

Corinne was like a smaller version of Agnes; in a male, her appearance would be described as wizened. A fierce feminist with a powerful personality that was hard to resist, she was someone who people—especially men—tended to be aware of and shrink away from when her deliberately loud heels or boots approached.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” she began, “I first want to thank Matt and Jeremy for inviting me to comment on their proposed revolution in Massachusetts. It has given me much to mull over for the past few days, and it has quite frankly caused me to consider in depth much about the world we have created and what obligations, if any, we ‘1 percenters’ have toward society as a whole. I have laughed at the Walter Mitty aspect of the proposal, and I have cried at fully realizing how poorly we have waged the various wars on poverty, ignorance, crime, and culture over the years. The plan has stoked in me a long-buried desire to right wrongs and leave the world a better place for my having been here.

“The plan is overly simplistic and unnecessarily global in its reach, and in some respects—the elimination of gangs, for example—it seems impossible to execute. There is, at best, only a slim chance that the plan could actually succeed at the election. I am one of the older persons in this room, and I am probably the most infirm, as well as the most likely to be first to pass on to whatever is beyond the grave. But by God, I favor this attempt and will do whatever I can to assist. If we succeed, we might one day be praised for having saved the United States from an inevitable dictatorship, and if we fail, we still may trigger a broader revolution that may rekindle the flame of old America in tomorrow’s citizens.”

As Matt had hoped, Corinne’s little speech changed the mood of the room.