics will know how to sort the sheep from the goats then reverse the previous decisions. Unfortunately, that will not bring back the people who have died or rehabilitate the elderly people whom Council House managers and their thugs have abused. [*Elder Abuse - Preface*]

Any reasonable person can compare the declarations filed with the court with published Council House propaganda. That comparison will show how judges, directors, and administrators used perjury, subornation, and conspiracy in a planned campaign to pervert justice.

During oral argument, Judge Becker even mentioned "a campaign" which shows that she knows you know. She said:

. . . if there is no opportunity to cross-examine people who are making complaints or to somehow try to ferret out if these are really true allegations as opposed to being perhaps some kind of a campaign against an unpopular person. [*Oral Argument - Transcript*]

Consider the sources when reading the listed rants. First read the "credentials" and "confessions" of a Council House scribe. [*Noblesse Oblige*].

Court of Appeals judges, a hand-picked bunch bent on perverting justice to benefit their kin, painted a comedic although Kafkaesque picture. Princess Becky, in the lead role, brought terrific reviews from the lower, uneducated classes.

Her one-woman play with two deaf-mutes as straight men was entertaining stuff too, though their performance suffered from some uncertainties of genre. Becky gave us a portrait of a tough old bird in decline made more poignant by her legal malapropisms. One lawyer got so excited she nearly had a coronary trombonist.

Beneath her indefatigable, singing, dancing, laugh-a-minute, front hides a lonely figure for whom the bench has become a form of self-imposed isolation - a defiant attempt to insulate herself from her fear of death and despair. Her exhortation exhibits melancholy or manic humor - a little wearing for some people.

Becky's hyperactive performance emanates from a bottle. She lives in fear of senile dementia and the bottle reinforces her oblivion. She plays up the feel-good factor but her humor remains haunted by the fear of that final curtain. She fears that her judicial opinions will haunt her in a life after death.

Becky has chronic worms. Her body wriggles compulsively while she strokes her thinning hair and bears her upper torso to impress tyro lawyers. Audience focus shifts back and forth between Becky and orphan Annie. It does not register the ghostly Marlin in its visual transit. Annie desperately clings to her illusions of future stardom in a mental asylum quartet.

This trio illustrates the common denominators in a life of fear and retaliatory self-assertion. Becky presents a front as a frightened monster trying to justify her judicial enterprise. A powerhouse performance that one should not miss. She makes a brilliant and affectionate caustic comedienne.

Sadly, she shows how she has declined to a level that makes her a candidate for an old judges' home. There she can snarl at her opposition - everyone - and whip herself into a fine frenzy by twisting the meaning of words with Jiminy. Poor Jiminy has played with himself under his robes for so long that his mind has gone so Becky stridulates meaningfully for him.

Tragically, they rely upon a visit each week from Council House entertainers unlawfully financed by HUD. During the karaoke, Becky shimmies onto the bench in a star-spangled dress for a final chorus of "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Gal!" before planting herself in the center of the chorus to take her bow and join in an encore with Jiminy:

I'm as trite and as gay as a daisy in May,  
A cliché comin' true!  
I'm bromidic and bright  
As a moon-happy night  
Pourin' light on the dew!

This mealy-mouthed Bellingham broad, with her gossipy innuendoes and trademark slips, presents a deeply unpleasant personality off stage. Arrogant, despotic, driven by a desperate, angry need to compensate for the absence of affection in her personal life she aspires to the supreme court. She has a terror that any lapse of memory may show symptoms of her decline into dementia and Oldtimer's Disease that would preclude her from living at Council House.

It does not matter whether this tale about Princess Becky and her courtiers contains any truth. Like her farcical opinion it relies upon political expedience. My portrayal of her and her affirmation of Jiminy's fantasies rank at the same ironic level. Becky opened the door to creative non-fiction by endorsing lies and deceit then I walked through it. Washington Court of Appeals implicitly licensed this piece.

The infamous Roman Emperor, C. Claudius Nero, apparently instigated the great fire that destroyed most of Rome, recited his own poetry and played his lyre while enjoying the spectacle. The appellate court has followed suit. A bloody-minded man, relentless tyrant, and evil-doer of extraordinary cruelty, he blamed Christians for all his problems - the abundant arrogance and monstrous indifference of the appellate court to the suffering of elders at Council House matches his behavior.

During the same era, lawyer-satirist Decimus Junius Juvenalis (Juvenal) denounced the corruption and extravagance of the privileged classes in Rome. He wrote in Satires: "Bread and circuses keep the Roman citizenry pacified" - a typical Council House ruse to control tenants. However, in her affirmation, Princess Becky and her deaf-mute sheep overlooked another of Juvenal's observations - *difficile est saturam non scribere* - it's hard not to write satire.

*Nmesis.*

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