

# A Day in Zuccotti Park

Last week I found myself in lower Manhattan. With a bit of time to kill, I decided to satisfy my curiosity about the Occupy Wall Street protests (I hesitate to describe what I saw as a movement). So, I wandered over to Zuccotti Park and waded in. First, as an historian with a passion for medieval history, I have often wondered what odors would assail the senses if one was among a large group of individuals who had only a passing acquaintance with concepts of hygiene. I no longer have to wonder. If any of you are planning to send CARE packages to the OWS folks, please, for the love of God, include soap, along with instructions for its use.

I also noted that the average OWS revolutionary is rather lazy. I began my wanderings at about 10:00 a.m., and at least half of the OWS occupiers were still wrapped up in their sleeping bags and tarps. If the day ever arrives when I feel compelled to lead a revolution, job number one will be recruiting folks ready to roll out the banners and start chanting slogans at the crack of dawn. I may make some exceptions for those leading midnight marches the night before, but that's it. Everyone else will be manning the barricades by first light.

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