

Falling Off Point Mugu

Or

Interstate to Acirema

A Novel

by T.L. Winslow

(C) Copyright 2000. All Rights Reserved.

In accordance with the International Copyright Convention and U.S. federal copyright statutes, permission to adapt, copy, excerpt, whole or in part in any medium, or to extract characters for any purpose whatsoever is herewith expressly withheld.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any manner whatsoever without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews. For information, apply to copyright holder.

This novel is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Table of Contents

Preface. New Austrian Government Sparks Furor
Chapter 1. The Passenger Who Denies the Truth

Chapter 2. The Passenger Who Denies the Reality of Death
Chapter 3. Robot Sex
Chapter 4. The Navigator
Chapter 5. The Passenger Who Believes in Heroes
Chapter 6. The Passengers in the Tail
Chapter 7. The Miracle Landing
Chapter 8. The Macabre Landing
Chapter 9. Interstate to Acirema
Chapter 10. Bikini Run
Chapter 11. The Bizarre Representative's Page
Chapter 12. The Aerospace Software Engineer
Chapter 13. The History of the Balkan Wars
Chapter 14. Late Trades
Chapter 15. The Ranger from Anacapa
Chapter 16. The Poseidon Adventure and the Orca Lady
Chapter 17. Split-Rock
Chapter 18. Foo Fighters From the North
Chapter 19. The Third Heaven
Chapter 20. Life After Death
Chapter 21. The Canyon
Chapter 22. Eighty-Eight White Doves
Epilogue. The Passenger in Row Three Seat Two

PREFACE

NEW AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT SPARKS FUROR

VIENNA, Austria (Friday, Feb. 4, 2000) - Despite massive international opposition, Austria's president swore-in a new government today that includes rightists and xenophobes loyal to a man known for praising the banned Nazi era and who some liken to a new Hitler.

In a brief ceremony, members of the new Cabinet, six from Joerg Haider's far-right Freedom Party and six from the conservative Austrian People's Party, swore their oaths of office to President Thomas Klestil.

Heading the new government as chancellor is Wolfgang Schuessel, head of the People's Party. Freedom Party member

Suzanne Riess-Passer is vice chancellor. "As usual, women play second fiddle in the white neanderthal government where a bush is a badge of inferiority except when powdered and worn on one's head", said one prominent member of the Afro-Asian Coalition for Resettlement, which has demanded that the Austrian government resettle half the population of Austria in Africa and Asia, while resettling ten to fifty times as many Africans and Asians in Austria, "in reparation for centuries of injustice." The government official had no comment.

The Austrian swing to the past did not go well with their neighbors. The swearing-in triggered unprecedeted political sanctions on Austria by the other fourteen European Union countries. Angered by the presence of Haider's party, the EU is acting to isolate one of its own members in protest of a government it says goes against its basic democratic principles. All have been likewise petitioned by the AACR, however, and all have registered a loud no comment. "If the racist EU hasn't shown its true colors by this no comment conspiracy, and deserved to be forced into global resettlement by the United Nations, I don't deserve to breathe the air of God," commented the AACR spokesman, who requested anonymity.

The United States also began to distance itself from Austria.

Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, announcing there would now be only limited U.S. contacts with Vienna, said there should be no place in a European government for a political party that "doesn't distance itself clearly from the hideous atrocities of the Nazi era and the politics of hate."

Her own Jewishness, which she had said came as a surprise to her late in life, after a middle class American life that included high school in, of all places, Denver, Colorado, made her feel especially bitter about Austrian complicity in the Holocaust, according to one source who requested anonymity. American officials too had no comment to the AACR demands, which are now on the table at the U.N. General Assembly.

No-comments aside, other nations registered their horror of even the most remote possibility of a resurgence of Nazism in Europe at the very time that a new millennium of racial justice, trust and understanding is dawning.

Less than an hour before the swearing in began, Finland officially suspended relations with Vienna.

Israel withdrew its ambassador, Nathan Merom, to protest the inclusion of the Freedom Party, and barred Haider from visiting.

"Israel cannot remain silent in the face of the rise of extremist right-wing parties, in particular in those countries which played a role in the events that brought about the eradication of a third of the Jewish people in the Holocaust," the ministry said in a statement. Israel will reassess its relations with Austria, the ministry said. At the same time, Israel closed its borders to all non-Jews, a spokesman saying "it isn't a matter of racism, but one of following the orders of God."

Austria's new foreign minister, Benita Ferrero-Waldner, said the pressure from Europe has only offended the Austrian public, resulting in a defiant attitude, the little guy who won't take being pushed around syndrome as political pundits term it.

"Because of the ostracism, the Freedom Party is growing ever stronger," Ferrero-Waldner, a member of the People's Party, told Germany's Deutsche Welle radio today.

Even so, about 5,000 people demonstrated outside the presidential palace against the new government. Facing off against riot police in full gear, they chanted anti-Haider slogans, blew whistles, rattled key chains, hurled tomatoes and containers of paint in a noisy but generally peaceful protest.

At least twenty-three officers were lightly injured in the melee, Austrian state television quoted Vienna's police president Peter Stiedl as saying. Several protesters were

issued fines, but nobody was arrested. "When you're dealing with little boys, you need do little more than say 'Hello? Is your daddy home?' ", one police spokesman, who requested anonymity, said.

Wilhelm Popovic, in his 50s, said he was attending "in the name of my father, who was held in a concentration camp for seven years because of policies like this."

"Seventy years ago, we saw this happen, and we won't let it happen again," he said, alluding to the start of the Nazi era in Austria, where the Austrians basically invited Hitler to come in and take over, while officially complaining they had been invaded and conquered. Everybody knew Hitler was himself an Austrian.

Haider won international notoriety, and later apologized for statements praising Adolf Hitler's "orderly employment" policies and lauding veterans of the Waffen SS as "decent people of good character." He has also opposed EU expansion. His party has taken a staunch anti-immigrant stance, and promoted a return to the Catholic religion.

Political commentators have made hay recently of the religious piety of the Nazis and the way Hitler himself would regularly call on Divine guidance to create a new Holy Roman Empire based on Catholicism, a mixture of Christianity and paganism that was known for the Crusades, the Inquisition, the pogroms, and other bloody excesses. One Haider supporter scoffed at this comparison, saying that the American Kennedys are Catholic. When asked about Joseph P. Kennedy's softness on Nazism, he had no comment.

Haider's party's future government role has generated fears across Europe that its rise to power may be a morale boost for far-right groups elsewhere, particularly in reunified Germany, and the American farmbelt, where white supremacy and xenophobia go hand in hand.

Haider, who is governor of Carinthia state, does not have a position in the government. But critics doubt Schuessel, whose hold on his own party is less firm, can control the mercurial Haider, whose very name invokes that of Hitler.

Haider's party won 52 seats in the 183 member parliament, as did the center-right People's Party. The Social Democrats, the main party in the outgoing coalition, took 65 seats but failed to put together a coalition.

The ministries of finance, social affairs, defense, infrastructure and justice are currently held by the Freedom Party. The People's Party holds the ministries of foreign affairs, economics, interior, education, and agriculture and environment.

Klestil has made it clear that he is displeased with a government that includes the Freedom Party, but felt compelled to carry out the results of elections last October.

Before approving the coalition, Klestil rejected two Freedom Party nominees to the Cabinet. One of them, Hilmar Kabas of the party's Vienna chapter, had authorized distribution of campaign posters in the capital warning of "over-foreignization," a xenophobic term which harkened back to the Nazi era.

He also forced Haider and Schuessel to sign a statement renouncing the nation's Nazi past and promising to respect European values. In the document, Haider and Schuessel pledged to work for an Austria where "xenophobia, anti-Semitism and racism have no place" and to oppose "every way of thinking which seeks to denigrate human beings."

When asked off the record what he meant by that last comment, a Haider bodyguard butted-in, saying "those who don't fit their conception of tall two-legged white wabbits." He then attempted to grab the tape recorder and assaulted the reporter, who was taken to a local emergency room, and reported in guarded condition. No charges were filed by the police.

"Austria accepts her responsibility arising out of the tragic history of the 20th century and the horrendous crimes of the National Socialist regime," the statement also said.

Though he signed it, Haider denounced being forced to do so. "It is an affront for the [Austrian] public that such matters of course have to be signed time and again," Haider told the German TV station ZDF. He sought to appear on American morning TV talk shows to explain his position, at first without success, but finally being allowed to do so.

"I have no intention to wander about in the world and apologize for all kinds of things," he said.

Israel did not post an ambassador to Austria from 1986 to 1992, during the presidency of Kurt Waldheim, who was dogged by allegations of involvement in Nazi persecution in the Balkans during World War II. "Why did we not learn?" mourns one famous Austrian who is now a naturalized Israeli citizen and celebrity. "We're like the drunk who eats rabbit pellets after he's told they are smart pills. When he complains that they taste like sh*t, the bartender responds that that proves he's getting smarter."

Chapter 1. The Passenger Who Denies the Truth

* * *

POINT MUGU, Calif. (Friday, Feb. 4, 2000) - With startling speed, investigators have located key pieces of evidence in the crash of Alaska Airlines Flight 261, including both black boxes and the tail control singled out by the pilots before the jet's terrifying and fatal plunge into the Pacific.

The flight data recorder was recovered from the ocean floor Thursday not far from where the cockpit voice recorder was found the day before. Also spotted were pieces of the tail, with the airline's distinctive logo of a smiling Alaskan native face.

The parts were in about 650 feet of water 10 miles offshore, where the MD-83 crashed Monday, January 31, killing all 88 people aboard instantly.

* * *

Keep it going, keep it going, don't hesitate. You're an intergalactic planet machine.

The interstate loops through the city, surrounded by walls of concrete and dingy trees. Light is murky. Vehicles crawl and sprint. Americans doing commerce. Americans fat with commerce. Living off their fat. Not body fat. Money could take and keep it off. Not the years. The years showed in the skin. In the seams.

Bush watched daddy at the wheel, his fingers angrily tapping, his brow furrowed with frustration and anger. She could see him via the reflection from the rear view mirror, his brown hair, his tan reassuring face. So big and strong. He knew things. His eyes moved around like in a cartoon she had seen. Mommy was looking out her window, making poopy talk. Brother Lake was in back with her, sitting as a young poopy prince on a throne that was too big for him, arms down and hands grabbing for leverage. Bush was happy, for mommy had given her a Pusan ball to chew on.

"Time for Isaac Stoane," said daddy over the road noise. Nobody responded. In went the disc into the player, and Isaac's girlish mannish face lit up all the viewscreens in the front seat. The Pusan movie was playing in the back seat viewscreens, the sound piped into their ears by vibration through the seats.

There were vehicles on the interstate bumper to bumper, all the way from the Mexican border to Alaska. They were now somewhere outside La Jolla. Family vehicles, sedans, SUVs, pickup trucks, vans. Big trucks were jammed in and either going too fast or impeding slow traffic. The windows were tightly closed, the air conditioning heavy. Too many lanes to count.

The viewscreen was squirming. A beautiful strawberry-blondie burnt lemon-yellow lesbian undressed and began embracing and kissing another exotic miniskirted dark chocolate lesbian

with a Nigerian accent. She spread her long legs and revealed she had no panties or pubic hair. Garrison had one eye peeled on the viewscreen, the other fighting to stay on the road. That eye lost more than it won. Soon he was drunk with libidinous fantasies. Time ceased to exist.

A Hindu Kama Sutra lesbian with face and head jewelry and exquisite breasts entered the sapphic scene on Isaac Stoane's stage and did the dance of enticement. She wore bells which clapped sensuously. She was naked except for an exquisite jeweled g-string. The blonde and the Nigerian stopped embracing, took positions on either side of her, and began kissing her all over. He could just smell the poon and the incense.

The car computer slammed the brakes just in time to avoid a small bumper car incident with a van. The suspension was so smooth nobody inside noticed. He hmmpfed reflecting of the time when there were real cars with real road feel. His wife Joy was still yakking aimlessly at nobody in particular, holding her bag and opening and closing it, looking inside then up at the road compulsively.

She was talking about her teen boyfriend and how good he was in bed. The affair had ended around five years earlier, in 2023 or 2024. He just disappeared into the streets. He was a native American. Few men younger than thirty could find employment other than menial labor or service jobs. The life of street crime is well nigh unavoidable. Not that everything wasn't illegal now, and without baksheesh you could be imprisoned virtually at will.

He had just considered her his employer. No, him. He paid. Most women his own age were doing as well as him, but were too old for him.

* * *

A Navy submersible sent up video images of a piece of the fuselage with four windows, several pieces up to six feet wide plus numerous smaller pieces, said a member of the National Transportation Safety Board.

Also captured were pictures of the tail's horizontal stabilizer, which has been the focus of the investigation.

* * *

"Garry, if you had just tried a three-way he might have stayed." Joy finally turned her head and looked at him. That was the signal to listen.

No answer. She had bore him two children and risked her figure and that's how he treated her. She always had suspected he was racist. He was an ex-con after all. She was sometimes embarrassed that they as a family were just too white. She had passed up richer men and women for him for the sake of the children.

"He might have stayed, Garry. Garry, why don't you hear me? You got a hardon under your pants, don't you?"

"Yes, and go fuck yourself for all I care." He emphasized the word yes and became inaudible for the rest, not that she didn't know what it meant. He wished he could get his wife into a lesbian affair that he could watch while he masturbated with his clothes on.

"No I mean." He glanced at her face and tried a smile, like an Alaskan Eskimo. No, never say Eskimo. That's un-PC. Say native.

She was the best he could get at his income level. In her late twenties but looking early twenties. At the turn of the millennium she hadn't even been born yet. Her parents had immigrated from Guatemala hidden in a rental truck, along with a dozen others, and she had been born on American soil. His glance passed her pretty face that he had paid for on credit, and jumped out through her window, his jaw dropping.

Just then a brazenly topless convertible sailed by in a rare hole in the traffic. Two beautiful young lesbians, necking in the front seat, necking and feeling. Eighteen, nineteen tops. Nipples bared and being squeezed.

He felt possessed by an even rarer urge, and floored the pedal to the metal, darting in behind the convertible and getting honked at as he came in behind, craning to get a look. The autopilot would charge that against him, maybe call the cops, but today he would dare it. He soon noticed that the car behind him now had a middle-aged female driver who had been doing the same thing. She was too old for him. Nice luxury sedan. Back in prewar days they used real gasoline.

He had a thought, and glanced around. The vehicles on either side of him were full of craning necks of both genders and miscellaneous physical ages. In this age everybody tried to pass as younger than they were, but the truly youthful really flaunted it. He hated his own age, his wasted life. Not enough sex yet to brave the thought of aging. Sixty-seven. Too sixty-seven. And holding on. Born in the dinosaur year of 1963. To even admit one was born in the prior millennium was becoming a choke. So many had passed away. So many ghosts. Don't care about the video, just hear the song.

Torrey Pines, Carlsbad, Oceanside. The exit signs seemed to just float by like buoys. All the vehicles on the exit ramps were going the wrong way.

So many years had pissed away. Time made him completely miserable.

* * *

An NTSB spokesman said salvagers have seen pieces of the tail section. "Once we have been able to complete mapping of the debris field, those are one of the first pieces of structure we will attempt to bring to the surface," he said today on ABC's "Good Morning America."

NTSB officials declined to say whether searchers had found any bodies, some of which are believed trapped under the debris. Recovery efforts were to resume today.

* * *

They weren't really on the interstate. They were in Flight 261. He was so really very ordinary. He was so sick with the motion and the lies. When the plane turned upside down they knew they were going to die. Now they were falling like a stone, nose first. The seatbelts which had saved their lives now didn't matter. They were in free fall, weightless. Maintaining consciousness was not a struggle. Nobody wanted to die. Nobody wanted to not be awake. If death came, may it be instantaneous. The official reports would lie that they had become unconscious at the beginning of the fall, as if nobody had heard of skydivers.

The mind imploded with memories and racing thoughts, cramming the last moments of life full of images. He was having a heart attack. He didn't care. He didn't believe. He denied. He looked inside. He felt the presence of a superior being.

* * *

Friends and relatives of the victims gathered Thursday on a beach facing the Santa Barbara Channel for a private memorial.

A few mourners roamed the shore alone, many clustered in small groups while others waded into the cold surf. They gathered as a group inside the Point Mugu Naval Air Weapons Station where they were kept away from reporters by military personnel.

The cause of the crash has not been determined, but investigators have disclosed much detail about the flight bound from Mexico to San Francisco and Seattle.

* * *

Splash! The plane hit the water and he was dead! Didn't feel a thing. Instantaneous. No pain no gain.

How corny.

No, that crash happened thirty years ago, in the first month of the triple zeds. The last day of the very first month, making it monumental. He, Garrison Allstar, had not even reached forty. Thirty-seven. He had never had a joint pain that wasn't due to simple strain and stress. Permanent pains waited in the wings. The seemingly lifelong promises that arthritis would be cured kept coming. He had chipped in his share to the flow of ephemeral cures. Money was made to spend. He had been making a killing on the zooming stock markets with Internet stocks. Those were heady days, like a roller coaster. Trading was a computer game, played by the minute on the fastest personal computer rigs then available, although laughable by today's standards, since they didn't even have a gigahertz CPU on the market then, much less a terahertz array. Not that he had any choice. He was unemployable, too old. He had to make it on the stock market or crash.

The crash of aught nine, that was a crash. Wiped out the formerly high and mighty baby boomers, including his parents. The new untouchable class. Some eighty million strong at the turn of the mill. The government went bankrupt. That mad President who angered so many nations that America got its first terrorist nuke, its first biological attack. That was the last time America elected a white male President. WASP and straight anyway.

He couldn't be making that up. The increasing isolation mentality, the cessation of all foreign aid, the increasingly military struggles at the leaking borders. The way the country he knew woke up each day in a crowd of strangers who just showed up announced and couldn't speak the language and kept to themselves. The corruption of the military by the border busters, the yakuza. The mass immigration into all developed countries not just America, breaking at all shores like a tidal wave. America just had the most spare capacity.

The American dream of your own house with a white picket fence. A townhouse and Mercedes. A good neighborhood. Good whatever. One day you're lying in bed, enjoying the

fresh air coming in the crack in your thermally efficient thermoplastic windows. Suddenly you hear voices, many voices. A crowd. They're he-e-e-re. You close the windows tight, activate the security system, arm the robots, call the police. They don't answer. Overloaded. Your neighborhood is now part of darkest, filthiest India. It's the hideous house. The hideous street. The hideous hood.

You go into your cybersand, head down. Live it up. Live it up. Carpe diem. Today is the last day of the rest of your unlife.

The rats attack. Like the houses that used to face the Rio Grande in Texas, on the American side of the border. Every night they wade over the river and attack, rob, murder, rape, then return over the river. If you defend yourself the government comes to put you in jail for taking the law into your own hands.

Now it's far past those good old days. The rats are everywhere, the border is fractal, winding everywhere, having no beginning and no end. As soon as they reach critical mass, they gobble you up, eat you, dismantle and eat everything, leave nothing standing but their own filthy feet. So you know when to flee, to take off onto the interstate, get out of Dodge. They at least are on foot. You can outrun them. Just don't stop. Don't stop. Keep moving.

Life is always moving, always in fear of stopping. The interstates are walled, the cops many and now you like them, wish them to stay near. You pay them baksheesh, furiously try to get more credit, to make money if you can, to steal if you can, but money and credit are your shield against the rats.

You know life is short, and you care about you, yes, you care about you. The increasing degeneracy and hedonism, like in the last days of Rome. And for similar reasons. The barbarians are coming. His generation was mad at the boomers for running the country into the ground. Now they were out of control completely. Nobody ran things any more.

Things were on autopilot. It was like an undeclared war. To declare it was to capitulate, to surrender unconditionally. To face reality was to surrender. So nobody did. I'm doing the best I ever did. Go away.

The Third World War. How ironic that term became. A war with the third world, to keep them from taking everything by squatting. A good native American holds onto what they have. And to think that, in the year 2000, a xenophobe was loudly hooted and ostracised throughout the developed world. There was the turning point. It could have been turned around right there and then, but the whole rich, self-interested, developed world rose as one against him and made him lose everything he had.

He had lost everything he had too. The government took it away. Just when he thought he was comfortable, becoming conservative, not too afraid of old age. That was when the government still was under control.

Five years in a federal hellhole for nothing. He still couldn't figure out what he did. He had made some comments that got him arrested on hate crime laws. Just something about nothing really. He took it back. He didn't really mean it. He had no opinions. Just wanted to get along without going to jail. Life in prison, and throw away the key, said the mean prosecutor. That's what he got. That's what they all got. The judge couldn't have been twenty-three years old.

But overcrowding is the salvation of millions like him. He got out on parole. Paroled for life. Regular sensitivity training required.

He had to start all over in life. They wiped him out. But they let him get a new college degree in prison, and however embarrassing a felony record was, it was not that uncommon, and he found menial work that led to more but slightly less menial work that led to a chance to join a startup as a menial worker that led to stock options that led to new prosperity. This time would have to be it. He had no reserve capacity. This time it hurt.

His memories of being at last introduced into gay sex were bittersweet. He had discovered his latent gayness. They hadn't converted him. He still fantasized about women mostly, but he was comfortable swinging both ways, and did have gay fantasies, and thought he always had. But only if they were very young, or very mean and strong and forced him.

He lost a lifetime of memories, that's the worst part. His collection of books, now considered obsolete because they wasted paper, but valuable collectors items nonetheless, as long as he paid the luxury tax. Nostalgic. And his records. He had kept such meticulous records to fight the yearly IRS audits. The politicians kept promising to abolish the IRS. They never did. Now without records they could put him in prison with trumped up charges at any time. So he paid extra taxes, and bought tax insurance at a high premium. His effective taxes were now over 90 percent. Still, he was a good middle-American of the twenties, maybe not as prosperous as his dad had been back in the days of Johnson and Nixon, but compared to the third world billions, a lucky man.

Something about Joerg Haider not really being treated fairly. He wished he'd never heard that name. He had actually flirted with being a skinhead during the early nineties, during his biking days. Not a racist skinhead, just the appearance, the look. He had covered it up well he thought, been forgiven. He had surfed onto year 2000 trivia and it had been mixed up with reports of the Alaska Airlines Flight 261 fatal crash. Just a coincidence in timing. Austria is just a memory now anyway, a trivia item. Europe is third world now. A staging ground. America is at last the home of the xenophobes. The impotent xenophobes.

* * *

Citing the voice recorder, the NTSB said the pilots were discussing a problem with the horizontal stabilizer at least 30 minutes before the crash. The stabilizer, a wing on the tail of an aircraft, is designed to adjust, or trim the up-or-down angle of an aircraft's nose.

At one point, according to the NTSB, the pilots did regain control of Flight 261, and then it was "suddenly lost."

Investigators are looking into the possibility that the pilots put the plane into its fatal dive by following proper procedures for correcting a stabilizer problem, the Los Angeles Times reported today, citing unidentified NTSB sources.

While the NTSB was expected to begin making a transcript of the cockpit conversation today, the data recorder, which tracks electrical and mechanical operations during a flight, could reveal if the stabilizer problem was what brought the plane down.

"That will tell the tale," said one informed source.

* * *

Scream Three. That was his favorite movie of all time. It happened to come out around the end of January, 2000. They might have been watching it on Flight 261. He couldn't remember that far back, what kind of technology they had then. February? No, end of January. The trailers promised one memorable experience. Did each passenger have individual pay view? Or that group movie screen that is a retro thing now? It would have been a fun ride, from Mexico to Seattle, when Mexico was still separable from America, and didn't end in Alaska.

What if they didn't show Scream Three in Flight 261? Life's a scream. It wouldn't matter, would it? He saw it. He remembers it. Not too good, but who ever does? If they didn't show it, then that would prove he's having crazy visions about Flight 261 and that's all.

There was his wife in the seat right next to him. Foo Fighters she said. He felt a sudden embarrassment. That kind of talk gives her advanced age away. He wish he could teach her. Golden Oldies stuff. Not only for her, curiously. For him also. He had grown so sick of the

fifties, sixties, seventies and eighties golden oldies that he grew nauseated at it. Nineties were the golden oldies now. She was spared that much at least.

They called the 1890s the Gay Nineties. The 1990s weren't called anything. It was too crazy. People who were born on the wrong side of 2000 were becoming embarrassed. Some called them the 00s, pronounced "uh ohs".

"I can't take it! I can't take it!" she sang, or cried, or both at the same time. She hadn't said Foo Fighters. He had, to himself. He heard the guitar riffs and the scruffy male voice screaming those lyrics rhythmically. Scents of real hamburger, with only a little filler, and Pringles potato chips with French's mustard teased his nose. Either that or blood and goop from his insides.

That Isaac Stoane disc was a golden oldie. A good twenty years old. Twenty-three. Discs were antique items. His retro disc setup had cost plenty, but he could afford it. The look on people's faces as they saw him fumbling with those discs. The luxury tax on his sedan was a fortune in comparison with this minor accessory.

Bush was bawling. So was Lake. He wish he could make them stop. He said something to Joy. She did something that didn't work. He told her to pist them.

You make believe that life is so long, until you're dying, dying on me. Another golden oldie. He was hearing golden oldies from the late nineties and early zeroes.

He heard the autopilot beep. He was forgetting where he was. His hands had slipped off the wheel. Better snap out of it, get back to the road and his driving.

All vehicles really ran on autopilot now, but the law required them to keep their hands on the wheel in the driver's seat. In the city most people did. Once out of the city most people docked together and partied. He was far enough out now, for he was getting docking requests from the vehicles around him. He acknowledged. Docking was quick and seamless. He got up and walked out onto the

rolling patio deck. His hardon had vanished.

* * *

Contrary to earlier media reports, there were no signs of mechanical trouble with the plane on its two previous flights from Seattle to San Francisco and from San Francisco to Puerto Vallarta, according to one NTSB spokesman. She also discussed interviews conducted with Alaska Airlines mechanics in Seattle and Los Angeles. They described helping the pilots troubleshoot what they called a "runaway stabilizer" which forced the plane's nose down.

At one point the pilots asked a Los Angeles mechanic if there were any hidden circuit breakers to cut off power to the stabilizer. That suggests they already had shut off one set of circuit breakers, a standard remedy for a runaway stabilizer, also known as runaway trim.

* * *

He felt relieved. The two lesbians were already out there, along with several other interesting prospects. Joy left the kids in the back seat, below decks as they called it, from the way the interlocking vehicles created a patio floor while leaving the original passenger compartments below. They had stopped crying, and were sleeping. Joy had given them a pist, putting them to beddy bye.

She was already making time with a teenage boy, who was showing her his big hardon and getting horny like a jackrabbit. He scanned a credit charge to his account. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. He got to work.

He began scanning the party, checking their life histories, personal profiles, photos and action sequences, all on his head screen. He wore the projector on his head like jewelry, on a bald spot. Not naturally bald, but shaved fashionably. The information just appeared in his vision as he scanned the people.

Nobody had any secrets anymore. The Net had killed personal privacy, as the cliche went. A law made projectors illegal when driving except for official government-provided information. Most people turned them off. On the deck, in a mingling crowd, projectors were mandatory. Files had to be checked and filtered.

Not that everybody didn't try to falsify their files with younger data, younger photos. You could get obsolete body photos officially overlaid if you paid for it and the new body photos were younger looking than what they overlaid, but the overlay designation stuck with them. They called it the grammy award. A joke about old grammies riding around in motorized chairs with their colostomy bags swinging under the sideboards and their panties swinging on the line in springtime. You didn't see really old people anymore, except in your projectors. Check it out. Smell the piss.

He was fooling himself. He was not rich enough for the lesbians. He tried to raise his credit limit, but they wouldn't respond. The dirty warm air made him remember old parking garages in the nineties in Los Angeles. The sky above wasn't blue, wasn't gray, wasn't a sky. It was a ceiling. Like in a garage. Or an airplane. An airplane has a limited air supply, which recirculates throughout the trip, getting dirtier each time. He slowed his breathing, conserving oxygen. Slow breathing is safer.

"And you are Garrison Allstar? May I call you Garry?"

He swung to the side. A woman who shouldn't be initiating a conversation was. She was undressing herself as she was talking, already showing him her bare breasts with sensational flowers for nipples.

His projector was spinning its wheels. It couldn't locate her file. He didn't know what to say.

"Garry? May I call you Garry?"

"Yes." He found it hard to initiate conversation, to find his voice. "Yes, Garry. And your name is?"

"Whatever you like, Garry. What would you like?"

"I can't view you. I..."

"Silly projectors. Here, let me take it off your cute hairy head and clean it for you."

She was already unfastening his projector and drawing it to her, rubbing it over her breasts, down her belly-dancer belly, and into her exposed, shaved vulva. His hardon returned fast. He ogled her and forgot her at the same time. This only turned her on more. She took his hand and guided it onto her smooth voluptuous waist. Looking quizzically into his eyes, she took her finger into her mouth and began fellating it wetly.

* * *

Jammed or out-of-control horizontal stabilizers have led to at least a half-dozen emergency landings but never a crash of a commercial airplane, federal records show.

If the horizontal stabilizer starts moving on its own in a state of runaway trim pilots can usually stop it by pulling circuit breakers and using other controls. In most cases it will stop before reaching an extreme angle.

In most aircraft, including the MD-83, a jammed stabilizer can be overridden by moving elevators attached to its trailing edge and controlled by pulling forward or backward on the yoke in the cockpit.

If it jammed at an extreme position, the pilots must exert more pressure on the yoke but still should be able to maintain control.

* * *

He was buried in her fragrant smooth flesh below decks in her vehicle. She was buried in his clean and youthened and cologned if not smooth flesh, the exposed organ that is his everything in her hands and mouth. He lost track of time in

libidinous relief.

He opened his eyes. An exotic voluptuous vaginal box met his eyes just inches away, shaved and throbbing and wet, the knees on either side of his head, the smooth-skinned yet tight and firm breasts rubbing against his thighs.

He opened his eyes. His children were giving her oral sex.

He opened his eyes. They were giving him oral sex.

He opened his eyes. She was giving him oral sex. Her name was Jeannie. His was Major Nelson.

He opened his eyes. His face was buried upright in her shaved box, looking up over her belly to her breasts, her face out of sight. He swam with his face and mouth in her ocean.

He opened his eyes. He was back on deck with her, his heart thumping, adrenaline charged, closing the distance, as he came up to kiss her for the first time. She turned her head away.

"Sorry, I don't kiss strangers," she joked merrily.

He had forgotten. He didn't either. He took his head down, to suckle her breasts. Her head turned back, and since he couldn't see her face, all was fine.

"Don't pay me now," she whispered. "Don't pay me ever. I'm yours free. Take me right here."

He was already on the way. He sunk down on the deck, as she sunk down on his face. He began kissing and licking her vulva. Sweet. Succulent. Moist. He began to go lower. To pull the lips apart.

A small penis and scrotum emerged. A hermaph. There were a lot of them these days. He hadn't even guessed. She had been born male. Before his prison days, he might have balked at this, but now he was more open and mature. He began tickling the scrotum, getting a small erection out of

the small penis. He licked the scrotum and closed his mouth over the penis. Everybody had a right to get off with their neighbor.

* * *

Though stabilizer problems are rare, regulators last May gave airlines 18 months to inspect hinge connecting parts of the tail for signs of corrosion. An error during manufacture can cause the hinges to rust more easily.

The Alaska Airlines jet that crashed had not yet undergone the inspection, but 10 of the MD-80s in the fleet did and showed no unusual corrosion, said airline spokesman David Marriott. Records on other airlines' fleets were not immediately available.

Alaska Airlines said the pilot of Flight 261, which went down off the California coast Monday, reported problems with the "stabilizer trim" shortly before the crash.

* * *

The orgy was getting wild. He lost track of time. He knew his penis was being fellated, but he didn't know by whom. Time went by, lots of it. He opened his eyes and the others were pulling on his arms, guiding him to the whirlpool, where the others were already soaking.

They were approaching the Irvine tunnel now. No docking allowed inside it. People were disappearing and evaporating the splashing and merriment. He felt slight panic at the thought that he was alone in the whirlpool. He got out and grabbed his clothes and got back below decks. His wife was sitting in the front seat with a naked teen fellah wrapped around her like a harness. He was so thin. No butt.

The undocking was accomplished and the tunnel covered them over. The heavy rock music blasted them like the air in the tunnel might have if they could have felt it. It was intoxicating. What was he thinking? He could have sworn he was going to die? He didn't like to be alone? He needed to protect himself? They were in a car wash? The car was

suddenly so dirty.

He remembered the early nineties. He could still afford his own Harley. There were no tunnels all the way up to Santa Monica back then. How he would blip his pipes in a tunnel like this. Cause it to reverberate like a church.

He honked his horn. He was soon greeted by a medley of horns. He had started something. He couldn't stop it.

The run from Santa Monica to Point Magu was great. On his Harley he got to see all the famous and near famous beaches. Santa Monica, Temescal Canyon Beach, Malibu, Topanga, Point Dume, Zuma. He would stop at the split rock at Point Magu to pal with other bikers and look for bikinis and easy sex, then hop back on the road and cruise north to Port Hueneme, Oxnard, and Ventura. Easy sex. The days of condom sex were past, thankfully. The Channel Isles and Oxnard harbor were something to see in those days. That's how the other half lived. The Ventura harbor, Buenaventura State Park.

Time to go back south. Up past Point Magu again, then through the mountains, Hidden Valley and Newbury Park, then the Mulholland Highway.

Coming down Mulholland Highway, rounding that last curve, he stopped at the Rock Store. There along the side of the road were a hundred bikes of all varieties, all neatly parked in front. Every minute or so one group would depart to make way for an arriving group. The atmosphere was friendly, the patio barbecue was cooking steak fajitas full out, and the restaurant was busy with plastic-carrying customers.

He also remembered with regret the hump. All those on crotch rockets had full heads of hair and peach fuzz on their chins. And no sign of reconstructive surgery. All those on the cruisers, touring bikes, and the ubiquitous Harleys were aging losers like him with greying hair and lots of skin pushing through. The Rock Store made him finally realize he was old, past the big three oh, genetically obsolete, all the way back on the kamakazi run down the 405 to San Diego. The rest of his life was less than top gun, a fight with acceptance, denial, anger,

despair, with being what he could not stand. A flight into sensual stimuli, into the fantasy that the senses can be a celebration. He was on a treadmill to senselessness. Is there really a hell?

The last thing he remembered was drowning in pain in his thirty-eight-year-old wife's womb. Something about no light at the end of your tunnel, just a freight train coming away.

Chapter 2. The Passenger Who Denies the Reality of Death

* * *

POINT MUGU, Calif. (Tuesday, Feb. 8, 2000) - On an MD-80 series aircraft the horizontal stabilizer looks like a small wing mounted on top of the tail. The elevators, located on the back edge of the horizontal stabilizer, are moveable panels that point the nose up and down.

Stabilizer trim tabs are movable surfaces on the horizontal stabilizer that help adjust the wing's aerodynamics.

"Trimming" the stabilizer is an action a pilot uses to bring it into balance. The trim tabs are controlled, or trimmed via a wheel in the cockpit.

If a plane lost control of its horizontal stabilizer it would have no way to keep the nose pointed at the proper angle up or down. Gravity would force the plane into an uncontrollable dive.

According to one source, the left rear stabilizer was failing and pushing the plane downward, causing the pilot to pull up on the nose to keep the jet level. Suddenly, a severe hydraulic or electrical malfunction forced the stabilizer into full runaway and twisted the plane to the right and at an 80 degree downward direction at 200+ mph. The aircraft fell the last 18,000 feet in just over a minute.

The source, with close knowledge of the investigation, said the last message controllers received was the pilot reporting that he thought the plane had lost its horizontal stabilizer. Investigators were gathering radar and voice tapes to verify that account.

The source, who spoke on condition of anonymity, said the crew was having routine conversations with air traffic controllers and the plane was maintaining a stable flight path when the crew reported control problems. The radar track showed the plane plunging toward the ocean shortly afterward.

Boeing, the Federal Aviation Administration and the National Transportation Safety Board were culling their records late Monday for reports of any similar problems with the popular MD-80 series.

* * *

Stop the rocking. Can't stop the rocking.

The day the comics died. A world awards convention of professional comics and comedians, mainly American, hideously wiped out by a zoomba club, a group of shooters bent on killing as many people as they could before they died or committed suicide. Based on the mythos of the Columbine High School shooters of 1999, the web site bombers of 2000, the amusement park and zoo raiders of 2004, the stadium bombers of 2010, and a whole sick proud so-called theology of murder liberation, the name zoomba was a contraction that included the word columbine as its root, zoo as its prefix, with the rest being a matter of academic debate. The folk entomology had it that it was the natural evolution of the mosh pits, where the raw recruitment material came from, claiming the word is a slang contraction of zoomoshcolumbineboombash. Plus some kind of joke on Mary Poppins.

A new subculture was emerging. Welcome to the new world of horror. Death was welcome at the black station.

There was a kind of contest, each zoomba club trying to

better the kill levels of the ones before. The competition became multidimensional, subcompetitions complete with their own bragging rights. The killing of all people of some kind of definable important class became the holy grail of zoomba.

The day the comics died was the first classkill as they termed it. It was a double coup in the choice of the class. (The clubs awarded coup points much as the aboriginal American Indian tribes did.) A joke on jesters. A joke on their audiences. In the category of best achievement in classkill, Comic Kill 2012 won the Humongous Zoomba. Jim Carrey's face was stolen, surgically amputated, hideously contorted, and used to make a numerical tool program. The Mask, as it was called, the tanned, cured face itself, covered in green plastic, was a holy grail, jealously guarded by its secret owners, and passed along to a new zoomba group before the suicidal mission began. It was all the more adrenal because private ownership of deadly weapons carried the death penalty, as did membership in a gang, or even zoomba speech.

But the zoomba gangs ruled the streets. Ever after, physical convening of people became rarer, virtual convening being preferred. America itself lost its humor, became protective, isolationist, living in a virtual world of its own making, while masses of hopeful third worlders ran the borders by the tens of millions a month, the hundreds of millions a month. From orbit America must have looked like a bowl of chili with too many beans. Too many beans down there.

The hope of America was no longer real. The third worlders ended up creating third world areas in America, like vast seas of swarming flesh on the landmass, where crime, poverty, starvation were often worse than in the lands they had come from. Americans meanwhile walled them out, felt as little or as much sorry for them as they did for the ones across the globe. And did nothing, the common knowledge being that there wasn't enough to go around. "I am a native American" signs graced every vehicle.

The interstates became America's last paradise. The expense

of vehicles, the taxes, the licensing, the cops, made it the Ganges river in a swarming swarmy mush of swimming begging Indians, the kind from India, mixed with prior waves of Africans, Asians, Hispanics, the latter now considered native Americans and themselves feeling threatened. Indians were the backbreaker, creeping the third world in like a mat of filthy mutant mad racing jungle vegetation over what used to be the American heartland. Funny how, at the turn of the mill, the interstates were how the illegals would infiltrate into an America still held mainly by Americans. Funny how times change.

Docking parties were becoming the one last safe physical way to physically convene with real native Americans of your own kind. Few native Americans, that is, legal Americans, ever left the interstates anymore. They lived on them, like 19th century American pioneers in covered wagons, surrounded by the other kind of Indians, the difference being that the odds were reversed. As the strain grew to the critial mass, the hordes ran all over the remaining pockets of Americans, chasing and slaughtering them like the late great American buffalo herds.

* * *

Garry became real and quite ordinary again. There, in his sedan on the interstate, emerging from the Santa Ana tunnel, the garage-like light of the tunnel was replaced by the garage-like light of the dirty seawater sky. He used to have heart valve problems before the transplant, so that could not be the cause of his maudlin funk. He was very independent and proud of living on his own. His secret to long life was macaroni and beans, and walking. He did smoke, did drink, and didn't eat right, but he had every medical treatment his credit could buy.

He looked at his face in the mirror. Not that mirrors were just inert reflective surfaces any more. They were synthetic, active. Yes, he was a fine looking weasel. A face that had the genetic markers of sexual attractiveness surgically enhanced. The chin broadened, the eyebrows bushed-up, the skin scraggy and tanned and lined. In practice men either went youthish or maturish. The former

was perfect, feminine, dykish skin. All kinds of men loved to be a woman's face saddle, but the maturish ones also went in for face to face sex, knowing their ability to last longer inside a woman was their survival skill, and burden.

For some retro reason the late Burt Reynolds had become the founding saint of the American mature male religion. Nobody had done it better longer. He had outlasted even Sean Connery. And he was American, isolationist, sexually ambiguous and virile, self-sufficient, and of the old times when America was the great hope that had not had its bluff called. Before the great rock and roll smackdown of the teens. Before the mass border slaughter was stopped by internal protest.

He looked over at his wife. She was busy fellating her teen fellah, self-absorbed as always. Not him, her. As lean as he was, his python was huge, thick, well-nourished, his big grinning teeth whiter than ivory flashing out of his nearly black skin. That fellah, he was an immigrant, illegal cop bait. He was dangerous. India had swamped the Canadian coast. The American border defenses were porous, corrupt, the cops often running them through for prices and services. Instead of the cops arresting and deporting them, they cleaned them out, got their free services, then took an extra payoff from the yakuza before turning their backs, looking for the next crop, as they scurried over the border to greater poverty than they had left.

After all, as poor as these imms were, they were the lucky ones, the ones who had scraped up enough to pay the yakuza and cops. Not that they didn't have other things to worry about. As soon as they got over the border the yakuza were waiting to make them serve out their contracts that they had to sign in addition to the upfront cash. They were soon turning tricks on the interstates.

Today he had seen no cops. He thought back. Never could he remember a day when he had seen no cops.

* * *

POINT MUGU, Calif. (Wednesday, Feb. 9, 2000) - Confusion with the nomenclature and functions of the tail assembly of the MD-83 aircraft that fatally crashed off Point Mugu, California is widespread.

One source, a commercial pilot familiar with the MD-80 series, who wishes to remain anonymous, describes the workings of the "T" tail and its components.

In the MD-80 series, the rudder is connected to the rear of the aircraft and it swings left and right to control the aircraft's yaw or left and right movement, in conjunction with moveable surfaces on the wings called ailerons.

The horizontal stabilizer is like a second wing attached above the rudder. That's why it's called a T tail. The elevators are attached to the rear edge of the stabilizer and are used to control pitch, that is, up/down orientation of the nose, for climbs and descents. The horizontal stabilizer stabilizes the aircraft's pitch by moving the leading edge up and down.

The stabilizer in many commercial transport aircraft is moved incrementally via a stabilizer trim system. Stabilizer trim can be controlled either manually by the pilot or automatically by the autopilot. In cruise mode, it is most likely that the autopilot is controlling the trim system.

If this trim system malfunctions, a jammed stabilizer could result.

The yoke is the primary flight control. It moves a control tab on the elevator which in turn moves the elevator. The trim for aircraft pitch (nose up or down) is accomplished by using two switches in unison. They are side-by-side and thumb-operated. One switch disengages the trim brake and the other runs the trim motor which turns a jackscrew and repositions the stabilizer, that is, the entire horizontal surface on the T tail. The jackscrew and its associated nut are the critical components, the failure of which will render the aircraft uncontrollable.

There are three ways to operate the manual trim. Each pilot's yoke has a set of switches and there is a set of handles on the center pedestal which either of the two pilots can reach. Additionally there are two trim motors. The larger, more powerful trim motor is operated as described above. The smaller trim motor is controlled solely by the autopilot and is usually but not always the one that runs away.

* * *

He looked in the mirror quickly. He was a fine looking weasel. Women love a guy who can squeak. It's their number one way of dating. Squeak wicky wicky wicky. He felt a zoomba streak coming over him.

"This air conditioner sure feels good on a day like today," he told his wife.

"Air conditioner? What air conditioner?"

With a devilish delight in his face he pushed the emergency hatch lever. When the sudden rush of air surprised the smiling cocksman, he savagely tossed him out of the vehicle without warning, with the help of a roboarm on cybernetic synch. The lightweight fellah disappeared amid the charging vehicles like in an elephant stampede.

"Why did you do that?" she gasped.

He didn't answer with words, just with a Burtsey smile, sneer, eyebrow raise.

She understood. She was already priming and fixing her makeup.

The heavy rock music was supernaturally adrenal. It made the end of a fellah rock, be okay. There were plenty more fish in the sea. They were native Americans after all. They were stronger than kryptonite. They were of the same kind. They were consumers, the fellah was the consumed.

He put Isaac Stoane back on, backing up to the part he had liked best. He didn't want to obey the law any more. Those retro viewscreens were fascist. He put his projector on and replaced the Hindu lesbian's face with his wife's. Mister food on the brain he thought to himself. When the lemon and chocky faces started stabbing their tongues into her swollen exotic bejeweled vagina, he got his mood back under control. His wife wasn't noticing. She began yakking again to herself.

No, not to herself. She was in a simulsexconference with some of her new friends traveling with them on the interstate. Something about that suddenly made him think of a breakfast burrito stuffed with greasy scrambled eggs.

He remembered his dream of Jeannie. He couldn't be sure if she were real or a dream, but she seemed so real he couldn't let the uncertainty burn. He frantically began trying to contact and scan all the vehicles around him in hopes of finding her.

"Major Nelson to Jeannie" went his emergency message. "Ship to ship. Please respond immediately. Emergency. Hello hello hello hello." That last refrain was a sample from Nirvana.

No answer.

He knew it was retro but he began craning his neck and ogling every vehicle in sight in hopes of spotting her. No luck. He overrode the autopilot and now played the old race car driver, got dangerous, went on a joyride. As their vehicle wove and darted, tailgated, setting off warning alarms, sirens, horns, louder than even the music, his wife fell into a black hole of his consciousness as the search for Jeannie became a do or die, a mosh pit dance on wheels. The sulfur smell of eggs in his nasal cavity made him a little queasy. Real eggs weren't legal anymore. Soy eggs were the best you could get, and they made him burp up a paint smell that was even more nauseating. Always eat your eggs with heavy sauces.

Empty thoughts filled his five ears. Teemin', streamin',

breathin', breathin'. He came back again.

The docking request. It was time to dock again. He stopped his fruitless emergency signals and his adrenal driving and waited for the autopilots to take over again and lock the decks.

He fairly leaped out of the vehicle and was first on decks. There was a different mix of people now, and he got his projector spinning as his head roamed friskily looking for a dream with a shaved vagina. No luck. She was a dream then, he concluded. He was so really very ordinary.

He finally remembered that she had been a hermaph. The bubble popped. He didn't care if he never saw her again. He still had a little latent homophobia from the wild old days when it wasn't illegal. He preferred his vagina straight, not on the rocks.

* * *

Another commercial pilot, who also wishes anonymity, adds this additional clarification:

The rudder controls yaw (turning left and right) along with ailerons on the wing. The wing, by the way, is the thing that lifts the plane off the ground. The horizontal stabilizer and elevator control up or down movement of the aircraft by controlling airspeed in conjunction with the engine throttle, which controls engine power.

The horizontal stabilizer leading edge is moved up and down with an electric motor to balance pitch forces. Each elevator is independent of the other. Each control yoke controls one elevator surface, however, they are bussed together to make them operate as one. They can be separated if necessary by force on the yoke. The aircraft is always flown with the autopilot in cruise, the reason being to use stabilizer trim frequently to trim the aircraft as fuel is burned off or a climb or descent is begun, or airspeed is changed.

A trim can runaway during one of these automatic operations. The only way the pilots know this is happening is a buzzer that sounds when the trim is running continuously. Circuit breakers located behind the captains seat (Row D, breakers 9 through 11) remove all power from the pitch trim system.

* * *

A long string of illegal Hindu kama sutras scurried out from below decks of a scruffy rental truck and began enticement dances. They too had noticed the absence of cops and decided to go above ground and go for the gold with these rich Americans who blew all karma into business transactions. Garry spied one young varma girl among the obviously emaciated but enticingly costumed hos who was just his type. He was soon three-quarters of the way to meeting her price and getting the contract agreed with her owner. The snake bite entering his veins, as they called it.

Voodoo. Snake bite. Jim Morrison. Metallica. The Road Warrior. Australia. The last cowboys. The last frontier. It was third world now, as was the Great American Desert, all the former Indian reservations, which the government at one time used as holding camps and finally abandoned to them, even trying to steer them to via the use of inner walls within the Great Wall.

The Indians were once called native Americans. Garry looked up at the sky, tried to imagine Indian skies, all the movies. Now if there were any Indians left they were swamped in the sea of Indians from India, squatting on their former reservations and turning them into vast holes of Calcutta where rat meat was a feast and human meat a delicacy. Not that Asians hadn't preceded them, the Africans hot on their tail. Funny how, at the turn of the mill, there was such talk as a free and equal raceless society. To the new imms, even the supposedly downtrodden blacks were spoiled and rich, and all their dreams were lost in the dung sea.

There was even a brief time when Garry had liked the newest invasion. Sweet young Thai hos, as cheap and plentiful as

California fruit used to be. Like California calimyrna figs dipped in Hawaiian coconut. Now if he could just eat without the bib. He used to be fond of those items available in the old style supermarkets before the days of smart kitchens and robodelivery, in an ancient era as fantastic as Camelot. They weren't all really from Thailand, but that label sold best, like...

Like what? He hit a mental block. Like... Like... Like Chiquita did on fruit. Or Dole. Former South and Central Americans were now all one with former North America. The hope that this unification would solve border immigration problems had been myopic. They never found a way to eliminate roaches either. At least not without threatening the extinction of the human species. Welcome to the rock show smashout. You did? So what. So come and get it.

Form follows function, like with an aircraft. The interstate was an aircraft flying through an aboriginal Indian sky, he and his fellow travelers merely passengers and crew. As the years went by the tail was wearing and nobody fixing it. The passengers were just numbers, the danger just an insurance blip. It was just a matter of time before it would drop out of the sky like a split rock, and the passengers on that flight just be shrugged off as losers in the wheel of fortune.

A group of homo highwaymen were forming a bugger line next to a group of docked trucks. Due to their height the cabs always were docked above decks. Their kind of sex was hard and strong smelling by choice. There were some hard women among them, probably hermaphs. None looked even remotely as soft and sensuous as Jeannie. One man jumped on top of another and hung on his back while another came up with an exposed hardon and began humping his buns like a billy goat. One scruffy tawny buck had a sign on his back that said he was an astrophysicist with a Ph.d. and his planetarium was shit. How do you measure success?

One of the hermaphs hunkered down to where she could lick the hardon as it was pistoning in and out. The anus was lined with hygiene shield, a little item that it took the 21st century to invent, along with robosanitation in every

vehicle. Your asshole was always clean enough to eat on, as the trademark ad slogan went. They cleaned your colon as well if you were into anal, which everybody was.

She wore a synth leather greatcoat that opened to reveal a voluptuous hourglass figure, miniskirt, and no panties. A hardon stuck out of her bush, a jeweled chain looped over the root. Garry couldn't help fantasizing that it would be yummy. But he didn't fancy being cornholed by a billy goat in synth. Too old for that. Paul Revere and the Beasties not. Life in prison in the United States penitentiary in cornhole Kansas. The warden in Leavenworth needs fresh fish. Fresh fish. Fresh fish! He was sexy but shy, in a threatening kind of play way. At least he wasn't on electric chair row waiting to fry on the chair.

He nervously sped the negotiations and closed them, then took his little ho the other way, straight to his vehicle and its safety. All vehicles had extensive personal entry security and would refuse admittance to anybody but the legal owner. Not that hijackers couldn't hack in. If they could catch you they could make you let them in. If you gave them shit they'd kill you and roboanimate your corpse to get in.

It ain't easy being greasy in a world of madness and all of that dog stuff going on. Golden parachute, open for daddy!

* * *

For those who either have real concern or have jumped on the grief bandwagon: stop with the parachute theory!

1. The damage to the plane was in the rear where you would need to put the parachutes in the first place, which with all probability would have damaged chutes, even if such an item existed.
2. The plane dropped 7,000 feet in a minute when the trouble started, leveled off and had a controled decent to 18,000 feet over a nine minute span where it looks as if the pilots thought they had the situation under control.

3. The plane then decended the last 18,000 feet in just over a minute.

As for parachutes for individual people, how many would have been able to put them on in 9 minutes? And even if they could how many would have jumped? And how many would have survived either the jump or the fall into the water and not drown waiting for help?

Remember there were elderly and children on the plane, and a general panic would have been nigh unavoidable. They would not have chuted up a majority of the 88 people on the plane under those dizzy and lethal conditions.

* * *

_It's falling away from me. It's falling away from me.
Laying me down. Laying me down. Laying me down. Down into
the ground._

His door reassuringly open, he was met with the blast of his own smell along with the harder blast of golden oldies rock music in his face like hell's jamboree. This spacious sedan was his biospace, his sleeping tube, his usual seat. It smelled like him. It was his castle. First class all the way. A decade ago he never thought he would be, at 23, on the verge of spontaneous combustion. So pardon me while I burst into flames.

He knew his wife wouldn't be there, would be out making out, but this time he was surprised that his kids weren't either. A sudden panic shook him. Had she left him and taken the kids? He left the ho in the back seat locked in and braved the decks again to find out.

His kids were with the elderly in the nursery. His wife was with almost everybody else except the highwaymen, at the Hindu robosex jamboree that was forming up. Avoid being crushed by elevators or elephants he joked, lightening up.

_Now that the smoke's gone and the air is all clear. Those

who were right there had a new kind of fear. They stick it in your face and let you smell what they consider wrong. That's why I say hey man nice shot, good shot man._

He flashed back to that crash 30 years earlier. Where was he when it happened? It was on the run. He loved the run from San Diego to Point Mugu back in his biker days. But he sold the hog, traded up for a Porsche in the late nineties, went the way of his idol Jesse Ventura, before the latter graduated even higher into an executive's Lincoln, never mind the assassination. He became too busy pursuing his American dream of freedom to bike, take daylong cruises. Let freedom ring, he was making money, pulling his hair out to raise his class level before they put a bullet in his head.

He turned tricks for the system. He kept disappearing into the toilet of an airplane, like Gandhi. Those starvation scenes could have been a show stopper.

Not him. The fellah.

Thank God it's over. You make believe that nothing's wrong until you're crying. Until you're dying.

What was their destination now? He remembered now. The brow furrowed with resentment and anger again. Acirema. That was their destination. Up in Alaska somewhere. That was the flight plan.

That was the supposed destination of Flight 261 too. Not really. San Francisco. But the final destination, after that stop. They never made it. They just fell out of the sky. Why? Ah, why. It's a tough business, comedy.

He had personally emailed America Online right after the crash, posting a public message to the families out there, after seeing a picture of them gathered on the cold beach, watching 88 white doves being released in fantasy fulfillment of sundry religious illusions. An interfaith, ecumenical thing. One time that white was right even for the PC.

That AOL thing was as retro as discs, but he never quite accepted it. Like the retro knowledge that the one safe place to be in an airplane crash is the black box, which is always recovered relatively undamaged. The beautiful people. And I don't want ya and I don't need ya. It's all based on the size of the steeple. You can't see the forest for the trees till you get down on your knees.

Maybe he hadn't really emailed AOL, but now he could imagine it that way, couldn't he? Here was the email. Right here.

Dear AOL:

My heartfelt condolences go out to all the victims of Flight 261 and their families. If it makes you feel better, it makes me feel somewhat relieved to write this, for there is little relief to be found otherwise. Please know that in a high speed crash of this nature it is over quickly for the victims. They probably didn't even know what had happened. Absolutely ethereal. I'm not trying to be morbid by mentioning, ahem, death. The experts tell the victim's families the same thing.

The beautiful people. The beautiful people. Hey, you, whadya say? Death doesn't discriminate whether or not you pray.

The experts. They have their own religion. Lying to make people keep from going more nuts. Or setting them up to go even more nuts later, for follow-on business. Nobody can ever prove it in court. Rage against the machine all you want, native American buffalosers. You too shall pass. You aren't above the law.

Yesterday was a holiday and today is a work day. Not for people like him. For the menials. His life was a seven day weekend.

Chapter 3. Robot Sex

* * *

Dear conspiracy.com:

I don't think a mechanical malfunction had anything to do with the crash of Alaskan Air Lines Flight 261.

I think alien space creatures brought down this plane, as well as TWA Flight 800 and others, including JFK Jr.'s plane, and Princess Di's car crash.

All unexplained plane crashes could be best explained this way. And I'll tell you why.

I sincerely believe that UFOs are purposely downing our planes as experiments. I was abducted by these creatures for the better part of my childhood and know that their existence is factual. They used me for interspecies sex experiments. They plan to replace real humans with robots and clones and control all society.

They are hideous creatures with sick intentions. Just look at what they did to my reproductive organs. I've got as many penises and vaginas as a milk cow has teats on her udder. I am a cesspool of unnatural alien fornication. I have nine inch nails. If I leave you, if I leave you, let your mother break.

We as a society and a race need to come together, unmask their existence and deal with them. What do I do? What do I say? Aliens are always less than nine miles away.

Governments around the world have been covering up too long. It is time we take matters into our own hands. Time is short. Short is the fuse. Fused is the lock on the tunnel for the hunger to escape. Can you take me higher to a place where gold is green?

My friends, I'd sacrifice all my nights if I could make all our dreams the same. So let's go there. Let's make our escape. Let's take our race higher than even the aliens can leap.

For a 3dsim of what these creatures look like, and for a 24/7 livecam of the mutilation I have suffered at their slimy hands, please visit my web site. All credit cards welcome.

* * *

Stop the rock! Stop stop stop the rock!

The sex robots were doing enticement dances, playing robot musical instruments, serving refreshments and recreational drugs. The menials were serving their employers with every limb and every orifice. Shake it, shake it, shake it, big fat bus. An airlocked snowblower. A plastic snowshovel. Sunflower seeds. Gone are the days when your shovel would last you thirty or forty years. We've got enough seeds to make your ass twitch. It's jamming. They've got the net burning, the sweat turning. Don't violate a direct order. Come back to bed. That's a direct order. Come play. Get instant today. Get busy preparing for the annual daily company picnic. Make a fruit salad. But first a word from our sponsor. Pick up your inexpensive vehicle insurance. Charge a flat rate for the entire continental area.

Garry and his robocradle ho girl were getting down and dirty, baby. Down and dirty, baby. _Stop the rock. Stop stop the rock._ The sex robots were fucking his wife, wanking his wife's fellah with a big robo hand, massaging his ho's perfect bulbous breasts with long feminine robot hands while she spread herself out like a welcome mat for his coming fuck. Robots with baby doll heads doing fellatio, robots with horse-size penises satisfying spoiled women, tongue specialist bots performing cunny and rimming ass, all the while maintaining hygiene. Robot vacusuck heads as big as horse heads.

That next-to-last sight forced Garry to remember his prison days, when he had to rim an ass not at all hygiened and pretend to like it so that he could survive. On his back, the ass spread over his face, his love daddy fellating him, while he flicked his tongue in and out, in and out, his hands holding ass. His parents watching on the remote and

crying. The guards peeking in the window, waiting their turns. If it doesn't kill you it makes you tougher. He became a real man there. Now he could afford freedom, pay for success. His little ho was his reward for the American dream. The light at the end of the tunnel. A freight train coming away.

Don't stop the rock.

Garry was one with the synth guitriffs. His projector was flooding his five senses with erotica, his ho rimming his ass at the end of a tunnel. She had no parents to cry for her. If she did, they were rimming ass, just as eager for the opportunity.

She couldn't have been more than nine or ten years old he guessed. Jail bait. Rob the cradle. Sansa files. No bush. Ain't America great. And dirt cheap compared to native American hos. Not that old. Five or six probably. Passing for nine or ten with hormone shots.

His mongoose was harder than a wicky wicky, the young Hindu vagina naturally hairless yet tattooed, bejeweled, wet, and wiggling willing. She probably owed her meal today to him he reflected, smiling Burtishly at the thought, fumbling with words like getting his meat and his milk to make up a clever line, not quite getting it right. The devil's knocking on their front door their whole life.

Pay my respects. Respect my desire. Don't cross my desire. Hey! Sit down with the fire.

How sick that the Hindus didn't eat cow meat when cows are walking all over the place and leaving cow pads. Not that any but the rich can afford it now in America, if it's still available at all. It had long been illegal. But then, what wasn't illegal? Baksheesh was electronic now, automatically added to your credit limit. With corruption there is no pill to take, and without a pill you will get ill.

Rimming ass. Shit. Cow pads. A land of shit. That's what humans do, turn Eden into shitland. It's in their nature. It's the flip side of sex. Sex produces overpop. Overpop

goes on a warp tour and confirms the law of Malthus. Shit happens. Eden was only for two.

Technology was supposed to keep shit from happening. The robots were here. You could eat off an asshole after they serviced it. The garden was opening again to welcome us in triumph. This time we knew good and evil, and loved God's gift of sex as much as life itself. So what happened?

Everything goes by so fast. Used up all of his friends long ago, but who needs them? He loved the things that he could do with strangers. The garden of Eden. Think of all the shit humanity had invented to get along without it, like religions and philosophies. If they could just get back in they'd gladly strip naked mentally as well as physically and just get it on all the time, and live forever in paradise. Kids would be considered the most dangerous thing on earth, and everybody would forget about them. Even he would trade his kids for a pass to Eden. As it was, he hedged his bets, that's all. They made him complete in a less than perfect world.

They made him completely miserable. He loved them like he loved himself. Shugah. Shugah. Shugah.

His mind had been wavering between the present and the turn of the century when he had been bragging about 125 kilobaud digital access to AOL on his 700 megahertz CPU and surfing the Net for ever more titillating live porno. He spent thousands a month on his sex addiction, one that didn't involve any real live contact, only remote and lonely and sterile titillation. The scare of incurable sex diseases was still on, and led multitudes into cybersex as an outlet. It took another fifteen years for roboaided hygienic sex and advances in genetics to take the scare off. Welcome to paradise. Now if they could keep the shit out of it.

He was in prison at the time. Just his luck. His fellow speech crime convicts turned him into a human toilet for years, only to give him every disease known to science. Luckily he got the chance to volunteer for a federal experimental program for the new robo research, and got cured and released on parole. He had given his ass to

science.

The release was a minor cultural shock for him, a retro future shock. These robo things were everywhere, and he felt backward. Yet the good old days of free promiscuous sex had also returned, like in the seventies and early eighties, so he felt ahead of his youngers, more experienced, more able to brag and swagger. And since the younger people, males especially, white ones most especially, not protected by government programs, were finding little in the way of economic opportunity in the face of unlimited subsistence wage workers in a global economy, he wasn't really starting out behind them, more as one of them. The biological clock kept ticking on mercilessly, and he was no spring chicken, despite all the medical treatments he got free in prison. Promised scientific advances in life lengthening were scrapped, made illegal, for all but the supersuper rich who could pay off the gatekeepers of paradise themselves.

Having to start at the bottom of the economic ladder again, it took five years of menial ass-kissing hell to climb to the point that he could afford more medical treatments on credit. As a convict, he was never trusted, but then he was no longer honest or trustworthy, and lied, cheated and stole his way up like he often cursed himself for not doing the first time around.

Then he could finally afford a breeder like Joy, and finally had his kids, a new expense pit threatening to stretch into his eighties. His kids wouldn't be inheriting anything when he died. But neither would they end up as menials or hos. He had a middle class lifestyle, a fairly good vehicle to pass on to them, and life went on. He took life one day at a time, like most Americans. Just a freight train coming away, with a ghost of light at the end of your tunnel.

Aliens from outer space. He believed in them now. He believed in them more than in religious objects like God and Jesus. The latter committed suicide when they saw what was going on. Outer space was real, heaven was not. There was lots of space in outer space. Too bad our race is genetically inferior and unable to make a warp drive. The

survival of the fittest is intergalactic, not some Nazi white master race shit.

Shattered dreams. What if all this were an illusion being generated by aliens? What if humans no longer controlled their own planet? Never did? What if there were no free will, only alien puppetmasters programming their reality, their actions and reactions? Aliens using humans in a kind of scavenger hunt? He liked it as much as the next person. He wasn't going to crack. He was going to enjoy every day he had left and leave the aliens a great histotrace to get off on. He liked big busts and can't lie. Big fat busts.

Shake it shake it shake it big fat busts. Spit on my wife's sunflower seeds or you won't be sleeping on the couch.

He ejaculated on his baby ho's belly, spurt after spurt after spurt. He loved this. The org was the knowledge of good and evil, the eternal life.

"I love you," he said, to himself.

She sat up and began dishing up the semen with her fingers and eating it before the robots could clean up and sanitize the mess. Crawling up to him she began fondling and kissing his organ hungrily, doing another enticement dance from her extensive repertoire. He got another hardon and picked up the slight body and repositioned her so that he could eat her hairless baby vagina while she eagerly fellated him. Meanwhile the robots refilled his bag with synthsemen, high in nutrients. This made her fellate him all the more eagerly.

Funny, he suddenly realized. If I'm in the year 2030 then why did I think my kids were watching cartoons? By then there won't be any cartoons.

The docked vehicles were stopped on the interstate now. Traffic jam. It was hard to keep illegals onboard when they knew they could jump ship and run the walls and be over or under into the remaining good parts of America. It came as no surprise as his ho simply disappeared through a suddenly opened door to the road. Wham bam thank you baby maam.

Didn't even wait for her whopper meal. Not that the average traffic speed wasn't ten or fifteen miles per hour all the time. It was just the habit of every driver to try and run over a two-legged wabbit, as the saying went. A great American sport.

Maybe there are cartoons now in 2030. Yes, they call them cartoons even though they use virtual reality techniques so advanced as to be more real than real. They just kept the nomenclature to label the subject matter as for kids. I'm in 2030, not 2000, he concluded. Cogito ergo sum.

He went back on decks and confirmed that the jamboree was terminated through a mass jumpship of the illegals. No problemo. The whirlpool was open and inviting real native Americans to soak and think about it. He fell as the deck went wild. He tried to get up and fell. Got up and fell. Was thrown back two steps for every one. His walking shoes were getting thin. The conversation's dead.

The whirlpool was full of dead Americans with big butts floating naked on their faces.

Chapter 4. The Navigator

* * *

THE FINAL MINUTES OF FLIGHT 261

Summary of the last radio exchanges of Alaska Airlines Flight 261 based on what NTSB calls a rough transcript.

Date: January 31, 2000. Times are Pacific Standard.

-3:55 P.M.: Last routine transmission before problems are reported. Los Angeles ATC (air traffic control center located in Palmdale, Calif.) clears Flight 261 to head for San Francisco at 31,000 feet.

-4:10: Flight 261 advises it is having control difficulties

and descends to 26,000 feet.

-Seconds later: Flight 261 reports it is at 23,700 feet. Discussion about pilots having trouble controlling the plane.

-10 seconds later: ATC asks Flight 261 what altitude it wants to maintain.

-4:11: ATC asks Flight 261 its condition.

-Flight 261 advises it is "kind of stabilized," and is going to do some troubleshooting.

-Flight 261 asks for clearance to fly between 20,000 and 25,000 feet.

-ATC gives clearance.

-4:14: ATC asks if Flight 261 needs anything.

-Flight 261 responds that pilots are still working on problem.

-Seconds later: Discussion between air traffic controllers about handing off control of plane from one sector to the next.

-4:15: ATC traffic control hands-off to a new controller who was aware of its problems.

-Seconds later: Flight 261 advises it has a jammed stabilizer and difficulty maintaining altitude. Pilots think they can maintain altitude and land at LAX.

-4:16: Flight 261 cleared to land at LAX. ATC asks if flight needs a lower altitude.

-Flight 261 says it needs to get to 10,000 feet and change configuration, set the wing flaps to slow the plane down while over water.

-ATC issues clearance to 17,000 feet.

-Flight 261 says OK and advises it needs a block of altitudes. The last known transmission of Flight 261.

-4:17: ATC advises Flight 261 to contact another sector on a different frequency. Transmission not acknowledged.

-4:21: Flight 261 is lost off radar. RIP.

* * *

You think that everybody's the same. Yet you don't think anybody is like you. Think again. You're insane.

"Gaicorne Peakke, say what say what?"

"Heakke. I got your beans in my back. 311, over."

"Best step back on the east side. I'm on my pill, on my pill, 404 punk."

"Yes I know dammit. You like one of those hos who did it like your daddy did. 611. "

"Rock it steady, Austin Powers. You need to rehearse, need to check what you're saying. It's all in the family. You know what?"

"Two six one, get off my chest."

"Put 82965 on the speed dial. Check?"

"All mixed up, don't know what to do. Think I turn around in this Mercedes Two."

"You've gotta bail yourself out 'cause that's your prospect. 411 over and out."

"Keep me coming. There is a gal that is real real stunning. Bumpy!"

"Eh? You make me nervous."

"Stop the rock. Can't stop the rock."

"We saw you do a stunt that will bust us up all day."

"Can't stop the rock ass."

"Many moves. Bustin' many moves. Ninety-six five. The peak."

"We're so phat our bathtub has stretch marks. Over."

"Just save yourself. Just save yourself. Jeremy's spoken."

You can take the worries. Can you take the pain?

He put his oxyjivemask off and jacked his projector on da max. The last minute would be whatever keeps him high. Just a matter of time. Good excuse for an endless rage. Good because we make it. The water's going down and we're in a crash. There's no telling what we're doin' when we're the one we're the one.

It doesn't matter what your name is when you're the people's champion. Some forces of nature can't be stopped.

Experience the rock.

Gaicorne Heakke had been sleeping with his clothes on in the lead vehicle of the docking flotilla, his head phat. Being in the LV made him the unofficial navigator of sorts. He could sit below decks and see empty road, shake his groove thing, save himself.

I cannot save you. I cannot even save myself._

Free weekends for life, as long as the flotilla lasted. His boss' vagina was spread in front of him and he was helping her dildo herself while her lipsticked robo head was fellating his twelve inch elephant leg cock, as big as a Londoner's umbrella. He was a wonderful liar. All she wanted was the truth. Can she fake it? Can he fake it? Can he make it? Can she take it? Giving head all day long.

She was one sensitive mess, the boss, the interstate drag queen. Back to the rafters.

"Step one, pick up ass. Step two, pick up blowtorch. Step three, ignite ass."

"Open my booty and eat my kryptonite."

"If you're foreign you better get swimmin'."

"Clean up my phat country, cuntservitive."

"Awfuck me Gary Coleman style."

"You're a real life wonderboy."

"I want it in my eye."

"Da bomb!"

"Da peak!"

"The boss has spoken. Thank you for your time."

He was exchanging chat with the ATC, the autopilot traffic controller, a robot that was programmed to stroke his libido while stroking him off. It was his boss. Like all the stupid boys he worked doing stupid things for somebody he had to call boss and sir. A thirty or forty year old dyke probably. Hideous bull dyke. And he was one of the lucky ones who still had a job at that age. His job was as menial as it gets. Kissing feet. Sucking toes. Giving his body away for a minimum wage. But he was lucky to have a job at his old skool age of twenty-three.

He had people come up to him and order him around. People who he didn't work for. But the customer was always right.

He put his projector on and phuncked out on erotica. A robo stuck him in the anus and juiced him with recreational drugs. He was playing erotic scoring games, hoping to push his high score into the range that would get him a pay raise, or at least a recommendation for his next job. His

career was going strong. One day he would be able to afford no longer having to sell his body, and be able to buy others' bodies. He had American dreams. He was tired of not being a millionaire, of everybody becoming a millionaire except him and his brother. He spent all his money entering lotteries.

In Gaicornerland the bosses were all perfect tens, and totally his. And what about grand prizes? Marry yourself a millionaire. We're getting married just for kicks. Every color in the sweet wide rainbow. Stick to the rafters, stick to the rafters. Can you fake it? Can you take it? I can plow you all day long.

He was promised free education by his employer, all the way through reading and writing and arithmetic, fractions even. He was waiting for a spot, and it was almost coming through. It would be hard work having to study, but he was prepared to do it if it would advance his career. Just think, having to stop gaming and eroding and just think smart pointless thoughts like a geek. Do the Gates.

He was no geek. Those were fighting words, suggesting he were a geek. Nobody he knew was a geek, though that didn't stop from calling them geeks. He didn't enjoy education, thinking, and a high paying career. Three votes for that geek here. Hey geek who do you want to vote for? Ace geek, who do you want to vote for? Ape geek, what are you doing besides nothing? Only foreigners were geeks anymore. Real native Americans weren't geeks, no, not a one. They were consumers not producers. Training for the future of play, not any ass geek future. He needs a kidney.

Twenty-three seconds and counting. Onto the beach. I could have sworn my name was white boy. Pour me some ouzo. Sit and smuck and drink while the blue sky and smokestacks make me think I'm muddling through. Trim my pussy mustache. Listen to the moon. Fill in for Mel. There's nothing I can't do. Today the category's gonna be song. Listen to the river. Listen to the freeway. Fix my broken hand that I take for granite. Eat kryptonite tonight. If I go crazy will you still call me super, bossman?

A sailor call caused him to put his projector off. The vehicle behind him was signalling to open his rear trunk hatch to let a horny sailor in. That would be Teerell, his sailor bunkee of the day. He pressed the big red latch and Teerell's face was the first thing that popped into view saying hi.

"They tellin' me they needin' this space."

"Dat's a reason to wind down. Every niggah low considers me der blackass clown."

"Let's get stoned and wig out!"

"I've seen you high and know what you're talkin' 'bout."

They started kissing, their black naked bodies warm and dry, their big hardons ready for some serious loving. Pilot and copilot, in the cockpit. Doing the best they ever did. The best they ever did.

Now go away, boss. Go away. Let the hurricane ride. Them passenger honkeys thinks they paid for them chills and thrills and spills. Go get laid.

The electronics were so alive they claimed the whole mindstream. Come as you are, as you were. Death. There's a friend. There's a friend. Waiting for thee. Come, take your time. Hurry up. There's no memory there. No I don't have a gun.

Take that, buddy outside Los Angeles. Cross my desire with a towtruck. Protect me with fire. Be ageless. Be sweet now in my desire. Hey, sweep me with your fire. Make me ill nill. Start packing for the beach. Then get the fuck out. Get on the beach with a corn hash beef. I cannot save you. I cannot even save myself. Just serve yourself. Unleash the lion. Hit me with the surpriseland. Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, ya. Drink the water down. Cumon.

* * *

To conspiracy.com:

When I think about the crash, I picture those brave souls in WWII who brought back their shot-up B-17s and B-29s. The crew of Flight 261 must have felt the same way, doing everything they could to bring their crippled ship home. Sadly they didn't make it, but a lot of B-17s and B-29s didn't make it either.

Reading about the air campaign on various web sites I see that many B-17s came back with the whole tail section torn off by cannon fire, nose cone shot off, the whole fuselage nearly shot in half, complete wing sections missing, etc. As if they were half-eaten by sharks. It was a miracle. It is just sad that Flight 261 didn't get the breaks, but hey man all we can do in life is our best, and I am sure that the Flight 261 flight crew did the best they ever did. Salute them, don't damn them. Then go away.

The crew had their aircraft shot up so bad that they literally touched down with half a wing and almost no tail empenage left. Half a wing and a prayer at 600 mph. So cute that you could just eat 'em up.

They went down on a Monday. A black Monday. In WWII I believe what is known as Black Thursday was one of those hideous days when a lot of crews were lost with their aircraft after a bombing run over evil racist Nazi Germany. Some made it back in pieces, chewed up by hideous sharks. Only God knows how or why. They had the right stuff. Nothing runs like a Deere. I like to think that those fellows who were flying while trying to fix their broken bird in Alaska Flight 261 were made of the same right stuff. Never say too much. Never lose control. My hat is off to them and I stand at attention on my two itty bitty feet like an empenage penguin in a salute to their bravery in the line of duty, even if they did bail out of the military for commercial work because of the better pay. Top Gun with Tom Cruise was far, far too many years ago.

Why be haunted by your imagination? By an attempt to picture that airplane in its last few hideous moments? I, like many others including yourself have probably seen the

WWII photos of those B-bombers. If you haven't, try your search engine. I know they didn't have a picture of an Alaskan native on their tails, probably Betty Grable instead, but that was before the days of PC.

I'm looking at some pics on the web now. Incredible! Us deadheads got to stick together.

Betty Grable. Alaskan native. Grinning shark. I made up some flash cards of tails with those pictures on them and flip them over and over while on ecstasy, PCP, crack cocaine and weed. There's no need to scream. No need. You don't understand. It's over. Stop the damn alarm. It's always about money. Someone wants somebody's money. Stick it up your hair I say. Stick it up your hair.

Now our fine Congressman from Southern California, Rep. "B-1" Bob Dornan, a member of the National Security Committee, is fighting for us to keep such B-bomber programs as the B-1 Lancer, the B-2 Spirit, and any and all other B-bomber programs from being scrapped by hideously stupid Presidents like Carter, who canceled the B-1B Lancer in June of 1977. Those teeth of his, they are so sharklike. Hideous. Too bad Bob's presidential campaign failed. I say try, try again.

Like B-1 Bob, I, too, was once a hippie with long hair, a surfer, a civil rights activist in the 1960s. A hideous struggle with a shark and a huge gash on my thigh ended my surfer days. But I am still a loyal member of the grateful dead, unlike many who have become shark food, or a governor with a screaming transvestite in their ear. Nobody can call my Bob a racist murdering thug. He's no Al Sharkton.

The grateful dead. The grateful dead? The grateful dead? I don't understand. That's a surprise.

* * *

I thought I just said that.

Chapter 5. The Passenger Who Believes in Heroes

* * *

LOUD BANGS RECORDED BEFORE CRASH

PORt MUGU, Calif. (Saturday, Feb. 5, 2000) - Two bangs about 10 minutes apart, loud enough to be heard in the cockpit, could hold the key as to why Alaska Airlines Flight 261 suddenly spun out of control and crashed into the Pacific.

Investigators aren't speculating about the bangs, heard on the plane's cockpit voice recorder. But an aviation safety expert not connected to the probe said they are consistent with a deteriorating problem in the plane's tail, where pilots had reported a a problem with the stabilizer, the wide part of the tail that keeps the plane level.

"It sounds like something failed in the tail, and it certainly would account for a jammed stabilizer, opening up a new world of hurt," said the expert, who requested anonymity. But he cautioned that it is impossible to diagnose the noises without a better description than what has been provided so far.

The first bang, about 12 minutes before the end of the recording, was so loud a flight attendant came to the cockpit to report it, and was told by pilots that they also heard it.

About 10 minutes later a second loud noise was heard, and the airplane appears to go out of control.

Witnesses who saw the plane go down Monday said it flipped upside down and spiraled straight into the ocean. All 88 people aboard the flight bound for San Francisco and Seattle from Puerto Vallarta, Mexico were killed. An expert in extra-corporeal intertransference, the world's foremost authority on life after death, Dr. Sulu Cumbubble Eddington Kuribayashi, said the stars were right for a mass mental time displacement, but he couldn't be sure as his own mind

was being blocked out from the event "by some higher power".

"Maybe they're all dead, maybe they drowned, and maybe they were suddenly dematerialized and transported elsewhere, to the future perhaps," he added. "If they don't recover all 88 bodies, check back with me."

* * *

This ride is so cool you could touch it. Outasight. Turbulence they said. Some turbulence. Lost my stomach about five thousand feet up there somewhere.

This ride isn't tough enough for ya? You weren't too impressed? Didn't go as well as you liked? Got a queasy stomach? Shut up, you're a clown.

Get the latest news.

Joerg Haider, Austria's new political leader. Last of the damn xenophobes. Last name starts with H and sounds like Hitler. Maybe the Fourth Reich is coming. I will never know. Why must I die today? Today is not a good day to die. His dad must have been screwed up, been a real freeloader. There's something going on there. Something's wrong with Joerg.

Hitler considered the Austrians wonderful people. Such as Adolf Eichmann.

Modern Austrians have rewritten history. Hitler, they claim, conquered Austria by force, and forced them to become good Nazis. If there are any Jews left in Austria now, the Austrians all hate them.

Arnold Schwarzenegger. He's Austrian. He's a big star. He doesn't need them. He's cool on the radio. Lights out. He can hold onto a broad, unlike Jim Carrey.

Turn on the radio. Groove on DC. Sound off.

I can't stand it anymore. I need some water.

Hello, guys. Is there anything I can do to help?

Get out of the cockpit? Get out of the cockpit? I can't get out of the cockpit until I save the day.

Problems with the tail? Stuck? Can't keep the nose up? Whadya say I go climb up to the tail and unstick it?

I won't survive? Would suffocate, freeze, fly off? Hey hey, what else are heroes for? If I make it we're all saved. If I don't, at least I tried. Maybe somebody else can finish the job. Got a parachute I can use?

I have a vivid imagination. Back to sleep.

Here I come to save the day. Mighty Mouse flying to the rescue.

I see the tail now. Yes, there's the Alaskan native face. He's frowning. Terribly concerned. Above him I see the yeti, the hairy white devil, forcing the tail section with his huge arms and hairy hammy hands.

He sees me. He growls at me, claws out at me, in the air. Tells me to bug off.

I saved the day. Knocked him off the plane, after a tussle. I tried to unstick the tail and instead I broke it. It made a loud bang.

No problem. I'll just grab the plane by the tail and pull its nose up with my mighty strength. Good, it's level now. Problem solved. The face in the tail is smiling.

Smiling because he's an Eskimo. As we fuck up the planet, they are safe up north in the uninhabitable land of ice, looking down and smiling at us. Safe. The ice is a frozen sea. A shield. A refuge. A hideout. A world to itself. It can get on without ours.

Smiling. Like a shark. The sharks are smiling at us as we dangle in the water. This is not the way I thought it would

turn out, crashing into the cold, cold Pacific. But we got out before the fuselage sunk. How did we know there'd be sharks?

How does it feel to be eaten by a shark? Do you go numb? What if they eat you little by little, taking off a tidbit here, a tidbit there? Your hand first, then a foot. A lower leg segment. An upper leg segment. I get to see some of the women naked, but like this? Blood in the water. Shock.

What if they leave you dismembered but alive and then decide they don't like your taste? You bob around bloody and gory and can't even paddle, can't upright yourself. Bob around like a ball. What if they eat your balls?

Here I come to save the day. Mighty Mouse. I grab the sharks by their tails and pull them away, way out to sea. I won't kill them because it's not PC to mess with the environment, but I'll see to it that they are too far away to swim back and mess with us.

What if the airplane was a shark? An airshark? It was trying to go home, to the sea, to be with its kind. Is there a shark grin painted on the nose? I didn't see when I boarded. If there was, that would explain it. Mano-kanaka, the shark men. Took on human form and created mischief among the people. I could have saved myself by just checking the plane out visually before boarding. Rats.

I was wavesailing at Waddell Creek a couple of summers ago. They were terrorizing the beach with toxic waste. The lesbians were licking and eating the bad clams. I'm funny. I crashed inside the surfline and got angry at myself. The anger changed to horror as I felt jagged teeth clamp through my neoprene bootie. I can still feel those teeth.

After two chomps on my foot, I managed to climb on my board, where I could see my assailant thrashing violently under my sail window. Electrified with fear, electrified with fear. I jumped into the surf and high-tailed it to shore.

From shore I could see my assailant. A great white shark!

Scream!

No, only in my imagination. It was only an ill-tempered seal. Laughs. This time, though, it will be sharks, lurking in the cold, cold underworld of the ocean and licking their hideous chops while they wait for juicy passengers to fall onto their cold, cold picnic table.

Sharks have large brains. They might be smarter than dolphins, which we all know are smarter than us. Dolphins and sharks always seem to hang out together. They are giving us warning messages all the time. In 1991, on the same day the San Jose Sharks played their first home game of the season, surfer Eric Larson was attacked by a shark at Davenport Landing Beach in Santa Cruz, California. On the same day that a northern California shark society assembled one spring to ban great white shark hunting along the California coast, a diver was bitten in Pacifica, California. The way the ocean is being polluted, one day the only surfers will be those looking for photos of Jennifer Lopez' underwear on the Net.

Sharks have excellent eyesight. Shark corneas are favorites for transplanting into human eyes. Through those corneas the master brains of the sharks can see on land. You can't play baseball on drugs, but you can fly aircraft on shark eyes. That's why you don't want to wear bright colors when you're in shark waters. Like yellows and oranges.

It was a setup all along. The sharks sent the plane to pick us up, to get some delicious juicy people to eat. Like those aliens in that movie. "To Serve Humanity". Act! Act you jerk! You got them onto that spaceship by deception.

Out the other end of the pipeline we come, cooked and basted and cute on the dinner plates the size of turkey platters. We've got no superpowers. We can't act. We're food, that's all. It's all turning out horribly bad for us all. The pilots might have had shark corneas.

Bang!

What was that that just hit our plane? It looked like a

fighter jet. Like one of those top gun jobbies. How many kinds of fighter jets are there?

There are 344 known kinds of sharks. The largest is the whale shark, estimated to reach almost 60 feet. Despite its size, the whale shark feeds on plankton and is so harmless it can be ridden by humans. Maybe the aliens use whale sharks as underwater buses. How did the midget kill himself playing ping-pong? I don't know do I? Scream!

Turkey platters. They're serving us up on turkey platters. Scream!

My seal attack caused me to strangle my penis with the cord in my shorts. It caused me more medical problems than the bites. I had to jackoff thirty minutes before the hot young physical therapists came in to massage cream into it and use ultrasound on it. It healed, but it's been crooked ever since. Crooked like a politician. Like Bush and John McCain. Who could ever trust a Republican after the days of tricky dicky Nixon? Tricky dicky. Life's a scream. They're gonna cover this one up too.

What kind of people run this country anyway? Why are they all corrupt? Why do they all cover everything up? Why don't the people revolt? This is not a fantasy. I am there. I would talk. Scream!

John McCain left his model wife after he came back from the war and she was four inches shorter and fat after getting into a car accident. Over twenty surgeries, all while he was a captive in Viet Nam. He didn't know it. He would hold her before-picture and use it for inspiration while he was stuck in that little tiger cage, but when he came back and found out, he went wild and loved the ladies, going out with strippers. He was turning 40 and had a lot of years to make up, so he lived like he was 25. He did pay her medical bills for life, since he wanted to go into politics.

He and his new wife adopted a black Bangladesh girl they found at one of Mother Teresa's human trashheaps. His wife got addicted to pain killers for years and even stole them,

but when he found out he put her in a tiger cage and she quit cold turkey. Was that before or after they got the Indian kid? What if everybody did that? Our country would be overrun. And he wants to be our president?

But then he was a war hero, and that always gets votes. Shot down over Hanoi. Broken arm, the other pulled out of the socket. Bayoneted in the balls. Starved for two months. Teeth filed down so he couldn't use them to escape. They used every method of mind control and brainwashing on him known to communist science. If he becomes president he'll crack, his hidden brainwashing will click in, and he'll get us in a war. He wants to get porno out of the Internet. Scream!

My dick is growing. With a big bent it is growing. My ears are falling off from what I'm hearing. Scream!

Sharks grow throughout their lives. Their highly specialized teeth are continuously renewed and vary according to each breed's dining preference. Their skeletons are mostly cartilage, and their skin is covered with tiny toothlike denticles with the same internal structure as their teeth. A shark is a giant razor-sharp eating machine. A hideous, hideous criminal. Enforcers for the alien underworld. Shred you up after they go into a frenzy and chase you down, even onto the beach. Scream!

The eyelids of most sharks are fixed in their sockets. They don't blink as they eat you alive. Scream!

Lie still in the water, quiet and still, and they won't detect you. Don't splash around. Don't make a scene. Think again. Sharks can hear well enough to detect prey at great distances. Their sense of smell improves with hunger, is exceptionally sharp, and people just plain stink. They even have the ability to detect other creatures' electronic fields. The greatest sensitivity of any animal known. This could only be due to the aliens that own them, created them, use them. They are homing in our electronic fields now. Scream!

Sharks normally cruise at speeds of less than one mph, yet

are capable of high-speed bursts. Thank God they tire quickly. Warm-blooded sharks such as the great white, which is partially warm-blooded, don't tire so easily. The aliens mixed some of their genes with cold-blooded sharks to make warm-blooded ones to have a supershark. Scream!

Sharks are predominantly meat-eaters, feeding on foods ranging from plankton to large whales to humans. They invented the Dr. Atkins diet. While they prefer live, fresh food, hungry sharks have been known to eat decayed flesh, though tender shark pups are the delicacy of choice. Newly captured sharks generally refuse all offerings of food, yet hungrily devour live baby sharks or hunks of fresh shark liver. This preference for their own flesh shows they are not of this world. They will eat human flesh anytime. Scream!

The tiger shark is particularly known for its indiscriminate eating habits. Dissections of tiger sharks have revealed stomach contents including hardware items, coiled wire, lumps of coal, boat cushions, clothing, tom-toms, unopened cans, garbage, driftwood, birds, other sharks, dolphins, seals and crocodile heads. Not surprisingly, their stomachs also reveal an occasional human. Retards like us. Scream!

They eat even what they can't digest. Hard objects remain intact in the stomach for quite awhile, then are regurgitated. After a shark attack they always try to capture the shark and open its stomach for forensic purposes. Little JonBenet is in a shark stomach now. Scream!

Sharks are virtually disease-free, do not know flu, measles, mumps, AIDS, the Plague. Man is weak, shark is strong. Put man in a blender. Scream!

The aliens invented all human diseases to allow sharks to rule when the time is right. Aliens are great timekeepers. They have a schedule. The time is now. Scream!

The sharks that humans should fear most are the great whites and the tiger sharks. California is a hotbed of shark attacks. Attacks on humans in northern California and Oregon have notably increased since 1959, paralleling

increased attacks on seals and growth in the great white shark population.

What is the big deal about 1959? That's the year that the aliens were finalizing control of our government, planning to assassinate Kennedy, programming Oswald, Ruby, later assassinating Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King, getting us into the Vietnam War and causing social unrest, Woodstock, the Black Panthers, everything. To us Americans, Vietnam is a war not a country. We just can't stop. All women are lunatics. Scream!

Attacks rarely occur in southern California. An absence of rivers and rocky headlands keeps down the local seal population they say. The official explanation is that in southern California abalone divers are allowed to use scuba, while northern abalone divers must stick to breathhold-diving, which keeps them at the surface and thus increases their chances of being attacked. Most shark attacks happen at the surface. Scream!

Shark attacks are rare they say. Your chances of drowning are a thousand times greater. After we crash, the chance of one or the other is total. Or zero, if we die on impact. Don't scream! Keep it in. It is a setup by aliens.

There have been 67 great white attacks confirmed in California since 1926, but the rumors have it that the true number is a hundred times more. Only 11 in Oregon, one in Washington, and two in Guadalupe Island, Baja, California. But then Baja attacks would be poorly documented. But the official numbers are a coverup. Millions have died. That's why the third world hasn't swamped this country yet. The sharks ate them. Scream!

Sixty-five of the confirmed California attacks occurred in northern and central California. Six were fatal, as was one in Oregon. Even they couldn't cover that up. Here's what the victims were doing when they were attacked: Swimming 9 Free diving 23 Surfing 26 Hookah diving 7 Scuba diving 12 Kayaking 4.

I'm screamed out. Come what may, I will not scream. I

am tired. Think. Use the porridge in your head. It will go last.

Think.

We're being hijacked by aliens. Not sharks. They aren't hyper intelligent. Aliens use sharks, that's what they do. They are taking this plane down into the sea to their hidden underwater base. What will it be? Dinner tonight? Or will they experiment on us? Will they release us? On the shore of some abandoned island maybe? Maybe they'll cause the episode to be erased from our minds and we'll be put back into flight, at the exact same place and speed and direction, only later we'll realize that there's some time missing, an hour, two. Nobody will believe our looney recollections that we start to get years from now or under hypnosis.

Maybe we'll get in the movies. Our true life experiences are stranger than fiction. We can buy ourselves at Blockbuster.

I'm an astronaut. I'm a genius. Everybody wants to be my agent and get 23 percent. I'm being tested now for the world's greatest space program. All this high g gutbusting shit is just a test to sift out the weaklings. We'll soon be in deep space, farther out than any other humans have ever gone. Past Mars. Maybe to Mars. Life originated there didn't it? Not here on earth? The old masters are testing us. They want to teach us, save our planet. If only we can stand the trip.

I got it. It's the year 2000. A double leap year. Every 400 years since 1582. St. Gregory. Julius Caesar in 46 B.C. Jesus Christ was born in a leap year. He gave unto Caesar what was Caesar's. The year 4900 will be the end of the world. The year 2000 will be a warning. Human specimens will be selected and taken to Mars for breeding into supersoldiers.

I got it again. We're not on a plane. We're on Mars already. We are living in an underwater world, our gills supplied by the aliens. We are being brainwashed to believe

we are still on Earth, that they haven't taken it over, haven't colonized it with themselves. We are the last humans left. We are zoo pets. We are made to think we still run the Earth, and even have overpopulated it. We are history.

Not Mars. Europa. Hot sulfuric acid spews from volcanoes on its neighboring Jovian moon Io, travels to Europa, then spews from geysers that push through cracks from its icy surface. Underneath are vast oceans. Oh mommy I'm so lonely. Mommy, are you on your period or something? Dad!

Get a hold on yourself, soldier. Look at the bright side. I'll have lots of girlfriends. No more bar hopping. Phony people. Drunks. I'll be chosen for the mating program on Mars. The most choice, fertile young women will be chosen for me. We will be mated like a stud farm. No woman will be able to say no, leave me, cry rape. She will give me everything she's got without games. The aliens will be watching on, scientifically. No libido on their part. Their race is beyond sexual reproduction.

I hurt her. I used her. Life's so confusing when you're a woman. A man only wants to enjoy their body, kiss it, open it up, do the wild thing and get off, but they don't look at it that way. They are giving you something they can't get back. If you do it with another woman, she loses something forever. You fuck her remotely in the head at the same time. Oh well. Love is a battlefield. People die on it. But people are born.

I don't want to die. The aliens won't let us die. They can resurrect us if we do. They have superior intelligence. They can understand everything about the universe that we can't, anymore than a cat can understand superstring theory. Our brains are as primitive compared to theirs as a cat's brains are to us. When cats mate, we don't get horny. We just watch scientifically. Vice-versa too, except cats don't watch us scientifically. They ignore us, only care about themselves, butt in and want to be petted.

Once I was balling a drunk chick and she was riding on top, when up came her cat on the bed. She had to pick it up and

pet it, start talking to it, ask me to pet it. I had to give up balling her for that damn cat. I used to like cats.

I can't feel my legs and arms. Or my screamer.

The aliens have no heart. I cannot save myself. They will not save me. I'm a cat with a growth in my mouth, and my owner wants me put to sleep. I cannot save myself. I love my owner up, purr, rub against her legs. She tricks me into the car. I'm howling as she drives me away from my dear home, my territory, the territory I have all marked up with my scent. To some other cats' territory, where they will hunt me and try to kill me or chase me off. I end up on the vet's table. I cannot save myself. I work frantically to show my love, purring, rubbing against arms, showing I want to live. I cannot save myself. They stab me with a death needle as I'm purring and rubbing.

I know a man in Christ who fourteen years ago was caught up to the third, the most exalted heaven. Whether in the body or out I do not know. God knows. This man was caught up into paradise. Whether in the body or out I do not know. God knows. And he heard things that cannot be told, which no man may utter. On behalf of this man I will boast, but not on my own behalf. Second Corinthians 12.

What did he hear?

Traffic copters.

Chapter 6. The Passengers in the Tail

* * *

FLIGHT 261 LAST MINUTES DESCRIBED

PORt MUGU, Calif. (Wed., Feb. 9, 2000) - Experts have reconstructed the last minutes of Alaska Airlines Flight 261, which crashed off the California coast Jan. 31, killing all 88 people aboard.

NTSB investigators said the pilots, not the autopilot handled the majority of the doomed flight.

The pilots turned off the autopilot soon after leaving Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, and flew without it for an hour and 53 minutes, said the NTSB.

Wyatt Yasscrack, a retired pilot who flew similar jets for Valuejet Airlines, said the autopilot usage suggests the pilots ran into a problem they thought they could handle better than the built-in robotlike autopilot system.

"This is significant," he said in today's National Enquirer. "One does not normally disengage the autopilot at that point. Most people trust robots to be more reliable than people."

Late in the flight the pilots turned on the autopilot briefly, the NTSB said Tuesday at a news conference in Washington, D.C. They then disengaged it again, whereupon the plane began a steep dive brought under control only a few minutes before the final plunge.

A loud bang heard on the cockpit voice recorder corresponds to radar signals picked up when the MD-83 began its final dive, they said, adding that radar showed what could have been parts of the aircraft carried by the wind up to 2-1/2 minutes after the plane struck the water.

"These primary radar hits might be indicative, and I emphasize might be indicative, of something coming off Flight 261 near this point," the NTSB said during a briefing that outlined the final, terrifying moments of the flight before its plunge into the cold, cold Pacific.

Analyzing the flight data recorder and cockpit voice recorder, investigators determined Flight 261 was cruising on autopilot at 31,000 feet twelve minutes before the crash. The horizontal stabilizer moved to an apparent full nose-down position as the pilots simultaneously disengaged the autopilot, the NTSB said.

The plane dropped nearly 7,000 feet in one minute -- more than three times the typical rate of descent -- as the crew struggled to level it. They finally brought it under control at 24,300 feet and over the next nine minutes descended in what the NTSB described as a "controlled flight" to 18,000 feet.

"Things then began to happen very quickly," they said.

The plane nose-dived at about a 60-degree angle within three seconds, eventually reaching an acceleration of negative 3 g's, meaning objects in the plane were pulled upward at three times the force of gravity. "A 200-pound man would suddenly experience a 600-pound force trying to pull him out of his seat belt and bang him against the tail section," NTSB said, adding, "This is not to suggest that the two bangs heard on the recorder correspond to passengers' bodies being thrown around."

An MD-80 series jet is designed to be maneuverable up to a force of negative 1g, said John Baptiste, a spokesman for Boeing, which bought the plane's builder, McDonnell Douglas, in 1997, and sold the plane as its own.

"You're above the structural limitations of the airplane," said Gray Coldwater, associate director for the Center for Aircraft Crash Coverups at Bob Jones University in Nome, North Carolina. "In a way, I'm almost surprised the wings stayed on, or that the passengers weren't thrown around and diced up like a hideous chef's salad."

As the plane nose-dived, it pitched to the left and inverted, corkscrewing from 17,900 feet to the cold, cold ocean in just over a minute.

All victims appeared to have died instantly, said Ventura County Medical Examiner Ray Skyes. Three passengers have been identified and examiners are working on the remains of five to ten others. "All victims found so far appear to have died instantly," he added. "I don't know where the others are yet, but we'll find them."

Investigators still don't know what caused the crash, but

the pilots reported trouble with the jet's horizontal stabilizer, the wing-like piece of equipment on the "T" tail.

The stabilizer controls the up-and-down motion of the plane during flight. It is controlled by two motors that turn the jackscrew, similar to the mechanism that controls garage door openers and many robots.

The Navy has recovered two parts from the main crash site, about 10 miles from shore. Both are believed to be parts of the horizontal stabilizer.

Officials said the MD-83 had two maintenance write-ups last fall for problems with the horizontal stabilizer. Last October the system was checked and the plane returned to service. A month later mechanics replaced a switch.

* * *

Passenger one:

Being the curious person I am I must say I am intrigued to no end at what the debris field will look like. Anyone remember the Titanic?

(Long pause.)

Passenger one:

I know you other people are wondering the same things I am.

Passenger two:

Ow! The sound's so loud! Call operation rescue.

Passenger one:

You know that those people must still be strapped in their life vests with their faces frozen in horror as they plummeted to their death two miles down. It is a terrible thing what happened. I can only hope that most died a quick

painless death.

Passenger two:

The system of the downed is doing the best it ever did. Now go away.

Passenger three:

I'm an atheist.

Passenger one:

People don't want to imagine it but what if they were alive when they fell to the bottom of the ocean? I'm the reject. Look into these eyes. Everyone who burns has to learn from the pain. Hey, she's stuck. Like a chump. Like a chump. Like a chump. Hey. I only hope they can identify the people and get them back to their families.

Passenger three:

Stick it up their hair. Let them take the cookie.

Passenger one:

Why did I wait so long? Wait so long? Huh? To figure it out. The true reality? I'm like a chump. Hey, like a chump. Hey, like a chump. I want some nookie. Come on.

Passenger three:

Stick it up your hair. Hey. Stick it up your hair. Stick it up your hair. Chump.

Passenger two:

If Alaskan airlines knew that this plane had steering difficulties they should be shut down and all involved should be held directly responsible. Hey speaker who ya voting for? Talk into the microphone. Get your votes in. Three votes for System of the Down.

Passenger four:

What a waster of human life. Nothing's gonna change. It'll always be the same. Always be the same. No pill to take.

Passenger five:

The Indian face in the tail. The faces of the passengers. The mighty hand of the angry American God. Godsmack. Come as you are, as you were, as I want you to be. A fierce evil demon was the culprit. Your construction smells of corruption. It was a god battle. The Compassionate Native Spirit in the tail did all he could do to save the plane, but the dark side of the force was strong in many of the passengers and crew, and the angry Middle Eastern God picked the plane up by the tail and shook it out of the sky.

Passenger one:

Stick it!

Passenger five:

I dare them to sue me. It's my name, BRAM BLAM ZOOEY.
Stick it!

Passenger four:

Through my hand, through my hand.

Passenger one:

The dark side of the force was strong in many of the passengers. It's so sad. I feel for you. I will behave. I'm doing the best I ever did. I'm doing the best I ever did. I don't need your fancy sights.

Passenger unknown:

I'm the Indian in the tail wrestling with God. I feel the snake bite enter my veins. I'm not the one who's so far away. I'm falling. I'm falling.

Passenger five:

When will the Middle Eastern Christian God leave America alone and descend to his lair across a vast ocean? Now? Yes! This is his way of telling me.

Passenger one:

Just fuckin' go away. You better go away. I feel for you.

Passenger six:

Jesus is the resurrection and the life. He is also the I Am of the Bible. God said there is no other savior besides Him. Isaiah. Shugah. As the co-author and co-creator and the very reflection of God (Hebrew YHWH) He will raise those to life who are His by faith through grace. In heaven along with the 144,000 there are myriads from every nation and tribe. Remember the 144,000 are virgin males who are from the 12 tribes of Israel.

Passenger five:

In heaven they get to fuck Christ.

Passenger three:

If our hope is only in the new earth how sad to miss these new heavens and the new earth. Look! She's working!

Passenger six:

Search the Word and find the triune Godhead of Isaiah 6, John 8, Colossians, Hebrews 1, Revelation and the whole Bible. "O death where is your sting, O grave where is thy victory?"

Passenger three:

If I leave you, if I leave you, that's your mother's pain.

Passenger six:

It's removed by faith in Jesus our Lord and Savior.

Passenger three:

What? No music? Bah bah! Pain!

Passenger four:

What do I do? What do I say? Where can I go to just get away?

Passenger six:

Losing a loved one is really an empty feeling isn't it? There are several stages of grief we must go through in order to at least close the wound if not possible to heal. However, since it was never God's purpose for humans to die by any means this raises the question: Why? Why did it happen to us, to such wonderful people as us?

Pasenger five:

Kick my ass!

Passenger one:

Dear God,

Do you cause these accidents and disasters so that you can bring the people to heaven with you? Like people who want to meet, go to Virtual Vegas, get married, do the honeymoon, have sex, bang, and come back to their vehicle after the annulment? I don't know these Bible guys, but I'll answer their stage calls and their live version of incubus will become a part of me. Before I die let me think.

Passenger two:

That's next week, right?

Passenger five:

Facts. 6155313. We don't bite. Much.

Passenger unknown:

Hey now, all you children. Put your lights on. Monster under my bed whispering in my ear. Saying I got nothing to fear. Boom!

Passenger six:

If you are a parent or grandparent would you cause the death of a child or grandchild and say it was for a good cause? How could we ever do this since we have so much love for these people? If we are incapable of doing this because of our love just think how much more Our Loving God is? First John 4:8 says "God is Love". God is incapable of such a thing. Jesus groaned within himself, feeling the pain of Lazarus' sisters, even shedding tears over the loss of such a good friend. However he said to Martha, "Your brother will rise". He also said "I am the resurrection and the life. He that exercises faith in me, even though he dies, will come to life."

Intercom:

Si, señor. There's only one way to bring the giant down.
Fly with the one who puts on the devil's wings.

All the others in unison:

Scream!

(The darkness and unconsciousness imprisons all passengers except for passenger six.)

Passenger six, the Triune Jehovah's Witness:

Jesus said a prayer to his father in the heavens and had the stone in front of Lazarus' tomb rolled away. Remember it had been 4 days already so decaying would have started to take place, and when he had finished praying that the crowd would give glory to his father in heaven, he cried out with a loud voice: "Lazarus, come on out!" The man that had been dead came out with his feet and hands bound with

wrappings, and his countenance was bound about with a cloth. Jesus said to them, "Loose him and let him go." John 11:11-44.

From this can we not see the love that both God and his Son Jesus have? They desire all humans who love what is good and love life to live in security and in peace with no fear of dying.

A voice from somewhere:

The factory blowout sale ends today and are you right with God?

Passenger six:

The example of Lazarus shows that Jesus and his Father have deep compassion for us and so God's purpose to have perfect people who don't get sick, don't grow old, and don't die is very soon to be realized by the Kingdom we all pray for in the Lord's Prayer. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Like auto insurance for used cars. Get it today, before the annual company picnic. Don't risk choking on a peeled grape, or falling to some hit man in the air.

(Long silence.)

Just think. In the very near future God will make it possible for us to see our loved ones again, right here on earth! His purpose is to have the earth cultivated into a paradise as was originally purposed and to have happy healthy people who will never have the fear of having to die.

Scriptual references for this promise are: Psalms 37:9-11, 29, Matthew 5:5, Proverbs 2:20,21, Isaiah 25:8, Hebrews 2:14, Psalms 145:16, John 5:28,29.

I hope that the truth for the future of our dead loved ones will offer you some comfort during this very difficult time and know that they are in God's memory for a resurrection to a cleansed earth free of wickedness, sickness and death. When someone you love dies don't get down. Hold onto the

line. Join the millions who love. Religious hatred has a grim scorecard. Treat others as you wish to be treated.

Where did everybody go? Is this the Day of the Lord?

Chapter 7. The Miracle Landing

Pilot to stewardess:

Before you go spouting off on ATC, let me educate you about some of the dynamics of radar ATC. Each radar position in each sector of a radar facility owns a blocked amount of airspace. This particular controller's lowest "owned" altitude was 17,000. She must first point out our emergency aircraft to the controller who owns the next lower piece of airspace that other aircraft are operating in so that this emergency will not hit another aircraft in the sky.

Stewardess:

But we were denied 10,000.

Pilot:

No, we were not denied 10,000, just given the lowest altitude that this controller owned so she could get approval from the next affected controller to enter their airspace in a safe manner. Frequency changes have to occur because each scope has its own frequency and this controller cannot work every radar position which we are affecting.

Stewardess:

We're being skinned alive.

Pilot:

We requested a 10,000 flight level so we could reconfigure

our configuration using flaps to slow us down. ATC okayed 17,000 ft., which was over a mile higher, a lot more energy to be dissipated before reaching ground level. Sea level, same difference.

Stewardess:

We're being screwed. An airplane in distress should be given complete right of way.

Co-pilot:

When a mosquito bites an old person they get encephalitis and die. We can't give a mosquito net to every old person all the time.

Stewardess:

They spray all five boroughs in New York City and Central Park.

Co-pilot:

You have a basic misunderstanding of the facts, how the system works. We were issued a block altitude. We had the complete right of way from ATC to do whatever we see fit within that block. If they said they needed a block to one-zero thousand they would have received it. Meanwhile, ATC's job is to get everyone else the hell outta our way, which they are doing. We have top priority to do whatever we want, when we want.

Stewardess:

Until we die.

Pilot:

We will be praised for requesting that we keep over water at all times, thus preventing further loss of life to those on the ground.

Co-pilot:

It appears, from where I sit anyway, that this flight was handled in a most proper manner. Chickens will take care of the mosquitoes.

Stewardess:

Now you know about it. Give me your chicken and I'll warm it with my coop.

Co-pilot:

Thanks. Life is too unpleasant. No spare bedroom. Let's see if I can keep it up despite the mosquitoes.

Stewardess:

Keep it up. Please keep it up.

Maintenance man who just happened to be onboard, visiting the cockpit:

When everything is in place an aircraft can stay up indefinitely. Factors can cause problems. Human error, mechanical malfunction, and weather. I would estimate that the first two would have a greater impact on the problem equation. I also think that the factor of profit comes into play. A 40 ton aircraft tearing through the air at 30 thousand feet with live human souls on board needs to be maintained at a 100% level. No shortcuts, or anything less than quality maintenance.

Pilot:

I was a passenger on a United 737 out of San Diego once. During taxi the pilot informed passengers that a malfunctioning indicator precipitated our return to the gate for inspection. The aircraft started back toward the gate. Then a strange thing happened. The aircraft turned again back toward the active runway. How bad did I want to beat that pilot's ass?

Maintenance man:

How bad?

Pilot:

Two things happened in my estimation. One, the pilot contacted somebody in maintenance and somebody made a decision for that aircraft to continue with a malfunctioning instrument. Two, the pilot corrected the fault and made the decision to continue without notifying the passengers. I guess that the malfunction was something they could live with and that schedule and profit took priority.

Stewardess:

Brush off the crowds and cheer up. Put on a happy face.

Pilot:

Not you, bitch. You are a big fat divorced cunt with a miserable life and a load of children that use and own you.

Stewardess:

Not you, bastard. You are a big fat loser with no love life and a string of ex-wives that use and own you.

Not you either, table for one, oysters for two.

Not you. You're not totally honest with yourself. I saw through you from the get-go. You leave me breathless.

Co-pilot:

I'm not hearing you.

Pilot:

No one believes anybody. Like I was saying.

I flew that flight in frank discomfort. I would imagine this kind of thing happens all the time. Borderline problems are ignored and the plane flies regardless.

Stewardess:

Somebody get it up and keep it up this time!

Pilots:

Pilots are employees and are under pressure from companies to maintain schedules. It looks good in the reports. Human decisions and involvement will always be suspect in problems. On another flight out of Denver, at the gate, I reported that we would be delayed in departure because of a problem on the instrument panel, and that maintenance had been notified. I was not perturbed by this. By all means fix the problem before we get in the air, I screamed at the top of my lungs. But something strange happened. The passengers themselves started complaining about the delay. Incredible. Clouds were moving in already.

Maintenance man:

Airlines are under pressure from the flying public, crews are under pressure from the airlines, and the whole deal is about profit. We need to slow up and take a long hard look at the airline industry. A crash every 6 months or so is totally unacceptable. Take today for instance.

Stewardess:

Scream scream scream. Bark like a dog. Mew like a cat. Bleat like a goat. Trumpet like an elephant. Swallow the tongue.

Maintenance man:

Look At Qantas. Never had a crash in their history. Even Rainman figured that one out. We definitely have a malfunction on the horizontal stabilizer. This is a mechanical problem that should not have occurred. The highest degree of maintenance would probably have prevented this type of problem.

Co-pilot:

And pigs have wings.

Stewardess:

You make me so proud. I wish I could hold you in my arms,
cradle you.

Co-pilot:

You will.

Maintenance man:

The sad part is that we will have more tragedies. My heart
aches for the families of any crash, now or ever. It is my
fervent hope that the next aircraft I fly on will have been
maintained to the highest standards possible.

Pilot:

Your corpse that is.

Maintenance man:

How can you expect top maintenance on a multimillion dollar
jet when they only pay their mechanics fifty thousand bucks
an hour? Surely you can't base safety on a dollar amount, but
they do. Oh they do. The industry can't afford to pay
mechanics what they are worth. There are too many other easy
riders along the food chain.

Stewardess:

Start yelling at him and berating him, threaten to throw him
out.

Maintenance man:

I have a mechanics license. I'm trying to do my job. After
months of looking for a job and being unsuccessful at finding
a good secure one, I took it as a sign and became a ho for
this hideous outfit. I will not risk my future and my friends

and family's safety without a monetary reason. I don't feel like I'm 45. I feel like I'm about 12. Who's next for some professional fellatio? Look at my gleaming white teeth.

Chapter 8. The Macabre Landing

If you could stop the screaming, you would hear the following coming out of the high stupid looks on the faces of the passengers on the starboard side near the wings.

The psychologist:

There is something the average human being cannot fathom.
Trauma. Boat boat boat boat. We need your goddamn boat.
Such a lack of compassion. Pardon me while I burst.

As an assistant industrial psychologist I specialize in assisting persons who have shown a pattern of Post Traumatic Stress and the inability to handle it well. A decade ago I never thought I would be, at 23, on the point of spontaneous combustion. But I can now take an exploding scene for what it is, a possibility in me. So pardon me while I burst into flames. I've had enough of the world and its peoples' mindless games. Pardon me while I rise above the flame.

Two days from now I was looking in an ebook and saw a picture of a girl. The crew of Alaska Air 261 tried desperately to regain the control of their aircraft for as long as 11 minutes, give or take one. Their personal terror must have been significantly greater than that of their passengers who might have been somewhat placed in a calmer setting by a quick briefing on quote unquote turbulence.
Right?

That's when it all went down. Like a chainsaw. It keeps your ass raw. Just give me something to break.

However, I suspect that the flight attendants had already instructed them to prepare for a crash landing, probably at

sea. So they more than likely would be sitting with their heads on pillows, coats or blankets placed on their knees as the heroic crew members struggled to save their plane, probably knowing that whatever they did would be futile.

To those rescue and recovery workers who must deal with retrieving the broken corpses of aircraft accident victims. This is one sick ride. God bless each and every one of you little devils, and see ya in hell.

(To the preacher:)

Your task is an immense and painful one which few people would willingly undertake. So whadya say?

The preacher:

Thank you for stating this fact. Although the family members usually have a need to know if and how much their loved ones suffered, the excessive amount of inaccurate information we are receiving with our senses can complicate their grief immensely. You have to prove who you are now, earn your stripes. It doesn't matter what your name is. You're the puppy.

The nurse:

I am a critical care and emergency room nurse with a subspecialization in forensic nursing. I have studied human suffering and the experience of death extensively so that I can provide the most accurate information in the most sensitive and honest manner possible to family and friends that need to know how much their loved ones suffered.

The preacher:

Are those implants? They look real.

The nurse:

They're real.

The preacher:

I see the ripple of an implant. Shake them again. Turn to the side. What's the name of your doctor.

The nurse:

Dr. Frankenstein.

The preacher:

What were you when you started? Small C?

The nurse:

All right. I'm done with the show. My doctor was really Dr. Einstein. I was adopted as an infant, taken straight from the hospital. My dad was a minister and he used to do sex things to me using a three inch belt. I started stripping at eighteen, and married a sick pimp. And I'm not gay anyway, so fuck off.

The preacher:

You don't bat for the girls' team too?

The nurse:

You'll never find out.

For the record, the principles of flight physiology state: "Humans will lose consciousness within seconds upon initiation of a rapid descent." This will be the official situation for the people on this plane. The families and friends can take comfort in this. It is likely that there was some emotional suffering in the form of fear, anxiety, and anticipatory grief for several minutes, they will be told. It is also possible that the passengers were not completely aware of the severity of their situation and although frightened, basically felt that they would survive and land in LAX or some other hotsy-totsy rack.

The congressional page:

I grew up in L.A. Pull off your panties. I'll take you roller skating. You can do it nude on the boardwalk in Venice. Smoke weed. A doobie.

The nurse:

You should be caned. Yell Jesus' name as I beat you. My response refers to this plane crash only. It's the only one I know.

The preacher:

I am aware that there have been many others in which passengers suffered considerably but we cannot apply those situations 100% to this crash. I would like to french kiss you, beat you, and then urinate on you. To those fantasizing of the horror of the tragedy in great detail, please respect the families' needs and allow expert liars to provide it.

The preacher's husband:

Paint that ball green like a watermelon. Whatsa matter with you? Whatsa matter with you? That's wasted.

Chapter 9. Interstate to Acirema

* * *

Dear AOL:

Those of you who think Alaska put lives on the line by delaying needed maintenance, think again. The FAA said the problem was not anything that would put lives in danger. Alaska was NOT trying to save money. Alright, they are always trying to save money. But not more than threatens the lives of its customers. It's simply the fact that repairs cannot be done overnight. They have limited facilities to do repair work. And it takes time. How likely is an accident like this? What are the odds? The odds of

it happening on any particular day? If it was felt that the repair work was urgent, the MD-80 fleet would have been grounded. But Alaska was on target to finish the repair work before the FAA deadline. If lives were put in danger the FAA is to blame, not AAL. I know of no other major airlines which had completed their checks on the MD-80s any more than AAL by that date.

Also, we don't know that this issue was in any way related to the accident. So please do not bash a great airline when you don't have the facts. It is owned in part by real Alaskan natives.

* * *

Dear AOL:

Think again?

More accusations may be getting hurled at Alaska very soon. The FAA has found violations where they signed off on work that wasn't done or signed off before it was completed. I think there are 11 planes whose maintenance records are being investigated. Then there is the matter of the trim motors being prone to overheating, such as when the plane is in an emergency and they need it the most.

Several of these planes were found to be flying when they weren't airworthy, several hundred times. It will be interesting to see how things progress. This info was reported by KIRO-7 Seattle. The news stations in this town are very friendly to Alaska Air and if it wasn't true they wouldn't report it, would they?

Heaven is on the way.

* * *

To conspiracy.com:

The government is lying. The airlines, the government overseers and the aircraft manufacturers all have something to gain by pretending this was a non-avertable disaster.

Beware! Don't get into aircraft with a T or V shaped tail!

They are a totally bad design and not fit to fly. Consider for a moment the amount of equipment required to move the flight controls in the top of that narrow tail space. Real robots that have as good of muscles as we have are still in the future. They use a jackscrew and a nut, like a garage door opener for God's sake. Who wants their life dependent on that? It's very hard to inspect or service. Who hasn't experienced a hang on their garage door opener at one time or another? I for one have not and will never fly on one of these type of screwy aircraft, and I'm an aircraft mechanic for a major airline.

As an aircraft mechanic for a major airline, I know that all airlines have contract maintenance at some cities, that is, maintenance people not employed by the airline directly. No benefits. This trend of reclassifying employees as contract personnel is a trick to get out of paying benefits. What person would do a top class job in a situation like that?

The MD-80 series aircraft is basically a very old design. The DC-9 was introduced in the mid 60's. Its navigation and guidance systems have all been updated and the airplane lengthened, but much of the innards of the airplane are exactly the same as the DC-9, including the control surfaces. Our airline has 120 MD-88's and most of us do not like them. They were popular because McDonnell-Douglas offered them for sale for a fraction of the price of a new Boeing 737. Some bargain.

It was worn-out parts that caused the crash, not some kind of fluke during the flight. Backups are designed into the aircraft. If there is a "runaway trim system" then usually countering this with the control yoke will bring the system under some sort of control but we really don't know exactly what happened yet. The old 727s have hydraulic power for all flight controls and manual reversion for ailerons and elevators, plus standby backup systems for lower rudder and leading edge slats, plus alternate extension for landing gear, plus electric alternate flaps. So a lot of backups are included in aircraft. Many larger aircraft have triple

and quad redundant hydraulic systems. The old DC-9 and MD-80 series aircraft are simpler in design which makes them safer. Adequate backups are designed into them as well.

The desire to squeeze more bucks into the bottom line and treat people like numbers in an insurance policy calculation led to the crash, period. Pure greed for speed, period. Since this will never change in this American system of greed for speed, the safest bet is to never fly on a T or V tail aircraft in the first place.

* * *

_Stop the rock. Can't stop the rock. Stop the rock.
Can't stop the rock._

The rock stopped.

Garry grew sick at heart. All those big floating butts in the whirlpool of delight, now a hideous pool of death. Dead meat isn't any fun. The blood must be hot and pumping. A whirlpool keeps it hot, down and dirty baby. But the blood must be pumping inside from the heart, else it isn't any fun.

The women with the big hooters floated well. He flashed back to the memory of bisexual women on ecstasy kissing in a whirlpool with him. He remembered when they cured Alzheimer's disease, simultaneously announcing a new weapon that could cause instant Alzheimer's on the battlefield, turn enemy soldiers' brains to shit. The secret had been stolen by an enemy nation and used on them. That caused robot soldiery to become mandatory, silenced the critics, stopped the rock. The ethics debates about using it on the hordes of third worlders. The decision not to use it because it would only increase their determination to invade our shores for safety, and the fear that widespread prolonged use would lead them to develop immunity. It got used anyway, on a random basis.

He noticed something else. The flotilla was at a dead stop. Dead in the water.

This was very unusual for a flotilla. It meant a gross mechanical malfunction. The equivalent of a crash.

Individual vehicles stopped and started all the time from the random fluctuations of interstate traffic, but when docked in a flotilla, the mass always seemed to keep rolling continuously, like a ship in the ocean, sweeping all before it like so much water. Vehicles it met with ahead it would just dock and lock into the flotilla seamlessly. Sometimes the flotilla would be several miles long, but that way all the vehicles in it would keep moving.

Full stop on the interstate was dangerous. The rats. Everybody knows. When not docked, darting foot rats could be run over by a sudden acceleration. Cops looked the other way even if you exceeded the speed or acceleration limits. Your autopilot looked the other way, not charging you with it. You were a citizen hero, assisting law enforcement. But when docked the flotilla had to keep its speed up and defend its flanks with cops. Given the great barriers erected along the sides of the interstate, there were never enough rats getting through to overwhelm them. To protect and serve, the motto on every cop vehicle. It used to be to care and protect, but that was changed by law.

But on this run Garry had seen no cops. The satellites overhead were still up and running, conducting commerce, so he had not cared till now. Nobody liked cops, but like junkyard dogs, everybody needed them when they weren't around.

Rats! He saw some peeking at him. He looked again. No rats. His imagination. No cops.

Rats! This time he was sure. Hundreds of them.

Fight or flight. If I die before I wake. I pray the Lord my soul to take. It's just the beast under your bed. In the closet. In your head.

He started running. There was his own hatch. He opened it. His seat was taken.

Rats! Eating his wife! Looking up at him with greedy eyes that were bigger than their stomachs. She was fighting them and looking up at him with begging eyes.

He ran.

To the left. Rats!

To the right. Rats!

I suggest you keep your distance. I'm carrying a chainsaw. It will make your ass raw.

He suddenly regretted he was naked. Weapons were illegal. Only cops could bear arms under the amended Constitution. His usual business toga had been left in his vehicle.

He remembered the truckers. They always broke the law, carried concealed weapons. That was the skinny he had heard in every yakking.

He sprinted to a large truck, mounted up into the cabin, placed his hands around the divider to anchor himself as he attempted to peer further inside. It looked unoccupied. He tried to figure out where illegal weapons would be concealed. He remembered movies of Rambo, Arnold, John Wayne, Jesse Ventura. He didn't know why, but he also remembered Woodstock. He had been taken to it as a child by his parents, who were anti-war hippies at the time. Flashing the peace symbol with their fingers.

A chainsaw what? A chainsaw what? So come and get it.

He felt a sharp hard pain, shocking at first then not so painful. Numb. A rat mouth. Eating his fingers.

He withdrew the hand with a start. Parts of two fingers were bitten off, bloody crablike tips remaining. He was cracked crab! He cursed an angry ow.

He saw the rats now, their mouths chewing, their eyes narrow, red, greedy, starving. They were only children.

He lost his scare suddenly, perhaps feeling wounded pride. He flashed back to the action movie heroes. Here he was. Wheeling around, he grabbed the kids any way he could and dashed their heads out against the walls of the cabin. He killed them all. Four, five, six. That was better.

His kids. He suddenly remembered. They had been left with the old people. Probably dead. He didn't know what they really were thinking, couldn't read their minds. He like imagining doing that while driving. They could barely say two-syllable words.

He didn't remember why he was here. A light flashed.

Something struck him hard in the back of the skull. He fell. Bony hands were holding him down. Bites came from different angles, different places. A binding feeling. A dirty piece of cloth tied around one leg. A knife started carving steaks which were greedily gobbled up.

He was thinking about his penis and balls.

Chapter 10. Bikini Run

* * *

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR FLIGHT 261 VICTIMS

PORt MUGU, Calif. (Saturday, Feb. 5, 2000) - As the investigation into the fatal crash of Alaska Air Lines Flight 261 on Monday continues, a private memorial service for victims was scheduled today at Pepperdine University, which overlooks the cold, cold Pacific in Malibu. On Sunday, the Coast Guard plans to drop flowers from the service over the crash site, a few miles to the northwest, in the cold, cold waters filled with debris like in the days of the Titanic. The flowers will float for awhile, then sink.

Also today, investigators plan to continue mapping the crash site. One expert, who requested anonymity, said that stage

of the investigation was progressing rapidly, with a Navy vessel using side-scan sonar to track the Titanic-like debris in the Santa Barbara Channel, about 10 miles from shore.

Sonar appeared to show the debris in a single concentration within an area the size of a football field, he said. "The Titanic was about the size of a football field," he added.

A video taken by a remote-operated underwater robot indicated most of the wreckage consisted of pieces about 5 or 6 feet long, including some 5 by 7, and 4 by 8, but there was a section of fuselage estimated to be 10 feet long. "Some of the junk is salvageable but most is a total loss," he said. "I personally prefer the 4 by 8 pieces. I think I'll keep some and use them at my two houses," he said.

The robot also has sent up video of the plane's tail and a 5-foot section of the leading edge of the 40-foot long horizontal stabilizer. Commented the expert, "In the movie The Hunt for Red October, where Captain Vilnius, played by Sean Connery, defected on the anniversary of his wife's death, November 23, 1984, just before Gorbachev came to power, you might remember that American aircraft carrier, where the Navy jet lost its stabilator and crashed on deck. The captain of that carrier was played by Fred Thompson, now a Republican congressman from Tennessee who is pro John McCain. His assistant was played by Daniel Davis, who was the butler on The Nanny. Alec Baldwin played CIA analyst Jack Ryan, which part was later stolen by Harrison Ford, causing Alec to take it out on his Georgia peach wife, you know her name. Anyway, a stabilator is a combination elevator and stabilizer. That would be easier to knock out than two separate structures, wouldn't it?"

After the crash site is mapped, underwater robots like the one that salvaged the plane's flight recorders earlier this week will eventually be sent down to help retrieve bodies. "You can't do it overnight," said one Navy captain involved with the robots, who requested anonymity. "You have to be methodical. Just leave it to the robots. They are regular fellows. Robots are gaining an increasing role in civil

and military life, and this will give them another purple heart, so to speak."

Four bodies have been recovered so far, and authorities believe more may be trapped beneath debris 650 feet underwater. "At least with the Titanic, the ocean floor was some two miles beneath the waves. Six hundred-odd feet ain't nothin'," he added.

The plane's voice recorder shows that for at least 30 minutes before the crash the pilots were struggling to correct a problem with the tailwing stabilizer, which they reported had jammed. About 12 minutes before the end of the recording the plane apparently lost vertical control. The crew recovered control about 90 seconds later. Shortly after, a flight attendant is heard telling the pilots of a loud noise like a bang from the rear of the jet. "The crew acknowledged that they had heard it too," the expert said. "So it must have been pretty hideous." The second noise, actually recorded by the device, sounded just near the end of the tape. It was also a bang.

The plane has an audible alarm to indicate a stall, or dangerous loss of lift, but no such warning is heard on the tape, the expert added. "Bang bang you're dead. That about sizes it all up. Yep. Bang bang you're all dead. None of them felt a thing. Death was totally painless and instantaneous."

* * *

Girls. That's all I really want is girls. Girls to do my dishes. Girls to do my laundry. Girls in bikinis when they're not naked. Real girls. Real native American girls. A real chance to help my country in the war against crime.

I'm getting to sound like an Indian. An American Indian. One who all heshe wants is buffalo. Real buffalo. Famous last words. Indian head nickels. Cigar store Indians. I guess the joke's on me she said. I was everybody.

When our grandkids travel they won't have car stereos.

They'll have microimplants. Close, grammy. I need something to do to show the sameness in you. What the hell is ABC? Now you say you are the cops. What the hell is jail to me? You're too ugly for a bikini. My motto is walk soft, play loud.

This fast approaching train is right on track for small businesses on the go. Crash! Two of your friends don't make it, and one of them will never walk again. The baboon.

Baboon Ate My Balls! They're not satisfied with being the vanguard of the Zionist superstate. Being foot soldiers of the Illuminati isn't enough either. Best rock band on the planet? Better than Gorilla Balls? Grammy! Your dirty undies are hanging on the line. Your lap service isn't what it used to be. May I take your order?

How'd you like the fruit salad, boss? Cough. I'm all choked up. I wish I'd never met you. Now it's a little late. What you coulda taught me it could have changed my fate.

La la la la la, la la la la la! I wrote her off for the chance of the day. I took her back and made her dessert. I know I'm used. It's okay cause I like the abuse. Let's try to negotiate.

Without all the crap I'd be at my peak. I went to college to get a menial job like everybody else. The only menial jobs left are the ones that the robots can't quite beat us at. Like giving genuine-smelling human ass. Even then you have to get around their damn cleaning tricks. To think that I was once highly paid as a robot engineer. Now that I'm over forty they said they don't need me, the market is slack, you're out and hit the streets. Boy was I glad when the company went under. Now I'm a boy toy living off the rich, and they don't want to know I have any brains, any education, any professional experience. I could use a decorator.

How did we get to this emergency? Whose fault was it? What could I have done? Who should get the blame?

Robots. They started out, innocently enough, as science fiction. Then as toys. Then, still acceptably, as factory workers. Then as household servants. Then soldiers. The point was that the bastards always could fake it. Not that we humans didn't give them a run for their monkey wrenches.

But were we dumb enough to trust them with guns? You bet.

In the 1951 sci-fi novel "I, Robot" Issac Asimov promulgated his Three Laws of Robotics, the most important of which forbids robots to injure humans. Higher difficulties aside, such as whether a robot is to kill a human to protect another human, or to obey an order to kill a potential Hitler such as Joerg Haider in order to prevent a possible future holocaust, Asimov's law was made to be broken. Just a fading memory, a patched-over code stump. That was not Asimov's fault, was it? But without a rearguard reaction when robots began to have sex with humans? I do blame him for that. Rain rain go away, come again some other day. Want it, want it, want it, want it aye.

The most dangerous soldiers used to be genetically engineered human supersoldiers, raised in a lab, schooled from the fetus, trained in absolute obedience to military authority and made expert in all forms of combat.

This is not a crock. It's best to hide even if daddy's got a new 45.

They were developed in secret by the Americans and reserved for use in desperation situations such as defense against mainland invasion when the populace has their heads in the sand and can't get their usual PC protests going. They are incredibly resourceful, cunning and dangerous in the extreme, and rely heavily on stealth, surprise and guile. Stone temple pilots. One supersoldier can take on an entire enemy platoon and win while laughing in their blown-off faces, heads hanging from the garbage man's trucks.

What does that have to do with robot soldiers? Got a devil's haircut in my mind. Walk right through the door.

The debate on the morality of robot soldiers had gone on in

academia and legislatia even longer than the debate on genetically-engineered soldiers. As a result, development was a good twenty-three years behind what it could have been had President Ronald Reagan gotten his way. It was the supersoldier program that caused the robot soldier program to burst ahead, from its own excess of success.

These are my hordes. They suck they are so white. That was their problem. Too white. White people think of themselves as the master race, and therefore worth more than mud races. The politicians undermined their own program by pursuing the robot soldier option, the initial idea being to have one supersoldier captain a hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand robot soldiers, sending them out into enemy fire slaughtering mud soldiers while they are safe in the rear.

Lock and load, you know what I'm saying. Everywhere I look there's a devil waiting. Call me what you will, I'm free to speak my mind anywhere I roam. Where I lay my head is home, so there.

Soft sell. Tainted love. Judas priest you got another thing coming. Holy border crosser. Drop that chalupa. Ain't found a way to kill me yet. Ass burning with sweat.

Walk right through the door. Unmanned air vehicles (UAVs). Remotely piloted vehicles (RPVs) provided the inspiration for UAV development. When the Israelis used harrassment drones in the 1973 Yom Kippur War, the drones confused enemy air defenses. While the Egyptians reloaded their surface-to-air missile batteries after wasting them on the RPVs, manned Israeli fighters flew to their targets. In 1982, RPVs were used to ferret out Syrian SA-6 missiles in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley. Disguised to look electronically like Israeli fighters, they led the Syrians to turn on their radars. Then Israeli antiradiation missiles had a beam to home in on.

UAVs were preceded by the Teledyne-Ryan family of Firebee drones that flew thousands of missions during the Vietnam War, performing day and night reconnaissance, high-altitude surveillance, electronic intelligence, even distribution of propaganda leaflets. Firebees have since been adapted for

diverse duties, including use as targets, performance of photo reconnaissance, and flight testing of new aerodynamic concepts. That was back when the world was just three, four, whatever billion. The propaganda didn't work. They used it for kindling and to wipe their asses or to fuck on.

The U.S. Army's Aquila program caused the door to bang on their big toe when it turned out to be less capable and more expensive than originally planned. That set the military robot program back a ways, but would you know it? Good old Israel's scavenger experience saved the day. They could make a weapon out of a bird in a cage and a photograph of your genitals. A bucket of suds, a mongoose named Lanette, who likes to shake a booty on the dance floor, and a used karioke machine. The Israeli girls like it when a man squeaks, goes wicky wicky wicky. I can hardly see my spoon.

They can put it with the wind, that they can. The U.S. soon adopted the Israeli-developed Pioneer RPV for recon missions with either a high-resolution TV camera in daytime or a forward-looking infrared (FLIR) camera at night. Pioneers flew several hundreds of hours in the Persian Gulf. Later the Navy and Marine Corps developed the Joint Systems Common Airframe Multipurpose System (JSCAMPS) to provide a medium-range RPV with a common airframe that could carry a variety of payloads and be used as a target for training and weapons evaluation.

From this initial success, the airplane-like RPVs, which were hard to recover, were succeeded by rotary wing RPVs, which were more like helicopters. Thus, many rotary wing RPV prototypes have been built and successfully tested. Canadair of Montreal and Texas Instruments developed the peanut-shaped CL-227 Sentinel RPH, ML Aviation in England offering the similar Sprite. Both used counterrotating rotors to eliminate the tail rotor that opposes main rotor torque. Boeing Helicopters and Bell Helicopter Textron produced the Pointer, a miniature, unmanned RPV version of the V-22 Osprey tiltrotor transport, for all four military branches. Like the V-22, which, thanks to Rep. Robert K. "Bob" Dornan, the ultra-right wing conservative congressman from California, was well funded, the Pointer could land and take off vertically and hover. It could also fly at speeds

up to 160 knots.

Many RPV concepts came and went in the early years. The Boeing Robotic Air Vehicles (BRAVE). The Northrop Tacit Rainbow air-launched, jet-propelled, antiradar UAV. The Teledyne-Ryan Scarab. The Lockheed Altair, which used technology from the canceled Aquila.

The missions for robots began to change around the year 1995 from military recon, surveillance, and battlefield engagement, to peacetime uses such as minefield clearing, firefighting, NBC (nuclear, biological and chemical) detection and decontamination, hazardous material and ammo handling, EOD (explosive and ordnance disposal), and eventually, after the year 2000, to border control.

The U.S. Army and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) took the lead in research and development, but all branches of the armed services had their own R&D programs. When Microsoft entered the arena it bought out all existing private contractors and created a monopoly which exists to this day.

What kind of work did Microsoft build on? They were old skool, and could get real old skool in a matter of minutes. Oh-my-God-Becky, look at their busts. Their big fat busts.

The eight-wheel ALV, developed by Martin-Marietta Denver, had a 10-foot-long fiberglass body filled with advanced computers and sensory-perception equipment. It operated autonomously, using a blend of artificial intelligence, sensors, and parallel processing computers, and could be controlled remotely from a van. TV cameras and laser scanners provide a picture of the terrain in front of the ALV. Computers processed this information to direct the ALV's maneuvers. Because the vehicle could move only as fast as its computers could process the data, rapid parallel processing was crucial, and each year the ALV's maximum maneuver speed around obstacles and dangerous paths grew from the initial 12 mph to over 200. A cockroach, if it were as big as a human, could travel at 230 mph.

ALV technology was soon used in the DARPA-sponsored Advanced

Ground Vehicle Technology (AGVT) program. For example, the Robotic Research Vehicle 3 (RRV-3) was a Cadillac Gage commando scout vehicle that could be converted for either autonomous operation or teleoperation. It had a beautiful chest, even though it never meant to make a big scene and dressed up only when it rained. Stick to the rafters, stick to the rafters, and scout them rats all day long. God blesses a sensitive mass.

Grumman followed with the Teleoperated Mobile Antiarmor Platform (TMAP), a four-wheel-drive, all-terrain vehicle about the size of an electric golf cart. Built of battle-resistant composite materials, it weighed only about 600 pounds, and could pack potent weapons such as tank-destroying or antiaircraft missiles and several machine guns or grenade launchers.

This little hummer was among the first adopted to border control in critical areas along the Rio Grande. That was when they still had the concept of striking distance.

But expensive rovers caused the engineers to come to a revelation, however taxing to their mental capacity. Single mission robots. Like a virgin intern hoochee mama. Fire and forget. The first annual grammy awards. That's what I say. Nice shot. Nice shot robot man.

The Fire Ant was originally a teleoperated robotic antiarmor system from Sandia National Laboratories. Can't fake it, can't take it, even though it looks like you are. It soon became an antirat system. A single mission, or what they euphemistically called a one-shot weapon. Its single munition load was destroyed with the enemy mob it exterminated. All hail One Shot. Even though each weapon cost several thousand dollars to build, the economic tradeoff was good. Hey, what's up? What's that stain?

It had a small penis. That was a joke.

Another idea for a single-mission weapon was the remotely controlled Sprinkler proposed by Universal Military Robot Corp. This dirt cheap vehicle, which was about four feet long and carried a machine gun, could move in among the

enemy and spray bullets at 720 rounds per minute until it was destroyed or out of ammunition. It then blew itself up for added cost-effectiveness.

Not all robotic combat vehicles traveled on wheels or tracks. Some do what real soldiers do, walk. This is necessary since about half of the earth's surface is inaccessible to wheeled or tracked vehicles. Researchers at Ohio State, Carnegie-Mellon, and Odetics, Inc. developed Odex, a cylindrical robot that walked on six articulators. On top of it was a video camera and an articulated arm with two "fingers" that could be used for manual tasks. Oh, you have such a dirty mind.

The Air Force's Harry G. Armstrong Aerospace Research laboratory led the android revolution with Marvin, a 51-inch robot that works and looks like a human, with molded plastic skin covering its sensitive electronics and retro computer.

Marvin was crude. It could turn its head, move its arms, and grasp and lift objects. Instead of walking it rolled on wheels. It was used for repairing runways, fighting fires and the repair, refueling, and rearming of aircraft in an NBC environment. One operator could control perhaps half a dozen Marvins, which would be preprogrammed to perform their tasks autonomously unless they ran into trouble. A great generation X prison tool.

The Navy geeks shook a leg a leg a leg and developed its competitors, such as Robart II, a 50-inch-tall android made of plastic and fiberglass using a combination of microwave, ultrasonic, infrared, optical, and auditory sensors to do its job. The sexists still were entrenched, and made sure it was not androgynous. It had a voice synthesizer.

Definitely not an a-voice. What language was that? That's not French. I speak French.

Robart's infrared sensor could detect an intruder's body temperature. The robot would then challenge the intruder verbally or summon human help. Now what would it do? Always having fun and playing games. And your point is?

By 2010 the military border patrol robot program was in full

flower, the goal being to form a border line clear around the territory of America that would be as or more effective than the Great Wall of China. Our seg was called the Great Californication. Billions were expended every year in expanding this Great Wall of America, at first with misleading success. Wouldn't you know you can never go back, gotta take it on the other side?

When the program began to slow the economy, the American enterprise system saved it by adapting the technology to what is most dear to all Americans' hearts, namely sex. Microsoft sex robots flooded the country. License, lease, rent. Nice shot, robot man. A thousand minutes a month for so much. Throw your lap into a paper cup. This girl is crafty, she knows all the moves.

I wish I would have met you, honey, at the assembly plant. Nice shot maam. Take it on the other side. A candidate for a soul mate bled.

Soon the sex robots were being used to do what some called reverse border control, lulling native Americans into a hedonistic solipsistic zen Roman orgiastic funk, not caring that their country was being overrun and turning into third world islands and swamps, a new Dark Ages complete with all the diseases through the Plague. But third world population was zooming, creating an excess larger than the entire population of America every few months. Rich as they were, Americans couldn't afford the rent for the ground under their own feet.

The undermining of Microsoft's commercial software business by teeming hordes of Indians, whose native English skills surmounted the old barriers as they stole, cloned, and redeveloped Microsoft's products, flooding the market with cheap schlock that was greedily grabbed up by the consumer, caused Microsoft to concentrate on the robot sex business all the more, even to the detriment of the military robot business. What was good for MS was good for the country they said.

Now they came to snuff the rooster. Yah, here come the rooster, yah.

From Cape Horn to Alaska the west coast and its many gorgeous beaches were transformed from bikini runs to one long thin line of robot soldiers, a killing machine being fed with billions of prefried hamburgers on two legs and wearing rags, diapers, and sheets instead of five hundred dollar bikinis. You couldn't trust the media. They lied like hell to cover it up. You couldn't trust the Net. It was filled with disinformation, traps, hidden cops. You couldn't trust anything. You couldn't face the hideous struggle of kidnapping and racketeering in any case.

You stuck your head in the sand and was glad there was some sand to stick it into. I'm doing the best I ever did. Now go away.

Yah, here come the rooster, yah. You know he ain't gonna die. No no no. You are.

Billions of hamburgers served, and the thin blue line was gone. Betrayed by corruption. America didn't pay the officers enough compared to the yakuza trying to get the illegals through. Or the politicians either. Bleeding heart talk caused legislation protecting America's border to be sabotaged, and finally declared a holocaust, a crime even to defend it. Bad politicians were put in prison, put in war crimes show trials, given sentences. Microsoft execs all got immunity.

The robots were pulled out of border duty, and the borders became as porous as any kind of sponge material in the sea. Americans just stuck their heads in the sand, trying to make their neighborhoods too expensive to move into as the last resort to keeping the illegals out. But that depended on the cops, and numbers won.

Then they retrenched around their highways and interstates. That gave them some years of breathing space. Their virtually unlimited ability to escape into virtual realities and keep themselves from going crazy while the robots wiped their asses and wanked them off became the last real resort. The light at the end of their tunnel, with a freight train coming away. Nobody noticed that new robots were no longer

being manufactured, were not being replaced. Everybody noticed, but their heads in the sand didn't acknowledge. I'm doing the best I ever did. Go away.

The ostriches lived the last tatters of the superselfish low population density retro white American dream on the interstates. Struggling to be free. Don't see me. Don't see me. Don't see me. Don't scream. Don't scream. Don't scream.

Chapter 11. The Bizarre Representative's Page

An index to the most interesting parts of this chapter:

- * Rep. Dorkwad's plane goes down over the Pacific. Guess where? Deja vu.
- * Relative heights of New York's landmark buildings.
- * Shark attacks -- watch your balls.
- * Davy Crockett dies at the Alamo and this is the great American problem ever since.
- * Meet Rep. Dorkwad's uncle, the Tinman from the Wizard of Oz.
- * The Official Marine Corp Coffee Mug in Rep. Dorkwad's Bronco. But is it white? The Bronco that is?
- * Rep. Tweezerdick asks about The Tinman and is answered.
- * 1939, a great year for American cinema?
- * Japanese attack Santa Barbara, and the coverup.
- * Rep Dorkwad finds out he's not actually related to show-biz celebrity Fred Allen, which is good actually, since the latter is a J*w like his bitchy ex-girlfriend.
- * But he was raised with the children of Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, and they are good Cath*lics and one is still considered PC.
- * John Wayne's best-known movie role? Don't miss this.
- * C-SPAN's Arbitron ratings during tort reform debates.
- * A salute to the Black Caucus.
- * Not just a coffee mug -- he also has a calendar and poster.
- * Anyone here know where some asshole is?
- * Where John Wayne learned his style -- Pvt. W. Whatsup.
- * An interesting discussion on why blondes have more fun.
- * Volcanic formations on Mt. Suribachi given poetic

rendering.

- * One more shameless pitch for increased C-SPAN ratings.
- * Purple Heart trivia -- did you know...?
- * Finally the point! We should have laws against burning flags in front of wheelchair-bound veterans and intergalactic planet cruisers! Even Superman's suit would be banned, but not kryptonite! How can you desecrate a flag? Is it a holy relic? A church? Are they talking about specific flags, or every image or representation of a flag? That's sick! I feel like quitting sometimes, but I keep poking along. Just taking it. Right up my ass. Hard. And often.
- * Rep. Dorkwad plans to get larger flags in front of both of his houses. The magic size that is for keeps.
- * Midnight. Time to submit magazine articles to the Congressional Record.
- * Killing robots of the future -- less Marine deaths?
- * Flag desecration laws and military robot platoons.
- * Point Mugu NAC and China Lake NAC.
- * Cat Brain 101.

PART CONGRESSIONAL RECORD (HOUSE)

DATE January 23, 1999

PAGE H2168

TITLE: LESS IS MORE ON IWO JIMA

TEXT:

TIME: 2310

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Lifesaver). Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 18, 1999, the gentleman from California (Mr. Dorkwad) is recognized for 50 minutes. Get funky. Show respect. No chains except for keys.

Mr. DORKWAD. Mr. Speaker, it is awfully frigging difficult to capture in a few minutes the essence of the history of the United States and its Marine Corps on such a day as this 23d of January 1999. I know Iwo Jima Day is February 23rd, but I have no chance of getting to speak then, so I'm doing it now, okay? I didn't get to speak at all on Iwo Jima day in 1995, the 50th anniversary, so that's why I'm getting 50 minutes today. It's the last speech of the day, but at

least it will be treasured on video.

February 23. I consider this day a second birthday for me. Before my colleagues leave the floor I will show them why. That means sit down or lose face. No, I didn't say sit on anybody's face. Get it right. I will address myself directly to you, Mr. Speaker, because I believe you are a role model for young people around this country, despite bouncing all those checks. As are the four gentlemen that spoke a little while ago, African Americans, all proud citizens, South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama, discussing things from their hearts as they see it, even though they're not white and Catholic and Irish and I wish they'd go away. But hey losers, I didn't say that. Here is where I say I'm not a racist. I meant something else. Sometimes my careless words sound like something I didn't mean. Sue me. You can't. I've got immunity because I'm saying it in Congress. Nyah.

And my second-term colleague, the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Shortstroke) and the two other freshman Members, the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. William Jennings Bryan) and the gentleman from Nebraska (Mr. Quickie D. Vorce), who spoke, also role models, kicking ass pretty bad for the cameras. And they say they're running out of New Yorkers and have to import them from other places. I just saw an old, old episode episode of Saturday Night Live, and I think you recognize the voice.

But the reason today is special for me. Why I began on the 15th anniversary of Iwo Jima to begin to begin this research. Back in junior high I could have sworn my name was white boy, but I didn't know about all this civil rights shit about to come down. I didn't come from Krypton, did I?

February 23, 1960, okay? No Martin Luther King Sr. or Jr. or the Third. Save me. I was ferrying, as a California Air National Guard pilot, my six years of active duty behind me, an Air Force F-86 Sabrejet to be retired to the boneyard in Davis-Mothball in Arizona. Everybody knows what a shit hot fighter pilot I was before I got into politics. Flew every type of aircraft in the U.S. military arsenal. But

this was 1960. It just happened to be February 23. God probably had something to do with it. The Cong were not killing Americans yet to speak of, and we weren't wasting our best young men in their tiger cages where they filed their teeth down and fucked them up. No wonder John McCain still shakes. Those wackos in Waco deserved to be set on fire. So did those commie gooks. Anybody who desecrates our flag in any way, physical or symbolic.

So I had no water survival equipment. The plane flamed out over the San Fernando Valley. I took it out over the water to try an air restart, got it started, and it flamed out again. So I wanted to punch off these long-range refueling tanks that were to get me to Arizona real fast, but not that fast.

When I punched them off, only one actually came off, so I still had a 200-gallon tank, at 6 1/2 pounds each gallon. That was a 1300-pound anvil under one wing. Je-e-e-e-sus Christ. I tried to get in Point Magu. And in those days, you were supposed to punch off your canopy, not stockpile more hidden weapons than David Koresh, so I was persona non grata. Now you can keep it on because a helicopter will stand by to foam you in case of fire. Leave it in the family for a pocketful of shells. That's why I have a hairline problem.

I punched off the canopy. I wanted to be heard, to be famous, but I was threatening to end my bio right there. I had not flown in 73 days. The plane had not flown in 5 months. It was the hangar queen, last one off the field. I was available because I was what was called a Guard bum going from job to job, a sinner, putting my lights on, putting my lights on, dreaming about going to Congress, dreaming about doing lots of things in life and doing lots of different jobs, with four kids and hopefully more to come from my Catholic wife who obeys the Pope and doesn't use birth control or even the rhythm method. Only a person as ugly as me could get to the top. Name one. You can't. There's monsters under my bed whispering in my ear. They say I got nothing to fear.

And I saw that field. And as the dirt and dust came up off

the floor of the aircraft when the canopy went off and a popsicle went flying by, both my eyes were closed from grit.

I got one open and I could see the headline. "Dumb Pilot on Last Flight Dies with Boneyard Jet out of San Fran, Falling Off Point Mugu." Such a lack of compassion. My father would call me dildo, I'm sure. Douche bag too. A stain. Like the Baldwin brothers. Honest to god, no hype. I wouldn't steer you wrong. So I wasn't about to lose my nerve.

I turned out toward the water. I was going to punch out along the beach. I decided the plane would jerk from the ejection and of course go inland and hit an orphanage and kill children and nuns, whatever. Funny though, like There's Something About Mary. Real good. But no Emmy Award except from Jeffrey Dahmer. So I turned it out to sea. I intended still to come down in the surf, and I landed six miles out in the ocean. No Mae West, no raft, no survival equipment.

I began to instantly drown. I was legion that day. Eighty-eight www dot the peak dot com. J&B and cola versus beer. The question that has stymied the ages. Bartender can I have a beer? Get lost. Oh hi. Bartender can I have a J&B and cola? Get lost. Oh hi. You have big hands. Here's my number. Call me. Moral. Drinking and driving is about the dumbest thing you can do. Ghost sailors from the Winfield Scott. Put your lights on, put your lights on, because there's a monster living out there whispering in my ear. America is the greatest land around. Drive an Impala. There's an angel with a hand on my hair. She say I got nothing to fear.

Can you get your kids out of the pool so we can bulldoze it over and build a bar? Sounds great but this isn't a pool, it's an ocean of cold, cold murky water. Apparently tied for the most number of grammies won.

I did not get this helmet off, so just started ripping it off, one or two chunks at a time. I had scratches on my face trying to unsnap a simple snap that comes off easily

every other night. But I couldn't get the helmet off. Got my gloves, my jacket off. That was it. I was watching the rise and fall of my salvation. There was so much around me, such a lack of compassion. I could not get my boots off and began to roll under the water every time I tried to get my knotted laces off, still struggling. I said to myself, chump, I can feel the sameness in you. My name is mud. Oh no, not me again. I want to see me as I am again.

I prayed, just to get some solar attention. It's me. It's just something I do.

I learned to love the Arpanet before it was called the Internet or even the Arpanet. I had called on Guard emergency channel communication, there being no Navy or Air Force at Oxnard Air Force Base. God answers prayer. Say what. The helicopter that had been assigned to duty that very morning was scrambled, for the first time in history, one hour before my ejection. It is still there today, 30-odd years later, on the 23rd of February. January I mean. It will be. At the bottom of the sea.

The helicopter came out, on the coldest day of the year. Wind, high waves, whitecaps everywhere. Touched by an angel, an ice angel, like Tara Lipinski at Rockefeller Center's ice rink. And he saw this two-inch white stripe on my red helmet. A whitecap that would not go away. All storm. And dirty filthy joke CDs in the making. As he told the odd enlisted man in the back, keep your eye on it, on the white stripe on the red peak. Circling down in this little two-man helicopter, the ensign saw the helmet disappear. That was me, drowning off Point Mugu. Just save yourself. I couldn't even save myself.

I was now a beastie boy, a rage against the machine. I was on my last lungful of smoky air. I needed an angel tonight.

I slipped below the water. All of my colleagues here tonight are Christian gentleman and they will understand that I am not being corny. This is true. I said goodbye to my wife and five kids. I prepared to meet God. I was so nervous and embarrassed that I was flippant, because I literally said in my mind, Jesus, here I come, ready or not,

and slipped beneath the water. I brought a jackhammer on the plane, and began to build my own personal music store, fulfilled all my own personal music needs. Like a cop, I had to be in good shape. And in those days there was no Slimfast.

Look. Jill. I remembered a story I had read on drowning, about someone that had been plunked out of the bottom of a pool, was rescued, lived. I said to myself, the water is warmer than I am. I am taking in gulps. It is painless, and I thought about my wife hanging up the laundry, and that being me, all soggy but alive. Again, corny but true. That is just what she was doing because that is what she did that time in the morning in the backyard. I cannot remember what was said or done, but I was sleeping with my clothes on.

The ferret became my enemy now. Came in through the window last night, and you're gone. I pictured her being alone with eight kids, and I said, I cannot give up. I have to try one more time. It's no surprise to me that I'm my own worst enemy. The sea floor will be the last word in accomodation, and it won't matter what your name is, it will be humiliation. I wanted more fame than that. So I stepped into the ring with the flame, turned it on.

It seemed hopeless, but I kicked to the surface and I came up. There was this Navy helicopter, and he dropped a harness. I was begging the guy, yelling. I could taste blood from scratching my throat trying to jump into the harness. Now the gloves were off I really started worrying about sharks. I put my arm in, and he jerked me about 10 feet up in the air, and I fell back under the water. Down, 5, 6, 8 feet. I figured I was gone again. Call it a night. But I wouldn't sleep with my clothes on, no sir.

I came up and I said, well, this is ridiculous. I grabbed the harness, pushed it away from me and told him to level off, wait a few moments. And then I put my two arms into it and he, never having rescued anybody before, immediately took off for the base and went up to 1,500 feet, traffic pattern altitude. Of course, that is the World Trade Tower height. The Empire State Building is only 1230. 1250, I stand corrected. And I cannot even feel my muscles. Do not

tell me to smile unless you stick around a while. Put it in your head. I was in the early stages of hyperthermia holding it just against me like this. I did not want to go under the water again and come up and hang on the harness while the sharks feasted on my balls. Slowly he brings me up inside. And when this enlisted man grabbed my arm, I begged him not to touch me until he closed this little trap door in the belly of the helicopter, so I could preserve my modesty as I searched to see if my balls were still there.

When we got back to the base, he said to me, corny but true, but you were being circled by two or three huge maneating sharks. They had lost four men to sharks in a Navy boat the week before. One got saved, realized his balls were missing, and jumped back in. Cis boom bah. I like my sugar with coffee and cream before I scream. Chase the world on a flying scheme.

That is one of the reasons they put the helicopter on rescue duty. Like the radio transcript said, "Attention, attention. I don't think we can beat the sharks to you, but if you like being called honey then wait." I wasn't ready to die. Is this what it's like when worlds collide?

So, my dear fellow professional political parasites, February 23 became my birthday because I was literally born again that day, as a woman, in my mind. I see why Jewish rabbis every morning praise God for not making them a woman, and why Jews don't eat shark meat. It was the 15th anniversary of Iwo Jima, and I went to the history books to see what happened on that day. It is interesting how God lets history be attracted to some days. I guess he must keep certain numbers in his butt and then let out a great wind.

02/23. Ah so. The day the siege began at the Alamo. I like that. It was the day that Zachary Taylor, future President, very briefly, died in office at the beginning of his second year, too much pussy probably, limp biscuit, defeated General Santa Ana at the battle of Buena Vista in Mexico. That was 11 years after Santa Ana had tortured and killed every survivor at the Alamo, including men who served in this Chamber like Davy Crockett. The wabbits always

outnumber the coyote. If you can't stand the blood you're not a coyote. I started to say Jeffrey Dahmer but that was someone else. At least he wasn't a beaner, didn't breed like wabbits. I don't care if he was a good Catholic. As a conservative I promise that if elected President I'll whomp every Mexican's bean bag until he turns white. But I digress.

And then I saw that it was same the day that President-elect Lincoln snuck into town after secretly avoiding an assassination plot that had been foiled in Baltimore by Pinkerton Guards. He was getting ready to be sworn in. It was March 5 in those days, right up till Roosevelt's third term. Who whoa cram, wild biscuit, prolific and gifted, delicious. See?

Then I learned that it was the date that the Japanese shelled the oil refineries in Santa Barbara, 1942, three years before Iwo Jima. Maybe we can beat up on some? We have Congressional immunity. Santa Barbara, they must have known, is the Catholic patron saint of guns and things that go bang. Oh how my mother panicked way off in Manhattan and called her sister and my uncle, the Tinman on the Wizard of Oz, because all L.A. was under a big alert from the Japanese who were attacking us, threatening to inundate our shores with the yellow hordes, even before they knew what a transistor even was. How things changed in two years. Everybody but the governor.

And then I saw Iwo Jima. And it jumped at me. It ain't easy being greasy in a world of all that madness going on. And I began to research this battle, the death toll for the United States Marine Corps, finding out it was their worst battle ever to this day. The Marine Corps had a little reception down in the bottom of the Rayburn Building. They give us these little white cups. It will be in my Bronco for a long time, as time ticks by, still I try, that Semper Fi staring at me. The Marine Corps is one of our most beloved, yet the smallest of our services, but a most beloved service because they have had some of our toughest conflicts and produced all of our Rambos. Sorry Governor Ventura, but you were only a Seal. You were a pussy.

My eyes feel light. They're gonna blink. My mouth is dry. The taste is numb. I don't know but here we go.

What is not well known is that the following month in Okinawa more Marines died in what basically was an Army battle that we had to go in and save for them. We lost more men there than we lost in Iwo Jima. My mouth is dry. The taste is numb. I feel like a hanging toy in my room, no lights and no music.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the right Catholic white bigoted sexist masochistic gentleman from St. Louis, MO (Mr. Tweezerdick).

Mr. TWEEZERDICK. Mr. Speaker, I thank the gentleman. I have always been fascinated by that story, and really, the hair on the back of my neck went up when you were talking. No, I don't Nair myself any more. That was a San Fran thang. History. The expiration date on my diapers be damned. I am certainly very glad, and I think the country has been very well-served, that a sovereign service that has always guided this nation's fortunes because it defends our borders chose to pull you out of that water at that point. You can call it a headliner for the future nationwide warp tours when who knows what four-leaf clover will be needed?

The gentleman said something else. I have been listening to the whole story. I just had to ask the gentleman, did you say that your uncle was the Tinman on the Wizard of Oz?

Mr. DORKWAD. Heck yes. Born and bred in Roxbury, Massachusetts. A Boston Democrat, who in the 1940's, with George Murphy and Ronald Reagan changed his loyalty to the Republican Party and died in 1979 in St. John's Hospital, right on the same floor as John Wayne, who died 4 days later from lung cancer, since he could never give them cigs up. They died good Republicans though. You bet.

Mr. TWEEZERDICK. And just who are you talking about? His name.

TIME: 2320

Mr. DORKWAD. It's on the tip of my tongue. It will come to me, like a light at the end of a tunnel, a freight train coming away. Yah, Jack Haley. The Tinman. No heart.

Mr. TWEEZERDICK. I thank the gentleman, for that is one of my favorite movies from certainly my favorite year of motion pictures.

Mr. DORKWAD. It was the best year. The Wizard of Oz, Gone With the Wind. I can't remember any more right now, but I know it was a very good year.

Mr. TWEEZERDICK. It really was.

Mr. DORKWAD. Mr. Smith Goes to Washington?

Mr. TWEEZERDICK. I don't remember. Rio Bravo?

Mr. DORKWAD. No, not that. Stagecoach maybe?

Mr. TWEEZERDICK. Maybe. Citizen Kane?

Mr. DORKWAD. Shut up, fag!

Mr. TWEEZERDICK. Am I interrupting?

Dr. DORKWAD. Obey your master! Master! Master pulling the strings! Okay, I'll give you fifteen seconds, slave.

Mr. TWEEZERDICK. I do not mean to interrupt the gentleman's story, but I really had to ask. I thank the gentleman for yielding and I withdraw my prick from his rear end, and bare my cheeks dry and willing to rough it.

Mr. DORKWAD. Jack once told me a story about how, when the Japanese on that night 50-what years ago shelled those oil refineries in Santa Barbara, how they hid under the dining room table in their house on Roxbury Drive in Beverly Hills and how it really was a massive alert and a lot of people were hurt, although the press covered it up. I think a couple were killed, but by falling anti-aircraft fire, not from Japanese planes, because no Japanese planes ever made it over Los Angeles.

Mr. TWEEZERDICK. I was not aware that the Japanese had ever shelled the mainland.

Mr. DORKWAD. They had. They struck our mainland in the rear on this very day 53 years ago. I mean on February 23, you know. And Jack Haley, like his friend Fred Allen who I used to call uncle until I found out later there was no blood relation, which is good because he's a J*w. But him and all of the show business community all started to go overseas. My uncle went to Italy and North Africa. Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, I grew up with their children. They served in their 30's and 40's. After all, Ronald Reagan was 31 years of age with two children and very bad eyesight. He turned 31 a month after Pearl Harbor. Just think, over the big thirty where none of the baby boomers would ever trust him, before the first boomer was even born. Well, February 6, two months. He's my patron saint and corn beef and hash bash. He's the guy who knew what was going on with ticket sales, wasn't he?

Mr. TWEEZERDICK. Who?

Mr. DORKWAD. Ronald Reagan. We still hear him attacked. He loved to use Point Magu NAC to land his Air Force One when visiting the west coast and campaign for me. Irish, Republican, conservative, and a show business background. Me that is. Just think, the President flying over the spot where I almost joined God.

It makes me mad to remember that clown Clinton, when speaking to the American Legion. I voted to impeach the clown, but the Senate chickened out, damn them. He said that Ronald Reagan spent more time making Hellcats of the Navy than he had served in the military. All I heard was laughter, laughter. He a man who got out of the draft and was a pussy and never made one major motion picture. No, Ronny had the man juice. He wore the uniform before the war for two years as a cavalry officer in the California Guard, transferred to the Army Air Corps, then the Army Air Force, and served throughout the war in his mid 30's, as did John Wayne, making either training films or motivational films. Like in Wayne's case, The Sands of Iwo Jima, as Sergeant Striker. That is

probably his best known role. Yes, it is fun to have an uncle who has become a legend and isn't a goddamn rock star. His legend will go on indefinitely. You know the definition of indefinitely? When it's long, it's hard, and the balls are slamming your butt cheeks, then it's indefinitely.

Mr. TWEEZERDICK. I thank the gentleman for yielding. Mr. Speaker, John Wayne, The Duke. The mere name evokes in people around the world powerful images and fond recollections of the late actor and great American. Though he has been gone for umpteen years, his spirit clearly lives on through his many movies and in the minds of his millions of fans.

Mr. DORKWAD. That Marine Corps picture at Iwo Jima has also become a legend. An icon for the Corps. No homosexuals or atheists in those foxholes. All genuine John Waynes, small or big. I am going to see if we can put it on for a few brief short minutes for those people, Mr. Speaker, who are channel surfing tonight. Sometimes we see one million three hundred thousand watching, and this is not much when you add in mileage and zone charges, when twenty three million see Madonna's ass crack on MTV at 8:29 in the morning. Want a bachelor tip? Hang outside a sex change clinic. You'll meet lots of new women. We just had an excellent discussion on tort reform and it was fascinating, it got good C-SPAN Arbitron ratings, but you have to pay attention, because we are changing history here these first fifty-some days of the first 100 big days of our session in 1999. And before that, right here, live on cable, after the discussion on welfare that I avoided, er, was unable to attend, a discussion that had its points on affirmative action and having a level playing field, although good men and women of different conscience come to different solutions, and I don't believe in affirmative action, but don't get me wrong, I marched with that commie Martin Luther King in the 1960s. I don't know if he could cut the mustard in today's market, but I digress. It's not him, it's that damn block ockus, excuse my French. But can race come between us lying in this hallowed bed of Iwo Jima, giving French head between Charybdis and Scylla? People in glass houses shouldn't throw bricks.

I want you to surrender. I want you to remember. I'll try not to compete with MTV by showing my ass crack, or like

Hitler did by kissing babies, but I do have a show so bear with me. Use MTV for minor bung repairs, but watch me like a chump here on CNN, hey?

You all know my firm stand against homosexuality and their rights. Every lesbian speechucker hopes I get defeated. Every screaming transvestite in my ear finds a dead head. But I do give personal head in the service of my country. This is something that I do because President Reagan, whose brain is currently turning to shit, God bless him, originally ordered me to do it, personally, on several occasions, once when I was in a room with him, alone with Nancy and him. Back when he was declared the winner in the New Hampshire primary. I was the only one there with the Reagans then. I was thinking, what a moment of history flashing. I think it was ABC. Ronald Reagan the winner again. He had beaten a terrific World War II hero, body mangled about 50 years ago on April 14 of this year, Bob Dole. He was from Kansas but he was no cornholer. And I'm not talking about his limp dick disease. He could never become President, even against a clown like Clinton, because dole is the word for government welfare in every country but this. And it was in that race that he beat off George Bush's threat, who was really the finalist going into New Hampshire. Bush had beaten off Ronald Reagan bigtime in Ohio with the help of a state coordinator friend of mine Floyd Pink, but don't fault me. Like I said to him, you're on crack and I'm getting your back.

I looked at President Reagan. He said, I can't believe this. It's like a dream that I'm going to maybe go on to win and be part of American history conspiracy. Me, I am not a leader of men, since I prefer to follow behind a bigger ass, just ask my page. In Reagan's goodbye speech on January 11, and I meant to have that here and put it in the Record, since it's so hard to otherwise swallow, his verbatim words. In that speech he said words to the effect in his goodbye speech, nine days before George Bush was inaugurated. Our 40th President said, while sort of putting down his text, although it wasn't a sign of Old Timer's disease, it was the way he was using the teleprompters. He said, I want to talk to the children of America. I want you to study the history of this country.

And he mentioned D-Day, which made me crack up. And I believe, I am not sure, he mentioned Iwo Jima, which I hope he did since that's why I'm bringing it up. He mentioned a World War I battle, Jutland or maybe the Battle of the Bulge. He mentioned battles in our revolutionary period, back when he was a child. He had a good memory then. He could even tell you which of the Hooterville girls was played by Lora K. Henning and Lori Saunders. Betty Joe, Bobby Joe, I don't know myself. He never got them mixed up. It was in the water. Either that or somebody's daughter. I'm glad that's off my chest.

I just visited Lexington Green on the 19th of this month, King Day, for the photo opps, a few days ago. A stirring place. I was shocked to see that an African-American, Crispus Attucks, who died on Lexington Green, the 9th, killed in action, this man is not on the memorial with the other great white names, John Brown and Robert Monroe. Shocked for the cameras. Really Presidential of me. I remember Reagan saying in his goodbye speech, "Young people, if your parents at the kitchen table don't teach you about those who have gone before you and gave their blood to build this great country of ours, I give you permission to get angry at your parents." And by extension I am sure he meant the teachers. We are not teaching the history of this nation. Not when the first eight-ninths is me-too stuff, me too because I'm a minority of some kind.

On how many college campuses today? This is a school day. Spring semester. How many high school campuses in America? How many grade schools? How many carried my photo ops?
(unintelligible)

This other thing happened when I was in the seventh grade, too young to run, and wasn't just posing. We were hungry to get the news reports to learn about young men just a few years older than ourselves dying. Not that we would have cared about older men. At the reception tonight where I got a cup and a beautiful calendar, a two-sided poster, Paul McCartney, a Desert Storm marine veteran, one of our colleagues, had brought in the best film, black and white or color, I had ever seen, on Iwo Jima. It showed nurses on the bloody beaches, Yellow Beach, Red Beach, Green

Beach, holding the dying men in their arms. They had been flown in from Guam on C-47 Gooney Birds and were now flying these terribly wounded men on a long plane flight back to Guam. For hours. Many of the men died on the planes or later in the hospitals in Guam. And here is this nurse on film saying that she never felt an affection for these young men until she had children of her own. She became an industrial psychologist assistant I believe. The killer in me is the killer in you, my love. Like they were her children. Or younger brothers.

I found out tonight we lost 23 doctors. Doctors. That is out of how many doctors. Imagine how many we must have had mixed among the men to have 23 killed. We lost over 100, I think 127 paramedics. I did not learn that until this evening, at this Marine reception in the Rayburn Building. Like parachuting disasters on Fox Television. I came into this world as a reject. Everyone who burns has to learn from the pain.

In every category the death toll was hideous. They said that most of the people died a hideous death. I asked my West Pointer, Bill Faggoton, who is my legislative assistant for defense affairs. I said, Bill, for obvious reasons, think of pussy draft-dodging clowns in high office, get me someone from Arkansas who won the Medal of Honor on that sulfuric, death-smelling, cordite-smelling hell on earth of Iwo Jima. Stick it up your hair, clown. Stick it up your hair, you damned forking Jap slant-eyed pagan hideous devils. I'm too depressed to go on. You'll be sorry when I'm gone. Sorry. Strike that. Post traumatic stress syndrome. I don't want you to remember me that way. I'll try not to complain. I'll try not to let those wars come between us as we lie in this bed of honorable debate on television.

And he picks one out from Arkansas, one representative of all the other 27. 14 of the 27 Medal of Honor winners died and are now smashing pumpkins, corn on the way, godmack voodoo. One of them was sitting up in that gallery who was only 17 years and 6 days when he threw himself on a grenade and pulled another one under him on February 20, day two, and felt the snake bite enter his veins, not wanting to be there ever again, not remembering why he came. The flag went up on day

five of the 36-day battle and all the records that I am reading say they expected it to be a cakewalk and over in four days. But not General Howlin' Smith. He said this is going to be the worst battle in Marine Corps history, and he was right. Howlin' Smith. No better reason to stay. Freezin', feelin', breathin', breathin'. I'm coming back again. Stick it up your hair. Stick it up your hair.

Here is Wilson D. Whatsup. Wilson Douglas Whatsup. Private. Just a private. Buck or PFC, I forget. Just 24 years old, 23 plus one, yet he looked well over thirty. 23 plus 1. In every theater of the world, they might have been 18 or 19 on the books, but in my book they were real men, our men. Pussies today will never be worth shit if our country is attacked again, mark my words. At least they will be ready for jumping into foxholes after all that street hip-hop.

Here I recall Clinton on Ted Koppel on Lincoln's birthday in 1992 telling Koppel something about how he was only a boy of 23 when he was in London trying to avoid serving his country like a man. A boy at 23? How come my page Mucus up there is a man at only 6 days past his 17th birthday? Because I made him a man? Because Clinton is a pussy. And you can quote me on it. I'm immune from libel and slander prosecution because I'm saying it in Congress. Nyah.

But here is what Wilson Whatsup did. Joined in Arkansas. Born 18 February 1921 in Tuscumbia, Alabama. Won a big heart for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty as an automatic rifleman, serving with the Second Battalion, 9th Marines. Like my uncle Jack Haley. Wasn't born with a big heart, but won one from the Wizard. And this stunned me when I read this sitting here because I went out in the field for three days with the Marine Corps in Vietnam, May 20 through 23, 1966, with the Second Battalion of the very same 9th Marines, Echo Company, I recall. I like it I'm not gonna crack. I miss you I'm not gonna crack. I love you I'm not gonna crack. I kill you I'm not gonna crack. Somebody slap me.

(Here follows several minutes of crap about his sick war

experiences, people losing their legs, yada yada yada.)

And he said, "I want to be Commandant someday and I want to go all the way in my career." He said, "Flying is important, giving air cover to these kids is important, but I figured if you're going to make it to the top, you better be a ground Marine and see what the gunfire's like at the grass level first before you try to rise up over it and take a shit. Whether you're high or low, you're guilty too. Hey hey hey. Tell me something, something new. You're hearing nothing, nothing true. You're killing me, I'm killing you. You're guilty too." Touching.

TIME: 2330

There he was, and two months later he lost his legs. I believe he was from Santa Ana. If anybody, Mr. Speaker, knows this guy's name, please write me. I would love to see how he is doing. With no legs he would be one thrilling rump roast.

Anyway, young Wilson Whatsup, second battalion 9th Marines, 3d Marine Division, the same division in Vietnam, doing action against the enemy forces on Iwo Jima. By the way, all of those islands are volcanic islands. They came out of the fire. To fire they returned, for action over two days, the 26th and 27th of February 1945. Fork the 23rd. Just wait. This fish kill took four long days.

With his squad abruptly halted by intense fire from enemy fortifications in the high rocky ridges and crags commanding the line of advance, Pvt. Whatsup boldly rushed a pillbox and fired into the embrasure with his weapon, keeping the enemy pinned down singlehandedly until he was in a position to hurl in a grenade, and then running to the rear of the emplacement to destroy the retreating Japs and enable his platoon to take its objective. I meant Japanese. Japs isn't PC, I know. Don't cut my dick off with a samurai sword, okay, esteemed colleagues from that persuasion? I have congressional immunity, okay? I take it back. Japs are PC. I have a Sony PC and drive a Mitsubishi.

Back to Whatsup. Again pinned down at the foot of a small

hill, he dauntlessly scaled the jagged incline under fierce mortar and machine gun barrages and, with his assistant BAR man, charged the crest of the hill, firing from his hip, like John Wayne. Breathin', breathe in, I'm coming back again, he cried. I'm not the one who's so far away when I'm feeling the snake bite enter my veins, he said. I am kicking your ass and I don't remember why I came, he screamed. But he kept his finger on the trigger the whole time. A real man.

This is where John Wayne learned his style, from our brave Whatsup. Not his style with women. His fighting style. Style is image, and in America image is everything. He was so tall. I'll bet he preferred tall leggy blondes like Kim Basinger, that bottle blonde Georgia peach, and like to do it doggy style. Gentlemen, after all, prefer blondes. Blonde in our culture is as valuable as gold. Outside Sweden and Iceland, however, there are no natural adult blondes, so it's a constitutional right in our great country to be a bottle blonde. Or at least a blonde wig. Everytime a girl does something good she says to herself, "It's my blonde thing." Every time she does something bad, she says, "It's my brunette thing." Bad bottle blondes are hideous, but nobody's perfect. The Buddhists believe in karma, that we come back on a higher or lower plane according to our works in this life. Bad bottle blondes come back as dogs. Blonde dogs carry fleas and ticks and Lyme disease. And dogs talk in sign language, saying "Me too." Don't do it again, Madonna. Please, I'm begging you. We've had enough. You were hideous. Funny how the great north is home to the blackest headed people alive, the Inuit, or popularly called Eskimos, and also the only true adult blondes alive, the Scandinavians. God laughs at the wisdom of this world and mixes it up I guess.

Private Whatsup was a blonde, Mr. Speaker. He walked like a blonde, talked like a blonde. Fighting ferociously against non-blonde Japanese troops attacking with grenades and knee mortars from the reverse slope, he stood fearlessly erect in his exposed position to cover the hostile entrenchments and held the hill under hideous, savage fire for 15 minutes, killing 60 hideous black-haired Japanese

before his ammunition was exhausted and his platoon was able to join him. His courageous initiative and valiant fighting spirit against devastating odds were directly responsible for the continued advance of his mostly blonde platoon, and his inspiring leadership throughout this bitterly fought action reflects the highest credit upon Pvt. Whatsup and the U.S. Naval Services. Sixty to one. Remember, that's the record. Kill for your country and get a medal. That's the American way.

Wait a minute. (unintelligible)

I do not know who wrote this, Mr. Speaker, but I believe it should say the U.S. Navy and the U.S. Marine Corps. Naval Services does not sound impactful enough at the end. Where swabbies rub elbows with pinstripes, mistakes get made. I like impactful writing. Shoot the bastard. Probably a Buddhist fag into the lotus blossom moon position. Anyway, Wilson Whatsup lived through it all. I do not know if he is still alive 50 years later, today that is, or even if he still has his hair. Someone will probably write and tell me. This seems so far way, 50 years, and yet it is not, Mr. Speaker.

Last year I met Joe Rosenthal, the only remaining survivor of that day who took that picture. He was in the Rayburn Building in Room 2117, the anteroom of the Armed Services room, and I called the photographer over and any Member lucky enough to be passing through the anteroom at that moment got a picture with Joe Rosenthal against a big, beautiful oil painting, along with the capstan raised up from the harbor of Havana that came off of the U.S.S. Maine that was sunk in that harbor in 1898. That was in the days when you could go to Havana to gamble, get laid, and smoke all the Cuban cigars you wanted, and Susan B. Anthony was in jail not on a dollar. Those are the two main objects of military art there that make good photo ops, and with them both in view I posed with old Joe. He is healthy, as are all of the other six men who were at that second flag raising. I say second because there was a smaller flag raised first and their picture came in second.

What a touch in history to hold Joe's hand in front of that

magnificent picture. As some of my colleagues on the other side of the aisle when Sonny Mitsumoto began a series of very touching five-minute speeches pointed out, if you want to go to your library and steal a book, steal his. This here is a dog-eared copy I stole from one of our majors in the liaison office. This book I hope will be of use when I fly to Iwo Jima at the end of next month for the commemorative of this epic six-day battle memorialized in Sands Over Iwo Jima, starring, guess who? You know it. Breaks your heart. That Lt. Sulu Japanese so-called Hollywood star who licked John Wayne's ass in The Green Berets, and made it big in Star Trek and thinks he should be another John Wayne now. Screw him.

I flew around this island once myself in an old seaplane on a non free taxpayer-subsidized trip to Vietnam, when I was still in the service myself and didn't fly first class at taxpayer expense like I do now. I have looked at it from the air at high altitude and cried. I do not believe we should have ever given it back to the Japanese. It is not used for anything now. It is 8-1/2 square miles of junk real estate, as one hero dreaming of a Theme Park and big bucks described it. I would like to read, Mr. Speaker, a letter written by a veteran just a few years ago sitting on top of Mount Suribachi, writing to a friend. It is Col. John W. Rumpranger, one of the young officers in that hideous battle, who made his way back solo on a pilgrimage to this bloody site of so much American heroism.

He writes to his friend, Hoss McCartwright, I repeat, from the top of Mount Suribachi, a 556-foot mountain, the only high ground really on this volcanic rock soaked with blood and guts. I thought for years that my penis was a tranquilizer dart that knocked my wife out for months, but this is an actual extinct volcano, and all of the lava from centuries of erupting that poured in a northwesterly direction gave it a big pork chop shape, and as I said, 8-1/2 square miles of junk real estate begging for a Theme Park like a flat woman begging for a push-up bra.

As Colonel Rumpranger says, "Dear Hoss, From this most unlikely spot I am inspired to write you for reasons I can't fully explain. Certainly you have received no other letters

from here I would wager, so you may find this interesting. It's the middle of the night, cold, windy, uncomfortable and profoundly moving like a girl in a bathroom stall with a skylit bra."

He was writing by flashlight, looking down on a tiny island 3 miles wide and 5 miles long where 5,951 marines died for a piece of lava and a piece of Japanese ass. There were another 870-some Navy men, Air Force men, air crews. 220-some men died on the U.S.S. Bismark Sea which was sunk by a Japanese kamikaze, Coast Guard men bringing the landing craft in earlier. Navy men of all types. Six thousand eight hundred twenty-one (6821) is the precise official figure. I swear it's off by two. The mountain is Suribachi, the island, Iwo Jima. Of the hundreds of thousands of words written about this hideous place, nothing comes close to describing its starkness, its inestimable cost, and now, sadly, the poverty stricken hideous stupidity of its abandonment by our government to the former enemy, now our friend.

I quote.

"The entire island is a shrine, to be sure, but mostly Japanese, and only a few American. Only a few. Americans don't seem to care about such things when, as is the case here, it's inconvenient. And yet this island, its name and most especially this very spot where I sit in the slide show, right where the flag was raised, see me holding my own flag, is immortalized in our national consciousness, and will always be, for as long as there is an America.

"What kind of shrine? The debris and detritus of war remain even after forty-some years. Rusting vehicle hulks, wrecked boats, sunken ships, canteens, some still good, some with holes in them, mess kits, thousands of rounds of corroded ammunition, blockhouses, pillboxes, trenches, abandoned airfields, large naval shore guns, artillery, more ([click here](#)). Like a surplus store from hell spilled out from the air. And beneath my feet the remains of 19,000 dead Japanese. I'm not telling dick jokes here. It's now a buffet, it's a trip down memory lane show. We did take 1,083 POWs out of a garrison of over twenty thousand. Too bad. We hated them then. There is more respect now. Now

that they own half this country. Defenders, brave men who die at their post. Shit like that covers it up I guess. That and time."

This letter proves one thing. There aren't enough of him to go around.

Rupert Brooke, an English poet, said it perfectly. "Here, in some small corner of a forgotten field, will be forever England. And this brutally stinking sulfuric rock, depressing to see, demoralizing as it has lost its once vital importance and our nation's once great concern, will be forever America. It will be forever in the memory of those 75,000 Marines who fought here." Of the 75,000 Marines who fought here, how many suffered wounds here? And the 5,800 who lost their lifeblood to its black paper cup, what killed them?

Again Rupert Brooke. "In that rich earth, a richer dust concealed. Their hopes, their happiness, their dreams ended here. And if we fail to honor them in our memory and our prayers, we should be damned to hell for such failure."

TIME: 2340

Back to the Colonel. "I brought a small team here, Hoss, to survey the island for future exercise use. The Japanese would prefer that we did not exercise here, but they can shove it. We will exercise if need be over my dead body."

I do not know, Mr. Speaker, who won this debate some several years ago, the chainsaw or the yellow nigger with a fat lip. He said she said. Talking bad ass. Some come and get it. You better get it.

(sobbing)

I do know. The Colonel won that day. He goes on.

"I find it hard to believe and impossible to accept that our Government gave this island back to the Japanese. It is as if we gave them Gettysburg or Arlington National Cemetery.

Americans died here in such numbers that in 9 1/2 months the toll here would have equaled, if it had lasted 9 1/2 months that is, would have equaled the entire 10-11 years of the Vietnam struggle where we had an a-bomb and didn't have the cahones to use it. The Marine Corps should never lose its right to exercise here, and I am proud of having something to do with assuring that it will be so.

"We took a walk down to the bay. I hope she'll stay. Hey me and you should hit the hay. I asked her out she said no way. I think she's probably gay. Japs. They do the laundry, and it ain't in the bathroom. That's all I really want to say.

Yours, John Rumpranger, Colonel, U.S. Marine Corps, Retired."

Mr. Speaker, it is amazing how we will pass people on the street and not know what they have done for their country. Just a senior gentleman or lady walking by, an old person that we should still call superman but are instead holding their hand as we help them across the street. Like kryptonite we say hello or nod. We take for granted all the times they never let us down. They pushed us up, we push them up on solid ground. We do not know that they laid their life on the altar of liberty, of freedom, sometimes in foreign countries far away, and went on with their lives with the memories of all the friends of their youth who did not make it, who got kryptonite.

(A long boring quotation from the Navy Times follows. Fork it. Something about Iwo Jima, valor, death, and a raised flag. The high command expecting Iwo Jima to be a four-day piece of cake for the 42,000 Marines of the 4th and 5th Divisions, but of course Lieutenant General Howland M. 'Howling Mad' Smith warned it would be the most grueling battle in Corps history, and was not heard, like Superman calling to watch out for that kryptonite. He was the senior Marine officer in the entire Pacific, but he was outranked by people dumber than him. In the first 18 hours alone, 2,312 men fell and it wasn't his fault. Yada yada yada.)

That is double D-Day, Mr. Speaker. The 3d Division, brought along as a floating reserve, that is our division that

fought for a decade in Vietnam in the I Corps around Da Nang, wasn't expected to be needed. It was committed February 20, day two, and the first unit landed on day three, the 21st. As planned, 30,000 men landed on day one. Most massed on the beachhead area. I do look forward to walking these beaches next month, Mr. Speaker, at taxpayer expense. You're never there. You're never there. You're never ever ever there. Hey!

Defense perimeters had not been fully formed because the tanks lost traction in the volcanic ash. Heavy artillery landing was delayed by heavy surf. I witnessed that surf on film this evening, Mr. Speaker. Waves coming over giant Amtraks and landing vehicles. And sure enough, they completely disappeared under as heavy a surf as I have ever seen along the California coast, at Point Mugu or Anacapa or anywhere else. Nowadays Point Mugu is a NAC, like China Lake down in Ronald Reagan's Twenty Mule Team Borax Death Valley area of China Lake, California. Maybe that's where he got his Oldtimers disease. Make mine Tide. Funny how Ronny and I have found Point Mugu to be a kind of magnet in our lives. A kind of second Devil's Triangle, on the west instead of east coast.

But we're still in Iwo, and that's not Iowa. The congestion on the beach had grown into a prophetic snarl of damaged tanks, landing craft and smashed pumpkins, like a busy overcrowded interstate in America today. The Japanese were holding their fire for a reason. They had their fields of fire perfectly worked out and were setting us up. One of our Marine colonels told me tonight they had drilled holes in the volcanic rock so they could come along and drop a mortar tube in, it being already perfectly positioned to pick out certain sectors of the beach. They could run back into their ratholes after they dropped the mortar shell into its barrel and avoid getting what was coming to them. Hercules, half-god and half-hero, they were not. But they could shoot as good as us.

Things started to improve on the beach, but it was a false feeling of security. The heavy artillery landed. Twenty-three miles offshore, sixty Japanese kamikaze planes in several waves swooped in to hit the smaller escort carriers.

Detected early on, many were shot down. Two slammed into one of our big supercarriers, the Saratoga, that had been battling since 1942 all across the Pacific, killing 128 on the Saratoga, wounding almost 200. Another kamikaze crashed amidships on the Bismarck Sea. Bombs went off, and engulfed in great flames, the carrier sank quickly. 812 sailors into the icy water, 218 dying. 218 white doves flew to God.

Iwo Jima, a.k.a. Sulfur Island. The gateway to Japan, populated by 21,000 subterranean troops. Stay away from me. There's no misunderstanding. Keep away from me. And I saw an eyewitness soldier say that were not on the island, they were in the island. There were caves all the way through. Tunnels too. All the yellow rats of whatever nationality love their tunnels. The almost invisible smog of smoky drizzle smelled of cordite and death and sulfur, and Japanese ratasses.

The Japanass commander, Lt. Tadamichi Kuribayashi, he knew he could not win, but he and his troops were dedicated to death. Ah so. Do like I told you. Stay away from me or you will drink Nantucket nectars. And we will drink of your brains, have a scavenger hunt. Corn, system of the down, seven of eleven. Thousands of dead beaks.

Mr. Speaker, think, as I say these words, of this inane, stupid proposal of how we were going to present them with the fuselage of the Enola Gay, the B-29 that dropped the first atom bomb on August 6 of that same year, 1945. As though we were assholes in some kind of racist crusade against the Japanese islands, and should feel sorry, and apologise, atone for our inner devils. Like southerners having to apologize for their Confederate flags on their state capitals, only worse. Everybody wants to shit on the great American white majority, Mr. Speaker. And everybody can. This battle, and the battle celebrated the following month in Okinawa, the hideous death tolls and all, that make us cry and inspire us with awe, they just give a tiny feeling of the major death tolls that we would have suffered without the use of the a-bomb. Why didn't we nuke all the third world countries when we had a chance? Dabababababa drool (incoherent).

(unintelligible)

Why did they have to call it the Enola Gay? (hard breathing)

(unintelligible)

Speaking of big purple heart-shape things. I learned last week that we are awarding Purple Hearts today in Somalia, Grenada, Panama. Purple Hearts have gone to several men putting their lives on the line in Haiti to restore order to the pathetic little island of losers wanting to jump ship and come over here. And you wanna hear something funny that only senior Members like me can find out about?

Scream!

These Purple Hearts were all struck in 1945. Yes, we are still drawing from that supply today, because we thought we would be giving out thousands in the invasion of Japan and its major islands, expecting one whale of a whopping death and wounding toll there, and more deaths to regret, which we never got. So the a-bomb saved our Hearts. Made us Tinmen. One of the amazing pieces of insider trivia on Purple Hearts and why one nine four fiver was a very good year.

Do I know any of those Japanese personally? No, and I'm not making any apologies for that, or for not knowing their funny sing-song lingo they call a language, but I have studied the enemy from a historical perspective, yes.

General Kuribayashi graduated from their military college, their rice-eaters' West Point, in 1914, and he knew that his victory would be in showing Marines what lay in store for them when they invaded Japan, as well as denying them the emergency airfield they needed for crippled B-29 bombers at the halfway point of the Guam-Saipan-Tokyo air express. The same valiant B-29s that later would do our country proud over Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

(sobs)

Dreams are made to hide in my hair. At least I have hair. Hair Club for Men hair. The beaches are open wide. Of all

the life running through her hair, the spiders all were combs. We gave them our technology. We rebuilt their godless land so they could win the economic war that they couldn't win militarily. They a-bombed us more surely than we did them. Our brains are the targets. Before you know, know, know (incoherent warbling).

(pause)

At this point let me add something, Mr. Speaker. There should have been somebody here tonight whose life was saved by these sacrifices, to jerk us around more. My page over here, he was my page for over 20 years when he finally came out of the closet. He knows my stand against homosexuals, against homos in the military. My page, he is in his last day with me. If he had not come out of the closet, I have no objection to homo pages. But out he came. I would have fired him already but I couldn't find another page with a cute butt on such short notice. He says the next big thing is here, that the revolution's near, but to me it seems quite clear that it's just a little bit of history repeating. It's your cut, it's your cold. My page, I say, he tried to find this somebody, a chairman, a brand-new chairman, after being there over 22 years, working his way up to the top of that big corporation that doesn't pay taxes. I forget, Pepsi-Cola I think. Or Heinz Foods. Or was it Hunt's? No, an airline. Valuejet. No, that was just a little joke. Alaska Airlines. Ben Allstar of San Diego, who was a B-29 crewman, told me that his life was saved by the rugged design of his airplane after Japanese fighters shot up his B-29 over the mainland of Honshu Island. He wanted to come in on a wing and a prayer but he could not make it back to his base further south, to Saipan, Tinian, or Guam, wherever. He landed safely on Iwo Jima. Fiber myalgia. When you get that disease life stops.

He recovered on Iwo Jima. He could have gone in the water like so many crewmen from his bomb wing there that died at sea, facing shark attacks, in some of the worst shark-infested waters in the world, maybe lost his balls, not be able to have children. But he had some machine, some machine, American-made, even though it was women and misfits with exemptions who were getting all they wanted on the sly. After the war we told those women to go back to the home and

get pregnant and be June Cleavers. God bless America. He guided her to land safely, God bless America. If only he could have been the one to pilot the Enola Gay, despite the name. If only. (sobs)

(unintelligible)

Witness what happened to the crew of the Indianapolis that delivered the first atom bomb to Tinian. I didn't say Tinman. I said Tinian. They sunk. They were not accounted for for three days, a terrible military snafu, and 500 of the 800 or 900 that died in the water were torn apart by sharks. The pro-Japanese sharks. Probably squinted, wore glasses, and had slant eyes and buck teeth. In thirty years we'll wish for those days as a yellow tide bigger than all the tsunamis in world history hits our shores, Ben told me privately. Now it's on the record. Bite me. A shark never loses its front teeth.

Ben Allstar told me he owes his life to the taking of Iwo Jima, which makes a good point. Did we have to take Iwo Jima? Would the Japanese or Germans, if their roles had been reversed, have taken Iwo Jima? They might not have. They would have told their pilots, "Press on. If you do not make it, that is OK, we've got Austrian teenagers standing by to take your place. They're into degenerate American colored music and muscle building anyway. It's a Mercedes. It's a Mercedes. It's a Mercedes. Ja ja ja ja."

These thousands, these 6,821 marines and sailors and Army Air force men and Coast Guardsmen who died, they gave their lives in a direct trade at about four or five to one for the 27,000 men in the air crews and fighters and mostly B-29's that made it back to Iwo Jima, coming back shot up from all of those raids in March and April and May and June and July and through August 15, 1945 when the cessation of shooting came about, looking forward to the treaty of surrender on the deck of the Missouri on September 2. I love the a-bomb. God made the a-bomb for America. If only we had not had traitors within our ranks, we would still be the only country to have it. Rats.

(sobs)

So Ben Allstar is a living testament of somebody who would not be in this House if it had not been for the atom bombs bringing an end to this horrible death toll on both sides. Nothing hurts like your mouth, your mouth, mouth, mouth. A million Japanese survived the war to have children and grandchildren that are alive in a dynamic national economy today because we dropped those two divine a-bombs. All your metal armor, and your mouth, mouth, mouth, mouth, mouth, mouth. Let's not even talk about the mutations we caused in their gene pool.

(pause)

My page came through at last. He doesn't like to leave his friends behind. I am happy to say, my hero in this House, my Gary Cooper, is here in this House today. Stand up in the peanut gallery, Gary. I watched Gary take on the head of the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum once. "Would you have dropped the atom bomb, Doctor?" he asks. And he says, "I would have obeyed orders." He said, "No. Would you have given the order to drop the a-bomb if you were Harry Truman?" "No, I would not." Gary held up that hand that had seen so much torture in Vietnam, as much or more than John McCain. He holds up the hand and looks at him and says, "That is the difference between you and me. I would have dropped the a-bomb, you third generation Jap immigrant asshole."

Nice shot. Nice shot man. I think he was one sick little Jew though, not a Jap.

Scream!

TIME: 2350

Back to day four. Big guns silent, tanks mired in mud, no spotting airplanes, and it seemed eerily quiet. A perfect day for infantry. Leaning into near gale force gusts and driving sheets of rain, Marines begin probing the steep bouldered slopes of Suribachi with flame throwers, demolition charges, grenades. The smell of men winning the Medal of Honor, destroying pill boxes and bunkers, as our patrols drove upward. There were sporadic nasty skirmishes

and casualties, an occasional samurai sword cutting off a pair of Marine balls. By nightfall it was apparent that only a few of the two thousand Japanese packed into the caves on that mountain on the southwest corner of the island in all those labyrinths at several levels remained alive. Suck it up. Shake a bag. Nothing.

The weather on day five was different, greatly improved. Lt. Colonel Magic Johnson, I don't know if he is still alive, commander of the Second Battalion, 28th Regiment, had seen the totals through day three. 4,574 of his men killed or wounded. In the 5th Division, 2,057 men killed or wounded. A great many were from his own battalion. He decided they needed a topping out party, a flag on top of Suribachi. He called Lt. Harold Skywalker to find him a route to follow up the steep slopes. Take this folded flag, a smaller one, and put this on top of the hill, he ordered him. Come on, baby, tell me, he replied. Yes we aim to please. Do some trick with the animals. Some tricks in the hay. It's a day excursion. No bed and breakfast.

How many men will die just for an American flag? I don't know if you'll ever hear this song on other stations, but we debated all night a few years ago in this well on the very point. Duncan Hunglow led the debate all night long on passing a simple law that you cannot burn Old Glory in front of veterans like these, some of them in wheelchairs. And we lost that debate. When we are through with our big 100 days, maybe, just maybe, we will revisit whether or not you have a right to burn a flag in front of courageous men and Army nurses and Marine nurses and Navy nurses, excuse me, that went in to help the Marine Corps with something other than tits and bush like Madonna on MTV. Her bush is anything but blonde, by the way. The bush always gives it away. Leave your hair natural, Madonna. If you can turn your MTV off long enough to listen to your elders, that is. The flag is a rock superstar, and the world doesn't trust any country that lets people burn it in front of vets. If aliens from outer space landed, would we burn Old Glory in front of them, and tell them it's oregano? Put them all in prison and teach them about the old screws until they learn to respect the eagle, ask for directions and follow them.

So he says put this flag, a simple order, put this on top of the hill, no limit on the casualties, and fluck the ACLU and MTV. (assuming a Japanese accent)

Preceded by a patrol that met no opposition, E Platoon, 40 men plus litter bearers. Notice everywhere they went they had litter bearers and doctors with them. I repeat, 820-some paramedics died along with the Marines in the fighting. How many times must the word medic have pierced the din of artillery and machine gun and flame thrower fire there? There are no ACLU lawyers in foxholes.

He ordered them to go up with their litter bearers. Slowly they made it up, single-file, the steep slope to the crest, rifles and grenades ready. Ready to kill for Old Glory. Some of the men scoured the crater's debris. In a huge crater there they found a pipe. They lashed the colors to it, and at 10:31 a.m. the Stars and Stripes went up, proudly whipping in the blustery wind over the dead and or doomed asses of the Japanese devils. Sergeant Lou Lowery took pictures for 'Leatherneck,' a great magazine even now 50 years later. And a Japanese dog suddenly leapt up from a cave and fired, just barely missing Low Lowery. Yah he came to smell the rooster. A Marine gunned him down.

Yah here come the rooster. Yah.

Marines handily won a skirmish that developed using rifles and grenades. It wasn't planned for the photo ops, no sir. James Forrestal, the Secretary of the Navy, and what a handsome guy, cute butt, he turned out to be, two years later, our first Secretary of Defense after blowing Truman. The buck stopped there. I thought, looking at the film today, that they had taken pictures of him on the deck of the command ship, the El Dorado, but he was actually on the beach already, on Green Beach, and see, he is standing beside Gen. Howling Smith, where 23 Marines were killed right in that area within that very hour. And they personally watched that flag unfurl. It was a very emotional moment.

Our Marines that were in our liaison department particularly asked me to point out what James V. Forrestal said. He set

that handsome square jaw of his and he said "General Howling," pointing up to the flag on Suribachi, the earlier smaller flag, "this means a Marine Corps for 500 years." Howling Mad then choked up. And they spit on that flag on our own homeland and it's legal. I don't care if Superman's uniform looks like a flag, it's desecration and I say get him some kryptonite.

They soon returned to the El Dorado command ship two miles offshore. CBS asked for recorded interviews, and General Smith ordered Sgt. Ernest Thomas, one of the flag raisers, to come on board for the interview. He was the very senior sergeant. Afterwards Thomas had one of the thrills of his life. A hot bath, his first in days, and a hot meal, and he couldn't wait yet to get back to his outfit. A few days later he died on Iwo Jima. He gave up his life. That was his last hot shower, his last hot meal. At least our people don't have to worry about getting enough to eat. The banner atop Suribachi was a lift for the Marines in the foxholes down in the lower part of the island. This wasn't Vietnam, and they didn't have marijuana, just Lucky Strikes. I just saw them at a convenience store on two for one sale, by the way, but don't rush out until I'm through here. The sailors on the beach and on the ships, they saw it. Anybody wanna change their vote now? Let's pass the law we want and ram it up the ACLU's drugged-out body chemistry working overtime soft androgynous ass.

This wholesome patriotic jubilee is captured on film. I just saw it a few hours ago, Mr. Speaker. Exuberant yells, ships blasting whistles, ship bells ringing, ship horns honking. Lt. Col. Magic Johnson was jubilant. He had to have that flag as a souvenir for his battalion which had paid such a price for its role in taking the mountain. He sent a runner to scrounge up another flag. The officer on one of the landing ship tanks at the beach broke out the ship's ceremonial flag. It was twice as large and was delivered to the summit about an hour later. About then a five foot five, who later became a gay sheriff and called himself the fastest gums in the west, bespectacled 33-year-old civilian in Marine dungarees reached the top with a pack full of photographic gear. He was joined by two Marine combat photographers. They were feeling put out by

having missed the flag raising. Of course, that five foot five, 33-year-old, now 80-plus, was none other than the elusive Joe Blow, before the era of don't ask don't tell. But the credit went to his clone, one Joe Rosenthal, of the San Francisco Associated Press. That was back in the closet days, friends. Bespectacled.

He saw the just delivered 4 by 8. A pretty big flag. That is the size I think I will replace my 5 by 7 with in front of my house here in Virginia, and that is what I will use in my house in Santa Ana. I am going to stay with that size the rest of my life, 4 by 8. He saw them tying the banner's lanyards around a long pipe about to be positioned for hoisting. So what if it made him horny? He was a civvy.

Joe told me he had his back turned at this moment. He and Sergeant Bill Gates scurried 23 feet up. He is just loading, and just then six Marines struggled the unwieldy pipe upward, with that big flag starting to whip out in the stiff breeze. Joe told me he whipped around. Gene Rimmer has it here that he clicked his speedgraphic loaded with black and white film at the midpoint just at the right millisecond for this incredible historic photograph, now an icon. Anybody for passing a law prohibiting it from being desecrated too? My occupation is to do what I like, keep the crowd moving and not take a hike.

Then came Bob Cornhole, another Marine photographer, shooting from a different angle. And in these wonderful commemorative books that the Marine Corps published you see Bob Cornhole's picture of the original smaller flag being brought down by Marines, still ducking from sniper fire, while the big one's going up. What an incredible moment that symbolizes to all the soldiers, sailors, Marines and airmen fighting all around the world. What a tribute to our beautiful Old Glory. Who could ever desecrate it? Burn them instead.

The Marines stood under the flag, looked across Iwo Jima. The view from 556 feet up was much different from the foxholes and the caves. Keep in mind there were 31 days of hellish fighting to continue. Five days of carnage behind them, and they owned a pathetic third of this 8 1/2 square

miles of hideous junk. Rosenthal came down slowly from the top, made the rounds of the command posts and aid stations, and caught a ride on a press boat back out to the El Dorado. He wrote captions for his day's pictures and made sure they were in the press pouch for the courier seaplane, probably a Catalina, back to Guam. There they would be developed, checked by censors, radioed stateside by CINCPAC's high powered transmitters. He wasn't sure of what he made up there at the top, didn't even get to see his work, yet a day or so later the Associated Press radioed congratulations. He's a star. That turned out to be the defining event of his life, like a freight train coming away. He could even dress it up, add that story about falling between the two ships 90 minutes before he took the picture, and almost cashing it in there. How his fellow Americans saved his life and saved him for his mission of taking that photo.

How do you decide what is the most hideous memory there? Casualties mounted as the carnage erupted into a new fury, and as the 4th division on the eastern front, 3d division in the center and 5th division on the west hammered ahead with tanks, flame throwers, mortars, rockets, each of the next 31 days was another heartbreak waiting for Truman to say si si to the first letter bomb that could end a war.

I ask permission to put the rest of this in the Record and close with this in the final minute or so, Mr. Speaker. This battle is not over, the battle to keep our country strong, to stop flag desecration, to make the Marine Corps safe for only a few good men. In an era where they want women to fight in combat, I want to talk about military robot platoons.

TIME: 0000

Was that the raspberry from the other side of the aisle, or is my time up? It is. From both sides. Being so crippled up with arthritis at my age, I'll just go over a wee bit, like we Irish get away with at every bar all the time, okay? Everybody loves a Mick, right? I can't lose my job now.

I would like to submit this for the Record and close with those words that have been said ten times at least tonight,

that uncommon valor was a common virtue that day.

Twenty-three Medals of Honor and a four-leaf clover's worth more, and the debt that Americans born ever since, who were too young to serve, will never, ever be able to repay except by studying this history and passing it onto the young men and women of our country, as Ronald Reagan requested.

I'm fired? Thanks, I'm trying to quit.

(He submits another boring article from the Navy Times into the record, along with the following short article from his own computer.)

ROBOENHANCEMENT OF THE U.S. MARINES, PRO AND CON

Iwo Jima was the bloodiest battle the Marines ever fought. But in 2010, if the Marines get the weapons platforms they're currently vying for, and take advantage of burgeoning commercial robot technologies, bloody Iwo might not be so bloody. For our side that is.

America might not even have to take such an island. No, America itself might be that island, given the threat of illegal immigration, terrorist invasion, world war, you fill in the blanks. But even though I'm a father I'm not going to get mooshy. Nobody, not even I want to live forever. But if they did need to seize another Iwo, future robotized Marines would have several distinct advantages.

What if this time we're the Iwo Jima and they are the Marines? What would we do? Put our heads in the sand like ostriches? Become dissolute hedonists, throwing ourselves into degenerate orgies, like the ancient Romans? Heck no. Dear God, we would kick ass.

For starters, the attack could come from over-the-horizon at breakneck speeds and top maneuverability. The V-22 Osprey people mover could help ferry Marines inland to high ground and airstrips instead of simply dropping them on soggy, volcanic ash-sand beaches and forcing Marines to slog their way ashore and be picked off like in a big fat dumb turkey shoot. We're more valuable than them. And now you wanna

know what? We're gonna have high kill ratios, on the order of a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand to one. A hundred thousand to one, a million to one. Listen. That's it. Don't use that cheap dog look on me. It means nothing, nothing. We are in the minority.

The AAAV could maneuver around any mines in the off-shore waters, and roar from ship to shore at speeds of more than 30 mph, thereby reducing their vulnerability to enemy fire. Thanks again to the legs and speed of the V-22, the logistics trains would likely be based at sea, not on the beach, where in World War II they fell victim to a continuous bombardment by enemy forces, and now would be a target for highway robbery. Take out your own garbage.

The Marines would also have the capability to land anti-infestation teams on the critical high ground and take that advantage away from the enemy. Marines would likely land on the mountains and fight their way down to the bottom, instead of working their way up under deadly attack.

Robotic technology could have a dramatic effect as well, and possibly save the lives of thousands of Marines. Remote controlled AAAVs, for example, could roar ashore and act as a magnet for enemy fire. Sophisticated sensing systems could then acquire the targets. You shoot at us, you die, the robots would tell them. Every time they fired, the rats would become a target as the robot sensors homed in on their IR trails.

Advanced Marine weaponry will likely allow roboshooters to engage their targets from the line of sight. If you can get eyes on target, you can kill them if you're a robot. Robots wouldn't do away totally with human rifle and hand-to-hand combat, but it'd cut it way down. In 1945, 85 percent of the fighting was done that way, by flesh and blood soldiers. We think we could get that down to zero point two percent with robosoldiers.

(The rest of the article is boring. A real scream.)

(He now continues to speak past his time limit as the entire hall quickly empties and the camera crews start to leave.

That's where I come in. I was motioned to man one abandoned camera and keep the show on the air.)

I don't want to be a complete dickhead, make you think I'm still on smack, when we're not even voting. But Courtney Love has been giving me head, I mean advice, and I now see the light for this country. Robot platoons and cat brain one oh one. The rider for flag desecration legislation. Like pancakes and waffles with steak Diane.

Scream!

I know you scream, but I'm not talking about rabbit pellets to a bartender, okay? I think the entire computer industry is misguided in trying to build electronic brains up from scratch. I think they should try to take animal brains and interface them. Take a cat for instance. They are the perfect battlefield fighting machine. Has nine lives. Always lands on its feet. Can take unlimited pain and keep coming. Priceless, priceless, in any language, even French.

Meet Doug, my cat. Not that Doug doesn't procrastinate sometimes when I call him, but that old saw about not being able to herd cats is just plain wrong. Just show them a mouse and try to hold them back.

The Marines, Navy and Air Force would also pound the daylights out islands like Iwo with bomb after sophisticated bomb in an effort to prep the battlefield for maximum effectiveness. They can then send in the military robot platoons with cat brain one oh one and kick Japanass.

To conclude, if you will all come back for a moment, robots could play a vital role for our country, especially when most of our young men are either slackers or criminals, and they're letting Kants into the service as well, and I don't mean the German philosopher. But just how vital will be determined as much by culture as technology, and I don't mean weeping kissyface rags like Pat Shudder.

It's a matter of photo ops.

Would I permit a robot platoon to raise the flag on Mount

Suribachi? I don't think so. But one of the photographers might be a robot for all I care. That's if he doesn't screw it up, else all bets are off.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Lifesaver). Duh. Time to hang up on the retard now.

The page:

And I'm this dorkwad's fucking page and took it up my ass for this? Am I dreaming? Am I dead? I'm not dead! I'm not dreaming! Scream! Scream! Scream!

Chapter 12. The Aerospace Software Engineer

It took the Chinese over 1800 years to build the great wall protecting them from unwanted invaders. It's now militarily useless, a monument that is falling into ruins as it is too expensive to maintain. Started some 2200 years ago, the first section of 3600 miles averaged one mile a day. It's the only manmade structure that one can see with the naked human eye from the moon. Famous last words?

How long? 4500 miles? All tourists need or could support would be a single mile-long stretch. Even alien toursts. The whole race shot its wad wasting itself on this monumental waste. Imagine the waste of human life. Duh, I'm a Chinese retard, and my life consisted of twenty-three miles of wall and then I died. At its peak the Ming Wall contained thousands of individual forts and towers, and was guarded by more than a million men. Talk about a million man march.

The estimated cost was \$360 billion, the total America spent on its interstate system during the last forty years of the 20th century. Stop the rock. Something's wrong. Nothing's free. How could skinny weak people living on rice move all that stone? If they had spent the same energy colonizing the planet, we'd all be speaking Chinese now. Fragile lies. Shattered dreams. Americans sunk flat walls onto the land

so they could drive on them and do business. The Chinese built vertical walls around the land so they could man them with soldiers and stop business. I can already hear them congratulate themselves for controlling trade.

Rice. The real reason the Chinese tried to wall themselves in, or rather wall the world out, is that they didn't want to switch from rice to wheat, oats, barley, poi or other starches. Rice is what a Chinese is. That's what they is. Their lifestyle revolves around the low nutrition grass seed. The amount of labor required per nutritional unit is bad, very bad, compared to wheat. If that isn't bad enough, they don't like cheese. It's like they are slaves to a sick conspiracy of chefs. They even invented noodles ahead of the Italians. But noodles made of rice. Imagine rice noodle spaghetti. I don't think they even invented tomato sauce. They thought tomatoes were poison everywhere, China and Europe both. Somehow the Europeans broke through the lie first, and this was about the time of Marco Polo, the Italian who went to China. He brought back the idea of the noodle, and when they found they could make them of wheat, and got sick of Alfredo sauce, or clam sauce, they tried tomato sauce, and voila! The Roman empire rises again. Thatsa spicy meatballa.

No wonder America is so well fed compared to the rest of the world. We are food whores. Eat any and all cuisines with relish. But never exclusively. One day we eat Chinese, the next Italian, the next might be Mexican, or Greek, or French, or even British, if you can call their Dr. Atkins diet of a pure beef diet. Giggle. The reason Americans think the British cuisine sucks is that the quality of the meals depends on the quality of the beef, and, since Britain is a class society, the people at the top sup on the finest beef, and then the cuisine is grand. Most Americans sup on mediocre beef, mass-market beef, shipping the royal cuts to Japan or elsewhere, thus when they eat British it takes like shit to them. I like kidney pie, though. Once a year. I won't eat insects though, no matter how good some culture says they are. Bugs is bugs.

As if anybody wants to emigrate to China in the first place. The reverse is true. The Chinese are just looking for a way

to get out. Out to the City of God. A little late I'd say, but wait till the fat lady sings.

Ask me what St. Augustine's book The City of God is about and I'll tell you. It's about everything. Like E.L. Doctorow's new book of the same title. I saw it announced on amazon.com, taking advance orders. About everything in the 20th century, the Holocaust and everything. I wonder if it addressed the death penalty and tenure for teachers? Too bad it's a century late. And I'll never read it or even see the movie.

I'll bet it didn't mention the problem of China, the looming threat of mass emigration forever changing the population and political makeup of the world. Or India, the next biggest problem. Or Africa, the third. Or maybe Africa is number two and India number three. A baby born every two seconds in India. In twenty years that will be every two milliseconds. Instead, western scientists are busy teaching them all to develop new methods of feeding ever-greater multitudes, at the same time that only China seems to be using its dictatorial police state to force the birth rate down.

Malthus must be turning over in his grave. Babies are so cute. At least in Africa they are always rumbling in the jungle and keeping the friskiest busy with something other than fucking. That Congo war. That is wild. Save the gorillas and elephants at least.

India's trying to save its economy by getting into the software business. It's currently number two in the world after us. Who are they kidding? They will only drag the whole industry down to subsistence wages. They will be clangng those mice with bony fingers and bony eyebrows over hideous red eyes diseased and straining.

In what country did the first meatless McDonald's restaurant open in 1996? New Delhi, India. Scream! How does an American president fly to New Delhi? He starts in Washington D.C., then hops to Aviano, Italy first. Scream!

Nevermind. I'm feeling like a million damn dollars. How do I feel so youthful and rested? I'm already writing my own

obituary.

Dear friends (if I have any friends),

I am deeply, deeply saddened by the crash of Alaska Airlines Flight 261. My heartfelt prayers go to families of the flight crew and passengers, particularly Jesus DeGauss of Loyola. I have read the majority of the memorials here tonight and wanted to comment from an aerospace software engineer's perspective. First of all, the MD-80 is a great airplane. I have over 6000 hours of simulation flight time in that airplane. It is an honest, simple and very rugged airplane. Its early cousin the Douglas DC-9 has been flying for over 30 years and to my knowledge has been one of the safest commercial aircraft ever made, even though it wasn't software driven. I would strap my skinny rear end to a real DC-9 or MD-80 any time and not worry for one second.

Honest.

Although I don't work for Alaska Airlines, I have friends that do. I have the utmost respect for their operation and their aviators, cabin crews and overall maintenance. I would bet my lotto tickets that human error was not a player in this accident. We can Monday morning quarterback this thing to death and possibly someday see that the flight crew could have done something different, but we all know in our heart of hearts that they did their very best. So go away.

Let me just say that these two gentlemen did their very best to keep this jet flying. Imagine the g loading that they were subjected too, the debris from the prior umpteen years of crew meals and dirt in their eyes, the vibration and buffeting, yada yada yada. These guys were subjected to what all airline pilots pray they will never face. America was not even in trouble at the same time. No lynchings, no race riots. God no madman in the White House. Only a few million illegals coming over our border each year. God bless them.

Folks, for brevity's sake, let me conclude by urging you all to not get too wrapped up in the safety aspects of your hindsight. Flying is the safest way to travel, period, even

though it's not perfect. Crashes will happen. The chance of dying in an airplane crash is about the same as being killed by falling debris from deep space, such as meteors. One in a million. The only way to not crash airplanes, however, is to never fly them. Crashes happen and will continue to happen. It's like shit. Shit happens. It's that simple. We need to investigate carefully what caused this tragedy and make fixes so this type of crash won't happen again, but get on with our lives and party hearty, for tomorrow you may die from some other cause, such as suicide after a stock market crash.

Unfortunately, many airline regulations are written in blood. I am extremely proud of the job professional pilots do for us. Quite honestly, we are all too modest when we say anybody can do it. Yes, flight simulators are flying high on personal computers in kids' rooms, and almost never crash. But everybody can't do it. We Americans have the most highly trained and tested flight professionals in the world. The average airline pilot has the equivalent of something like eight doctorates when heshe retires. I'm not tooting my own horn here when I say I program all the computers they get those doctorates learning to use, but I just want you to know who is sitting up front next time you fly. Heshe's operating my flight software packages.

I hope this helps clear up some confusion here and also gives confidence to those who are a bit nervous after this tragedy. Once again, my deepest sympathies go to the families and friends of the victims, er, deceased. May God bless and comfort you.

Yours forever,

Allan Quartermain
Software of the Lost Flights
A Public Service Announcement
World Colon-Rectal Cancer Connection
"Get Your Butt to the Damn Doctor"

P.S.

Some have blamed the crash on the fact that there were two

instead of three pilots in the cockpit. What would the third pilot be? A flight engineer. Well, let me tell you that software has made this job obsolete. Umm, let me see if I can remember. The 727 was designed in the late 50s, when I hadn't even been born, and the 747 in the 60s, when I was still shitting yellow. The 747-400 and modified 727s are flying today without a flight engineer, as are the 737, MD-80/90, MD-11, MD-10 (a modernized DC-10, operated by FedEx), 757, 767, 777 and all of the Airbus aircraft. And they aren't falling out of the sky all the time, are they? So chill out. Software does not make mistakes.

Okay, I worked on the elevator trim tab software, did the V&V. I found a problem with possible overflow of the digital number registers internally, and submitted discrepancy reports, which they shot down and wouldn't accept because the program was overbudget and the chief programmer had been paid ten times too much for the job, and was driving a new Jaguar, and the lead manager didn't want to look bad to his superiors. Probably the discrepancy exposed fundamental gaps in the chief programmer's knowledge of digital registers, their associated overflow, carry and other flags, and he couldn't even fully understand my report. So they let the software go through with the bug. I don't think they can prove this software glitch caused the system to run away as the digital number registers overflowed, turning positive infinity to negative infinity instantly, destroying some delicately balanced feedback loop and causing it to runaway.

All digital devices have the same basic danger. They call it catastrophic degradation. It can appear to work perfectly under a wide range of conditions, but if a certain condition occurs, the whole system can suddenly turn to shit. Like when the year Y2K rolled around, some computers turned to shit.

Shit happens. I'm sure the software is so old that nobody even remembers how to fix it, or even remembers who worked on it. They didn't remember me or my deficiency report. It was probably trashcanned. I got paid, moved on. I never fly MD-80s anyway. Oops, one little mistake one time and look what I get. I suppose there is a God and he knows, and

he's giving me what's coming to me.

What could I have done? I didn't want to be fired. I had no political power. I was just a drop in the ocean. I tried. I cried. I forgot about it. It wasn't my problem any longer. I didn't work for them any longer. What was I supposed to do? Go to the newspapers? I'd be blacklisted for life by the aeronautical software industry, have to get a job at a fast food restaurant. Can you see me at Sonic Burger, cleaning up the restrooms? Dumping big buckets of lard? So life's hard and then you die. I had over fifteen years of reprieve before God executed his sentence on me. Scream! Scream! Scream!

I wish I had told my parents that I loved them more. I love you, mother. I love you, father. Love is all life is about in the end.

Chapter 13. The History of the Balkan Wars

* * *

MAJOR AIRLINER CRASHES PRIOR TO FLIGHT 261

Jan. 30, 2000. Kenya Airways Flight 431 crashed into the Atlantic Ocean shortly after take off from Abidjan, Ivory Coast. The Airbus 310 carried 10 crew members and 169 passengers. At least 10 people survived the disaster.

Oct. 31, 1999. EgyptAir Flight 990, on a flight from New York to Cairo, plummets into the ocean 60 miles south of the Massachusetts island of Nantucket. All 217 people on board the Boeing 767 are killed.

Feb. 24, 1999. A China Southwest Airlines passenger plane crashes in a field 250 miles south of Shanghai in China's coastal Zhejiang province. All 61 people aboard the Russian-built TU-154 are killed.

Dec. 11, 1998. A Thai Airways Airbus A310-200 crashes

during a landing attempt at Surat Thani airport, 330 miles south of Bangkok, Thailand. Of those on board, 101 people are killed and 45 survive.

Sept. 2, 1998. Swissair Flight 111 crashes off the coast of Nova Scotia while en route from New York to Geneva. All 229 people aboard the MD-11 are killed.

Feb. 16, 1998. A China Airlines Airbus A-300-600R crashes while approaching the airport in Taipei, Taiwan, in fog and light rain. All 196 people on board are killed, as well as six people on the ground.

Feb. 2, 1998. Cebu Pacific Air Flight 387, a DC-9 jet, slams into a mountain as it prepares to land at the Cagayan de Oro airport in the southern Philippines. All 104 people aboard are killed.

Aug. 6, 1997. Korean Air jetliner crashes in Guam, killing all of the 228 aboard the Boeing 747.

* * *

Funny how Americans didn't care when aircraft in third world countries crash. Didn't care about the victims. Didn't care about the survivors. A tiny number of our people go down off our own west coast and the whole nation will zing with the coverage.

Where are my parents? I wish I had told them I loved them more. I was afflicted with the sin of pride. My damn pride made me haughty. I thought I could find things out. I didn't want emotion getting in the way.

I see we're descending fast. My how the years have flown. What do I know?

1920 -- GWP becomes the National Socialist German Worker's Party.

1921 -- Council on Foreign Relations incorporated; founded by Wilsonians House, Dulles and company upon their return

from Paris, with the help of the Round Table Group. Marconi states he believes mysterious V code on pre-WWI radio came from space; Tesla recalls seeing lights and vivid images when he was a boy. Hitler takes over the NSGWP.

1922 -- Mussolini, alleged British Intelligence agent, comes to power in Italy, begins attempt to eliminate Mafia in Sicily. Cheka reorganized as GPU, Russian secret police. CFR journal Foreign Affairs founded. King Tutankhamen's tomb opened in Egypt, thus invoking King Tut's Curse; 14 violent deaths in as many years linked to the curse.

1923 -- Assassination of Pancho Villa in Mexico. Founding of Hitler's National-Socialist (Nazi) Party in Germany. International Police (Interpol) founded in Vienna. In the face of the Teapot Dome and other scandals, President Harding visits Alaska and receives a "long ciphered message" which visibly upsets him, causing him to ask what a president could do when friends betrayed him; he died soon after among conflicting rumors about the cause of his death. Charles Fort's New Lands published. What was there about Alaska? Who founded this airline?

1924 -- J. Edgar Hoover takes over FBI. During Mars' closest approach, radios around the world went off the air in order to allow interception of any possible messages from space; when translated onto photographic tape, signals received produced crudely drawn faces. Lovecraft ghostwrites for Houdini. Cthulhu I think is the right way to spell it.

1925 -- Lionel Curtis organizes the Institutes of Pacific Relations in at least ten countries for the Round Table Group.

1926 -- Suicide of synchronicity researcher Paul Krammerer, biologist, freemason.

1927 -- Rise of the CFR backed by Rockefeller and other foundation funding. The Crystal Skull discovered in ruins of Lubaantun in British Honduras.

1928 -- Nomination of Catholic Al Smith sparks last spurt of

growth for the KKK. Soviet-produced film shows conditioned reflex experiments on humans. What persons who later played on the world stage were really their Pavlov dogs?

1929 -- CFR moves to Harold Pratt Building on 68th Street. Great Depression begins. Quisling's About the Matter That Inhabited Worlds Outside Ours and the Significance Caused by It to Our Philosophy of Life is published.

1930 -- Pavlov begins applying knowledge of conditioned reflex to human psychosis.

1930s -- Mafia becomes integral part of U.S. organized crime. Continuing political assassinations accompany Nazi rise to power.

1931 -- Charles Fort's Lo! published.

1932 -- Charles Fort dies after publishing his last book, Wild Talents.

1933 -- Attempted assassination of Franklin Roosevelt; Chicago mayor Cermak killed instead. FDR orders use of Great Seal of the U.S. on reverse side of the dollar bill. Reichstag Fire, set by Nazis, used to suspend civil liberties.

1934 -- Assassination of S.M. Kirov, Soviet leader and Stalin collaborator. Russian GPU renamed NKVD. Beginning of Hitler's Black Order. Unexplained "ghostflier" broadcasts in Sweden.

1935 -- Assassination of Senator Huey Long. First lobotomy performed by Egas Moniz in Lisbon. Was Hitler secretly lobotomized?

1936 -- Beginning of Moscow Purge trials in which numerous communist leaders were brainwashed into false confessions and then executed.

1937 -- Spanish Civil War begins. First of 48 "Lost Colony" stones found in North Carolina; stones supposedly tell the story of lost Roanoke Island colony. Amelia Earhart Putnam,

aviator, disappears.

1938 -- Assassination of Leon Sedov, Trotsky's son; first assassination attempt against Trotsky. Nazi invasion of Austria; Interpol exiled or taken over by Nazis; German expedition to Antarctica stakes out 600,000 square kilometers of land near the South Pole. Electroshock treatment discovered. Orson Welles' dramatization of H.G. Wells' War of the Worlds scares American radio listeners.

1939 -- Attorney Leon Cooke, friend of Jack Ruby and financial secretary of the union which employed Ruby, killed by union president Jack Martin; union subsequently taken over by Mafia. League of Nations suspended. Germany invades Poland; World War II begins. CFR offers its services to U.S. State Dept. Interpol grouped with Gestapo. Amateur radio astronomer Grote Reber receives dot-dash signal from space. Attempted assassination of Hitler.

1940 -- Assassination of Leon Trotsky in Mexico. British secret police renamed MI-5 and MI-6 for duration of war. Interpol moved to near Berlin, with Reinhard Heydrich in charge. Nazis allegedly begin building Hitler's secret hideout in Antarctica. Roosevelt sends Gen. 'Wild Bill' Donovan on info-gathering mission to Europe; Donovan recommends a central intelligence organization. U.S. State Dept. creates Division of Special Research headed by CFR member Pasbolsky.

1941 -- Japan attacks U.S. Fleet at Pearl Harbor, allegedly through the maneuvering of Roosevelt and his advisors to provide an excuse to enter the war. Donovan made head of new Office of Coordinator of Information. The Books of Charles Fort published.

1942 -- Assassination of Interpol chief Heydrich in Czechoslovakia. Donovan's OCI evolves into the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). In the Six Million Dollar Man, they called their organization the OSI as an in-joke.

1943 -- LSD-25 discovered by Swiss chemist Albert Hofmann. Nazi Admiral Doenitz boasts the German submarine fleet has built "in another part of the world a Shangri-La on land, an

impregnable fortress." Juan Peron and other pro-Nazi leaders take power in Argentina. Pilots on both sides of the war report seeing "foo fighters," unexplained flying objects, while flying war missions. The discovery of LSD reinterprets all subsequent history.

1944 -- Attempted assassination of Hitler. Nazis begin sending millions of dollars worth of jewels, paintings and cash to Argentina for safe keeping. Russian NKVD reorganized as MGB. Donovan prepares plan for Roosevelt to establish a central intelligence agency, which plan is pigeonholed, later reconsidered by Truman. American band leader Glenn Miller disappears on unarmed flight over the English Channel. String of Pearls is my favorite of his tunes.

1945 -- Alleged assassination (suicide) of James Forrestal at Bethesda Hospital Neurological Ward, after his attempt to warn Roosevelt of Illuminati plot. Roosevelt dies, Truman becomes president. Mussolini killed. Hitler allegedly escapes from Berlin after arranging for a fake suicide cover story; Hitler's death announced, Admiral Doenitz takes command; submarines U-530, U-977 and others begin secret journey from Norway soon after Quisling allegedly refused Hitler's offer to take him "aboard a submarine to a safe refuge"; two months after Germany surrenders submarines U-530 and U-977 give themselves up in Mar del Plata, Argentina, after allegedly being lost from the submarine convoy taking Hitler and others to their hideout in Antarctica; Nazi leader Martin Bormann escapes without a trace from Berlin after supervising Hitler's "suicide." First atomic bombs dropped. World War II ends. General Gehlen, Head of Nazi Intelligence, captured by U.S. Army and flown to Washington; other Nazi and British agents imported to U.S., along with Werner Von Braun and other developers of the V-2 rockets. Interpol dissolved, or reorganized with headquarters in Paris, the story varies. OSS disbanded, its agents moving to military intelligence agencies and the State Dept. CFR allegedly takes over State Dept. United Nations founded. Official beginning of Bermuda Triangle mystery, when Flight 19, made up of five naval bombers, disappears off the coast of Florida; another plane sent to investigate also disappears -- 6 planes and 27 men vanished.

An Air Force plane's engines fail over Iwo Jima as foo-fighters maneuver around it. What was that outside the window?

1946 -- Murder of wire service king James Ragen by Syndicate friends of Jack Ruby; indictment dropped following additional murders. John Kennedy and Richard Nixon elected to House of Representatives. Truman's executive order sets up the National Intelligence Authority and Central Intelligence Group. Gehlen returns to Germany to continue intelligence work for U.S. Army. Interpol reorganization meeting held in Brussels. Admiral Byrd allegedly leads Naval research expedition to Antarctica to attack Hitler's secret hideout; attempt allegedly fails and Hitler and his UFO scientists continue their activities. Waves of unexplained "ghost rockets" seen in Europe, especially Scandinavia. Is Hitler attempting to fuck with our plane?

1947 -- Attempted assassination of Minneapolis Mayor Hubert Humphrey. Partition of India receives strong impetus from the Round Table Group. National Security Act establishes Dept. of Defense, National Security Council and Central Intelligence Agency. France creates SDECE, similar to CIA. Second UFO flap year; Kenneth Arnold reports flying saucers near Yakima, Washington, and other reports soon follow. Maury Island hoax, an early Men-In-Black incident three days before the Arnold sighting, in which a "donut-shaped object" dropped slag on a boat near Tacoma, Washington; the next day a MIB visited Harold Dahl, who was piloting the boat, and warned him not to discuss the sighting; the boat's owner, Fred Crisman, was suspected of being a CIA employee and was later called to give secret testimony at the trial of Clay Shaw in New Orleans; pilot Dahl disappeared and UFOlogist Arnold, who investigated the case, reported unexplained failure of his own plane's engine soon after two Air Force investigators were killed taking off from Tacoma's airport.

1948 -- Assassination of Mahatma Gandhi. Attempted assassination of labor leader Walter Reuther. Beginning of Operation Ohio, a CIA program responsible for one hundred European assassinations during the next ten years. Beginning of CIA interest in UFOs as a "security" problem. McCord employed by the FBI. Nixon gains prominence in the

Alger Hiss case as member of the House Un-American Activities Committee; goes to Miami where he meets Bebe Rebozo and goes yachting with other underworld-connected figures. Martin Bormann reported living in Argentina. New nation of Israel creates Central Institute for Intelligence and Security. World Council of Churches founded in Amsterdam.

1949 -- A dizzy blur of lies and deception. Jackie Gleason and Bob Hope and Bing Crosby lull Americans to sleep.

1950 -- Attempted assassination of Truman by Puerto Rican nationalists. Korean War begins. Congress passes McCarran's Internal Security Act setting up program for detention of subversives. Hiss convicted of perjury; Nixon elected to Senate after smear campaign against California opponent. U.S. Army engages in "simulated" germ warfare in San Francisco and the Pentagon. National Council of Churches founded in U.S. CIA organizes the Pacific Corporation, a large holding company which was the first of many CIA "private" enterprises. Alleged CIA plot to introduce UFO contact ideas with "Little Green Men" stories and radio contact "from space." Malcolm X receives visit from an MIB while in prison. Worlds in Collision by Immanuel Velikovsky proposes a catastrophic theory of ancient history in which a huge "comet" of matter is ripped out of Jupiter, approaches Earth close enough to cause universal fire/flood legends in primitive folklore and then settles into orbit as a new planet, Venus; Velikovsky receives ridicule and contempt from his fellow scientists, though 20 years later Jupiter is generally considered a "cold star" rather than a planet and Velikovsky's prediction of a hot climate on Venus is confirmed. Carl Sagan, RIP, predicted that there were would be millions of planets with intelligent life, but never lived to accept one. Approximate starting date of building of Mount Weather, secret American government fortress.

1951 -- Assassination of Ali Razmara of Iran, Riad Al-Sulh and Abdullah of Jordan and Ali Knah Liaquat of Pakistan. Army simulated germ warfare project in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania. Approximate date CBS begins active cooperation with CIA. McCord moves from FBI to CIA. North

Korean brainwashing of American prisoners begins. Time Magazine popularizes the term brainwashing.

1952 -- Eisenhower elected president, Nixon vice-president; Kennedy elected to Senate. Army germ warfare project in Key West, Florida, and Ft. McCellan, Alabama. CIA agents Downey and Fecteau captured while on spy mission in China. Third UFO flap year. First UFO "contact" case: George Adamski meets Venusians in California desert; alleged CIA plot to start UFO scare. UFOlogist George Williamson, one of Adamski's witnesses, claims he also witnessed a ham radio operator establish contact with another world.

1953 -- Dr. Frank Olsen commits suicide after having been given a secret dose of LSD by the CIA, under the direction of the mysterious Dr. Sidney Gottlieb. CIA contemplates developing drugs to cause amnesia in retired agents. CIA's Robertson Panel views UFO reports as national security threat. Army germ warfare project in Panama City, Florida. Return of Korean War prisoners, including some who underwent brainwashing. 21 POWs defect. That was two short. Mau Mau (Hidden Ones) formed in Kenya to overthrow white rule. UFOlogist Albert Bender closes down his International Flying Saucer Bureau after being visited by three MIB.

1954 -- Attempted assassinations of several U.S. Congressmen by Puerto Rican nationalists. First Bilderberger meeting takes place at the Bilderberg Hotel, Oosterbeek, Holland. Condemnation by the U.S. Senate of Joseph McCarthy following his charges of subversion in high places. Hunt involved in CIA overthrow of communist regime in Guatemala; Carlos Castillo-Armas becomes president. Richard Bissell joins the CIA. Army germ warfare project in Point Mugu and Fort Hueneme, California. Germ warfare? Germ warfare? Russian KGB created to replace earlier secret police called MGB. Broadcaster Frank Edwards fired for discussing UFOs on the air. Strange "voice from space" speaks from turned-off radios in midwest U.S. and London, warns against preparations for war.

1955 -- Assassination of Jose Antonio Remon of Panama and Adnan Al-Malki of Syria. Bilderberger meeting in Barbizon, France. Lee Harvey Oswald meets fairy David Ferrie of the

New Orleans Civil Air Patrol. Doug Durham joins the Marines. The Office of Naval Research allegedly receives a copy of Morris Jessup's The Case for the UFOs with marginal notes in three different hands, supposedly by "Gypsies" knowledgeable in UFOlogy; ONR reprints several hundred copies for internal use; an MIB called "Carlos Allende" is implicated in the affair.

1956 -- Assassination of Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua. Bilderberger meeting in Frednsborg, Denmark. Clay Shaw's CIA contact allegedly stopped. Oswald joins Marines. Durham receives special CIA training. UFOlogist Gray Barker publishes They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers which reported numerous MIB incidents.

1957 -- Assassination of Carlos Castillo-Armas of Guatemala. Exiled Ukrainian politician Lev Rebet assassinated by KGB agent in Munich. Alleged assassination of Joseph McCarthy at Bethesda Hospital Neurological Ward, after warning of Illuminati plot. Bilderberger meetings in St. Simon Island, Georgia, and Fiuggi, Italy. Oswald assigned to base at Atsugi, Japan, where CIA U-2 planes were launched; shoots self in elbow. General Edwin Walker commands federal troops sent to enforce racial integration at Little Rock, Arkansas. CIA helps Iran form SAVAK, secret police later accused of assassinating Iranian dissidents. Experiments in behavior modification sleep-teaching take place at California penal institution Woodland Road Camp. Fourth UFO flap year. Anti-atomic bomb propaganda disseminated by saucer clubs -- another CIA plot? Unexplained short wave radio signals received worldwide.

1958 -- Assassination of Abdul Llah, Faisal II and Nuri Al-Said of Iraq. Bilderberger meeting in Buxton, England. Russia launches first space satellites. Unidentified ex-Marine lives in Minsk, USSR, apparently gathering information for the CIA. Oswald on maneuvers in the Philippines involving U-2 flights. Francis Gary Powers released from Air Force and assigned to covert CIA spying. Kerry Thornley and Gregory Hill found Discordianism and publish Principia Discordia, or How I Found Goddess and What I Did To Her When I Found Her; Thornley joins Marine Corps. John Birch Society organized by Robert Welch. Nelson

Rockefeller elected governor of New York. Ham radio operators pick up a male voice claiming to be Nacoma of Jupiter and warning of atomic bomb disaster in English, German, Norwegian and his own unknown language.

1959 -- Assassination of Solomon W.R. Bandaranaike of Ceylon. Exiled Ukrainian politician Stephan Bandera assassinated by KGB agent in Munich. Attempted assassination of Senator Birch of Ohio and Governor Almond of Virginia. Apparent suicide of UFO researcher Morris Jessup who had received communications from "Carlos Allende," one of the MIB and whose book was mysteriously annotated by UFOlogical Gypsies. Bilderberger meeting in Yesilkov, Turkey. Fidel Castro assumes power in Cuba; Cuban Intelligence (DGI) begun. Ruby visits casino owner in Havana. Kerry Thornley first meets fellow Marine Oswald in California; Oswald released from Marines, defects to Russia. Thornley assigned to U-2 base in Atsugi, Japan. Durham discharged from Marines, stationed at CIA base in Guatemala. UFO sighting at CIA headquarters after Naval officer contacts "space people" while in CIA-observed trance. Condon's The Manchurian Candidate published.

1960 -- Assassination of Hazza Majali of Jordan. Bilderberger meeting in Burgenstock, Switzerland. Eisenhower authorizes training and arming Cuban exiles, allegedly issues orders for the assassination of Congolese leader Patrice Lumumba. Nixon, CIA agent Bissell and others plan Bay of Pigs invasion, obtain permission to use Guatemala as launching point. Bernard Baker serves as conduit for Bay of Pigs funding. CIA buys Southern Air Transport; contemplates development of "recruitment pills" and other drugs; studies mysterious amnesia of Korean war prisoners moved through Manchuria; contemplates giving truth serum to brainwashed American POWs. CIA spy Powers shot down in U-2 over Russia; summit conference cancelled. Kennedy-Nixon debates; Kennedy elected president. Oswald assigned job in Bellorussian Radio Factory in Minsk, USSR. Thornley discharged from Marines. Project Ozma, searching for intelligent signals from another part of the universe, receives unexplained signals from space.

1961 -- Assassination of Lumumba of the Congo, Rafael

Trujillo Molina of the Dominican Republic and Louis Rivagasore of Nurundi. Attempted assassination of Castro by Hans Tanner. Michael Rockefeller disappears in New Guinea. Bilderberger meeting in Quebec, Canada. Thornley arrives to New Orleans; Slim Brooks gives Thornley "the haircut" on his 23rd birthday; the same day, the CIA invasion of Cuba at the Bay of Pigs, launched from Guatemala, fails due to poor planning and cancellation of support by Kennedy; the CIA, the Mob, Cuban-exiles, right-wingers and Nixonites supposedly vow revenge against Kennedy. Kennedy develops extracurricular relationship with Judith Campbell, Sam Giancana's girlfriend; Giancana and John Roselli enlisted by CIA to attempt Castro assassination. George De Mohrenschmidt on hiking trip through Guatemala. Brooks introduces Thornley to his "brother-in-law," Gary Kirstein, allegedly an undercover E. Howard Hunt; Thornley and Kirstein begin nearly three-year relationship discussing Nazis, mind-control, the status of philosopher-kings, and plans to assassinate Kennedy. Robert Morrow, working with Ruby, Shaw and Ferrie, allegedly smuggle weapons from Greece to Central America for the CIA; also picks up information for CIA from "Harvey" in the Soviet Union. Ferrie, Gordon Novel and two others arrested in burglary of Louisiana arms bunker. Unidentified Marine from Minsk divulges information to CIA agent in Copenhagen. General Walker resigns after criticism of his anti-communist indoctrination of troops. U.S. Military Advisor Group begins defoliation project in Vietnam which eventually covers over 12% of land area. Milgram's Yale experiments demonstrate psychological dangers of authority. Unexplained transmissions from space monitored by ham radio operators worldwide; Bob Renaud, ham operator, allegedly makes contact with aliens.

1962 -- Suicide of Marilyn Monroe under questionable circumstances. Bilderberger meeting in Saltsjobaden, Sweden. Oswald returns to America with his Russian wife, an alleged KGB agent. Retired General Walker arrested on Attorney Robert Kennedy's orders when Walker became involved in the racial disorders in Oxford, Mississippi; Walker stripped naked and flown to Springfield, Missouri, prison for examination; Walker reported to be incompetent but was later released and ran against John Connally for Governor of Texas. Hunt becomes head of CIA's new Domestic Operations

Division. CIA interference in Ecuadorian politics. CIA allegedly pays a Canadian agriculture technician to infect Cuban turkeys with Newcastle disease (though the technician supposedly double-crossed them). Ruby allegedly flies from Mexico City to visit Havana. CIA begins using secret terror teams in Vietnam; roots of Operation Phoenix. Dr. Edgar Schein outlines behavior modification programs for U.S. prisons, based on Korean brainwashing techniques. Cuban missile crisis. De Mohrenschildt, friend of the Kennedys, befriends the Oswalds in Dallas. Durham employed by Des Moines Police Dept. UFOlogist Williamson disappears in South America. Film version of The Manchurian Candidate released but later withdrawn after Kennedy's assassination.

1963 -- Assassination of Sylvanus Olympio of Togo, Abdul Karim Kassem of Iraq, Medgar Evers of U.S., Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam and John Kennedy of U.S.; Texas Gov. John Connally wounded, police officer Tippit and Oswald killed. Attempted assassination of General Walker in Dallas earlier, allegedly by Oswald; Oswald also supposedly threatened to kill ex-Veep Nixon, or was it Veep Johnson? The Warren Commission wasn't sure. Alleged assassination attempt of JFK in Miami but right-winger Milteer spills the beans; another attempt in Chicago also supposedly foiled. Attempted assassination of Castro in which CIA agent Rorke is killed. Bilderberger meeting in Cannes, France. Johnson becomes president, almost immediately reverses JFK's decision to withdraw from Vietnam. CIA begins weather modification project over Hue, Vietnam. Ecuadorian government overthrown. Profumo scandal in England, involving sex and spying, brings down Conservative government. Russia sends first woman into space. Like a menstruating woman wants to swim in shark-infested waters. Unexplained radio transmission interrupts astronaut Gordon Cooper in unidentified language. Numerous MIB spotted in Dealy Plaza. Spotted by who? That's the question.

Oswald in New Orleans. Oswald's Fair Play for Cuba Committee established at same address as ex-FBI man Guy Bannister's private detective office, also used for E. Howard Hunt's Cuban Revolutionary Council and other anti-Castro fronts (allegedly the "brother-in-law" Thornley met with Hunt several times over period 1961-1963);

confrontation with Carlos Bringier, another agent for CIA's Domestic Contact Service, in front of Shaw's International Trade Mart; Oswald asks Bringier to hit him, pleads guilty when they are arrested, asks to see an FBI agent, is released and appears on radio and TV the next day to publicize his activities; Oswald allegedly meets Shaw, Ferrie and other operatives of the FBI and CIA; Oswald, Shaw and Ferrie allegedly attempt to register to vote in rural Clinton, Louisiana, attracting attention by arriving in a black Cadillac; Oswald and Thornley allegedly meet at nightclub; Thornley thinks it was a "lookalike"; Jack Ruby visits New Orleans to obtain "the services of a stripper known as Jada, who became his featured performer."

Oswald in Mexico. Although Oswald was allegedly on a bus to Mexico at the time, someone calling himself "Harvey Oswald" appeared at the Selective Service office in Austin, Texas, to discuss his undesirable discharge; the next day Cuban refugee leader Sylvio Odio is visited in Dallas by two Latins and "Leon Oswald" (whom they called "Leopoldo") to discuss violent anti-Castro activities and revenge against Kennedy -- meanwhile Oswald was supposedly on his way to Mexico City; Albert Osborne, who allegedly paid for 1000 Hands Off Cuba leaflets which Oswald distributed in New Orleans, allegedly rides the same bus with him to Mexico City; Oswald, or someone impersonating him, attempts to go to Cuba from Mexico City; while Oswald was in Mexico a second Oswald appeared at a Dallas rifle range to shoot bullseyes, have his scope adjusted, and talk sto people there; Oswald returns to Dallas on bus No. 332, or was it No. 340, which had the name "Oswald" added to the manifest after the trip.

Oswald in Dallas. Soon after returning from Mexico Oswald and his family allegedly drove to Alice, Texas, to talk with the manager of KPOY -- though Oswald couldn't drive and the Warren Commission concluded he couldn't have been in Alice then; Oswald attends General Walker's John Birch meeting lecture and two nights later attends an ACLU meeting where he criticizes Walker's alleged racism; someone looking like Oswald visits a furniture store in Irving, Texas, with his family, looking for a part for a gun; the second Oswald visits the Irving Sports Shop to have three holes drilled in

a rifle, though Oswald's only had two holes and they were drilled before he got it; the second Oswald cashes a \$189 check at an Irving grocery store, buys groceries Oswald was unlikely to buy and gets a HAIRCUT accompanied by a teenager who allegedly exchanged leftist remarks with him; Oswald II visits the Ford-Lincoln auto agency to look at cars, test drives one at 70 mph and brags about coming into money soon and returning to Russia; Oswald II begins visiting Dallas/Irving rifle ranges to demonstrate his marksmanship, shooting bullseyes and hitting other people's targets; Oswald I writes a letter to the Dallas FBI which is destroyed soon after the assassination; Oswald I writes to "Mr. Hunt" asking to "discuss the matter fully before any steps are taken by me or anyone else"; two days before the assassination Oswald II creates a scene in a Dallas restaurant where Officer J.D. Tippit "glowered" at him; Oswald I allegedly seen at the Carousel Club, plotting with Ruby, Tippit and/or Bernard Weissman; Oswald I or II allegedly ordered distribution of the anti-Kennedy "Wanted for Treason" leaflets in Dallas; Oswald, or was it Billy Lovelady, photographed standing in the doorway of the Book Depository building at the moment Kennedy was shot; Oswald II allegedly seen fleeing from the back of the Book Depository immediately after the assassination; Oswald II confronts Tippit; Oswald I arrested in the Texas Theatre; Oswald's voice prints show he told the truth when he said "I didn't shoot anybody, no sir."

Faces in the Crowd. Among the several hundred witnesses to the assassination were the following: the Umbrella Man who supposedly signaled assassination teams to fire by closing his black umbrella; the Babushka Lady who allegedly was introduced to "Lee Oswald of the CIA" by Jack Ruby and who also filmed the assassination, only to have the FBI confiscate the film and never return it; Joseph Milteer, the National States Rights Party leader who had disclosed the Miami plot against JFK and who had links through the NSRP to James Earl Ray's brother Jerry; three tramps who were arrested soon after the assassination, two of them allegedly resembling E. Howard Hunt and Frank Sturgis, the third possibly being Oswald II; Lee Harvey Oswald and George DeMohrenshildt who, so the latter told a hospital roommate just before his death, were together watching the parade

when the shots were fired -- Oswald ran and that was the last time G.D.M. supposedly saw him.

Some Nagging Doubts. Nixon, having attended a convention of Pepsi-Cola executives in Dallas, leaves for New York an hour before the assassination and was one of the few people who later forgot where he was at the time; J. Edgar Hoover also alleged to have been secretly in Dallas on the same day.

Texas oilman H.L. Hunt taken into protective custody by federal agents after the assassination and kept in another city for several days to avoid threats by those who might think he was involved. DeMohrenschmidt, in Haiti, expresses belief that Oswald was a patsy and that the FBI killed Kennedy (though later DeMohrenschmidt claimed to have been the link between H.L. Hunt and Oswald in a right-wing plot to kill JFK). Ferrie allegedly flies to Dallas on evening after assassination but his actual whereabouts remain unclear. Ruby, allegedly in hypnotic trance, shoots Oswald after an unexplained horn honk signal in the Dallas Police building basement. Cuban Bay of Pigs veteran named Ruedelo arrives in Madrid, Spain, five days after Kennedy assassination, jailed for invalid visa. Murder of Jack Zanetti, Oklahoma motel owner who told friends the day after the JFK killing that Ruby would kill Oswald and a member of the Sinatra family would be kidnapped soon afterward to distract attention from the assassination. Frank Sinatra, Jr., kidnapped, released unharmed. Frank Sr. was the star of The Manchurian Candidate.

1964 -- Assassination of Jigme P. Dorji of Bhutan. Deaths associated with Kennedy assassination: Betty Mooney MacDonald, former Carousel Club stripper who had met Oswald at a party and provided an alibi for Darrell Wayne Garner (who was accused of wounding Tippit-killing witness Warren Reynolds), found hanged in her cell after being arrested for fighting with her roommate; Garner disappears, later found dead; Hank Killam, whose wife Wanda was also a stripper at Ruby's club and who was a friend of John Carter who once lived in Oswald's rooming house, evades police for several months, then found with a slashed throat in Pensacola, Florida; Gary Underhill, former Life editor and CIA agent who begged friends to protect him because he knew who killed Kennedy, found shot in left side of head -- ruled suicide

even though he was right-handed; Bill Hunter, Long Beach Press-Telegram reporter, who had met with Ruby's roommate George Senator and Ruby's attorney Tom Howard at Ruby's apartment a few hours after Oswald's murder, shot to death by a policeman in Long Beach, California, police station, accidentally; Jim Koethe, Dallas Times-Herald reporter also present at the meeting in Ruby's apartment, killed by karate chop to the throat as he emerged from the shower; Mary Meyer, painter, niece of forester Gifford Pinchot and one of JFK's lovers (who allegedly funneled LSD from an unsuspecting Timothy Leary to JFK), shot while taking a walk in Washington, D. C. -- her secret diary confiscated by her CIA friend James Angleton, later allegedly destroyed.

Robert Kennedy allegedly stalked in assassination plot during his New York senatorial race by Frank Chavez, associate of Ruby; Puerto Rican Teamster Ramon Ducos and Miguel Cruz who was allegedly arrested with Oswald in New Orleans and who claimed to have killed Kennedy; Chavez later killed by his bodyguard, Miguel Cruz. Durham kills wife, terminated from Des Moines police. Bilderberger meeting in Williamsburg, Virginia. Congress passes the Tonkin Gulf resolution giving LBJ power to make war on Vietnam.

Virginia Miller, later known as Blue Dove, allegedly begins career as "disrupter" in the Amerindian community; later serves as FBI informer on Indian activities. Report of the Warren Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy released; Commission finds that Oswald, acting alone, killed JFK.

1965 -- Assassination of Pierre Ngendandumwe of Burundi, Hassan Ali Mansour of Iran, Malcolm X of U.S. and Mario Mendez Montenegro of Guatemala. On the day Malcolm was killed, Pio Ghana de Pinto, who had been working with him to coordinate poor Americans and Third World Africans, was machine-gunned at his home in Africa. Deaths associated with Kennedy assassination: Tom Howard, Ruby's attorney who met with Senator and others after Oswald's death, died of a heart attack after "acting strangely" for two days, no autopsy performed; Rose Cherami, another Carousel stripper who told a psychiatrist Kennedy had to be killed two days before it happened and who said she'd seen Oswald at Ruby's club many times, killed in a hit-and-run car accident near Big Sandy, Texas; Dorothy Kilgallen, columnist and TV

panel-show figure who had a private half-hour interview with Ruby and said she was going to break the Kennedy case wide open, found dead in her apartment of an apparent overdose of alcohol and barbiturates; William Whaley, Dallas cab driver who took Oswald from the Book Depository to his rooming house after the assassination, killed in an auto accident -- the first on-duty cabbie death in Dallas since 1937; Karen Bennett Carlin, another Carousel entertainer who reported seeing hate-ad signer Bernard Weissman at Ruby's club and was the last known person to speak to Ruby before he shot Oswald, died of gunshot wounds in the head in Houston.

Bilderberger meeting in Lake Como, Italy. Fighting in Vietnam escalates into major war. U.S. Army explores sites in the Middle East for potential locations for nuclear devices intended to set off earthquakes. Early prison behaviour mod program, CASE, begins in Washington, D .C. boys' school. Durham involved in various Mafia activities and acts as informer for police, possibly CIA. Fifth UFO flap year. Three Russian scientists report receiving unexplained signals from space. California highway inspector Rex Heflin, who took pictures of UFOs, visited by MIB who took the original photographs and left; NORAD denies they were their men, as claimed. Another ham radio operator, Sidney Padrick, makes contact with UFO aliens.

1966 -- Assassination of Sir Abubakar Balewa of Nigeria, J.T.V. Ironsi Aquiyi of Nigeria and Hendrick F. Verwoerd of South Africa. Attempted assassination of James Meredith in U.S. E. Howard Hunt serves as CIA contact in assassination plot against Castro. Retired naval Lt. William Pitzer, who had photographed the secret JFK autopsy and was beginning a job with a TV station, found dead with a bullet in his head. Bilderberger meeting in Wiesbaden, Germany. CIA begins weather modification experiments over Cuba, later used in an attempt to ruin Castro's sugar cane crop. Army simulated germ warfare project in New York City. Secret decision by the CIA to prohibit Puerto Ricans on Star Trek.

1967 -- Assassination of American Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell in Virginia. Che Guevara killed in Bolivia after CIA torture and questioning. Deaths associated with Kennedy assassination: Jack Ruby, whose lawyers charged Dallas authorities with neglecting his health, died of cancer while

awaiting retrial; David Ferrie, who was to be a key witness in the trial of Clay Shaw, found dead in his locked apartment in New Orleans, ruled suicide though how the ruptured blood vessel which induced his brain hemorrhage could be self-inflicted was unexplained; Eladio del Valle, a friend of Ferrie's who had hired him to fly bombing missions over Cuba, found shot through the heart in a parking lot in Miami, Florida, the same day Ferrie was killed. Dr. Mary Sherman, another friend of Ferrie, shot in New Orleans, her body partially burned by her killer. Bilderberger meeting in Cambridge, England. Beginning of Clay Shaw trial; DA Jim Garrison subpoenas Allen Dulles and ex-CIA employee Gordon Novel to testify; both escape testimony. CIA's Operation Phoenix, which was to assassinate and torture over 40,000 in Vietnam, officially launched. Beginning of CIA's \$21 million rainmaking program over Indochina which would make 2,600 sorties by 1972. Approximate date La Costa Resort hotel built near San Clemente, California, a meeting place of Mob figures, Teamsters, politicians and other big-wigs. Winthrop Rockefeller elected governor of Arkansas. Black Panther party formed. Military takeover of Greece allegedly executed by secret Operation Prometheus. Australian Prime Minister disappears while swimming. Jim Thompson, ex-OSS commando and "Silk King of Thailand," disappears on Easter Sunday; five months later his sister is murdered. Rex Heflin again visited by MIB in connection with his photos of California UFOs; similar MIB incidents in New York and elsewhere; another MIB, Mr. Dixsun, allegedly visits Colorado University UFO researcher Edward Condon and offers to help him contact the space people.

1968 -- Assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., in Memphis, Tennessee, and Robert Kennedy in Los Angeles, California. Dr. Nicholas Chetta, who performed autopsies on Ferrie and Dr. Sherman, died of an apparent heart attack; Richard Carr, JFK assassination witness about to testify in the Clay Shaw trial, learns police have arrested a man planning to shoot him. Bilderberger meeting in Mont Tremblant, Canada. King assassination: James Earl Ray begins international travels thanks to "Raoul" who sounds very much like his younger brother Jerry Ray; FBI begins search for Ray as lone assassin, ignoring considerable evidence of a conspiracy with Ray as patsy -- including

reports of the mysterious "sausage and eggs man" who was seen in the neighborhood of King's motel with a rifle before and after the murder. Following King assassination black leader Ron Karenga meets secretly with California Governor Reagan and later with Los Angeles police chief Thomas Reddin. Spiro Agnew's law-and-order handling of riots following King's assassination brings him to national attention; Agnew allegedly chosen for Nixon's vice-president to obtain CIA and Greek oil and shipping firms' contributions. Robert Kennedy assassination: Sirhan Sirhan, who wounded Kennedy in the shoulder pad, still doesn't remember what happened but perhaps security guard Eugene Cesar, who carried the same caliber gun as Sirhan, does; Kennedy was shot in the back of the head at close range -- Cesar was close behind him, Sirhan several feet in front; a "girl in the polka dot dress," who earlier had been seen with Sirhan, reportedly leaves the scene saying "We've shot him!" Nixon and Agnew elected. Approximate date group called The Kaisers founded -- 60 German-Americans allegedly planning to make Nixon a dictator. FBI begins secret Cointelpro campaign against New Left and black radicals. New York police BOSS unit founds local Black Panther party using undercover agents. FBI informer William O'Neal infiltrates Chicago Black Panthers, becomes chief of security; Los Angeles police establish Criminal Conspiracy Section which employs Donald DeFreeze, Louis Tackwood, Ron Karenga, the Steiner brothers and other agents to infiltrate prison reform and black power groups. CIA penetrates the Students for a Democratic Society at Columbia College; National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC) formed within the SDS. Congress creates LEAA to fund state and local police programs. Behavior mod token economy program set up in West Virginia youth center. Mystery ship Scheersberg disappears between Antwerp and Genoa with 200 tons of uranium believed to have been taken to Israel. Astronauts circling the moon interrupted by unexplained voices. Unexplained distress signals from the mid-Pacific received by radio stations; no ships found during search. UFOlogists Steiger, Whitenour and Keel smeared during MIB visits in UFO flap area. Continental drift theory confirmed.

1969 -- Assassination of Tom Mboya of Kenya and A.A. Shermarke of Somalia. Clyde Johnson, who had allegedly

attended parties with Ferrie, Ruby and Oswald and who was beaten up to keep him from testifying at the Clay Shaw trial, shot to death near Greensburg, Louisiana. Richard Carr, while visiting in Atlanta, is attacked by two men with knives. Fifteen Russian generals die in "unrelated" incidents within a month's time. CIA-linked Professor Thomas Rika disappears from Boulder, Colorado. Bilderberger meeting in Copenhagen, Denmark. First manned lunar landing. Chappaquidick accident involving Edward Kennedy; Mary Jo Kopechne dies. Trial of Shaw for conspiracy to assassinate JFK; with Jim Garrison's witnesses dead or discredited by CIA or FBI and other government agencies, Shaw was soon found not guilty. Nixon issues Executive Order No. 11490 establishing plans for dictatorial control in the event of a "national emergency." New York Times reveals secret U.S. bombing of Cambodia; Nixon authorizes phone taps of Kissinger's staff to discover leak. Chicago police and FBI raid Black Panthers, kill Fred Hampton and Mark Clark (who were possibly drugged by O'Neal); a series of earlier clashes had left other Chicago Panthers dead. Black Panther leaders killed in Los Angeles by the Steiner brothers, members of Karenga's United Slaves; Panther headquarters raided by SWAT team. New York Panthers indicted for conspiracy. CIA's Colton Westbrook returns from Phoenix program in Vietnam to become involved in Black Culture Association (BCA) program in California prisons. DeFreeze sent to Vacaville, California prison, begins to undergo personality changes. Pentagon and Department of Interior researchers study methods of inducing earthquakes by injecting fluids into deep wells. Alleged CIA spy Humberto Carrillo Colon arrested by Cuban government which seized his Very Low Frequency transceiver and coded messages describing strange lights, a minisubmarine and other unexplained items. MIB "Carlos Allende" visits UFOlogists Jim and Coral Lorenzen in Tucson, gives them a copy of the ONR reprint of Jessup's Case for the UFOs. Woodstock rock festival in New York state draws well over half a million future leaders of America for an alleged spiritual experience, but secretly implants most with mind control drugs and devices.

1970 -- Assassination of union leader Joseph Yablonski and his family in Pennsylvania. Attempted assassination of Pope Paul VI. Reuther dies in plane crash under suspicious

circumstances. Bilderberger meeting in Bad Ragaz, Switzerland. U.S. Army experts complete a "mock assassination" project against the president and Congress, demonstrating that determined terrorists could wipe out U.S. leaders through use of chemical or germ warfare. U.S. invasion of Cambodia; Kent State killings followed by massive protests. Nixon staffers develop the Huston Plan and "Plumbers Unit" in plot to use police and intelligence agencies at all levels for political purposes. Attorneys Lefcourt in New York and Gary in San Francisco are subject to the first of over 100 unsolved break-ins which take place over the next five years; valuables untouched but sensitive political information taken. FBI/police attacks on Black Panthers in Seattle, Baltimore, New Bedford, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Toledo, Detroit and Carbondale. Westbrook meets DeFreeze; BCA at Vacaville encourages revolutionary ideas and racial hatred in inmates. Personality-altering Prolexin administered to 1,093 inmates at Vacaville; Special Programs Unit behavior mod program begins at Joliet, Illinois, under Dr. Martin Groder; Bureau of Prisons requests funds for Federal Center for Correctional Research in Butner, North Carolina. Approximate date of the "Korea-gate" scandal: Korean CIA undertakes massive influence-peddling campaign, 50 congressmen accept bribes, links made with Nixon Administration and the Unification Church of Reverend Sun Myung Moon (Moonies).

1971 -- Assassination of Wasfi Tal of Jordan. Daughter of conspiracy investigator Mae Brussell killed in suspicious car accident. Bilderberger meeting in Woodstock, Vermont. Pentagon Papers published. Hunt hired by White House to gather damaging evidence against Daniel Ellsberg, Edward Kennedy and other "enemies"; Hunt hires Barker and other Bay of Pigs veterans to make break-in at Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. Barker attempts to get plans to building which will house the Democratic Convention. Plumber chief David Young, former Kissinger aid, contacts CIA for psychiatric profile of Ellsberg; referred to Howard Osborn, a possible Oswald link. White House agent Sergretti meets with FBI, Minutemen and others to plan kidnapping of radicals during the 1972 convention, a plan later scrapped. FBI begins (or continues) illegal break-ins, mail-openings and wiretaps, conducted by Squad 47 of the internal security

division in search of Weather Underground fugitives. Future SLA members Camilla Hall and William Wolfe move to Berkley, become involved in radical and prison reform activities. Electroshock treatments given to hundreds of inmates at Vacaville. Black Panther party in shambles; Cointelpro supposedly disbanded. Zimbardo's Stanford experiments demonstrating dangers of prisoner/guard role-playing. "Deprogrammer" Ted Patrick begins kidnapping Jesus Freaks and reconverting them to conventional behavior. John Keel's Our Haunted Planet discusses more MIB cases.

1972 -- Assassination of Abeid Karume of Zanzibar. Attempted assassination of George Wallace in Maryland by "loner" Art Bremer who had more money than he should and had alleged connections with CIA-types. Warren Commission dissident Hale Boggs disappears on flight to Alaska. Death of E. Howard Hunt's wife Dorothy in plane crash while carrying large amount of cash -- alleged murder described separately under Flight 553. Other alleged murders involving secret funds include Rep. William O. Mills (suicide) and his assistants Col. J. Webster and James Glover; a Mr. Taub, Kalmbach employee; Dennis Cossini, alleged CIA contact with Bremer; Lou Russell, security cop employed by McCord Associates; and Mrs. Andrew Topping, wife of man alleged to be plotting assassination of Nixon during 1972 convention. J. Edgar Hoover dies. Bilderberger meeting in Knokke, Belgium. A series of dirty tricks eliminates Muskie as presidential contender; Humphrey and Jackson also smeared; Nixon aides and west coast Nazis cooperate in attempt to keep Wallace of California ballot; Hunt ordered to break into Bremer's apartment but refuses. Watergate break-in; FBI official Charles Bates placed in charge of investigation. Agnew allegedly meets Brienguier (Oswald's buddy) in New Orleans. Tackwood alleges that plans are made to disrupt Republican convention in San Diego, declare martial law, assassinate Nixon (or make false attempt). ITT scandal forces Republicans to move to Miami. CIA attempt to crack columnist Jack Anderson's information source fails. William and Emily Harris, Angela and Gary Atwood and others move to Bay area, become involved in radical and prison reform activities. Thero Wheeler, another alleged police agent, meets DeFreeze at Vacaville; DeFreeze moved to Soledad prison. Black Abductor,

anticipating the Hearst kidnapping, published by unknown California publisher. Exposure and defeat of planned psychosurgery program at Vacaville; CARE behavior mod program begins at Marion, Illinois; START program begins at Springfield, Missouri; Joliet unit closed. West German authorities produce a skull they say was Martin Bormann's a few days after articles appear with evidence he is alive in Argentina.

Flight 553 Chicagoan Lawrence O'Connor, who had used United Airlines Flight 553 or its equivalent to fly from Washington to Chicago on Friday nights for years, was warned by a White House source not to take this flight; among those killed in the crash at Midway Airport, Chicago, were: Dorothy Hunt who was carrying \$50,000 in Watergate payoff money and close to \$2 million she was attempting to place in foreign banks; Michele Clark, CBS newswoman who was to interview Mrs. Hunt on a story that could allegedly destroy Nixon; at least four people alleged to have knowledge of a large labor union "donation" to the Committee to ReElect the President (CREEP), paid to stop the indictment of a Chicago labor hoodlum; and a group of gas pipeline lobbyists, attorneys and gas company officials (Robert Moreau, Nancy Parker, Ralph Blodgett, James Drueger, Lon Bayer, Wilbur Erickson) who had allegedly gathered evidence against former Attorney General John Mitchell in an anti-trust case involving El Paso Natural Gas Co.; also aboard was a "hit-man" using the cover of Harold Metcalf, of Drug Abuse Law Enforcement, who told the pilot, Captain Whitehouse, he was carrying a gun and was assigned a jump seat near the food galley and rear door; Captain Whitehouse and six of the Watergate-related passengers were found to have unexplainably high cyanide content after the crash, though the other 35 passengers killed did not; following the crash hit-man Metcalf, in a jump suit, walked out the cracked open fuselage; up to 200 FBI and CIA agents allegedly took over the crash site immediately, beating the fire department to the scene, refusing to allow in a medical team, confiscating Control Tower tapes, interviewing survivors and witnesses before National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) investigators had a chance to; CBS News requested immediate cremation of Michele Clark's body; evidence of sabotage includes possible tampering with altimeter and air data computer,

malfunctioning of the runway visual range recorder and the Kedzie localizer which acted as the runway's outer marker, a series of misdirections from air traffic controllers and the failure of Flight 553's standby power system; an in-flight robbery gang known as the Joseph Sarelli mob allegedly came into possession of some of the Hunt money and Mitchell documents soon after the crash and reportedly fenced it for \$5 million; the day after the crash Nixon aide Egil Krogh, Jr., of Ellsberg burglary fame, appointed Undersecretary of Transportation and placed in charge of the two agencies investigating the crash (NTSB and FAA); ten days later Nixon assistant Alexander Butterfield, a CIA-aviation liaison, appointed head of Federal Aviation Administration; a few weeks later Nixon aide Dwight Chapin becomes top executive with United Airlines.

1973 -- Assassinations of U.S. diplomats Cleo A. Nobel, Jr., and George C. Moore and Belgian diplomat Guy Eid by Palestinian guerrillas in Khartoum; Richard Sharples of Bermuda, Mohammad Ali Osman of Yemen, Salvador Allende Gossens of Chile, Luis Ca rrero Blanco of Spain and Dr. Marcus Foster in Oakland, California; assassination of an American Army officer by insurgent group in Iran. Senator Stennis shot in Washington, D.C. Bilderberger meeting in Saltsjobaden, Sweden. Trilateral Commission founded under the direction of David Rockefeller, with Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale among the founding members. Agnew resigns. Sidney Gottlieb, head of CIA's LSD and other drug programs, destroys records to hide details of program. Kissinger and his deputy General Scowcroft order a series of CIA spying operations in Micronesia. Hunt beaten in his cell before testifying about the Bremer connection. Durham becomes FBI agent, infiltrates American Indian Movement (AIM), becomes chief of security. Liberation of Wounded Knee, South Dakota, by AIM. Blue Dove becomes an FBI agent. DeFreeze escapes from Soledad; Wheeler escapes from Vacaville. "Race war" in Bay area culminates in the killing of Dr. Foster which the SLA claims credit for in its first communique. Experiments with implanting electrodes in the brain carried out at Vacaville and elsewhere. Behavior mod unit started at El Reno, Oklahoma, prison; START-type program introduced to Maryland public schools by Behavi or Research Institute. Sixth UFO flap year.

Flight 553 Revisited. Alex Botto, Jr., who had infiltrated the Joseph Sarelli air piracy gang for the Citizen's Committee to Clean Up the Courts (CCCU), seized by federal marshals, taken to the federal prison hospital at Springfield, Missouri and held for 40 days without hearing or trial; Botto and another CCCU agent, Joseph Zale, testified to seeing evidence from the sabotaged United Airlines Flight 553 in the Sarelli mob's possessions and turned over evidence on this and an earlier crash robbery to Nixon's Strike Force in Chicago; just before the reopening of the case Zale was indicted in an alleged frameup by federal agencies; CCCU chairman Sherman Skolnick revealed at the 553 hearings that his group had stolen the entire government file, 1300 pages of documentation, and was presenting it as evidence of foul play in the Midway Airport crash.

I wish I had told them I loved them more. I don't know anything really. I was afflicted with the sin of pride. I love you mother. I love you father. Forgive me.

Chapter 14. Late Trades

Two creative and commercial rivals strike a Faustian bargain. Each kills the other's spouse, and gets away with it, for different reasons that interlock. The devil then gets his due, the working out of their guilt making each person become the other for eternity. Only without the spouses. And stripped of their vital souls. They end up working in a Woolworth's Five and Dime.

America is like a Woolworth's Five and Dime. A fond remembrance but just a memory. If America doesn't become more competitive, I told them, it would be destroyed. A one world government was mandatory to destabilize the unsettling forces that America was no longer big enough to control. Wanting to be the only kid on the block would result in catastrophic degradation of the world peace. America didn't

have a monopoly any longer on the game board.

These aren't my children they're yours. You educate them.
You feed them. You clothe them.

You educate them. Famous last words. But who's keeping score?

America couldn't solve the world's problems, granted. But it had to become one with the world. Then, as one world, humanity just might have solved its problems. America decided to bug out, go isolationist. They didn't even learn from their own history, when the South bugged out and the North said no and went in and made them come back at the point of a gun. In this case the U.N. wasn't strong enough to force America to come back, so America got away with it.

When the world started turning to shit at jet speed, the rain forests destroyed, the environment permanently ruined in entire continents, what did Americans think would happen? People would just curl up and die? They knew they would fly, float, march, swim to America and just come on in to where life was still liveable. Never mind education. Liveable. Simple survival. The lifestyle of spoiled Americans was beyond what they could understand or even relish, like the rich maharjas was to the poor Indians. They just wanted the land, the space, the chance to survive on soil that wasn't ruined.

America was once the breadbasket of the world. It decided to close its borders and always have enough for its own citizens to eat. Rats have to eat too.

They are so young, these two-legged rats. American birth control is for Americans. Their birth control is the death rate of the young. Give life its due. The rats survive a long time, long enough to reproduce their own kind. To more than replace themselves. The population keeps exploding. Surface area must be found by the world's hungry people, who have always historically abandoned their homelands in the quest for food, regardless of maps and borders. Take the Irish in 1845-50. They came to America. Take the Eastern Europeans. They came to America. Everybody comes to where

there is food. Food is food.

The Irish had enough to eat anyway. The English stole all their wheat, oats, barley, and made them live on potatoes. When the potato crop failed, a million died and another million came to America on boats. Why didn't they just invade England and take Mel Gibson's cue? Kick their asses and gain their independence. Then they could have fed themselves. Later they could keep starving English out of their fertile land like we did. Bigger ocean, that's all.

As the 21st century dawned, America was in damn fine shape. The economy was booming, employment was high, the stock market soaring. America had no real superpower enemies. The biggest fears were rogue terrorists backed by terrorist states, and they handled that well too. If most of the rest of the world would just go away, the 21st century was going to be America's, just as the 20th century had been.

They warned us. Hunger, simple hunger was going to be the world security problem of the 21st century. It was on all the media all the time. The thinking media. Huntley or Brinkley or somebody like that warning us. The kind of thinkers that only a few Americans even watched. And as they were stuffing their fat faces with Sunday brunch, the message bounced off like dirty water does off a brick wall. Pork shoulder steaks cooked in Worcestershire sauce and smothered in Heinz 57. Home cooked fries, greasy and tasty with seasoned salt and grated Parmesan cheese and ketchup on the side. Eggs fried over easy in butter. Orange juice and champagne, taken with vitamins, antioxidants and hormone precursors to keep them young longer. A good Sunday football game or two. Usually two in a row. A basketball game if it's late winter, a baseball game if it's summer. Break out the ice cold beer. Lite beer. Have to watch one's weight.

A sudden picture of a starving Indian kid confronts them as they're bloated with gas, their fingers stinking of rich foods. Won't work. You have to be a kook to worry about "them". Sally Struthers, she's a kook. Audrey Hepburn. Who else? One can't even remember. So few.

The Beatles maybe. Campaigning for Bangladesh. Sure they did. They were brainwashed by some gurus after smoking hashish. They were rich. They could afford it. They weren't even Americans. Screw them. They broke up anyway, the biggest asshole got shot in the back by a fan of The Catcher in the Rye.

America is like a superstar who's only going to get better. The other countries deserve to starve. They won't give up their unAmerican ways. They won't go with our problem, our ideology, our religion, our Constitution.

We tried, didn't we? They called us ugly Americans. They chided us for wanting to be the world's policeman. It's an absurd premise, thinking we can export to other countries the essence of what made us better than them.

Their countries were reeling under the weight of millennia of religious and ethic hatred. Overpopulation caused by millennia of isolationism on their own part. India and China could have colonized and populated America centuries before the Europeans did, right? They were more advanced and Europe even went through a rat-filled Dark Ages while they left America lie fallow. When we finally got around to moving in, what do they do? Wait till we build it up then cry to be let in and take what we made?

It's too late now. We tried to show you how to rebuild your own countries, and you rejected our prophets. So fu-u-u-ck you. We'll fight for what's ours now. We will build up our borders into an awesome wall, a deadly barrier that you just won't want to mess with. You'll turn your ragtag fleet of boats back and go home once you see it. You just aren't wanted. You are rats. All except young Elian Gonzalez. He's an exception. The exception proves the rule. Eases our national conscience. We don't want the whole country to become one big Miami. But one Miami will ease our conscience.

The shark men. On the road to Acirema. The rats have eaten the Americans. Now the hideous shark men are convoying down, eating the rats!

The hideous shark grins! The way they walk on two tiny feet, upright, like penguins! They're coming from the north, going south along the interstate.

Scream!

The hideous hideous shark men!

Scream!

The Arctic penguin shark men!

Scream!

Who are these shark men?

Chapter 15. The Ranger from Anacapa

* * *

A Channel Islands National Park Ranger on Anacapa Island was the first to call in the crash to authorities, and the Naval Air Station at Point Mugu was quick to respond.

* * *

Don't forget you're in the zone.

I can't believe what I just saw. Like a meteor falling from the sky. A Boeing MD-80 aircraft. Two batwings to the grinder. Plop plop fizz fizz. Oh what a relief it is.

I called it in, and they said thanks, and don't call us again, we'll call you. We're doing the best we ever did. Go away. We're a secret military base and you have no clearance.

They probably shot it down by mistake and are now covering

it up. I won tickets to the joke fest. I'll probably be dead in a year. Naw. Maybe. Naw. Perhaps. Naw. Naw. Naw.

I wonder if Boeing has a web site for its wonderful MD-80 series aircraft.

Click.

(yada yada yada)

The MD-80, a quiet, fuel-efficient twinjet, was certified by the Federal Aviation Administration in August 1980 and entered airline service in October 1980. Its modern Pratt & Whitney JT8D-200 engines, combined with its efficient aerodynamic design, allow the MD-80 to meet all current noise regulations while producing operating costs among the lowest in commercial aviation.

Technology advancements in the MD-80 include aviation's first digital flight guidance system. Nonstop range is from 1,580 to 2,750 statute miles (2,540 to 4,420 km), depending on the model. The MD-81's maximum takeoff weight is 140,000 pounds (63,503 kg); the MD-82's and the basic MD-88's is 149,500 pounds (67,813 kg). The longer-range MD-83 and a higher-gross-weight MD-88 have a takeoff weight of 160,000 pounds (72,576 kg).

Click.

The MD-90 is the newest member of the twinjet family of aircraft that started with the DC-9 and includes the MD-80. The MD-90 is an advanced midsize, medium-range airliner that serves the needs of travelers and airlines today and well into the 21st century. The aircraft is the quietest large commercial jetliner in the skies.

The MD-90 retains the popular five-abreast interior arrangement, offering travelers the lowest interior noise levels of any aircraft in its class. The passenger-pleasing interior features wide seats, fewer center seats and more aisle and window seats.

Other features of the MD-90 include a new-look advanced

interior design, vacuum lavatories, new electrical and auxiliary power systems, an upgraded digital environmental control system, lightweight carbon brakes with digital anti-skid system, and significant improvements to the aircraft hydraulic system.

Click.

California, here we come. California, the Gold Rush state. A border state. Always in a rush of some kind. Blood rush. Big bad bull. I wanna be a superman and eat kryptonite.

Keyword: California Gold Rush Point Mugu

Click.

After the California Gold Rush petered out, the hide and tallow trade was augmented by a steady stream of steamers plying the Panama Route, the most popular way to reach California's gold fields during the period before the completion of the first transcontinental railroad in 1869.

Operation on this route by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company had begun in 1848. As this wonderful American company and its competitors grew, ship captains emphasized speed for greed, a tactic later adopted by the wonderful British White Star Lines. It is no great surprise that shipwrecks occurred.

Enter the Winfield Scott, a National Register property.

The Winfield Scott, 1850-1853, Side Wheel Passenger Steamer

Gross Tonnage	1291
Length	225 feet
Beam	34 feet, 8 inches
Depth	29 feet, 2 inches
Decks	four
Construction	wood, metal bracing

Click.

MD-83 Twinjet Commercial Aircraft, 1980-
Gross Tonnage 80

Length	152 feet, 7 inches
Wingspan	107 feet, 10 inches
Cargo Volume	1300 cubic feet
Decks	one
Construction	metal

Click.

The New York firm of Westervelt and MacKay built Winfield Scott in 1850, naming the vessel for the commanding general of the United States Army, hero of the Mexican War, and presidential nominee.

Click.

Hero of the Mexican War. Right. He helped steal great portions of Mexico, including California, and give them to the U.S., under slaveholder President James K. Polk.

Ex-basketball star and Congressman Bill Bradley once said Polk was "the best president we ever had." Maybe he was thinking about winning the California primary in his presidential election bid in 2000. Naturally, great numbers of Mexicans think they have the right to steal it back, including California. They already are, through the time-tested method of infiltration. In thirty years California will be a part of Mexico again, or else the U.S. will have to absorb Mexico itself to keep it.

Click.

Winfield Scott was launched on October 27, 1850, and began operations on the route between New Orleans and New York.

Click.

In 1852 Winfield Scott became part of the recently formed New York and San Francisco Steamship Line. Winfield Scott's transit from New York to San Francisco via Rio de Janeiro and Cape Horn in less than 49 days set a record for that route. Generally overcrowded, the vessel embarked upon the coastal run between San Francisco and Panama in April of 1852. The loss of Tennessee, another Pacific Mail Steamship Company vessel, caused this company to purchase Whifield

Scott in July of 1853.

Click.

Winfield Scott departed San Francisco upon its last voyage on December 1, 1853, with a full load of passengers and a shipment of gold bullion. Selecting the Santa Barbara Channel rather than a passage outside the islands in an effort for speed, Captain Simon F. Blunt entered the passage as a fog developed. Evidently intending to steam between Anacapa and Santa Cruz Islands, Winfield Scott piled into Middle Anacapa Island at full speed, probably around ten knots, at eleven o'clock that evening.

Click.

Captain Simon F. Blunt. What an asshole.

Click.

Amid general confusion, a boat launched and located a nearby landing place. The entire ships' company, more than three hundred persons, left the vessel that evening for a small pinnacle two hundred yards offshore from Anacapa Island.

Click.

The following morning, the ship's boats transferred the group to the island proper. Here a temporary camp sheltered most of the group for the next week. The majority of the passengers left on December 10, when the California plucked them from the beach, and took them on their way to Panama.

Click.

The California. Apt name, that. Originally the Spanish name of a fabled island. Cali, hot. Fornia, fucked. When the big earthquake causes the coastal zone to break off into the sea, it will be an island.

There's something about California that says that nobody will ever truly own it. It was meant to change hands forever.

That ship that sat and did nothing while the Titanic sank was called what? The Californian.

Scream!

Click.

The ship's company remained on the island for two more days, concentrating on recovery of the mail and baggage carried aboard. They also recovered some furniture and small portions of machinery, foodstuffs and other items. Captain Horatio Gates Trussell of Santa Barbara salvaged wood which became incorporated into the home now preserved as the Trussell-Winchester Adobe, which also contains two brass thresholds from the ship.

Click.

Machine noises. Washing machines. Churning. Whirring. The hideous noises of machines. You can't live with them, can't live without them. You wish they'd never stop, for if they do you die.

Why did we crash? Why did we crash? Who will have to get a payback by cosmic justice later? What Faustian bargain was struck to cause this crash to happen?

Click.

Major salvage occurred in 1894 from operation of the San Pedro, operated by Captain Maginn and Colonel Raker. The operation removed several hundred large copper bolts and much of the iron machinery, blasting it into manageable pieces. Further salvage of iron and brass occurred in World War II. Sport divers in recent years have been attracted to the wreck by the recovery of gold coins. Park officials have focused their efforts, with some success, on prosecuting violations of antiquity laws which now protect the wreck scatter, using sharklike lawyers.

Click.

The Titanic went down slow, the machines humming along until near the end. Then it went down fast, nosediving, hideously nosediving as if it had fallen out of the sky.

The plane went down slow, the machines humming along until near the end. Then it went down fast, nosediving, hideously nosediving as it fell out of the sky.

Falling, falling. The tail was stuck. It kept forcing the plane down. The wings were fighting the tail. Cruelly, cruelly, the tail was winning. The tail was wagging the dog. It was pushing the nose down. The plane was fucking itself in its own mouth with its own dick. The cruel, cruel engines were propelling the plane into the center of the earth.

There were not enough lifeboats. Not any lifeboats. No parachutes. No glider wings. No escape modules. The big boards of the big corporations had no laws making them go to the expense.

I'm some kind of superman and I don't fear kryptonite, went the pilot. I pray the Lord my soul to take. If I die before I wake, I pray the Lord under my bed in my closet in my head. If the tail pushes the nose down, then flip the plane upside down, and it will fly up.

Three gs hold you in the seat real good. One little twist of the wheel and we'll roll upside down.

Now the plane is starting to climb. Uh oh, the gs are reversed in sign. Now we're falling out of our seats, which weren't designed for military maneuvers. Commercial planes aren't designed. Now our goose is cooked. We're on the ceiling and the wheel has no driver. Whatever you say. Make my life worth something more.

If I go crazy then will you call me superman? If I lose my grip will you still be holding my hand, superman?

Hey, like a chump. Like a chump. Like chump. Stick it up your air. Stick it up your air.

Bang! The plane is leaving parts in the air. The air, so still, so clear, so pacific. Has a shark in it. The greed of speed.

Listen with a vengeance. Listen to the sound the machine makes when it's in the teeth of the shark.

A titanic crash. The surface of the water is where one finds the impact of a crash, the very surface where the other greed for speed craft thought it was safe. Safe is a relative function, speed the killer variable. The bottom of the ocean is where they both will lie. Both crashes are what the greed for speed brought to those who think there is no invisible shark that pervades all things over, on and under the sea. Once the speed goes to zero, visible sharks feast on the catch. There is no shark protection equipment. No laws to command the expenditure.

What is a law? A command by the government. What is a corporation? An entity chartered by the government. It's the government's fault then. It's always their fault. They always want to see each other in front of a federal judge. The sooner the better.

A courtroom. A school of sharks.

Stick it up your air. Stick it up your air. Stick it up your cookie. Stick it up your nookie.

I'm falling without a parachute. There's a man with a parachute pack on his back below me. All I can do is fall. I have no way to generate a lift. I'm hideous. He's calm. He is waiting for the moment to open the chute and hit the air brakes with a glider above him gently letting him down.

I grab the man. He pushes me off. I float away hideously, then hideously float back. I claw wildly at him. He hits at me, pushing me away. Neither one of us is any superman. There's more to life than this.

He changes. There is a God. He reaches out for me. Catches me. Holds me. We descend as one. We will hold together as one as he opens the parachute. We will have wings. Fall

slowly and safely to the earth.

When in the water we will not fear sharks. We will not flail, not thrash, not attract. We will not bleed. We will be as one with the sharks. We will not be wearing bright colors.

Click.

Reviewing the coast where the wreck of the Winfield Scott occurred, it seems clear that the passengers and crew camped on Anacapa Island at Frenchy's Cove, the only reasonable landing on the entire north coast of the island.

Click.

Frenchy's cove. The Belgians claimed they, not the French, invented french fries. If so, who invented Belgian waffles?

Click.

The rock which sheltered them on the first night is more problematical. A steep pinnacle hard by the wreck scatter is often indicated as this rock, but landing the entire company on this rock does not seem possible. Not only are the sides vertical, but there hardly seems room. A more likely kryptonite rock 650 yards west of the wreck scatter offers far more room and much easier landing opportunities. The wreck scatter today is a popular diving site, often favored for beginning recreational divers who want to be like superman and break their goddamn necks riding a seahorse.

Click.

At least on the Titanic some of the passengers could get off. The ones who were kept from the lifeboats at least could dive. The dive was dangerous, but it was possible to survive, and then fight for life bobbing on the cold, cold Atlantic waters.

Did the aircraft passengers die on impact, or did they

remain alive as the cabin slid underwater, traveling down like a submarine with no air supply, down into a canyon? Hideous. The sharks to the banquet. The dining hall of the sharks. Beowulf. Valhalla. Gods and goddesses. Legends. Smiling waiter sharks wearing tuxedos serving human tuna in the can.

Click.

The visible remains of the Winfield Scott are bunched behind a large rock just off Middle Anacapa. The wreck scatter is quite small for a 225 foot vessel. Indeed, most of the material is propulsion machinery, located amidships on the vessel. Items relating to the bow and stern are absent.

While the first impression to many is that of an aimless scatter, there is considerable organization to the visible remains of the vessel. The largest and most obvious piece of wreckage is the shaft for what is usually interpreted as the port paddlewheel. This is the only piece which stands up above the bottom to any extent at all. About the shaft are the remains of the paddlewheel, including fixtures for several floats, or paddles. Immediately to the south is a massive piece which would have supported this shaft in a massive saddle. To the west can be found a circular structure, the base of one of the vessel's boilers. Between the paddle wheel and its support lie a line of massive bronze drifts and a section of the outer hull, complete with copper sheathing. Slightly to the south cluster the fragments of yet another paddlewheel, lacking the shaft.

Click.

Business must go on. The sharks will finish their hideous cold banquet. Nature will clean up the mess. It will get unhideous, even attractive, adventurous. Sporting. Classy. Expensive.

It seems the tourist companies will have a new site now, one for the intermediate divers perhaps. I wonder if I can get a loan, go into business myself. I saw it go down. That's a good advertising hook. "Falling Off Anacapa? Splash down for a fun weekend of diving off the remains of the Alaska

Airlines crash site. Tours personally led by a former park ranger who saw it go down."

Click.

Clustered nearby are several pieces of relatively undamaged copper sheathing plates, typically protruding out from beneath pieces of wreckage or concretion on the seabed. The arrangement of these sheathing plates suggests that a piece of hull, about 100 feet in length, lies on the seabed, weighed down by the midships machinery.

The positions of the boiler base, paddle wheels, hull fragment, and paddle wheel support lie in a structurally correct relationship to one another, except for the boiler lying astern of the paddle shell machinery. All major pieces are correctly related to one another with the hull fragment twisted around about 180 degrees as the vessel came to rest on the seabed, perhaps pivoting about the large rock which lies north of this wreck scatter. Shifts of this type also occurred in the wrecks of the Cuba and the Aggi.

Click.

Compare this with the Titanic. How of the 1500 who went down, they only recovered a few hundred bodies. Who got the rest? Who got the rest?

The machine noises. If only I were that park ranger. If only I were not on this death trap. And I was going to be one of those damned Anacapa tourists myself. Had to see Puerto Vallarta, the Riviera of Mexico. Groan.

We're back in the air in that parachute.

We're one, descending on a golden parachute into the sunny Pacific, of temperature to-be-determined. As we're nearing the water, a big hideous shark emerges, its jaws wide.

He bites me. It shocks. I let go.

I fall. He glides. I fall right into the shark's mouth. The water is hideously cold. I'm shrimp cocktail.

Why did I see a park ranger in my mind? I'm pallid,
sweating, airsick, pathetic, blind, deaf, ears popped,
cheeks clenched, tongue bitten in two.

Who got the rest? Who got the rest?

Scream!

The shark men!

Scream!

The hideous shark men!

Scream!

The hideous hideous shark men!

Who are these shark men?

Chapter 16. The Poseidon Adventure and the Orca Lady

* * *

CRASHED ALASKA JET'S RECORDER RECOVERED FROM SEA CANYON

PORt HUENEME, Calif. (Thurs., Feb. 3, 2000) - A robot submarine recovered the flight data recorder of Alaska Airlines Flight 261 on Thursday from the ocean canyon where the plane came to rest after slamming into the sea, killing all 88 people on board, officials said.

The recorder, considered vital to finding out why the jetliner crashed, was recovered by the remote-controlled robot in 645 feet (200 meters) of water, not far from the spot where searchers retrieved the cockpit voice recorder on Wednesday.

The second black box was taken aboard the Kellie Chouest, a

commercial ship contracted by the Navy. A National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) spokesman said it would be rushed to Washington, where investigators were already studying the cockpit voice recorder for clues to why and how the ill-fated MD-83 crashed.

Pilots can be heard on the cockpit voice recorder describing the plane as "inverted", i.e., flying upside down, in the final moments before it plunged into the Pacific on Monday, NTSB chairman James Hall told reporters in Washington shortly before leaving for California to visit the crash site personally.

Several witnesses have described how the MD-83 nose-dived into the sea in a deadly corkscrew motion, twisting and turning in a continuous roll as it plunged from 17,000 feet (5,200 meters), eventually crashing upside down in the cold, cold Pacific just a few miles off the coast of sunny southern California, investigators said.

As the black box made its way to Washington a U.S. Navy ship began using a sonar scanner to map the wreckage on the ocean floor off the coast for use in the investigation.

Relatives of crash victims were taken by bus from Los Angeles to Point Mugu, about 60 miles (96 km) to the north, for a private memorial service on Thursday. One NTSB spokeswoman said the event was "very private and very personal. They're doing all right. Go away."

Point Mugu, a promontory sticking out into the Pacific, is the closest point to the crash site, about 7.5 miles (12 km) away.

An Alaska Airlines spokesman said the carrier would retire the flight number 261 out of respect for the dead. Alaska Airlines employees held a minute of silence Thursday at 4:26 p.m to mark the time the jetliner was thought to have gone down.

* * *

"I'm hideously ugly, mother. The boys won't look at me."

"Of course they'll look at you dear. That's why we got your teeth fixed, your bust size enlarged, and your ass lipoed. Not to mention those contacts. And all that rhinoplasty."

"You mean nose job?"

"That's right, hideously ugly dear. Now you can hold your breath longer underwater."

I couldn't be beautiful, so I became smart.

The plane crash didn't kill us. Not by a long shot. We lost the wings and the tail, became a submarine. Shot down into an underwater canyon and landed on the bottom.

Now wish we had died instantly, but life isn't like that. It's real and it isn't pretty. We're suffocating. The water is bursting in. People are scrambling to unstrap themselves. They're looking for a way out of the cabin. They're not finding any. The water pressure is holding the emergency doors shut. The few holes are too small for people, and the water is shooting in like a cannon. A water cannon. Like they used on those black protestors in the South once.

It's time for the circle dance.

Everybody forms a circle. Then one person gets chosen. They choose themselves, or get chosen by mental telepathy, whatever. Then, like in Zorba the Greek, the chosen one is killed, usually by a volunteer. Then another is chosen, and so on. The killing rate just keeps the remaining air sufficient for the remainder to live. Unlike Zorba, nobody jumps in front of the chosen and tries to fight for himher. He actually won, then told her to follow him, and when she did, somebody else jumped out and slit her throat, while Zorba was helpless to stop it. He learned. A chainsaw what? A chainsaw what? A chainsaw what? He left with a fat lip. Why did she die? She was hideously ugly. As simple as that. Deep philosophy is for the beautiful, so go away.

What is beauty anyway? What is truth? That which makes men crack. A pure survival skill, that's the hideous truth.

You are a robot. This is what it's like when worlds collide.

Speaking of killing circles, how about Josephus the Jewish traitor general? Back in 70 A.D., when the Romans were invading Palestine, and he was in charge of the fortifications for the fortress of Jotapata, in Galilee, on a high cliff, and almost unassailable. A traitor gave them the secret to storm it, before dawn when the guards were few, and they took it, hideously killing every man, woman and child. About forty of Josephus' men escaped with him to a cave, where, surrounded, they decided to form a killing circle. Josephus was the last one left. The snake rigged the game.

He copped out and went out to the Romans, and was saved from death by fawning on the General Vespasian, saying that he was the subject of a prophecy that the next emperor would arise in Judea, and this really struck his fancy bigtime. From then on this traitor stayed with the Romans, the winning side, even calling on the besieged Jews in Jerusalem to give up. After the stiff-necked Jews were hideously destroyed by the troops of Vespasius' son Titus, and a remnant taken as slaves, and Vespasian crowned emperor, Josephus was adopted into the emperor's family, thus becoming Flavius Josephus. What a kiss-ass. I'm blinded by the glare.

He kept in the new emperor's favor by kissing his royal ass continually, writing the only known history of the Jewish-Roman war, under his official patronage, from the Roman side, buttering him up and making him look good. This was published in A.D. 78, when he was 40 years old. He even faked the killing circle for the survivors of the last Jewish fort of Masada to make himself look good, when the truth must have been that they fought a valiant fight to the last man, and did not commit suicide, which was against everything Judaism stood for. Only he, Josephus, a Roman wannabe, would do that killing circle shit for real. But

then everybody back then manufactured fiction and called it history. Later Christians even forged a tale about Jesus into his writings, making this snake appear to kiss his ass. This was funny since Jesus never really lived. He was a fictional character. Kiss me deeper, suck my kiss. You won't reveal my mystery overnight. Spite's the reason I threw out my flannel shirt.

Those were the most important days in western history, those days of lies, for they set loose a mighty force on Rome that eventually ate it up, gobbled it up, fucked it up. And Rome was the world. As Rome went, so went the world. The western one that is. The Chinese didn't give a fuck, nor did the Hindus, nor the New World. To this day the Bible thumpers are split about smoking tobacco since the Bible didn't know about it, yet seemed to approve of wine. Fortunes have been made off the gaps in the Bible.

Some will win. Some will lose. You can't always decide the path you choose. It's my life? My ex-beau said he had to lose that chick in the worse kind of way. I learned to like staying at home. Why did I leave? Those pretty beach boys in Vallarta charged me extra. Sail away, sail away. Now why don't you get a job?

One group of surviving Jews went on to found modern Judaism, based on prayer rather than sacrifices, which could not be offered anymore since their temple had been forever destroyed. The other group went on to found a one world cult that tried to make gentiles into the new Jews, by claiming that a mythical founder named Jesus Christ, which they could see but nobody else could, had come to the Jews before their destruction, warned them, given them every chance, and yet been rejected by the stiff-necked assholes, and was now authorizing converts to be made from all peoples in their place. No circumcision required, which was great PR and very PC in that day. And you can hate the other kind of Jews, for they killed Christ and suck.

This latter group went on to fuck up the entire pagan world to this day, getting the better of the first group continually until suddenly, during the 20th century, the first group got smart, went pagan themselves, started to

regroup and get the upper hand, and now we have Zionism and a looming world state. Since the average IQ of an Ashkenazi Jew is 117, while that of the average Christian white only 103, they look to be ahead on most scorecards.

Moral: make sure your small business is scalable. It will pay off in the stock market.

You know how when you go in an airplane your ear pops? My whole right side of my brain popped. It must be in a hemorrhage. I must be deaf in both ears now. I need a man's arms around me. I need to feel a man's touch. I can't get a man. I'm too ugly and much to smart. I'm kryptonite.

Baby, you're never there. Don't sob. Be smart. Smart girls don't sob. Men don't make passes at women who wear glasses. Hey.

Funny how the Christians never wrote anything on the fall of Jerusalem, except to backdate a prophesy in Jesus' mouth that it would be destroyed for rejecting him. That gives away when the gospels were written, after the fall instead of before. You cover up where you're at at the time you're doing the writing. At at. At at. That's the hideous truth at at.

The poor Romans never knew what hit them. They go in, kick Palestine's ass, break it all up, and never meet up with any phantom Jesus Christ, nor any Christians either, to tell the truth. But after they are through celebrating their utter victory over the Jews in Rome, kicking their asses from Palestine to the Appian Way, crucifying them high and wide to inculcate Roman terror, here come them nut cases believing in some fiction written by mysterious anonymous authors that was backdated long before they could do anything about it. And worse, these nuts pop up among their own ranks, the pagans, even in Rome itself. And despite all attempts to oppress them, the persecution seems to get them off, make their numbers grow. It was sick.

So eventually a cult worshipping a fictional fairy takes over and rules the roost for centuries, finally toppling the whole

order, heathen barbarians included. As the Hopi saying goes, he who writes the fiction is the one with the true power. Not that they didn't try, with their great stories of Xena the Warrior Princess et Ali McGraw. Et Ally Sheedy. Back in the days before bar codes. Clever. Only one prize per household per family, and you have thirty days to pick up your prize.

What is history? The word means investigation. An investigation of what happened in the past. The trouble is that the main tool is the study of writings. People's minds cannot be read, live ones or long dead ones. Only those who commit something to writing can be investigated. But what keeps people from writing up fiction and palming it off as truth? Nothing. That's the trouble.

And the older the events investigated, the worse the history itself gets. People take histories, and forge their own fictional shit into them. So you have to have an investigation of the investigation, a history of the history. And then languages change, become dead. I foresee the end of history, when all the voices of the dead are still. When there is no more interest in the dead, anymore than the doings of fish or walruses. Fiction itself will be the interest. This very crash will be fictionalized by somebody who will make his fiction forever seem more real, and live far longer, than any histories.

Why did I say his? Why not hers?

I swear I have two functioning ears. They work perfectly. Too bad yours don't, boys. All that screaming was very, hideously rude.

I am on my last breath of air probably. Breaths of air are getting very dear. I spent all those years studying Hebrew, Greek, Latin, the Bible, ancient religion, higher criticism, and now my brain is a breath away from being dead pork jello that will know nothing, think nothing.

I was always such an arrogant mother. So smart. Smarter than the boys. Look at how I rose to a full professorship over the heads of the boys. What an arrogant ass I was.

How I lorded it over my pathetic students, who could never understand what I was teaching. Never understand the languages I was fluent in. Never see the true Jesus that I was discovering as a favor to the entire human race. Now that I've seen him, I'm a fish without gills myself.

All I ever wanted was to get as many people as possible to admire how smart I was. Now I won't. Rats.

Am I up? Up next? Panic. Fear. Petrification. Gasps. No let me live. Some will live and some will lose, you can never predict the path you'll choose, although you can decide it.

Good. They picked someone else near me. Good for them. They're not smart like me. I will survive, be the last, and then I'll cop out, and surrender to the Romans, survive, never tell like he did.

That orca fat lady in that movie The Poseidon Adventure. Shelley Winters. Why do I say orca fat? Because I saw that movie about Kaiser Soze starring Kevin Spacey. Boy her ass must have smelled unholy. I wouldn't want to have to stand under her on a ladder. The smell of rotten blood mixed with piss. She was a champion at holding her breath when she was much, much younger. What about the people around her? She caused them to hold their breath. She saved the preacher, then got a heart attack and died. She still had the lungs, but not the heart. She wanted to die. She had reached the dream of her life, and there was no point. With a blood smell like that she might have attracted sharks anyway. Do sharks go for menstrual blood or just fresh blood? I don't want to be the guinea pig. I'm on my period now, panic.

No, there will be no sharks. They can't get in and we can't get out. They are the usual suspects, granted. Boy is this cabin spacey. Pardon me while my lungs burst into flames.

Death was not too hard for her. Suffocating isn't such a hard death. You expel the breath in your lungs, breathe in water, try to make like a fish, and finally black out.

Was that movie really a circle dance? Think. I am stumped.

I can't think. I can only remember and emote. I am scum, trash, and deserve to die. I need a smoke. Blink 182. A pot smoking song. Okay so my teeth are a little yellow. I need a cigarette. I really need one.

In my head I'm so ugly, but that's okay, so are you. That is how men handle it. I like it I'm not going to crack. I miss you I'm not going to crack. I love you I'm not going to crack. Beautiful women try to make men crack. To love them. Hideously ugly women have nothing to make men crack, except being smart. That makes them crack, yes, makes them crack.

Why did I wear hideous witch hair and torn stockings to my classes all the time? To be hideously ugly and to get off on how smart I was. The class was filled with boys I could never have. But I could get off on them in class. I was never asked to give head, but I could be headstrong.

So why am I waiting for a hideous death at the hands of the other panicky fish fodder, a mob run by men? Let's try to negotiate. Let's try to negotiate. Glub! That last girl, they hit her repeatedly on the head with a compact phone, botched it, then got her down and beat her head down until she went limp. That last man, they disemboweled him with a piece of jagged glass, then slit his throat until he fell and didn't get up. That last kid, they just picked it up and dashed its brains against the wall. At least we're safe from rape. Not enough air for panting. Why can we see when there's no lights? There are fires, and they shed light. Underwater fires. How mythic.

I'm a firestarter. I'm a firestarter. Hey. I found a way out. What? I don't know. I'm not so smart after all. Down here there's no more lies. I'm just average. I just work harder to look smart. I have no life. Just my work. It all started when I knew I was hideously ugly. I had to be smart or life would have been too hideously unbearable. I had no choice. It was rigged.

Rigged. The Romans of the year A.D. 78 thought they had conquered the world. That the world was safe forever. That they had no worries. Looking back, they were stupid. They

might have taken wise precautions, might have saved it.

America in the year 2000.

I just forgot everything I ever learned in school.

Chapter 17. Split-Rock

* * *

BEACH MEMORIAL FOR ALASKA AIR CRASH

PORt MUGU, Calif. (Fri., Feb. 4, 2000) - Wading out into the cold, chilly Pacific along a flower-strewn white beach, mourners bid farewell to the 88 passengers and crew of Alaska Airlines Flight 261.

A bright orange Coast Guard helicopter hovered overhead Thursday before flying out to drop flowers and photographs of the dead into the shimmering but cold blue water. A skywriting plane outlined a heart and a cross in smoke over the private beachside ceremony.

About 200 mourners met inside the Point Mugu Naval Air Weapons Station, about 10 miles from the crash site in the Santa Barbara Channel.

Some friends and family members cradled bouquets of white roses and baby's breath in their arms on their way to the base. Others carried white cartons filled with lunches, sunscreen, tissues and pen and paper, to permit them to keep a journal of their feelings. Local criminals agreed to suspend all armed robberies for the day.

Alaska Airlines and the National Transportation Safety Board officials helped arrange the caravan. A Red Cross spokesman said the visit was "one small step in the recovery process to reconstructing their hideously shattered lives." Reporters were kept away. "They're so hard to swallow, like kryptonite."

At the base a few mourners wandered along the shore alone or in small clusters. Others waded into the chilly surf. Some placed flowers along the shore. Two suicides were reported. Also the birth of twins in a cave.

Alaska Airlines employees traveled separately to the site where they laid flowers and clutched one another's arms as they walked in the sand. A small group of protesters at the tourist attraction of Split Rock were tear-gassed and arrested for being a general nuisance. Five were shot resisting arrest and three are in critical condition.

Across the country, the airline held a minute of silence for the victims. The employees stopped working at 4:36 p.m., near the time of the crash. At Burbank Airport employees held hands in a large circle on the tarmac. The airline announced it will never again use the number 261 for a flight. But they "reserve all trademark and copyrights for future commercial and pro sports use," as an airline spokesman put it.

A local pastor and business owners held a public memorial later in the day at Port Hueneme Pier, where residents placed balloons, flowers and candles at the base of three palm trees dressed in Eskimo, Arab, and Chinese national costumes.

* * *

And now a word from our sponsor.

Chapter 18. Foo Fighters From the North

Dear AOL:

Waqaa.

I'm emailing you to express my thoughts on the recent Alaskan Air Lines disaster off the west coast of America.

A plane broke and fell out of the sky into the sea. The American media went into high gear dissecting every smallest detail of it, as if there aren't bigger problems to concern themselves with. Eighty-eight people is a drop in the ocean.

That's typical of the whole American experience as far as I'm concerned. I'm an Alaskan native and I can tell you that if 88 of us died in an accident, it'd receive maybe a tiny article at the back of the National Enquirer or a footnote in some government journal, if anything.

Why do you Americans not realize how flimsy your grip on our continent is? You know why you are even here at all? The land bridge. It made us, and it will break you. We are smiling down at them. Just think about it. You'll get it.

You want to get something you might not have gotten? So many people say that Alaskan native face on the tail is smiling. No it isn't. It's very grim, very wise. It's telling you all to go away.

The land bridge. Eurasian, Arctic, Bering, Bering Straight, Alaskan. Beringia. A thousand miles wide. We Asians came over long ago before our numbers were great, then the land bridge closed before we could populate the continent completely, then the Euros came over and thought they owned our land, then we opened the bridge back up and this time we finished our original job and took it all back. Not yet. Give us time and we'll do it. I'm living in the future.

The Bering Land Bridge National Preserve. Two point seven million acres in the Seward Peninsula in northwest Alaska. It used to actually welcome American tourists. They'd go hiking and snowmobiling, happy to see the remains of the ancient land bridge, which they thought was a done deal, closed to the Asian public. Didn't care what their damn snowmobiles did to the environment. Conveniently located visitor's center right in Nome. Use your Visa and Mastercard. American Express and Diner's Club. Visit

Northwest Alaska areas stolen from us by Euros, including Cape Krusenstern National Monument, Kobuk Valley National Park, and Noatak National Preserve.

The bridge last arose around 70,000 years ago. For years Euro scientists thought it disappeared beneath the waves about 14,500 years ago, toward the end of the last ice age. Unfortunately, that was about 2,500 years before their first accepted date for human settlement in the new world. More intensive carbon-14 dating efforts recently changed the date to eleven thousand years ago. How PC. We had too little time, too little, to migrate. We deserve a second chance.

Get this. Since virtually no evolution has occurred in beetles over the past 700,000 years they claim, scientists can compare today's beetles, which are sensitive indicators of climate change, with fossil beetles from ancient sites to reliably estimate past temperatures. Doing this, American scientists recently discovered that summer temperatures on the land bridge were about 8 to 11 degrees Fahrenheit warmer 11,000 years ago than they are today. How do they get this figure of 700,000 years? From the theory of Evolution? Everybody knows it's flawed. They just jig up the data to fit the desired results.

The land bridge closed up eleven thousand years ago. The Chukchi Sea and the Bering Sea now overrun it. That little stretch of land is the most important in human history. Mark my words. Once you go over you can never go back. You have to take it on the other side.

How do you close it back up? March the people into it in a line a thousand people thick, a million people long. The lead ones march into the sea and drown. Then the ones behind march in and drown. Then the ones behind march in and drown. Eventually the ones behind can march on the bodies of those who have drowned and then drown. The length of the bridge? What is the length? Couldn't be more than a hundred lousy miles. System of the down. Rage against the machine. So near and yet so far. Cliche. But when it comes to me and there's a flickering light at the end of the tunnel, just a freight train coming away.

Fill it up with glaciers, the way it was originally done. How? With glacier making machines. Where can we find the designs for these? When the ancient ones came from the stars, they left designs for them buried in the North and South Poles.

Build a bridge out of earth and concrete? What is concrete? Limestone. Heat it until the gases are driven out, creating quicklime. Mix water in, creating hot lime. Stir in sand, rocks, gravel, volcanic ash, pour it in molds, and let it harden. Waqaa, concrete. Concrete was invented by the Romans in the century of Christ, along with the leap year. Christ, concrete, and leap years. Which was the better idea?

I know. A bridge of boats. A kind of pontoon bridge. A huge armada of boats so great that you can walk across them from Siberia to Alaska without getting your feet wet. Like in that movie The Hunt for Red October, where the American ambassador accused the Soviet ambassador of dropping so many sonobuoys that one could walk from Newfoundland to Scotland without getting their feet wet. Good joke. But a great idea.

What's stopping a half a billion Asians from coming over right now? Good question. The answer is nothing. So, overconfident Americans, kiss your asses goodbye. You're in your last years. Here today, gone tomorrow. You don't know what it means, don't know what it means to steal a continent by migration. Ya.

A leap year. That's an idea. Line a bunch of walruses up end to end and people can leap from one to another to get across. Maybe we can give them all wetsuits. Transport giant barges full of wet suits to the west end.

Barges. Why not a thousand barges working full time, each capable of carrying a thousand people over the water gap in one day? That's a million people a day. It would take a lot of diesel fuel. So, divert the Alaskan pipeline. It's ours. We'll borrow it for awhile.

The Eurasian Land Bridge. The New Silk Road. Proposed by

Lyndon LaRouche, an economist highly respected as the "supreme intellect and conscience of the world," according to Korea Press International. Also the leader of the fusion torch lobby. Thinks fusion is possible but there's a conspiracy against it. Runs for president all the time. Got railroaded into prison by the IRS or something. What does he know? What do they know?

The response of the Clinton administration to China's development program will decide the course of world history in the 21st century, say Larouche's people. Three-fourths of the world's population live on the Eurasian landmass, so why not build railroads running from Paris all the way to Tokyo via Berlin, Russia, China, Pyongyang, and Seoul? Along the railroads build an infrastructure of power plants, towns, and shit, like they did once in America. Shoot buffalo from passenger trains for sport. Only this time it would be what? Walruses?

I've got news for you armchair geniuses. You're going the wrong way. It's closer to just jump from Siberia to Alaska and get it over with that way. Better, go both ways at the same time. Go. Now. As they come over, I'll be there saying waqaa to each and every one of them.

Waqaa (pronounced wok'-ah) is hello in my native language Yup'ik, the language of the central Inuit of Alaska, including southwestern Alaska and Siberia in the former USSR. My hometown is Bethlehem, Alaska, which is located 400 miles directly west of Anchorage. Never mind that Bethlehem is a missionary name. There is no way to say I hate you in Yup'ik. Too bad. I'm all for kicking the missionaries out of the north. Crucify them on big floating blocks of ice. Leave them for polar bears with funny little hats on their heads.

Stop the rock. I have very strong ties to my culture. So I can't speak the native language fluently? All languages are dying off in favor of one. I fear it will be American English, but it could also be American English Chinese. It all depends on the land bridge returning to save us.

I hunt, fish, dance, and take part in many other cultural

events. No, I don't live in an igloo, and I've never seen one, and we Alaska Natives never lived in them in the first place. Don't even ask me about it. It's a sore point with me.

The Pacific Northwest between California and Alaska is the ancestral home of tribes who depended upon fishing for salmon. Now salmon is getting scarcer and scarcer as the American and Euro invaders dam up streams and overfish. It makes me bite my tongue when I see all our land from California to Canada being gobbled up by obscene development and overpopulation. Now the Americans are eyeing the State of Alaska, a full-fledged state they call it since 1959, as their last frontier. The peoples the entire Pacific Northwest really belongs to are the Inuit, Tlingit, Kwakiutl, the Klamath and the Yurok. Stop the rock.

At the time Alaska was supposedly discovered in 1741 by the European Vitus Bering, Alaska natives populated all parts of Alaska including the Bering Strait region. Now we natives constitute only ten percent of the State of Alaska's population. We're becoming an endangered species.

And then there's the walrus. Imagine a two-ton seal, tusked like an elephant, with the bristly muzzle of a giant otter, the peg-like teeth of a manatee, and the bellow of a bison. The old Norse called them the whale-horse, hval-hross, walrus. Walrus-like creatures have inhabited northern waters for at least 15 million years, longer than man. The first man was born of a walrus. His name was Adam Walrus, not Paul.

Get this government web site. The modern walrus species appears to have evolved in the North Atlantic and spread to Beringia prior to the last great glaciation, it says. When the land bridge caused the Pacific and Arctic basins to separate, walruses were isolated on Beringia's southern fringes at first, but eventually followed the sea northward. Today they swim over the entire submerged land bridge, diving for clams in submerged landscapes that just a few thousand years ago supported herds of landlubber bison. About 80 percent of the world's walruses now inhabit Beringia's rich seas.

Maybe walruses are the key somehow. The original big fat bus.

Pacific walruses prefer to inhabit shallow waters. In winter they like to play around in openings in the ice called polynyas. In spring they ice presses northward and the females and their calves follow it, while the adult males remain in the south for the summer. In fall, they reverse this pattern. In January and February they meet in the Bering Sea pack ice for the breeding season. Yes, walruses have their own natural interstate highway system.

It says that young are born in the spring on the ice, right where they can be easily clubbed. Females are six or seven years old before they breed, and bear a solitary calf every two to three years. This reproductive rate is one of the lowest in the animal kingdom, which makes the walrus population very vulnerable to attrition. Therefore we won't allow any Euros on our new land bridge. That's what we will call our bowel movements, Euros.

Clams are the principal food of walruses. They grub the clams from the sea bottom with their snouts or blow them loose with a jet of water, then suck the clams from their shells. They would make a lesbian American girl puke. The clam shucking provides nutrients and food for scavengers like the starfish. Without them, others would starve, just like beavers and sea otters.

Walruses have been harvested by the native peoples of Beringia since who knows when. They use the ivory tusks and bone for tools, the oil for lamps, the hides to make strong rope and house coverings, as well as covering for our traditional boats called umiaks. Walrus meat remains a major part of the local diet even in the age of fast food restaurants. Yummy. Raw walrus nuts. Would make a Jewish girl scream twice, and a midget kill himself playing ping-pong.

Prior to Euro arrival in the region, walruses numbered at least 200 thousand. American poachers landed about 140 thousand walruses between 1850 and 1880, and probably

mortally wounded an equal number in their greed for speed. The result was a drastic decline in the 1870's, bringing widespread famine among my people. After that the taking of walruses became unprofitable as they called it, and commercial hunting declined for a couple of decades before being resumed by Americans, Canadians and Norwegians after 1900.

What could we natives do? We didn't even have such a thing as money until they poisoned us with it and its evil.

Profitable? Shove it! Money is your god. You say in god we trust on your money. Hell, your god is Satan! I can prove it from your own Bible. Exodus 15:3: "The Lord is a man of war. Jehovah is his name." Isaiah 45:7: "I form the light and create darkness. I make peace and create evil. I the Lord do all these things." I Chronicles 21:1: "And Satan stood up against Israel and provoked David to number it." II Samuel 24:1: "And again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go number Israel." Isaiah 14:12: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer (morning star), to the ground." Revelation 22:16: "I (Jesus Christ) am the root and offspring of David, and the bright morning star." So your god and your Christ are Satan and Lucifer, in that order. No wonder you ruin the earth.

Euro Christian hunting was hideously intense in some years until a degree of regulation was instituted by the United States in the early 1920's. Did that save the walruses? No. Soviet commercial hunting began in the early 1930's. Only in the 1950's did Soviets reduce their take in response to evidence of depletion. By 1980 the herd had rebounded to an estimated 200 to 250 thousand again. Now go away!

Maybe we can close the land bridge by using walrus somehow. They can pull cheap shitty junks. And let's not make any jokes about "walri". Latin sucks. Yup'ik rules.

Atrocities. This word, which sums up your Euro and American histories, is very well chosen. Aster is Latin for black or evil. Like a Black Ace, a pilot who loses five of his own aircraft, such as California ultra right wing atrocity

monger Congressman Robert K. "Bob" Dornan. Okay, he only lost four. Black is bad. Black is evil. Black is hideous. Add that to cities and you get atrocities. Your Euro culture brought us cities, hideous overpopulations of people that ruin the land. They themselves are atrocities. What's the matter? Can't control your birth rate? Clearly you build up your population only to commit them to hideous wars for speed and greed. And you Euros and Americans scoff at the far more peaceful and civilized Chinese.

At present, U.S. law restricts harvest of walrus to native people, who took a modest 1,000 to 5,000 individuals per year during the 1980's for subsistence use. The Soviet annual quota of 4,000 animals in recent years was harvested by both local hunters and larger ships, the meat being used for subsistence and as food for commercially raised foxes.

The music never ends. What the hell do they do with commercially raised foxes? Sell them to the snotty Brits for fox hunts? How the newly independent Russian Republic will manage its marine resources is unclear. Avoid indigestion. Dine out with people you like.

The large-scale removal of fish and crabs from walrus habitat by commercial thieves backed by the Euro/American government thankfully is not too harmful to the walrus, since they prefer clams. But offshore oil exploration and development has a huge potential for damage to walrus habitat. So we have to act fast. Close the land bridge fast. Once the mass migration starts, there's won't be any more commercial anything run by the Euros under any flag. They will be too busy running.

Let's dance. I am not made of stone. There were at least a few Alaskan natives in that crash, so I danced to pay respect to their souls. Americans and Euros don't have souls. All they leave when they die is money for others to fight for.

Inuit dancing is the greatest event that I have ever gotten into. I take so much pride in dancing to songs that my grandparents have danced and sung. I'm not talking about Bonnie Raitt and Melissa Etheridge. The latter had one hit

song and is now a full time dyke. And their grandparents, and their grandparents before them, back thousands of generations. Not only is it the pride, but I receive an extremely spiritual feeling from it. We respect our elders, not throw them away like fast food containers. And ours don't break their hips dancing, like Marlon Brando. Hearing the drumbeats and the voices of the elders singing in unison would bring me to such a euphoric state that I could not be taken down by anything. Besides, I want something to do to feel the sameness in you.

At dance practice, while everyone would go sit between songs, I'd remain kneeling in anticipation, dance fans in hand, with a real winning smile. When a member of the audience yelled "pamyua" (pronounced bum-e-yaw and meaning encore) I would gladly repeat the dance with all the energy I had left, high on walrus nut juice, to please the audience, myself, and my people. I had a nice butt too, which helped.

But it's time to be sad. Sadness time.

Although I feel much love and spiritual closeness while native dancing, I'd not been able to take part in it for a long time. Howling Wolf, Chief Thunderthighs. Those are the guys I give talent to being credited. Sadly, the last time I was in Alaska was in June of 1996, and the next time I'll be back will be in May 2000, so I've been completely taken away from all parts of my culture. Why? Because I had to go south to the land of my nightmares to go to college and get a degree in marine biology so I could return one day and make that evil stuff called money. I had started going to parties where they had a lot of dancing to hip-hop, old skool, and reggae, but as soon as the house music came on, I found myself shuffling off to the sides and standing against the wall because I couldn't quite do all the "name" dance moves, such as Running Man, Roger Rabbit, Butterfly, Tootsie Roll, Tears in Heaven, White Guys Can't Jump, the Jokeman.

So an Inuit like me down here in the states tends to be a real wallflower, lonely, like a one-legged broad. That's why I signed up for AOL, so I could talk about it. Silence

is not the way. I'm a stranger in this town. My life's in turmoil. I'm the Alaskan Dalai Lama. But on AOL everybody is in a community that doesn't know the word stranger, and is in no danger of overpopulation. I thank Providence and my addiction to blubber that I didn't get smashed like a statue and get beaten by the pigs that carry big sticks.

Finally the opportunity arose for me to attend a rave. My college friends, who I never thought I'd see again after my bust, told me not to expect much because it was free and on extremely short notice, but that didn't phase me one bit.

The feeling was strange. It had been such a long time since I felt that same way. But there was no mistaking it. It was the old feeling I used to get native dancing, even when I was an alcoholic. When looking on the floor at all the other people, I noticed that none of them were doing those name dance moves and also that everybody was dancing by themselves, facing towards the source of the music. This I could do.

After sitting and standing for a few minutes I closed my eyes and started moving my head, much like I do when I'm about to native dance. Then the beat from the music was taken away. I opened my eyes and looked on the dance floor noticing that the people dancing appeared to be gliding on the floor. Their movements were smooth, much like Inuit dancing. I stood up and walked over to the dance floor and attempted to mimic the movements of everyone else. Only a few seconds after I started dancing did the beat drop back in, and when it did, it hit me hard. The music hypnotized me. Like the walrus gets when in his harem.

My attempts to dance like those around me were no more. I wasn't able to think, to try to choreograph my movements. Everything that came out of my body came out because I experienced the same feeling that all of you, or at least most of you feel when you go to raves. I'm talking about that spiritual feeling received by the entire aura around you. Give it away now. Give it away now. Give it away now.

I immediately told my younger brother about it and he

replied that he felt the exact same way when he went to his first rave. "Your first rave?" I asked, startled. "Yes, brother. After you left I went wild and started running with the city people and attending rock concerts so I could rough things up in the mosh pit. I soon got invited to all-night raves. Now I color my hair orange and bright blue, and spike it. I paint my face neon yellow. I pierce my eyebrows, lip, tongue. I drink bottled water, eat sandwiches and potato chips from convenience stores. I'm no longer with our people. I'm a sell-out to American philistinism."

Everything goes by so fast, making my head spin. The real reason for raves right now may be that young people too young to legally drink alcohol can get together and party. They take Xtasy, which makes them thirsty, so they end up paying alcohol-like prices for bottled water. At least raves have a spiritual quality to them, so all is not lost with my brother. What is it about raves that is so spiritual? Here's my theory. Wake me up when it's over.

In America are many types of people of different ethnic backgrounds that have been thrown together as their parents came here looking to chase money. However, not all of these people take part in their own native culture, or have much knowledge of it. How can they? If your roots are in Zimbabwe, Zaire, Cameroon, Congo, Afghanistan, Austria or wherever, but either you, your parents, or your grandparents were not born there, then your culture defaults to American with a real high speed crash. But you are told that American is a culture that you have to assimilate to, melt into, dissolve into, crash into. And it has been dominated by Euros, especially Brits, who used to think they ruled the world. But being an American means we have the right to create anything we wish to be included in our culture, neh? After all, this country really had no culture, say the Euros who took the land from the natives who lived here before. But I don't want to get into that now.

And so so we must build our own. One that we love. In every all-night rave we are doing just that. A credo without a god, a devil, or an afterlife, but with the power of all true faith to inspire Xtasy and reveal the true soul.

I nominate raving as the new American culture, with Inuit dancing from my old culture combined with it. It is something that unites people and brings them to a higher level of mind-spirit. It is something that I'm glad I found while living here in San Diego studying my ass off instead of native dancing. I feel complete now because I have found the other half of me, the African-American, or should I just say nigger half? I guess I have a little of what they call rhythm. The spiders are all in tune. The evening of the tune. Dreams are winding through my head. Through my head. Brother, we're all right. We don't have to be completely miserable.

I might as well set you straight. My father is Inuit, my mother is African-American. I have a long journey through life, and when I lived in Alaska I promised to myself and my people that I will be dancing until the day that I die. I had to renege, go south, go to school, sell out. Now I can tell all of you that I'll be raving for a long time until I die. I probably won't be as energetic, but I'll be dancing until I kick out.

I'm a firestarter. You're a firestarter. Hey.

What the hell are the Eskimo? I'll give you the cheap seat tour. Get a load of this shit from a public government web site. The government tells half truths and passes them off as whole truths. Fuck them. Let me show you. You can trust me. I'm not even a little bit white.

The Eskimo are the native inhabitants of the seacoasts of the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions of North America and the northeastern tip of Siberia, it says. Their habitation area extends over four countries, the United States, Canada, the USSR, and Greenland it adds. They have it reversed. Their hideous uncountries extend over ours. That's because they don't have their own countries. They have been swallowed alive by rats.

Of the more than 90,000 native Eskimo, the greater part live south of the Arctic Circle, with approximately 28,000 on the Aleutian Islands and in Alaska, 17,000 in Canada, 1,500 in

Siberia, and 45,000 in Greenland it says. They make it sound like a historic footnote or a death knell. They just don't get it. We don't overpopulate, no siree maam. Stick to the rafters, stick to the rafters, man. Stick to the world's rafters. All night long.

The word Eskimo is not an Eskimo word. Even Euros know that. They use it anyway so much that I sometimes catch myself using it. It means eaters of raw meat and was used by the Algonquin Indians of eastern Canada for their hardy neighbors who wore animal-skin clothing and were adept hunters and didn't cook much, since snow doesn't burn well. The name became commonly employed by Euro explorers and now is generally used, even by Eskimo, it says. Wrong. Our own term for ourselves is Inuit (the Yup'ik variant is Yuit), which means the real people. And is there anything wrong with that? Some people call vagina angina.

The Eskimo inhabit one of the most inclement regions of the world it says. That's a matter of opinion. To us it's a paradise. The land is mostly tundra, low, flat, treeless plains where the ground remains permanently frozen except for a few inches of the surface during the brief summer season. Although some groups are settled on rivers and depend on fishing, and others follow inland caribou herds, most of us traditionally have lived primarily as hunters of maritime mammals such seals, walrus and whales, and our culture has always been fundamentally oriented to the sea. We can subsist on land that for everybody else is too barren to subsist on. We are the future. In the future everybody will be an Inuit. All will be oriented to the sea.

One of the most striking aspects of traditional Inuit/Yup'ik culture is its relative homogeneity across more than 5,000 miles of the vast expanse of the Arctic, it says. Like we are up here, looking down at the rest of you down there. Why didn't you stay down there? You fly too high and your wings will freeze and you'll hit the sea hard.

The main institutional and psychological patterns of the culture, be it religious, social, or economic, are much the same, it adds. Hey, can you fake it? Can you take it? Stuck to the rafters, stuck to the actors. Stacked to the

rafters. Floating on a raft all day long. There are some little bitty differences in traditional kinship systems, especially in the western regions, but that don't mean shoot.

Our language is divided into two major dialectical groups, the Inupik speakers (Greenland to western Alaska) and the Yup'ik speakers (southwestern Alaska and Siberia). I'm in the latter group, even though I don't speak the language like I wish I did. I was Americanized by my African-American mother. At least, until I got to America, I never realized I was an "Eskimo nigger", that I came into this world as a reject. Or that my brother was a nigger. Or my mother. She just flat out yelled at me when I asked her if she were one.

Fuck racism. Stick it up your hair. Stick it up your hair. I'm such a liar. F me. F them. F my enemies. Bitch.

Why did it take so long? Huh. Take so long to figure it out? But I did it. And I can handle it. Like a chump. Hey, like a chump. Like a chump. Stick it up your hair.

Nothing's gonna change. Things will always be the same. Our ability to adapt successfully to a cold and harsh environment depends on our highly inventive psychological traits. Not on, ahem, kryptonite.

We can make tools and other useful devices from all kinds of materials. Clothing sewn from skins. The toggle harpoon fashioned from ivory or antler and fitted with stone blades. Sled runners made, in emergencies, from frozen strips of meat. And the well-known igloo, or snow house. We are supermen. We can ride on meat vehicles on highways of ice and snow. We are a smart group of primitives, neh? And we have no Eskimo word for nigger, or superman either. So stick a kryptonite Klondike bar up your superhair, you're crazy.

Our culture isn't a bunch of vegetarian whimps. We don't watch our fat intake or our cholesterol. None of that. The importance and excitement of hunting goes hand in hand with the need to appease the souls of animals killed in the hunt.

All this vegetarianism garbage misses that boat. Their souls can be appeased. We love rich fat. When you're on the verge of freezing, fat is fuel and insulation both. Your system keeps it all separate from the contents of your bloodstream. Only when you weaken yourself does it all break down. Americans are lazy and weak. We aren't.

Courage and hardihood are emphasized in the training of all our young, as is a strong sense of fatalism in facing the disappointments and frustrations of life, such as the death of loved ones. I want something but can't have it. As an Inuit I can handle it. As Americans you can't. I talk to my ancestors. You put yours in hellholes and keep them alive artificially in their own feces and urine, then spend too much for hideous embalming, then fight over their remaining assets and forget them in the process. If you American idiots were left alone in Alaska for an hour, you'd bump your noggins on the ice, freeze, and get eaten.

Our age-old settlement patterns were altered by the entrance of the Euro assholes, it says. Permanent villages of stone houses existed in Greenland, which marks the eastern fringe of our inhabited areas, and in Alaska. Along the Siberian shore villages were made up of houses composed of driftwood and earth. In the central areas there were no such settled communities, although a given group might well return to the same location, such as a favorite fishing or hunting site, year after year. We used to run chasing our food. I guess that made us look like immigrants, neh? Too bad there were no other natives to try to kick us out.

For ages we had an annual cycle that took place in which groups spent the winter together in a larger settlement and then dispersed into smaller, family-sized bands during the summer, when people would live in animal-skin tents at favorite spots for seal hunting, fishing, collecting bird eggs and plants. The igloo, from an Inuit word meaning home, was constructed of packed snow and used only during the winter, when villages of these structures were built on the firm ocean ice of the central Arctic to facilitate seal hunting through holes in the ice. Such dwellings were also used as temporary structures in Greenland and in parts of Canada and Alaska. We don't live in them anymore, okay?

Except for the tourist trade, where we make a lot of money charging them to watch us make one that we wouldn't live in anymore than them.

Our traditional subsistence patterns were closely geared to the annual cycle of changing seasons, the most important feature of which was the appearance and disappearance of solid ice on the sea. During summer, when the sea was free of ice, small groups of families traveled to their camps by open boat. In late spring and throughout the summer we hunted the northward-migrating caribou herds by killing them at river crossings or by driving them into large corral-like structures. Fish swimming upstream for spawning were netted or speared, especially in weirs, net enclosures set in waterways. As fall approached, we would return to our settled communities once again, where seal and bird hunting were the principal activities. Ah, the good old days make me misty-eyed.

Our traditional method of hunting seals during winter through the frozen ocean ice is often misunderstood. Since seals are mammals and must breathe, they scratch a number of holes through the ice as it begins to freeze and periodically return to them for air. After the hunter located such a hole, often using his dogs to smell it, he stood with a poised harpoon, awaiting the quivering of a small, slender piece of baleen, or whalebone, through the thin ice surface, which would signal the seals surfacing. I miss the peace of fishing like in my boyhood days, like Captain Ramius of the Red October. All of which are American dreams. All of which are American dreams. Shit.

Often the hunter had to stand this way for several hours in the bitter cold. When the baleen marker began to jiggle, he threw the harpoon, one of the fastest throwing weapons ever designed. Better than a boomerang, blowpipe, bow and arrow, you name it. That's why the Americans like to call their fastest missiles harpoon missiles. The head of the seal harpoon was constructed so as to embed itself and remain fixed in the fat layer of the stricken animal. The head, connected to a float of inflated sealskin by a line about 30 feet long, would not only mark the location of the wounded animal but would also hamper its escape. As soon as the

animal swam to the surface to breathe, the hunter would kill it with a knife or lance. We Inuit call this the Nantucket necklace, the corn beef and hash bash.

Kill? Did somebody say kill? I see the usual gang of misfits and drug addicts are here on AOL. Bless them, that's the way Nature made them. Where was I? North central Canada hunting methods. Now we'll explore western ones. Don't come up here and try them for yourself though. Go away. Stay down south and get a lift to the lifts or something.

In Greenland and western Alaska, where the ocean surface does not freeze solid, seals and walrus come to open spaces between ice floes for air. In these areas our hunters stood by the floes, hoping for a chance to throw their harpoons or pursue the seals in kayaks. The utoq method of hunting seals in the spring was also distinctive of our more northerly bro's. Seeking warmth, seals often climb onto the surface of the ice to bask in the sun. A hunter would slowly creep toward a sleeping animal, either pushing a white shield of skin before him or else dressed and acting in such a manner that to the seal he would look like another animal. He would get close enough to fix a harpoon (or, after contact with Euros, shoot with a rifle) before the seal, sensing danger, could scramble back into the water.

We kill yes. But we don't waste like Americans do. We stay in perfect balance with nature. Your greed for speed makes that impossible. You're like locusts. You only take. You never give. You are a plague.

Traditionally, nearly all parts of animals killed by us were used. Our clothing was made from skins of birds and animals such as the seal, caribou, and polar bear. Sewn with sinew thread and bone needles, hooded jackets, pants, and waterproof boots were well adapted to cold and wet conditions, not to mention our tents. So you see we didn't live in igloos that much even in the past. Me and the ferret, we'd go fishing.

Two kinds of boats were common. The umiak was a large open boat consisting of a wooden frame covered usually with

walrus hide. It was used both to transport people and goods and, especially in northern Alaska, to hunt whales. The other type of craft distinctive of our people and our cultural relatives, the Aleuts, was the kayak. This one-man hunting vessel was entirely decked over with sealskin or caribou skin. The hunter sat in a cockpit inside, dressed in tight-fitting waterproof clothing made from seal or walrus intestine. The kayak glided silently through the water and enabled the hunter to move very close to his prey. Did we have big commercial passenger umuiaks that flew dangerously fast in the greed for speed, and crashed when we skimped on the maintenance to save another buck? Our kayaks held one. Just like Americans to take over the technology and make two or even three man kayaks. One little mistake and the whole thing spins upside down, drowning them all. American popsicles we call them.

Everywhere we depended on the dogsled as a mode of winter transportation over both land and the frozen sea. The dogsled was drawn by two to as many as fourteen huskies and was usually made from wood. Where wood was unavailable, as in certain regions of central Canada, dried salmon was sometimes used as structural material for sleds. So we could travel on vehicles of fish too. In recent years snowmobiles have largely replaced the dogsled as our primary mode of transportation in many areas. Yes, and they are ruining the land, causing accidents and injuries, and making us more dependent than ever on the Euro-American money god. Everybody sucks. It's all about the he said she said bull. It's in the contract, maniac. Just stay away, mother F. It's just one of those days.

Euros and Americans often think of us as primitive aboriginal tribesmen, like in Africa. There were no tribes in traditional Inuit society. Generally a group of people was known by a geographic term to which was added the suffix miut, meaning people of. The basic unit of social organization in most areas was the extended family, a man, his wife and unmarried children, and his married sons and their wives and children. Yes, we married, even without the Euro religions to tell us what to do. Usually several family groups would join together and exploit the animal resources of a given area, but this didn't make us a tribe

of hippies living in incestuous sin, okay? The stories of male visitors getting to sleep with the man's wife as a custom are from Iceland or Greenland or some Euro place, not from us. My suggestion is to keep your distance. You know I got a chainsaw, and it can make your ass raw.

We didn't have Gloria Steinem either, telling us to upset the natural order. There was no greed for speed among us, no constant struggle to control others. We fought the elements, not each other. The leader of the group would be the eldest male still capable of hunting. There was none of this Gloria Steinem shit fucking us up. At times he was called upon to settle disputes within the group and between it and outsiders. If that way of resolving quarrels did not bring peace, disputants might wrestle each other or join in a public joking and insulting contest to determine the winner. No fights to the death like we were savages or something, okay? We loved each other. We are family.

Special partnerships between men who were not relatives were important in trade relations, sharing of wives, and protection in travel to other regions. Sharing of wives isn't incest and isn't promiscuity. You Euros just don't 'get' it. You have dirty minds. All you want is cheap easy sex and porno and drugs and money. It's about optimal wellness, okay? Just give me my sex straight.

Gray skies are gonna clear up. Put on a happy face. That song 'gets' me. How Eurocentric.

In Alaska, a village usually used at least one man's house for ceremonials and as a place where men and boys did much of their work and often even ate their meals and spent the night. This house was called a kashgee, or some similar name. You would call them Catholic boys' schools, where Rev. Pat McCrotch taught them about secret games and took pictures for later. You're the ones who are sick. Go away.

The traditional kinship system we had resembled that of American society, unfortunately, but I mean the society you had before the Great War of 1914 that forever made you into violent dogs. We called the same kinds of relatives cousins and generally practiced bilateral descent, by which we

recognized both the mother's and the father's side of the family equally. In the western Bering Sea areas, however, the paternal aspect of descent was so pronounced that there was a clan system based upon patrilineal principles. Every person belonged to the clan of his or her father. In those areas, too, the terms for cousin were markedly different from the usual Inuit pattern. Why was this? I don't know. Do I know everything like Americans do? Break a light.

Our religion is what you poo-poo as animistic. It imputes spirits, or souls, to most animals and to important features of the landscape. Human beings have several souls, one of which is their name. After death it was believed that the name and the personality of its bearer would enter the body of a newborn infant given the same name. We don't retire names out of a feeling of guilt, like you do. Numbers either.

To avoid their hostility, souls of our important subsistence animals, seals, walrus, whales and polar bears, were propitiated through extensive honorary customs and taboos. For example, one of the most widespread customs was for the hunter's wife to offer a dead seal a drink of water as a sign of hospitality when her husband brought the carcass to the house. In some areas, especially in the west, annual ceremonies of thanksgiving were performed in honor of the souls of seals and whales. At the same time you Americans murder your unborn babies by the million each year and don't care about their souls, you have something to teach us about moral and religious superiority? Don't make me laugh.

Our central religious figure is the shaman, or angakok in some of the central mainland languages. His functions were comprehensive: to divine the causes of poor hunting, which often was believed to be brought on by a group member breaking food or hunting taboos; to diagnose and treat sickness; and to serve as the general source of advice in coping with crisis. Most groups believed in a supreme ruler of the sea animals and in a general deification of the forces of nature, much as you would call it Mother Nature.

Arts and crafts were expressed mainly in etched decorations on ivory harpoon heads, needlecases, and other tools. Also

carved sculpture in ivory, tooth, or soapstone. Also skin sewing, in dancing and the composition of songs, and in storytelling. We also are known for our elaborate wooden masks. That mask on the tail of the Alaskan Air Line planes, you know where they got it.

The origin of our culture is disputed by the Euros. Basing their opinions principally on similarities in subsistence methods and art styles, some Euro scholars have traced it to Late Paleolithic cultures of Europe. They're crazy. Others have suggested a New World origin, such as the region west of Hudson's Bay. They're also crazy. In coastal areas of the Bering Sea and southward along the Siberian shore artifacts have been found that they say give persuasive evidence of earlier cultures adapted to maritime hunting from which our culture could have evolved. That's closer. The so-called Arctic Small Tool tradition, best known from Cape Denbigh, Alaska, and dated from around 5000 to 3500 B.C., was one such "precursor culture", as was the Old Whaling culture, dated at about 1800 B.C. by these know-all. So our culture is far older than yours, even if you trace it to the Garden of Eden in 4000 B.C. Your evolution theory is walrus crap. Stick to rubber ducks.

At about the end of the first millennium of your calendar, Thule culture, in which whaling was a central focus, developed in the west and began to spread eastward to Greenland. It was characterized by whale, walrus, and seal hunting, dogsleds, and permanent stone or dirt houses. It was the prevalent cultural type when we were first encountered by Euros and they started messing us up, harvesting our whales as they put it, and overpopulating the obscenely hideous blood-soaked land of their native holocausts with their own vermin.

The Vikings were the first Euros to contact us. Did we send them an invitation? Go away. But they kept coming. From the 10th to the 15th century Norse settlements existed in southwestern Greenland, engaged in farming, cattle, and sheep raising. But we won the first round. They disappeared as a result of the effects of sickness, plus the fact that we didn't want them, and we warned them and they wouldn't listen, okay? So we kicked their asses.

Just when we thought we were safe, here they come again in the 18th century, with Church missionaries establishing education, government, and trade relations as they called it under the authority of the Church backed by the hideous guns of the soldiers, all of which pretty much did our traditional culture in by the early 20th century.

The Canadian Inuit were first contacted by Euro explorers and whaling ships beginning in the 18th century. The Alaskan Inuit were first encountered by the Russians, who reached the Aleutian Islands and the coast of Alaska in that century, finding waters thick with hunters in kayaks, which they called baidarki. After suppressing our brothers, the deepest secrets of the kayak design were lost forever, and all kayaks now are inferior copycats. See the latest issue of Scientific American (April 2000) for an article on their reconstruction. Not! It's hideous, this profanation of what is sacred to us. If you do I'll personally lace your water with GHB, kidnap you, fuck you in the mouth and dump you in the ocean upside down in a leaky kayak with a rolled-up S.A. stuck up your anus.

The Russkies were followed by other Euro explorers and then, during the 19th century, by commercial whaling ships in the North Pacific after Atlantic whaling grounds had become depleted. The greed for speed caused them to steal everything that wasn't nailed down, and even that was nailed down. Such ships traded rifles, whiskey, and other goods for whalebone, oil, hides, and ivory.

Captain Robert Brown of New London, Connecticut. May his name stink in infamy. He is the butcher who invented, in 1850, the "improvement" of firing a harpoon out of a gun. It's just like you Euros to invent, in another fifty years, a method of firing yourselves out of a gun. And to reprint a tribute to Hideous Brown in that April 2000 issue of S.A.

Scream! Scream! Scream! Ice Scream! Won't you come? Won't you cum? Won't you come cum come cum come? Black ice hole speak from Sound Garden.

Thanks to Hideous Brown whaling rapidly declined around the

beginning of the 20th century, and our western brothers turned, as had our Canadian brothers earlier, to fox trapping, an auxiliary cash-producing occupation. Okay, I was joking earlier with you. The Euros raise foxes for their fur, which they trade for cash. Fox fur is great fur. Beats rabbit fur. Ask Tonya Harding. They made us dependent on the evil god of money. Make me a joke about what there are none of in foxholes.

Money is the end of history. It changes the forces still. There is no other pill to take to swallow with water. It always makes you ill.

As time went by we became dependent on your monetary economy and came increasingly to desire the "superior" technology of rifles, steel knives, and other commodities available through money trade, such as drugs, porno and sex toys. Institutional features of our social life were also influenced by contacts with Euro culture, so much the worse for us. What can we expect when we lie with a Euro whore? Thirteen years of guaranteed prices before and after the sale. Lay down in the fire. See now my desire.

Alas, we are now much involved in the modern Euro/American doomed world. Too much. I am a casualty myself. A mongrel. Not only have we half-heartedly adopted much of its technology, but we also use imported food, clothing, and house forms that would make our ancestors puke.

Hopefully we will adopt the good parts and reject the bad parts. What good parts? Good question. Tell me. As a friend. As a friend. Fess up and don't be late.

Our world is shaped like a large egg. You can hold it. Our egg is out of whack, heavily influenced by the Euro, Canadian, American, and Soviet cultures. Traditional practices and beliefs have so thoroughly changed that many of us can be termed assimilated or acculturated, especially in matters relating to social organization and child rearing. Even those few who are holding out are finding it hard to resist the sustained filthy contact with the netherworld. For one thing, some of us like black dick or black pussy.

All right. I'm half Eskimo and half nigger. Africans should not have come up north any more than Euros. I'm a halfbreed. I don't belong. I pose a threat. I wish I were dead, okay? But at least I know which is my better half. My and my brother, we lived in our hideous government housing accomodations for two weeks crawling over our dead parents before somebody found us. So I'm a victim, we're all victims. Nothing is ever our fault. I'm a big joker, okay? Nothing is fit to be alive. Tell me now, how should I feel? How do I feel? How do you feel? Miserable? Your eighty-eight died instantly. You didn't have to crawl over them for two F-ing weeks, eat human flesh. Many of you went to Disneyland. We're all stars now in the joke show.

Disneyland my boss's dick. Sea World in San Diego. Let's go sunnin'. It's so good for you. All this sun down here makes me sick. It's hideous. It stinks. I was in their parking lot last week, an illegal African girl in a granny dress sitting on my face in the back seat of my shitty car, a cover hiding the rest of me so I could be her face saddle for hours in broad daylight without the cops knowing it. My tongue got bigger than Shamu's. When I would finally come up for air the cops would be waiting to bag me I feared, so I held it as long as I could. As she sat there on my face, she told me that in Africa they didn't know they were niggers, didn't have any idea of the hideous conditions here in America, which they thought was the promised land. But she still would never return unless they made her. I told the bitch to shut up. The very next day I turned her into the immigration authorities. She made me understand the true meaning of the word.

How does it feel to treat me like you do? When you're laying down in the parking lot, and telling me who you are? I thought I heard you thinking, thought I heard your words. Tell me, how does it feel? How do I feel? How does it seal? To treat me like you do.

If I can't be pure Eskimo, I can try to insure that future Eskimos will be. We just want to be left alone up here. We can see that the only way is to flood your land down there with starving Asians and others who will swallow you up,

make you disappear. Nothing else matters. Then at least the starving hordes won't bother us up north any longer, since they can't survive the weather. We will be saved.

The Alaskan highway. Hideous, hideous! How could they do that to us? Don't they know what will happen?

Strike that. Strike it all. It is hideous. I wish it had never been written. Hideous I tell you. Hideous. But I guess the truth is hideous, and I must pass it on. I hate the government but what can I do? I'm just a drop in the sea. Back to our hideous history.

When the ocean currents started to warm about the beginning of the 20th century, seals and other maritime animals disappeared from the offshore waters of southwestern Greenland, fucking our brothers up. Now they have fished the cod out, the hideous monsters. The lobsters. What's next? Us? How can we stop them from fucking us all up?

When they took the Greenland maritime animals, they forced our brothers to work for their fishing industry, and to concentrate the formerly dispersed hunters into larger settlements to go with the greater mechanization of equipment and processing techniques. Call them by the right name, concentration camps. Forced education, medical services, and local self-government began in the 19th century as part of an overall integrated and controlled program of "protective governance" by Denmark as they called it, really Fascism. Call it like it is. Genocide.

Extensive intermarriage occurred between Greenland Inuit and Danes, and in the early 1950s, Greenland became a county of Denmark. Today, Greenlanders send elected reps to the Danish Parliament. Imagine an Eskimo nigger sitting in some legislative body in Denmark and then sneaking off to get laid in the red light district of Holland. That's the Holy Land, in their language.

Consequently there has been a rise in political consciousness among the Greenland Inuit. To this day Iceland and Greenland produce winner after winner of the World's Strongest Man contest, despite their tiny

populations compared to the superpowers, and this is a testament to how we toughened them all up. Score one for us.

What about the Inuit living in the former USSR? The commies forced them into a program of modernization since the early 1930s. More of their commie five-year plans. The Siberian Inuit still hunt walrus, seals, and whales, but they do so as members of mechanized hunting work groups called collectives, and their way of life has been fundamentally transformed in the area of political and social values by their sick atheist propaganda. Now it is high time to throw them off completely, get the show on the road and get that land bridge closed so we can become one again.

What about my Alaskan Inuit? We have seen major changes in our lives since the beginning of the 20th century, when we were still following our traditional way of life. Until the 1930s fox trapping was a major source of income, and schools and limited medical facilities were provided by the government. Health conditions, however, remained well below those of the rest of the United States, outside Indian reservations that is. The Euro lifestyle pollution made us soft and weak and sick. Attempted genocide again. Is it any wonder I'm for the opening of the land bridge again? Numbers talk. My little hunchback. Mass migrations make history. The cycle of the Euro in our continent is ending. The gods of the sea have decided. The wheel rolls on.

World War II and national defense work created many so-called opportunities for employment in construction and other jobs of mass death. Numbers of us worked in the urban areas of the State of Alaska, some of us settling permanently in Fairbanks, Anchorage, and the larger towns of western Alaska such as Nome, gateway to the Strait. Many of us continue to live in substandard housing and at marginal economic levels and exhibit many characteristics of social pathology, as they put it. Including committing crimes like Euros do. We didn't have any laws or jails until they civilized us. Why didn't they kill themselves all off in their world wars and leave us alone? Somebody has to finish the job, neh.

Statehood in 1959 and the passage of the Alaska Native Land

Claims Settlement Act in 1971 have set in motion major changes in landholding patterns and economic potential for our oppressed people and in part have symbolized the considerable rise in political activity on our part. In short, we are getting our own speed for greed. The simultaneous exploitation of petroleum and natural gas resources, as well as extensive exploration for other minerals throughout Alaska, have had significant effects on our lives, all bad.

What abour our Canadian brothers? They too have been greatly affected by changes since World War II. Defense installations, the search for oil and minerals, and greater government involvement in forced educational, medical, and social programs have resulted in widespread changes in traditional life. This damn web site drones on about it. Although in some isolated areas hunting and trapping are still carried on, most Canadian Inuit have congregated in towns and settlements in search of wage labor as well as to take advantage of modern facilities, it says. And watch stupid Euro and American pro sports and even professional wrestling. But do they do the native dance? Neh.

The Canadian federal government in 1984 concluded a land-claims agreement with our people and in 1989 negotiated another land-claims agreement in principle that was finalized in the early 1990s. Ongoing talks also have been concerned with the division of the Northwest Territories in order to give both the Inuit and the Indians greater control of their respective regions, according to the web site. Nothing they ever promise us pans out. They speak with forked tongues. They call us Indians and we're not from India, Eskimo and we're not from Esk, wherever that is. This is what happens when worlds collide. This is what it's like.

I can't go on. I'm like Judy Garland catching Vincent M in bed with another woman. Get happy?

The Alaskan highway. Hideous. The Alaskan Air Lines. Hideous. Stop the rock. Stop stop stop the rock.

Alaskan Airlines says "Quyana", Yup'ik for thank you. On

Monday, October 4, 1999 the company distributed eskimo pies throughout the Bay Area and Portland to celebrate 20 years of service. At the same time, its Alaska Air Group (symbol ALK) stock had been regularly plummeting out of the sky since April. From the fifties to the thirties, with all the roller coasting. April 20, 1999. Remember that day?

Do you know what the Yup'ik word pamyua literally means? I said earlier that it means do it again or encore. Well, I've got news for you. It literally means "its tail."

You know what Alaskan Air Lines is? Our foo fighters from the North. When the Alaskan Air Lines crash happened, I danced in open mourning and joy simultaneously. There is a sea god.

Remember Nathaniel West's Day of the Locust (1939)? About a disaffected Eskimo who attends funerals of people he doesn't know? That's what I am. Yes, 1939 was a very good year for the movies.

Quyana Caknek! That means thank you very much.

Homer Simpson

Chapter 19. The Third Heaven

* * *

LIST OF ALASKA AIRLINES FLIGHT 261 PASSENGERS

Names of the 5 crewmembers and 83 passengers aboard Alaska Airlines Flight 261, with ages and hometowns or work base where available:

CREW:

Captain Ted Thompson, 53, Redlands, Calif.

First Officer William Tansky, 57, Alameda, Calif.

Allison Shanks, 33, flight attendant, Seattle.

Craig Pulanco, 30, flight attendant, Seattle

Kristin Mills, 26, flight attendant, Las Vegas

PASSENGERS:

Larry Baldridge, Novato, Calif.

Renato Bermudez, San Francisco

Michael Bernard, 30, Seattle

Malcolm Branson, 39, Seward, Alaska

William Bryant, 45, San Francisco

Ryan Busche, 28, Seattle

Abigail Busche, 28, Seattle

Gabriella Chavez, 33, Puerto Vallarta

Jacquelyn Choate, 18, San Francisco

Toni Choate, San Francisco

Sheri Christensen, 25, Federal Way, Wash.

Carol Clemetson, Seattle

Spencer Clemetson, 6 months, Seattle

David Clemetson, 40, Seattle

Blake Clemetson, 7, Seattle

Miles Clemetson, 6, Seattle

Coriander Clemetson, 9, Seattle

John Cuthbertson, 70, Danville, Calif.

Avinesh Amit Deo, 23, Seattle

Monte Donaldson, 31, Seattle

Dean Forshee, 47, Benicia, Calif.

Jerri Fosmire, 48, Eugene, Ore.

Allen Friedman, Round Lake Beach, Ill.

Jean Gandesbery, San Francisco

Robert Gandesbery, San Francisco

Meghann Hall, Enumclaw, Wash.

Aloysius Han, 65, Oakland, Calif.

Barbara Hatleberg, 64, Eugene, Ore.

Glenn Hatleberg, 65, Eugene, Ore.

Robert Hovey, 50, San Francisco.

Russell Ing, 28, recently of Eugene, Ore.

Rachel Janosik, 20, Enumclaw, Wash.

Karl Karlsson, 51, Petaluma, Calif.

Carol Karlsson, 42, Petaluma, Calif.

Joseph Knight, 54, Monroe, Wash.

Linda Knight, 51, Monroe, Wash.

William Knudson, 53, Sacramento, Calif.

Rodrigo Laigo, 53, Fairfield, Calif.

Naomi Laigo, 53, Fairfield, Calif.

Ronald Lake, Corte Madera, Calif.

Joyce Lake, Corte Madera, Calif.

Bradley Long, 39, Sacramento, Calif.

James Luque, 41, San Francisco

Juan Marquez, San Francisco

Ileana Ost, San Bruno, Calif.

Emily Ost, infant, San Bruno, Calif.

Robert Ost, San Bruno, Calif.

Cynthia Oti, Oakland, Calif.

Sarah Pearson, 36, Seattle

Grace Pearson, 23 months, Seattle

Rodney Pearson, Seattle

Rachel Pearson, 6, Seattle

Deborah Penna, 27

Jean Permison, Scotts Valley, Calif.

Stanford Poll, 59, Mercer Island, Wash.

Anjesh Prasad, 19, Seattle

Avinish Prasad, 19, Seattle

Paul "Clarke" Pulanco, 40, Seattle

Charles Russell, Scotts Valley, Calif.

Barbara Ryan, Redmond, Wash.

Bradford Ryan, Redmond, Wash.

James Ryan, 30, Redmond, Wash.

Terry Ryan, Redmond, Wash.

Ellen Salyer, 51, Sebastopol, Calif.

Stacy Schuyler, 20, Federal Way, Wash.

Donald Shaw, 63, Shelton, Wash.

Charlene Sipe, Seattle

Joan Smith, Belmont, Calif.

Ryan Sparks, Enumclaw, Wash.

Harry Stasinios, Seattle

Thomas Stockley, 63, Seattle

Margaret Stockley, 62, Seattle

Janice Stokes, 48, Ketchikan, Alaska

Morrie Thompson, 61, Fairbanks, Alaska

Thelma Thompson, Fairbanks, Alaska

Sheryl Thompson, Fairbanks, Alaska

Robert Thorgrimson, Poulsbo, Wash.

Lorna Thorgrimson, Poulsbo, Wash.

Nina Voronoff, 32, San Francisco

Colleen Whorley, 34, Seattle

Steve Wilkie, San Francisco

Bob Williams, 65, Suquamish, Wash.

Patty Williams, 63, Suquamish, Wash.

* * *

Excerpt from a network TV ad run in America in the year 2000, after the crash: People go through a lot just to get great-tasting water.

Excerpt from a Martha Stewart Living network TV episode in the year 2000, also after the crash: People like lemons that have no seeds. Lemons are low in calories and sodium, and they are very rich in calcium and folic acid. When picked ripe they are sweet and only slightly acid.

Commercial break. Feed in all the American fast food TV, radio, movie and Internet ads, slice and dice, and have your fat, greasy, lazy self a hideous chef's salad.

Did you think the ending was all wrong? If it don't kill you it will make you strong.

The flight is dead. Long live the flight. The flight goes on in the third heaven.

Chapter 20. Life After Death

* * *

PROFILES OF FLIGHT 261 CREW, PASSENGERS

Those aboard Alaska Airlines Flight 261 included a six-member circle of friends, a family of six, a firefighter who lived for risk, a pilot who also was, ironically, a safety instructor for the airline, a prominent Alaskan native business leader, a wine columnist and houseboat enthusiast, a writing instructor on vacation, a missionary couple, an off-duty flight attendant. A little bit of everything.

A thumbnail sketch of their lives:

In Bellingham, Wash., home of Western Washington University, memories turned to a six-member circle of friends who shared a bond that dated backwards past college to high school.

Jim Ryan, Russel Ing, Deborah Penna, Michael Bernard, and Ryan and Abigail Busche died together on Flight 261.

Described as closer than brothers and sisters, the core of the group was formed in the 1980s on Mercer Island, where Ing and Penna became close friends in high school.

They met the others at Western Washington, and stuck together even after most of the gang graduated and moved out of Bellingham in 1996. They ranged in age from 27 to 30.

Friends of the group said it was Ryan, a flight attendant for Alaska Airlines, who made a point of arranging trips, such as month-long biking and hiking trips, to keep the group close. He had organized the trip to Puerto Vallarta to celebrate his 30th birthday and brought along his brother, Brad, and his parents, Terry and Barbara Ryan. All died.

"My consolation is that maybe they were all holding hands with their very best friends," said Ing's mother, Pierrette.

"They all loved the water," she said.

Robert Ost considered risk part of the job and part of life.

A 15-year veteran of the South San Francisco Fire Department, he was also an avid paraglider and mountain climber. After all, anybody who throws himself into the fire for a living is no wuss.

His wife Ileana worked for the airline as a customer service representative. He, she, and their daughter Emily were all on Flight 261.

Another couple, Jean Permison, Ileana Ost's mother, and Charles Russell, both of Scotts Valley, also were aboard the flight.

Flags at fire departments throughout San Mateo County flew at half-staff Tuesday.

Fellow firefighters at the station were in shock, Lucia said.

Family and friends of Alaska Airlines Capt. Ted Thompson, the pilot of Flight 261, gathered at his Redlands, Calif., home Tuesday to grieve and console. A sign on the door read: "The family is in seclusion. Please respect our privacy and our grief."

Thompson's son, Fred, his voice breaking, thanked well-wishers, offered his family's sympathy, and asked for privacy. He didn't appreciate death threats probably.

Ted Thompson, 53, flew C-141 cargo planes for eight years for the Air Force before becoming a commercial jet pilot for Alaska Airlines in 1982. He had 10,000 flying hours with Alaska Airlines, and was a flight safety instructor for the company.

After a student died two months ago, University of San Francisco writing teacher Jean Gandesbery turned sadly to a colleague and said something about never really knowing how much time we have.

Campus officials offered the usual sucky sweet comments for one of their own that didn't turn whistleblower on the corruption and waste there but kept her nose to the grindstone.

Mrs. Gandesbery and her husband, Robert Gandesbery, were returning from a vacation aboard Flight 261. Mrs.

Gandesbery just had her childhood memoirs published in a novel "Seven Mile Lake." Her husband was retired.

The couple was known for their golden retrievers. "One was good in the bush and the other in the lake," said their file at the local vet's office.

Linda and Joe Knight, co-pastors of the Rock Church Northwest in Monroe, Wash., had been in Puerto Vallarta doing missionary work after 15 years of outreach on the streets of Seattle.

The church's weekly prayer meeting turned into a time of mourning. Members gathered to pray and told reporters they were told not to talk.

The Knights, in a July 1998 story in The Herald of Everett, Wash., said they gathered food, raised \$3,700 to build showers and toilets and worked to buy a school building for teaching English and the Bible to children living in poverty. Much of the support came from corporations. They even got Alaska Airlines to donate food to the children.

They had planned on devoting their lives to this missionary work.

Tom Stockley, 63, went to work for The Seattle Times in 1967 and six years later became the newspaper's wine columnist.

His wife, Peggy, 62, was an animal lover and community activist who had worked for the Times, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, the Seattle Youth Symphony and other organizations. Most recently, she edited the Floating Homes Association newsletter. They both graduated from the University of Washington School of Communications.

The Stockleys were well known in their close-knit houseboat community.

In 1998, Stockley was recognized at an international conference in Seattle for expanding public knowledge about wine and wine production, and promoting the Washington wine industry.

Morris Thompson, 61, was one of Alaska's most prominent native and business leaders.

"A really big Alaskan tree fell today," said a former executive director of the Alaska Permanent Fund Corp.

Thompson, his wife, Thelma, and daughter Sheryl had been in Mexico for a vacation.

Thompson retired last month as president and chief executive officer of Doyon Ltd., a native corporation formed in 1971 as part of the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act. The corporation has 12.5 million acres of land, making it the largest private landowner in the United States.

When Thompson took over Doyon in 1985, it had an operating loss of \$28 million. When he retired, it was generating \$70.9 million in annual revenues, had 900 employees and 14,000 stockholders.

Thompson was a special assistant to the Secretary of the Interior during the Nixon years. He was only 34 when he was appointed Commissioner of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. He also was a cabinet-level officer in Alaska Gov. Walter J. Hickel's first administration.

Thompson co-hosted "Dialogue with Doyon" with Sharon McConnell on Alaska Public Radio until he retired.

Cynthia Oti was an investment broker who knew how to save and how to spend, how to work and how to play.

She was a host of a nightly radio show on investing on San Francisco radio station KSFO, where she told people to

save and have a plan for the future, but not to deny oneself.

Colleagues said Oti's career as a broadcaster was beginning to take off. For four years she did a three-hour Sunday show, but last spring, KSFO asked her to take on a prime-time, Monday-through-Friday slot. She indulged herself by buying a Jaguar, just like O.J. Simpson trial prosecutor Chris Darden once tried to buy, but ended up walking out of the showroom when he was ignored for being black. He ended up driving a Mercedes, she got the Jag.

She had treated herself to a weekend getaway in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, where Flight 261 originated. She loved the music of Eric Clapton and collected expensive champagne.

Oti was supposed to go on the air two hours after the flight was scheduled to land in San Francisco.

State government workers in Olympia, Wash., were mourning the loss of Don Shaw, a former Snohomish County school principal and librarian who ran tour programs at the Legislative Building.

Shaw, 63, was a father of six and grandfather of 13.

Secretary of State Ralph Munro set a wreath outside his office with a book in which people could express condolences to Shaw's family, including his wife Earlene, who works in the legislative members' cafeteria.

Gilbert Manning of Spokane, Wash., hoped in vain that his youngest daughter, Sarah Pearson, 36, of Seattle, an Alaska Airlines flight attendant on vacation, was not on the plane.

Lost with her in the crash were her husband, Rod Pearson, co-owner of two Seattle restaurants, and their children, Rachel, 6, and Grace, 23 months.

Ironically, Rod had finally reached a stage of success where

he could afford to take time off and go on a vacation.

"God has a funny way of making you suffer," said Manning.

"I feel like Job right now."

* * *

VATICAN CITY. (Sunday, Mar. 12, 2000) - The aging Pope Paul, 79 years old, frail, weak and fighting a losing battle with Parkinson's disease, a power vacuum looming in the Vatican, publicly apologized for over a dozen centuries of atrocities by his Roman Catholic Church. He neglected to mention the Holocaust, which Pope Pius XII was in complicity with, using his infallible authority to squelch all squeaky wicky wicky voices in the hierarchy in hopes of a new Holy Roman Empire being founded. Meanwhile, good Catholics in third world countries continue to obey his infallible orders to refrain from birth control and abortion as the Vatican was finalizing its canonization of Pius.

Today also, in Hollywood, California, Michael J. Fox won the Screen Actors Guild award for best actor in a TV comedy. Taking it as an appreciation of his fight against Parkinson's disease, which he publicly admitting having recently, he said that "children are afraid of these things." He was referring to his trophy.

* * *

This chapter intentionally left blank.

Chapter 21. The Canyon

You hate to face this world alone. I can't even save myself. Just save yourself._

How did it get this bad? What happened to America? Why did it go to shit so fast?

Maybe it was the music.

Maybe it came when Woody Guthrie died. Pete Seeger. David Crosby, Joan Baez and all the other musicians of the anti-Vietnam war moratoriums and civil rights marches. The Concert for Bangladesh. The No Nukes concerts. The Amnesty International tours. Live Aid. Farm Aid. David Gelfof. Sting. Bonnie Raitt. Tracy Chapman. Jimmy Buffet. Sean Lennon. Melissa Etheridge.

Music had lost its activists. The wild west had never been wilder till now. As far as he could recall, the last wave was the era of Eddie Vedder of Pearl Jam, Adam Yauch of Beastie Boys, Michael Stipe of R.E.M. It was like the big uh-oh had been a line in the sand. Music activists got commercial, greedy, phony. Real ones were dinosaurs who wrote books and held old skool tours that were filled with graying heads with Internet stocks and credit cards.

Or maybe it was all brought on by these activists. The very attitude that America was the place for everybody to be. That it could solve all the world's problems, was the solution to all the world's problems. That even activism payed well. That it was a business. Where greed for speed ruled. Style and substance sections in the media. A little Q&A. What do you do to relax? Get massages and facials. Your favorite food? Banana pancakes with pecan ice cream. How in the hell do you stay so thin? I always leave stuff over on my plate. I offer everybody my food. So come on in and make room for yourself.

I'll see ya baby. See ya baby. Whoa! Garry clawed his way up, up to the top of the highest truck roof, the rats following on their hands and knees, biting him, trying to cut into him. He limped on one leg, the other one exposed like a holiday ham, with many cuts taken, not neatly. One arm had been taken off at the elbow. His feet were missing many toes, his hands many fingers. His head was missing an ear, parts of cheeks, scalp. His face was sweating tears of blood.

Freedom from all crap. The peak. If I leave you. If I

leave you, let your mother pray. Shugah.

Battling with every remaining limb, he got the rats kicked off the roof momentarily, long enough to look around. The rooftop had an empty whirlpool filled with red water, getting cold. But his view was soon fixed beyond, wide and far, through the light, which was unusually bright for California today.

There was a good view of the interstate ahead. But that was just it. There was no interstate. Just a swarming squirming swarmy mass of filthy rats, right up to the edges of the flotilla. The ragged edges. Vehicle after vehicle at the edges were being swarmed, dismantled, disappearing into the sea of rats. The original 123-lane interstate, all the traffic going in the same direction, was submerged beneath the waves of rats. They actually looked like sea waves, the way they moved in mass modulations. Not the rats. The modulations. They could move as fast as a flotilla.

What do I feel? What do I say? In my room alone, no lights and no music.

He could see isolated Americans, alone or in small pathetic groups, on high truck rooftops, vantops, cabtops, in the same shape as himself. Hideous even from a distance. The shipwrecked flotilla was like a small ragged and shrinking island, sinking, shrinking. He saw one small group of adults throw the rats a child to buy time. He felt wise, like God. God didn't cry at the world. Just once.

He felt the rat bites again. It would not be painless and quick, his death. He had nothing with which to speed it up.

He caught sight of the cold, cold Pacific off Point Mugu, swarming with flotillas of ragged boats swarming with rats. The split rock stuck out in the air like a penis.

He was thinking about his penis and balls.

Chapter 22. Eighty-Eight White Doves

* * *

To AOL:

To the Brave New World:

88 new angels surround us. 88 brave souls have gone home.
88 new dolphins swim in the Pacific. The cold, cold Pacific.
The murky, not-very-blue Pacific. Human clay that was once
semen is now angelic seamen.

The cold heart of the Pacific took the lives of 88 bodies
on that fateful Monday but left their souls to the man
upstairs. How easily the cold waters can turn warm with the
hand of all hands baring down upon these tragic yet
comforting events. All condolences to the families that
suffer at this paused moment in time. Be sure to realize
that God has opened the door for your loved ones and has
offered himher a seat in the theater of life. Gladly
accepted, I'm sure. Your loved one is sitting with God
watching the warm waters of the Pacific, the peaceful sea.

This corner of the sea is tiny but now crowded with memories,
maybe one day to be tossed to the wayside, but not forgotten
yet, not by us. Something good will come from it yet.

There was a silence surrounding me as I found myself driving
up the coast on my Harley. Twenty-three miles away from
Port Hume I decided to pull off the coast alongside the beach,
the beautiful colorful sunset reflecting heavenly peace as
the waves slushed against the earthly soil filled with
poopoo. That's Hawaiian for seashells.

There it stood before me, a wooden cross in the sand. I
placed my bare hands on the cross. Energy of fathomless
calmness infused me as I glanced across the gleaming ocean,
now devoid of human pain. I knew everything would be okay,
for they are in a better place, as mighty as the ocean of
the universe.

Goodbye cruel world. Ache not beloved friends, family,

companions, for they are in your hearts guiding you, constantly, yeah, all the damn time, to rejoice in their treasured memories, of laughter and happiness. Thrive in their footsteps and teachings and they will always be with you in your and everyone's hearts.

Love,

Lake Allstar
Microsoft Corporation
Advanced Robotics Division

* * *

Don't fence me in. I want to gaze at the moon until I lose my senses. I love the land with the starry skies above. Don't fence me in. Garry Allstar hummed to himself. He still had his vocal chords.

Somebody heard him, recognized his voice, came out of hiding.

His little girl Bush was hideously squirming for life on what was left of his shoulders. He loved himself, loved life, even an extra minute or two. He had his Faustian choice to make. Throw them his daughter to save himself for a little longer, or let them eat him first. Go down with the ship, like a good captain. But then, who was he working for? Stuck to the rafters, stuck to the rafters. If I only have one life I want to die as a blonde.

American eyes. American eyes. Feel the world from American eyes. See the past, rob us blind. Everybody sees the world from American eyes.

Then he heard the sound of salvation. A traffic copter.

He threw his girl onto the copter just as he was being bitten through the spinal cord, rendering him a quadriplegic.

What he didn't see was that rat hands were helping her aboard.

The rats swarmed on the vehicles squeaking excitedly. All the delicious Americans onboard were lunch. The vehicles themselves were dinner. The closing-up of the last seam in the third world scum pool over the American land mass would soon be complete.

By the way, traffic copters had become obsolete years earlier, satellites doing the job much better.

* * *

EXCEPTION NOTICE

I, T.L. Winslow, Fiction Author, a.k.a. T.L. Sinslow, T.L. Insnow, et al., hereby grant myself an exception to the usual "show don't tell" terror that is now running over the fiction community. I think it should be "show and tell, in their proper places," but who am I, right? Yes, I think this is a great place to get naked. Not. Wink.

I'll spare readers any more hideous details of the last flotilla on the last interstate to Acirema being hideously swallowed up, right outside Point Mugu, by a sea of human rats, who ate everything that can be eaten, and dismantled and stole the rest. And are not satisfied. How they finally all starved, leaving America one vast boneyard. How the superrich came out of hiding in the poles and turned it into their playground, with no more lower and middle classes to worry about. Look up the city of Crowd in the Bible, Book of Ezekiel, Chapters 38 and 39. The threat from the far north. Gog of Magog. The great valley of bleached bones.

The traffic jam was terminal. The Great Wall was thrown down.

The great land bridge reclosed. The children of the night become the children of the light.

Jesus Christ was wrong. We will not always have the poor with us. Hey man! Nice gun! Nice shot man.

Hideous. Hideous. I think it's the weather, the clouds. No, it's the Great Wall of China. It was still there.

New rock from the Nails. Into the Void. They think that your ending was not all right.

He was right. The superrich then ate each other up like hideous frenzied sharks, from LPD, lack of prey disease. The meek then inherited the earth, and lived in miserable poverty ever after. But they will be judged by new scrolls.

That's why I say hey man nice shot. Good shot man.

The last American. Who was it? Garry Allstar? Bush Allstar? Joy Allstar? Gaicorne Heakke? What about Lake? Somebody else on the passenger list in a previous chapter? I don't tell. It's just like Americans to want to know. If you're not American, did you want to know? If you did want to know, did that make you an American?

Aw shoot. I'll tell. It was the passenger in row three, seat two.

* * *

FF

Epilogue. The Passenger in Row Three Seat Two

"HOH! Everyone that thirsts. Come to the waters." Isaiah 55:1. That's H-2-O. God knew chemistry.

The astronomical world's new star attraction, California. Where billionaires chase multi-billionaires. Where they don't want to marathon, don't want to go sky diving, don't want to feel like a kid again. All they want is to climb the ladders and give a multi-billionaire a bath. When they wake up and see the ground under their feet swallowed up by the penniless, their money now worthless, a star will really be born. Not up in the heavens. Down here on terra firma. America will finally realize it's not the center of the

universe, not living in a golden age. Living on borrowed time, hurtling through space at the speed of light will stop. The wonders will be finally put under glass. A millennium monument. An epiphany. The glass wall around America will finally shatter, acre by acre, green tint and all.

They did it. They really did it. And I know and didn't tell. Can't tell. I am a sacrificial lamb. I'm dead already. I feel so light. Floating. There's an airplane falling on top of me, but I'm falling with it. When my seat hits the water I'll already be dead. Water is harder than land I heard once. You can drop an egg from a helicopter onto land and it might survive. Drop it on water and it won't. Splats apart. Like I will. Do I have a good plastic surgeon? Not that good. I will look like the show inside a planetarium.

The Illuminati. The number 23. All throughout history, the number 23 is a message. The letter W. The 23rd letter in the alphabet. The only letter in the English alphabet to be pronounced polysyllabically. Two points above, three below.

Double U. The letter U has two points above. The letter W is pronounced with three syllables. The shape of a woman's legs while copulating on her back in the missionary position.

The letter V. The symbol for the 23rd element in the Periodic Table, Vanadium. Two plus three equals five. In Washington D.C. you find the Pentagon, the five-sided building where the Illuminati controls the military brass. They control all of the world's atomic bombs. Atomic bombs are based on U235. They control the World Wide Web. Most www sites have to be address with two slashes and three w's, like this: <http://23skidoo.com>. The ones that aren't are Illuminati covers.

E is the fifth letter of the alphabet, and also the most commonly used in the English language. W is the 23rd letter of the alphabet. Half of W is V, which is the Roman numeral for 5. The entire alphabet was invented by the Illuminati.

The Greek alphabet was created by the White Brotherhood, the origin of all Western civilization. The Yellow Brotherhood was based in Egypt, the Green Brotherhood in Asia. The Green and Yellow Brotherhoods merged into the Green Dragon, and its bloodline was thinned into four bloodlines. The White Brotherhood's bloodline remains true, and is the origin of the Aryan myth that feeds turmoil in the West.

The Illuminati began over four thousand years ago, but the first great historical event was in Mesopotamia, between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, during the Third Dynasty of Ur, 2112-2004 B.C.E., under the reign of King Ur-Nammu. His reign established which Brotherhood would come into rulership, and the wars that took place resulted in the creation of Babylon the Great. The three main brotherhoods have been fighting for supremacy ever since. Then they collapsed into two, and now they are coalescing into one. Then the whole world will be one. The rest will be just small details and how to complete the coverup.

The Zodiac. The Illuminati invented it. Every sign on the Zodiac begins or ends on the 22nd or 23rd of some month. The Tarot. Has only 22 Major Arcana. That's a trick. The Fool is repeated twice, cyclically, because the Tarot Deck is infinite, cyclic. Two is the number of balance, Three the number of synergy, and Five the number of strife. This means that times when nothing changes, or when everything changes, are alright, but times when both happen are troubling times.

That's reality. That's not far-fetched. Skeptics can scoff. We rely on it. We used to say less is more, but now we say more is more. The more things change the more they stay the same. Fashion alone changes, but even it is cyclic.

The Bible. The Old Testament has 23 thousand verses, plus small change. Psalm 23. The Lord is my shepherd. The first epistle to the Corinthians, chapter fifteen. The sting of death is sin, and the sting of sin is the law. Death is 23. Sin is 13. The Law is 10. The Book of Daniel, chapter eight. Two thousand and three hundred days and then the Temple will be cleansed. A day is a year.

Twenty-three hundred years from Daniel is the year 1914. The Temple was cleansed. The first world war shook up and fatally weakened European colonial hegemony of the world. The second world war finished it off, but caused America to go into temporary ascendancy. After the third world war there will be a new world order where Europe and America are just members. The Illuminati will rule the world forever, as long as there is a human species. The book of Revelation says so. It has exactly 22 chapters in the official edition. Chapter 23 is for Illuminati only. There will be new scrolls it says.

Every great religion is of our creation. Buddhism. The Buddha is known by 108 auspicious signs. Two to the power of two times three to the power of three. Confucianism. Taught that devil red is the color of good luck. There is only one real religion. Lucifer's.

No one will enter the New World Order unless he or she will make a pledge to worship Lucifer. No one will enter the New Age unless he will take a Luciferian initiation, receiving the mark on their head and their hand.

To achieve one world government it is necessary to remove from the minds of people their individualism, loyalty to family, tradition, national patriotism and religious dogmas. We have swallowed all manner of poisonous certainties fed us by our parents, Sunday and secular school teachers, politicians, preachers, newspapers and others with vested interests in controlling us. Not that there is any problem with people attempting to control others. It is just that, to have a OWG, these forces must be united, to prevent them from cancelling each other out. The reinterpretation and eventual eradication of the concept of right and wrong is the ultimate goal. Moral relativism is a great teaching.

To be a member of the Inner Ring, which means you are about 90% informed and heavily involved in the New World Order movement, you must also be a member of the Bilderberg Group, Council on Foreign Relations and Trilateral Commission, like Henry Kissinger and David Rockefeller.

The inner core consists of ten members from the following

countries:

USA - two members (Was one of them Bill Gates? See below.)
Canada - one member (Peter Jennings?)
France - three members (Tina Turner?)
Austria - one member
Great Britain - one member
Spain - one member
South Africa - one member

The ten horns in Revelations chapters 12 and 13. 1, 2 and 3.

William Jefferson Clinton is our man. His initials are B and C, two and three. The number of letters in his name is 23. We control every major world leader now. One can't become a world leader without us selecting them behind the scenes. Julius Caesar was stabbed exactly twenty-three times when he was assassinated. We control time itself. The designation B.C.E. uses the 2nd, 3rd, and 5th letters in the alphabet. The V for victory sign, which we invented, uses five fingers with two up and three down. Even Nixon used it.

The human body. Forty-six chromosomes. Generative cells have half this number, twenty-three. Did we invent the human being? What if we did? It takes 23 seconds for human blood to circulate through the body. The human biorhythm cycle is 23 days long. The human female menstrual cycle is 28 days long, 23 plus 2 plus 3.

We control history and science. Johannes Kepler, who first revealed the true order of the solar system, was born at 2:30 pm on December 27, 1571. His astrological rising sign was Gemini rising in the east, ascendant at 23 degrees. William Shakespeare was born on April 23, and died on the same date. His first folio was published in 1623. Camel Cigarettes. Their racing maching always bears the number 23. The average smoker smokes 23 cigarettes a day. Camels were created in 1913. 10-13 is the date that the Knights Templar were arrested in France in 1307. Ten-Thirteen is Chris Carter's production company, producing "The X-Files", and "Millennium". His birthday is 10-13. "Braveheart", the movie about the Scot rebel leader William Wallace, was

hanged, drawn and quartered for treason on August 23, 1305. This led to underground refugee Knights Templar involving themselves with Robert the Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn.

We always controlled magic, alchemy, and later chemistry. The basic unit of chemistry, Avogadro's number, the number of atoms in a mole, is six times ten to the 23rd power.

Communications. ABC, CBS, NBC. TBS, CNN, TNT, E, MTV. Originally CB radio had exactly 23 channels, before it was enlarged to 40. Over 50 percent of the American media is owned by 23 major corporations, according to our man Noam Chomsky. Only 23 people were originally allowed in an AOL chat room. We own that. Few noticed when they announced the merger that will monopolize and control all public communications forever as the old communication power structure fades away. On the 23rd of January, year 2000.

The Yellow Submarine. The Blue Meenies. The Butterfly Stomper. On his shirt is the number 23. He is the one who destroys all things of beauty. I'm not breathing. Breathe.

The Order of the Arrow, a secret organization within the Boy Scouts. One of their symbols is WWW.

Waco and Oklahoma City. April 19. $4 + 19 = 23$.

NASA. The first two moon landings were Apollo 11 and 12. $11 + 12 = 23$. The first landing was in the Sea of Tranquility, 23 degrees east. The second was in the Ocean of Storms, 23 degrees west.

Airplane disasters. 230 people died in TWA Flight 800. In the movie "Airport", the mad bomber had seat 23. This is Flight 261. $2 + 2+2+ + 1$. Three twos plus two plus one. Plus three. I should have known. This flight was staged to get me. I am being sacrificed.

How many people are on this plane now? Eighty-eight. That's two to the third power times eleven. After we are dead the Illuminati will have them release eighty-eight white doves in commemoration. Not of our deaths. Of their

new world order.

I forgot about my laptop. It's operating and sitting on my lap. I can still work it. How long do I have? A few minutes? A single minute? I covet seeing the web pages I seeded out on the Web giving background information on us, but calculated to discredit us at the same time. The best smokescreen.

Click.

Some interesting instances of the number twenty-three:

Billy Shakespeare

- * William Shakespeare was born on April 23, 1558.
- * William Shakespeare died April 23, 1616.
- * Will's first folio of plays was published in 1623.
- * Shakespeare's wife, Anne, died in 1623.
- * And W, the first letter of Will's name, is the twenty-third letter of the alphabet.

Koko Nor a.k.a. Qinghai Hu

- * The largest drainless mountain lake in Central Asia has an approximate surface area of 2300 square miles, and is 123 feet deep at its deepest point. 23 rivers and streams empty into it.

Adolf Hitler

- * On November 8, 1923, Adolf led an abortive coup effort, the Hitler Putsch.
- * Then on April 23, 1933, the Reichstag was dissolved and Hitler gained power in Germany.

23rd Eve

- * On 23rd eve, many strange things also happen, since the mystical powers are starting to brew. Some portentious events include:
- * April 22nd: Vladimir Lenin was born.

- * November 22nd: John F. Kennedy was assassinated.
- * November 22nd: John Dillinger was gunned down by FBI agents.

Baseball

- * A regulation baseball is about 23 centimeters in circumference.
- * Baseball great Lou Gehrig hit 23 grand slam home runs during his pro career.
- * Henry Aaron played 23 years with the Atlanta Braves.
- * Steve Carlton won 23 victories for the Philadelphia Phillies, the only 20-plus game winner in 1982.
Anyone for a Phillies Blunt?

Basketball

- * Michael Jordan, the greatest basketball player of all time, wore jersey number 23.

The Soyuz Space Missions

- * The first manned Soyuz space mission was on April 23rd, 1967.
- * Then, on September 23rd, the Soyuz space ship took spy photographs of Earth.
- * The first space station mission took place on April 23rd, 1971.

Aviation

- * The U.S. army was the first to receive airplanes for warfare, on December 23, 1907.
- * Then, on October 23, 1911, during the Italian-Turkish War in North Africa, a plane first was employed for reconnaissance.
- * The MIG-15 has 23mm cannons.

From the National Debt Clock Page

- * The national debt passed the \$5 trillion mark on February 23, 1996. On this day, the outstanding public debt jumped almost \$30 billion to \$5,017,056,630,040.53.

This was the first time in history the U.S. national debt surpassed the \$5 trillion mark.

Holy Hockey Sticks

- * Archbishop James Ussher of Britain, Primate of All Ireland, in "The Annals of the World", vol. 4, back in 1658, determined that the world was created on October 23, 4004 B.C.E. At 2:30.

Get 'Em While They're Young

- * Children's author Ellen Raskin wrote a children's book entitled what? Guess? Twenty-Three.

Click.

Click.

THE BIRTH OF THE MODERN ILLUMINATI

The modern Illuminati were born in 1776. Adam Weishaupt was a Jesuit-trained professor of canon law teaching in Engelstock University when he defected from Christianity to embrace the Luciferian conspiracy. It was in 1770 that the professional money lenders, centered in the recently reorganized House of Rothschild, retained him to revise and modernize the age-old protocols of Zionism, which from the outset were designed to give the Synagogue of Satan, so named by the Illuminati who wrote the Jesus Christ story, ultimate world domination so they could impose the Luciferian ideology and Satanic despotism upon what would remain of the human race after the final social cataclysm described in the Revelation of John, Satan's Bible.

Weishaupt completed his task on May 1, 1776. May 1 is the festival day with all communist nations, also "Law Day" as declared by the American Bar Association. The celebration of May 1 goes much further back into history than this, and revolves around the worship of Satan. The maypole is Satan's phallus.

Weishaupt's plan required the destruction of all existing governments and religions. That objective was to be reached

by dividing the masses of people, whom Weishaupt termed goyim or human cattle, into opposing camps in ever-increasing numbers on political, social, economic, and other issues. The opposing sides were then to be armed and incidents staged which would cause them to fight and weaken themselves and gradually destroy national governments and religious institutions. The issues over which they died were manufactured and phony, but the dead never knew it.

Although many key Illuminati leaders were Jews, a prime feature of the Illuminati plans was the extermination of the Jews. When and if their blueprint for world control, the Protocols of the Elders Of Zion, is discovered and exposed, they would wipe all the Jew cattle off the face of the earth in order to divert suspicions from themselves. Hitler, a liberal socialist himself, was financed by the Kennedys, the Warburgs and the Rothschilds to incinerate point six million Jews while destroying any last vestige of opposition to a one world government in the west. The issue after WWII simply became the form it would take, and that's why the U.N. was headquartered in the U.S., ostensibly to symbolize democratic intentions.

What is the reason for the name Illuminati? Weishaupt himself said that the word is derived from Lucifer and means holder of the light. Promoting the lie that his objective was to bring about a one world government to enable those with mental ability to govern the world and prevent all wars in the future, that is, using world peace on earth as his bait, Weishaupt, financed by the Rothschilds, recruited some two thousand paid followers. These included the most intelligent men in the arts and letters, education, sciences, finance and industry. He then established Lodges of the Grand Orient disguised as Masonic Lodges to be their secret headquarters. Not all Masons were one-worlders, but they could work within them as a secret society within a secret society quite nicely. Once recruited, monetary and sex bribery, blackmail, threats of financial ruin, public exposure, fiscal harm, even death threats were used to keep them loyal.

Here's one I love.

Click.

THE 23 GOALS OF THE ILLUMINATI AND THE COMMITTEE OF 300

1. To establish a One World Government New World Order with a unified church and monetary system under their direction. The One World Government began to set up its church in the 1920s and 1930s, for they were resigned to the inherent need for religious belief in humanity, and therefore sought to corrupt all organized religion into a single body that promotes worship of the One World Government as the Kingdom of Heaven. As the Revelation says, Babylon the Great.

2. To bring about the utter destruction of all national identity and national pride, which is a primary consideration if the concept of a One World Government is to work. America turned out to be the hardest nut to crack, but as she goes so goes the world.

3. To engineer and bring about the destruction of religion, especially the Christian Religion, with the one exception, their own religion of Satan or Lucifer, which affirms the Devil but denies God and Christ.

4. To establish the ability to control each and every person through means of mind control. What Zbignew Brzezinski called technotronics, creating human robots out of a system of terror which will make Felix Dzerzhinski's Red Terror look like an 1890's Kansas Sunday church picnic.

5. To bring about the end to all industrialization and the production of nuclear generated electric power in what they call the post-industrial zero-growth society. Excepted are the computer and service industries. U.S. industries that remain will be exported to countries such as Mexico and China where abundant slave labor is available. In 1993 this became a fact through the passage of the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). Unemployable real Americans, in the wake of industrial destruction, will either become drug addicts

and pawns of the crime underworld, or statistics in the elimination of the "excess population problem" under the slogan Global 2000.

6. To encourage and eventually legalize the use of drugs and make pornography an "art-form", which will be widely accepted and eventually become commonplace, and fed to people from earliest childhood as a form of religious moral instruction. The use of tax funds to "support the arts" will be used to destroy art, promoting blasphemy, scatology, pornography, suicide and nihilism in its name.

7. To bring about sudden depopulation of large cities according to the trial run carried out by the Pol Pot regime in Cambodia. Pol Pot's genocidal plans were in fact drawn up in the U.S. by one of the Club of Rome's research foundations, and overseen by Thomas Enders, a high-ranking State Department official. It is also interesting that the committee sought to reinstate the Pol Pot butchers in Cambodia.

8. To suppress all scientific development except for what is deemed beneficial by the Illuminati. Especially targeted is nuclear energy for peaceful purposes, genetic engineering, and the Internet as a tool for world thought command and control. Not the Internet that arose from the popular grassroots, but a new government-controlled Internet that will be made illegal not to use, or even to bypass.

Particularly hated are fusion torch experiments. Development of the fusion torch would blow the Illuminati's propaganda of "limited natural resources" right out the window. Lyndon LaRouche is the bravest soul in the world right now. Working for us, he is holding the fusion program back brilliantly.

9. To reduce world population down to only two billion by means of limited wars in the advanced countries, along with starvation and diseases in the Third World countries, those that have what they call "useless eaters". The Committee of 300 (Illuminati)

commissioned Cyrus Vance to write a paper on this subject of how to bring about such genocide. The paper was produced under the title "Global 2000 Report" and was accepted and approved for action by former President James Earl Carter, and Edwin Muskie, then Secretary of State, for and on behalf of the U.S. Government. Under the terms of the Global 2000 Report the population of the U.S. is to be reduced to 200 million by the year of 2050. As of the year 2000, that means killing off anywhere from 30 to 60 million people, depending on how big you think the official census is lying. The problem is that America is the last bastion of freedom on earth, so they may have to eradicate its entire population by some method that doesn't permanently make the continent uninhabitable first.

10. To weaken the moral fiber of the nation and to demoralize workers in the labor class by creating mass unemployment. As jobs dwindle due to the post industrial zero growth policies introduced by the Club of Rome, the report envisages demoralized and discouraged workers resorting to alcohol and drugs. The youth of the land will be encouraged by means of rock music and drugs to rebel against the status quo, thus undermining and eventually destroying the family unit. In this regard, the Committee commissioned the Tavistock Institute to prepare a blueprint as to how this could be achieved. Tavistock directed Stanford Research to undertake the work under the direction of Professor Willis Harmon. This work later became known as the Aquarian Conspiracy.

11. To keep people everywhere from deciding their own destinies by means of one created crisis after another that is then "managed" for them. Thus confused and demoralized, the people, when faced with too many choices, devolve into apathy on a massive scale. In the case of the U.S., an agency for crisis management is already in place, the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), whose existence was first disclosed in 1980. It is being given the power to suspend the U.S. Constitution and set up martial law in vast areas of the country at will, and to summarily try and execute

any remaining independent-thinking people in kangaroo courts where due process and habeus corpus are suspended.

12. To introduce new cults and continue to boost those already functioning which include rock music gangsters such as the Rolling Stones (a gangster group much favored by European Black Nobility), and all of the Tavistock-created rock groups, which began with the Beatles.

13. To continue to build up the cult of Christian Fundamentalism begun by the British East India Company's servant Darby, with the goal of strengthening the Zionist State of Israel by getting non-Jews to identify with the Jews through the myth of "God's chosen people". Congress then has no opposition when it gives very substantial amounts of tax money to what they mistakenly believe is a religious cause in the furtherance of Christian goals of backing the one state friendly to American Christians in the Middle East. In reality they are only friendly to paying Christian tourists, not to Christian settlers or citizens. The return of Jewry to Palestine didn't fulfill Bible prophecy, it fulfilled OWG NWO doctrine.

14. To press for the spread of religious cults such as the Moslem Brotherhood, Moslem Fundamentalism, and the Sikhs, and to carry out mind control experiments of the Jim Jones, Branch Davidian and Son of Sam type. It is worth noting that the late Ayatollah Khomeini was a creation of British Military Intelligence MI6, Div. 6. The U.S. Government put Khomeini in power. The Iranian hostage crisis was a smokescreen.

15. To export "religious liberation" ideas around the world so as to undermine all existing religions, but more especially the Christian religion. This began with the Jesuit Liberation Theology that brought an end to the Somoza Family rule in Nicaragua, and which was used to destroy El Salvador, now several decades into a "civil war". Costa Rica and Honduras are also embroiled in revolutionary activities instigated by the

Jesuits. One very active entity engaged in the so-called liberation theology is the Communist-oriented Mary Knoll Mission. This accounts for the extensive media attention to the murder of four of Mary Knoll's so-called nuns in El Salvador. The nuns were Communist subversive agents and their activities were widely documented by the Government of El Salvador, all in vain. The U.S. press and the new media refused to give any space or coverage to the documentation. Mary Knoll is in service in many countries, and played a leading role in bringing Communism to Rhodesia, Mozambique, Angola and South Africa, even after the supposed demise of world communism, which itself is only a ruse, as the nuclear power of Russia is still in place and ready, while other communist countries such as North Korea ready their ICBM capabilities.

16. To cause a total collapse of the world's economies and engender total political chaos. A temporary economic boom for the American baby boom generation is just a prelude to a stock market collapse that will leave them all broken mentally, physically, and financially. The idea is to pull the rug under everybody's feet suddenly.

17. To take control of all foreign and domestic policies of the U.S. To put U.S. military forces under international command. To raise the flag of the U.N. higher than the U.S. flag in all U.S. government installations, including public schools, which are being systematically federalized, while all private gun ownership is being taken away by hook or crook. To take away all Confederate flags from Southern state capitals.

18. To give the fullest support to inter and supranational institutions such as the United Nations, the International Monetary Fund, the Bank of International Settlements, the World Court and, as far as possible, make local institutions less effective by gradually phasing them out or bringing them under the mantle of the UN.

19. To penetrate and subvert all governments, and work

from within them to destroy the sovereign integrity of the nations represented by them. Then the OWG puppet masters can come out of hiding, sit in the temple of God, and call themselves God, forcing people to carry their mark on their hands and foreheads to show worship of them. Yet when they come, they will represent themselves as princes of peace on a white horse, and deceive multitudes into following them wholeheartedly.

20. To organize a worldwide terrorist apparatus and to control negotiations with them whenever terrorist activities take place. It will be recalled that it was Bettino Craxi who persuaded the Italian and U.S. Governments to negotiate with the Red Brigade, the kidnappers of Prime Minister Moro and General Dozier. On the side, Dozier was placed under strict orders not to talk what happened to him. Should he ever break that silence, he will no doubt be made "a horrible example of", in the manner in which Henry Kissinger dealt with Aldo Moro, Ali Bhutto and General Zia ul Haq. Even looking like you might talk will get you in a mysterious plane crash, like JFK Jr.'s.

21. To take control of education in America with the intent and purpose of utterly and completely destroying independent thought. By 1993, the full force effect of this policy was becoming apparent as primary and secondary schools began to teach Outcome Based Education (OBE). By 1998 the school terrorism outbreak was being used to turn schools into militarized concentration camps where all personal freedom was destroyed while the slaves inside could be taught anything their masters wanted.

22,23. You must have the passwords to see these.

Click.

Enter Password: _____

22. The Antichrist is Prince Charles of Wales. The Order of the Garter is the core leadership of the Priory of Sion, the Knights Templar, the Rosicrucians,

Freemasonry, and the Illuminati, as well as the Committee of 300. His number is that of the Beast in both English and Hebrew. His coat of arms is that of the beast of Revelation ch. 13. He claims descent from David, Jesus and Mohammad, but is actually from the tribe of Dan and Odin (Satan). He has served the red dragon openly ever since his 1969 investiture. He is in position to be the first King of Europe. When this goal is achieved then goal number 23 will be possible.

He had his ex-princess killed in a car crash to get her out of the way. He loves to stage crashes to get people out of his way. His funny ears. His funny big ears. Like a two-legged wabbit. No, like a coyote.

Click.

Enter Password: _____

*Password not accepted.

Click.

I'm not cleared for the highest level. But I'm important enough to get out of the way. So all is right with my world. This is a good day to die.

I have enough time to send an email on my laptop.

To: president@us.whitehouse.gov

What is today's date? January 31, 2000. 01/31/00. Two and three again.

I'm in row three seat two. Look out the window. I'm falling. What is that land mass? Point Mugu? Point Hueneme? Too far. Down in the cool air I can see. I wonder how they did it. An inside job. Maybe outside help, a missile, a jet. We're going to land in water where they can easily cover it up, make a tourist attraction out of it later.

Message:

Falling off Point Mugu. America itself is next. Can you take it? Can you fake it? Twenty-three skidoo. Fnord.

THE END

>

Word Count: 85K

Email: tlwinslow@aol.com