



2026 Syllables in London
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Mode: >.75
1751:2026 .864

–A ... 3

–B ... 8

–Diagrams ... 17

2026 Syllables in London			
Canto I: Five Sentences			
Stanza	Echoes	Syllables	Self-Similarity
01	130	149	0.872
02	97	113	0.858
03	175	174	1.006
04	173	203	0.852
05	67	73	0.918
Total	642	712	0.902
Canto II: Ten Sentences			
Stanza	Echoes	Syllables	Self-Similarity
01	141	166	0.849
02	88	98	0.898
03	99	119	0.832
04	107	132	0.811
05	36	47	0.766
06	168	200	0.840
07	80	101	0.792
08	109	128	0.852
09	153	183	0.836
10	128	140	0.914
Total	1109	1314	0.844

A

642: 712 .902

The lack of a literary culture
which is probably a fault,
primarily I'd assume,
of our collective,
more or less grotesque,
American oligarchic class,
is without doubt
at least partially
responsible for
this state's
seemingly easy descent
into unrepentant fascism,
which to be clear
indubitably extends beyond
this current president,
who, while I'm sure he's
a nice enough guy,
I've overheard from
a variety of sources,
often shits in his
knickers, creating,
according to some in his
social circle,
a peculiar stench surrounding
his bodily space?

In any case,
this bureaucratic

rot has been
viciously present
in the House and
Senate,
dating back
not just
to Reagan,
but the corrupt
Clinton regime
that placed personal
profit over national security,
in all likelihood engaging
in state-sanctioned
assassinations to cover
said nonsense up,
to the extent
our branches of
legislation
are now basically
little beyond a
sad collection of
sterile nubs.

But anyway,
after landing
in London
we found
ourselves on
the Piccadilly
line to Cockfosters
with a clockwork

like repetition of
the train's final destination—
yet, for our part,
we'd be staying
at the delightfully dreary
Earl's Court borough,
but as the train
proceeded,
with each progressive
stop squishing
me incrementally
up against my
bulbous luggage
in the cramped cabin,
I considered the
origins of words,
for instance
the wonderful work
of someone
like, say, Noam Chomsky
(a great friend
of Jeff Epstein
by the way!),
even a lurid word
like "cock"
could take on so
many meanings,
similar to the phrase
"tax advice"
in the realm
of pederasts

and their high profile
protectors!

In fact,
I saw a few stray
minutes
of the aborted Epstein P.R.
Steve Bannon interview,
skipping stochastically
to his explanation
of the oh eight
financial crisis and I was
a bit blown away
at how utterly dumb
Jeff came off—
especially when he
attempted to explain
Newton and Pythagoras!—
and it's not even the
Coney Island
wise-guy accent
either, no,
the pure content of
his words were
indicative of a man
who'd spent the vast majority
of his adult brain cells
on blackmail and
lewd sex instead of
any sort of intellectual
pursuits,

Epstein purported to be
some magnanimous curio
of math, yet his explanation
of Pythagoras
revolved around
the revelation that
two triangles,
given the right circumstances,
can create
a square.

And I'd imagine
even that fat opportunist
Bannon'd have
to admit Jeff just
wasn't quite that bright, that
simply because you spout
some bullshit
about exchange rates
and central banks
in text chains,
in fact,
in no way means you
own an above average
capacity
toward critical thinking?

B

1109:1314 .844

At the National Gallery
in Westminster,
after Tree told me
we'd visit the
Byron building,
I became a little flummoxed—
wandering around,
wondering what exactly
the author of Don Juan'd be
doing among all these
fucking painters—
just to stumble upon
original Pontormos,
Parmigianinos, Bronzinos,
my favorite Mannerist
painters—
art I'd gazed at as JPEGs
on the internet forever,
but now witnessed in
their original forms,
and I reflected back
to spending twenty bucks
to be granted admission into
RISD's museum,
whereas, now by contrast,
I was seeing
a half dozen original
Bronzino's for free.

On a second go round
of the Mannerist
rooms an American
tour guide posted up
in front of
Bronzino's Venus
pontificating an impromptu
talk regarding
the Mannerist movement
surrounded by
a series of
I'm sure well-intentioned
senior citizens
who were then prompted
to relay personal and
specific interpretations
of the quote-unquote
"theatrical" painting—

The next afternoon
after drinking
a couple scrumptious pints
at Churchill's pub
in Kensington
we walked
to an Iranian
restaurant
my wife's
British aunt
recommended,

where upon
perusing the Persian menu
I immediately decided to
breach
my vegetarian streak
and order the
lamb shank,
number forty four,
because it was either
that or the vegetable
biryani, but
at an Iranian spot,
which struck
me as a bit
inane at the time.

Under regular circumstances,
of course,
I'd vigorously consider
a vegetable biryani,
it'd probably be a bullseye
on a menu for me,
but sitting at Sadaf
with Kat and her
faux aunt,
I curiously lacked
any urge
to even utter the
two words
to the girls
as a dish

I'd consider,
instead I just said
"I think I need
to have that lamb shank,"
expecting a delicious
and expansive
hunk of lamb
after taking note of
the table to the right
passing around
a voluminous chop.

If the lamb chops,
I thought,
which generally
in America
are overpriced and
paltry,
are hearty,
then the shank
should be massive,
and if I'm eating meat
I might as well make
it fucking count.

Yet when the waiter
placed a
large plate of plain
white rice in front of
my person
minutes later

I was ominously perplexed,
and when he dropped a
side-plate-sized
chunk of so-called lamb shank
beside the rice
I knew I'd made a
grave mistake,
that this shank,
this first foray
I'd made into
Iranian lamb,
that it'd pale
in comparison
to great lambs of my past,
because of the
portion, but also the
seasoning, which
was lacking
to the extent of
non-existence, that
I'd have to at some
point text message
Farhad to confirm
I finally ate Persian lamb
and it was
precipitously disappointing,
no doubt I'd blame
the lackluster taste
on "being in London,"
while shrewdly
refraining to mention

that every other meal
we'd eaten in the city
up to that day
was fucking delicious.

This Persian lamb,
in my mind,
was only comparable
to the so-called
lamb shank
I'd got at a place
I'll refrain from naming
on West Fountain Street
that tasted like a
pair of Air Jordans,
when our waiter
went on
regarding his love of
so-called Greek
culture, only to
serve a
shank that was
basically a disgrace,
but to be fair
the lamb was
no direct fault
of the server, just
a sad coincidence.

The reality is
while the Iranian

lamb in London
may have been
somewhat subpar,
I've yet
to peruse a so-called
left-leaning outlet
in London
like our Politico State-side
talking of what
it would take to
quote-unquote
"put to bed"
a case like Epstein's,
which struck me as
a perfectly callous
bit of verbal vomit,
to disregard
the dozens
of underage victims
routinely abused
by this mysterious
billionaire and
his cabal of
well-connected
friends, who
include at least
two U.S. Presidents.

When prosecuting, say,
a mafia don
circumstantial evidence

acts as imperturbable
truth in our country,
as witnesses
who by their personal admission
are criminal pieces of shit
sign sworn statements
that make the reality
of the situation
crystal clear
to all involved
and formal trials
with possible
prison sentences
proceed,
yet a whole harem of
women claiming
the world's most
prominent whore-monger
Epstein and his Mossad
descended "girlfriend"
Ghislaine
were routinely abusing
literal children,
these women
are instead smeared
by allegedly "moderate"
American outlets
as essentially
bigger pieces of
shit than the loanshark
informants who sign affidavits

to put capos in prison.

The notion that
career criminals
who're bequeathed
the tangible benefit
of suspended prison
sentences
for State co-operation
are somehow
more trustworthy
witnesses
than women
who've been abused
as children by
international sexual terrorists,
people with literally
nothing to gain
but the contempt of
public American outlets
who're grotesquely
derelict in their duty
as news organizations—
it's nihilistic to
the highest degree,
a fresh low
for a state
that used to say
black people
were sixty percent
human.

—Diagrams

—A

642: 712 .902 (x5)

The [l]ack of a [l]ite[r]a[r]y [c]ulture
wh[i]ch [i]s [p]ro[b]a[b]l[y] a fault,
[p]rima[r]i[l]y I'd a[ss]ume,
of our [c]o[l]l[e]ctive,
[m]ore [or] [l]e[s]s [g]rot[es]que,
A[m]e[r]ic[an] o[li]g[ar]c[h]ic [c]l[ass],
is with[ou]t d[ou]bt
[a]t [l]ea[st] [p]artia[l]ly
re[s]p[on]sible for
this [s]tate's
[s]ee[m]ing[l]y [ea]s[y] [d]e[s]c[e]nt
in[t]o un[r]ep[re]n[t]a[n]t fascism,
which to [b]e [c]lear
[i]n[d]u[b]ita[b]ly [e]xt[en]ds [b]eyond
th[is] [c]u[r]rent p[r]e[s]i[d]e[n]t,
who, wh[i]le [I]'m sure he's
a [n]ice e[n]ou[gh] g[uy],
[I]'ve o[v]erheard [f]rom
a [v]a[r]iety of [s]our[ces],
o[f]ten sh[is] [i]n h[is]
knif[c]kers, [c]reating,
a[c]cor[d]ing to [s]ome [i]n h[is]
[s]ocial [c]ir[c]le,
a [p]e[c]ul[iar] [s]t[en]ch [s]urroun[d]ing
his bo[d]ily [s]p[a]ce?
130:149 .872

In any [c]a[s]e,
this [b]u[r]eau[cr]a[ti]c
[r]ot h[as] [b]een
v[i]c[i]ously p[r]e[s]e[n]t
in the House and
S[e]n[ate],
d[ai]n[ing] [b]lack

not j[u]st
to [R][ea]g[a]n,
[b][u]t the [c]orr[u]pt
[C][i]nt[on] [r]egime
that [p][l][a]c[ed] [p]er[s]o[n]al
[p][r]o[fit] of v[er] [n][a]tio[n]al [s]e[c]u[r]ity,
in all [l]i[k]e[l]ihood eng[a]g[i]ng
in [s]t[ate]-[s]a[n]c[tion]ed
[a][ss][a][ss]in[at]i[on]s to [c]o[v]er
[s]aid [n]on[s]e[n]se up,
to the [e]xt[en]t
our [b]r[a]nches of
[l]e[gi]s[l]a[tion]
are [n]ow [b]a[s]i[c]a[l]ly
[l]ittle [b]eyond a
[s]ad [c]o[l]l[e]c[tion] of
[s]t[er]ile [n]u[bs].
97:13 .858

B[u]t a[n]yway,
[a]f[ter] [l]a[n]d[i]ng
in [L]o[n]d[on]
we [f]ound
[o]urselves [o]n
the Pi[cc]adi[l]ly
[l]i[n]e to C[o][c]k[f]o[sters]
[w]ith a [c][l]o[c]k[w]o[r]k
[l]i[k]e [r][e]l[ati]o[n] of
the t[r]ai[n]'s [f]inal [d]e[s]t[i]n[ati]o[n]—
yet, [f]or our [p]art,
w[e]’d b[e] [s]t[aly]i[n]g
at the [d]e[l]ightfu[l]l[y] [d][r][ea][r][y]
Earl’s C[ou]rt [b]o[r]ough,
[b]ut as the t[r]ain
[p]ro[c]e[ed]ed,
with [ea]ch [p]ro[log]r[ess]ive
[s]top [s]qu[i]sh[i]ng
[m]e [i]n [c]r[e]m[en]ta[l]ly
[u]p] ag[ai]nst my

[b][u][b][ou]s [l][u]ggage
 in the [c][r][a]mped [c][a]bin,
 I [c]on[s]idered the
 o[r]i[g]ins of [w][or]ds,
 for [i]n[s]t[an]ce
 the [w][o]nder[ful] [w][or][k]
 of [s]omeone
 li[k]e, [s][ay], Noam Chom[s]k[y]
 (a g[r]eat [f][r]i[en]d
 of J[e]f [E]p[s]t[e]in
 by the [w][ay]!),
 [e]ven a [l]urid [w][or]d
 li[k]e "[c]o[c]k"
 [c]ould ta[k]e on [s]o
 [m]a[n]y [m]ea[n]ings,
 [s]im[il]ar to the ph[r]ase
 "t[a]x [a]dvi[ce]"
 in the [r][e]alm
 of [p]e[d]e[r][a]s[us]
 [a]nd their h[igh] [p]ro[f]i[le]
 [p]ro[te]ctors!
 175:174 1.01

In [f]act,
 I [s]aw [a] [f]ew [s]tray
 m[i]n[utes]
 of the [a]b[ort]ed E[p]s[t]e[i]n [P].R.
 [S]t[ev]e [B]a[n]non [i]nterview,
 [s]k[i]pp[ing] [s]t[oc]k[ha]n[s]c[a]ll[y]
 to his ex[pl]a[n]a[tion]
 of the [o]h [ei]ght
 fi[n]a[n]cial [c]ri[s]is [a]nd [I] was
 a [b]it [b]l[o]wn aw[ay]
 at how [u]tter[ly] d[um]b
 J[eff] [c]ame off—
 [e]sp[eci]a[lly] wh[e]n h[e]
 att[em]p[te]d to [e]x[p]l[ain]
 [N]ewton and [P]yth[agoras]—
 [a]nd it's [n]ot even the

[C][o][n][ey] [I]sland
 w[i]se-g[uy] [a]ccent
 [ei]ther, [n][o],
 the p[ur]e [c]ontent of
 his [w][or]ds [w][er]e
 [i]nd[i]c[at]i]ve of a [m][a]n
 who'd [s]p[er]t the v[a][s]t m[a]jority
 [o]f his [a]d[ul]t [b]r[ai]n [c]e[ll]s
 on [b][l][a]ck[m][ai]l and
 [l]ewd [s]e[x] [i]n[s]t[ea]d of
 any [s]ort of [i]nt[el]l[e]ctual
 [p][ur][s]uits,
 E[p][s]tein [p][ur][p]orted to be
 [s]ome [m][a]g[n][a]n[i]mous curio
 of m[a]th, y[e]t his [e]x[p]l[an]ation
 of [P]yth[ag]o[r]as
 [r][e][v]olved a[r]ound
 [th]e [r][e][v]e[ll]ation [th]at
 [t]wo [t][r]i[an]gles,
 g[i]v[e]n the [r]i[gh]t [c]ir[c]um[s]t[an]c[es],
 [c]a[n] [c]r[ea]te
 a s[qu]are.
 173:203 .852

[A]nd I'd [i]m[a]g[i]ne
 even th[at] [f]l[at] opportu[n]ist
 B[a][nn]o[n]'d h[a]ve
 to [a]dmit [J]e[ff] [j][u]st
 w[as]n't [q]u[i]te th[at] br[i]gh[t], th[at]
 [s]im[p]ly [b]e[ca]use you [s]p[ou]t
 [s]ome [b]ullshit
 a[b]out [e]x[ch]a[n]ge [r]a[tes]
 [a]nd [c]ent[r]al b[a]nks
 [i]n t[ex]t [ch]ai]ns,
 [i]n fact,
 [i]n n[o] w[ay] means you
 [o]wn an abo[v]e [a][v]e[r]age
 [c]ap[a]c[i]ty
 toward [c][r][i]t[i]c]al th[i]n[k]i]ng?

-B

[A]t the [N][a]tio[n]al G[a]llery
 in [W]estm[in]ster,
 [a]fter [T]r[ee] [t]old m[e]
 [w]e'd v[i]s[i]t the
 [B][y]ron [b]u[i][d]i[ng],
 [I] [b]ecame a [l]ittle f[um]moxed—
 [w]an[d]e[r]i[n]g a[r]ound,
 [w]on[d]e[r]i[n]g [w]hat exactly
 the [a]uthor [o]f [D]on J[ua]n'd b[e]
 [d]o[ing] [a]mong [a]ll th[e]se
 f[u]ck[ing] [p]ainters—
 j[u]s[t] to [s]t[u]m[b]le [u]p[on]
 or[i]g[i]n[a]l [P]ontorm[o]s,
 [P]armigia[n]i[n]o's, [B][r]onz[i]n[o]s,
 my favo[r]i[te] Ma[n]e[r[i]st
 [p]ai]nters—
 art I'd g[a]z[e]d [a]t [a]s J[P][E]Gs
 on the inter[n]e[t] for[e]ver,
 but [n]ow w[i]t[n]e[s]s[s]e[d] [i]n
 their o[r]i[g]i[n]al [f]orms,
 and I [r]e[f]e[ct]e[d] b[a]c[k]
 to sp[e]n[d]i[n]g [t]w[e]n[ty] [b]u[c]k[s]
 to [b]e g[r]a[n]t[e]d [a]d[m]i[s]s[i]o[n] [i]nto
 [R][I]S[D]'s [m]us[e]u[m],
 [w]here[a]s, now [b]y cont[r]a[st],
 I [w]as s[e]e[i]n[g]
 a h[a]lf dozen o[r]i[g]i[n]al
 [B][r]onz[i]n[o]s [f]or [f]r[ee].
 141:66 .849

On a se[c]ond [g]o [r]ound
 of the [M][a]nne[r]ist
 [r]ooms [a]n A[m]e[r]i[c]an
 tour [g]uide [p]osted [u]p
 in f[r]o[n]t [o]f

B[r][o]nz[i][n]o's V[e][n]us
 [p]ont[i]f[i]cating an im[p][r][o]m[p][t][u]
 [t][a][k] [r]eg[a]r[d]ing
 the [M]anne[r]ist [m][o]ve[m]ent
 [s]u[rr]oun[d]ed by
 a [s]e[r]ies of
 I'm [s][ur]e well-in[t]entioned
 [s]eni[or] [c][i]t[i]z[e]ns
 who w[er]e then [p][r]om[p][t]ed
 to [r]el[ay] [p]er[s]onal and
 [s][p]e[c]i[f]ic in[t]er[p][r]e[t]a[t]ions
 of the [q]u[ote]-un[q]u[ote]
 "thea[t]r[ic]al" [p][ai]nt[ing]-
 88:98 .898

The [n]ext [a]f[ter]n[oon]
 [a]f[ter] d[r]i[n]k[i]ng
 a [c][ou]ple [s][c]r[u]m[p]tious [p]i[nt]s
 at Church[i]l's [p]ub
 in [K]ens[i]ngton
 [w]e [w]al[k]ed
 to an I[r]anian
 [r][e]stau[r]ant
 [m][y] w[i]fe's
 B[r][i]t[i]sh aunt
 [r]eco[m]m[e]nd[ed],
 where u[p]on
 [p]er[using] the [P]er[s]ian [m][e]nu
 [I] i[m]m[e]d[i]atel[y] [d]e[c]i[d]ed to
 b[r][ea]ch
 my vegeta[r][i]an [s]t[r]ea[k]
 and [o]rder the
 l[a]mb sh[a]nk,
 n[u]mber [f]o[r]ty [f]o[ur],
 [b]e[cau]se it w[a]s either
 [th]at or [th]e vegeta[b]le
 [b]i[rya]n[i], [b]u[t
 [a]t [a]n I[r]a[n]i[an] [s]pot,
 which [s]t[r]u[ck

me as a [b]it
if[n][a]ne at the t[i]me.
99:119

Un[d]er [r]egu[l]ar [c]ir[c]um[s]tan[c]es,
of [c]ourse,
I'd [v][i]go[r]ou[s][l]y [c]on[s]i[d]er
a [v]egeta[b]le [b]iryan[i],
it'd p[r]o[b]a[b]l[y] [b]e a [b]ullseye
on a [m]enu for [m]e,
[b]ut [s]itt[ing] [a]t [S]ad[a]f
with [K][a]t [a]nd her
faux [a]unt,
I [c]urious[l]y [l]a[c]ked
an[y] [ur]ge
to [e]ven utt[er] the
[t][wo] w[or]ds
[t][o] the g[ir]ls
as a [d][i]sh
I'd con[s]i[d]er,
in[s]t[ea]d I just [s]aid
"I think I need
to h[a]ve th[at] I[a]mb sh[a]n[k],"
[e]x[p]l[e]c[ting] a de[l]i[c]ious
[a]nd [e]x[p]an[s]ive
hun[k] of I[a]mb
[a]fter [t][a]k[ing] note of
the [t][a]ble [t]o the [r]ight
[p]a[s]s[ing] [a]r[ound]
[a] v[oluminous] ch[o]p.
107:132 .811

If the lamb ch[o]ps,
I th[ou]ght,
which gene[r]ally
in [A]me[r]ica
[a]re over[p]r[iced] and
[p]a[rt]l[y],
[a]re h[ea]rt[y],

[θ]en [θ]e [ʃ]a[n]k
[ʃ]ould be [m][a][ss]i[ve],
[a]n[d] i[f] I'm [e]a[ti]ng [m][e]a[t]
I [m]ight as well [m]a[k]e
it fu[ck]ing [c]ount.
36:47 .766

Yet [w]hen the [w][ai]ter
[p][l][a]ced a
l[ar]ge [p][l][a]te of [p][l][ai]n
wh[i]te [r][i][c]e in f[r]ont of
m[y] p[er]s[on]
m[i][n]utes I[a]ter
I [w]as o[m][i][n]o[us]l[y] p[er]p[lex]ed,
and [w]hen he dro[pp]ed a
[s]ide-[p]l[ate]-[s]ized
chun[k] of [s]o-[c]alled I[a]mb sh[a]n[k]
be[s]ide the [r][i][c]e
I knew I'd [m]a[de] a
g[r]a[ve] [m][i][s]t[ake],
[θ][a]t [θ][i][s] sh[a]n[k],
this [f]irst [f]o[r]a
I'd [m]a[de] into
I[r]a[n]ian lamb,
that it'd [p]a[le]
in [c]om[p]a[r]ison
to g[r]eat l[a]mbs of my [p]a[st],
be[c]a[use] of the
p[or]tion, but al[s]o the
s[e]ason[i]ng, [w]hich
[w]as lack[i]ng
to the [e]xt[en]t of
non-[e]xi[s]t[en]ce, that
I'd h[a]ve to [a]t [s]ome
p[oi]nt t[ext] m[es]sage
[F]arhad to [c]onf[ir]m
I [f]inally [a]te P[er]sian l[a]mb
[a]nd it was
p[re]c[i]p[it]o[us]l[y] [d]i[s]a[pp]ointing,

no [d]oubt I'd [b][l][a]me
the [l]ack[l]uster t[a]ste
on "[b][e]ing in [L][o]n[d][o]n,"
while shrewd[l]y
[r]ef[r][ai]ning to [m][e]ntion
that [e]ve[r]y other [m][ea]ll
we'd [ea]ten [i]n the c[ity]
[u]p to that [d]ay
w[a]s f[u]ck[i]ng [d]el[i]c[i]ous.
168:200 .840

Th[i]s [P]ers[i]an [l]amb,
in [m][y] [m][i]nd,
was [o]n[l]y [c]om[p]arable
to the [s][o]-[c]alled
[l]amb sh[a]nk
I'd got at a [p][l][a]ce
I'll [r]ef[r][ai]n [f][r]om n[a]ming
on West [F]ountain [S]t[re]et
that t[a]s[te]d like a
p[ai]r of [A]ir Jordans,
[w]h[e]n our [w][ai]ter
[w]e[n]t on
[r]egarding his [l]o[v]e [o]f
[s][o]-[c]alled G[r]eek
[c]ulture, [o]n[l]y to
[s]erve a
sh[a]nk th[at] was
[b][a][s]i[c]ally a di[s]gr[a]c[e],
[b]ut to [b]e [f]air
the l[a]mb was
n[o] [d]ir[e]c[t] [f]ault
of the [s]er[v]er, just
a [s][a]d c[on]c[i]d[e]n[c]e.
80:101 .792

The [r]eal[ity] is
wh[i]le the [I][r]anian
[l]amb in [L][o]n[d]o[n]

m[a]y h[a]ve been
 [s][o]mewh[a]t [s][u]b[p]ar,
 I've y[e]t
 to [p]eruse a [s][o]-[c]alled
 [l][e]ft-[l]eaning out[l][e]t
 in [L][o]nd[o]n
 [l][i]k[e] our [P]o[l][i]t[i]c[o] [S]tate-[s]ide
 [t]al[k]ing [o]f [w]h[at
 it [w]ould [t]a[k]e [t]o
 [q]u[ot]e-un[q]u[ot]e
 "[p]ut to bed"
 a [c]ase [l][i]k[e] E[p][s]tein's,
 which [s]tru[c]k me as
 a [p]erfe[c]tly [c]a[l]l[ou]s
 [b]it of [v]er[b]al [v]omit,
 to [d]is[r]egard
 the [d][o]zens
 [o]f [u]n[d]erage v[ic]t[i]ms
 r[ou]tinely a[b][u]sed
 [b]y th[i]s m[y][s]terious
 [b]illio[n]aire and
 his [c]a[b]al of
 w[e]ll-[c]o[n]n[e]c[t]e[d]
 f[r]i[en]ds, who
 inc[l]ude at [l]east
 t[wo] [U].S. P[r][e]sid[e]nts.
 109:128 .852

When [p]ro[s]e[c]uting, [s]ay,
 a m[a]fia [d][o]n
 [c]ir[c]umst[an]tial [e]vi[d]e[n]ce
 [a]c[t]s [a]s im[p]er[er][t][ur][b]a[b]le
 [t]r[ut]h in our [c]ountry,
 as w[i]tn[es]s[e]s
 wh[o] by their [p]er[s]o[n]al adm[i]ss[i]on
 are c[r]i[m]i[n]al [p]i[e]c[es] of sh[ri]t
 [s]ign [s]worn [s]t[ate]m[en]ts
 that m[a]ke the [r]eality
 of the [s]itu[at]i[on]

[c]r[y][s]t[a]l [c]lear
 to [a]ll inv[o]lved
 and formal t[r]ials
 with [p]o[ss][i]ble
 [p][r][i]s[o]n [s][e]nt[e]n[c]es
 [p][r]o[c]eed,
 yet a w[h]ole [h]a[r]r[em] of
 [w]o[m][e]n clai[m]ing
 the [w]orld's [m]ost
 [p]ro[m]inent w[h]ore-[m]onger
 E[p][s]tein and his [M]o[ss]ad
 [d][e][s]c[e]n[d][e]d "g]ir[fr]ie[nd"
 [G]his[1]aine
 were r[ou]tine[l]y ab[us]ing
 [l]i[te]r[al] ch[i]ld[r]e[n],
 these w[o]m[en]
 are in[s]tead [s]m[ear]ed
 by [a]ll [e]g[e]d[l]y "[m]ode[r]ate"
 [A]m[er]ican out[lets]
 as [e]ss[e]ntia[l]ly
 b[i]gger pie[c]es of
 [sh]i[t [th]an [th]e [l]o[an]sh]ark
 in[f]ormants who [s]ign a[f]fidavits
 to [p]ut ca[p]s [i]n [p]r[i]s[o]n.
 153:183 .836

The [n]otion that
 [c]a[r]eer [c]r[im][i]n[al]s
 who're [b]e[qu]eathed
 the tangi[b]le [b]e[n]e[f]i[t
 of [s]u[s]p[er]n[d]e[d] [p]r[i]s[o]n
 [s]e[n]t[e]n[c]es
 for [S]t[ate] co-op[er]a[tion
 are [s]o[m]ehow
 [m]ore tr[u]st[w]orthy
 [w]i]tn[ess]es
 than [w]o[m][e]n
 who've [b]een a[b]used
 [a]s ch[i]ldr[e]n [b]y

in[t]ern[a]tional [s][e]xual [t][e][rr]o[r][i]sts,
[p]eo[p]le w[i]th [l][i]te[r]a[l]ly
n[o]thing to gain
[b][u]t the [c]ont[em]p[t] of
[p][u][b]lic Am[e][r][i]c[an] outlets
who're g[r]o[t][e][s][q]ue[l]y
[d][e]r[e]l[i]ct [i]n their [d][u]ty
as [n][ew]s orga[n]izations—
[i]t'[s] n[i]h[i]l[i]s[tic] to
the [h]i[gh]est deg[r]ee,
a [f][r]esh [l]ow
[f]or a [s]t[ate]
that [u]sed to [s]ay
black [p]eo[p]le
were [s]ixty [p]er[cent]
h[u]man
128:140 .914