

COMMUNIQUÉS  
by Moira Sims

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Notification issued 01-30-2025 at 9:00AM.

The official Training Handbook is referenced throughout this publication, and can be downloaded online at [GSA.gov](https://www.gsa.gov). The Training Handbook is updated biannually, please refer to the most up to date version.

Communiqués (ed. 2025) comprises supplemental case studies to be read in tandem with the official Training Handbook. Communiqués (ed. 2025) is segmented into five sections: Aircraft Drills, Sites of Interest, People of Interest, Information Exchange, and Sans Public. In some cases, names and locations have been redacted to protect the privacy of those involved.

All attachés, officers, and members of the chamber are required to review the following case studies before biannual placement testing commences the following year. We thank you for your compliance.

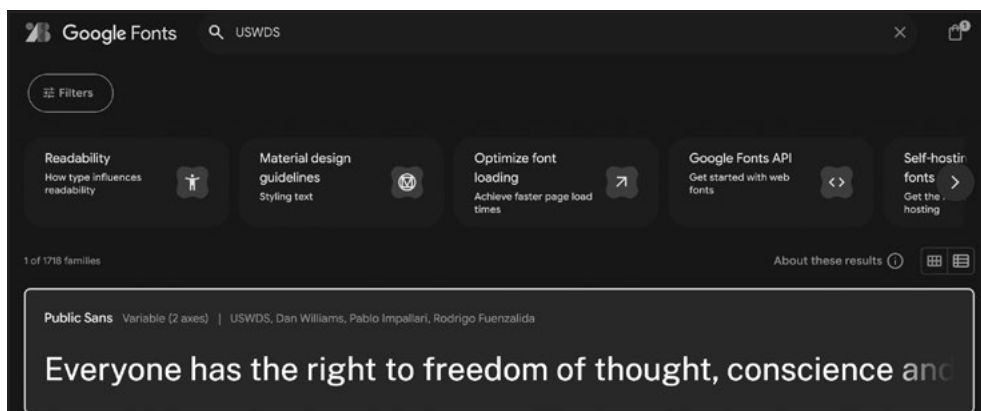
### A NOTE ON PUBLIC SANS

Notification issued 12-13-2022 at 9:00AM.

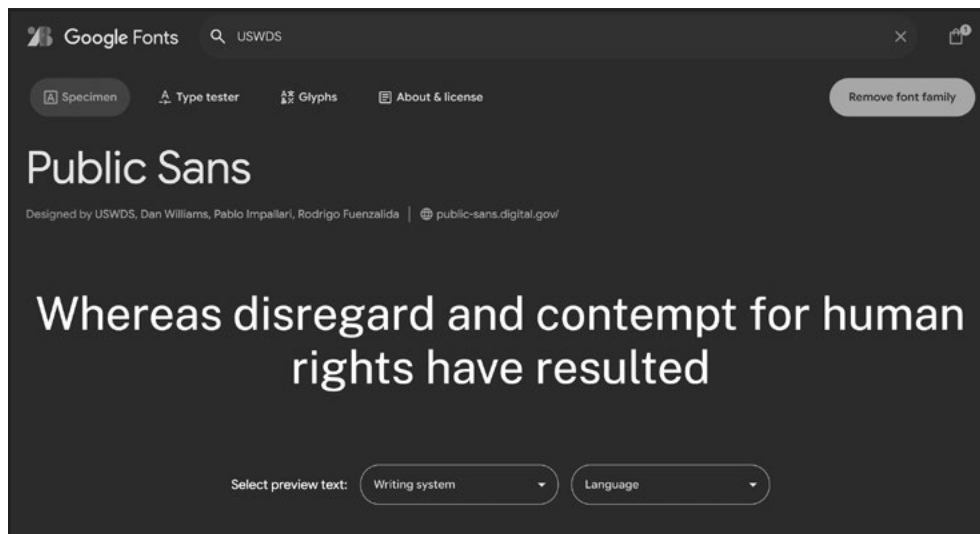
The official Training Handbook and all related publications use a font family called Public Sans. Public Sans is a free, open source font developed by the United States Web Design System, a subdivision of the General Services Administration. Public Sans was released to the public in April 2019, and is designed to make information clear and easy to read.

“The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog [...].”

“Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and [...]”



“Whereas disregard and contempt for human rights have resulted [...]”



## THE BURNING AIRCRAFT LEFT UNNOTICED

Notification issued 04-22-2024 at 9:00AM.

After an unnervingly turbulent flight, I’ve finally landed at the Dallas Fort Worth airport. A few families and elderly people on the airplane begin clapping and cheering half-heartedly. I can feel a headache coming on. Even though it’s only April, heat waves are visibly rippling across the tarmac. I struggle to unbutton the stiff collar of my shirt.

The plane taxis for a long time. I look out the window, watching the medley of airport vehicles zipping around, cruising beneath the plane and across the horizon. I have always fantasized about driving the baggage carts, repair vehicles, and airstairs. Even just once would satisfy me. The double-paned glass window of the airplane barricades me from the bustling world below.

My eyes begin to glaze over until I notice pillars of smoke in the distance. The smoke is thick and black, and I cannot see the source. As the plane continues to taxi, the burning carcass of a Boeing 777-200 comes into view. Even from a distance, I can see that the wreckage is gruesome and irreversible. Flames lick the sides of the fuselage. There doesn’t seem to be any emergency services present, or anyone in the vicinity of the plane at all.

I frantically look around at my fellow passengers to see if anyone else has noticed the carnage. The young woman wearing a university sweatsuit sitting next to me is browsing Pinterest on her phone. An older man across the aisle has finished his crossword puzzle and his second nip of whiskey. The airplane is quiet as we inch closer to the terminal.



I consider calling over a crewmember, but decide against it. The burning plane is so obvious, it feels ridiculous to call attention to it. Plus, the Training Handbook discourages attachés from making such reports. Of course the others can see it. Are they ignoring it deliberately? Did I miss an announcement while I was watching *The Fast and the Furious* a few moments ago?

Turning my gaze back toward the unfolding scene across the runway, I witness the windows of the burning plane suddenly blow out. I faintly hear glass and debris scattering across the hot tarmac. I ask myself, can this really be happening again?

Notification issued 07-17-1995 at 9:00AM.

After your recent (excruciatingly delayed) promotion, you were requested to join an exciting new office in the Department. The position entailed moving to a heavily polluted foreign megacity for a three year tour. There would be a furnished apartment waiting for you, conveniently located in a fashionable neighborhood near the city center. You were ready for a change, so when the call with the Department's decision came through you started packing that same night.

Unsurprisingly, your new apartment has the exact same sofa and wingback armchairs as your flat two tours ago. You find comfort in the familiar abstract pattern swirling on the upholstery. You envision your annual Christmas cards emblazoned with photographs of you, now five years older, in a Santa hat sitting on the same pastel sofa in a brand new city. You wonder if anyone back home who receives the greeting card will notice your government sanctioned *deja-vu*.



Since your move nearly seven months ago, you've been diligently participating in the mandatory radio safety program. Post One contacts the officers in your division every two weeks to test the functionality of the entire suite of two-way radios. These official radios are only used for biweekly testing and in the case of an emergency. You perform old-fashioned radio protocols, utilizing the same terminology that your father did during the War over fifty years ago. Roger, over and out, loud and clear. Do you read me? The radios function perfectly every time, and you begin to look forward to the 6:00 AM ritual transmission every two weeks. It makes you feel important.

Late one night the crackling radio stirs you awake, "This is not a drill, I repeat, this is not a drill." You spring into action, hurriedly pulling pants on and grabbing your go bag. If this emergency is what you fear it might be, there is no time to waste. You deadbolt the

door to your apartment, and run haphazardly down the stairs and out into the darkness of the street. Your personal vehicle is parked neatly out front, and you frantically jump in and peel off toward the outskirts of the city. Beads of sweat are forming on your forehead and palms. At this hour the roads are almost entirely empty, and you blow through multiple red lights without hesitation. You have diplomatic immunity after all.

Once you arrive at the correct exit, you abandon your car on the side of the highway and walk a few hundred yards toward a dimly lit gas station. A silver minivan is waiting for you. Your ankles are cold and you realize that you forgot to put socks on before fleeing the apartment. Finally catching your breath, you let out a nervous laugh. You're now in the moving minivan with one other passenger: an older woman with long gray hair who you haven't seen before. She doesn't make eye contact. The driver is a man often hired by the Department for odd jobs and occasional carpentry projects. Everyone is silent.

After a few hours of driving down dirt roads, the three of you arrive at the second destination of your journey: a large clearing in the dry, brushy landscape. It's still very dark outside, and you are at once filled with adrenaline and incredible fatigue. More vans pull up, more exhausted people spill out. Some you recognize, others you don't. A few children are in the crowd. A mechanical sound can be heard in the distance.

Eight helicopters approach the site, and land one after another in the clearing. Together, you board the aircraft and the third leg of your journey begins. The helicopters lift off from the sandy clearing and fly southeast. You're strapped tightly into your seat. Several of the safety belts are tangled and flipped the wrong way, and you're feeling increasingly claustrophobic. You take deep breaths in a futile attempt to calm your rising nerves. The helicopter is hurtling rapidly through the night air. Dawn is imminent.

A young man sitting next to you is transfixed by something out of view. You notice a strange glow from the windows on his side of the helicopter. As dawn glimmers on the horizon, the scene below reveals itself. Your convoy is flying unusually close to an active volcano. You can see the red hot magma bubbling and smoking in the twinkling, dewy air. You try your best to look away from the volcano's horrific crater.

The helicopters descend into another clearing. Your group has flown far enough to cross into a new biome. You have lost a baseline understanding of where you are, and don't dare to ask questions. It's possible that the convoy crossed the border. As you disembark into a thick jungle, you hear tropical bird calls and humming insects all around you. The heavy air is cool and damp. Everyone gathers in the clearing as you collectively await further instruction.

A man emerges from the crowd carrying a beige megaphone. "Good morning everyone. We thank you for your compliance. Please do not be alarmed. This has, in fact, been a drill. A Regional Office is selected at random every ten years to conduct a level eight emergency evacuation. In order to accurately record the evacuation timeline, we cannot let anyone know in advance that it is a drill. There are Nutri-Grain bars and coffee available for everyone in the blue van on the left. After a fifteen minute break, we will begin the journey home. Do you read me?"



Notification issued 03-22-1990 at 9:00AM.

This site is farther off the grid than you're used to. Your satellite phone is struggling to get a signal, and there is no internet connection for dozens of miles. Squat wooden structures line the dirt roads of the village, and are elevated by stilts due to frequent flooding during the rainy season. A few construction projects in town appear to be on permanent hiatus, and palm fronds grow between half-finished, skeletal building frames. It's hot and humid beyond belief, to the point that you feel the climate is having a psychoactive effect on you.

It's your first night here, and you're lying under a tattered mosquito net, struggling to sleep. There is limited electricity available from sporadic generators in the village, and box fans are a luxury. Your room, of course, does not have one. After tossing and turning in bed for a while, you decide to slap on some clothes and stumble into the local watering hole. You ask the bartender for something strong. As you sip on your drink you say to no one in particular, "How can anyone sleep in this heat?" "Have another," the bartender says, while pouring you a second glass.

The next morning you wake up in your bed without any recollection of leaving the makeshift bar. You are still wearing your shoes, with your feet tucked underneath the sheets. Your wallet and small personal items are neatly laid out on a crude bookshelf in a manner that feels foreign to you. Nothing is missing, so you choose to ignore your rising suspicions and proceed with your Assignment. An aggressive hangover discourages you from investigating the events of last night any further.

Two weeks go by. You've been feverishly working on a Report about a remote village deep in the jungle. This Assignment is a big one. Big enough that it could alter



the course of foreign diplomacy and of your career. Your time here has been acutely challenging. Your only hope is that it will all be worth it.

It's another oppressively humid day. You stop at a luncheonette for a bowl of fragrant soup and skewers of grilled meat. You're surprised to learn that your rival from the other Regional Office has been seen in town, and is apparently working on a similar Report to yours. You've known him for many years, and even shared a friendly beer with him after the grueling press conference last May. All of that is now long in the past. Today you find yourselves in direct opposition, vying to be the first to submit this crucial Report to the Bureau Chief.

After considerable field research, clandestinely recorded conversations with landowners, and innumerable bribes to the local authorities, the moment has come at last: you have all of the information required to submit the Report. You'll need to send the Report from a locale with a phone line, which is dozens of miles away. Time is of the essence, and thankfully your bags are already packed. You offer a man at the corner store a decent sum to drive you to the airstrip 17 miles east of the village.

A few small airplanes are waiting once you arrive, and you ask one of the bush pilots if he can take you to the nearest city with an international airport. He tosses his cigarette, and explains that a plane his size will need to refuel halfway through the trip. You'll need to make a brief pitstop at the next airstrip in a slightly bigger town. The first leg of the trip shouldn't take more than thirty minutes.

As you take off, you see your rival reaching the runway and negotiating with another pilot. He's right on your tail, and if he manages to submit the Report first this will all have been for nothing. In the sky, you can see his plane far in the distance behind you and break out in a sweat. You ask your pilot if your rival's plane will also need to refuel along the way. "Absolutely, and we all refuel in the same place. That plane and ours will probably arrive at the pitstop at about the same time," he explains.

You arrive at the pitstop in a state of panic, and know that you only have a few minutes advantage over your rival. You approach the man refueling your plane. You offer him your Swiss Army knife and all the money you have if he promises to pour out the rest of the fuel and pretend they ran out. This way, your rival would be stuck at the pitstop for several hours if not overnight. The man hesitantly agrees, and puts your money in his pocket. Airplane fuel streams across the tarmac. You return to your seat on the freshly refueled plane with a great sense of relief, which gives way to overwhelming shame.

Notification issued 08-08-2024 at 09:00 AM.

The Frece Tricolori and the Thunderbirds, consisting of 11 MB-339 and 6 F-16 aircraft, will be conducting a river flyover today, 8/8. The aircraft will fly at approximately 2,500 feet.

To view this message in American Sign Language (ASL), العربية, বাংলা, 中文, Français, Kreyòl Ayisyen, Italiano, 한국어, Polski, Русский, Español, اردو or עברית:

<http://on.notifications.gov/1kdjT4y>.

Alerts in العربية, বাংলা, 中文, Français, Kreyòl Ayisyen, Italiano, 한국어, Polski, Русский, Español, اردو or עברית: <https://on.notifications.gov/change-language>.

To refer your friends and family to this service please visit

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Please contact [Notify@oem.notifications.gov](mailto:Notify@oem.notifications.gov) with questions or concerns.

Notification issued 10-15-2024 at 9:00AM.

Twenty-two Corinthian sandstone columns were originally situated in the East Portico of the Capitol Building, yet were ultimately deemed incapable of supporting the immense weight of the building's heaving, iron dome. Rendered non-functional yet widely known to command authority, the columns have been relocated and now stand in a manicured, open field of grass. Our very own Acropolis is rarely visited.



### THE BENCHES AT CHEVY CHASE CIRCLE

Notification issued 05-13-2006 at 09:00 AM.

Local residents painstakingly organized fundraiser bake sales, raffles, and car washes to revitalize the 300 square foot park inside of the neighborhood traffic circle. Once adequate funds had been allocated, everyone agreed that adding stone pavement and park benches were the first steps toward creating a recreational oasis. Construction crews got to work.

As the project was already well underway, the new Administration took office. In response, traffic steadily increased twofold and citywide. Even this commuter neighborhood on the edge of the city limits was affected. There are no stoplights near the traffic circle, and the endless stream of cars, motorcades, and military convoys prevented pedestrian use of the singular crosswalk during regular business hours.

This series of events meant that the interior of the circle could only be reached by putting oneself in physical danger and making a run for it, or by visiting very late at night when the traffic dwindled. For these reasons, amongst numerous others outlined in the Training Handbook, the benches were never completed and the project was abandoned. Without scheduled maintenance, the benches have rapidly deteriorated in the elements.



Notification issued 02-31-2011 at 9:00AM.

Chico's, the ubiquitous women's clothing retailer, has been a suburban shopping mall staple for decades. Chico's features an array of women's clothing, shoes, and accessories in a wide variety of colors and patterns. Typical customers combing through the racks of colorful fabrics include divorcees, recently retired civil servants, and middle-aged women with their preteen children in tow.



One February afternoon, a thirteen year old boy was slumped onto a compact pleather armchair in the center of a Chico's store waiting for his mother's shopping trip to conclude. He hunched over a Kurt Vonnegut book, attempting to read amidst the commotion of women jostling about and asking the Chico's shop girls for alternate sizing. A festive ABBA song played in the background. The overhead lights started flickering intermittently, and then went out. There was a noticeable pause in the chatter as everyone in the store looked up from the clothing racks, sensing something was amiss.

The floor tilted wildly as the building shook with a vengeance. Chunky necklaces flew across the white tile floor, scattering haphazardly. Metal clothing hangers collided

loudly, and the racks teetered back and forth precariously. A platinum blonde woman across the store shrieked as the display of last season's paisley coverups collapsed on top of her. The boy looked around himself and realized that this could be an earthquake, although that would be highly unusual in this part of the country. No one could have predicted this event. The shaking persisted.

The women at Chico's were now entering a hysterical panic. Two strangers sheltered together beneath a partially collapsed plexiglass display case. Another woman grabbed a teal purse near the entrance of the store and made a run for it. Several others gathered around the boy, who remained still. As instructed by the Training Handbook, he closed his eyes and let the moment wash over him. Nothing could phase him now.

The tremors eventually subsided, and no one had sustained any injuries. Dozens of shoppers who had been crouching on the floor stood up, brushed themselves off, and quietly made their way toward the parking lot. Besides the shop girl, the boy and his mother were the last people left at Chico's. Sitting in the armchair for several minutes, the boy waited for his mother to complete her purchase of a fuschia scarf before going home.

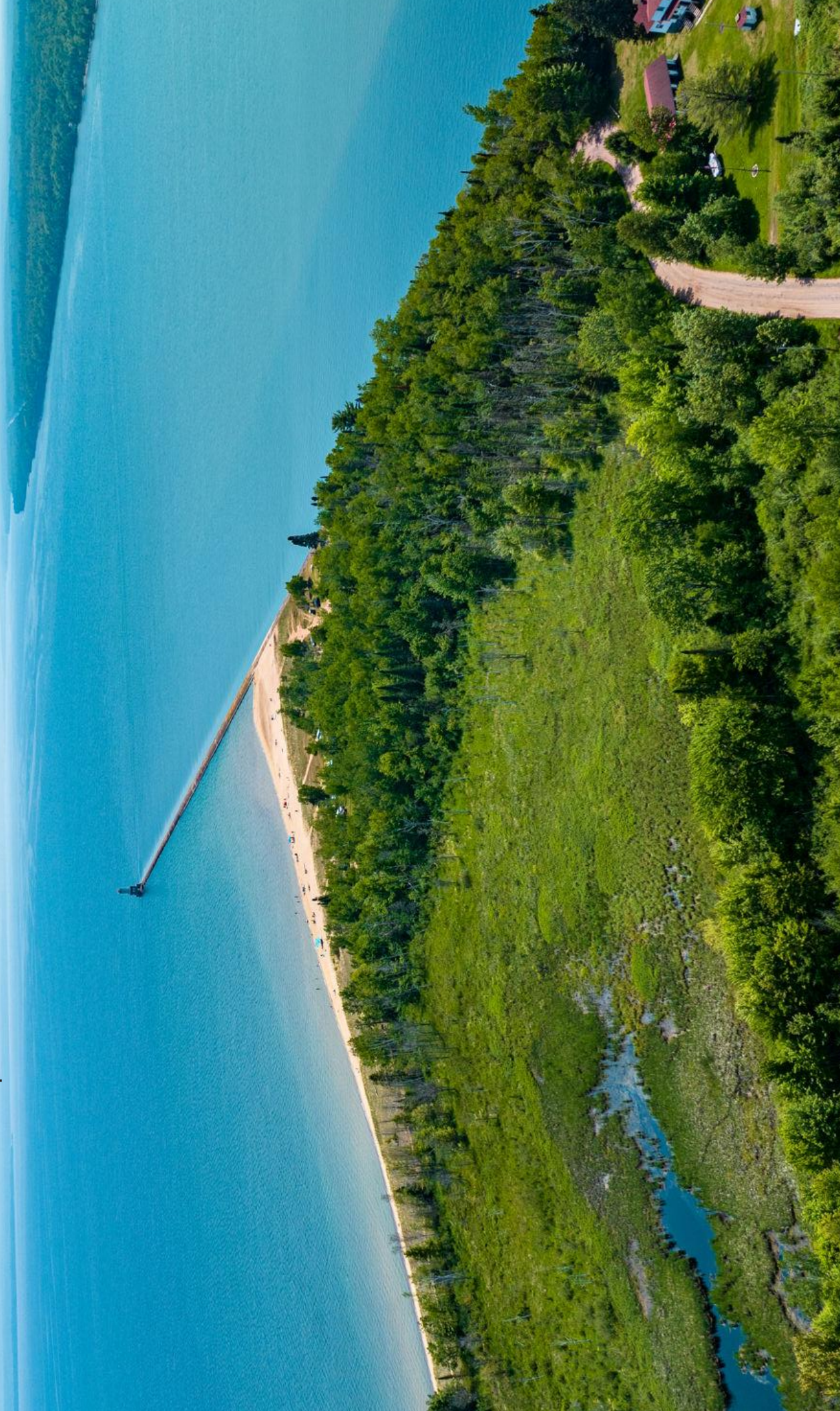
SITES OF INTEREST  
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KEWEENAW LIGHTHOUSE

COMMUNIQUÉS

Notification issued 09-18-2023 at 9:00AM.

Sale-Lot Number: CHICA124004001  
KeweenawDronePhotos.pdf



Notification issued 09-18-2023 at 9:00AM.

Sale-Lot Number: CHICA124004001  
KeweenawDronePhotos.pdf





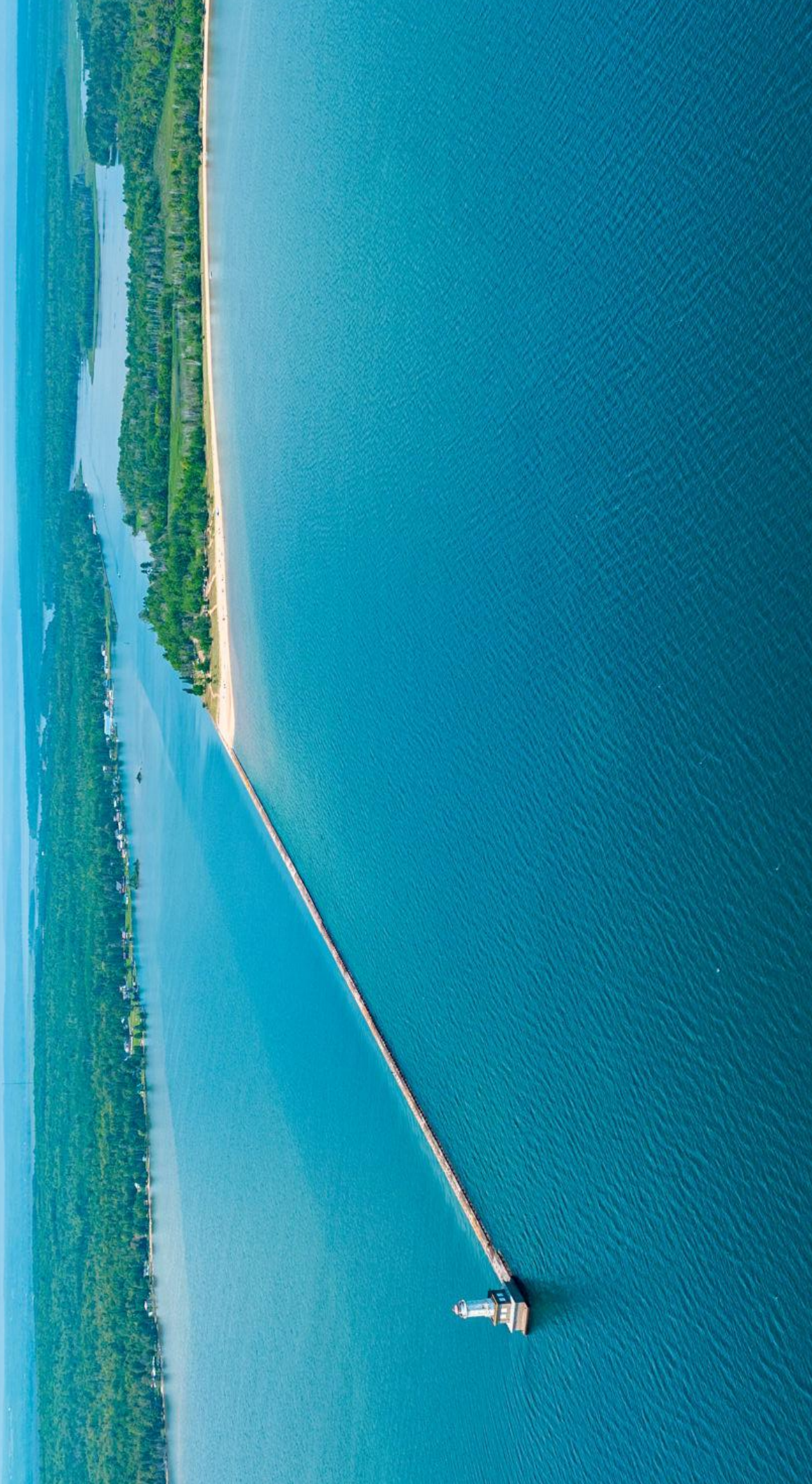
SITES OF INTEREST  
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SITES OF INTEREST

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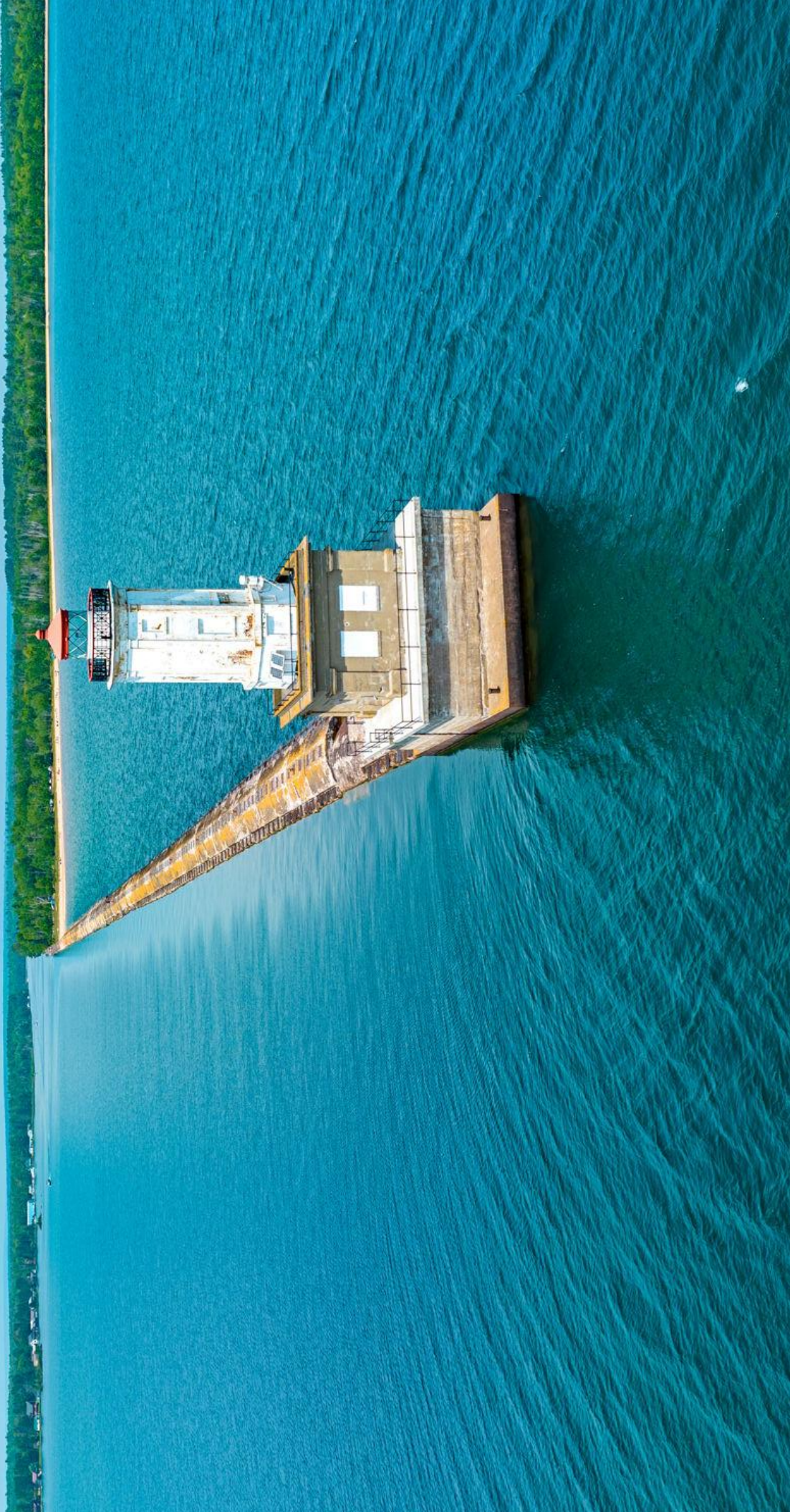
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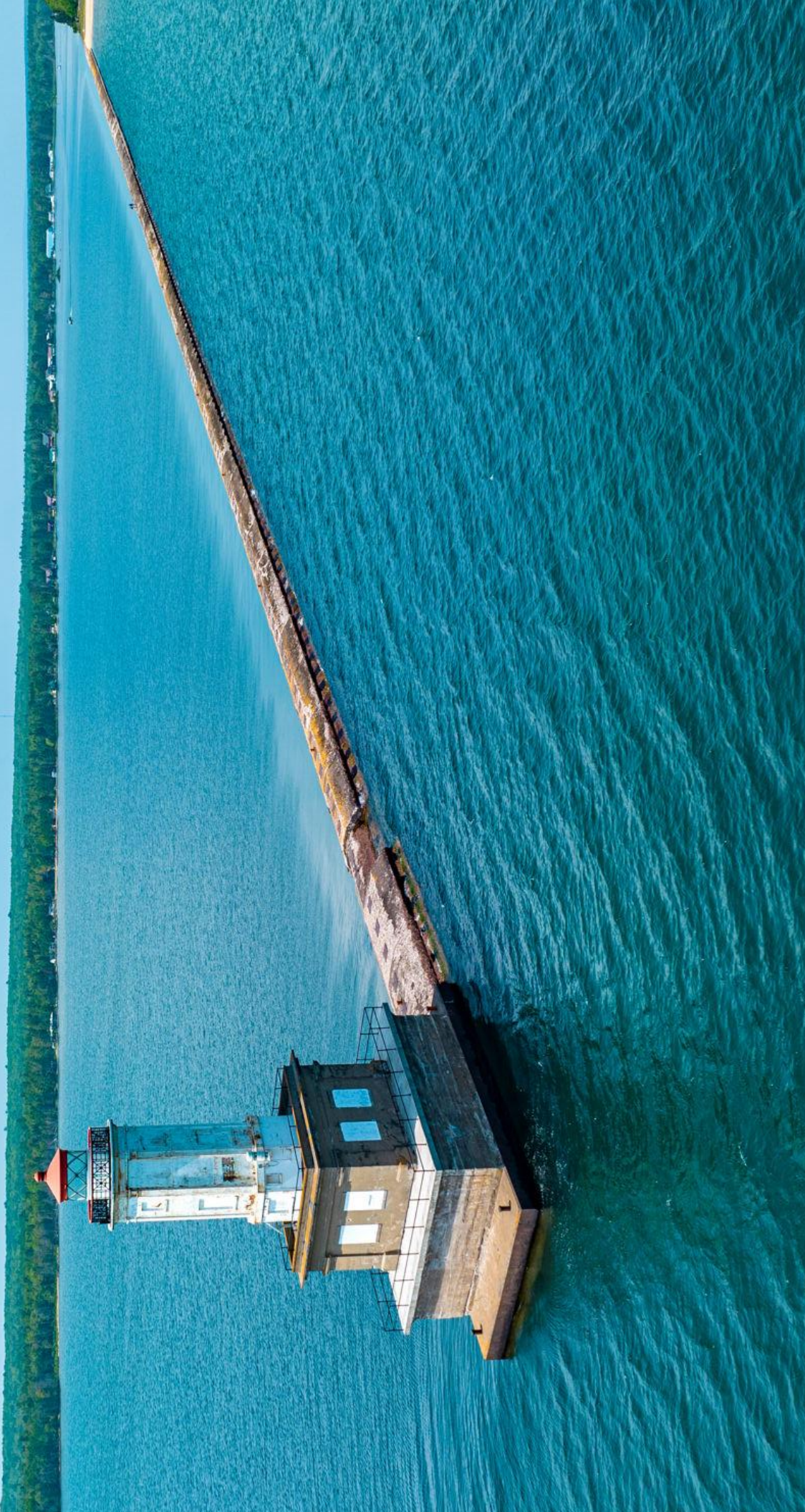
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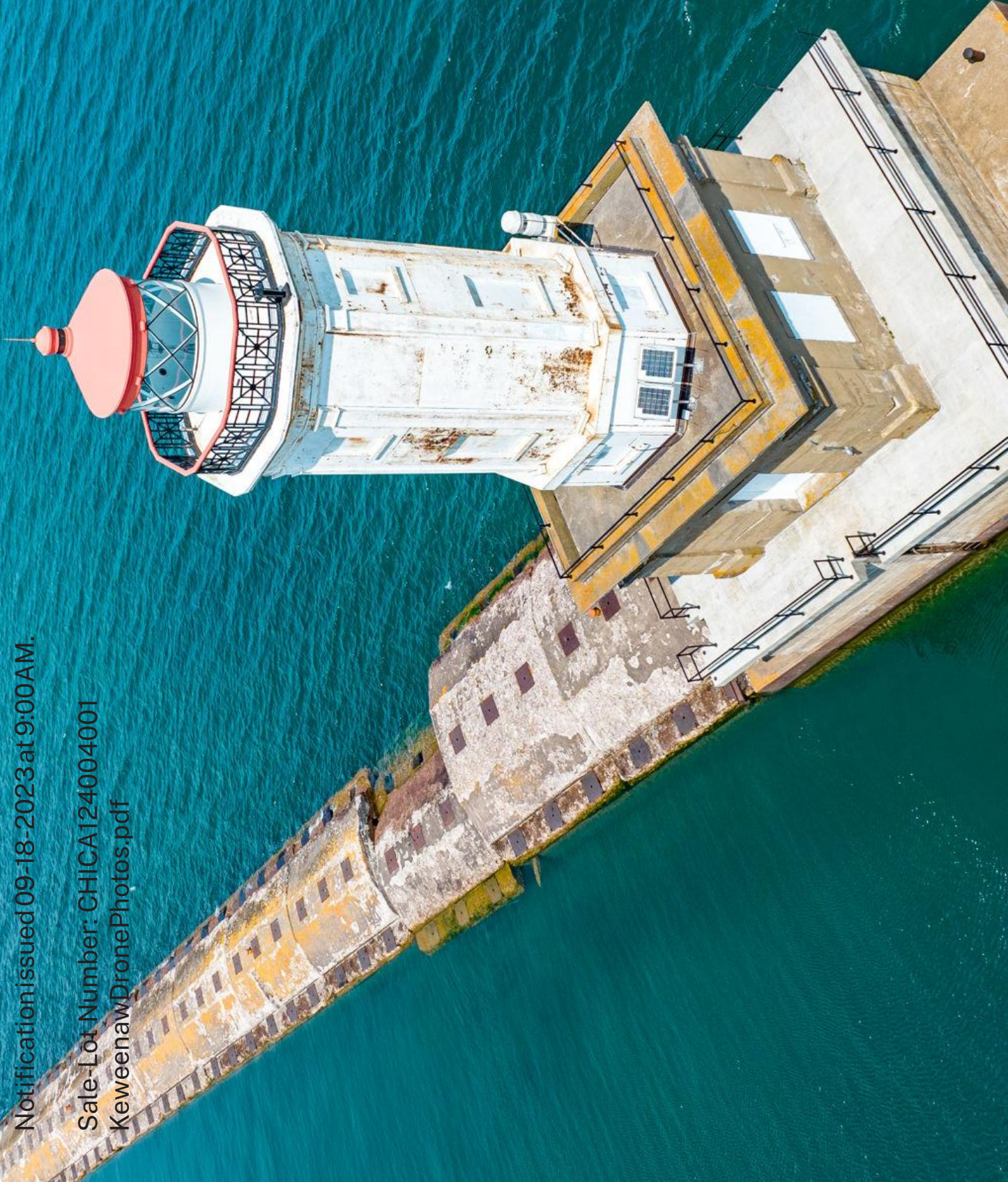


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[KeweenawDronePhotos.pdf](#)



KEWEENAW LIGHTHOUSE

Notification issued 09-18-2023 at 9:00AM.

Sale-Lot Number: CHICA124004001  
KeweenawDronePhotos.pdf





Notification issued 03-28-1996 at 9:00AM.

9:30 Club  
Ambassador Theater  
Bayou  
Black Cat  
Big Sandy  
The Brave Cave  
Bright Light  
Butterworth's  
Casa Padre  
Camp Echo  
Cellar Door  
Crazy Horse  
Cobalt  
Fifth Column  
The Gulag Archipelago  
Homan Square  
La Palma  
La Tuna  
Marianna  
Mat-Su  
Red Eagle Honor Farm  
Tune Inn  
Three Rivers  
Salt Pit  
The Vault

Notification issued 11-16-2017 at 9:00AM.

The Department Headquarters building is rectilinear, Brutalist, and expansive. Using the logic of suburban parking garages, each hallway and floor is demarcated with a different color accent to help you find your way. Nevertheless, it's easy to get lost inside. Much of the building has not been significantly altered since the 1970s, down to the flecked, beige vinyl flooring. The cafeteria is located on the top floor, and through glass doors you can access a narrow wraparound terrace and have a smoke looking out over Our Nation's Capital.

One afternoon you're walking down one of many long, fluorescent-lit hallways, toward the green corridor of the building. A heavysset man in his early 60's is perched precariously on a metal stool, leaning against the wall. Swaths of white fabric, a red metal tool box, and a half empty plastic bottle of Coke Zero surround him. The man has made a considerable effort to contain his items and his body to the very edge of the hallway, leaving ample room for employees who need to get through. The man's name is Sam, and he is one of the longest serving janitors in the building. He is crudely sewing together large pieces of the white fabric by hand. You greet him warmly, as you always do, and ask him a few questions about his upcoming holiday plans. After some friendly chit chat, you feel that it's now an appropriate moment to ask what the sewing project is all about.

"Well, since the new Administration came in, the offices in this hallway have been vacated," Sam says. That's right, you think to yourself. Everyone has been talking about how the new Administration has kneecapped the Department's work. They're intentionally neglecting to fill political appointee leadership positions. You look around you and realize for the first time that dozens of offices in this particular hallway are all, in fact, empty. Sam continues, "Maintenance wants to take the opportunity to renovate this floor, apparently for the first time in fifty years. Look up, construction has already started." You turn your gaze upwards, and notice that several tiles in the drop ceiling grid have been removed and there is early evidence of alterations taking place.

Sam explains, "As I'm sure you've heard, the new Administration slashed maintenance budgets. We don't have the funds to buy the right ceiling tiles right now, so I had to get creative. I know there are important conferences coming up, and I want the building to look its best. I'm sewing some fabric together to drape across the holes in the ceiling. I bought these bed sheets at Costco."

As Sam is talking you remember that Stacy, a colleague in your department, gave everyone bags of Baci chocolates for the holidays. You have the Baci in your bag and offer one to Sam. Baci, the affordable Italian chocolate that claims to have "made the world fall in love!" are always a nice pick-me-up. Sam gladly takes a piece, opens up the wrapper, and pops it in his mouth. Baci chocolates include a small message inside, like a fortune cookie. Sam holds the small note in his rough hands and reads it aloud:

“One must still have chaos in oneself to be able to give birth to a dancing star.”  
— Friedrich Nietzsche

You pat Sam on the shoulder and joke “Just another day in Our Nation’s Capital.” He laughs as you walk away, toward your next meeting.

## THE SLEEPING BELLHOP

Notification issued 10-18-2022 at 9:00AM.

It’s the middle of October, and a woman can be seen strolling through the park at dusk. She had endured a tedious afternoon of cognitive assessments at the Department, and her lower back was bothering her after several hours of sitting in the conference room. She continues to traverse the rolling hills of mowed grass that soften into indigo and purple in the evening light. Tall, leafy birch trees line the winding pavement, nearly ready to lose their foliage. She gets a chill from the cool autumn breeze. Two people are playing tennis at the otherwise empty courts, their figures silhouetted in the warm yellow light cast by wrought iron street lamps.

The park is quiet, and she only passes another person every hundred yards or so. It’s a weeknight, and it seems that most people have gone home by now. What appears to be a hotel luggage cart is blocking the walkway ahead of her. A chair and small table are haphazardly positioned on top of the red carpeted platform of the cart. A young man in a bellhop uniform is sitting on the chair, his body hunched over in a peaceful slumber. His head rests between his crossed arms on top of the table, which upon closer inspection reveals itself to be a sizable night stand. His maroon suit is several sizes too big for his boyish frame. She recognizes the luggage cart. It happens to be a model that was recalled by the Bureau a few years ago for safety violations. She approaches the man curiously, cautiously.

The bellhop continues to sleep. She wonders: is this a performative act, a political statement of some kind? Is this person troubled? Did he just quit his job at a nearby hotel and steal company property? Whatever the circumstances, there is certainly no audience. She is tempted to wake him, but decides against it. Standing a few feet away, she breathlessly watches him for several minutes.

In this specific moment, she feels self conscious and exposed, and looks about to see if others are watching. The situation must look dramatic from a distance: the two characters are still, spotlighted in the middle of a dark swath of the park. Besides the occasional gust of wind fluttering through dried leaves, the silence feels deafening.

A memory resurfaces, or a rumor really. Her professional acquaintance at the Department had been drinking too much as of late, and people had been talking. In a state of wild belligerence, he reportedly decided to steal furniture from a hotel lobby in

Chinatown a few weekends ago. He managed to drag several armchairs out to the curb until the hotel security stopped him.

She shivers, settling back into the present moment, and walks away from the bellhop into the gradually deepening darkness feeling oddly moved.

### THE ELVIS IMPERSONATOR & DR. BERKOWITZ

Notification issued 09-21-2006 at 9:00AM.

For nearly a decade, a man dressed like Elvis would sit on a green metal bench outside of the CVS pharmacy on Connecticut Avenue. He didn't perform or do impressions, he didn't sing. He never asked for money. He seemed to have a car and a place to call home, a place where he would head whenever it got dark. Spending his days greeting people walking by and basking in the sun, he also smoked the occasional cigarette. His elaborate Elvis costumes would change periodically, usually with the seasons.

The surrounding neighborhood was inhabited by the uptight: the busybodies who embarrass the rest of us with their suspicious questions and frivolous concerns. Residents included civil servants, federal employees, government lobbyists, and their families. Yet, the man inexplicably dressed as Elvis was surprisingly left in peace by all of the passersby and local officials he encountered. He was especially in his element at Halloween, when the pharmacy cashiers would give him plastic bags bursting with leftover candy after all of the kids had gone home. He had become a fixture of the neighborhood, and everyone secretly missed him when he disappeared. They even posted inquiries about him on the local email listserv.

That same year, the beloved neighborhood dentist Dr. S. Berkowitz went missing. More listserv posts were made. He was a decent dentist with an exceptional bedside manner and a great head of hair. One day, patients coming in for their scheduled appointments were surprised to discover that the dentistry doors were locked and the office was dark. At first it appeared as if the patients had accidentally come in on the wrong day of the week, or that Dr. Berkowitz had neglected to mention a spontaneous tropical vacation. From the street you could see into the reception area, and everything inside looked intact and as it had always been. After several weeks of inactivity at the dentistry office and no news of Dr. Berkowitz's return or of his well being, one patient decided to call the police.

Spearheaded by the Friends of Chevy Chase Circle and a handful of civil service retirees, the search for the two men went on for many years. A neighbor claimed to have seen Dr. Berkowitz snipping begonias out of a garden on Western Avenue late one night, and uploaded a cell phone image to the listserv as proof. The photograph depicted a figure cast in shadow, standing next to a series of bushes. Bright pink flower petals were visibly scattered on the sidewalk in the foreground of the photograph.

Other members of the listserv weighed in, attempting to confirm or deny that the figure in the image was in fact Dr. Berkowitz. Another resident swore that they had passed by the Elvis impersonator selling roses downtown. A Report detailing these unconfirmed events was filed last May with the Mayor's Office of Community Relations and Services.

Dr. Berkowitz's former office and the bench where the Elvis impersonator used to frequent are two blocks apart. Neither man has been seen since September 21st, 2006.





Notification issued 03-14-2021 at 09:00 AM.

More than a century ago, Jean Jules Jusserand served as the French ambassador to Our Nation's Capital and worked diligently to befriend and influence Teddy Roosevelt while he was in Office.

The pair first met at the lavish farewell banquet of a mutual business contact. As the formalities of the event subsided, the two men launched into a roaring debate about the Wright brother's political allegiances. Their outrageous conversation took place over several snifters of brandy, and was subsequently picked apart by the tabloids for weeks on end. Eventually, Orville and Wilbur Wright telegraphed the Post imploring the editors to redact several articles from future publication.

Teddy and Jean's friendship and power struggle lasted for many years. Teddy was an avid hiker and a strong proponent of *parcours du combattant*, an early precursor to the parkour movement. His bravado and brute athleticism intimidated his cabinet members and foreign dignitaries alike. Jean graciously accepted Teddy's invitations, and was often the only person willing to accompany him on multi-day hikes through the forested outskirts of Our Nation's Capital and around Camp David. The two men were also known to enjoy an occasional skinny dip in Rock Creek, away from prying eyes.

Jean was famously influential behind the scenes, immensely charismatic, and a true polyglot. A small man with a pointy beard, he never gave up. His most notable activities were born from decades of perseverance, including his role in persuading Teddy that the United States must enter into a World War. After Jean's exhaustive press conferences and occasional birthday salutations, the French Prime Minister would frequently remark, "All you have said is excellent."

Jean loved to wander through the nearby forest in the evenings. He did his best thinking alone in the unforgiving, dark landscape. A troubled insomniac, Jean spent his most tormented nights walking, only to resurface at dawn in a haggard state at the gates of his Residence. The waitstaff once found him sleeping in the driveway just beyond the gates. Unable to locate his key, he had collapsed from total exhaustion.

A 10 foot long semicircular pink granite bench dedicated to Jean Jules Jusserand was rediscovered during a recent municipal construction project in the damp forest. After meticulous efforts to restore the bench were completed in March 2021, it became clear that the bulky memorial had been posthumously inscribed with an ominous quote:

“We can only wonder how the world was affected by the thoughts he pondered while enjoying the beauty of this place.”



Notification issued 01-27-2020 at 09:00 AM.

🔍 Dad ✕ Cancel

TOP NAME MATCHES

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**Dad Hotel (oct 2012)**

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**Dad (Maryland)**

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**Dad (work)**

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**Dad Iraq**

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**Dad Istanbul**

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**Dad Land Line**

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**Dad Mexico**

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**Dad New Blackberry**

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**Dad New Turk Numerasi**

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**Ethans Dad (S Slager)**

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**Dad Turkish Cell 2020**

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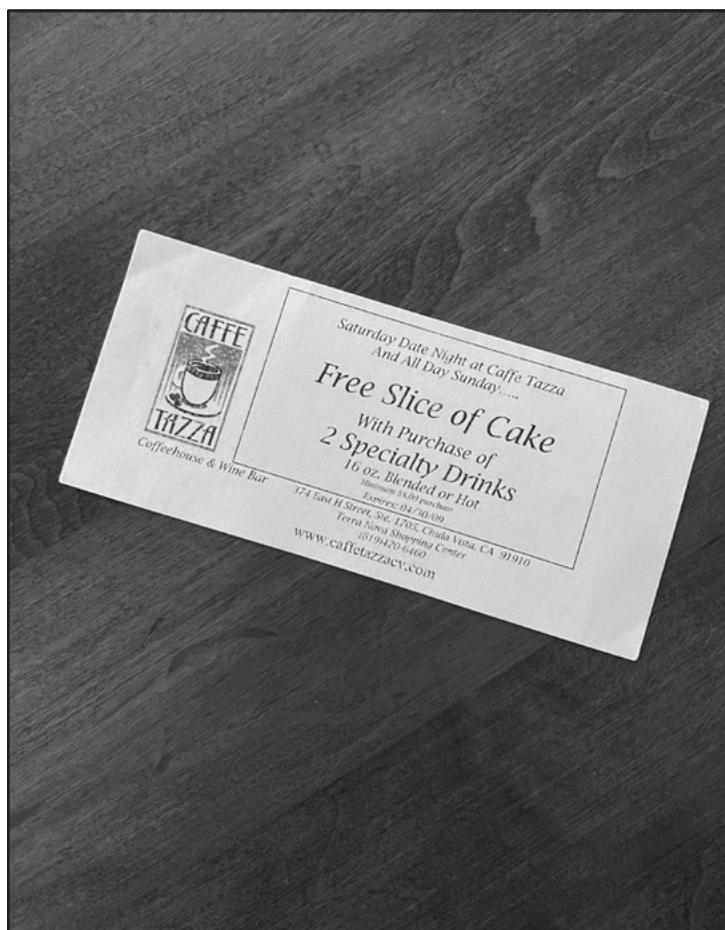


Notification issued 08-12-2009 at 09:00 AM.

Would you like to go on a date at Caffe Tazza this Saturday night? I know our move here was hard on you and the others, but I promise we'll feel settled in soon. I've found some nice places in town that I want to show you. At Caffe Tazza we can enjoy a blended coffee drink or a chilled glass of Chardonnay to cool off from the summer heat. I even have a coupon for a free slice of cake. Take a look, it's in the glovebox.

I first learned about Caffe Tazza when the Bureau Chief took me there for a drink to congratulate me on submitting my big Report. Remember that time I visited old colleagues to work on that Assignment in the jungle? You know the one. The Bureau Chief actually gave me the coupon himself, he received it in the mail last week. He's going to be out of town for a few months, so he won't be able to use it. He suggested I bring you to Caffe Tazza, and naturally I loved the idea.

Oh! I also heard that there's a sale this weekend at Chico's, one of the shop girls told me so. I asked her to send me a text message whenever a sale is coming up. I know how much you like those sales. You can stop by the Chico's before our date and pick out something nice for yourself. Then we can walk across the parking lot to Caffe Tazza. Trust me, the outdoor patio at the Terra Nova shopping center can be really romantic on a Saturday night.



PLACING ITEMS IN  
THE CANNON



Notification issued 09-29-2014 at 09:00 AM.

A ceremonial cannon was permanently installed on the southeast corner of the historic campus in the early 1900's. It is life-sized, though never intended to be functional. The cannon is a meeting point for tour groups, the end marker of a local 10K charity run, and the symbolic and physical center of many Institute traditions.

Over time, the cannon has also served as an adhoc mailbox. There have been documented instances of young couples exchanging love letters via the cannon, Airbnb hosts leaving spare keys for their guests in the cannon, and drug dealers dispensing their wares in the cannon. At night, stoned teenagers have been known to take lewd photographs straddling it.

After Farsi class concludes for the day you receive a text message from a man you recently broke up with, explaining that he has left something in the cannon for you. Perhaps against your better judgment, you decide to investigate. You walk across campus toward the cannon, and wait until you're alone. You gingerly slip your hand into its dark orifice, feeling around cautiously. You find an unmarked USB stick. It's unclear if this was the object intended for you.

Leaving no stone unturned you put your hand back inside, just in case there is something else. Your entire arm is now within the cannon's barrel. Beyond the cobwebs, you can feel a round object deep inside and diligently work to wriggle and roll it out with your fingertips. Twenty minutes later it comes free – it appears to be a grapeshot cannonball forgotten at the back of the barrel. You decide to take the cannonball home, and leave the USB stick inside of the cannon for someone else to find.

Notification issued 05-17-2014 at 9:00AM.

Pneumatics is a term that describes the use of gas or pressurized air within mechanical systems, and can propel solid materials from one point to another within a closed system. Pneumatic tubes have been used by organizations as varied as the Postal Service, banks, hospitals, and marijuana dispensaries to internally transport canisters containing small objects and written materials. The subterranean tubes installed beneath the island run for dozens of miles.

In today's information age, pneumatic tube systems are considered to be outdated. The majority of these systems have been replaced, abandoned, or reduced to mere novelty. The Department Headquarters building downtown continues to maintain such a system, although it is rarely used.

An intriguing aspect of this communication method is that it's possible to send a canister from point A to point B without revealing the identity of the sender or of the receiver. Unlike a digital message that can be traced or a physical letter that must include a name, address, and return address in order to be accurately delivered, the canister simply arrives at the selected terminal. Thus, the process is able to retain a peculiar level of anonymity if desired. All one knows for certain is that the transmission has been sent internally.

In rare cases, transmitting urgent, classified information internally is safest using this method. Emails, phone calls, and text messages can be intercepted or overheard. Running across the building to someone else's office can take an unexpectedly long time, and your average bureaucrat may not be in the ideal physical shape for this task. Instead, a handwritten note sent via pneumatic canister will be delivered in less than 30 seconds. The margin of error within the system, such as misdeliveries or clogs, is negligible. Some endpoints have only one possible recipient based on security clearance access to offices featuring pneumatic terminals.

The Caffe Tazza coupon is valid for a few more days, I'm sending it your way. If you change your mind about our date, give me a call. When you're next at the 15th Street building, I hope you'll send me another note. I'll be awaiting your canister.

Notification issued 01-04-2025 at 9:00AM.

Featured Auctions:

#3686963	Emergency Incident Trailer
#3691681	FOOD SERVICE - MILK COOLER
#3673178	Functioning Counterflow Asphalt Plant Equipment
#3689688	Yellow Nylon Zipper Transport Bags
#3690056	Lockable Security Cage
#3686909	CHEER MATS
#3679811	2 Camo Hunting Bows W/ Crossbow
#3683379	2 Pallets of Bus Fare Machines
#3689484	Retirement Decor
#3669794	Map
#3670364	Property in Navajo County, AZ / Parcel 2024 APN 104-42-010C
#3683905	Picnic Table #4
#3688982	Stage
#3685937	Bill Counter
#3687149	Pottery wheel
#3681466	Bus Parts Auction Box #T2

Seller Name	County of Lehigh
Auction Location	LEHIGH COUNTY GOVERNMENT CENTER, Allentown, PA
Auction Contact	Kimberly Condia - (610) 782-3031 ext 7017

THE PUBLIC ARTWORK

Notification issued 01-04-2025 at 9:00AM.

You are the winning bidder of a few items from the General Services Administration public auction. The endless stream of auction items being listed were originally purchased for official government use with taxpayer dollars. To adhere to legal code, the public must be given the option to buy back these items when they are deaccessioned by government agencies. Very limited context is provided.

In order to retrieve your items, you must visit the Government Center within the next ten days, or risk facing a penalty. When you arrive at the Center, you wait for a woman named Kimberly at the reception desk. A police officer asks for your identification card, and makes small talk while you wait. He recommends that you visit the new Thai restaurant in town for lunch. It turns out that Kimberly is out of the office this week, so a few guys from maintenance bring your items to the reception area. You sign the necessary paperwork they hand you, and take off toward the Federal Courthouse.

The Federal Courthouse sits a few blocks south of the Government Center. The generic, beige courthouse was built in the 1990's at a relatively unassuming, regional scale. You are here to see a public artwork commissioned by your former colleagues at the General Services Administration. You changed jobs right before the ribbon cutting ceremony had taken place, and have been wondering what the final installation looked like in person. You figured you'd stop by, since you're here in town anyway. The conceptual artwork consists of fourteen prairie green granite benches incised with truisms.

You enter the courthouse and go through the metal detectors. A surly security officer asks you to state your business, and you explain that you are here to see the benches. He hasn't noticed any benches in the building, and asks you to leave. You tell him you are conducting research and show him images of the benches installed in the courthouse, requesting again to see them. Against his initial judgment he agrees to escort you upstairs to view the benches. No photographs are allowed. The security guard watches closely as you observe the benches in silence. One truism stands out to you in this moment: "A strong sense of duty imprisons you."



Notification issued 02-16-2025 at 9:00AM.

Due to ongoing delays related to the Freedom of Information Act, 5 U.S.C. § 552, Communiqués (ed. 2025) concludes here. The Executive Branch is working diligently to declassify thousands of written materials and memoranda in advance of the forthcoming biannual edition of the Training Handbook. Additional case studies will be released to the public in due course.

As previously stated, all attachés, officers, and members of the chamber are required to review the included case studies before placement testing commences. It is recommended that all officers continue to review Communiqués (ed. 2025), as the forthcoming edition may incur further delays after subsequent Congressional hearings. As always, we thank you for your compliance.

Communiqúés (ed. 2025) comprises decontextualized and manipulated media sourced from United States government websites and auctions, plaques, memoranda, locally circulated rumors, and speculative conversation. The anthology of short texts examines what happens when aberrations surface in bureaucratic systems and in the lives of federal employees.

One independent agency of the United States Government is of particular interest to this inquiry: the General Services Administration (GSA). The GSA's scope is wide ranging and frequently takes place behind the scenes. Employees work diligently to manage the procurement and sales of government property and real estate in one office, and design a public-facing open source typeface in another. The federal government owns a lot of things one may not expect and happens to be our nation's largest employer, largely run by everyday people like you and me.

### SPECIAL THANKS

This project would not have been possible without: Caffè Tazza, Chico's, Kimberly Condia, Friends of Chevy Chase Circle, The Foreign Service Institute, The General Services Administration, Andrew Jarman, Jean Jules Jusserand, Jenny Junco, KAJE, Ed Miller, Karen Morrissey, The National Arboretum, Notify NYC, O Globo Brasil, Other Means, Public Surplus, Rachel Rosheger, Joseph Sims, Liam Sims, Marco Sims, and United States Web Design System. A million thanks, and beijos e abraços.