

Schwarzen Auger:

Dark Eyes of Evil

A Novel

by T.L. Winslow

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To the real supermen

Wherever you are...

Special thanks to FM 99.5, The Hawk, in Colorado

Part 1. Hacking In

Chapter 1

BROWN SUGAR: Thousands of XXX Pics for lovers of
chocolate bunnies. Straight, bi, and lez. Black girls and

their toys. Click Here to Enter.

Click.

This is a pay-per-view site. Please fill out the application form with your credit card information. Click when done.

Click.

Obedeah. The forbidden art of white sexual slavery to black masters. Completely consensual. Click here to Enter.

Click.

In the lower left corner, an icon of a pair of dark eyes. She clicked.

ACCESS NOT PERMITTED. The server reports that you attempted to access data for which you do not have authorization. Server Error 001. Click to return to main page.

She did not click.

Lori Ogmios was sitting in her bedroom in her older log hogan on the Navajo Reservation (or Rez as they all called it) in Northeast Arizona, near Window Rock, in her bed, wearing only a pair of panties, with her laptop computer between her spread legs. The day was hot and sunny, and the windows were wide open to let any breeze in. It was so bright outside that a person looking right through the window would only see darkness. Not that anybody disrespected a Navajo maiden's rights to privacy. Looking out, she saw a buzzard in the endless blue sky. It wasn't looking back.

At 25 she was still unmarried, and her parents were anxious. It was not heard of in her tribe to go so long without being married, not having a brood of children. Not that she didn't have a boyfriend, a muchacho as she called him. He had been with her last night, and when he left she had just thrown on some panties and gone right to work on

her laptop, breaking her brains trying to hack into this maddening web site.

Unlike almost everybody on the Rez, she was what you would call a computer geek, having studied every book and magazine on the subject she could get since age 12. The Net didn't even reach the Rez until the late nineties, but for years before that she was so good at phone hacking that she could steal long distance phone service and jack into it through Albuquerque. Now, a local phone call got her jacked in.

She was lucky to live in the Window Rock/Ft. Defiance area even to get access to telephone service. Most of the other quarter million residents of the Rez didn't even have that, except for sporadic cellular phone service. Many still used the citizens band radio as a community party line. Ask truckers what happens to Channel 19 when they travel through Navajo country.

She didn't go to Navajo Community College more than a few semesters, feeling that a bachelor of Arts with a major in Navajo history was worth slightly more than a number 10 can of coffee. Nor did she leave the Rez after finishing high school, where she was bright in math and English, an exceptional student, to go to a big city and perhaps get a paying job. She just stepped into high gear with her studies in her bedroom, using her laptop computer which she had purchased with money she had made herself, soon graduating into a full time hacker surfing the Net, their new satellite dish painted with a traditional Navajo basket design, like so many others on the Rez; as if somebody way up high in the sky or in space was watching and needed landmarks that this was Navajo country.

Not that she had ever gone beyond Algebra and Trig in math. Calculus was Greek to her. She didn't take it in high school like in that movie 'Stand and Deliver' with James Edward Olmos. Or was that Edward James Olmos?

Olmos, Ogmios -- no relation she thought, but she'd research that later on the Net she decided. She was a fast typist, a legacy of high school vocation-oriented typing classes.

She considered herself to be one of the best hackers on the Net, a thrilling boundaryless community of its own that accepted her as an equal without question. And while she didn't have any criminal intent to rob banks or steal defense secrets, she thought she should be able to know how to if she wanted.

Why hadn't she married and had a family? Because she was married to the Net. Her sexuality was in full bloom, and she was a beautiful maiden, with dark skin and eyes and hair, and needs stimulated by the pornography on the Net to a point of refinement as great as a Persian queen. She sometimes thought it funny that the feds prohibited alcohol on the Rez, but let all the porno on the Net right through. Not that alcohol wasn't everywhere, and beer cans lined the highways.

She was mostly pure Navajo, with some Spanish heritage, and proudly so, since she spoke Spanish as well as she did English and Navajo.

At least she didn't have any Hopi heritage, she clucked. The Hopis live in a 1.5 million acre reservation completely encircled by the 27,000 square mile Navajo Rez. The Hopi word for Navajo translates to "head-cracker", indicating their opinion of them as raiders, an opinion that is still current. Hopis are descendants of the Anasazi pueblo people. When gringo archaeologists asked Navajo leaders what to call those people, they got even with the Hopi by giving the word Anasazi, meaning ancient enemies. They took the bait, and now the Hopi cannot get it changed.

Not that the Navajos even called themselves that. They referred to themselves as the Dineh, the People. The Hopis and the Dineh are as different as the Germans and the Spanish. The Hopis were too religious for her, kind of like the Jewish Hassidim are too religious for the average American Jew, or the Mennonites for the average American Protestant. She wasn't religious. She was above all that.

But then her boyfriend Paco was Mexican, an illegal immigrant who bought his way in with loads of money that nobody knows where he got, or asks. He could be hiding out

from something, but that's his business. It also helped that he was six foot eight and three hundred twenty pounds. And had plenty of Indian blood in him, if not Navajo as such, then the closely related Apache, from the nomadic branch of the Athabaskan-speaking clan, hers being the farming branch. Not that there were many farms any more. They had mostly given up farming, living off the government and tourists instead.

Paco had asked her to marry him. She didn't want to get married, because she liked sex too much. Marriage is the defeat of sex, the death of sex. She loved a good muchacho doing it the way she wanted, and if he couldn't or wouldn't perform like a stud horse, she wanted to be able to pass him up for the next muchacho. She might have a child or too, after she passed 35 and her biological clock couldn't be ignored any longer. But with the way government benefits work, it would be better to be unmarried anyway, for the sake of the children. Life would go on, except the children would demand all her time and attention, and her hacking days would either be over or much curtailed. Not if she could help it, at least for another decade or so.

No man would ever be her boss though. Her home would never be a site for knock-down drag-out fights, harrowing escapes, lioness versus lion, combat, emotional battering, none of that. If she couldn't dominate her mate she didn't want one.

Paco, her current lover, never tried telling her what to do, which was good for him. He didn't know what she was doing with that laptop, and she didn't want him to. He didn't know a computer from a taco. He wasn't smart. He was just her sperm bank and boy toy, and didn't want to change her, or she him. She had given him his ounce of flesh all night long, and he had had his fill and wouldn't be back until the next night. She loved to wrap her legs around him and kick like a mule. And squeeze and squeeze. His nights with her turned night into day, made love revolve around her world, rather than her revolve around the world's loves. They could feel each other's hearts beating in their chests, as one. He was so good with those big arms and hands.

Rising in the morning, she felt all-woman, her loins filled with a man's seed. She was on the pill, but she needed the male seed inside her to fill her womb's needs for raw material to nourish her spirit. Without the pill, a new life would be kicking inside her now probably. With it, she bought time for her mental life, touching the world from a remote log house in an Indian land. That was more remarkable to her. A baby is just a baby. It could wait, this couldn't. It could leave her behind, and she couldn't stand that.

She wasn't surfing this porno site just for lascivious kicks. She had zeroed in on it as a highly desirable hacking target.

She knew that the Afro-loving pornography was just a front. The people behind this site not only didn't like Afros, they hated them. She was sure that they were neo-Nazis, and the cover story was a sick joke. Maybe Anglos that really did have a preference for sex with Afros would end up giving them personal and financial information, which they could use against them. The Internet was still relatively new, and there were many leaks in its security. But the problem she saw with it was that the webmasters asking you for personal information didn't have to give you any about themselves.

If she could penetrate the secrets of this site, she would graduate in the hacker world to a higher level, her own elite group of scattered hackers sending their kudos after she had informed them of her victory and presented them with trophies and pelts to prove it.

Her elite group were her highest passion, her closest friends, the people she looked up to the most. Impressing them was a goal of life. They didn't judge people by their size, shape, color, or origin, but purely by results. The aristocracy of pure talent and achievement was possible on the Net, where people are judged by their merit and not on their skin color, like MLK said. She was a fine young woman who had matured and grown, in the Net, far beyond what she could have done isolated on the Rez with the limited circle she found there.

She hoped to do something great for her people one day using her skills, but that was far ahead. She was too young for serious, grueling, real work, the kind that aged one, bowed one over, furrowed one's brow. It was still play time in her life. She picked her targets and hacked them, then bragged about the coups she had taken. If it got too serious she could opt out, and nobody was hurt.

But this time she had a butterfly feeling in her stomach as she stubbornly tried every hacker's trick to break the neo-Nazi web site's security front-end.

Nazis. The vision of the huge jackboot marching columns, with Adolf Hitler standing on a great podium, his hand out in front of him with the fingers flat, pointing arrogantly with all five fingers at the same time, like an arrow. Like the Navajos point. In their tribe, pointing with just one finger is considered rude. More often they use their lips to point. That always freaks out visitors, she smiled.

Adolf Hitler. Pure willpower. Pure unity. The terrific struggle of World War II, in which her own Navajo people had played a proud part on the side of America. The post-WWII Nazi hunters, the stories of lost or hidden Nazi gold, base camps in South America, a plan to resurrect the Nazi regime. The feeling that the walls are closing in and there's no way out. If you were a Nazi.

Somehow, she was joining a pack hunt, although she didn't know who or what she was hunting. But it was thrilling, and a little chilling. A little naughty. But safe. After all, she was safe on the Rez, and didn't mean any harm. You put up security on the Net, you're asking for her to crack it. And the Nazis were really reduced to a ludicrous impotent remnant, right? It was safe. What could they do if they caught her? Send her a packet of hate literature? They would never rise again. It was actually illegal to be a Nazi in Germany, she believed she had read somewhere. Even they had the right to freedom of speech, so the Net was their favorite stomping grounds now, not that they garnered any converts. The more they exposed their sick beliefs, the more people could intelligently reject them anyway.

She didn't click that last time. Don't do what they tell you, that's the first thing you learn. Do what they don't tell you, don't do what they tell you. Slowly, patiently, she pointed the mouse cursor at every possible free spot on the monitor and clicked, hoping for a back door in their security.

Chapter 2

Nothing. She tried clicking while holding down various keys on the keyboard, then various combinations of two at a time, and three at a time. Her monitor locked up. She finally had to cycle power, and then reestablish communication with the Net. Calling the Brown Sugar web site back up, she retraced her steps patiently.

This time she emailed one of her elite group, and soon had him in a chat window on her monitor.

I'm where you are, Kachinadoll.

Kachinadoll was her hacker name, her alias or what they called her handle. Nobody ever used their real name. Those were the rules of the game. That was the other hacker, a legendary figure going by the handle of Thoth, talking to her. He had connected to the Nazi web site and was at the exact same spot she was at, with the ACCESS NOT PERMITTED screen in his face.

No luck with a mouse spray or a keyboard level 1-3 spray.

Did you try the Backwood P/W Gen?

No.

What vers do u have? I have 3.1.1.

Only have 2.1. Can u send me?

No prob. Here it comes.

A window popped up on her monitor, indicating a download in progress. Thoth was sending her a copy of the code for the Backwood Password Generator, version 3.1.1, a free program developed by hackers to crack security systems by generating passwords using tables of existing passwords, and algorithms that deduced likely permutations. He was probably one of its developers, but wouldn't admit it if he were. You never knew for sure if the hacker on the other end of a chat was really a government sting, so you never admitted anything, but made them work to find out for sure, if they could. The program itself wasn't illegal, just the uses one might put it to. Not that cracking hidden security in a public web site was illegal. They couldn't admit they had anything hidden there to hack.

What is a password generator? People tended to use a surprisingly small set of words and numbers for passwords, despite the virtually unlimited possibilities, because they usually chose them for mnemonic value or ease of remembering, and their thinking tended to run in ruts like the ground under the feet of bison herds. Thus, an intelligent-enough program could cut the work in guessing passwords down to the point of making it a science, or at least an art.

SW rcvd. Thnx. Love :-) Cya.

Ciao. Write.

The chat window disappeared. She popped-up another window to run Backwood in, and started it up. It would electrically take her place at the laptop and try every possible mouse and keyboard combination that would be likely to gain entrance to the security front-end at this point in her dialog with the Nazi web site.

She set it up, launched it, and pushed the laptop away from her on the bed. It could take hours, days, before it either scored and beeped with joy, or gave up.

She looked up and saw herself in the mirror on the dresser,

through the numerous kachina dolls that decorated it, and stretched. My how beautiful her breasts were. She was a babe. She lay on her back and raised her legs up in the air, crossing them, and looking at her own rear end in the mirror. Well-fucked, thank you.

Her tail was to worship, to die for. She just didn't 'get' those lesbians. Probably most of the ones she had seen in porno shots on the Net were just posing so that horny males with lesbian fixations could use them for masturbation fantasies. The stirring love between man and woman was God's way, and a woman who didn't know a man's love was as sterile and barren as an old maid, and would never be truly fulfilled in life, even if she had lesbian sex ten times a day. Not that she was prejudiced against gay women. If it were their cup of tea, there would be that many more muchachos for her, right? Let them do what they want. Lick each other out. Eat each other like figs and peaches. Not her though. Her goodies were for men's eyes only. And only real men need apply.

No limp dicks, of which this Rez had too many. It was a sad but true fact that most of the young men escaped the Rez as soon as they were old enough, and went to the big cities, leaving mainly old men here. For decades there had been a kind of nihilism, a malaise around here, as well as on other reservations she had heard about. Drunkenness was rampant. A feeling that the U.S. government owed them a living, and was obligated to take care of them. A listlessness. A lack of ambition. An ambivalence towards their own culture and traditions. A fear maybe. Of losing what they had left.

What had the world known of the Navajos? Billy Jack. The X-Files. Blankets. Tourquoise jewelry. Fox Mulder apparently dying inside a railroad boxcar on the Rez. Old Navajos hiding the secret of UFOs in a document written in Navajo. The language that has clicks in it. Too hard for gringos to learn. One had to be born into it or one could never grasp it.

The pressure of assimilation was great in this day and age. She was living proof of it. Hacking was pure gringo stuff. At least it had been at first. It wouldn't always be.

Gringos disrespected their old folk, but Navajos still respected the old for their age and wisdom. Gringo women preferred young gringo men, making exceptions only for wealth and power, but even old men tried to fool them into thinking they were young to get in their pants. In her culture, an old man feeling his power waning could find a revitalizing warmth by sleeping with a tender young maiden, even if his dick were limp and he could not ride her long or well, or maybe at all, but just hold her in his arms and suckle on her breasts and absorb her warmth.

If one asked her, she would consent. Not that one ever had. How could they, when every night she already had a young virile muchacho riding her like a mare in heat, her legs high and kicking, as any old man creeping to her window at night could easily see? Besides, old men preferred the plump young women to the thin, svelte type like she was. Gringo men discarded plump women for thin ones like trash, Navajo men the other way around. Her Paco even looked twice at more heavily-set girls right in her presence. This only made her squeeze his dick harder with her vagina and buck harder with her legs and back. She would tame him to her kind of ride.

Chapter 3

Paco never ate her. Maybe an old man would go for eating her, since he couldn't ride her, and thought her juices would restore his manhood somehow. She didn't know. Maybe lesbian porno is consumed by old men with limp dicks in an attempt to restore their potency by stirring their deepest spirit of the mystery of sex. Maybe an old man would ask her to perform a lesbian act with another young woman while he watched. Maybe she would, if the old man deserved her respect sufficiently, and he explained it to her well enough.

She didn't know. She deferred to the superior wisdom of old age. That was the difference between her and a gringo.

She got out of bed, got a clean pair of jeans out of the dresser, and put them on. She should take a shower, but a desire to go outdoors was more pressing. She put on a t-shirt, without a bra, and primped up in the mirror with a hairbrush. Her hair, like most Navajo women, was pulled to the back of the head, fixed in a bun, and then bound in white yarn. She had heard more than once that the Navajos were descended from nomadic Mongolian tribesmen, the similarity between their yurts and their own hogans quite striking, as was their love of shepherding.

She put on just a little jewelry, silver with turquoise inlay, unlocked her bedroom door and stepped out into the living room with her top jeans button still loose. The feel of the good Navajo rug they had purchased at an auction at Crownpoint, New Mexico made her remember that she was barefooted. She turned around and went back in, putting on her Navajo mocassins, really boots. Out she went again, still not noticing the loose jeans button.

Her abuela (grandmother) and mama were sitting in the kitchen over some hot flour fry-bread and coffee. They greeted her, and she kissed them both. Mama asked her if she was hungry, and she said yes. While mama was preparing her breakfast, she opened the broken-down screen door and stood in the doorway, looking outside.

She finally buttoned that button hastily, after glancing down. It was still considered improper for Navajo women to show any skin below the waist. That's why she still wore the long Navajo mocassins that came up almost to the knee. At least she didn't have to wear those long skirts like many others did. She couldn't be made to do that. Not at her age. She was no country bumpkin, but a modern city type girl, even if she'd hardly ever been in one in her life.

There was their old pickup sitting in the dirt road. In the distance, the beautiful mountains. All Navajos felt safe when within the protection of the Four Sacred Mountains: white in the East, turquoise in the South, abalone (yellow) in the West, black in the North.

She walked to the pickup and leaned on its tailgate, her

hands in her front pockets, her feet close together, aware of her beauty and suspicious of prying eyes, but liking them to look anyway. She was a beautiful creature, the most beautiful creature of God's creation, and she wanted to gladden the eye, to beautify the landscape by her presence. That was what it was like to be a real woman. But her mind was not full of empty-headed thoughts like most other young women. Instead, it was racing with thoughts of cyberspace, like a junkie in search of the next fix. Her mind was like a wrung-out sponge, slowly refilling with sunshine and fresh air in the cheery morning.

What was that web site hiding? Why did the Nazis need to hide behind that facade? They had plenty of open sites, proudly proclaiming their stand, and full of proselytizing tracts and broadsides, revisionist history, photos, music, and things for sale even. This one was very different. It was for the Nazi elite only probably. Like there was a conspiracy or something. Like they were into serious stuff, planning, scheming, real heavy stuff.

She suddenly had thoughts of the Navajo Code Talkers, who helped America defeat Japan in WWII. Using the Navajo language, with its strange sounds that often don't even register in a foreigner's ears as having meaning, they created a code out of it that even a native Navajo couldn't understand, then confounded the Japanese throughout the war with it. They probably also used it against the Nazis, but right now she couldn't recall. People in the Rez were proud of American military service, and Marine swords, uniforms, medals were often seen at patriotic events.

The delightful smells of hot fry-bread and chiles and refritos tepary beans and nopalitos (pickled cactus) and hot coffee wafted over her suddenly from the cochina. Mama was calling her to come and eat. She couldn't resist.

Off she strode, feeling her well-fucked cunt with every stride, the juice of her muchacho oiling it. You never mentioned these things to others, she thought, but you thought about them all the time. Mama would give anything to have some little ones running at her feet, in her arms, suckling her breasts. She loved mama, and didn't want to

grieve her. But she was having too much fun in this hacking game, and mama could wait if she could. Mama wasn't on death's door, and five, ten years would go fast. So why did she suddenly feel so sad? She swallowed it down, didn't want mama to notice, as she opened the screen door again and smiled sunnily and then sat down with abuela while mama served.

Chapter 4

Mama had a steaming bowl of tamales soon on the table, and a bowl of hot charred peppers. The hot coffee was already sitting there when she sat down. She took a quick sip. Never a big gulp. Not lady-like.

She was like most women of her age, always watching their weight. Many women fell apart when they had been married ten or twenty years, gaining huge amounts of weight as they turned into binge eaters. Loved those big sacks of Blue Bird flour, they did. Plump is one thing, huge is another. Then they stayed huge until they got so old they just shrunk into wrinkled skeletons and waited to die. Like abuela. It was the marriage and the maturing and leaving of the children that triggered the falling apart stage probably. Getting fat makes up for not having children maybe. In a way it was sad, in a way not. It was God's way, a natural cycle, and a house with 3 generations under one roof showed every phase at one time. Only she was breaking the cycle somehow with her untraditional behavior. But no one said anything. Behind her back, that was another matter.

She took a single bite of a tamale, a single bite of a hot charred chile. Hot, like she liked it. Not the temperature, the hotness of the pepper. Her mouth tingled with cheery sunshine like her skin had just moments before. Chile essence is liquid sunshine. The Spanish in her.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

The sound started coming from her bedroom. It was her laptop. The Backwood program had cracked the security. Her

abuela looked at her with a puzzled, startled look. Mama started to ask her something, and she parried her by hopping up and saying "That's for me, mama. Back in a minute." She probably would take it for a phone.

She didn't intend to be back in a minute. She locked herself back up in the bedroom, stared down at the laptop on the bed, and saw a blinking icon that drew her like a magnet.

The next thing she realized, mama was knocking on her door, yelling that dinner was on the table. She looked up at the window, and it was growing dark, not yet night, but probably sunset on the other side of the house.

Where had the time gone? The Backwood program had caused the web site to display a menu asking for her code name and code number, and it just went on without her, trying various passwords until it got through. The password that worked was SCHWARZENAUGER, with the code name ARNOLD STRONG. When she had got back to the bedroom, the web site was displaying a file directory all in German.

For hours she had been downloading files, and trying to make sense of them. She didn't read German, and her online German-to-English translation program was ludicrously literal, but still she managed to get the gist of the most of it. Biological research papers, all highly technical. Genetics stuff. Descriptions of laboratory setups using equipment she didn't understand the purpose of. Funny, but mixed in were several files on the actor Arnold Schwarzenegger. Not funny actually. That was where the password came from.

One screen stayed frozen on her monitor for a long time, as she stared at it, mesmerized:

Biography of Arnold Schwarzenegger

Birthdate: July 30, 1947

Birthplace: Thal (little town in Austria 4 miles from Graz)

Bodybuilding Titles:

1963--Teirer Hof Competition (Graz, Austria) *runner up*
 1965--Junior Mr. Europe (Germany)
 1966--Best-Built Athlete of Europe (Germany)
 1966--International Powerlifting Championship (Germany)
 1966--Mr. Europe - amateur (Germany)
 1966--NABBA Mr. Universe - amateur (London, England)
 1967--NABBA Mr. Universe - amateur (London, England)
 1968--German Powerlifting Championship (Germany)
 1968--IFBB Mr. International (Tijuana, Mexico)
 1968--NABBA Mr. Universe - professional (London, England)
 1968--IFBB Mr. Universe (Miami, Florida)
 1969--IFBB Mr. Universe (New York, New York)
 1969--IFBB Mr. Olympia (New York, New York)
 1969--NABBA Mr. Universe - professional (London, England)
 1969--IFBB Mr. Europe - professional (Germany)
 1970--NABBA Mr. Universe - professional (London, England)
 1970--AAU Pro Mr. World (Columbus, Ohio)

1970--IFBB Mr. Olympia (New York, New York) 1971--IFBB Mr. Olympia (Paris, France) 1972--IFBB Mr. Olympia (Essen, Germany) 1973--IFBB Mr. Olympia (New York, New York) 1974--IFBB Mr. Olympia (New York, New York) 1975--IFBB Mr. Olympia (Pretoria, South Africa) 1980--IFBB Mr. Olympia (Sydney, Australia)

At the peak of Arnold's bodybuilding career, these were his measurements:

* Height---6'2" * Weight---235 pounds * Arms-----22 inches
 * Chest----57 inches * Waist----34 inches * Thighs---28.5 inches * Calves---20 inches

* Height---6'2" * Weight---107 Kg * Arms-----56 cm *
 Chest----145 cm * Waist----86 cm * Thighs--72.4 cm *
 Calves---50.8 cm

Movies

1970..Hercules in New York 1972..The Streets of San Francisco (TV) - "Dead Lift" 1973..The Long Goodbye
 1974..The Dating Game (TV) [contestant] 1976..Stay Hungry
 1977..Pumping Iron 1979..The Villain 1979..Scavenger Hunt
 1981..Conan the Barbarian 1984..The Terminator 1984..Conan

the Destroyer 1985..Commando 1985..Red Sonja 1986..Raw Deal
1987..The Running Man 1987..Predator 1988..Twins 1988..Red
Heat 1989..Tales From the Crypt (TV) - "The Switch"
[Director] 1990..Total Recall 1990..Kindergarten Cop
1991..Terminator 2: Judgment Day 1992..Lincoln (TV)
1992..Christmas in Connecticut (TV) [Director] 1993..The
Last Party 1993..Last Action Hero 1993..Beretta's Island
1993..Dave 1994..True Lies 1994..A Century of Cinema
1994..Junior (Golden Globe Nomination: Best Actor in a
Comedy) 1995..Sinatra: 80 Years My Way 1995..Arnold
Schwarzenegger: Superstars of Action 1996..A&E Biography
"Arnold Schwarzenegger" (TV) 1996..Terminator 3-D: Battle
Across Time 1996..Jingle All the Way 1996..Eraser
1996..Crusade 1997..On Wings as Eagles 1997..Batman and
Robin 1999..End of Days

A picture of Arnold in a swimsuit swinging those mammoth
arms in front of him like tusks stirred her imagination.
Her muchacho was bigger than Arnold, taller, weighed more,
was maybe stronger, could pick up a bigger rock. Without
those arms Arnold was not much. He was an arm carrier
android. She wondered how much those arms would weigh if
hacked off and put on a bathroom scale. How big was his
dick?

He looks like a Nazi, she thought to herself. A poster boy
for the neo-Nazis. Imagine the number of hours he spent in
the gym, she clucked. The personal privations. For what?
So people could admire his physique and take pictures? What
kind of life is that? She didn't think it'd get him any
more pussy, not hers anyway. Even if it did, he lost so
much time in the gym that he could have spent in bed, it
would be a losing equation. He was actually sacrificing
himself. For who? His public. Arnold sacrificed his
private life for the public. So did Hitler. The same
mentality exactly. Different channels for the same kind of
energy. Imagine if he had built those arms, not swinging
dumbbells, but hacking Jews to pieces with a sword. Each
arm would represent so many thousands of holocaust victims.

That last thought was too far-out even for her. She did
some more clicking around, looking for anything connecting
Arnold with anti-Semitism, and soon another file was on her

monitor -- for a long, long time, as she blinked in astonishment:

Friday, August 8, 1997. Sly Accused of Trashing Arnold

A journalist claims that in 1988 Sylvester Stallone gave her the tip that exposed Arnold Schwarzenegger's father as a member of the Nazi party, and even fronted her \$450,000 for legal fees when Schwarzenegger sued her for libel.

Wendy Leigh alleges in the July 27, 1997 edition of London's Sunday Mail magazine that Stallone learned of the secret past of the Schwarzenegger family during his brief marriage to Swedish model-star Brigitte Nielsen, who had also dated the Austrian former Mr. Universe. Leigh claims that Stallone was upset that Schwarzenegger, whose action movie career was then (in 1988) on the rise, was making wisecracks about him publicly. "It's a shame no one taught him to be cool." Oowie.

She says that Stallone, afraid he would be exposed as the story's source, offered to pay her legal fees after Arnold filed suit against both her and London's News of the World for falsely reporting that he admired his father's Nazi politics and shared his anti-Semitic views. In 1993, Leigh apologized to Arnold and paid an undisclosed settlement.

None of this is sitting well with Stallone. His lawyer tells the New York Post that the article is "totally false". "I've reviewed the piece and we're investigating pursuing legal action against her," said attorney Martin Singer. "In our opinion, she is a woman who has no credibility. The story is totally false -- utter nonsense."

So, being sympathetic to the Nazis is the kiss of death in Hollywood, she concluded. Arnold terminated the rumors in a 5-year blitzkrieg and there didn't look to be a T2. The lack of a noisy Jewish anti-Arnold movement said it far more eloquently than anything. He was considered 'kosher' by Hollywood -- genuine non-anti-Semitic; at last 99.4% pure.

She had already read that Arnold's parents were cool to his move to America, and even more so to his movie career. His father had been a Nazi, and his mother at least supported him as her husband. The Nazis hated America, and thought of Hollywood as a Jewish-owned propaganda center, and during WWII it certainly churned out the anti-Nazi propaganda. Not that they invented mass movie propaganda: the Nazis did that themselves.

So Arnold was a kind of a sell-out after all. He had risen above his parent's prejudices and embraced America and its liberal views.

Doesn't that clear him then?, she thought. He couldn't help what his father did. And wasn't he such a likeable guy, always smiling? Doing charity work? So he's rich. He just gives away less than he makes. Quite a bit less.

She wondered if Arnold's parents were strict Catholics; many Nazis were. Their wayward son left the nest to seek titles with 'verse' in them, rather than verses in the Bible, and sold out to the Jews almost to the point of converting to their faith and taking to wearing a yarmulke; she wouldn't be surprised to learn that he had abandoned the Catholic faith too.

Chapter 5

Her mind was soaking it up like a sponge when mama knocked and she looked up to see how time had flown.

She decided to stop and not alarm mama any more. Getting up to go to the door, she suddenly realized that her muchacho would be here later and that she hadn't taken a shower yet. She had time to eat and shower, luckily, so she didn't panic.

Opening the bedroom door, there was mama, standing with Mr. Brunell. Mama called him Ralphie. He was an old gringo who lived near the Rez, on the way to Flagstaff, in a dilapidated mobile home, and was mama's friend. They didn't

have sex at that age, she thought, but were just good friends. He made her think of that movie with Geena Davis, where she tells that trucker, "That business with your tongue? What is that?" The tone of voice made her grin. She'd like to say that to Mr. Brunell, if he gave her the excuse. In just that tone of voice. He never did. She jogged her mind for the movie's name, but it eluded her for the time being. She'd remember later. It had Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis in it.

"What were you doing in there all day?" asked mama, in a mildly alarmed but more curious manner.

"You know I have my computer work, mama." Playing the little girl usually worked with her.

"You eat so little you'll get sick if you don't get away from your room more," added mama.

"I know, mama. What's for dinner?" She sniffed inquisitively, to display a good appetite.

"Ralphie has brought us some pork for our chile, Lori. That's one of your favorites, si?"

Lori looked at him for the first time, and Mr. Brunell chuckled, looking past her into the bedroom. He probably wished he could get a piece of her himself. No, he was too nice for that. He was an old man, but he wasn't of la raza, and she wouldn't say yes even if he asked. But he wouldn't ask. He smiled benevolently at her, one arm on mama. He was her de facto father now. Not that men could ever own a hogan. That was considered the property of the woman, as were sheep and goats. Men owned cattle, horses, and saddles. Swine, that was a toss-up. When she married, it would be traditional for her new husband to move in with her and her parents. Not that she wanted to get married. Or ever be seen at a Squaw Dance, as they called these marriage-minded galas based on the old Enemy Way Ceremony for returning warriors.

Mutton was so overused that she was delighted that it was indeed pork chile she smelled. A half hour later, after she

had cleaned her bowl using two hot pieces of fry-bread, dipped in salt, along with a boiled ear of corn on the cob smeared with mayonnaise and red chile powder, while being watched like a guinea pig in a laboratory, and having downed about three-fourths of her tall glass of leche, and a couple of pan-fried cinnamon turnovers, and sucked on a lime, the concerns were all satisfied, and she stopped being the center of attention.

Mr. Brunell was firing up the television in the living room, and abuela was retiring for a nap. Mama was now busy doing dishes. She made her move.

Chapter 6

Back in her bedroom, she stripped down and put on a robe, then came back out again on the way to the shower. They all pretended not to notice. In the shower, she took off the robe, stepped into the wonderful water spray, and washed everything with care, even her hair. But not before peeing and shitting, with the water running so nobody could hear anything. Their hogan had only had running water for about five years. Had to thank the gringos for that invention. They used to use a trailer to get and store water from a well.

Not that she didn't miss the old bathtub, now used as a planter out front; long sessions soaking in Indio Poderoso, the "spiritual bath and floor wash" that they got in trips to the old-time drugstore Flores Nacional, in south Tucson, on the road to Nogales, Mexico. That drugstore was filled with the largest collection of medicinal herbs she had ever seen, maybe the largest in the entire American Southwest, along with a selection of stand-up basses and Mexican guitarrones. "Pour half of the contents of this bottle into a tub of warm water," read the instructions on the bottle. "Stir the mixture while reading the 23rd Psalm. Concentrate on your desires while bathing."

Her desires would be waiting for her tonight outside her

window, so she could do without the tub, and substitute the shower. One last thing to do was sit on the ledge of the shower entrance and douche. She was as much an American as a Navajo after reading American magazines, watching American TV, going to American movies, listening to American radio, and attending American college; now with her satellite dish, the whole world's culture was brought to her, America's especially.

Coming back out in her robe, her hair slightly wet, and carrying a brush, she walked back into her bedroom and locked the door again. It was still so hot that her hair was drying without the need for any modern gringo appliances. The last minutes of day were ending, and she turned on a lamp. She primped in the mirror for some time, pulling her hair back up, adding a little perfume to the right places, and went back to the laptop on the bed, still in her robe. Instead of working, though, she felt drowsy, and went to sleep curled up beside it.

It was quite dark before she heard the familiar rapping signal on the window. Paco. She snapped the laptop off, closed the lid, and slid it under the bed.

"Es mi bonita muchacha en casa?" said his sweet voice.

"Si. Come in."

Paco stuck his head through, smiling as she came up and kissed it. He knew her too intimately to ogle at her nude body in the half-undone robe, her breasts bunching up under his face. Instead, he reached out with one big hand, and undid the belt, causing the robe to come completely undone. She relaxed, showing him everything without shame, as his hand hung loosely in front of her, then reached up to squeeze a breast. As he worked his hand, she worked her body with him, making it accessible. He smiled into her face as his big hands and bigger arms worked to help himself slide in, like a snake. She couldn't help but remember those Arnold arms just then.

Soon, she was on her back and her legs were kicking like a horse again, both of them giving everything in their tanks.

Tomorrow would be another day.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

Her laptop again. But she had turned it off, hadn't she?

Part 2. Go Ahead, Jump!

Chapter 7

Paco was still humping her when the beeping started. It didn't cause him to stop, only slow down, probably waiting for her to tell him what to do.

She quit bucking, flashing a wandering, calculating look in her eyes that she think he could see even if it was dark. She used her arms to gently push him away as she rolled over and pulled the laptop out on the floor from under the bed.

She opened it up, and realized it had a battery backup, and was still connected to the Net. Waiting for the screen to warm up, she glanced back up at Paco, who she could see now, laying on his back on the other side of the bed. Had he cum? She didn't want to ask him. That was death to passion.

She blew a long whew at the floor. He heard that. That would hold him for a minute at least. He's all she had tonight, and she couldn't go without him now. Her sensory net was on fire, like in that movie with William Hurt and Blair Brown, whose veins glowed in the dark like a volcano. She'd look at what was on the monitor, and turn it off again.

You Got Mail.

Funny, but her browser software didn't beep her when she got email -- ever. The mail itself must have something in it to do a trick like that.

Click.

Subj: Thanks for Downloading from Dark Eyes Network
Date: 99-01-04 23:09:23 EDT
From: webmaster@darkeyesoveramerica.com
To: Workbook.Password.Notification@rmt6.r4blacknexus.com

Welcome to Dark Eyes Network
Your login name is: Arnold Strong 29384
Your password is: schwarzenauger
The location of the Workbook is:
<http://www.brownxxxsugar.com/arnstrong/schwarzenauger/29384/workbook/>

You will receive a replacement password and/or password/login name approximately once per month. Please keep your password and login name confidential. The usual sanctions apply.

Please remember the basic tenet of critiques and editorial comment. You are reviewing words on paper or screen and not people. Be fair and understanding and instructive in your critical review. I look forward to your posts and your reviews on Dark Eyes Workbook.

Jack Schlittenfahrt : email:jackschlitt@volkswagen.co.de9

A chilling feeling overcame her suddenly. How did they know who had accessed their files? She knew all the hacker tricks, and, while servers often required a valid email address before access, she thought she had given a totally fake one and been accepted anyway.

Cookies. She smacked her forehead with one palm. Their web site was quite advanced, reaching into her computer and searching for information without her knowing it.

She was no longer an anonymous hacker to them. Her jaw dropped as her mind raced trying to shrink into cyberspace nothingness and vanish, and failing miserably.

"Lori, muchacha. What are you doing?" It was Paco, sweet voiced and low, but he had the floor in this quiet.

"Nothing, muchacho. Don't mind me. I have to do a little

more work on the computer now. Can you sleep or find something to do for a little while?"

He had rolled over and was kissing her back and neck, getting too close to looking over her shoulder for her. A sudden bright idea lit a light.

"Eat me, OK muchacho?"

"Eat you?" He hesitated, like he'd never had the idea before.

"Yes, would you? Go down on me. I'm begging you. I need it."

He chuckled as she spread her legs so her booty would hang out from the other side like a basket of juicy fruit. He stopped chuckling. She wondered if he'd take the bait, having one hand already on the laptop power switch ready to turn it off if he didn't.

He did. He was already kissing her inch by inch, down from the neck, to her shoulder blades, going lower kiss by kiss, and moaning unexpectedly. Why hadn't they ever done this before? She thought she'd like it. Especially if he did. She squeezed her vagina a few times and he could feel that and home in on it like a hawk. When he did, she suddenly swung her hiney around to the far side of the bed away from the laptop.

Minutes later, he had worked down her body, licking and kissing every inch, and was down on his knees off the end of the bed, her entire sex wide open in his face. She was glad she had carefully placed plenty of perfume down there. It smelled like wild onions to her without it. She noticed her nipples peaking against the soft sheets as ripples of awareness waved across her body.

But she couldn't let passion keep her from her curiosity, even if, like a cat, it killed her.

Chapter 8

She was back to work now on the laptop, satisfied he didn't know or care what she was doing now, and couldn't see either.

She tried a hacker's trick of sending the email back with an explanation that it was undeliverable/wrong address. A second later, she got the reply back that she had sent that reply to an undeliverable address instead. They could email her, but she couldn't email them.

That didn't make sense, she frowned to herself. What was this stuff about a workbook? And didn't the address '.de' indicate Germany? Deutschland they called it? What did Volkswagen have to do with this?

She did a search engine on Schlittenfahrt. A blizzard of Christmas screens appeared. That was their title for the old song Jingle Bells. Figures. She caught herself lightly humming it, then stopped. She'd turn the radio on next time she got up. It was a new Aiwa with a good bass.

She did a search engine on Volkswagen + Nazi. It didn't take long to find newsgroup posts delineating the Nazi origin of the VW, and that it was the personal brainstorm of Hitler. Another post claimed that a VW travelling at 60 km/hr caused an image of a swastika to materialize on the spinning hubcaps; follow-on posts pooh-pooed this. The original VW was designed by Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, a self-educated Austrian engineer Adolf Hilter met in 1933. When Hitler liked Porsche's design, and forced the big German automakers -- Opel, Mercedes-Benz, and others -- to help him, the VW was born; and later, the Porsche.

So the two brands had a common origin. Arnold Schwarzenegger always seemed to take pains to never own a Porsche. A Ford Navigator though -- he purchased two, a his and hers.

The Volkswagen was originally called the Strength-Through-Joy Motor Car, or Kraft-durch-Freude-Wagen (KdF-Wagen). She made a mental note to check out Kraft Foods and its origin.

She had to know more now about Hitler and the Volkswagen. One newsgroup post quoted William Shirer's "Rise and Fall of the Third Reich", mentioning how the Volkswagen, 'the People's Car', which had been a brainstorm of Der Fuehrer himself, was a giant swindle. Hitler wanted every German workman to own an automobile, just like in Ford's United States, yet there were only one-tenth as many automobiles per capita in Germany as there, and bicycles were still common for those who didn't use public transportation. The American capitalist system being missing, Hitler, as Fuehrer, simply ordered the Volkswagen to be built for his Volk, and even decreed its price: 990 marks, or about \$396 in American terms, just what the workers could afford.

He even took a hand in the actual design work, directed by Dr. Porsche. Privately Lori wondered what he had actually designed. The whole look-feel reminding her of a Nazi helmet? The engine in the rear maybe? The window cranks? Maybe he had to go over every inch personally and certify no Jewish taint, she chuckled.

Of course, private industry couldn't build the VW for the price he wanted, so Hitler had the State take it over, placing the Labor Front in charge. In 1938 they set out to build the biggest automobile factory in the world at Fallersleben, near Braunschweig, with a capacity of one and a half million cars a year -- "more than Ford", the Nazi propaganda said. She looked up Braunschweig, and found it was 80 miles or so east of Berlin, on the Oker river. It was now called Brunswick, and lay between Hannover and Magdeburg. It probably had the hell bombed out of it in WWII, Lori mused. Ford's factory was never bombed.

My how Ford and Hitler keep up a competition, like the Smiths and the Joneses, Lori reflected; could there be other levels that they also competed on? But back to VWs.

The problem was paying for it all. The Labor Front put in fifty million marks of startup capital, and then instituted an installment plan for German workers, which took five marks a week out of their paychecks, or even double or triple if they okayed it, until they had paid in 750 marks,

whereupon the worker received an order number entitling him to a VW as soon as it could be produced.

The swindle, according to Shirer, was that not a single car was ever provided to any workman during the Third Reich. The war soon started, and the factory was turned to the manufacture of military products instead. The German workers were summarily stiffed of millions of marks by the State.

The real battle was between Hitler's and Ford's industrial plants for world domination, winner take all, she reflected. By then the powers behind the scenes had already decided that Hitler was to go; to be the patsy, so they could continue on untouched. Neat, she chuckled. World War II was really an automobile manufacturer competition.

She looked up from the monitor and looked transfixed with her sudden insight. Yes, the insight that World War II was really between Ford and Hitler somehow. How did researching Arnold lead to this so quickly?

Another post talked about the Nazis issuing a postage stamp commemorating the VW:

The Nazi-era Volkswagen was commemorated on a German postage stamp issued at the International Automobile Show in Berlin from February 17 through March 5, 1939. The stamp is listed in the Michel Briefmarken-Katalog (the standard catalog of German philately) as No. 688.

Unsold remainders of the Volkswagen stamp were later overprinted "Nurburgring-Rennen" and placed on sale May 18, 1939, to honor the races to be held May 21 and July 23 of that year. The over-printed stamp is listed in Michel as No. 697.

The Nurburgring, where that 1939 race was held, is located way up in the Eifel Mountains, pretty near the Luxembourg border, and is not to be confused with Nurnberg in Bavaria. The Nurburgring was built back in the 1920s, and was a fantastic racing circuit in its original form -- just over 21 km per lap. It's still in

use for Formula One events, although the original course has been shortened considerably.

Chapter 9

She kept surfing the Net, following one link to another, one idea to another. It was becoming one big blur, like a train trip through Europe. A few salient points stuck in her mind, though.

Arnold married Maria Shriver, part of the Kennedy clan, after dating Brigitte Nielsen, a Swedish superwoman who looked more his type. He had told her about his father's Nazi past? Or was that a hoax? The Kennedy Clan. The most powerful ruling clan in America after WWII. A colorful background mixed up with bootlegging. As a Navajo she was familiar with bootleggers here and now. They were all scum.

Who was the founder of the clan? Joseph P. Kennedy. A search on him revealed that many thought he had anti-Semitic views, even though he denied them. He was the American ambassador to England for awhile. He was behind the push to get his son John into the Presidency, and practically bought him into it. He had a stroke and lived to see all other Kennedy tragedies, unable to do anything about it. Arnold had no trouble with the Kennedy clan even though he was a staunch Republican. Many calling themselves Republicans are really arch or ultra conservatives, bordering on neo-fascists. Yet he gets along great with the ultra-liberal Kennedys.

Curiouser and curiouser. Was Arnold Catholic like they were? A lot of Germans were Catholic, a lot Protestants, but Austria was a Catholic stronghold. In WWII, they were also all good Nazis. And now they're not?

Reading newsgroup posts, she came on one that contained the following:

America is where the largest reservoir of today's Neo-Nazi ideology lies, not Germany. Printing Neo-Nazi

literature, organizing, or even owning a swastika is against the law in today's Germany, while completely legal in America. You'll find, in fact, that of all the people who took this man seriously, the most vehemently opposed to him were Germans -- and still are, for that matter. Americans are, and have always been, fascinated by him, and therefore soft on him.

Paco was really getting into her cunt now, diving it like an eagle and ravishing it with his tongue. It tickled. She was juicing and about to orgasm.

She turned the laptop sideways, shut the lid, and left it there as she arched her back, leaned back some, and gave his head more room. The laptop could wait. Her lap couldn't.

An hour later at least, she was laying on her back with her legs up around her head, holding them with her arms. He said he couldn't get enough of eating her, and wanted to do it in every imaginable position, then and there, that night. She couldn't say no. His huge size gave him the strength and leverage to manipulate her like a big doll, without hurting her or even letting her feel insecure, and his tongue was long, broad, strong. And educated. Like a German auto engineer, taking her for a test drive. Don't forget his lips. They had had plenty of practice from pointing out directions to tourists. He let her go into one orgasm, only to let her recover, and eat her into another stronger one. How many had she had? Let's see. One, two, three, that one sitting on the dresser, that makes four, the one standing up against the window, and the one she's having now. He's so big and strong. To protect me. How can I not let him have everything he wants?

I love you Paco. I've given you everything I got. I have no secrets from you. I'm your breakfast, lunch and dinner. Don't stop eating me. Just one more time. Have some dessert.

She was as hot as a volcano, from whose hot center long dikes of lava flowed radially outward, like wings. Like Shiprock, the great Navajo "Rock with Wings", Tse'Bit'Ai in Navajo. Located in northern New Mexico by the Arizona

border, on U.S. 66, the rock monolith towers over the surrounding unspoiled desert, visible for miles around.

She had always thought Shiprock looked like an owl, crouching in the desert, with two ear tufts poking inquisitively into the big blue sky. Early gringo travelers thought it looked like a ship. The standing joke is that when it really seems like one, you're on the verge of sunstroke.

She used to stop her pickup a couple of miles south, where the road cuts through a basalt wall, and walk along that ray of light beige yellowish reddish stone, the wings of the owl, and feel like she was the only other person on Earth. An occasional rattlesnake or the suspicion of a hidden Gila monster would disabuse her of such grandiose notions nicely. Not that the sight of a lone Navajo maiden traveling unaccompanied with impunity wasn't enough to make the stone owl itself blink.

Now she knew. It looked like a Navajo woman being eaten by her muchacho. The wings were her legs. The Shiprock was the muchacho's head, buried in her crotch. They saw ships instead of people because of their skin color prejudices; she saw owls because of hers.

Chapter 10

She woke up suddenly, in a heap on the bed with Paco. He was snoring like a log. He was one tired brave. For some reason, she was invigorated, and couldn't sleep. It was delightfully un-hot at this time of night.

Untangling herself slowly, carefully, she tucked the covers in under his chin. Then, thinking about it more, she propped a pillow up beside his head so as to block any glare from her monitor.

She slid down onto the floor and flipped open the lid on her laptop again. It was waiting for her, just as she had left it. She thought about putting on a velveteen blouse she

could reach in a bottom drawer of her dresser, then decided not to. She was still feeling naughty, and wanted to face the laptop with her breasts bare as if somebody on the other side could peek. She thought about sitting cross-legged in front of the monitor with her well-eaten cunt bared to it also, but decided against it, as Paco might see her head and wake up. So, she laid on one side, back to Paco, with the laptop in front of her on the Navajo rug in her old log hogan. It was nowhere near dawn, yes, her laptop told her it was 2:43 AM. The night was still young.

Where was she? Oh yes, checking out Kraft Foods.

She glanced up at the window in the black night. Panic. A face looking back. An old man? A vampire? A wolf? A vulture? She shivered but couldn't speak. Her breath froze in her throat, her mouth ajar. Her eyes went vacant, wandered down, froze, then darted up to that awful hole. No face.

She kept staring at that window for minutes, barely daring to breath. She was listening for any sound, however slight, like a hunter. Only she was the hunted. Dare she wake Paco? Maybe he would brashly jump out the window and end up dead. Maybe the threat out there was not human, not natural. Over his head.

Maybe she imagined the face. She did the bravest thing of her life, and brashly rose and went to the window and thrust her neck forward to where she had a panoramic view of the outside.

Just the usual sights. She listened intently. Maybe a scuff, a swish, a whish, a crunch. No. Crickets. Just the crickets.

She shut the window and locked it, and drew the curtains.

She decided not to alarm Paco with her nightmares. If anything else happened, then she would. But not until.

She put her panties on, and did get that velveteen blouse out and slip it on. She felt shivers, even on this

not-so-cool night. But she tried to forget the nightmare, and got back down in front of the laptop as before, always keeping one eye bouncing up and down towards those curtains.

Silly girls. Maybe it was Mr. Brunell. In a way she wished it were. He was too nice. Did she see a human face or an animal's? Now she wasn't sure if she had really seen anything. But why did a visage with great intelligence seem to suggest itself to her, to seem to be 'right' as the solution to the equation of what was in the window? She was doing something naughty, prying into things that didn't concern her, on the Net. So, a great intellect prying on her from the real world seemed like a cosmic balancer, keeping the cosmos in balance after she had got it out of balance with her actions. The Moon alone couldn't do it anymore.

Why did she think the face was interested in her Net hacking rather than her sex? Funny, but she was sure of nothing, but had a strong feeling that she couldn't deny.

Even if there were no real face, she would have had to invent one, she finally decided. So, it should make no difference either way. If it wanted her dead she already would be. Back to work. Go ahead, jump!

Chapter 11

As if in a trance, she jumped up, threw back the curtains, opened the windows, and jumped up, trying to get out. She did. She jumped out, landing on her feet on the dry ground, barefoot. Crouching low, like a she-wolf, her eyes strained to adjust to the night. There was only a half moon tonight. No clouds. Now she was the hunter, looking for prey.

"What are you doing, muchacha?" grunted Paco from the window, his big head filling it.

She felt stupid. But rejuvenated. She had faced her fears, and defeated them.

She said nothing, but just stood up, kissed him, and let him

help her in with his big strong arms and hands. He held her in his arms and kissed her a long time on the lips. She smelled her own sex on his lips, and it seemed out of place, but she didn't complain. Her muchacho was protecting his muchacha. Their hearts beat in their two breasts as one. Together they were afraid of nothing. They make mushy music for times like this.

"Let's go out for a night walk," she whispered, very sure of herself, looking absolutely wicked in her delight with the idea.

How could he say no?

Minutes later, they were going places in forbidden territories that lonely people could not go, and doing things that lonely people could not do. The Rez at night was still owned by God not man. It was as dark as nights a thousand years earlier. The moon was the only light. But it was enough. The eyes adjusted. Young eyes would. The old would not be able to adjust. How silly to imagine an old man out with this little moonlight.

They walked in the invigorating night breeze, with only a few distant coyotes howling, hand in hand, totally one. Male and female God made them. He made the woman to be the man's helpmate.

They stopped on a rock overlooking a sheep meadow, and gazed, not at the sheep, of which they didn't see any, but up at the stars, of which they saw multitudes.

"I love you more than all the stars in the sky," said Paco, sweetly, almost choking. Then he went into poetry.

"You know that I love you, Lori, Lori.
That can't, will never, ever cease.
It is as constant as the light, streaming
from the moon, and stars, and the sun.
And like them all, dearest novia,
even after we're long gone from here,
the light of my love will shine on clear."

"My cup will always be half full without you, muchacho," she replied. "-- novio," she quickly corrected herself, to match his poem. That meant boyfriend.

And quite clean too, she smiled to herself, with a mouth on him like that.

They had the moon and the stars and each other. They could now face growing old together.

Not. If only the gringo hadn't come and brought her the irresistible universe-in-a-box called the computer. It changed her destiny. It changed the timescale of life. Even though she could feel the love, she could feel the power of the computer overshadowing it. Her mind started to drift back to the hacking problems of the day, and she suddenly discovered that Paco had been whispering to her and she hadn't followed what he had said.

She tried to cover herself, but knew he knew. They both grew silent. She snorted like a horse with self-loathing, or at least an attempt to tell Paco something for which she had no words. He didn't understand. No matter. If it weren't for the computer she'd be totally his, and grow old with him like in the old days. Maybe she still could, if he'd let her do her thing now and give her the space to do it.

Rock squirrels, prairie dogs, cottontail rabbits, all were encountered down on Main Street as they walked hugging and loving around the area of their good old hogan.

They walked and walked and suddenly found themselves right at the bedroom window again, as if a computer had programmed them into a closed-loop tour and it was over. She hadn't consciously steered herself here, but something inside her did. An autopilot. He said nothing, but helped her climb in, and then climbed in after her.

She noticed it immediately. The laptop was different. It had been moved. It wasn't on the same window arrangement as before. It had been tampered with.

She said nothing, pretended nothing was different.

Paco took off his clothes and plopped in the bed heavily, all tuckered out and intending to seriously sleep this time. She let him, crouching on the floor next to the bed and not moving. When she heard the snoring start, she got the laptop up on the foot of the bed and gingerly sat with it, quietly working the keyboard and the mouse. She was sure Paco didn't know or care about her work now. The snoring was regular and deep.

She spent several minutes going through her files to see what if anything had been changed, erased, tampered with, or added. She didn't see anything concrete, but the feeling that somebody had been there was a cloud over her. Somehow it only made her mad, more determined to keep hacking those damned neo-Nazis for the insult. How could it be them anyway? Maybe she imagined everything, to make herself feel more important. She was so tired, it was possible to be hallucinating yes. But she was so lucid, it didn't seem like a hallucinating frame of mind she was in. Do lucid and hallucinating go together? She didn't think so.

Back to work. She did a search engine on Kraft Foods and their history, and cross-searches with the words Nazi, Schwarzenegger, Kennedy, Shriver, Volkswagen.

Nothing. Other than information of the 27-foot long, 11-foot high, 5-ton bright-orange colored Oscar Mayer Wienermobile. And a bunch of recipes and promotional material. She figured that Oscar Mayer couldn't have been Jewish, since he sold hot dogs that had pork in them. But then, there are kosher hot dogs, made with beef. He could be Jewish or not. German, Austrian, she didn't know. Only that she was becoming hungry for a hot dog.

Click.

Another Arnold bio ended up on her monitor:

Arnold Scharzenegger Profile

Birthdate: July 30, 1947

Birthplace: Graz, Austria

Sign: Sun in Leo, Moon in Capricorn

Education: University of Wisconsin,
B.A. in business, economics

Relations: Wife: Maria Shriver

Kids: Katherine, Christina, Patrick

Quote: "Pumping iron is a great feeling ... like cuming, but cuming continuously."

As mean as Dirty Harry, as sexy as the Road Warrior, but as lovable as E.T., the actor with the almost unpronounceable name, Arnold Schwarzenegger, is a true American icon and success story with an Austrian accent. From Pumping Iron to Eraser, Arnold 'Strong' has always given the people what they want, which is to see him kick some serious butt while displaying his mind-popping physique in a way that doesn't offend. Along the way, as movie audiences watched him change from a brawny klutz in Conan to an emotionless killing machine in The Terminator to the gentle, perceptive John Kimble in Kindergarten Cop, Arnold has firmly established himself in the very fabric of late 20th century American pop culture. Why, he is recognizable by his first name alone, a feat reserved for the truly elite -- and in his case, very convenient.

An avid bodybuilder from teenage days, "The Austrian Oak" came to the United States in 1968, already having won the Junior Mr. Europe and Mr. World bodybuilding titles -- sporting a pair of biceps that the world had never seen before -- to seek new challenges, as he put it. He was no less successful here, winning the coveted Mr. Olympia title an astounding seven times and the equally revered Mr. Universe title three times (he remains undefeated in both, defeating, among others, 'The Hulk' Lou Ferrigno).

He shrewdly bought up real estate with his earnings, and by the time the bodybuilding documentary Pumping Iron

introduced him to the big world, he was already a certified millionaire. Some truly terrible Hercules movies marred his acting debut, but his title role in Conan the Barbarian marked him as box-office megabuck gold. His status as a mainstream movie star was cemented with The Terminator, in which he played an android killing machine with no feelings and no remorse -- the role he was born to play (don't tell his mother though). The Terminator was the first of a string of successful, big-budget sci-fi A-list pictures that included The Running Man and Total Recall.

Schwarzenegger's status as an American icon was made complete by his 1986 marriage to Kennedy clan member Maria Shriver, and by his appointment in 1990 by President George Bush as head of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. Arnold showed off a budding self-efacing comic flair in his later movies Kindergarten Cop and Twins, although he has had his fair share of comedy misfires (Last Action Hero, Junior, and Jingle All the Way). Let it never be said, though, that Schwarzenegger doesn't know which side his bread is buttered on: if he keeps delivering action movies to a market that has never found his replacement, he will certainly continue to rank as one of the highest-paid and most popular actors in Hollywood, well into his fifties.

Schwarzenegger has been plagued by rumors that he is a Nazi sympathizer due to his friendship with Kurt Waldheim, a former Nazi and Secretary-General of the United Nations, and the fact that his father was a known member of the Nazi party. Schwarzenegger has tried to distance himself from the allegations by donating money to the Simon Wiesenthal Center.

Aha. Another reference to Arnold's Nazi connections and his attempt to distance himself.

Click.

Feature Films:

Hercules in New York (as Arnold Strong), Hercules Goes Bananas (as Arnold Strong) 1970; The Long Goodbye (as Arnold Strong) 1973; Stay Hungry 1976; Pumping Iron (doc.) 1977; The Villain, Scavenger Hunt 1979; Conan the Barbarian, Arnold Schwarzenegger: Mr. Olympia - The Comeback (doc.), Mr. Olympia Bodybuilding Championships 1980 (doc.), Shape up With Arnold 1982; Conan the Destroyer, The Terminator 1984; Action (doc.), The Making of "The Terminator" & "Missing in Action 2" (doc.), Commando, Red Sonja 1985; Raw Deal 1986; The Predator, The Running Man 1987; Red Heat, Twins 1988; Total Recall, Kindergarten Cop 1990; Terminator 2: Judgment Day 1991; Carnival in Rio (doc.), Feed (doc.; cameo) 1992 The Last Action Hero (also exec. prod.), Dave (cameo) 1993; True Lies , Junior, Beretta's Island (doc.; cameo) 1994; Eraser, Jingle All the Way 1996.

Television:

The Jayne Mansfield Story (movie) 1980; A Very Special Christmas Party (host) 1988; The Switch (special; dir.) 1990; Tales From the Crypt (dir. only of one episode) 1991; Lincoln (special; voice only), Christmas in Connecticut (dir. only) 1992.

Books:

Arnold's Bodyshaping for Women (co-author) 1979; Arnold's Bodybuilding for Men (co-author) 1981; Arnold's Encyclopedia of Modern Bodybuilding 1984; Arnold: The Education of a Body Builder 1986.

Other:

Mr. Universe (3-time undefeated winner), Mr. World, Mr. Olympia (7-time undefeated winner); Planet Hollywood (restaurant chain's owner) 1991-.

Arnold Strong. So that was Arnold's original stage name in his movies in America. Made sense. Schwarzenegger seems impossible to pronounce or remember. Yet he eventually made everybody do it. A funny thing just hit her. Today was July 30. Maybe that had something to do with the ease of

getting under the web site's skin. Actually, it was now July 31, since midnight had passed.

She looked up Graz. A city in Styria, Austria, on the left bank of the Mur river, about 90 miles SSW of Vienna. That was on the Danube? she asked herself. Right. Graz, earlier Gratz, was the home of the astronomer Johannes Kepler, from 1594-1600.

A bright idea caused her to lookup the derivation of Arnold's surname.

Schwarzenegger. From the German schwarzen (dark) and auger (eyes). In Russian, ochyee chornye.

She remembered the e-mail now. The Dark Eyes Network. That was where it came from.

She had a blitzkrieg: Kepler. An astronomer. He lived in an age of darkness, without telescopes, yet he changed the world view with his laws, whatever they were; she didn't understand that much, but had heard of Kepler's Laws. Did he ever use a telescope? Galileo invented it, and he lived at about the same time, right? She left that for a research question.

She had another blitzkrieg suddenly: Schwarze (black) + negger (negro). She felt like Sherlock Holmes now, quite satisfied with herself. If there were just somebody here she could tell it about and get patted on the back by.

Not Paco. He didn't know or care anything about the Net. He had no education she knew about. His ability to even read was questionable. She didn't care, as long as he had a hard dick and two balls between his legs, and those wonderful hands, and lips and tongue. He was her boy toy. She half-remembered the wonderful night and being eaten out again. Best night of her life.

The genetic stuff. She had almost forgotten about that. She had downloaded a bunch of genetic files, and tried to call them up on her laptop. Aha. They had been erased. That was no hallucination about an intruder on her computer. But then, maybe she had inadvertently erased them herself, or downloaded them incorrectly. She wasn't sure now.

No problem. She'd call that web site back up and download them again.

When she tried, clicking the dark eyes icon, receiving the error screen, and inputting the code name and password, she was not surprised that nothing happened this time. The code name and password had been changed, and she was locked out now. Come again. Come continuously. Hnnngggh!

She got up and went out the door to the bathroom. She had to pee. There was some light now, the first stirrings of dawn. The clock in the kitchen said 5:05 AM.

Part 3. Young Arnold in Austria

Chapter 14

Back from the bathroom, Lori went back to her search engine and soon had this little item on her monitor, from some web site that reviews old movies and sells VCR tapes of them.

Click.

Marcello Mastroianni in 'Dark Eyes' (1987). 118 min.
Director: Nikita Mikhalkov.

Talents from both Italy and Russia collaborate on an epic love story between an Italian man and a Russian woman. From Russia With Love meets Mastroianni.

Plaintive yet wacky, Dark Eyes opens with a bloated, well-lived, yet haggard, love-hurt Italian waiter on a cruise ship, recounting his bitterseet, life-defining, regret-tinged love affair to a Russian tourist.

Bathed in the hue of midday sunshine, always playing off against the title, Mikhalkov's nostalgic film flirts incessantly with gossamer breeziness and buffoonery, while trying to tell a tragic tale. Its protagonist Romano Patroni (Mastroanni) is a true ham, unafraid to make a complete fool of himself for the purpose of entertainment, guaranteeing that the film can never be entirely serious; and perhaps also that its ultimate purpose will fail: an interesting gamble.

Too bad, she thought. A spelling error. Should be Mastroianni, not Mastroanni. Maestro anni. Master of the years. He and Sophia Loren cooking Italian pasta together, sharing noddles between their lips like the Disney dogs, doing it in the kitchen, standing behind her, his arms around her, his hand going down into her crotch... later, as she lays on her back, he is sipping spaghetti noodles from her cunt. Sluuuurrrrp!

Maestro anus. Master of the asshole. Maybe he was slurping from there instead. Get your mind off sex, naughty girl.

Click.

As the kind tourist listens attentively, apparently enraptured by the labyrinthine story, the over-the-hill waiter describes his marriage to a wealthy banker's daughter -- obviously for money, not love -- and his gradual moral dissolution under the influence of a soft, easy aristocrat's life: one he surely doesn't enjoy now. At least with a live victim he won't have to write it up and send it over the ocean in a bottle, the viewer is tempted to think. Another man gaining the world but losing his soul, yawn. But then the plot twists.

It is during a vacation at a magical, eccentric Italian spa for the rich that Romano's debauched gadabout life of loafing and cat naps forever changes when he meets the woman of his dreams, his first real true love, the Russian woman Anna (Elena Sofonova).

There's only one problem. They're both married.

Sofonova. Sofa nova. Like that fur girl in 'The Planet of the Apes' -- Nova. Linda Hamilton? No, that wasn't it. Something Hamilton. Or Linda something. Cute for a gringo girl. Charlton Heston rode off with her on his horse, and found what was left of the Statue of LIberty. White racist cowboy macho pig. Head of the NRA. Indian killer. Her fur diaper made Lori think of a cunt rag. The smell must have been delightful to him. What happened to that actress after those ape pictures were over? Did she put on an ape suit to stay with the show when her part as fur girl ran out? Did she have to have sex with the director and maybe Heston himself to get the part in the first place? Sex on the director's casting couch. Casting sofa. Men love women who are dumb, unable to speak, and go around in a diaper waiting to get laid.

Sofonova. Sofa novia. Novia is Spanish for female sweetheart, fiance, bride. From Russia with Love. Sean Connery and that beautiful blonde beauty queen, what was her name? Couldn't have been Sofanova or she'd not have forgotten. He didn't care if the girl wanted him or not; he got any woman he wanted, and dumped her when he was through with her. Did it for his country too, he claimed.

Mastroianni was no Sean Connery. No master of Anna -- hey, that was clever of her. He wanted her to want him.

He was closer to an Al Pacino; needing women too much, but not able to attract them without wealth and power. The scent of a woman. Hooah!

Women: men can't live with 'em, and can't live without 'em. That's why women will always rule the world... Sophia Loren could wrap Pacino around her little finger and make him suck Mastroianni's Italian sausage and fuck his asshole with his tongue.

What Whoopi Goldberg said once on TV, on Hollywood

Squares. Italian sausage: what women go to Italy for. Goes down smooth. Leaves less hair in the mouth than the other kinds....

That reminded her of a joke she had just seen in a Newsgroup. A man had two lovers at the same time, who wanted to marry him. One was a poet and the other a great cook, especially of pancakes. His dilemma was that he didn't know whether to marry for batter or for verse.

She had the answer for him. Marry the poet, and become Mr. Universe.

She was daydreaming. Minutes passed, who knows? Then she remembered. It was Harrison, Linda Harrison. Was she related to George Harrison the Beatle? Naw. But didn't his boyfriend Ringo once dump him for a cave girl he was doing a flick with? And didn't she end up in a James Bond movie of her own soon after? Barbara Bach. German. But no Sean Connery for her, Roger Moore. Maybe Ringo would have been too jealous, and that's why.

Hollywood people are in and out of each others' beds like cucarachas. So are rock music stars. Not in bed with each other; in bed with groupies all the time. There's German cucarachas, English cucarachas, American cucarachas -- same species, different varieties. Why did John Lennon settle for that utterly ugly Japanese artist slut, when he could have had a beauty like Barbara Bach? Go figure. At least Paul's girl was halfway desirable, if that is your cup of tea. But Yoko Ono; she couldn't give it away on Hollywood and Vine. On Forty-Second Street. At the Chicken Ranch in Nevada.

Where did all the time go?

Click.

At this point her monitor was full of new words. She read slowly, several times, mouthing the words like food,

then paged the screen before she could begin daydreaming again.

In the spa scenes, Director Mikhalkov (An Unfinished Piece for a Piano Player, Slave of Love) portrays the spa as a refuge for the rich, who money makes not happy but neurotic, bored and hypochondriac, even as it addicts them to endless unhurried, devil-may-care debauchery -- presided over by the requisite Rubinesque opera singers and slim demented chambermaids (you fill in the blanks).

The spa scenes are obviously indebted musically to light Bergman rhapsodies (Smiles of a Summer Night); and, of course, to the saucy absurdity and debauchery of Fellini; although Mikhalkov is no Fellini. If anything, these scenes mire down in too much Felliniesque detail.

A degree of what can be called realistic magicality coats Mikhalkov's bubbly (pun intended), sanguine (ditto) spa scenes, as the debauchees pig around in steamy, flower-bedecked mud baths; and later drink chai -- Russian for tea, although they don't mention that, but the Russian he was telling the story to would have thought of it -- in a sunlit piazza, while dressed in immaculate white, in an overstated attempt to provide an ironic comment on their physical and moral depravity that steals from Jesus Christ and his denunciations of whited sepulchres.

Romano's romantic memory invests this corrupt time and place, where whited sepulchres -- really nothing but future bags of feces -- romp in visually glistening, immaculate, heaven-like perfection, making light seem to dance on every surface, with laughter and music always filling the air; as if hell could be made to look like heaven.

Steamy, flower-bedecked mud baths. She had been in something similar right on the Rez. Natives were supposed to keep the existence and location secret, however. No matter. She paged the screen again promptly.

Click.

Inspired by Russian Anton Chekhov's dreary short stories, *Dark Eyes* seems determined to instead charm an international audience with its light, whimsical touch and unabashed silliness; a genuine Italian coating to bland Russian food that risks alienating Americans like us with its overarching corniness.

When Romano's Russian lady love Anna flees the spa for her home and husband in the remote town of Sisoiev, our Romano, like a gaga, lovestruck schoolboy, follows devotedly in her spell -- but not across town, rather, across the world. An elaborate cover story of opening a glass factory in Sisoiev in order to throw his own wife off the scent of his infidelity is so strained a plot crutch that, even after the show of wealth and dissipation, it begs for a rewrite. Why couldn't he just claim he was going on a business trip instead? Italian males plus amore equals nuts, yes, but not this nuts.

She tried to compare Anna and Romano to herself and Paco. She had no Russian in her, and couldn't even locate the words to the Russian folk song *Ochyee Chornye* on a quick side-trip to her search engine, although she suspected the plot steals from it somehow. She did find the words to Bob Dylan's 1985 song 'Dark Eyes'. Nothing in it about Russians, Italians, or Navajos, but her eyes fixed on the line: "Oh, the French girl, she's in paradise and a drunken man is at the wheel". A Princess Di prophecy? "A million faces at my feet but all I see are dark eyes." Pity.

Click.

Fortunately better accustomed to conveying the quirks of the Russian than the Italian temperament, Mikhalkov saves the film with his expert lampoons of hickish ambition and the famous Russian mania for flamboyant formal gestures carried out with a certain countrified yet deliberate ineptness; if a non-Russian had tried this, he might be accused of stereotyping (shades of *Saturday Night Live*).

Romano is enthusiastically embraced by the citizens of Sisoiev, thrilled at the prospect of a new industry in their dreary backwater, so much so that he is met at the train station by a fetching send-up of caterwauling kiddies, serenading Sonny & Cher-like gypsies, and an overjoyed, too-eager-to-please peasant populace that cajoles him into guzzling glass after glass of their potent Russian "wodka".

Remember those glasses. They are the breakable kind.

These scenes with the Russian provincials are invested with a robust silliness bordering on slapstick as Romano is courted by a succession of small-town characters with one foot in the nineteenth century, all of whom stand frustratingly between him and his -- and, by now, the audience's -- goal of reunion with Anna and the enjoyment of her sexual charms: a laudable goal only in 20th century amorality plays, on the brink of the Millennial apocalypse. A philosophical mind is haunted with thoughts of the horrors of Dante's Inferno, the Stalinist regime and what it did to kulaks and peasants alike, and the epic struggle for Christian salvation, all reduced to a comedy about a pasta-sucking pervert trying to stick his nose up a borscht-eater's buns and find heaven.

Who wrote this? This review is nuts. She was growing tired of this. What if Paco committed adultery on her? She'd cut off his cahones, like Lorena Bobbitt, and serve them to him in a burrito. She clicked to another window, and clicked back only after hitting a dead end in a web site search engine link on Sisoiev. She wondered if there really was such a place. Back to the review. She had to page her monitor screen again now.

Click.

When Romano is finally reunited with his Anna, Mikhailkov milks the reunion for the utmost charm, before the audience hikes out of the theater. Romano chases her out to the barn in the middle of a reception given by her cuckolded husband, in the manner of all

those naughty milkmaid nickelodeons, all the while carrying a tray of rattling glasses that aurally echo his romantic libido. When he finally catches up to her in the barn, he suddenly drops the glasses into a pile of what do you think? Feathers. This contrast of clatter and chaos traded for pillowy softness is utterly beguiling, translating an emotional mood into visual gesture, true to the essence of filmmaking itself: the one memorable scene in the film. Feathers for angel's wings, broken glass for hell's torments, her married ass in the middle. The ending will not be spoiled, not by this reviewer.

Dark Eyes is striving to be a story of ill-fated romance and human inadequacy, but Mikhalkov expends so much effort striving for kookiness and magic that he often loses sight of his characters, who come across as shallow and rather moronic, unfortunately, rather than epic and tragic; they are no Romeo and Juliet, no Rose and Jack. Anna and Romano's love affair never registers as tragic and sad as it could have; instead, we are left with only an interesting anecdote in a pleasant but overlong tale shared by two men boring on a boring cruise from nowhere to nowhere. Even Forrest Gump did better. And one is tempted to wish for this boat to sink.

Quaint but never quite engaging or revealing, Dark Eyes proves whimsy and passion can make terrible bedfellows. John 3:16. No stars.

Terrible bedfellows? No stars? This is a negative review then? Nuts.

A dead end there. She wouldn't even want to pay one dollar to rent that movie for her VCR. If she had a VCR. Or there were a movie rental store nearby, which there wasn't. This wasn't Flagstaff. Who wants to watch ill-fated romances and stories of human inadequacy anyway? She felt sorry for herself not having a way to view thousands of classic movies and become a sophisticated film buff like Siskel or Ebert.

Not really. Her laptop was her movie theater, her roller jam, her breakfast lunch and dinner. She could afford to miss out

on the movies as long as she didn't miss out on the Net. She preferred rock music anyway. Like the story of Jack and Diane. She and Paco were doing in her bedroom what they did in the backseat of their car. A lot more probably. Imagine a cop looking in on them and seeing them doing the 69 thing.

Chapter 15

A bright idea occurred to her suddenly. She sent an email to Thoth, telling him that the Brown Sugar web site had locked her out, but not mentioning the email they had sent her, or the break-in. She asked him to help her hack it again, and told him to put on his best condom, a code word for using maximum security during the hack, covering his tracks every way possible to prevent traceback. She waited for minutes, half expecting an email reply from Thoth, but nothing came. Perhaps he was asleep. Frankly, she didn't know even which part of the globe he lived on. Or if it was a he or a she.

Paco was not snoring anymore, and was in a light sleep, about to wake up. She decided to knock it off finally, and it suddenly occurred to her that she hadn't slept. So, she put the laptop under the bed quietly, took off her clothes, and crept under the covers with naked Paco, barely touching him, but conforming her body to his like two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

She felt so warm and comfy in her bed in her hogan. So glorious. The light was streaming in now, the blue blue sky visible through the curtains. The nightmare through the window seemed a childhood memory now, something for little girls who are afraid of boogey men and cookie monsters and things that go bump in the night. She stretched gloriously, moved her legs around on the soft sheets to stimulate the circulation. Rolled over, feeling for Paco.

No Paco.

She woke up suddenly, her eyes snapping open. Paco was

gone.

After thinking about it a moment, that was as it should be. His nocturnal visits were strictly on the sly and not officially approved by her mama. Mama didn't officially even know he existed. He always was gone by morning.

She closed her eyes again, adjusted the covers better, tucked her hands under her head as if in prayer, and dropped off like a log again.

Chapter 16

A loud banging on the door disrupted her beauty sleep. The sound of mama's voice, calling for her.

"Just a minute, mama!" she said, not as loud as she would have liked, but her day voice wasn't back yet. The last vestiges of the night terror still had to be shaken out.

She opened the door after wrapping the blanket around her to cover her nakedness. Mama was there, with Mr. Brunell.

"Loracita! What are you doing in there? It's nearly noon! Your lunch is on the table."

"Come on, lazy head, get dressed, we miss you," said Mr. Brunell.

"Give me a minute, okay mama?" she asked, going into the little girl personality to get what she wanted.

She didn't wait for an answer, but just shut the door quietly, and locked it. Throwing off the blanket, she raced around the room picking up loose clothing and putting it on. Out in a minute, she went down to the bathroom and locked herself in. Her mouth tasted terrible. She needed to brush her teeth. She needed a shower.

The water heater wasn't the best, and the water came out half cold, a real challenge. But she braved it heartily.

It helped her wake up. As she was washing her private parts, she remembered the eating she had had, and wondered if his tongue washing had left her cleaner than a shower, or dirtier than a whore. No matter, she had given him everything she had, and he her. Next time she would ask to eat him, to suck his dick, to give him the glorious satisfaction he had given her. She had kissed it once or twice before, but never seriously sucked it to orgasm.

On the Net she had seen pictures of blowjobs by the thousands, and all the women doing it seemed quite happy, so maybe it would not just be for his satisfaction, but for hers. The thought of swallowing the dick's spit, however, caused her to pause. Should she catch the semen in her mouth and rush to the bathroom to spit it out, or should she spit it into a towel she strategically placed under the bed for this purpose, or should she just swallow and show him an open mouth as proof? She'd think about it.

Chapter 17

Now she was indeed hungry, not for semen, but for some of mama's home cooking. Some eggs and fry-bread.

When she got to the table, she had forgotten that it was lunchtime not breakfast. Mama had two medium-rare lambchops on her plate, along with some pan-fried sliced potatoes, sliced tomatoes, and a can of soda. The hogan looked like things had gone on without her, and she was not up to speed with them out here. There was a quiet, pensive look on mama's face. Abuela didn't hardly look at her. Mr. Brunell got up from the table as soon as she arrived, his plate cleaned, and went outside. My he was old, she thought. The desert preserves fossils. His ass is so skinny he almost doesn't have one, just a crack. You can see his crack peeking out of his skinny pants most of the time. He was probably impotent too. Prostrate problems. Gets most men eventually. The only thing that keeps them from going after young women until their 90s. That thought made her smile a little between chews of food.

After breakfast, she decided to get out and go to Flagstaff, get away from it all. The old family pickup truck was rickety and harsh-riding but reliable. A Ford. And it had a loud, if cheap, dashboard radio.

Being on the border between Arizona and New Mexico, and not far from the Four Points, the only spot in the U.S. that touches four states at once, she had plenty of space, that was for sure. But civilization was always far away. For some reason, she wanted some now.

Flagstaff was a good 150 miles away. After thinking about it, she changed her mind to Winslow, 50 miles closer. But as she was closer to that state, she changed it again, to Gallup, New Mexico. Then to the town of Shiprock, north of that; the largest town on the Rez, over 15,000. That way she wouldn't be leaving the Rez.

She had a worn road atlas in the pickup, and she fumbled with it a little. The great big state of Arizona somewhat awed her more than New Mexico, not only because it contained more of the Navajo reservation, but because of its amazing legendary locations such as the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forest, the Meteor Crater, the Mohave Desert, Hoover Dam and Lake Mead, Saguaro, Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, even the infamous town of Tombstone down in the southeast corner of the state below Tucson.

Good old Route 66 used to be all the gringos had to pass Arizona through on, until U.S. 40 made it obsolete, caused many sections to be closed down.

The gringos once even had a gas station called Two Guns where they had a bunch of wild animals, lions and such, penned up in cages. She thought she passed it once, closed down and abandoned. If the United States is ever nuked and goes into chaos, she'd be leading the war parties trying to take Arizona back for the native Americans like her tribe.

Not that they hadn't tromped half the life out of the fragile desert with their damn cowboy horses and wagons, and herds of cattle. She remembered the John Ford movie 'My Darling Clementine' (1946 or 1947, she would look it

up later sometime), starring Peter Fonda as Wyatt Earp, Victor Mature as Doc Holliday, and Walter Brennan as Ike Clanton. It was in black and white, but had many scenes of the beautiful landscape, which included many 'little Shiprocks'. Of course, most of the action was about the infamous cowboy hellhole of Tombstone, where the gringos killed each other off so fast they had a special hill to bury them in -- Boot Hill.

John Ford, the director, loved that area apparently, since he filmed many of his movies, usually starring John Wayne, there. Not that he didn't claim to get permission when filming on Indian land. Now she was driving her Ford through the same land, half gringoized, but never completely. She wondered if John Ford were related to Henry Ford. If so, it would figure, she clucked.

New Mexico, in comparison, was vast stretches of pure boredom, and all concentrated around the Rio Grande, which ran north-south through the center. Carlsbad Caverns was one bright spot, if you liked bats. The southern part of the state was too controlled by the federal military, and stunk of atomic bomb testing, Alamogordo, the White Sands Missile Range, and, to the east a good hundred miles, Roswell and all that UFO jazz. Really, it seemed like a part of Mexico, stolen by the gringos after some trickery, and never completely assimilated. Arizona, on the other hand, was Indian land, never completely stolen by gringos, cowboys, or Mexicans.

Funny about cars in movies, she suddenly mused. That old TV series 'Route 66' featured two men in a Chevy Sting Ray. They always were the good guys, the heroes, and they always survived. Women get some control in Hollywood, supposedly, and come out with 'Thelma and Louise'. (That was the name of that movie she couldn't remember, she mused. Funny how the mind works by association.) Now, their car is a Ford Thunderbird, and the two women in it became road criminals, and end up flinging themselves over a cliff. Where? The desert. Where was that? Texas? Arizona? New Mexico? She'd look it up later.

"That business with your tongue? What is that?" That line

from the movie always cracked her up. Funny, she couldn't remember whether Geena Davis or Susan Sarandon delivered it, and which one was Thelma, and which one Louise. She resolved to use it on Paco. Then changed her mind.

Up north, Utah and Colorado loomed. The latter had the Mesa Verde and the Great Sand Dunes, and shared the San Juan and Sangre De Cristo Mountains with New Mexico. Further up was the Dolores Mountains, then the great Rocky Mountains, and a whole different breed of Indians. Utah had more of the San Juans, as well as Navajo Mountain, over 10,000 feet, Glen Canyon, Natural Bridges, Canyonland, and then Ute country, and the weird Mormon gringos. She didn't want to be caught dead in a Mormon city.

She didn't get far out of the hogan when the hidden hand of fate decided it for her. Her radio began blaring the classic rock song 'Take It Easy', that went: "...standin' on a corner in Winslow, Arizona".

So, Winslow it was. It was pretty much a one-horse town, but it was on a major interstate, that led into southern California, as if she wanted to go there; and had a tourist row filled with crafts vendors, many Navajo. She had friends there. There was more than one good roadside restaurant and tavern too, where she could eat for free as half a dozen Navajo men of all ages jumped to be the first to pay. She was queen of the world there. Why not visit her subjects and put on a royal appearance?

The closer she got, the more they played that damned Eagles song; it seemed to be the city's official anthem or something. It was like the Greek myth of the Sirens, singing hapless sailors into death on the rocks. Not that she was a sailor, or was on the sea, or was a Greek, or feared any danger befalling her there. The song was good for luring gringo turistas.

She parked her flatbed Ford on the street and started walking, taking it easy, eeee-zeee. She noticed, before parking, how they had actually erected a statue to the "six-foot man" -- gringo, gasp -- in the Eagles song that made Winslow, Arizona famous, right on a street corner, at

Second and something -- she didn't catch all the details on the sign fast enough. On foot now, she didn't want to get anywhere near that corner, so she headed another way.

Walking down main street, she saw something she had never noticed before. A bodybuilding/nutrition/health foods store. On a whim, she walked in, and browsed the packed shelves with detached studiousness, like a visit to an old library.

She saw a rack of bodybuilding magazines, showing men with fantastic physiques, and women who looked like men without dicks, wearing tiny bikinis, and bras covering muscles instead of rounded breasts. Were they real women, or were some male transvestites? Their bikinis were so tiny they left absolutely nothing to the imagination. What a cheap attempt at exploitation, she thought. How can women get such big muscular thighs? They could crush a man like a boa constrictor if they strapped their legs around his engines.

Paging through one magazine, she kept noticing the name Weider. Joe Weider. She made a mental note of that for when she got back to her laptop. Sounded almost like Oscar Mayer Wiener. Or was that weiner? A deliberate spelling trick?

She smiled broadly to see a large free-standing cardboard display picture of Arnold himself, in his swimsuit, sucking his stomach in, his huge arm flexed, and smiling his gap-toothed grin. What was the medical term for people with a gap in their front teeth, like Lauren Hutton and Arnold? She threw herself at Richard Gere in that 'American Gigolo' movie, filled with Blondie music. He didn't need big muscles; no, he was built like a boy almost.

Pow! She hit the cardboard Arnold, right in the jaw. It bent but didn't break.

When the clerk started to come up to her, she put the magazine back down, turned, and left fast. She wasn't made of money, you know.

Chapter 18

She had walked only a short ways down the block when she bumped right into Mike Macdonald, from Chinle, a town near Canyon DeChelly (pronounced de-shay), towards Four Corners. Navajos think of names different than anglos or even Mexicans. Their clan is the most important, and the name they use for pleasing the U.S. government is often just picked out of a hat so the forms for supplies can be filled out or large requisitions justified by supplying a list of names. So, Mike is a member of the Coyote Pass Clan, one of the most common Navajo clans, as was Lori.

Intermarriage inside a clan is forbidden, so they regarded each other like brother and sister, even though each thought the other to be quite cute. She had attended some community college classes with Mike, and had promised to visit him sometime and go hiking and hunting, a promise she hadn't kept. That laptop took all her time it seemed. Now she was cornered.

He quickly herded her into a van parked on the street, and opened up the side door, from which popped two of his brothers, holding cans of beer. In a festive mood, smiling big and polite, they offered her a fresh can of beer, and she took it. Sitting with her feet out the side door, she spent a couple of hours drinking and shooting the bullshit with these boys all younger than herself, Mike included.

To them she was an old maid, over the hill, even though they had to admit she was a beauty. They couldn't figure her out, and knew nothing of her computer mania, certainly not from her. They thought maybe she had a broken heart, was jilted by a groom, or something along those lines, and was damaged goods, for a more mature and experienced man to handle, making her out of their league. Not that they could marry her, since they were in the same clan. But they had friends that weren't, and they agreed among themselves in whispers not to burden them with her problems.

Mike asked her if she wanted to get high, and she said sure, so he pulled some marijuana out of a ziploc bag hidden in a

trap door in the floor of the van, and passed out reefers to all.

It was late afternoon as they lay in the van resting, half stoned out of their minds, and as satisfied as bird nestlings just having been fed their fill of juicy worms. One of the brothers turned on the stereo, all 100 watts of it, inside the van. It was Joan Jett, singing, "I love rock and roll." Joan Jett, or some other singer, who could remember now? What a strong beat, almost Indian-like. She began conducting, waving her arms to the music as she lay on her back, and singing along with it. Soon they all were singing, and sitting up so they could shake their upper bodies and arms in a half-dance.

She grabbed Mike suddenly and began smooching him, her arms around his lovingly. He looked skittish, frozen, at first, then yielded, and smooched back, wrapping his arms around hers. It wasn't sexual, it was agape love, but the kissing was sweet and tongues were involved.

Agape hell. She had a strong urge to have sex with all three and fuck tradition. Nobody would know, and nobody would talk. She was all woman, and who could deny her now?

She moved to the mattress in back of the van, took off her top, her big rounded breasts jumping out like clowns, and pulled her jeans down, exposing her delightful bush.

"Fuck me!" she cried. "All of you! Now! I want it!"

That was an order.

She finished undressing, and laid on her back, spreading her legs wantonly, and closing her eyes. The music was still blaring, this time "I like the night life baby! She said let's go!"

They did. First one, then the other, then the third, jumped on her, his erect penis exposed, and humped her, while her legs rode up into the air and sometimes one came from behind and stroked their back legs. The younger ones clumsily fondled and smooched her breasts, instead of giving her

mouth the attention she wanted. Mike, however, third in line, took up where he had left off, and french kissed her deeply while humping her. They were all men now, if they hadn't been before. By then the music had changed to "rolling down the river." They had been.

When all had finished, she lay there, filled with three brothers' semen, as well as ganja and alcohol, and music. Glorious. She wished it would last forever.

It didn't.

"Hey, get out of here! We have to go now sister!" That was Mike talking. They were finishing dressing themselves, erasing all traces of their partying, and positioning themselves in the front seats for travel.

She didn't say anything, but got dressed, and bussed Mike sister-style again as she jumped out of the van, and he smiled and waved as it took off from the curb and was soon vanishing down the road. She could hear "another one bites the dust!" coming from the loud van stereo speakers all the way.

No gringo would ever get a piece of her, she thought, as she smoothed her hair back, and stood with her hands up behind her head, at the side of the road, her breasts spread out beautifully under her velveteen blouse, feeling gloriously well-sucked and fondled, just as her lips felt gloriously well-kissed, and her cunt felt gloriously well-fucked.

An old maid maybe, a great sister definitely. She was sure that none of them would ever tell anybody about this day, even though it was the best of their lives. The younger ones would probably all be married in 6 weeks when the withdrawal symptoms set in. As for Mike, she figured that if he wanted to be married he'd already be. Maybe he was, she forgot to ask. One of those brothers had been only maybe 15 years old, maybe 16. Boy did he get lucky. He might have to wait a year to get married.

Brad Pitt could have her, even if he was a gringo, she corrected herself. Maybe she could imagine having a gringo

boyfriend, if he were a hacker like her. She wasn't a racist, it was they who were. She chuckled to herself, thinking about past racist slights from gringos, real or imagined. They didn't know what they were missing. It it wasn't white it wasn't right with rednecks. She was too colored for them, hmmmph. On the Net, color was erased. She'd show them. Val Kilmer could have her too. He had some Indian blood in him. So did Jim Morrison of the Doors, if he were still around. She wouldn't give Richard Gere a second look though.

She faced the setting sun, pounding her face like the surf at a glorious sea. Even though she was landlocked, she had seen movies and TV. And she was high.

Chapter 19

She found her pickup and started it, but it was some time before she finally took off, as she sat behind the wheel rehearsing all the lovemaking of the past 24 hours in her head. She turned on her radio, and tried to find the rock station they had been tuned to, but it didn't sound anything like in the van, with its cheap speakers. "I want you to want me" was playing. That was probably a gringo singing that. The gringos were trying to hypnotize all Navajo women. Like the Eagles.

The Eagles. They were all gringos, weren't they? Yes, the Eagles were all gringos probably. Eagles are bad birds, dirty birds. Their dark eyes are pure evil. Like the Hopis. The Hopi religion requires that young eagles, captured along the side of Black Mesa on Navajo land each Spring, end their life among the Hopi villages in the Fall, as their spirits return to the Hopi Gods, as they put it. Each year new eaglets are captured, and meet their doom. Many Navajos, herself included, would rather see the eagles free to soar the skies, but the federal government protects their 'religious freedom' -- the Hopis', not the eagles'.

Even though they are bad, they have a right to live free.

"I want you to want me"...

To that plaintive, wacky, wailing, too-serious, too-long tune she finally got on the highway and headed back to her hogan, feeling suddenly inexplicably lonely. She needed Paco. She didn't -- couldn't -- ask him if he were a Hopi; but he wasn't, she knew it.

Leaving the pickup in its usual place in front of the hogan, she felt weary as she got out and dragged herself in. It was dark, and the pickup would need a jump to start it again, after using the headlights that long, she figured. The old generator in the pickup didn't quite supply the drain, and they couldn't afford a rebuilt one. She'd ask Paco about it. He was handy with cars, and maybe he'd make it alright.

Mama and Mr. Brunell were sitting on the couch, the latter covered with a Navajo blanket -- the couch, not its occupants -- one of his skinny arms around her neck, the other draped along the top of the couch. Both of their backs were to her, and when they heard her, they both glanced at her without moving their bodies much.

"Hi mama! Hi!" She didn't ever use his name to his face. For some reason she still didn't feel they had been properly introduced. Call her wicked. That was the way it was.

"Hi Lori," he said. She didn't respond.

"Dinner is in the oven," said mama.

She opened the stove door, and there was a stewpot containing some mutton stew, heavy on the veggies, along with a small baking pan filled with homemade fry-bread. She pulled them out, and put them on the table, got some silverware out of the drawer, a pop out of the fridge, and sat down to eat next to a big sack of Blue Bird flour.

Life was back to normal. She pecked at the food, stirring it around on the plate to make it look like more had been eaten than had been, and surreptitiously pocketed a big chunk of mutton. Pretending she was full, she got up and

did the dishes, waiting for the moment to sneak to the screen door, open it, and chuck the meat way out into the night.

Back in her room, she got her robe on, did the shower routine again, and got back without anybody seeming to notice her.

Back to the laptop computer on the bed routine. This time she looked up Joe Weider, and found he was a bodybuilding promoter who had helped young Arnold Schwarzenegger move to America and survive in the early, lean days, before he made it big and became a millionaire. Nice, heartwarming story, country bumpkin from war-ravaged Europe moves to America and has the American dream. Meanwhile, the Navajos don't go anywhere or achieve any dreams. Recently there was actually a scandal of sorts when some newspaper revealed that the Navajo nation had an investment portfolio of over a billion dollars, which is only 4 thousand dollars a person. Arnold probably spends more than that on tips each year.

She had a funny idea about trying to reach him via email and sell him some genuine Navajo artifacts at a big markup. That idea bit the dust quick.

She searched for a web site about the Eagles. It didn't take long.

Click.

The Eagles are...

Randy Meisner. Vocals & Bass Guitar, 1972-1977. Born in Scottsbluff, Nebraska, March 8, 1946. He started his career in the midwest, playing with local bands. Then he headed to L.A. and was a founding member of Poco with Ritchie Furay, and Jim Messina, of Loggins and Messina. Meisner also performed with the likes of Ricky Nelson's Stone Canyon Band. He often did session work from time to time, which brought him into contact with Linda Ronstadt. Randy would leave the Eagles in 1979 to seek a solo career. His place was taken by Timothy B. Schmit.

Bernie Leadon. Vocals, Guitar, Steel Guitar, Banjo & Mandolin, 1972-1976. Born Minneapolis, Minnesota, July 19, 1947. Played guitar and banjo before he was in his teens. Had a huge love of folk music. Played with local groups in Florida, before he headed off to L.A. in 1967 where he continued playing for groups in the late 60's. He was a member of The Flying Burrito Brothers for some time. At the end of 1975, Leadon was sick and tired of the road. The grind and pressures of touring made him drop out of the group. He would be replaced Joe Walsh.

Don Henley. Vocals, Drums, Percussion & Keyboards, 1972-1996. Born in Gilmer, Texas, July 22, 1947. He grew up in tiny Linden, Texas. As a very young boy, after leaving Linden, he cut his first solo album about his life there called "Talking To The Moon". He attended Stephen F. Austin University in Nacogdoches, Texas and was uncertain of his future. He majored in English Literature, which explains why his lyrics are so intelligent :). He loved to play drums and found that his love for music suited him well and heeded the advice of his English teacher to pursue his love. Off to the bigtime in L.A. for him, where he would start to hang out in the Troubadour Club, and met Glenn Frey.

Glenn Frey. Vocals, Guitar, Slide Guitar & Keyboards, 1972-1996. Born in Detroit, Michigan, November 6, 1948. Unlike small-town Henley, he had grown up in the much different surroundings of a big bad city. He was trying his hand at a solo career and finally landed a chance to play for David Geffen, then manager of Joni Mitchell and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. Geffen discouraged the solo attempt by Frey, encouraging him to join a band. Frey lucked out and got a job with Linda Ronstadt. The band was in need of a drummer and this is where Frey hooked up with Henley. The two made quite a pair, and on their very first night playing on the Ronstadt tour, they agreed to start their own band. Geffen would be their manager. It wasn't easy for them in the beginning, even being reduced to sharing a room with Jackson Browne, who subsequently co-wrote many songs with the Eagles. "Take It Easy" was the first song written by Browne and Frey together. Nowadays Jackson Browne doesn't get the

credit he deserves for this banner Eagles song.

Don Felder. Vocals, Guitar, Slide Guitar, Steel Guitar, Mandolin & Keyboards, 1974-1996. Born in Gainesville, Florida, September 21, 1947. He was the fifth member to join the band. A new manager, and now Felder, who was an excellent slide guitarist in pop music. He added a new taste to the Eagles sound. His contribution to the band was noticed when "On The Border" was released shortly after he signed on. The album went way beyond the gold record level. "The Best Of My Love" became the band's first number one Billboard single in the week of March 1, 1975.

Joe Walsh. Vocals, Guitar, Slide Guitar & Keyboards, 1976-1996. Born in Wichita, Kansas, November 20, 1947. He was a superb songwriter, guitarist and lead singer and was then a member of the James Gang. He would also become a great solo artist. In 1973 his album, "The Smoker you Drink, The Player You Get" went gold. Walsh had a huge impact on the Eagles. He had a style all his own and when he hooked up with the Eagles, the band took on a new sound. In 1977, Hotel California was released. It was number one on the pop charts for eight weeks.

Timothy B. Schmit. Vocals & Bass Guitar, 1977-1996. Born in Sacramento, California, October 30th, 1947. He had played with local bands and was an excellent bass guitar player. He was also attending college in Sacramento, working on a degree in Psychology. He obviously opted for music like the rest and became a long time member of Poco prior to being with the Eagles.

She read on. It said the Eagles disbanded for 14 years before reforming and making When Hell Freezes Over. They made as much money from their albums as other groups did from touring, it said. Nice. Send her some of it, chuckle. She wouldn't sell her goodies to one of these gringos for all the money in California. That's all gringos care about: money. So, that's more than she wanted to know about the Eagles. Truly, curiosity got the better of the cat.

She was back to surfing the Net for material on bodybuilding,

learning about the ketone diet and other exotica, when an email from Thoth arrived, asking her to establish a chat window with him.

Kachinadoll, Thoth here. How's everything?

Grand. Got some good news for me by any chance?

Suddenly a download window opened up on her monitor, as Thoth was sending her a file.

Kachina. This is heavy stuff. I'm going into hiding.

Hiding?

I'm freaking packing my bags. I'm scared.

Scared? What happened?

I have reason to believe I'm going to be erased.

Erased? You mean killed? Are you serious?

Serious as shit. You know Bananadana?

That name was familiar yes. Another elite hacker, one of their group.

Of course I do. We both do. Why?

I mean did you know what happened? He's dead.

She froze. Thoth went on without a response.

He was executed I know it. The official story is an accident. No way. Soon, very soon, I'm next.

How? Who? Am I in danger too?

Crack this doc Kachina. For me. I may die for it. I'm going to try to keep you safe. Here**~^^

The chat window went dead.

She looked away suddenly, thinking, abstractly almost. This wasn't real. A prank. She tried to start the chat window up again, but it wouldn't connect. She whewed and suddenly remembered the window. She looked up fast, without a signal, hoping to see something. Only a locked window and drawn curtains.

Chapter 20

She felt obligated to stay at her laptop now. She examined the file that had been uploaded by Thoth. It was not readable, a coded file, just gibberish characters that screwed up the monitor and made it beep a few times.

Her mission, should she decide to accept it, and all that.

She thought about emailing Bananadana, but decided against it, since if there was some evil agent on his computer now that would allow him to trace her.

She was good at decrypting files, not because she had a grasp of advanced abstract algebra and ring and field theory, the Chinese Remainder Theorem, and all those words she had seen in a quick onceover of some cryptology research papers that sailed over her head. She was good because she had a collection of good software gathered over the Net, and sent her by her elite friends.

Hard work, but how could she say no now? For a good hour she was glued to her seat as she tried running the software over the file, trying to crack it, to find the type of encryption, even to decrypt a single word of it. No success.

A rapping at the window. Paco's code rap. She got up, pulled the curtains aside slightly, saw his face, and then opened the window to let him in. She was in her robe as usual, freshly showered, but having forgot to primp and perfume. No matter. He undid the robe with his huge hands again, and admired his groceries again, and slid in like a

huge snake again.

Soon her legs were up in the air as he was humping her raw.

She forgot about blowing him until it was too late and he had cum. Nevermind, humping was good. He didn't notice that her cunt was full of boy juice from that day, which was good. All was well. He was scoring. A bodybuilding pump was better than cuming? Who's he kidding anyway?

Chapter 21

In the days that followed her life followed a half-awake, half-wake cycle of doing the rounds with the folks outside the bedroom door, and with Paco inside. She did blow him, but good, and it became a habit. Then they got into the 69 thing, mutually orally satisfying each other. During her periods, she just blew him. Meanwhile, she shared herself with another boy, her laptop. Like Roxanne in that Police song, she didn't have to put on the red light, but she was that laptop's whore, and it did have a red light on it advertising the fact. She took to listening to classic rock music on the radio constantly. It helped her think.

Days stacked up into weeks. Fucking, sucking, eating, blowing, hacking, cracking. A light in her eyes kept shining all through, like in that Led Zeppelin song. Or was that the right group? No matter. This was her life, and she was on a journey of her own making, as glorious as life could be. She counted the days by the birth control pill wheel. Paco did work on the pickup and mama thanked him. That was the first time he had ever come during the day, and introduced himself to her. She dropped all communications with the outside world on the Net, including her elite group. They probably understood she had a Do Not Disturb sign showing in cyberspace.

Summer changed to winter, and hot to cold outside. Paco arrived nightly as usual, in a sheepskin coat. Mama asked her to attend the Yeibechei dance, a 9-day ceremony that takes place after the first frost of Fall. She passed.

They hold them at night, going till dawn. Until the last few years, mama forced her to attend them every year. Sometimes Yei dancers, bodies powdered and wearing masks, will perform, then pass a pillowcase around asking for donations. She gave mama a twenty dollar bill for this, which she had gotten from Paco. Actually, he gave her fifty, but mama didn't know. He stole the rest back later anyway. No jokes about Indian givers please.

It was the greatest challenge of her life, cracking that damned bloody document, but when she put two and two together, she made four, and found the key. Four, by the way, is the Navajo sacred number. Not that that had anything to do with it. But the Navajo Code Talkers did. It was almost embarrassing to finally realize that this document was in Navajo Code Talk. It was in her own native language, but not understandable to Navajos as such, because it looked like a stream of seemingly unrelated Navajo words.

To decipher it, she first had to translate each Navajo word into its English equivalent, then use only the first letter of the English equivalent in spelling an English word.

For example, the Navajo words "wol-la-chee" (ant), "be-la-sana" (apple) and "tse-nill" (axe) all stood for the letter "a." One way to say the word "Navy" in Navajo code would be "tsah (needle) wol-la-chee (ant) ah-keh-di-glini (victor) tsah-ah-dzoh (yucca)." Most letters had more than one Navajo word representing them. Not all words had to be spelled out letter by letter. The developers of the original code assigned Navajo words to represent about 450 frequently used military terms that did not exist in the Navajo language. Examples: "besh-lo" (iron fish) meant "submarine," "dah-he-tih-hi" (hummingbird) meant "fighter plane" and "debeh-li-zine" (black street) meant "squad."

It was slow, but she finally translated the title page. It read:

Hitler's Superman Diary: The Plan for Creating a Super Race through Eugenics. Top Secret. Penalty for Ownership is Death.

That was nice, she thought. The document was so big that it would take a year to translate it even if she worked at it full time. Just then it occurred to her to search for software that did it for her. After all, the Net had everything else, why not that?

Searching with every trick she knew, she found nothing. She did find an address for the Navajo Code Talkers Association in New Mexico, and thought about sending them a query, but something told her that would be like giving herself away. Then she realized how great Thoth really was. For the document was really two files concatenated together, and, after separation, the second file wasn't Navajo at all. It was object code for a program, and was password-encrypted, and quite crackable using their elite group's own secret password list. One just had to know enough Navajo to know where the Navajo ended and the object code began. Where to cut.

Running the program on the document caused it to decrypt the whole thing easily, needing only a little brushing up using her knowledge of Navajo. A snap really. Silly her, going in circles with her search engines on the Net. Like Dorothy, there was no place like home. Did Thoth suspect he could have cracked it himself? Was he dead now too? No more emails ever came from him, and she was afraid to email him herself.

Now she had to read the document and try to absorb its contents. She felt like she was saving the world or something. Silly feeling, but there it was. It was about the music, classic rock. It made her think big trash thoughts like saving the world.

Chapter 22

The Hitler Superman Diary proved tough reading, filled with genetics theory she couldn't understand. Her heart sunk when she thought of having to go back to school and study Genetics for years and then come back to it to really understand it. The best she could make out, there was an

attempt to map the human genome, and identify where basic racial characteristics are stored, to produce a scientific race test, maybe later a virus that infected only those of undesirable race. There was no attempt to find out how high intelligence was created by the genes, as that was way beyond present science. For that purpose, there was a description of a plan to engage in 'rapid selective breeding' in some kind of secret nursery, where the cold-blooded Nazi scientists would breed children, test their intelligence, extract cells from the smartest, combine them, and inject them into 'carrier mothers', who would produce more babies, and the cycle repeat.

It wasn't specifically mentioned, but she got the feeling that the babies were then slaughtered like lab rats. Forced high-speed evolution in a lab. Nice little nursery there. Arnold should star as a Kindergarten Cop in that place, she smiled. Wasn't Arnold's cover story father in Austria a cop? A police chief in fact? Schwarzenegger. Schwarz eugenics. Dark eugenics?

Her mind reeling, she remembered that Arnold was not butchered, and indeed was quite alive and well in America. He had invested in a worldwide chain of restaurants called Planet Hollywood, in conjunction with other movie actors and investors. She did some research on that now.

Click.

Planet Hollywood History

Planet Hollywood, the only dining experience inspired by the world of film and television, first opened in New York in October of 1991. Planet Hollywood's shareholders include restaurateur Robert Earl, film producer Keith Barish, and movie stars Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sylvester Stallone, Bruce Willis and his wife Demi Moore. The highly successful restaurant has mirrored its success in London, Costa Mesa, Cancun, Chicago, Washington, D.C., Aspen, Minneapolis, Mall of America, Phoenix, Miami, Hong Kong, Maui, Lake Tahoe, Las Vegas, Dallas, Jakarta, Reno, Orlando, San Diego, Atlantic City, New Orleans, Atlanta, San Francisco, Helsinki, Paris, Seoul, Barcelona and more. New Planet

Hollywoods are scheduled to open in many other cities throughout the United States, Asia and Europe.

The idea for Planet Hollywood was originated by Keith Barish, the film producer responsible for "The Fugitive". He met Robert Earl, recently described as the world's most successful restaurateur, and the two struck up a partnership. Soon afterwards, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sylvester Stallone and Bruce Willis joined as shareholders. Demi Moore signed on as a shareholder during the groundbreaking ceremony for the Washington D.C. location that opened in October of 1993.

Grand openings of Planet Hollywood have become major media events. At each grand gala opening thousands of enthusiastic onlookers turn out to catch a glimpse of the principal celebrities and many of Hollywood's biggest stars, including Patrick Swayze, Whoopi Goldberg, Danny Glover, Don Johnson, Mel Gibson, Charlie Sheen, Glenn Close, Jean-Claude Van Damme, Roseanne, Charlton Heston, Jim Belushi, Sharon Stone, Wesley Snipes, Michael J. Fox, Dennis Quaid, Cindy Crawford, Steven Seagal, Luke Perry, Woody Harrelson, Elton John, Geena Davis, Renny Harlin, Tony Curtis and Christian Slater.

Visitors to the restaurants can expect to see some of the world's most valuable movie and television memorabilia. Among the hundreds of artefacts on display are items from the four main shareholders' movies, as well as memorabilia with a local area connection. Memorabilia is also presented at special ceremonies inside the restaurants. The celebrity palmprint walls are very popular features at all Planet Hollywoods.

Among the stars who have already donated their palm prints are Paul Newman, Clint Eastwood, Tom Arnold, Lauren Bacall, Keanu Reeves, Harrison Ford, Goldie Hawn, Jack Nicholson, Kevin Costner, Joe Pesci, Jimmy Stewart, Sigourney Weaver and Peter O'Toole.

In addition to the expensive memorabilia collection, the dining experience is further enhanced as guests preview trailers of soon-to-be-released movies. Planet Hollywood

features the latest in audio-visual technology. When trailers are not being played, custom-designed videos are often displayed on large screens placed throughout the restaurant with music from movie soundtracks.

The menu specialises in freshly prepared foods which have become the backbone of California's new classic cuisine: unusual pastas, exotic salads, turkey burgers, pizzas, a variety of vegetarian offerings, blackened shrimp, smoked and grilled meats and fish. There is a wide range of tempting desserts, including Arnold Schwarzenegger's mother's renowned apple strudel.

A full line of Planet Hollywood clothing is available in the merchandise shop. Items including hats, t-shirts, boxer shorts, vests, beach towels, denim and leather jackets and other speciality items are on sale to guests who want to take a piece of Planet Hollywood home with them.

That Arnold sure had a head for business, she conceded. It's almost as if he's quietly setting up his own Reich, she chuckled.

As she was thinking this up, she suddenly opened her eyes and realized she was lying in bed naked, with Paco diving her taco and ringing her bell, and broke into a peal of laughter at the thought of herself being picked up by those men in white coats and hauled away, with him still attached, like a parasite.

Like the Taco Bell dog.

Part 4. The Weiders in America

Chapter 23

Late one night, that same night, as she was being eaten, she got the idea of her life. No chuckles this time. Arnold as Der Fuehrer! It seemed so insane that it couldn't have just come into her mind by accident. It was the net result of

all her subconscious mind cells grinding day and night for months. The neo-Nazis were quietly setting up a Fourth Reich and positioning Arnold to be their front man. And the forests would echo with laughter...

It sounds ludicrous at first, she argued with herself, but then, somebody in the year 1899 hearing about a plot to set up a young starving artist in Munich to be Der Fuehrer would also find it hard to believe, and that really happened. And with frightening speed and ferocity.

Adolf Hitler was really Adolf Schicklgruber. Everybody knew that. Adolf Schickelgruber, Arnold Scwharzenegger. Could there be a coded kinship there? She shuddered with her own revelation. Same number of syllables, same initials.

Her mind reeled with remembered movie footage of the robot soldiers in the Terminator movies. All clones of Arnold. In the future, the year 2015 or 2020 or something. Hunting down and killing all humans that the government didn't want to exist. Who were the robots working for except Der Fuehrer? The movie said they killed all humans for not being machines. Maybe the real plan is to kill all humans who haven't got the right genes...

A.S. "Freeze frame," shouted the radio at that exact instant. She saw it all in slow motion. A snapshot in her mind without a sound. A hot flash backward. Forward. Click. Cut. Print.

Hollywood. What was the main thing that caused the Third Reich to be defeated in WWII? America? No, Hollywood! If it were not for the normally isolationist America entering the war against Germany and using its huge industrial output to squeeze the Axis dry, Hitler might have either won, or fought to a stalemate and a peace treaty, and survived.

Hitler had laid out his plans boldly in advance for all the world to see in Mein Kampf, and it was clear that he didn't 'get' America, considered it to be a capital of race mixing oriented whites dominated by Jewish moguls in Hollywood, but thought it would stay out of "Europe's war", as it was none of their business. Kind of like when the early Americans thought that the Germans would stay out of its own

Revolution, and had no business sending Hessians to their soil. Poetic justice?

America was indeed isolationist, and none other than Pa Kennedy, Joseph P. Kennedy, the American ambassador to England, had lobbied for appeasement as they called it then, and ended up suspected of anti-Semitism, a charge he denied but never shook off. Where had she seen that? On TV? The Net? Couldn't recall.

Interesting that Arnold married into that Kennedy clan. Could that be a sign of a conspiracy to split the world between them when the Fourth Reich rises to power?

Too wild. She was going insane or something to even imagine a scenario like that.

Arnold was rumored to be having liver and heart problems, she heard. Was that a result of his steroid abuse in earlier years, or a side effect of genetic engineering of a superman not being wrung out completely? Germans were sure known for their superior engineering, take the Porsche and the VW, the Mercedes and the BMW for instance. Engineered like Swiss watches. Form, fit, and finish, and manufacturing tolerances closer to fine watches than mass produced vehicles, which had always been sloppily put-together everywhere else, America especially. Ford especially. Until they almost lost their market to the Japanese in the 1980s, a Ford was a piece of junk on wheels. It was constructed like a crate, and would fall apart in just a few years. Ford got its act together finally with their Taurus line, 'the car that saved Ford', only after they adopted Japanese-style manufacturing standards. Standards that, incidentally, were invented in America and taught them by Americans.

Taurus. The bull, not the lion. Dead end there, right? When was Hitler born? In April. What sign was that? Taurus, the sign of the bull, the second sign of the Zodiac, entered by the sun on or about April 20. Adolf Hitler was born on April 20, 1889, in Austria. Taurus was a Spring sign, Leo a Summer sign. The name Hitler comes from the German word Hiedler, meaning pagan; she had read this in

a paperback book by Robert Payne that she dug up in her small personal library. A pagan is neither Christian nor Jewish.

Her thoughts were wandering. Back to the main line.

Was Arnold positioning himself to be Der Fuehrer, or perhaps breeding a flock of children to do it for him, just like Joseph P. Kennedy had? The latter had got his son into the White House, only to see him assassinated, and the next son close to being elected in his place, only to get assassinated also. The third son had stunk up his chances with the Chappaquidick affair. Maybe the Schwarzenegger marriage was the last gasp attempt at getting another Kennedy into the White House: a Schwarzenegger-Kennedy offspring. Made sense, kind of. Arnold then was Hitler's son? She'd check back later with herself on that, she promised.

With the weakening of the Presidency itself becoming a fait d'accomple with the Clinton Presidency, though, what would it profit a neo-Nazi conspiracy to put their puppet front in the White House? That one puzzled her.

The recent movie 'Wag the Dog' was mentioned all the time in connection with Clinton's move to bomb Iraq one day before scheduled impeachment proceedings against him were to start in the House. A President could, so the movie claimed, bolster his Presidency by running a fake 'media' war, and the public would never know or care that it was fake.

Planet Hollywood. Yes, that was the connection. It was the huge anti-Nazi propaganda effort of Hollywood that turned American public opinion from isolationist to rabid pro-invasion and kill-Hitler in a matter of months, and turned the tide of the war against the Reich. Maybe the neo-Nazis had decided that this time they would use Hollywood to further their cause, guaranteeing its success. Arnold goes to Hollywood, then, was a Nazi plot!

As she lay there, she realized that she was going out of her body, having an out-of-body experience. What drug was she on? Paco had given her something, but she hadn't asked.

She was a superwoman now, working on her laptop in ghost form while her flesh body was lying on the bed being eaten by Paco.

She did research on that Joseph Weider name, and came up with some more insight.

Joseph Weider was a German-American immigrant who lived the American dream, promoting a superman mentality through weightlifting and bodybuilding, and sponsoring his own bodybuilding events while selling his own line of magazines and other publications, and nutritional supplements. He split off from the Amateur Athletic Union which sponsored contestants for the Olympics, creating his own IFBB, along with a man named Ben Wieder (not Weider). The Olympics were dominated by the Russians and their bizarre weightlifting events the clean & jerk and the snatch, which use timing and tricks to raise a weight over a man's head by using his legs to do all the work.

Clean and jerk, she smiled. Snatch. That about covers it, smile. Americans prefer the powerlifting events bench press, squat, and deadlift, because they test pure strength and not timing tricks that takes years to perfect first. But far more prefer pure bodybuilding for looks and size and sex appeal instead of strength or skill.

The dirty little secret of this whole world was steroids. Everybody took them but nobody could admit it. Nobody knows for sure when Arnold first began taking them, but it was probably in his teens. Nothing else explains the phenomenal bicep growth in so few years, at just the right time in his life to support such a spurt. He lived by his biceps. Hardly a day went by without him posing in a mirror, proudly flexing and noting how round and high the peak, how deep the cuts. His biceps were his baby. He was married to them. In street clothes, in contrast, he often seemed embarrassed of them, wearing clumsy, klutzy outfits with long sleeves. When not pumped, his biceps just looked like marshmallows.

When Arnold broke onto the scene in Europe with his 21+ inch biceps on a 6 ft. 2 in. frame, Weider saw the potential,

and invited him over to America, footing all the bills. Using his publishing empire, he promoted Arnold as the greatest thing since sliced bread in every issue. Weider founded the Mister Olympia contest, which he used to give Arnold an official look-feel as the king of bodybuilding. The Austrian Oak, who could deny him anything? So went the magazines. His long daily workouts were photographed constantly, and filled the magazines up with eye-popping shots especially of his supertrophied biceps. Really, Arnold was mainly a bicep man, and his thighs were nothing special, less than 30 inches. His chest, however, was also quite phenomenal, stretching to 60 inches -- too big, many thought, so he chiseled it down to 57 inches, making his biceps look even bigger. With a waist of 34 inches, he had a 23 inch drop from the chest to the waist, combined with 22 inch arms eventually at his peak.

His diet was carefully monitored by Weider, including a huge supply of every supplement he manufactured. And plenty of steroids on the side. Arnold was the world's superman, at that time when weightlifting was not very popular especially. His own success caused weightlifting rooms to open up across America, and led to even women doing it. The aerobics craze of the '80s probably owes something to him, as does the Ms. Olympia contest.

It used to be uncool to have giant biceps, indicating that a man was gay, what they called a tweedy freak. After it became clear that Arnold wasn't, it became cool. Arnold was no Romeo, but he was seen with women all over Venice Beach, California, the home of Gold's Gym where he worked out right on the beach sometimes. He would use women for sex and dump them like used newspapers, back before the days of AIDS. Sometimes he would sit on a park bench, and just raise his arms and flex until he drew a crowd of women, then pick who he wanted to go to bed with.

Gold's Gym? Gold or Gould? She made a note to check that out.

She gave up on Weider, feeling he was just a dupe of some kind, not into the conspiracy she was uncovering.

But Arnold. He was the crux of the conspiracy somehow.

He was no ladies' man, forever pussy-whipped by some cunt. Having sex with him was a forgettable experience probably. He was mainly in love with himself. It was just another athletic exercise to him. Another set, with so many reps. He couldn't let too many of his vital juices be wasted on it either. He had to save them for his all-important competitions, which were his bread and butter. He was an athlete that was always in training.

He had an above average intellect, but untold hours in the gym flexing his biceps while pumping iron was hardly conducive to developing a rocket scientist or a philosopher either. It was in fact incredibly boring and tiresome, and his willpower to keep it up for 10, 15, 20 years in a row is hard to peg as either remarkably courageous or remarkably dimwitted. When an obviously lightheaded, dimwitted, hairlip named Lou Ferrigno became a leading competitor, however, the fact that Arnold was smart and Lou was dumb was all in Arnold's favor. Lou never beat Arnold, wasn't in his league. Arnold was a true superman, both physically and mentally.

Arnold was a Leo. Leos love to be the best, the top of the class, the class president, the valedictorian, the captain of the football team, to get the limelight, bask in the sun. Arnold was a Leo's Leo. He didn't care what he did so much as that he would be at the top and bask in the sun. It is for this reason that he gave up powerlifting, knowing that others could beat him. But not bodybuilding. Here he could be king. Live off of basking in the sun itself, charging for pictures.

He wanted from the start to be a movie star. He thought of America itself as the land of movie stars, the 20th century as the century of the movie star, the ultimate lifestyle as that of a movie star. He had only a few problems. Like the thick Austrian accent, that made him seem slow and dumb to Americans. Like the long unpronounceable name, that sounded as foreign as sauerkraut. He made might efforts at changing. He took voice lessons, toning the accent down. He changed his stage name to Arnold Strong for awhile. To

his credit, he changed it back and insisted on sticking with it. One or two blockbuster movies and people who learn it. He was right.

Being a bodybuilding champ, and a millionaire, didn't gain him an entrance into Hollywood. Quite the opposite, it caused doors to slam in his face. His big body was a turn off, quite threatening to some. He just had to be gay people thought. He could only have parts where he dressed up in a monster suit or something, that is, bit parts. Certainly no speaking parts, unless they were dubbed-in later. So, he automatically cost more to hire on, and was seen as a liability.

To get an A list leading role he would have to play his strengths, his body, in a role that nobody else could fill. Conan the Barbarian did that nicely. Even then, the director said his biceps were just barely big enough for him to fill the part. There were other actors with bigger muscles, but they looked too muscular, too unnatural, from the huge doses of steroids they took. At least Arnold always looked believable, and didn't take as many steroids as he could have, you have to give him that.

He planned all along to bail out of bodybuilding at age 30 anyway, even if he could have kept on for another 10 or even 15 years doing it. He wanted to be a full time movie star, and the rest is history.

Other 'real' actors like James Caan at first couldn't accept him as one of themselves, but five, ten blockbusters later, and that was all forgotten. Hollywood is about pure amoral success and money. Arnold understood it perfectly.

He was always a shrewd businessman, starting with his lean days when he was a bricklayer along with muscleman partner Franco Columbu from Italy, and even got a degree in business and economics, not that he needed it. He always invested his money well, although he could have really made a killing by investing in, say, Microsoft when it was just starting, or something in the hi tech field like that. But he preferred real estate because he understood land, and didn't understand hi tech.



Chapter 24

Maria Shriver. Her uncle is Sen. Ted Kennedy. The only daughter of Sargent Shriver, the first Peace Corps director and 1972 vice-presidential candidate, and the former Eunice Kennedy.

He met Maria at the RFK Pro-Celebrity Tennis Tournament after being introduced by a mutual friend, and dated her for a decade before tying the knot, when she was 30. Why would anybody do that? Don't men want to trade their forty in for two twenties? On her Rez a woman is an old maid if she isn't married by 19. It had to be a posterity thing. They were both Catholics. Catholics love big families, are against birth control and abortion.

She found an online reprint of a People Magazine story on the wedding, entitled 'A Hyannis Hitching', May 12, 1986. There were 450 guests, including the dark-haired Shriver brothers Bobby, Anthony, Timothy and Mark. Arnold invited Franco Columbu. The maid of honor was Caroline Kennedy. Joan and former hubby Ted arrived separately. Jackie O. was there, in a navy blue suit, with her son John Jr. on one arm, and diamond merchant Maurice Templesman on the other. The latter was probably Jewish, she made a note.

Arnold attended the rehearsal dinner in formal Tyrolean garb. Arnold's mother Aurelia Schwarzenegger Jadrny provided the food, billed as an "Austrian clambake," and featuring the unlikely culinary combo of Wiener schnitzel, lobster, strawberry shortcake and Sacher torte. Later, in 1991, Arnold and Maria started the Schatzi on Main restaurant in Santa Monica with food similar to this, combined with American cooking. Schatzi means sweetheart in German. She looked up their web site. Too expensive for her, that's for sure. Cigar night the first Monday of each month. He like them dirty things, didn't he?

Arnold presented his prospective in-laws with a silk-screen portrait of Maria created by wedding guest Andy Warhol.

Andy Warhol? He hung out a lot at Studio 54 in New York City, where, in the 1970s, pure orgiastic hedonism could be practiced to a disco beat in the big old building where CBS had once filmed *The Honeyymooners*. That powerful brilliant and super-connected Jewish lawyer, Roy Cohn she believed, who had been Wisconsin Senator Joseph McCarthy's right hand man in the Congressional hearings, was their backstreet man, giving them virtual immunity to all local and state prosecution. They finally closed it down for federal income tax invasion. Of course, Arnold was there all the time. Strict Catholic, chuckle. She had seen it all on cable, E! or something, she couldn't remember. Lucky the Rez had cable now. Didn't actor James Woods once play Cohn?

Chapter 25

She looked Roy Cohn up with her search engine. McCarthy's right hand man. Joseph P. Kennedy was McCarthy's main backer, a fellow Irish-Catholic with similar feelings about the domestic Communist menace, and his sons JFK and RFK supported him, the former even after the Congress voted to censure him. Apparently not all hate is bad, chuckle. He had to backtrack years later to save his political career, but only after his own father cut him loose, and up to the end there was a liberal wing attack going on against him from his own party. Funny how President Clinton, JFK's worshipper, was almost censured by Congress too, for doing stuff with women that JFK got away with all the time.

She found one online bio that said that McCarthy been a frequent guest at the Kennedy compound in Hyannis, and that McCarthy had dated two Kennedy sisters, first Eunice, the mother of Maria Shriver, and then Pat, who later married actor Peter Lawford. So McCarthy could have ended up as Maria's dad, and Arnold's father in-law. McCarthy, she found out, was invited to the wedding reception for Eunice and Sargent Shriver, and even presented Eunice with a silver cigarette case inscribed "To Eunice and Bob from one who lost."

RFK loved him. McCarthy even gave RFK a job as minority

counsel to his Senate committee investigating domestic communism, Roy Cohn being the majority counsel. Funny, but Cohn had jumped ship from the Democrat to the Republican Party for this job. Though RFK would later have an intense falling out with Cohn, he made McCarthy the godfather of his first child. In 1955, Bobby displayed his residual feelings of loyalty for McCarthy even after the Senator's fall into disgrace at a dinner meeting described by the court historian of Camelot himself, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., where RFK walked out because Edward R. Murrow was speaking there. Murrow had issued a famous anti-McCarthy telecast a year earlier. Three years later JFK walked out of the 100th anniversary of the Harvard Spree Club dinner when a speaker likened McCarthy to convicted Soviet spy Alger Hiss, declaring, "How dare you couple the name of a great American patriot with that of a traitor!"

Her mind ached with all this political detail, so she closed the windows on her monitor having to do with it. A glutton for punishment, she left one open, a bio of Cohn per se.

Cohn died on August 2, 1986, right after Arnold and Maria's wedding, of AIDS. His enemies got him railroaded to disbarment on June 23, taking advantage of his illness to do it. After he had signed on with McCarthy in January of 1953, the latter's battle with the Army led him to be sacrificed, causing him to resign in late 1954. Returning to his native New York City in 1955, Cohn entered private law practice and eagerly began acquiring new friends and clients. During the '60s and '70s, Cohn represented and befriended scores of big names: mobster Carmine Galante, New York Yankee owner George Steinbrenner, entrepreneur Donald Trump, former Tammany Hall leader Carmine DeSapio, journalists Barbara Walters, Sidney Zion, and William Safire, and numerous judges, lawyers, men of God, millionaires, and White House officials. He became a true power broker. In his autobiography, Cohn claims to have gotten New York City mayors elected, city legislation barred, and crime families to agree to terms of peace. In a eulogistic essay, William Safire said that Cohn would eat off your plate, but pick up the tab. A one-man Unpopular Cause.

CBS. Where Maria's career bloomed. Cohn, Kennedy, Shriver, Schwarzenegger. Like a merry-go-round, on a trip to the 21st century armageddon of Terminators. She'd have to look up more on Maria soon, but what about Andy Warhol?

Chapter 26

She was just too tired to look up Andy Warhol at this point. She was certain it'd be interesting, but she had to keep her focus on Arnold. Back to Arnold and Maria's Hyannis wedding.

"Kurt Waldheim sent the newlyweds a larger-than-life sculpture of themselves. It depicts a grinning Arnold, dressed in lederhosen, hoisting Maria, who is gotten up as a Bavarian peasant girl in a dirndl skirt and laced-up blouse. In an awkward moment Schwarzenegger praised Waldheim, saying that he was a victim of bad press. (Waldheim is accused of involvement in Nazi atrocities when he served as a German officer in Greece and Yugoslavia during World War II)." Aha she thought. Bad press. Change the press, and everything can be made okay. Arnold is Waldheim's close friend. He, unlike his father, was not totally cleared of having nothing to do with wartime crimes. Put that in your cigar and smoke it.

At the dinner Arnold had said to his prospective in-laws, "I'm not really taking her away, because I am giving this to you so you will always have her." Addressing all the guests, he vowed, "I love her and I will always take care of her. Nobody should worry." Said the People Magazine article, "In other words, Arnold was living up to his movie ad motto: 'Schwarzenegger takes command.'"

After marrying her, Arnold proceeded to pump one child after another out of her genuine-Kennedy cunt: Katherine, Christina, Patrick. In September of 1997 they had a second boy, just four months after they were harassed by paparazzi who rammed and blocked off their Mercedes, and ended up getting charged with false imprisonment and battery. That was right before the fatal Princess Di car crash. He had had heart surgery just two weeks before his crash. His wife

was driving, not him. They passed laws in California against paparazzis after that. Was this fourth child going to be Arnold the Second, Der Fuehrer, with his father getting him there and pulling his strings like a puppet?

Was it that accident, or the very attainment of fatherhood that finally made him seem to age for the first time? Perhaps the steroids were having side effects, the kind that show up 20 years after taking them. He had to have an emergency operation, for his heart they said. Did they cut through that magnificent chest with a saw? What was it really? Is his liver also going bad? Pity.

By age 50 his action movie career was on its last legs, being saved only because of a lack of substitutes to take his place.

It would only be a matter of time before he entered politics. It was a widely-repeated joke that Arnold could run for President and win, and when Jesse the Body Ventura ran for Governor of Minnesota and won, in 1998, his close personal friend Arnold was right there at his inauguration supporting him. Or vice-versa, nobody could be sure. They like to go to Planet Hollywood together. Ventura had a wife, Terry, and 2 children. Once was a bodyguard for the Rolling Stones. Calls himself the Brain now. Like Bobby the Brain Heenan, a pro wrestler.

Ventura? Isn't that a Spanish name? What does that mean in Spanish? Lori looked it up online.

Ventura. Happiness, fortune, chance, risk, danger. A la ventura, at random. Buena ventura, fortune. Por ventura, perchance.

Fits. At least Ventura could run for the Presidency, could chance it. Arnold couldn't even if he wanted to.

One last obstacle to Arnold's ambition was the United States Constitution, which reserved the Presidency to native born Americans. Perhaps Arnold's real goal was to get his son or daughter elected President, becoming the Joseph P. Kennedy of the Schwarzenegger dynasty. At this point, it was too

early to tell. What was the minimum age for President? Thirty-five. $1997 + 35 = 2032$. She made a note of that year.

Lori was so enthralled by Arnold's story that she eagerly sought more detailed information on his early childhood, his parents, his ancestry. It was here that she hit a brick wall. His father was well-known to have been a Nazi, and Hitler was well-known to have been an Austrian. Yet Arnold was totally disassociated from the Nazis and Hitler, although he was a staunch Republican in America. He had even starred in movies where he had love affairs with blacks, Hispanics, and other 'non-Aryans'. When he married, however, he was no race-mixer. His wife Maria looked like she could pass for Austrian or German easily.

Chapter 27

Back to Maria. She easily dug-up an online bio on her career.

Click.

Maria is a contributing anchor for "Dateline NBC" and has reported on a wide variety of topics for the broadcast, including the highly emotional custody battle over 8-year-old Jill Bond; male infertility; and the employment of battered women's advocate Lenore Walker by the O.J. Simpson defense team. As a contributing anchor of "Dateline NBC", Shriver conducted an exclusive interview with Magic Johnson on his return to the NBA. She is also a contributing correspondent for MSNBC Cable, the news, talk and information cable network from NBC and Microsoft.

Microsoft. Aha, she thought. Make a mental note.

Shriver also anchors "First Person with Maria Shriver", a series of NBC News prime-time specials. The program was honored with a first-place Commendation Award from American Women in Radio and Television for a 1991

interview with former Miss America and incest survivor Marilyn Van Derbur from Colorado. In addition, Shriver was nominated for an Emmy for the special "Gay '90s."

As anchor of "First Person with Maria Shriver," she presented an exclusive interview with Sarah Ferguson, the Duchess of York. She has also interviewed Raisa Gorbachev; football great Lyle Alzado (now deceased, he first admitted using steroids in this interview); media mogul Ted Turner; actor Billy Crystal; baseball giant Nolan Ryan; Ellen Levin, mother of Central Park Preppy Murder victim Jennifer Levin; pop singers Sinead O'Connor and Michael Bolton; British billionaire Richard Branson; the Rev. Al Sharpton; Russian gymnast Olga Korbut; sports superstar Bo Jackson; and rap musician Hammer. The first of the "First Person" specials was broadcast August 14, 1990.

During the 1992 political season, Shriver served as the podium correspondent for NBC News at the Democratic and Republican Conventions. Previously, she co-anchored NBC News' "Sunday Today" from the program's debut on September 20, 1987 until April 1990, winning several awards for her work. She anchored weekend editions of "NBC Nightly News" and substituted as anchor on "NBC News at Sunrise", "Today", and "NBC Nightly News with Tom Brokaw".

Shriver joined NBC News in 1986 as a correspondent for the prime-time news hour "1986." From 1987 to 1988, she served as anchor of "Main Street," NBC News' award-winning monthly news magazine for young people. Shriver was a co-anchor for NBC's Emmy-winning coverage of the 1988 Summer Olympics from Seoul. She has conducted exclusive NBC News interviews with Vice President Dan Quayle, Cuban leader Fidel Castro, King Hussein of Jordan and Philippine President Corazon Aquino, which earned Shriver the Exceptional Merit Media Award from the National Women's Political Caucus.

In August 1989, Shriver anchored an NBC News Special entitled "Fatal Addictions," for which she earned the 1990 Christopher Award. Her past NBC News Specials

include: "The Baby Business," "Men, Women, Sex and AIDS," "Wall Street: Money, Greed and Power", "God Is Not Elected", and "Women Behind Bars".

Click.

God is not elected? Arnold's future political slogan? Maria's career sure gave her a chance to meet the powerful, and either pump them for information, or feed them some. Arnold married her for a reason, and looks and sex couldn't be it. Power. A pump. Better than cuming. Fatal addictions. The Baby business. Men, women, sex and AIDS. Wall Street, money, green, and power. This was her choice of specials after the wedding, when Arnold was calling the shots.

Before joining NBC News, Shriver served as co-anchor of the "CBS Morning News". Prior to that, Shriver was a reporter for CBS News based in Los Angeles from September 1983. Earlier, she was a national correspondent for Group W's "PM Magazine", and a producer for Westinghouse Broadcasting. Shriver co-anchored two special projects for WTBS Atlanta: the Award-winning "Out Here on My Own", a program about the Winter Special Olympics, and the station's live coverage of the 104th Kentucky Derby.

Shriver began her career as a newswriter/producer for KYW-TV Philadelphia in 1977. In 1978 she moved to WJZ-TV Baltimore as a writer/producer on the station's "Evening Magazine". There, she produced reports on public affairs issues, sports and local news.

Shriver was born in Chicago. She received a BA degree in American studies from Georgetown University in June 1977.

Arnold was all-too silent on Hitler and Nazism for Lori, and, for that matter, so was Maria. Why didn't they write a refutation of Mein Kampf, or something equally magnanimous, and proclaim their anti-Nazi stand, to end the issue permanently? Why not denounce his father, and Kurt Waldheim, for their Nazi sympathies? It would certainly have helped his career, so Lori didn't 'get' it.

One more try with the search engine and she struck paydirt. "'Terminator' star wages personal war against racism", said the May 30, 1997 issue of the Philadelphia Jewish Exponent. "I was as far away from being a [Nazi] sympathizer as anyone could be," Schwarzenegger recently told a columnist for USA Today. He admitted, "when I came to America, I wasn't the most tolerant person in town. But I learned a lot... All kinds of hatred are really self-hate, that all wars are civil wars, wars within ourselves."

It went on to say that he had raised millions for the Simon Wiesenthal Center and its Museum of Tolerance, including significant personal contributions "in the high six figures". The Center, in turn, honored him with its National Leadership Award in ceremonies held here. He asked the Center to research his father's history during the war, and Rabbi Marvin Hier, dean and founder, discovered that Gustav Schwarzenegger, who died 15 years earlier, had been a Nazi Party member but was not responsible for any crimes. Gustav was a military officer who became a police chief, and Arnold grew up in a home located above the police station, with his housewife mother.

Arnold had other relatives, including a brother Meinhard, who died in a car accident when Arnold was in his twenties. Funny how his brother didn't look too much like him, but more like his parents than he did. She discovered yet another bio that claimed Arnold was raised as a very strict Catholic, even though, when he met the former Mr. Austria Kurt Marnul in 1961, and decided to become a champion bodybuilder, he not only dropped out of school to train in the gym seven days a week, but he simultaneously decided to "abandon the church". What did that mean?, she wondered. He joined the Austrian army and became a carpenter's apprentice, going AWOL to compete in the Junior Mr. Europa, which he won, although the military jailed him when he returned. Arnold a jailbird; the idea made her grin.

So, Arnold is now an official anti-Semite, and a not-a-Catholic, she thought. Or was he back in the Catholic faith, in the Kennedy branch of it? Was this anti-Semitic thing a sincere conversion, and if so, why did it come so late in his career? Was he selling out? Was it a cover story? About that time he was expanding his

Planet Hollywood empire, whose sales were falling, to AMC Theaters, creating Planet Movie restaurant/movie complexes, which feature drinks such as The Terminator. He could backtrack if neo-Nazis took over in two minutes flat, she chuckled to herself.

She discovered yet another online bio, which claimed that the name Schwarzenegger meant 'black plowman'. Maybe her entire empire of conspiracy theory was based on pure faulty folk etymology. And maybe not. Let the facts rule, she decided. Now that she had plowed this far, go all the way, then see. Black plowman. Black plowman? An Afro slave who works for Austrians plowing their fields? That didn't compute. That is one of the most racist names she had ever heard then. Arnold wasn't black, his family didn't have a drop of Afro blood in it, right? This translation of his name seemed like a deliberate attempt at deception. But could she trace it straight to him? No. Not now. Black nigger. Schwarze negger. That translation she thought was all wet. Black plowman resurrects it, doesn't it?

Before he went Hollywood, Arnold sure seemed to admire his military officer father and want to follow in his footsteps, chuckle. He loved authority, didn't he? A lot of Nazis in Hitler's regime were good Catholics, and the Catholic Church was notoriously silent about them, and in return Rome was not bombed but passed over in Hitler's slash and burn retreat orders. Yet Nazi festivals were often really pagan ceremonies, the Catholicism being really a thin veneer when their blood lusts got worked up. But then, Catholics were themselves big lovers of pageant and ceremony.

Then it hit her. Popes! Arnold was breeding future Popes! His marriage into the Kennedy clan insured that his sons were going to be worked into position for Pope, just as the Kennedy boys had been worked into position for President.

Snow may have been blanketing her country now, but how could she feel cold?

Back to the Jewish article. It quoted him as saying that when visiting the center's Los Angeles museum ten or so years earlier, he "saw in that place what hatred and bigotry has done in Europe, in Germany and in the very place where I was born," and learned about "pogroms that went back 2,000 years and more."

So he was breaking with two millennia of family tradition all of a sudden? This man who admired his father so much? Or was it a matter of adjusting to the environment, changing his exterior colors, like a chameleon, while the real man lay hidden underneath? He was, after all, an actor, and was trained professionally to play any part. And raking in enough money to secretly fund anything he wanted. Six figure donations are to him a week's paycheck, chicken feed. He pays more for sales tax. But then, he kind of owes his income to the Jews, doesn't he? What's going on here?

She heard the song "Brown Sugar" by the Rolling Stones on her radio just then. Or was it "Black Sugar"? No, brown. "Brown sugar how come you taste so good? Brown sugar just like a young girl should."

Her mind was pulsing hot now. That song reminded her suddenly of the unforgettable scene in that disco in New York when Sylvester Stallone was tracking international terrorist Rutger Hauer while he was dancing with some chick to that song. No dialog, just Sly scanning the dancers, and looking at a drawing he had made of the mysterious terrorist with no face. Rutger Hauer, a Dutchman. Dutch. Deutsch. Blonde hair, blue eyes. A superman. He starred in that movie 'Blade Runner' with that Aryan superwoman Darryl Hannah. More blonde hair and blue eyes probably. She fooled around with JFK Jr. and got jilted. Both movies were box office flops.

'Nighthawks'. That was the title of the movie. It was her favorite Stallone flick somehow. Billy Dee Williams was just along for the ride. He got knifed by a white man, turning the usual tables. In a subway too. It was really about Aryan supremacy in America somehow, she thought now. That disco was no Studio 54, but it brought the thought of it up,

didn't it? Was Andy Warhol seen in passing in the many shots scanning that disco? Naw, too big a stretch, even for an imagination of her size. Andy didn't have blonde hair really, more like white. What color were his eyes? He wasn't a superman, he was more like a walking caricature of them.

That was it, she suddenly thought. Blonde hair and blue eyes. Arnold didn't have them!

Why did the neo-Nazis seem to have an Arnold Schwarzenegger fixation? This was the bigger question, and not because of his recent anti-Semitic speeches, but because the Aryan superman was supposed to have blonde hair and blue eyes, not dark hair and dark eyes like him. That was curious. Yet, if not for that, was not Arnold the very picture of the Aryan superman? Would they not like an army filled with tens of millions of Arnold clones, ready to take orders? They could bleach the hair and give them blue contact lenses.

He didn't die his hair like Elvis Presley, or wear tinted contacts. Not all those years, it wasn't possible to go undetected. But then, the genes for hair and eye color are few, in comparison with the number of genes it takes to build a superman. So, coloration was window dressing. Even skin color, she thought. White skin was just a marker that went along with a large group of people who created a self-sufficient gene pool that they claimed contained within itself a master race. Genetic engineers could take a master race embryo and exchange white for black or brown skin genes, and it would still be a superman. That had been learned since WWII, when the existence of DNA was discovered by the British. So, the Nazi conception of genetics was obsolete, and neo-Nazis would no doubt update it.

Why did they call it that important web site Brown Sugar? An allusion to the 'Nighthawks' flick? A disco where the truth will be revealed to an earnest seeker? Her mind strained to make sense of that web site, and the one and only one idea that put it all together was that Arnold was a product of Nazi genetic research, a superman. His ostensible father might or might not be his real one,

and his mother ditto. Maybe his father, as a loyal Nazi, had been 'in' on the Nazi genetic program, and had volunteered himself to its service. Made sense. Arnold was born right after the war, at the right time. His birth didn't attract attention or draw suspicion. He seemed to be washed clean of Nazism by being born after the war. How convenient for somebody.

Let's say that Arnold was a product of the Nazi program. So what? Where are the other products of the program? What about Hitler himself? He left no children, no descendants, and even had his corpse burned, so that it would be hard to find any of his DNA to save. Maybe not. Maybe he had had samples taken and preserved, of his blood, skin, hair, fingernails, semen. She didn't know.

Let's say that Arnold married into the Kennedy clan so he could breed sons who would be future Popes. Why stop there? Why not future Presidents? The Schwarzenegger Candidate, she mused, remembering the Sinatra film called 'The Manchurian Candidate'. The Schwarzenegger Candidate would, above all, be acceptable to the Jews as President or Pope. And even more, acceptable as a World President!

A wild idea hit her, namely, that Arnold was Hitler's son. It was funny, wild, but disturbing too. Maybe it was true, she thought. Would make sense. She would check it out.

Chapter 29

What do they do at those Planet Hollywoods anyway? Show movies? Yes, and big screen TV probably. Let's say that the neo-Nazis took over Hollywood, and filmed fake news events in the backlots, like in the Wag the Dog movie, then put them on the network news as legit. Would the American people know or care? Probably not, as they had been conditioned for decades to accept anything Hollywood put out as reality anyway. Millions of people didn't know that Vulcans and Wookies didn't really exist, she smiled. America could be taken over, millions exterminated or rounded up into concentration camps, and fake news reports

confuse the remaining population with a fake war with some country, or maybe some urban terrorists, as a cover story, for months. Who would be able to tell the truth, and how?

Oh yes, the Net itself. Her eyes popped out like a fish at that thought. It was the Net that was the remaining counterbalance to such a conspiracy, with its ability to serve as a grassroots alternative news channel. What did Arnold have to do with the Net? Nothing.

Almost nothing. She had tried www.schwarzenegger.com, and not surprisingly, it came back with as the official Arnold Site, selling health foods and promoting bodybuilding events. That was certainly innocuous, she thought.

Who controlled the Net? Currently, nobody, right? Not even Bill Gates. That name just popped into her mind, and it struck her as funny it hadn't before. The richest man in the world, soaking up the world's money so fast it might run out one day, like a reservoir going dry. Then everybody would go into debt to him she guessed. Owe him money. What did Arnold and Nazis have to do with Bill Gates? Nothing. Right? She wasn't so sure anymore.

Bill Gates grew up in, and operated out of the American Northwest, around Seattle, Washington. Isn't that part of the country also the stronghold of white supremacists and neo-Nazis? Is he really their front man? Quietly waiting for him to control so much wealth that he can put over their program by just writing a check?

She had seen the newsgroups devoted to destroying Microsoft, and the file circulating around that proved that Bill Gates was the Antichrist, because his name added up to exactly 666.

Here it is. Click.

The real name of the Bill Gates is William Henry Gates III. Nowadays he is known as Bill Gates (III), where "III" means the order of third (3rd).

By converting the letters of his current name to the

ASCII values and adding his III, you get the following:

B	66
I	73
L	76
L	76
G	71
A	65
T	84
E	69
S	83
+	3

666

It looks like well-known OS's also fall into the same category:

M S - D O S 6 . 2 1
77+83+45+68+79+83+32+54+46+50+49 = 666

W I N D O W S 9 5
87+73+78+68+79+87+83+57+53+1 = 666

S Y S T E M 7 . 0
83+89+83+84+69+77+32+55+46+48 = 666

That was the nut to crack in the mystery now. Bill Gates was one hell of a mystery man. Could he also be a product of eugenics, and perhaps another son of Hitler? That was too far-fetched, she smiled; then smiled even bigger as she thought about it. Arnold and Bill Gates brothers? But then that movie 'Twin', where Arnold played the twin brother of little, hunched over, swarthy Danny Devito, came to mind. Could that have been a secret message? Eugenics is the science of breeding human beings for desirable characteristics. Maybe Bill Gates was the result of breeding for pure intellect, and Arnold for pure brawn. Maybe they were not only related somehow, but working for the same boss.

William Henry Gates III. Henry? Henry Ford?

William the Conquerer. King Henry. King Harry. A female Henry would be a Henrietta.

She looked Henry up in the dictionary:

Henry. Heinrich. Old High German: Heim-erich, home ruler. Old High German: Hagan + rih = ruler of an enclosure.

Bill Gates. Billy goats. Hellcats. Hell's gates.

"And I tell you, you are Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." (Mt. 16:18)

Peter. Rock. Shiprock.

A sudden realization that she had forgotten to look up the name Arnold in the dictionary took her over, so she did it:

Arnold. OHG aran + wald = eagle + power.

While she was at it, she looked up Adolf:

Adolf, Adolph. OHG adal + wolf = noble + wolf.

Now she tried William:

William. OHG will + helm = wish/choose + protection.

Adolf Arnold William Henry:
noble wolf eagle power wish/choose protection home ruler

Hitler Schwarzenegger Gates:
Hiedler Schwarzen Auger Gates:
Pagan Dark Eyes/Black Plowman Gates of Hell

Not only did this send Lori a message, but the fact that all those names trace to old German made it seem even more a message; a conspiracy staring her in the face.

She looked up her own name. To her relief, Laura only referred to laurel flowers. She looked up Maria. It traced to the old Jewish word for rebellion. Women didn't

seem to be in charge of this conspiracy, she clucked, a film of diesel smoke passing over her inner eyes as she tried to make light of it.

She should write a book and publish it and make a mint, she laughed to herself. What a movie that would make: "Schwarzen Auger: Dark Eyes of Evil." Too bad she didn't know how to write screenplays, or how to sell them, or even who to sell them to -- probably in Hollywood. She'd use a fake name to throw off the Nazis. No, she could be traced when they send the royalty checks.

Never mind. She couldn't bear to see a person tear out a page from a hardback book she wrote and desecrate it; the director would mangle her book and lose its message and original flavor in the pursuit of action and sex scenes.

Chapter 30

Sylvester Stallone was listed as a co-owner of Planet Hollywood. She thought Arnold and Sly weren't on good terms, that the latter had leaked his Nazi heritage to be mean. He had denied it though, hadn't he? Puzzling.

She recalled a slim bio she had viewed on her monitor only that day:

Full Name: Sylvestor Enzo Stallone
Born: 7-6-46
Height: 5'10
Children: Sage, Seargeoh, Sophia Rose Marital
Status: Married to Jennifer Flavin
Hobbies: Golf, Polo, Weightlifting, Harleys

Did U Know: Sly is co-owner of Planet Hollywood, paints in his spare time, wrote an unpublished script based on Edgar Allan Poe, considers Michaelangelo and Steve Reeves his role models.

Born in 1946. After the war, like Arnold. Could he be

another eugenics experiment of the Nazis? Too far-fetched. Still, what is this world coming to when a conspiracy of titanic dimensions involving Hollywood, Nazis, Kennedys, and who knows what else, seems to stare at her out of her laptop monitor like a face in a window? When she looks too close, it disappears. She can only see it clearly in her peripheral vision.

She recalled another Newsnet post that she had found earlier that day also. Funny, but her memory was getting to be nearly photographic now, and she could see the actual monitor in her mind, as if it were still in front of her eyes:

I just spent a weekend in Nashville. Redneckville. But I found something interesting at the Planet Hollywood.

When we arrived we noticed they had erected a large screen on the side of the building, across the street, in an unoccupied top floor room. An RGB projector, a great big one i might add, shining onto a big screen.

Inside, sitting right by the hostess stand, was a media composer system. From what I was able to figure out, it was a 9500-based system with a 3-d effects generator and four 9-gig drives. Puzzled, I asked the waitress about it. She said that they were experimenting with putting them in all of the Planet Hollywoods. It seems that Kenny Rogers, Kim Carnes and Charlie Daniels had been there that night and somehow they played a role in feeding the RGB across the street.

Has anybody heard of this? I thought it was pretty neat.

3-D effects generators? Virtual reality computer systems? Would make a nice brainwashing tool, she thought. And people would pay to get in, and buy food and trinkets, kind of like the Navajos were good at selling to tourists. Nice scam. She admired their plan at least.

Kim Carnes. Bette Davis eyes? Don't go there.

So, she concluded, Planet Hollywoods were going to be used

to brainwash the core elite of the new SS, and recruit the inner core of the Fourth Reich, under the guise of Hollywood goo-goo-ga-ga. Hitler would get even with America in a big way. Why not? He was himself the pioneer of the radio and the movie as political propoganda tools, and had turned the advanced, well-educated, intelligent German people into virtual zombie dolls, then into battle robots sacrificing their lives, fortunes, and future to him, with ease. It couldn't have been imagined to be possible to Germans of the 19th century, anymore than it could be imagined to be possible to Americans of the 20th. Jeepers creepers, the idea gave her goose pimples.

Chapter 31

Paco noticed her goose pimples down on her legs, and asked her if she were cold. She said no, but changed it to yes to avoid prying questions. He responded by finding a big warm white turkish towel, and wrapping it around her legs and stomach, leaving her cunt open so he could keep eating it. Very thoughtful and sweet, she thought.

She had all these daymares lying on her back being eaten in a space of fifteen fateful minutes, like a sudden flash of inspiration. Days and nights went by as she rehashed them, rehearsed them, recombined them, and convinced herself she had found the greatest hidden truth in world history.

But why wouldn't the existing politicians stop such a takeover? That made sense. Okay, she was game. The Nazis would have to slowly but surely slide their puppets into power, unobtrusively, while hiding in the wings.

Jesse 'The Body' Ventura. That name suddenly banged her between the eyes. A professional wrestler, a friend of Arnold. He ran for Governor of Minnesota in 1998 and unexpectedly got voted in because young people rushed to the polls in drove and overwhelmed the establishment candidates, including Hubert Humphrey the Third. At Jesse's inauguration in early January, who showed up, and sat and stood behind him all through the events, but Arnold himself?

Why was Arnold's face unshaven, with a three-days beard growth, making him look scraggly and nondescript? Too much, she agreed. Too much.

She tried to look up info on Ventura, and soon found out that his real name was James George Janos, and he was of German and Slavic extraction. Oh no, she clucked, her cute lips and cheek arching up into a little mock sneer. And he had worked with Arnold in his movies.

Maybe bodybuilders would start filling up political offices in America. Hulk Hogan, The Undertaker, Macho Man, Rick Savage. That was too funny to be real. But then, who would have thought an actor like Ronald Reagan could be elected President? "Take it easy, don't let the sound of your own wheels make you crazy," her radio blared just then. That song by the Eagles that mentioned Winslow, Arizona. Her mind was attracting karma from everywhere now.

Who was she? Maybe she ... Naw. She wasn't some kind of savior, selected by God to save America, was she? She'd let that one boil on the back burner, but not throw it out with the dishwasher. At least she would go into it with her eyes open.

"Hit me with your best shot. Fire away." That angry woman's voice shot out of the radio now. Maybe the radio was brainwashing her and she was being manipulated. Maybe she should turn it off and never listen to it again. Naw. Couldn't do without the mood lift it gave her. Just like she could cum by having her nipples caressed, but couldn't do it to herself. Had to have a man like Paco with long fingers and plenty of rope, giggle.

She was in a higher reality now. There was more than one reality. She was in a spirit trance, as only real Apaches could experience. But they needed to chew peyote buttons. She used mouse buttons. She was buying a stairway to Heaven, in a tree by a brook while a songbird sings. Lady, did you know that your stairway lies on the whispering wind? Window Rock? Winslow? Guitar riffs, drum beats, orgasms.

She was the Great Genius who would save the world. She

believed in psychic powers, and clearly the Holy Ones and the Talking God had gifted her above all others of her tribe. Augmented with the power of the Net, her psychic powers raised her up into Heaven itself, so that she could look down on all people and see their fate. Like that French guy Nostradamus. She had seen the movie about him on TV once. She made a mental note to look him up on the search engine later. So, nobody's perfect.

And she's buying a stairway to Heaven...

Part 5. Bad Case of Loving You

Chapter 32

Great Genius. What is that in German? Grosse Genie? She had no time to learn German now. At least the initials GG would be the same. She had a hunch.

Going through the Hitler Superman Diary with her search software, she looked for the initials GG. Bingo. That was in there, in several places. It was the code name for the entire eugenics program itself! Or the people behind it. "GG reports that the experiment with guanine separation via micro-centrifuge techniques was partially successful..." "GG reports that Mengele-twins Hans and Gerta 13 showed no chromosomal differences in the first 2,000 genes on the X-chromosome."

Mengele. That name gagged her. Like something oozing out of a corpse, and begging to be used as night cream.

She had outdone herself this time.

Another idea hit her between her dark eyes. She had them herself. So did Arnold. And Adolf. Mengele too, for that matter, at least she remembered some TV show on him and he was dark eyed. And had dark hair. All of them. But in all the Nazi's public propaganda about a master race of Aryans, they are always portrayed as blond haired and blue eyed.

Like Brigitte Nielsen. Like Swedes. Like Dolph Lundgren, another action movie star in competition with Arnold. He was so intellectually superior he had earned a chemical engineering degree before ever becoming an actor. Why, then, was Der Fuehrer dark haired and dark eyed? Hitler didn't even look like an Aryan superman. She didn't 'get' it.

Maybe there were super-super men. The rank and file of the new master race were to be blond/blue, and the Fuehrer overclass schwarzen-augered, ochen-chornyed. How else to tell the Fuehrers from everybody else?

But weren't Jews also mainly schwarzen-augered? Why did Hitler have it in for the Jews so bigtime when, as everybody now knows, they aren't inferior at all, but a quite superior race? Professional jealousy? Was that it? The Jews were of the same race as he, and he had to get rid of his competition to be able to rule the masses of blonde/blue Aryan sheep. Sheep are blonde. Are Jews even a race? To her, they seemed just as 'white' as the Germans, indeed, all the Europeans were really just one race, and the differences were superficial, more like breeds than races.

What about the Semitic roots of the Jews? Certainly, the Jews she had seen seemed totally different than Arabs, Persians, Iraqis, Saudis. The latter were the real Semites. Modern Jews had originated in that area, but had been dispersed 2,000 years ago, and had lost their genetic purity. A great conversion of Central Europeans into Judaism saved them from obscurity, way back in the Dark Ages. Now most Jews were really Europeans. The same race as the Germans. Like comedienne Joan Rivers. She had a very high IQ she tried to disguise. And blond hair. Really, the differences between Aryans and Jews were blurry.

She read Internet posts about Hitler really having Jewish ancestors, and couldn't be sure they were right, but what did it matter anyway? Two different breeds of goat are still both goats, not cattle. Goats and sheep are both browsers and will eat a variety of plants, compared to cattle which eat only grass. When the Spanish first came to Navajo land, they brought the Churro/Churra breed of sheep

with them, one of their few positive contributions, she mused. They are well-suited to the high desert conditions, and their wool has no lanolin, making it easy to use for spinning. In recent years the stupid feds tried to 'help' the Navajos by introducing 'better' breeds of sheep that had more wool or meat, but at the same time, were thickly impregnated with lanolin, which was so hard to clean out that the Navajos had to ship it off the Rez just for cleaning, then have it shipped back before they could spin it. That was an example of federal sheep eugenics.

Maybe man isn't smart enough, and should leave eugenics alone. If they couldn't be trusted with sheep, how much more with people? But then, we're talking about taking over the world, and then anything goes.

Okay, she reasoned, Hitler had wanted to get the Jews out of the way so he could rule the Aryans, letting them believe they were the master race, as long as he was their master. Made sense. Why didn't the Nazis and Jews just join together and take over the world and split it and just get it over with?

Maybe that's it. That's just what they are planning on doing now! Why else did Hollywood welcome Arnold with open arms?

Chapter 33

She tried to lookup Hollywood + Jewish on her Net search engine, and hit paydirt immediately. An excerpt from a book titled 'How the Movie Wars Were Won', by John W. Cones. Cones sounded like a Jewish name again. Cones, Cohens, Cohn, Cahn, etc.

It seems that billionaire Howard Hughes was anti-Semitic, once referring to the Hollywood studio moguls as the "king kikes". Kike is a derogatory word for Jewish, just as goy is a derogatory Yiddish word for non-Jewish. Lori didn't blame Jews for trying to take over Hollywood, because that way they could educate the American public against blind

anti-Semitism, or at least, make them fall in love with so many specific Jews that they had trouble with it. Still, power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. If the Jews had too much power in Hollywood, what would stop them from abusing it?

Quoting another writer, Cones told the tale of how Hughes tried to film an anti-Semitic novel called 'Queer People', about a reporter who invades 1931 Hollywood and finds it run by "squalid Jewish executives". Hughes proved his own prophecy true by himself: no actor would accept a role in the film, fearing being blacklisted; Hughes got anonymous death-threat phone calls, and what amounted to bribes from studio chiefs to entice him to desist. He finally cast William Haines in the lead, ironically borrowing him from Louis B. Mayer, one of the Jewish moguls most heavily caricatured by the script. But alas, the film was suspended indefinitely, Hughes' press release at the time saying that the film "would have taken the public behind the scenes of Hollywood."

She didn't want to know any more. The hatred was steaming off the monitor like a volcano. Who was Cones anyway? She didn't have anything against Jews anymore than Christians or Muslims or Hindus. None of them were Navajos, and it was only too bad they hadn't stayed out of America and let them be. Now all they had was a small Rez surrounded by and up to their necks in alligators.

She'd been through the desert on a horse with no name, it felt good to be out of the rain. You know the rest. Hum a few bars.

Micro-centrifuge? She'd look that up too. Aiyaiayaiyai. They didn't have those critters in Hitler's day. What is this Diary anyway? It seemed modern. Almost new.

GG. Maybe GG was still around. She made a mental note.

That night Paco was having her give him head as he stood by the bed and she sat on the edge, while he held her by the ears, and caressed the lobes erotically and tenderly. Out of the blue Paco told her a joke he had heard somewhere.

"What did the doctor do to Monica Lewinsky's love handles after her affair with President Clinton?" he asked her.

She said she gave up.

"He cleaned the wax out of them."

She realized the meaning, and erupted with laughter, pulling her head off his dick and spewing his sperm all over his belly. They both laughed hard.

"Next time you brush your teeth, don't squirt me with toothpaste," he joked. She laughed, putting one hand up to her mouth in a brushing motion, spewing more sperm.

She had a bad case of loving Paco. She didn't ever want to sleep alone again.

Just her karma. The very next day he left for a trip to San Diego, saying he wouldn't be back for at least a week.

He gave her a mystery novel about the Navajos by Tony Hillerman to read while he was gone. She did. She let the Net surfing and sleuthing rest for awhile. It was becoming tiresome, a burden. In one place in the novel, a visitor to Navajo land asked a Navajo why they all seem to live so far apart from each other. "Because we can't stand Indians," he replied. Or something like that, she lost the place.

Jews and Navajos are exact opposites in that regard, she mused. The former love to crowd close in ghettos, which, contrary to popular opinion, were not necessarily forced on them by Christians, Nazis, or anybody else, but were their own idea. Closing the ghettos off and starving them, that was a Nazi idea. For centuries before that, Christian fanatics had the pogrom, or storm. The storm of the SS was the ultimate pogrom, like in that sad movie 'Schindler's List', which she had seen on television.

Living in self-chosen closed communities surrounded by folks different than you was like asking for it. The Jewish mentality had to be schizo because of it, she thought. Were they really a race, or even a breed, or just a tribe? A tribe that they said God chose; but whether He did or not, they acted like He did, by clinging together so close and having so many exclusive habits of eating and ritual that others felt alienated automatically. She could kind of feel for them, remembering her own people's treatment at the hand of the Spaniards and gringos, trying to Christianize them and make them give up their religion, but it was different. They really got here first.

Didn't Jews believe in Heaven like the Christians and Islamics? Or is the Jewish heaven here on Earth, in a future they dream about? They were still waiting for their Messiah, so it had to be the latter, she thought.

What about Islamics? They have all that money and power now from oil, and men run everything, using their wealth to support multiple wives who wait on them while they lounge around half-naked. Yet when women go out in public, they have to veil their faces, leaving only their eyes visible. Their dark eyes. Their religion teaches that men will live forever in a paradise surrounded by beautiful houris, like they strive to have on Earth. She looked up the word 'houris'; it means a beautiful seductive female nymph reserved for true male believers in paradise, and derives from the Arabic word hawira, meaning dark-eyed. Figures, she chuckled. What do women get in paradise? An eternal job as a slave? She pushed her laptop away.

"You're moving up and I'm moving out". Wouldn't you just know it? The DJ on that radio station must be psychic.

The DJ on that radio station must be psychic! Could it be?

What is the definition of paranoid? Thinking people are out to get you. And not being able to prove that they really are. She let it drop, after sizing up the chances of visiting the radio station in person and confronting their personnel. The station was beaming in its signal from

Albuquerque, and it wasn't always clear, sometimes fading badly. Funny, but she hadn't noticed it fade since she began her spiritual quest. The Holy Ones and the Talking God must be with her.

"Don't come around here no more." Why did the DJ decide to play that one just then? Was that a reference to Paco and her? Naw. He'd be back. He said so. They were lifetime lovers. They'd be married some day once she got her head together. Some people joked "why marry it when you can rent it for free?" That didn't refer to them. They couldn't live without each other now. She couldn't live without him, at least. Were men naturally roosters who went from hen to hen, bulls who went from cow to cow? Or swans who mated for life? She prayed that Paco was a swan.

The swan was once an ugly duckling, she remembered from the fairy tales. Like Arnold. Once the ugly Terminator, now the beautiful Adonis with a cute butt walking nude with his back to the camera. Or down the plaza, his coat over his shoulder, with his twin Danny DeVito.

She remembered the Terminator movies again. She had seen them both a dozen times on television. The idea that a few decades from now artificial intelligence would cause robots to take over the world made a great flick, but from what she knew, AI was almost a charlatan's realm, with no real progress, just smoke, light, and mirror tricks. Even if some kind of new device could be developed that had some of the attributes of intelligence, instead of just being a glorified adding machine like all computers really were underneath the hood now, the idea that they would hook together instantly, decide to wipe out mankind, and commandeer his own military hardware to do it was pretty silly. And even if such AI could be developed, it would more likely take place in another 500, not 50 years. And humans would still be at the top telling the robots what to do. Der Furher himself, maybe?

Maybe Bill Gates was even then using his big bucks to secretly develop real AI, with this very intention, under neo-Nazi supervision. "I want you, Bill, day after day. I want you, show me the way." The music again. Nice pick,

Mister DeeJay. Lori sends her love.

"Just stop, look around, here he comes, here he comes, here he comes, here he comes." Something about a nervous breakdown?

She grabbed the Aiwa receiver system with the built-in power speakers, green flashing alphanumeric display, bright red lights, and threw it at the window. The window was closed. It crashed through the glass, and fell outside with a clonk.

Chapter 35

Mama was soon banging on the door and trying to work the handle. She opened the door, and mama saw the damage. She was clutching a loose nightgown, indecent under it. Lori suddenly had sexual feelings for her, and licked her lips absent-mindedly.

"What's wrong, Lori? I thought somebody was in there hurting you!"

"I'm alone, mama. I broke the window, sorry."

"Ralphie, come here!" she cried. His face soon appeared over hers like a harvest moon. His white hair was mussed up, uncombed. His skin was deeply tanned and wrinkled. He had on a tank top t-shirt and a pair of green work pants with a black belt. Ugly. No shoes.

"Mind if I come in little princess and see if I can help you?" he gushed. That might have been the longest sentence she had ever heard him put out at one time.

"Sure. Watch the computer there on the floor."

He just stood there, smiling. She looked in the mirror and realized she was wearing only panties, her hair having grown long and draping them over but they peeked out anyway. She pretended nothing was amiss, and stood sideways, pointing with a whole arm at the window, as if to pass. Her face

looked a mess. She looked stoned.

He went to the window, removed the curtains from the rod, and there was a big hole in the glass. He grinned back at her, and over her to mama, who just stood outside the doorway seething.

"It's too late to do anything about it now, but first thing tomorrow morning I'll replace the glass. Okay, little princess?"

She moved her head in an arch, mouth closed, to indicate yes. She had put crossed her arms over her chest now, hiding her breasts. She stood with her back to the mirror, and didn't notice him noticing that the panties were the open crotch kind, and just a thong in the back, up her butt crack. And that her cunt had been shaved, and her clitoris hung out like a cat's tongue from her mound. There was no boyfriend in the room with her either, the most embarrassing thing of all. She didn't remember Paco buying those panties for her, but he must have. She didn't remember shaving her cunt either. Paco must have done that also.

It was cold outside, and now the icy air leaked in. His face was a question.

"I'll put a rug on the window, don't worry," she told him, his eyes looking not in hers but right into her clitoris. Her eyes didn't 'get it' yet.

He left quickly, and quickly clicked the door shut for her. In passing, he fingered her cunt heavily, greedily almost, bringing his fingers up to his nose as if he had a nosebleed, and sniffing repeatedly. Like he had a right to it. She smelled motor oil where he had been.

Now she got it.

She put the rug up pretty well, and went to bed wearing only panties and a sheepskin coat. Not the open crotch ones. A regular pair. Fresh and white.

Later that night, she dreamt that she was tied up on her

bed, her legs spread and tied along with her arms, as Mr. Brunell lay there fully dressed, ogling her, squeezing her here and there, and slobbering on her. The sheepskin was still on, and oh-so warm against her backside, and oh so comfortable. Then he started licking her, starting with her cheek, then the forehead, then the other cheek, and down, down, to her breasts, which he squeezed hard and thumbed the nipples of like a bottlecap, and on down to her cunt, loudly slurping it and fucking it with his tongue. Not done yet, he split her butt cheeks, licking them from top to bottom, then rimmed and fucked her asshole with his tongue, loudly slurping the chile sauce out of her pot. Still not done, he licked her legs, and sucked her toes. Then he pulled out his chicken and fingered it until it emitted a gob of semen, but not enough for a spurt, and he worked it back into the chicken, all red and hairy and ugly, stained with motor grease.

"You could call me a compulsive chaser, I guess," Mr. Brunell explained. "I don't like cosmetics on women."

She closed her eyes.

Chapter 36

She woke to find it light outside, and him outside working on the window. He never bothered her or talked to her, all the way to finishing the pane replacement job. The curtains were still pulled down on the floor. The rug was down on the floor now too. He could have looked in, but he avoided doing so. Such a nice man. When mama was watching. His highest life job had probably been cleaning cow stalls.

Was that a dream or did it really happen? She couldn't be sure. There was a similar scene in T2 with Linda Hamilton in the psycho ward. She wasn't even sure he had fingered her, for she had been stoned, and didn't remember the last two days. She dressed in three layers of clothes at the same time that cold dreary day, and didn't talk to anybody, staying in the living room. Her asshole felt tingly and oh-so clean. Why did his dick look like a chicken as he

pulled on it? Like the head of an ugly chicken.

In her Rez, Rodeo is sometimes referred to as a "Chicken Pull". The term comes from contests of horsemanship where a chicken would be buried up to its neck in the ground and riders would gallop past, attempting to reach down and pull the bird from the ground by its neck. Navajo children get acquainted with the concept of rodeo at a young age. They start out by trying to stay on the back of a sheep, before moving to other events. She was the Rodeo last night, she sighed.

"Break on through to the other side, break on through to the other side."

Music again! Where did it come from?

Looking over to the kitchen, there was Mr. Brunell, working on her radio, and obviously having fixed it. He wasn't looking at her. He had his hands full. Mama was in the kitchen with her, cooking. Abuela was sitting at the table snoring.

He juked the channel selector, going through the stations until he found Mexican mariachi music, and left it there.

She strayed back to the living room, where the TV was on, with the sound real low. Whose face did she see filling it up? None other than Maria Shriver, acting as a reporter. Her dark hair and eyes made her resemble a hawk. Or an eagle. Definitely not a raven. Yes, a hawk. Her man Arnold would protect her from being raped, tied up, jacked off on, all that shit. Paco would to, if he were here. That Maria was on national television daily, and knew the secret of Arnold's dick, how big it was, yet never told. She held great power literally by the balls. What if he was actually a pee-wee? A vienna sausage? She laughed out loud, and surprised herself, looking around at Mr. Brunell to see if he noticed.

That night was hell. Like a soldier in a foxhole during WWII. She stayed fully dressed, the sheepskin coat on, crouched on a chair behind the door, with a hammer in

her lap, just in case.

She tried to stay awake all night, dozing off just for a minute, but waking herself back up in time to avoid falling off the chair or dropping the hammer. Her window was locked tight and the curtains drawn.

Nobody tried to come in.

Instead, she heard rocking sounds from inside the hogan, and this time it was her turn to roam. She quietly inched the door open, after quietly turning the lock and handle. She peeked out. Nothing. Inching through the hogan, she located the sound as coming from mama's bedroom on the other side. She inched open the unlocked door of mama's room.

Chapter 37

Mama was being fucked vigorously, and rocking the bed.

The walls of her room were decorated with Mexican sombreros, pinatas, velvet paintings, turquoise and silver jewelry. A throbbing purple, red, black, and turquoise-silver aura emanated from it like a cave. A black light lamp somewhere inside. A big set of spooky mechanical wind-up teeth on the dresser.

Who was it humping her? It had to be Mr. Brunell. She had to see. It took awhile for eyes to adjust, for her head to get a good angle.

It was Mike! Mike Macdonald.

Mr. Brunell was there too! Hanging off the ceiling over the bed, in a chain harness, nude! His dick was swinging over them both like a reddish chandelier. His balls too. The dick was uncircumcised, the skin not pulled back. Soft and hard too, like a rubber balloon. Limp. It could be maybe sucked like a cow's teat, never fuck a cunt, poor old devil with

prostrate problems. His mouth was gagged, with a baseball and a leather harness. He had a blindfold over his eyes, made of silvery duck tape. At least he couldn't see her and rat her out.

Mama had silver and turquoise jewelry on her ankles, which were spread wide and juking back and forth at the ends of her spread legs in synch with his butt-thrusts. She was only 42, after all. She had a nice body too. Sexy. Delicious looking.

Mike had a so-so butt. Now he had had them both. Was that a smile on mama's face, or a sneer? There was no gag on her mouth at least. Her lips were so luscious and red, her teeth so white. Did her tongue come out and lick her own lips just then?

They didn't see her. She retreated, retracing her steps, walking backwards. It was none of her business anyway. They had their life, she had hers. Abuela's room was closed and dead quiet. The air in here was quite fuggy, now that she noticed it. That's a log hogan for ya, she clucked.

She went to the bathroom, closed the door, and brushed her teeth better than ever before in her life.

Things relaxed again. Went back to normal.

Weeks more went by, as she stayed mainly holed up in her room, working with the laptop. Her eyes were strained and red all the time now, but she didn't care. A several-day digression playing Internet checkers with some other users across the country was a welcome rest for her weary head sponge, wrung out by her Great Genius. But the desire to understand the Hitler Plan grew inside her again, and she took to reading it once more, this time with a kind of detachment, as if she were a survivor of WWIII and it was just a history book now, from long, long ago.

She had digested enough of the Hitler Plan to know that GG was a team of scientists, based not in Germany, but

in America. They were not working for the U.S. government, but were privately funded, by Ford. Yes, by Ford. There were actually references to budget plans that were to be sent into Ford for approval. The Ford Taurus might have been paying for it all, for all she knew. Or the Ford Escort. Or the Navigator. She had heard about the John Elway Ford dealerships all over Colorado; old horsetooth, a slow white Bronco, all kinds of other jokes. Could he be? Naw. But then...

But they weren't Ford employees. They were located on the Rez. Had to be. How else did they translate things into Navajo? Sorry, but Navajo speakers don't come out of Detroit public schools. It was a big Rez, with a lot of people, and many had connections with the military, industry, and who knows who else.

She tried using her psychic abilities to remote-image them. To divine their presence with the use of the laptop as a crystal ball. To see them with her mind directly, as her people had always had the power to do, for centuries.

Part 6. It's the Terminator's Baby?

Chapter 38

Lori remembered the Navajo legend about Shiprock, told her in childhood. Bird Monsters carried Monster Slayer to a high ledge below the peak. Monster Slayer's father, the Sun, gave him arrows of sheet lightning, with which he killed the two adult Bird Monsters. He spun the two infant Bird Monsters around his head to create an eagle and an owl, to help the generations of "the five-fingered people." Monster Slayer was then carried to the ground by Bat Woman or Spider Woman. Shiprock is said to be the home of Coyote.

Lori tried remote-imaging Shiprock, drawing on her inner powers, fusing mind and psychic power with her laptop...

An owl and an eagle soared high above Shiprock, in the great blue sky, on waves of desert heat; like John Denver, on his glider, in a Rocky Mountain high. She was the owl, and Arnold was the eagle. They sailed in unison at first, then tangled in a terrific mid-air flight. Suddenly, they dove straight down together, as one, right into the ground.

Were they locked in a death-grip, or in a love-grip? It was both and neither.

Unlike with Denver, this was not fatal; it was an act of seminal creation.

Dr. Winston Thundersky strode into his microbiology lab, his powerful arms pushing against the pistons as if they didn't exist, then letting the swinging door piston airily whoosh behind him, showing its power, and, by deduction, his own.

He looked at his team of twelve other bench scientists and as many assistants and didn't have to make a sound to get their attention. You could hear somebody's digestion working, that was all. Almost all. A funny owl-eagle clock watched from a quite high position on the wall; almost too high to read, but just high enough to be easy to ignore; it made an occasional mechanical noise.

"All right, our funding has been renewed."

He broke off, then gestured toward one straggler still bent over a microscope. "Is he with us today?", he said to the others, meaning it for him.

Dr. Marilou Lobo, sitting next to him, replied, "Ask him."

Dr. Kaelin Kachina answered for himself, by humming a few bars of gee-whiz grunts to himself. His was voice was so beautiful it sounded like an angel singing.

Dr. Thundersky, in a normal baritone tone of voice, tried again. "Dr. K come in, Dr. Th out."

No response.

More loudly this time. "Oh Dr. Kachina! Can you spare some of your valuable time for a little announcement affecting our future efforts for the next 10 years?" A few chuckles were more effective in getting his attention -- chuckles from some attractive women.

At that the blonde head came up to reveal what might be a very pretty young woman, although it was hard to tell at the moment since she had on a unisex lab coat that covered any potentially distinguishing sexual indicators. It was indeed a male face, but strikingly beautiful and feminine, with smooth, clear skin. Like Leonardo da Vinci must have looked in his youth, from all reports. People down here considered themselves on a par with figures like Leonardo.

"I know you're deep into an experiment right now, Dr. K, but if you can break off for just one minute I'd appreciate it."

A pause, as Dr. K fiddled with the microscope controls, turned around, and rested his back on his hands, which rested on the lab bench. The only movement in the room was Dr. L's eyeballs darting thoughtfully down to view any hint of his crotch poking out from under the coat; that, and the movement of the clock.

After the announcement of the funding grant by Microsoft, Dr. K put his eye back to the microscope and was surprised all over again to see his minuscule world of genetic building blocks behaving brilliantly again. Not just behaving, but behaving brilliantly. For the past five decades he had been working with repeating sequences of DNA that elongated and skated around on DNA ligase under his microscope, but today something new was happening, and he was seeing adenine-guanine and cytosine-thymine pairs elongate and slide into a pallet of shimmering Okazaki fragments spreading across a canvas that would have made Leonardo want to take his Mona Lisa and slash it up. The nanobots and the genes had formed a closed-loop system that was reprogramming itself and displaying its triumphs before his eyes.

He lifted his head to speak. "Mary, I need some more

Eppendorf tubes for my oligonucleotide samples. Have any?" He blinked to restore proper vision and wondered how he could witness uninhibited cell division brought about by other enzymes than telomerase. As quickly as he asked, so his capable brain answered itself: nanobot-ase, made on the fly to order on the spot.

Dr. L rolled her stool away from her lab station, stood up, a tray of Eppendorf tubes in her hands; and, laying them on his station, stripped off her gloves, walking over to Dr. K's microscope, brushing by him sensuously. After access was granted, she put her gorgeous head onto the viewer. He backed away slightly, but too much for her apparently. She loved being near him. Standing together, the two blondes looked like sisters with the bodies draped like that. She pressed her hip hard against his leg. He did have an erection. She felt for it.

"Okay," he said. "Kiss me."

Seeing all to be well here, with Dr. K's big beautiful penis in Dr. L's luscious mouth, his lab coat pulled aside revealing a nude hardbody underneath, except for the lab shoes, and Dr. K's eyes glued back on the microscope, Dr. Th pushed through the swinging door and walked down the hallway connecting the lab to the main corridor. He ducked into an open stairway and skipped down a flight, then down another corridor, then down another flight of stairs. Passing a large lab room with a long glass observation window, he skipped his hand idly along the window ledge, barely noticing the surrealistic rows of glass aquariums filled with grotesque humanoid fetuses.

In his mind he was cruising the hallway of the Gottingen University Medical Center, a 15-year-old biology postdoc and medical intern, a wunderkind on Dr. Schell's research team, smelling antiseptic, chloroform, and excitement simultaneously. He himself remained a total virgin until his move to the Navajo Rez at age 30. Those were the good old days in Germany, back in the 1930s. The state was solidly behind them then. That made a great difference. Force was nice.

Back then he was less of a man than he was now, so much less. He had only grown better with age, and, after decades of weightlifting practice, could bench press over 600 pounds 10 times in a row, and deadlift over 900 pounds twice. There was only the slightest hint of approaching arthritis or other bone-joint disease; not enough to slow him down, only enough to make his warmups last longer to flush out the tenderness with raw gushes of rich blood. Shunning strong sunlight all his life, he had no wrinkles or age spots to have to take care of. His hair was a beautiful white. He looked 35. Like Jim Phelps on 'Mission Impossible', only more handsome and far better built.

* * *

All this Lori saw in her mind's eye, using her laptop as her microscope. Her research subject was them. She was breaking through to the other side now, remote-imaging her opponents in a cybergame of checkers, with the stakes being the world.

Thundersky. Thunderbird. The great mythical bird of many Amerindian tribes. A wingspan far greater than any bird today, 20 feet or more. No bird today has a span greater than 10-12 feet. She remembered some cable TV channel program that talked about the thunderbird -- Animal Planet, or The Discovery Channel. Some scientist said that no flapping bird today can carry a load of more than 30 or 40-something pounds. A thunderbird could grab a full-grown man and carry him away. They really existed once, but now live only in legend.

Or on highways, as the Ford Thunderbird. Maybe that car is part of the conspiracy. A message. Women go bad, run from the law, and drive over cliffs in it. Do they die, or do they just turn into birds and fly away, leaving the coppers eating their dust?

She projected herself into the mind of Dr. Th again.

The Superman Project was now in its 68th year, here in this underground lab complex deep under Shiprock, in Navajo country, underneath an extinct ancient volcano. The dikes, or wings, which radiate out from the core for miles, make entry and exit without being observed. The remote location is ideal also, as is being located on an Indian reservation; this keeps the visitor count small and well-controlled. Navajo police use any excuse to arrest anybody for merely taking a picture. Not much communication with the outside world is necessary anyway, the research being done taking long periods of time to do, and outside interfacing having little purpose. Supplies arrive in boxcar quantities under the tightest security.

Shiprock was a sacred mountain to the Navajos. The volcanic vent that formed it 27 million years ago was at the beginning level with the land, some 2000 feet higher, equalling the altitude of nearby Mesa Verde; 27 million years of erosion did the rest. When the column of lava cooled, the softer earth eroded and left a 1700 foot stone pillar atop a 5500 foot elevation plain; for a combined altitude of 7170 feet. The wings are three lava walls 150 feet high and three feet wide. Shiprock is the world's finest example of an exposed volcanic throat, and can be seen for 100 miles; far underneath lies the greatest secret in the world.

To keep the illusion complete, regular foot races, balloon festivals, fairs, and other events -- all well-controlled by Navajo police -- have the effect of keeping people away from, rather than near, the compromising points of entry and exit.

Good wine takes time. So does good eugenics. Here in Shiprock, the human genetic code is being smelted, refined, purified, remade, perfected. The world doesn't understand, but it doesn't matter either. Earth is literally infected with second-rate genetic codes that are irrelevant to the future of mankind, as long as they don't mess with the work here. Shiprock is where the master race codes will be forged, then transmitted to breeding centers, then propagated throughout the Earth, remaking it in the process.

The other genes can either fight and get run over, or hide in the bushes and watch. Either way, the master race will be the future of Earth, not them. The less they fight, the better for all in the end.

The master race won't be Aryans, won't be Jews. But the backers of those races have to be fooled long enough so that we can set our designer-master race into production.

Talk about loving one's work.

Drs. Th, L, and K were the leaders of the Arnold program. The entire complex had nine main research leaders, and to devote three of them to this one program bespoke its importance. All three of them were lovers, all three ways. And workout partners in the gym. He was the youngest, only in his eighties. The others were both over a hundred.

They were Arnold's real parents. Not that he knew it.

Microsoft had slipped them a billion dollars in credits under the table, disguising it so perfectly that no U.S. government agency could ever break the cover story, which was AI research. It was AI research really, just not the kind they thought. Not that they didn't do some of that also.

Bill Gates was also their son. Only he knew it. He was the smartest man in the world. They had made him in a test tube, using cloning techniques. They also gave him a lot of invisible business help later. Some day soon, millions of supermen with his intelligence would run the whole world like a business. Its products would be people. They would be in the people business. The existing regime would be swept away. History would be revised.

It was late in the evening for the old world order. So a few billion would have to die for the new world order to take over. They would all die anyway. Everybody dies sometime. What matters is whose regime rules the living. Freedom is not good. It is dangerous. So is the vote. The rule of law even, if there is no distinction of classes, a law that declares everybody to be equal.

Everybody is not equal. There are classes of people, an Alpha class, a Beta class, a Gamma class, a Delta class, and so on. It was impossible for Alphas to not seek power and rule over the other classes. The problem was numbers. Alphas are a tiny minority compared to the others. It was not that other classes sought to rule, so much as that they thought rule belonged to them by right of their numbers. One vote to one person, that was the greatest of all evils. That was the reason democracy doesn't work, why fascism is necessary. Fascism means rule by means of force. A tiny group rules the rest by means of might, for the good of all. For the lower classes to object, is itself a result of their inferiority.

Only the human being, among all the animals, can laugh. Or cry when they don't get to run things.

Rule is no picnic. It is a great burden of the Alpha class. But it is their natural function in the world order. The other classes don't really want to rule. They want love, food, sex, and success. Rule doesn't really matter. Millions look for rulers from the sky, from the grave, from the tomb. Yet, when one actually appears, they crucify him. But that's just the point. Force is a test. If a potential leader can be crucified, do it. That eliminates him from consideration.

The Christians don't 'get' it. Yes, they do. They are waiting for a new, improved Christ to come from the sky, one that can't be crucified. He will come, but from the Earth, not the sky. It's just a programming problem. The genes are there, spread here and there in the mammoth gene pool. Just as gold must be wrestled from the rocks, uranium refined from the rocks, so must Great Genius be wrestled from the Rock of Ages. This complex is a great genetic mining company, and its efforts through decades have created vial after vial of the most precious essences on Earth -- pure Great Genius DNA.

It would be wonderful if the GG DNA could be put into drinking water and everybody get some, but it doesn't work that way. Every person has a sex, whether they want it or

not. The males have balls producing sperm, the females have tubes producing eggs. They won't go for sterilization, even if they are promised the right to have children, children created in an embryo factory with the GG DNA. They will take offense, cry bloody murder, take up arms, sacrifice their lives, their progeny, their Earth. Risk destroying humanity itself just so they can breed true to their own codes. Genetic programming is too important to be left to individuals.

This is the final frontier of stupidity and barbarism that must be conquered to bring mankind to a Golden Age. If reason doesn't work, force must be used. It's nothing personal. It's on a plane far above personalities. Even above racial struggles. It's about mankind taking charge of his own programming once and for all for good, accelerating his own evolution.

It has nothing to do with Nazism per se. Nazism was an experiment, to see if a purely militaristic solution could be feasible. Those who believed they possessed superior genes would become military robots and just go out and take over the world, then give control to them. When that happened, the GG DNA would become the only DNA new babies would be allowed to have. When they had matured and taken their place in the new world order in sufficient numbers, the old order would just simply become extinct, as would Nazism, and Hilter.

Too bad the experiment failed. They themselves had ended it, by manipulating U.S. authorities into creating the a-bomb, while manipulating German authorities into not doing so. The German work in the jet airplane department was left as a lever to let them extend the war or not as they found necessary. More than one historian has puzzled at Hitler's seeming blindness to the value of this real super-weapon while wasting his country's time and treasure on the worthless V-2 rockets that had no nuclear payload and were just expensive noisemakers. If he had put priority on the jet airplane, he could have turned back the allied air attack, regained air superiority in Europe, and extended the war for years. The a-bomb would have ended the war a different way regardless. But they could have given the

Nazis the a-bomb and caused a stalemate and a cold war between the Germans and Americans instead of the Americans and Russians if they had wanted.

They didn't want it. The real superweapon wasn't in Hitler's hands, but theirs. And the war wasn't over just because Hitler was dead. The next Reich would arise in America itself, and a strong Germany was capable of hurting America in the long run much more than the paper tiger of Russia. When the time came, they had let Russia just fall apart in the wind, and left America running the game unchecked, in preparation for the new Reich. As of the year 1999, everything was in place and on schedule for the ten thousand year Reich to be born in three decades of renewal, the 2000s, the 2010s, and the 2020s.

The main remaining obstacle was the existence of the Internet. It was uncontrolled, even by the Bill Gates front. To make it controllable, it would have to be rebuilt as a totally government-owned system, on a world basis, under the auspices of the U.N., after the Internet was discredited and disassembled. Doing this would take decades, but it couldn't be stopped because of the dual forces of personal greed and government greed. The former because it would become a vehicle for the world information economy, the latter because it would become a vehicle for world government propaganda and censorship.

One day, all money itself would be abolished, except that which existed on the New Internet, under their control. No one would be able to buy or sell without submitting to their control, losing much of their privacy in the process. Commercial speech would be considered separate from private speech, and private speech from political speech. The clamor for world laws to regulate each type of speech would be loud and long, and result in being satisfied by a system they were designing even now. When the new Reich was announced, potential rebels would find it impossible to communicate, buy, sell, organize, proselytize, precisely because the game would be rigged against them. If they reverted to pre-Internet methods, they would become technologically unable to win. If they stuck with the Internet, they couldn't win. Nice and neat this time.

It would all be run right out of Hollywood this time. News would be filmed on backlots if necessary, but eventually generated entirely on computers using virtual reality software complete with virtual reality actors and scenery. News would become pure fiction generated by the Reich. So would commentary on the news. So would all the bullshit.

People would not miss the loss of their self-rule this time. They would be more than happy with their lifestyle, with the food, the fun, the success, the sex. With the apparent triumph of freedom, such as the defeat of communism, organized religion, sexism, racism, ageism, all kinds of isms. After the isms were defeated, not millions but billions would forever believe they were totally free, even as they became totally ruled. Neat.

Chapter 40

The year 2000 was a problem. It was the year that would later be billed as the proof that Christianity was wrong. If they could get over this hump, millions would abandon the hopeless wait for the scenario in the Book of Revelation, quit hoping for Jesus Christ to "come again". Having lost this hope, nobody can really be a Christian, just use the name in vain. When the smoke clears, in the early decades of the new millennium, the destruction of the mainline churches, and the obliteration of the Vatican, will seem like good news to millions. The revelation of scandals of suppression of vital historical documents by the Vatican Library will discredit the Catholic Church mortally, as will the installation of puppet Popes who will stink the Church up with their own acts.

Hollywood will lead the reeducation of the masses worldwide out of belief in Christianity, as painlessly as watching a movie. Christian in, pagan out. Pornography kills. Kills Christianity. The world will flow with it like an ocean. Nazism of the old German kind would only get in the way. The new Nazism will send, not shock troops, but shock jocks and shock porno, over fast-crumbling national boundaries, in

a blitzkrieg, not of tanks, but of spread beavers and erect cocks.

Once the people worldwide 'get' that old religious moral codes are dead, the rest will be easy. Partying all day, with sex, drugs and rock and roll, will make the perfect world citizen. Supermen will smile now as they run everything. They will get sound bytes, while all thoughtful opposition is driven into dank holes.

There won't be anything concrete for the opposition to fight. How does one fight progress and not end up weakened by self-doubt? How does one fight to prop-up nationalism, religion, family values, morality, when the partying is moving from the streets into one's own pants? Many leaders of religion can simply be sucked into silence. Pretty girls and boys will be thrown at them, wanting to give them everything. Thrown at their wives and children. They are the new shock troops. What can one do, gas them?

The President of the United States was once caught getting his penis sucked off inside the White House. What was left of the old order tried with everything it had to impeach him, showing how little it had left. The public went with the President, and against them. That battle was decisive, thought Dr. Th. The public was totally mad at the old order for trying to blow such a small, natural thing up so out of proportion like that. Let him run the country like they elected him to do. Not that he ran the country anyway. The Presidency was a front. It was weak. Bill did a beautiful job for them. So did Monica.

President Arnold would be declared President for Life, under the new Constitution. The old one obviously is fucked up to permit the spectacle of 1998-1999 in the first place. That was the consensus of opinion, as shaped by Hollywood.

Chapter 41

Right now, the Shiprock Complex was the leading center of human genetic engineering in the world. The only one

actually. Other above-ground centers of genetic research were constantly hampered by government scrutiny and public opinion, and prevented from experimenting with human genetic engineering. Theirs wasn't. They believed they were above right and wrong as such, and ends justified means, and one day they would unleash Terminators on undesired humans just like they used nanobots now on undesired genes.

Up until the 1960s they were ahead of the rest of the world in their researches, which they never published. They had discovered the double helix structure of DNA back in the 1930s, and considered it the highest top secret, the foundation stone of the whole program, that made genetic engineering a possibility rather than a fascist's pipe dream; and they had been quite alarmed and disappointed when the Brits rediscovered it in the '40s and '50s, and published it freely, and didn't even patent it to slow up imitation like they did everything now. After that the world slowly caught up, and in some areas surpassed them in basic genetic engineering research, but never in human genetic engineering research.

One technological example was mass spectrometry. They were using it in Shiprock for years before the rest of the world took it up: Fast Atom Bombardment, Electrospray Ionization, Matrix-Assisted Laser Desorption Ionization, as well as HPLC coupled with a mass spectrophotometer for peptide mapping. They had moles inside the Los Alamos complex where MS was used for other things for a long time.

The abovers, as the referred to the above-ground scientists, could have used MS long before they did for genetic research, but for some inexplicable reason, they didn't. So much the better for the GG effort. They didn't want competition. Science was not a cooperative effort with them, but all one-sided. They took and never gave. They were in a war for domination, preparing for the Fourth Reich. The other side didn't even 'get' it yet. To them, all abovers were the other side, except to the extent that they controlled them.

The Shiprockers had been using restriction enzymes for cutting genes from their surrounding DNA since the '30s.

The abovers didn't discover them until the '60s, despite the fact that they are common in bacteria.

Even the techniques of gel electrophoresis and Southern blotting were in use in Shiprock years before the abovers figured it out.

The Shiprockers had many techniques that the abovers would never use even if they presented them free on a silver platter. When the Nazis lost the war, some of the cruel experiments on concentration camp prisoners performed under the direction of Dr. Mengele et al., would come to light, and be blown out of proportion nicely, resulting in worldwide paranoia against any such similar work ever being allowed by any government. In Shiprock, Mengele's experiments were considered obsolete and childishly overhumane to boot. Visitors to Shiprock couldn't begin to imagine the Dantesque Inferno down under their very feet. So much the better for the new Reich.

As of 1999, the abovers were two, three, maybe four generations of breakthroughs behind the Shiprockers. Revealingly, the techniques for gene cloning used by the abovers were all based on bacteria (prokaryote) or yeast cultures, inserting the eukaryotic DNA sample containing the gene or genes of interest into a bacterial plasmid for example, along with marker genes to help identify which cells carry the plasmid DNA. A plasmid is a small ring of DNA that carries accessory genes separate from those of a bacterial chromosome, which is contained in the cell's cytoplasm.

Prokaryotes do not have membrane-enclosed organelles, i.e., no true nucleus, while eukaryotes do, and this, combined with the fact that bacteria can reproduce as often as once every 20 minutes, is why the abovers first went down this path and stuck with it, even further restricting themselves to working with one type of bacteria, *E. coli*, found in the human intestinal tract, and a weakened strain of this, *E. coli* K12, which is unable to cause infection.

The Shiprockers didn't worry about things like causing infection.

In Shiprock, they could insert engineered genes into any kind of eukaryotic cell, and stimulate its reproduction at rates approaching a bacterium, growing entire body parts in the laboratory. True, many animals and humans endured terrible torture to help the researchers climb to this advanced knowledge by stepping on them like dirt, figuratively. But, once the knowledge was acquired, they could easily erase all traces of their discovery method, as easily as Michaelangelo could demolish his scaffolding and leave a world admiring his Cistine chapel ceiling paintings. Indeed, they could erect a false chain of discovery experiments that didn't involve cruelty, and publish their findings to the world as legitimately obtained, if they found it advantageous; more usually, they laundered the methods, as they called it, before giving the final results to their own fellow workers.

Nobody had any conscience anyway. The devil made a great scientist. They were in the business of manufacturing devils, which, after all, are just the superman potential in the gene pool concentrated into individuals. They were a group of individuals that just happened to have a higher concentration of superman genes than everybody else.

With the advantage that they could and did engage in 'forbidden experiments' at will, they often discovered knowledge that other researchers couldn't, or, if they could, only by a long detour through allowable experiments. Much like the old Soviet Union used to steal Western technology, then build on it with their own work, so did they. Only they didn't loudly proclaim their victories and achievements to the world, nor argue about ownership of results.

They kept all their results top secret, and utilized them exclusively for their own ends. Even when the abovers stumbled around with electroporation to cause temporarily holes in the plasma membrane, or super-thin needles to introduce DNA directly into eukaryotic cells, or attaching DNA to microscopic bits of metal and then firing them into cells with a gun, they retained their silence, their smirking silence, their laughing, mocking silence. They had

been using nanobots since the late '80s, from their association with Microsoft and Bill Gates.

While the abovers were finding ways to improve the virus resistance of commercial tomatoes, and turn off the gene that makes them go soft as they ripen, they were turning human genes that make skin, hair, and eye color on and off at will.

While the above world was being fed news of Dolly the cloned sheep, and Cumulina the cloned mouse, for instance, they were cloning entire human beings daily, and using them in fantastically cruel experiments. When Scottish scientists were combining genetic engineering and cloning to create three identical lambs each containing the same human gene, touting it as a step towards the eventual genetic engineering of human beings, they were drawing up a master race of human beings and nearing the final engineering in anticipation of field trials. The Terminator was going to become real, and have babies.

The team, led by Harry Griffin and Ian Wilmut at the Roslin Institute near Edinburgh was especially of interest to them, and they spied on it constantly, as they did their corporate partner, PPL Therapeutics. As late as 1997, they were publicly proclaiming that "it could be 10 years before it is realistic" to conduct human genetic engineering experiments, even then coming under fire from the Union of Concerned Scientists, the American Society for Reproductive Medicine, the Boston University School of Public Health, and others. Even then, it took a team of Scots and 277 cloned embryos to produce one living cloned lamb. At Shiprock, they could clone any human being at will perfectly, and introduce genetic changes to the embryo in a predictable fashion, as easily as cooking spaghetti.

With the new Reich, science worked hand in hand with politics. While Gorgette Mosbacher was writing about the 5 Ds of life as divorce, death, disability, downsizing, and debt, they were preparing a new Constitution for the Fourth Reich with its own 5 Ds: Disarmament, Disintegration, Decimation, Decoupling, and Discipline. Or maybe it was Degeneracy, Dechristianization, Debiblicalization mixed in

there somewhere. In the new Reich, only government agents could have guns, physical and genetic. The government owned the means of reproduction. The government decided the genetic composition of all citizens and subjects. Only members of the master race could be citizens and vote, at least for anything that mattered.

Knowing the great explosive danger of trying to keep people who happen to have different racial makeup from falling in love and having sex, the new Reich would simply separate sex from reproduction. Loving someone and having sex with him or her didn't give them a promotion from subject to citizen. By encouraging sexual promiscuity and pornography, marriages could be prevented, weakened, made to last less long, and eventually outlawed. The old danger of a handsome, virile Nubian male working on a plantation with several willing white women, and playing them off for all ends against the middle, was eliminated by encouraging the male to have orgies with the women, if he could get a turn after all their lesbian lovemaking, encouraged by the Reich, and the homosexual lovemaking with white and black males, also encouraged by the Reich.

The homosexual rumors about Nazi soldiers and officers weren't rumors, even though their own regime put homosexuals into concentration camps. The Fourth Reich was already peeking its head into the Third. Every male that spilled his semen on the ground instead of into a fertile woman's womb was helping the cause already. Third World countries, where primitive, often Afro women, regularly had a dozen children starting at age 15, would love the anti-Afro mass-killer viruses they had waiting in refrigerators.

One might wonder how viruses that only kill Afros can be possible, or effective? Aren't many whites, in America and around the world, afflicted with some Afro in their recent family tree? Aren't some black-skinned people quite superior intellectually, even in a predominantly white-skinned world?

The answer to them was that they had to exterminate billions to clear the way for the new Reich, and using skin color genes as a crude filter had a reward far exceeding the

risks. The genes for skin color are few and a virus that is passed from skin to skin can be devastatingly effective if it is programmed to kill those with certain skin color genes and not harm others. Once unleashed on the surface, humanity would wake up with the realization that his black-skinned brothers and sisters were history, and might best be preserving some of their skin in museums for future generations of wide-eyed gawkers. The black-skinned part of the human race could vanish and the rest of the world go on easily, not vice-versa. In genetic engineering terms, this was called a first-order gene filter; it didn't kill everybody they wanted, but almost everybody it did kill they wanted killed anyway.

The initial shock at losing black superstar athletes and entertainers would soon give way to greed, as entire areas once overrun with their less gifted relatives now lay open and fallow, ready for the survivors to move in and grab, like the old Oklahoma land rushes. The ending of the population explosion overnight would also bring such a sigh of relief among so many, including environmentalists and high-level politicians, that many would work hard to portray it as a judgment of God, or an inevitable evolution of history, or at most look for a few scapegoats to blame it on, not really wanting to punish anybody. The Fourth Reich would enter the flock of lambs like a lion in lamb's clothing. Less lambs are just less lambs as long as they are not frightened lambs, much less angry, enraged lambs.

Microsoft was funding the Shiprockers now, along with Ford. Microsoft was indeed the Ford of the information age, thought of itself as such. The founders, Bill Gates and Henry Ford, were both made by the Shiprockers. Their program went back to the 19th century, and the early days of Darwinism, and some rich men in San Francisco. They had just finished watching the American Civil War from their vantage point out West, and were deeply disturbed by its outcome and implications. Their biological sophistication was nil, but their belief in a master race, and their simultaneous dumping of the ideals of Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, and Paine, was absolute.

It was they who foresaw that serious research into the

engineering and implementation of a master race would meet with a total war attitude if done openly, so they had sent the scouts out all over the American West looking for the ideal location for a secret base that could last for centuries, finally settling on the Navajo lands near the Painted Desert, and creating the Shiprock underground center after discovering natural caverns in them and bringing in mining equipment via San Francisco. They used slave Indian labor to do much of the work, then exterminated them to keep their secret safe. Their bones would only make it easier for them to get the area declared as a sacred burial ground, giving them further protection from prying eyes.

Chapter 42

Above ground, in her bedroom, Lori wept.

Back in the 19th century, American Indians were on the run from the U.S. military, and the crass, super-racist white population. Her own people had suffered from a terrible forced march, as had other tribes, such as the Cherokees. Nobody complained about the Americans setting up permanent concentration camps back then, she grumped. Now the number of Navajos and Apaches was miniscule, and the isolation of these barren lands ideal. There were less than a million American Indians left in America itself, she remembered reading somewhere. A drop in the bucket. So the Shiprockers would feel right at home here, a wolf in sheep's clothing hidden in the flock.

But she had to concentrate, get back into Dr. Th's mind.

Chapter 43

The work of great scientific minds such as Luther Burbank was tapped by the Shiprock scientists at first, and simple but fairly effective methods of selective breeding helped create a small sample of a master race that had great longevity and surprising physical and mental fitness, all by

the early 20th century. It was they who discovered the lightbulb, the diode and triode vacuum tubes first, even transistors and computers. And long before that, factory automation of the Ford kind. It was easy for them to invent the last item, since they were already planning factory automation of human beings, she clucked.

While the abovers think that the relationship between genes and proteins was first proposed in 1909 by British physician Archibald Garrod, they had discovered this, and much more, by the late 1870s. That four types of nucleic acids are used in genes to transcribe to the 20 different amino acids in proteins was known by them before 1900, and they didn't need to study black urine to do it.

They were highly theoretically oriented, pioneering automatic calculator theory and programming before IBM. They didn't create IBM, but inadvertently gave it an initial push when they tried to manipulate the U.S. Census Bureau so that they could keep track of the 'score' in America. They accelerated without any break for over a hundred years, the same nine lead researchers there from the start to this day.

They made Henry Ford, feeding him the key ideas after first breaking him by insuring his business failure well into his forties, then offering him a devil's bargain, insuring a huge funding source ever since. Ford was infested with the Christianity bug, however, and couldn't be trusted with all the details of their plans, but he was led to believe that their eugenics program was the only hope mankind had, and he secretly funded the Shiprockers for decades.

They benefitted greatly by the phenomenal success of the Ku Klux Klan in America up through the 1920s, when it kind of fell apart from its weight when Hollywood exposes made it look silly, with not enough cahones to imitate Hitler, and aping political principles which could be twisted in their hands to seem to denounce them instead. With king kikes controlling the Federal Reserve Bank and positioning their man Roosevelt to take over America, and basically rewrite the Constitution in 100 days with their help, after a Depression they couldn't be proved to cause turned half of America to turn into white trash overnight, the KKK had had

it.

The discovery of the double helix in the early 30s set the research into an explosive growth, nearing final completion as the 21st century dawned.

The Shiprockers responded to Roosevelt by giving Hitler the Superman Diary, which was a partial summation of their research results, withholding key scientific discoveries, and substituting instead a kind of pagan mysticism dressed up as science which proved wildly popular with Hitler and his followers. He was instructed to keep it top secret from anybody except himself, and followed orders like a good soldier. It also insured that the Nazis would always need the Shiprockers if they did win. That they didn't was too bad, but not all that harmful to their program, which would have required the extermination of the Nazis later anyway.

Chapter 44

Her psychic link snapped. She couldn't get it back now, after trying several times. Had they found out and shut it down? No matter, she would figure out the rest on her own.

What role did Roosevelt play in the conspiracy, Lori asked herself. He was the Jews' front man in America, a natural way for this tiny minority to use America in an understandable reaction to Hitler. The latter had always railed against the International Jewish Conspiracy, with its backbone of Jewish bankers like the Rothschilds; just who an ambitious American politician would want to back them up. She remembered the many exposes of the Pearl Harbor affair as being deliberately manipulated by Roosevelt to railroad an isolationist America into the war. A day that would live in infamy, and all that jazz, she clucked to herself. Who wrote that speech? Why did America not just declare war on Japan but stay neutral with respect to Germany? Because they had the excuse they needed to get Hitler, to join the implacable Churchill, also a Jewish front she had heard many times.

Charles Lindbergh and his isolationist movement didn't have a chance after that. People rushed to enlist in droves. Once in the military, an American had no more civil rights, no more right to think for himself, he just took orders given from on high. He was fighting for freedom. That was a potent slogan. They didn't hesitate to over-use it, chuckle. What a way to reduce an American to a robot who kills in the most horrible way, without any conscience, like the Terminator. The act of joining the military was irrevocable until they had no more use for you and "discharged" you. Yet the Jews weren't manipulating Hitler's side, right? They just wanted to live, wanted to give, to be a miner for a heart of gold. Oh oh, the music got into her thinking again. Neil Young this time.

What role did Charles Lindbergh play in the conspiracy, Lori asked herself. He was a basically non-educated country boy, born in Detroit, Michigan in 1902. Detroit, the home of Ford. His parents separated and he grew up with his mama, an only child. He got lucky and became the biggest popular hero in America, so any conspiracy bent on controlling America would have started right in on manipulating him immediately. When his child, that he had with wife Anne Morrow, was kidnapped right out of his home, and found dead near his house after a ransom demand, it seemed interesting to Lori that one Bruno Hauptmann was the one chosen to frame for it. A German?

Was this an attempt to frame Germans on it and make him anti-German? A warning what would happen if he didn't support the Germans? Lindbergh was the leader of America's isolationist movement, trying to keep America from fighting Nazis, from enlisting and becoming robots. Wasn't WWII "Europe's War"? Why did we think we had a right to butt in? Didn't we get sore at the Hessians coming over here during the American Revolution and butting in? Didn't George Washington warn against getting America into foreign entanglements and wars? Why didn't his cause win hands down with his fellow Americans? Hitler never had any plans to invade America. He would have stopped at Europe. They could have worked something out. Maybe got safe passage for Jews, if that was the big issue. America had its anti-Semitism, but face it, it was the most tolerant country

on Earth, towards them and everybody else. There could have been some kind of decent peace without umpteen millions killed.

But Lindbergh goofed up. He is supposed to have made at least one anti-Semitic speech at some rally, which the press jumped on to discredit him. He was neutralized after Hollywood pumped up the jam and force-fed anti-Nazi propaganda to America by the truckload long enough to wait for Pearl Harbor to get them over the top.

Why was Churchill so implacable towards the Nazis himself? Hitler's Mein Kampf as good as said that he would gladly leave England alone and let it manage its worldwide empire, if it would leave him alone and have mainland Europe. It was something about the master race thing, the eugenics thing. It made some people go totally off the dial. That could not have been lost on the Shiprockers.

What was Ford doing all this time? Backing Lindbergh? Probably. Openly or secretly, it didn't matter. He was losing the war to keep America out of the war. But unlike Lindy, he had an empire to protect. That would eventually come first.

Lori didn't 'get' it again. Oh yes she did. Here's the Shiprockers here in America, trying to get America to accept eugenics and failing, then trying to get Germany to accept it, and succeeding. Only now the Jews start using America, Britain, and everybody else they can get to fight Germany, not to a truce but to the death, and they can't stop it. If Hitler lost, they had to keep their options open. So, they had to keep their main source of funding, didn't they? Aha, thought Lori. Henry Ford again.

At first an isolationist, like Charles Lindbergh and his America First movement, and suspicious of Jewish influence in America, if not outright anti-Semitic, Henry Ford, seeing the manipulation of public opinion by Hollywood, combined with the Japanese Pearl Harbor attack, and the Congressional declaration of war, reluctantly turned his industrial machine into war production, helping helped America fight the Nazis, and making nice profits besides building tanks

and other armaments. This caused Ford and his corporation to survive the war in style, while continually funding the Shiprockers secretly. Maybe the Shiprockers themselves talked Ford into this. Only they could play all sides against the middle all the way through. Her hat was off to them.

The latter had by now cut the Nazis loose, and had decided to go back to making America the number one platform for their takeover of the world. But not right away, no. They'd need another 50, 75, 100 years. And this time maybe they'd cut the Jews into the deal? Made sense, Lori clucked. They had proved their right to be players in the next round. Split the world between them. Or at least some of them. Which? The ones that ran Hollywood? Now what would be the main opposition to their plans? Jews? No, the Christians! They'd have to weaken Christianity in America to prepare the way. Jews naturally didn't mind doing that, chuckle, if only from inter-religious rivalry, an enemy of my enemy is my friend, chuckle.

The way to sell this to the leaders of the Jews would be to propose a secular America, and a secular one-world government, where they would wield disproportionate power with respect to their numbers, so that the majority of non-Jews would not rule, that is, rule them out of the game.

The U.N., in a nutshell. Working together with Hollywood.

The Shiprockers wanted all religion abolished, Jewish and Christian included. A person could still be a Jew even when he gave up religion. A Christian couldn't. By default, that left the Jews a leg up in the new world order, though, didn't it?

But what about Communism? Hadn't she heard that it was literally started by Jews, beginning with Karl Marx? What about the infamous Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion? The Zionist movement? Yet, she also heard of pogroms in the Soviet Union backed by the communist government, and the Tsarist government before that.

Naw, she clucked, that's a dead end, sour grapes. To a

Shiprockers, all people were just mongrels with bad genes, and the thoughts they lived by were as expendable as them. It was about gaining control, the means to the end. They'd have to get power they didn't have, from those who had it and could be persuaded or tricked into giving it to them. Once they had it, it would be a whole new world, and the old labels themselves would become obsolete, wouldn't apply anymore. Yes, their deal with Jews was one of dreams of power, no more. Power corrupts even Jews. Without the Shiprockers, maybe the Jews were actually doomed. After all, the West could lapse back into a Christian Age, and then they've had it. Not only the West, the East. All those former satellites of the Soviet Union. Mother Russia herself. They wouldn't want that, no way no how.

At least Communism held Christianity in check. Communism proved to not work as well as American capitalism after a multi-decade trial period, so that was the Jews' own attempt to play both ends against the middle and survive. The Shiprockers topped them, having the trump card to play in the last hand. No wonder that Jews like Roy Cohn jumped on the anti-communist bandwagon in America so fast. As long as the anti-Semitic forces in America could be kept in check, say, with a protracted cold war with what was left of the communist world, they would have time to guide the ship into the 21st century, one free of Nazism, pogroms, and all that. Fifty years of Hollywood world propaganda would do that trick. If there weren't a real Arnold to trot out as a superstar, they would have had to invent him themselves, chuckle.

The Jews weren't the bad guys, she realized. They just don't want another 2,000 years of pogroms. They'd want a whole new world order without labels. Not run on hate, just like Arnold said. Anti-semitism made her sick, made everybody sick. All hate groups really just hate themselves. They hate the fact that they are part of a human species that can freely interbreed with or without their permission, so they pretend their permission is needed, and get into a vortex of power trips that ends up in war and the destruction of everything they love.

What kills hate faster than anything? Sex. Hedonistic,

orgiastic, Studio 54 style sex. Sex without the fear of, or need for reproduction. The new order would take care of reproduction, not you, so what is there to hate? You couldn't hate people that weren't your own kind, if nobody had their own kind anymore. The government would decide what your children looked like, not you. If you had any children, which you didn't need to. So go have some sex and drop that hate crap. If it could only be so easy, Lori sighed. Say, 99 percent of the human population lived like this, and 1 percent were supermen, genetically designed to rule the rest? Could work, she agreed. If they went Hollywood and were accepted as stars.

What about getting rid of religion, especially Christianity?, she asked herself. That one wouldn't be too popular with the Christians that still believed in the stuff. She was immune. Too much Navajo pagan/heathen in her, chuckle. She guessed they weren't against them believing in or practicing it, just in taking it too seriously, and having the power to put it into practice, she guessed. The power to stage or sanction pogroms, or look the other way, followed all too easily. More day-to-day details, like having porno on public airwaves and the Net, and homosexual marriages sanctioned by the government, that was another reason for taking all government power away from that lobby. Just so they didn't trigger a revolt, they'd move the Christians along like cattle down the trail, the new future age of secularism. Meanwhile, the Shiprockers would add in a little eugenics, and all would be well. Look at all the brouhaha the Christians raise about every tiny little new thing that was pushed on them since WWII, starting with rock music. Warning labels on rock music really work, she chuckled. Make kids want to buy it more.

Chapter 45

What really happened since WWII?, Lori asked herself.

Her mother had her, of course. Her own little life was insignificant, in an out-of-the-way corner of nowhere, on a planet that was the stage for great events. So safe,

here on the Rez. Ironically, once the scene of gringo military oppression, forced marches, and still the benign ever-present hand of the Great White Father of Washington -- this became, during the world's most dangerous time, one of the safest spots to live in. That's why they built the atomic bomb near here; the power to end the world itself.

After WWII ended, in the resultant confusion, when millions of undocumented people, many of them Jews and German scientists, were snuck into America by the authorities, the Shiprockers and Jews both increased their own control of America; and the former, or both maybe, put themselves in the position of owning and controlling the neo-Nazi movement in America to boot, to insure it would never rise again.

Never again, that was the Jewish slogan, right. Not that the Jews even knew that the Shiprockers existed. The real Nazis went to South America, where they were kept isolated and neutralized until they died of old age, from natural or unnatural causes. That ruse kept the Jewish Nazi hunters, allied with the American government, so busy that they never even suspected that Hitler's father lived not too far from Los Angeles and Las Vegas, in Navajo land, and was conspiring with Hollywood to make their own dreams come true all along.

The forecast for the future of humanity above ground was always 'mostly cloudy'. In Shiprock's recesses, the forecast was bright.

The abovers discovering and developing computers on their own, propelled over the top by WWII funding, the Shiprockers responded by feeding Bill Gates' genetic code into his mother's very womb, then feeding him with the information, ideas, and business connections, all the way, to create a monopoly and thus give them the ability to control it all. Publicly Gates had no political views, privately he was a true believer, and a secret tour of Shiprock, along with a chance to meet his real parents, made him their main front man in America ever since. Not that Lori had any proof of it, but her imagination supplied the details for now, to keep her going.

He was an ideal front man, that Bill Gates. The Christians

would have called him the Antichrist. Through their control of political events, they had managed to divert the minds of Antichrist-hunters to the Middle East, and particularly Saddam Hussein, who was actually a straw man. Few understood that it was the computer and the Net itself that were the Beast. As of early 1999, Iraq didn't even have access to the Net. Russia had more access to it than they did. Iraq was a ruins, poured over by the American military for any signs of threat.

Meanwhile, the Shiprockers rocked. It was obvious to them that the Antichrist, even if he existed, would have to arise in America not the Middle East, as America could only be taken over from within, and, once under control, could take over the world with a little luck and a lot of planning. So, they delighted in putting America in the position of needing the U.N. to fight Middle East dictators. Even rabid America Firsters backed it when it okayed the bombing of Iraq or Iran.

Above all, the Shiprockers had complete freedom to operate and manipulate world affairs because they were invisible, and had to make people believe they didn't, couldn't exist, yet everybody believed in them implicitly. Being so invisible, they were above all law, above right and wrong. What did Nietzsche say about the Superman? Bingo-boingo.

They simply palmed themselves off as Satan, the Devil, the Other Voice when convenient, and people of all ranks in life willingly sold their souls to them when asked, then didn't pry further into their operations, location, or inner structure, and indeed would consider it sacreligious to their God to do so. The Christians had set them all up for that sucker punch, and they didn't mind working it to the hilt. Being located in sacred grounds which were off-limits to everybody but Navajos helped.

Things were cooking fine as of summer of '98, when Lori called up their Brown Sugar front web site on Arnold's birthday. They had slackened the security front-end to let subconscious master race sympathizers hack in, thinking they could manipulate their minds for future projects, and that was how Lori got lucky. She had been trying to hack into it

for weeks before, and had no success because without their slacking of security the site was unhackable. Lori's elite hacker connections got in with her, and many lost their lives when they hacked into the Hilter Superman Diary, even though they could never decrypt it because of their ignorance of Navajo.

Chapter 46

Little Lori up above in the Rez was in a spirit trance, homing in on them, by an amazing coincidence, just at this point, as has been described. For the Shiprockers had been flirting with the minds of neo-Nazis through the Net, not because they didn't intend to exterminate most of them eventually too, but to use them in ways best kept to the imagination. (Do you have any? Imagine then.)

And, while they had many levels of security, they had thought that knowledge of the Navajo language would be an impenetrable roadblock to all. They considered Navajos to be indigenous savages that could be totally ignored as innocuous. Back in WWII their total numbers amounted to only fifty thousand. Non-Navajos who could speak Navajo could be counted on one hand. Up until the 1990s they didn't even have running water, electricity, telephone service, television, or computers. What threat could they pose to the future rulers of the world?

The U.N., United Nations. What is its true purpose? Okay, she asked herself, the United Nations of what or whom? Of America? Of the Shiprockers? Of supermen? Lori got in over her head again, and hit a brick. She was doing good to be this smart, and was proud of herself, proud of being her own boss in the world of world-thought. Not that she'd publish any of this crap from her notes. She wasn't a journalist. Nor a martyr. It might cause repercussions, retaliation, and she wasn't interested in a political career anyway. In 20 years, though, she could change her mind, so why not be ready? She clucked at being America's Golda Meir, the first American Indian Female Bisexual President. Or at least Bisexual-Curious.

A sudden thought shocked her. What if they had created the Brown Sugar web site specifically to close the last potential gap in their security, namely, people on the Rez like her? Then they would win, after all.

She passed out. Her brain was wrung out like a sponge.

Chapter 47

Lori spent half the night in a deep dream. She was, all along, a trusted regular on the TV show 'Star Trek'. It wasn't a TV show really, it was real. She was an old, but still kicking, ship's engineer -- Scotty. He was fat and had gray thinning hair, but he could still prove his worth. He would prove that his young stacked girlfriend was really an alien in a conspiracy against the Federation. Her face in his closet hiding... A long high corridor in the engineering deck... Captain Kirk backed him up, never gave up hope until the telltale blast on the ship's hull proved Scotty loyal and true... and right.

Scotty was right. There was a conspiracy. One buried deep under their very feet. It was insidious. Only the old, wise, loyal, and true, at the very highest levels, could stop it.

She woke up frantically masturbating.

Lori had by now lost track of time. What time is it? What day of the week? What month? What season? What year? She might not be able to answer without asking her computer, and might have thought the computer was in a conspiracy to lie to her when it told her.

Whose thoughts are these? Lori's? Or supermen? Aided by search engine-aided Net research, she was jacked into a spirit trance state now all the time, and, once she had formed the above thoughts, she didn't know whether they were real, revealed, or totally made-up. She didn't think she had such a great imagination, but there it was. The world's

real Neuromancer, William Gibson would be green with envy. Talk about stealing industrial secrets.

Still, she didn't know if she had proved anything just by imagining it, even if she were remote-imaging it, however computer-aided. Computers aided research finding truth, but also aided kooks making things up. Was she a kook? She didn't want to be, honest. She just wanted to know the truth about all this conspiracy shit.

Shiprock was the acid test of it all.

Here it came on the radio now, "when I lay me down to die, going up to the Spirit in the Sky." That heavy guitar riff gave her strength again. Thank you, mister deejay.

She hadn't been to Shiprock in years, and never saw any signs of an underground complex. She didn't see how real people could have names like Winston Thundersky, Marilou Lobo, and Kaelin Kachina. Surely, Kato Kaelin was where she got that last name, along with her own love of kachina dolls. The latter, more properly called Kat'sinas, are Hopi inventions. Some Navajos make copies to sell to dumb tourists, that's all.

That music gave her strength again. Wait. Rock music. The Jews were behind that too, American Jews. Both in front of and behind the scenes. Of course. Elvis. Bob Dylan. The Beatles. The British invasion. Norman Greenbaum. The very idea of decadizing history let them make a virtue out of tinkering with society. Why not?

Or was it the Shiprockers? How could they be behind rock music? A lucky coincidence for them? Wagner was great for their purposes then, not their purposes now. Germany was a country full of supermen, America a country full of melting pot kids. If Hitler had won, they'd all be speaking German and listening to music about Valkyries. A whole different tack would be needed with them now. In the meantime, rock music kept them from becoming good Nazis. The Jews just wanted to be on the side that's winning, like Dylan said.

Wouldn't you know it? She noticed that that Dylan song was

playing now, and she just pulled the phrase out of the air at the time.

That rock music causes gringos to want to drop their pants for anybody, Jews, Afros, anybody. Drop their pants or panties, chuckle. They literally go to a dance floor and shake their organs into a froth, and the pants become expendable. It is a factor in the equation of power itself. Whoever can control that power can rule the world.

But then, maybe all her thoughts were just injected into her mind by the music. She used the Net only to back up the thoughts she had already caught off the radio. Why then didn't everybody 'get' it, only her? Because she had the missing link in her laptop?

She tried an experiment, waiting to hear what song would be played next. "Urgent, so urgent... how urgent our love can be... Urgent urgent urgent. Emergency."

Now that didn't fit into her thoughts, did it? Yes, it did. It did all too much. She was a radio puppet.

She had now come to question her own existence, her own roots, heredity, education, religion, philosophy, politics, sexuality, everything. It was about this time that she began to have urgent lesbian thoughts about her mama, which she could still see, in her mind's eye, laying there nude, being enjoyed by two men, neither of whom seemed to know what eating pussy was like to give or receive. What was wrong with two women, even in the same family, even mother and daughter, enjoying it? Who could say it was wrong?

Wrong. The word was intellectually bankrupt in a world invaded by so many strange assholes trying to tell them what to do and think. Only love was real, was right. Love as a path to guide her couldn't go wrong. Nobody loved her except her mama, and she loved nobody back now except her mama.

She didn't even know who her father was. Mama probably didn't either. She was a rape child, she thought. She hated men. Hated them all the more for loving her. For

loving mama.

Paco never returned, never sent word, never communicated. Maybe he never would. Perhaps he was dead. Served him right for abandoning her, while taking her guts with him for the ride, and stringing them along the route like bait for coyotes to munch on. So what. The boys of summer are gone. See if she cares.

Men didn't have hearts. Just dicks. The thought through the head of their dicks. Their snakes. Their serpents. Their evil serpents. She had actually kissed an evil serpent and liked it.

Chapter 48

Maybe her entire fantasy about the Shiprockers was just hatred of Paco and his serpent in disguise, she mused. Was it an amazing coincidence that she alone discovered the Shiprockers, or just an amazing imagination that invented them? They didn't exist. Couldn't exist.

Others far more knowledgeable and powerful than she would have long since nuked them. Or dragged them out to Israel for some kind of public trial in a bulletproof plexiglass cage, and executed them on trumped-up charges. Unless the Jews were in it with them, the Zionist conspiracy among the Jews anyway. There she goes again, she thought to herself. "Doo doo doo doo and out my back door," went the radio, right on cue. Her life hit rock bottom, wasn't worth living like it was. She had to make changes now.

Maybe she wasn't real, and didn't exist. Maybe she was one of the three in her alleged dream of Shiprock, dreaming they were her. If they were a master race and she of an inferior one, why was she so smart? The acid test of reality was getting out of her damned room and doing something real, something of the flesh and blood. But she was just plain too scared to go to Shiprock and camp out and hike around, fearing she'd be just another crime statistic, or UFO alien abduction story, and the great research would end like a

cockroach being stomped on. No, her power was in her isolation and anonymity here in her bedroom. If her research had flaws, gaps, then the cure was more research, not a dangerous hike among the wolves themselves. Play to your strengths, she told herself. Don't play to theirs.

But first things first. It was urgent. An emergency.

The night was young, and she wanted to get her mama alone and seduce her or die.

Part 7. The Kennedy Pact and the Planet Hollywood Plan

Chapter 49

She got up on her feet on the bed, looking at herself in the mirror, naked except for crotchless panties. Jumping up and down, she shadow-boxed, her big jugs flopping around wildly. She remembered Barbra Streisand in that movie with Ryan O'Neal. She had better jugs than Farrah Fawcett, but the latter had movie star teeth. And was a gringo. Barbra was a Jew, and that big nose made her look like a goon, so she didn't see how Ryan would want her if she weren't rich. She was probably a dyke, she decided.

She held her dukes up to the mirror menacingly, half wishing Mr. Brunell would poke his head in so she could knock him in the jaw. Pow. One punch knockout in round one. It would actually be a two-hit fight: she'd hit him, and he'd hit the floor. If only she didn't hit like a girl. She'd use the hammer, now safely stored in her bed where she could get to it.

If she only had the strength of 100 men, like Xena the Warrior Princess. She had dark hair and blue eyes. She heard her real hair color was blonde, and she used dye. The scenes on TV where she would beat up ten men at the same time made her roll on the floor with delight and laughter. If only eugenics could do that for real, for every woman. Her sidekick and friend Gabrielle was also blonde and blue, or least green. They teased the audience with their

sleeping habits. Everybody knew they were really lez. They were America's number one married lez couple, like Ozzie and Harriet used to be for gringo heteros. When would the TV break loose from the remaining Christian control and let them have sex scenes?

She looked in the mirror, seeing how small and weak she really was, and remembering her muchacho Paco. He could kick Xena's ass with one hand tied behind his back. It was all just cheap theatrics and trick photography, jeesh. Get real. Lucy Lawless was not lez, she was as hetero as she was. Just married the male producer or something, she had heard. She was at the most bi-curious, but then, what red-blooded sexy female wasn't?

She looked in the mirror again.

There was Paco, in a mortal duel with Arnold. He had a long-barreled silencer on Arnold, after he crashed his arm through a plate glass window to get the drop on him. Arnold was in a restaurant with Maria. No, he was at home, with Maria on the couch. She jumped up, and held her hands to her mouth, to stifle the shrieks.

Arnold grabbed the silencer barrel before Paco could fire, and forced it up toward the ceiling, with one hand. Just as he was about to get the other hand on it, and wrest it away completely, Paco kicked in him the groin, and Arnold doubled over, while the gun fell at their feet. Arnold looked down, then looked up cagily in Paco's eyes. Who was quicker? They both jumped simultaneously.

After a scuffle, the two were wrestling around the living room, moving furniture and breaking things. Paco had the better of Arnold, since he was a genuine Indian wrestler, and outweighed Arnold by a hundred pounds. But Arnold had great arm strength, and gave Paco a hard right cross to the jaw, causing him to throw his head away in surprise, then, when he threw it back, another hard punch, right on the point of the jaw. Paco let go and his head went down, as if he were knocked out, one hand slowly and tenderly feeling his jaw over.

Arnold got up and slowly, warily, sized up his conquest. He gave him a big polka barrel kick, his arms flying up in the air as he did so. Paco rolled over away from Arnold, looking for cover.

Arnold started to kick him again, but Paco flipped over as fast as a snake, and grabbed his boot with both hands, causing it to become suspended in mid-air. Now Arnold tried to get loose, and couldn't. Hopping on the free leg, he tried squirming and twisting the leg out of Paco's grip, but Paco was moving in on Arnold, using the leg to pull himself in, and got up to his crotch. Paco looked Arnold in the eyes, in the dark eyes. Ocho y ocho. Mano y mano. Then Paco's eyes began slowly moving down, down, down there.

Arnold froze. Paco slowly reached out and felt for his balls, then began massaging them lovingly, right through his motorcycle leather pants like he wore in T2, after stealing them in that biker bar, which he originally entered nude. Yes, the waitress saw his dick, and it must have been pretty good size, or else how explain her delightful reaction? Naw, she was a paid actress, and it was all phony. She probably never really saw his dick. He either had a body double in that scene, or else he was wearing a jockstrap. Back to the mirror.

Arnold put his leg down, and sidled up to Paco bow-legged, like a cowboy, his hands going down onto his belt at the sides, looping his fingers in it and swinging his hips around back and forth provocatively. Paco began undoing Arnold's belt, and unzipping his fly, then fishing into the fly for trout. Soon, Paco was blowing Arnold.

His dick was a short but thick vienna sausage. Maria screamed bloody murder.

Lori then tried to imagine a similar scene where she had a cat fight with Maria, and ended up eating her. Somehow, although she was now thinking of herself as bisexual, Maria didn't do anything for her. She probably had one of those cunts that nobody wanted to eat. If she had to eat it, it might cure her, and she'd be totally heterosexual again. She tried imagining Arnold blowing Paco, and dropped the

thought in frustration. Could't imagine it. Couldn't share her man with anyone. Ditto an attempt to imagine Paco and Maria getting it on. Not when she was alive.

Chapter 50

She wanted to be a reporter. Yes, that was what was really eating her. Why couldn't she work her way up, starting with the Navajo papers, and one day become the Navajo Maria Shriver? Why not out-Maria Maria, move to New York or Los Angeles and be the number one reporter in America, the anchor of the nightly news on the number one network? Paco would return then, that's no shit.

How much would she make? One, two, three, five million a year? Could she win Arnold away from Maria just for sport, tossing him to Paco? She wondered if Arnold were bisexual, and did it with Lou Ferrigno, or Sylvester Stallone, or just who did he do it with? Young boys? Is that why he wanted to be on the President's Council for Physical Fitness? To get young boys? Like Michael Jackson? One white glove, symbolizing his love for young white dick? One hand black, one hand white; one dick black, one dick white; ebony and ivory, and all that? Her mind was wandering now, even she could see that; Arnold was white, as white as snow. Heavily suntanned, maybe over-tanned. Where did she see the quote about him looking like a big brown condom stuffed with walnuts?

"I'll be baack!" she pictured him saying, "and really blow you good!"

No, he wasn't bisexual. He was asexual. He just had sex for reproduction, not because he needed it. Remember, he considered a pump better than an orgasm.

Speaking of bisexual, she had a date with her mama's cunt, and she meant to keep it.

Chapter 51

Halfway out the door, dressed in her crotchless panties, she had a cow. Didn't the Mexican government treat the Nazis in a friendly manner, and stay neutral? Didn't the Nazis, after they were forced to flee Europe, head straight south to Hispanic countries like Argentina and Brazil, finding refuge? Didn't many Latin Americans, and their leaders, admire Nazism, and Hitler. Maybe mama was in it with them. Maybe she like to wear Nazi officer coats and hats with deaths heads on them while sitting naked with only a pair of hose and garters, and big, big high heels, and a whip, and make Jewish prisoners eat her or fuck her? Why was her own clan brother Mike humping her? Who was Ralphie anyway? How pure was mama's Navajo blood anyway? She always said she was proud to be of some Hispanic extraction, and cherished Hispanic culture along with Navajo. That was unusual, but nobody seemed to mention it. Maybe she was a Rez front woman for the Shiprockers. How else could she explain not being bumped off like her hacker friends had been? They were leaving her alone on purpose. Why? Was Paco one of them, or was he an innocent who they had bumped off when he became a threat? What were they putting in her food?

She slammed her door back closed and locked it, terrified.

She opened it up again.

Just as she had thought she had seen, there on the floor outside her door was a tray with her dinner, covered with a big white napkin, like in a hotel. She took it, and locked the door again.

It was a cold but very tempting meal of her favorite things, with a couple of cans of Milwaukee's Best Light. She opened a can and sipped. She'd think about eating the food, but didn't touch any now.

Back to her one true remaining love. Her laptop.

First she went to her window, threw the curtains aside, opened it up, and brazenly stood there, pulling her cunt lips out and washing them with some of the beer.

She was not afraid of anything in that direction now. In fact, she hoped she was performing for some kind of audience. She was that lonely.

She still didn't 'get' the whole Kennedy thing. Was that the magic key she still needed to open up the magic box? Kennedy, Canady, Canada, Cunt, Kant, Cohen, Cahn, Kike. Kike in There. Cannot Die. Can a Day?

"She can hear the music at night... looking to the East." The guitar riffs, the honkey tonk piano, the jazz in the rock. The jizz in the rock. The jizz in her crack.

China girl? Did she hear China girl? No, it was China grove wasn't it. That chuka-chuka part of the song. They had to have that in there, didn't they?

She was young, but she remembered those go-go dancers in Tucson. What was she doing in there when she was so young? Mama had taken her there. Did mama work there? She had blanked all that out. Mama used to be a go-go dancer, living off the Rez. Doing tricks too? She would have been too young to know if she were. That was back when grandma was still alive, and lived in this hogan. When they all travelled in a pickup truck, grandma and grandpa would always sit in the back covered with a blanket so that she and mama could sit in the cab. She sacrificed so much for them, grandma did. A lot of Navajo grandparents did. A lot of pickups had grandparents in the bed, covered with Navajo blankets. Grandma was all Navajo, she thought.

Face it, mama was a slut. She was a son of a bitch with a cunt. A bitch. A female dog. A female coyote. Mama was a human coyote hybrid.

But what was Jackie Kennedy if not a slut? A high priced slut? Mama was the Jackie Kennedy of the Rez.

"When she gets there, if the stores are all closed.." That song again. Why was it playing again just now? Buying a stairway to heaven. There was a sign on the wall, but she wants to be sure, because you know sometimes words have two

meanings. In the tree by the brook there's a songbird who sings, sometimes all our thoughts are misgiven. Misgiven? Misgivings? Mistaken? Misbegotten? Oh it makes me wonder.

Jack Kennedy got his head shot off in Dallas, Texas. Not Navajo country, but disturbingly close. Did the Shiprockers do it? Ship. Rock. Rock music. Ship. Chip. Chip off the old block. A new day will dawn for those who stay long, and the forests will echo with laughter?

Who are the Led Zeppelin anyway? Led Zeppelin. German ship. Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa. Yes there are two paths you can go by, but in the long run, there's still time to change the road you're on.

The Zeppelin catastrophe. Back in the 1930s. Did the Shiprockers cause that one too? Dear lady can you hear the wind blow, and did you know, your stairway lies on the whispering wind? Whispering wind. The wind in the window? The winds on the Net? Help me, mama.

Joe Kennedy. A bootlegger. Of beer? Beer cans? Of course, she thought. Of beer cans. Can a day. She lived at an elevation of 5,000 feet. Water runs downhill. So does beer.

She started masturbating in the window like a maniac, using the half-full beer can, forcing it up her vagina and frigging it in and out as the Led Zeppelin singer shrieked on. Her vagina readily stretched, as if she were having a baby. She came and came and came and came. She cried. Her tears dried. She was happy. Superior. Self-sufficient. Calm again.

Chapter 52

The music stopped. She pulled the can out of her vagina and tossed it out the window like rubbish. She didn't need anybody after all. She was not a child. She was an adult, capable of self-sufficiency, long after mama was gone.

She wished she had some reefer just then, and stopped to forage around for some. None. Another can of beer waited though. She picked it up and popped it open, drank lustily, the sharp taste just bad enough to be great.

She wished a big wild coyote would pop his head through that window and lick her out, or fuck her. No such luck. Maybe next time.

She shut the window, but left the curtains open. Back to the bed, sitting with the laptop between her legs, her vagina exposed, her big jugs cold and hard and proudly dangling in view, illuminated by the monitor.

When the Zeppelin burned up on world newsreels, the German zeppelin industry was ruined. She had read about that scandal once. The whole thing was actually America's fault. They had the world's only helium production facilities, and refused to give them helium, forcing them to use flammable hydrogen. When the Zep burned, the American airplane industry boomed. Who was the big player in that industry? Howard Hughes! The Spruce Goose. Hughes Aircraft. In California. What was going on there? He was anti-Semitic, yet anti-German too, at least anti-Zeppelin. Wasn't it about this time that the Hearst newspaper outfit also cornered the market on American lumber, then manipulated public opinion and Congress to get mary jane outlawed? Reefer Madness. Only Indians, blacks, and Mexicans used the stuff. If white women smoked it, they would end up getting seduced by darkies, and engage in miscegenation. "Ahh! Wham bam thank you maam!" Wouldn't you know it? The DJ was right on track with her thoughts as usual.

Hearst. Patty Hearst. Kidnapped and then turned into a black-dick loving revolutionary bank robber. Were the Shiprockers behind that too?

That's it. They were taking over the airplane industry, the newspaper industry, the lumber industry, right under people's noses. What was left? Oil? Oil. Texas. Dallas. Howard Hunt. Hunt, cunt. Cowardly cunt. Another Shiprock trophy? They cornered the silver market, the Hunt brothers. Silver, turquoise, Navajo trophies. Hunt Ketchup. Or was

that Hunt Catsup? No, it definitely was Ketchup. Ketchup. Catch up. Kennedy. Catchup day. Catchup one day. Bobby Kennedy. Bobby Ewing. Jack Kennedy. Jock Ewing. Going in circles again baby.

Jackie Onassis. Greek shipping magnate. Okay, let's play. Shiprock takes over shipping. Is Jackie 'in' it then? Why run from America into the arms of an old ugly man just because he's the richest man in the world at the time? He didn't last, his family didn't stay the richest. Sam Walton, the Sultan of Brunei, now Bill Gates. Billy Goats. Hell's Gates. Wal-Mart. K-Mart. But K-Mart sucks, right? Dustin Hoffman said that. He and Tom Cruise were working together hand in hand, hand in hand. Dustin Hoffman. 'Death of a Salesman'. Who wrote that? Arthur Miller? He married Marilyn Monroe. Wrote 'The Crucible', about the Puritans on the surface -- about the McCarthy madness below the surface. He was Jewish wasn't he? Both of them were. Hoffman and Miller -- both probably have real surnames that are much more foreign. Funny how the Jews liked to change their names to more 'American-sounding' WASP ones when they got to Ellis Island; probably after the officials gave them a little shove.

Marilyn wasn't Jewish. But she sold out to Hollywood. Who killed her? Suicide? Murder? Another Shiprock coup? Was Marilyn planted in Planet Hollywood to seduce white women to give themselves to swarthy bespectacled Jews? Who cares? She was a lesbian anyway. Didn't really like men. She did it with Howard Hughes' girlfriends. Why did Howie become a recluse, and lock himself up in that hotel in Las Vegas? Did he really leave a fortune to a jerk picking him up on the road? Why? What happened to his mind? Saw the Shiprockers coming and gave up?

Speaking of Jews, what about Albert Einstein? Einstein. One stone. One big stone. Like shiprock. Wasn't he the smartest man in the world? Why didn't he get rich? Maybe Howie was smarter. Why didn't Marilyn marry Albert? Did he even fuck women? Definitely didn't eat them. That white hair. Like Ralphie. Was Ralphie an Einstein clone shipped out of Shiprock for a reason? What was his height? Old men didn't have a height. They shrunk. They peed ten times a

night.

Didn't Einstein pave the way for the a-bomb? Wasn't he another Austrian, like Arnold? Arnold Schwarzenegger, Albert Einstein, Adolf Shicklgruber. Hmmm. The first two ended up in Hollywood, the third was killed by it. Hollywood, Austria. Somebody wanted her to connect the two, that's reasonable to assume by now. But the center around which they all revolved was right here, this little old miserable Rez high on the Colorado plateau. It was here that they built and tested the first a-bomb. Not right here, but close enough to be far enough to run things, observe the results, and not get poisoned. "Lucky I'm sane after all I've been through. I can't complain but sometimes I still do. Life's been good to me so far."

Chapter 53

She got up and turned the radio up. Mr. Brunell had fixed it real good, hadn't he? A genius, like Einstein.

The Kennedys had made a pact with the Shiprockers. Take their sons, but give them what? More sons? More daughters? A piece of the pie? Immunity and protection under the new Reich? Exterminate their Church, their country, even their old country, Ireland, but save their genes, their line? They sold out to Hollywood, Planet Hollywood. How did Marilyn come into it? She was a liability, like Paco? Why wasn't she as smart as Einstein? As smart as Einstein. Mr. Brunell. Should she attempt to take him into her confidene, on the chance that he would figure it out? "When I was just a boy, a consecrated boy. I'd get down on my knees...My mommy loves me...like a rock. She love me love me love me...When I was growing to be a man, the Devil would call my name...Who do you think you're foolin?"

The dick does a man's thinking, the rock does hers. The Rock of Ages now. "If I was the President, and the Congress called me, I'd say who do, who do you think you're fooling?"

My mama loves me, she loves me now. She gets down on her

knees and hugs me. And licks me. Like a rock. Of salt.

Just then she was surfing some web site that displayed a list of famous birthdays. It was Marilyn Monroe's birthday, June 1. Just then she started. That was her birthday. Today was her birthday. Now she got it. That was a birthday dinner mama had left her.

She got up and looked at the tray again. Sure enough, a birthday card lay under the plate.

She loved her mama again. You guessed it, like a rock. Not that she read the card.

She fell on the bed weeping and cried herself to sleep. Can you guess the music now? "Shout, shout, let it all out. These are the things I can do without. Come on."

She woke up to "He needs a woman." Okay, a new day, let's go for it, she thought to herself. She'd offer herself to Ralphie. Then see what he could do for her. He was no movie star or athlete, and couldn't get any woman he wanted. How did he get mama then?

What was bugging her now? O.J. Simpson. Hollywood's big production of 1994. He was a superman, physically. Intellectually he had the brains of a gnat, and the cunning of a wild jungle animal, a bloodthirsty savage. He was like a grand schizo, playing a great role for the world, while underneath the animal lurked. He didn't really look like an African, more like an Austrian. Yes, she remembered an issue of the hackers magazine 'Wired' where they showed O.J.'s mug shot with his skin color turned to white, and he looked Austrian enough to pass for Arnold's brother. Could it be he was a Shiprock production too? Orenthal James Simpson. Arenthal, Arnold. Simpson, Schwarzenegger. The way he beat the system and got away with murder looked staged, like a Hollywood production. Maybe he wasn't even 'in' on it, but was being manipulated for ratings, for a sinister purpose, perhaps of programming the public mind to have no respect for justice, that it was a game, and a good enough player can score a touchdown. Or to make them think they could get away with murder if they played ball with

their league. More likely, to become the hero of American blacks, the man they could follow with confidence anywhere.

Chapter 54

Now she had a jewel of a thought. Arnold. He wasn't even 'in' on it. He was being subconsciously programmed to believe he thought of it all himself, and was the boss, that had to keep it secret from others. Rich. Either that or it's all bullwhackey, and she's nuts. Arnold is such a nice loveable guy, it just doesn't make sense that he is really Der Fuehrer T-minus so many years. And he was no savage throat-slashing murderer like O.J. Not in real life anyway, just in umpteen movies, choke. Is O.J. being groomed to be a sub-Fuehrer, for the blacks? When they give him their total loyalty, he will hand them over to be butchered in a Gretna Green Concentration Camp, run by Arnold, and Sylvester Stallone too?

Gretna Green. Where had she heard that before? Oh yes, the movie 'Soylent Green', about a new food being served to starving overpopulated Americans. "Soylent green is people." Rockingham. O.J.'s home. Baking ham? Who starred in Soylent Green? Charlton Heston. The new head of the NRA. Nice touch. Under his demagogue leadership, the fawning members will willingly accept the final destruction of their rights of gun ownership, so that soylent green can finally be made. Charlton, Charlatan. Another Shiprock product. Up until the sixties, he was a card-carrying anti-gun-ownership liberal. A consummate actor, he can play any role.

June 1. Her birthday. Marilyn's birthday. What was her sign? Gemini, the twin, the third constellation in the Zodiac, lying between Cancer and Taurus. It was her time then. Goody.

She heard sounds in the hogan, and now that she considered Ralphie her boy toy, she wanted to start the day out right, by walking out buck naked and hoping he saw her.

The day was well advanced, at least 10:30 or 11:00 AM, judging by the bright sunlight that filled the living room and hallway. "Hello, I love you won't you tell me your name, hello, I love you, let me jump in your game," or something, trailed her as she cheerily sauntered out without a stitch, seeing nobody at first, then, deciding to go on to the bathroom, making for it. Just as she got to the bathroom door, it opened, and Ralphie was standing there. He had been shaving, she could smell the shaving cream and cut whisker smell steaming out from behind him. Funny how the build and the shape of the head and facial features made her think of an Austrian.

Chapter 55

"Hi!" she said, a little breathless, but trying.

He looked her over, not startled so much as gloriously sunny, and smiling big.

"I'm yours now if you want, Ralphie. Don't tell mama and I'll let you have anything you want. Is that a deal?"

She threw her arms around him, and kissed his face on the cheeks, standing with one foot in the air. She was quite conscious of her big jugs dangling under his face, and hoped he was straining his eyes to ogle them in awe.

"Kiss my breasts," she added.

"Fuck me now," she added.

He never said a word. He didn't raise his hands or make any move either. He went to stone.

She had the con now, the mike in her hands, so now what?

She sighed like a good thing was being passed up, and tried to look in his face. He wouldn't look back. She grabbed his old skinny chin with one hand and tried to steer his face up into hers. She loved to look a man right in the

eye. It let her see if he was telling her the truth. All right, it often didn't, but she never got over the habit.

"Ralphie! I'm speaking to you! I know I've treated you like shit, okay, I'm a first class ass. But last night I realized that I love you more than any man in the world. Really!" Again she was conscious of her big beautiful jugs just hanging there. Why didn't he dive down on them and start grabbing them and kissing them like any red blooded fool would?

He was stone dead in her hand. His eyes quit looking away, and now just stared straight ahead, right through her.

"I know you wanted my bod, hon. Who doesn't? You got a piece of me once, remember? Here!"

She grabbed his hand, tried to steer it to her cunt, let him have a dip, like a bowl of chip dip. He let her move his hand to her cunt, but it froze there, even when she let go. Her big jugs hung uselessly over his hand, uncaressed and unknissed.

"You can eat me now, honey. Anytime you want. Just say the word."

"What about your mama?" His sudden voice, high-pitched and squawky like an old man's can be, caused her to blink.

"Mama? You can have us both, honey. I love you, and I'll share you. Let's go in the bathroom and do it. We'll lock the door. Mama won't know."

"I won't know what," said mama, standing not too far away, behind her.

She let go of him and turned around, startled, but not afraid. Instead, there was a kind of girlie smirk on her face.

"Hi mama. I didn't hear you. I was telling Ralphie I'd like him to have me. If you don't mind, I.."

"That does it!" she cried. Lori barely saw her storm out, but she heard the screen door bang.

"That did it," he repeated.

Chapter 56

She didn't 'get' it. But in just a short while, a policeman came in the door, then her mama. Then some women in nurse uniforms. Then some men in white coats.

"Mama! What is this? Who are these people?"

"I'm sorry, baby, but you're going with these people. Don't fight them, they won't hurt you."

Ralphie sprinted off, returning with a blanket, which he draped over her. A gurney was soon brought into the living room by the men in white, and the nurses came up to her and stood close around her so she couldn't retreat.

She started fighting. Pandemonium. Then she was down, and handcuffs were flashing. Click. They hurt. Then she felt a hypo needle. It hurt too.

She was looking up at people's faces now. Strange faces. Authority figure faces. Looking up at the ceiling. The screen door. The porch ceiling. The sky. The tailgate of the ambulance. The roof of the ambulance, from the inside. She heard her radio go off suddenly. A crashing noise. A plonk.

She got carsick easily when not driving herself.

Chapter 57

Months later, she was sitting in the day room at the sanitarium, in Colorado, her head barbered down to almost a butch cut, her body in a nightgown. She had gained fifty

pounds. They had kept her in a straight jacket until the terrible electroshock treatments had been completed. She was okay now; she didn't remember anything bad anymore, she told them.

A nurse handed her her pills and a paper cup full of water. She took them herself. She didn't want to be force fed anymore. That nurse was as big as a football player, and ugly. A dyke probably. Probably ate her when she was knocked out. They didn't let her have cosmetics here. Or rock music. Or a computer. The Shiprockers must own the joint. Not that she wanted to leave. She never wanted to leave here. She had nowhere to go. Like Linda Hamilton in The Terminator, she was waiting for the End to come. Not the Linda Hamilton who did chinups and pushups and practice military guerilla tactics and stuck pens in people's hands. The Linda Hamilton who made love to The Beast in that TV series Beauty and the Beast. Soft, round, fat, safe.

She had her Beast inside her. And she would love him forever, never let him go, never give him up, no matter how many shock treatments they gave her, what drugs they pumped into her. "Lord have mercy, I said, Lord I'm coming home." Her radio was in her head now. The real song said domino but she could change anything she wanted now. "There's no argument, no argument at all." Argument would have just made it difficult. She was Shiprock property now. "Don't you know we're riding on the Marakkesh express? They're taking me to Marakkesh." Smell the garden in my hair?, she whispered inaudibly. The nurse gave her the eyes.

She never could figure out how mama got those people to their isolated hogan so fast. It was all a conspiracy. The leaders of the whole thing were high up in her own tribe.

She knew now that it would be playing into their hands to talk, to publish her findings, anything. If mama hadn't tossed out or sold her laptop by now, it didn't matter. She kept nothing on it, and all her hacker files were encrypted by Pretty Good Privacy anyway. She had forgotten the passwords to boot. Even the government couldn't crack a PGP-encrypted file, everybody told her. They just tried to make it illegal to use, in vain. One thing at least that

kept her from going totally insane.

It was about the music. Too loud probably. Some people just hate classical rock music.

One thing kept coming back to her about that music. Was there a live DJ selecting music each day, or was it all pre-programmed by a computer? Free-will, or fate?

And did the DJ have dark eyes?

Breakthrough to the new world of Mach 1, 2, 3. You take one stroke, it takes three. What is a Chevy Blazer like? A rock.

By the way, who really was Paco? And what happened to him?

I know, I know, she thought to herself. For she talked to herself all the time now, mouthing the words like a poor ventriloquist, but emitting no sounds. Ralphie was really Adolf Hitler. And he was my real father.

Chapter 58

"Enough typing for one day -- I'm bushed", announced Paco.

"I'm the one who's doing the typing, baby."

Paco was sitting in the armchair facing her, dressed only in a houserobe. His hairy penis was tantalizingly visible when he rocked his knees together and apart compulsively, as if in tune to music.

Barbara stopped typing. As she did so, and her eyes fixed on his crotch across the room, his dark eyes, shaded by the bad lighting, caught hers for a moment; then his penis grew wonderfully erect, like a mushroom sprouting in the desert after a flash rain. She put one finger in her mouth, thinking with her tongue.

This bed is soooo comfortable, she thought. Paco makes love

to it as much as her. He can't sleep without having at least five pillows with him. He sticks some between his legs, some under his head, some in front, some behind. Lastly, he always has to have one to hug and kiss, even with her in bed with him. She uses him like a piece of meat, and he expects it; he then packs the tired meat in pillows, like bandages, to heal.

Sleep, sweet sleep. She can't seem to get enough anymore. The typing and computer work is so taxing to her eyes and brain, it makes physical work seem easy in comparison. Imagine the injustice of paying her \$7 an hour, when Fed Express pays manual loaders two or three more than that.

Funny that Lori misses him so, yet never thinks to visit his house on the Rez, near Chinle. She really believed he flew clear to the West Coast on a lark. All homes on the Rez are far apart, other than recent housing put in by the government mainly. We Navajos have to have distance between us.

Not that he was staying at his own house anymore. He had moved in with her; but it was right nearby, because it was some of that government housing. She was almost thirty, and still unmarried. She had contented herself with a career; pretended a career was a substitute, like Sugar Twin for real sugar. Pretend was right. Living each night without somebody to love was almost intolerable. In Hell they will keep people totally alone, not torment them in great groups like in most people's imaginations; aloneness is one of, if not the greatest of all torments.

She had seen him come and go to Lori's, returning in the morning, after a night fucking like rabbits. She had finally thrown herself at him, visiting him time and again on sham pretexts, such as asking for a cup of sugar, giggle. She wore her shortest short-shorts, with no panties, and her most revealing tank top, with no bra. She finally got him to do it on his kitchen floor, after doing her hair like Lori's. She had a reputation around the Rez as being "smart", and therefore not fit for marriage; old attitudes die hard, that's why she was moving to where her intelligence would be appreciated -- the Big Apple.

She had got Paco to talk, and found out about Lori's laptop; gotten him interested in stealing backup diskettes, promising him total secrecy -- secrecy about their love affair, that is, when he grew a little afraid of discovery.

She dug into Paco's past and finally let him know that she knew he was an escaped convict from Mexico. That he had a wife and large family back there, which he couldn't contact. That he had stolen money from the Mexican mafia, and hid-out on the Rez in fear of his life.

His real name wasn't even Paco. It was Jose. Jose can you see, by the dawn's early light? -- she had sung that to him once, to a grin but no chuckle.

She had once tried to wow him with her knowledge of the Bible, quoting Psalm 69, verses 22-23:

Let their own table before them become a snare. Let their sacrificial feasts be a trap.

Let their eyes be darkened, so that they cannot see. And make their loins tremble continually.

But he didn't 'get' it. Neither, for that matter, did she, but the point was to display her erudition, not her wisdom. He thought that God had given diarrhea to somebody, chuckle -- maybe that was on-target; she wasn't quite sure.

Not that quoting the Bible is hazard-free. She remembers a journalism class where they made a fool out of her by asking anybody if they could recite Ezekiel 25:17 from memory; everybody knew it from the movie 'Pulp Fiction', where the black hit-man Jules Winnfield (Samuel L. Jackson -- John Travolta played his partner Vincent Vega) was fond of quoting it before he blew somebody away.

She raised her hand eagerly, then recited, proudly, from the top of her head, being careful to be both fast and perfect:

The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the iniquities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he who, in the name of charity and good will, shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon you.

In every class there is a class clown; this one had several. It took a minute for the hams to run out of impersonations.

"Very good," said the teacher. "That was perfect." She pulled out a King James Bible and handed it to her, then asked her to check it; to read verbatim from Ezekiel 25:17.

She did:

I will execute great vengeance upon them with wrathful chastisements. Then they will know that I am the Lord, when I lay my vengeance upon them.

"Where's the rest?", Barbara asked, visibly blushing.

The teacher then pulled out a joke gun, the kind that shot out a flag from the barrel saying "Bang!", accompanied by her own sudden "bang" sound as she pointed it at her and pulled the trigger.

"Quentin Tarantino pulled a fast one on you, there, Ms. Almendara," clucked the teacher. "His Bible quote was all made up, for theatrical effect. If you accept everything without checking the source, what kind of journalist will you make anyway?"

She never got over the sting of that embarrassment, even if she heard about class after class falling for the same trick ever after. Ever after, she carried a small King James Bible, and checked and rechecked every quote from it; this, despite the fact that she was raised Catholic. When she was older, she liked to think this would be taken as the

metaphor for her life.

It was she who had convinced Paco to leave Lori, when he finally hit paydirt and brought her the Hitler Superman Diary and associated Brown Sugar/Dark Eyes files. After all, she might discover its absence, and he'd be the main suspect.

She was glad for the distance between them now, for his dick was almost fucked out. He almost ran out of vital juices. He couldn't even get erect anymore because of that Lori. He had had so much pussy from her that he didn't want to even think of the stuff, when she was throwing her own at him.

Lori was a man-eater. Barbara got her leftovers. Those vital juices should have been all hers. She had a right to them, because she was over thirty. Today in the armchair, his erect penis was almost a vision of the dead rising from the grave. She didn't know whether to suck it and greedily drink his juices, or have him fuck it and suck his juices up into her vital matrix; she found herself doing the latter by a sudden hunch. Now she felt so good, so well-fucked; much as Lori must have.

The Lori Story is going to make my career as a journalist, Barbara clucked. My ticket outa the Rez.

She wasn't taking him with her either. Fuck the Rez. Fuck him. She was going to New York, and strike it big. She didn't need him. She'd get a new boyfriend with more vital juices to enjoy.

Soon she'd publish the whole thing in the Navajo Tribal Times, which is a relatively small rag, production-wise. But with 250,000 Navajos passing the rag around for months, and selling them to tourists, the newspapers in Phoenix, Albuquerque, Denver, Dallas, or somewhere will surely pick up the story, and then they'll have to deal directly with her.

She couldn't believe his luck, making a copy of Lori's files when she was drugged out, and discovering the Hitler Superman Diary, along with files of notes she had made to

herself, intending nobody but herself to see, and perhaps intending to erase later. She didn't even miss the diskettes he stole from her. She was too drugged to encrypt them like she normally does. He got them all in decrypted form in one snap.

All is fair in love and journalism, lover, she clucked. He didn't really love Lori, but the way she gave him unlimited sex, he couldn't stop returning. He wanted a blonde-haired, blue-eyed Swedish beauty, Barbara finally discovered, from his habit of talking in his sleep -- when he could afford her prices, that is. For that matter, so did she: a tall, big-shouldered John Tesh or Dolf Lundgren, who she would meet in New York after her star as a journalist and book author rose.

Whom she would meet, correction.

Lori wanted to marry him. As if anybody would buy something when they could rent it for free, chuckle. She didn't know he was already married to boot, and to a wife younger than she. They always returned to their first wife at the end, after she raised the brats and they are able to support him with regular jobs or stealing.

Why did the world operate, not on randomness, but on coincidence? She could sit in a car parked on a street for an hour, and no other car would pass. Yet when she started the engine, and tried to merge into the traffic lane, another vehicle was almost certain to be whipping by just at that moment; as if it had been waiting to play a game of chicken with her.

If she went jogging at night, in a small town with neat, square streets, she could jog for many minutes seeing nobody, on foot or in a vehicle. Yet when she got to an intersection, or a driveway, bada bada boom, here would come the only vehicle of the night, its headlights catching her, often having to stop for her; as if it had been waiting to play a game of chicken with her.

Now Lori had thought her private adventures would never be intersected by passing strangers. Yet right across from

Paco's place was her worst nightmare, a hungry reporter looking for any scrap; a game of chicken on the make and on the take.

Barbara could see Lori badgered by national news reporters, shining hot lights in her face, as she squirmed. "I feel like a passenger on the Titanic -- I know I ordered ice, but this is ridiculous."

Why was he so sleepy, even after having been in bed for days and nights? Maybe he should take a bus for the west coast before the material was published, as a precaution. She had relatives in East Los Angeles who would put him up in a spare room, keeping her in control of him. The population density there was surely far too great for the Mexican Mafia to notice him, if he laid low. Lori's fears of physical danger from Nazis were surely overexaggerated, else they'd already have killed them both. But just in case, she'd coax him to go. She could change her mind about wanting to dump him after she got to New York, if it proved necessary.

* * *

She tried to make him take a bus, thought Paco. "I don't want to take no stinkin' bus," he told her. That was cute.

"What's troubling you, baby?" she had asked him.

"Everything... and nothing. I know you're right that I should go, but I don't want to take no stinkin' bus."

She finally got him a plane ticket. The fare wars made it dirt cheap, she told him.

"We don't need no stinkin' badges" -- that's what he was playing off of. He liked to think that she didn't 'get' it, and wasn't as smart as she put on. Well, he was a lot smarter than she gave him credit for, even if he never went past the sixth grade in school. For instance, he had carefully stolen all the Lori files back, along with Barbara's typing, before he left. It was hidden in his carry-on bag now.

It was only after she left him there at the ticket gate that he really examined the ticket, and realized it was a forgery, made up at her newspaper.

He got through the ticket agents, got on the plane, then chickened out suddenly and walked back out. He was more embarrassed than ever when he found himself alone in the formerly full passenger loading area, with only the agents there to glare at him. His height made people usually stare right at him, or avoid looking at him entirely; but always people had to deal with the fact of his presence somehow.

He's on the plane again, a plane he shouldn't be on. Why did he think he could use a fake ticket? It worked, but now he would be afraid of discovery in flight. He kept his fake ticket in his vest pocket, ready to flash out, thinking a good offense was the best defense. Maybe with it shoved in their face so readily, they'd accept it as genuine without really studying it. Now he has to explain it in detail. Great detail. His mind is exploding with effort. Don't tell them the truth, make up a great lie, and stick to it, even if they find a contradiction or a hole.

He hoped the person in the seat in front didn't decide to lean back during the flight. He could use his knees to block it from moving, but if he were an asshole he'd keep pushing until his knees hurt; and it might cause a scene, which he didn't want -- couldn't let happen. So, he'd have to lower his knees, and let the asshole sit in his face, penning him in like a chicken.

Where is the plane taxiing to? He got a blank look in his eyes now. It's veering off the main runway suddenly, going around the terminal, docking. That did it. Here come the men in the suits.

He's eating green gelatin. He knows it's wrong, but he can't stop. There it is. He's so hungry. He has to.

There he is in the overhead mirror. His head is in one piece, at least his face is, but they have ripped his chest cavity open, and his guts are gone. Just his vital organs and green gelatin in the cavity, behind glass. Yet he feels

oh sooo comfy, just like he's in bed with his pillows. He's got nothing left but a brain and a face. Like 'Robocop'. A few vital organs left to keep him on life support. Like 'Mars Attacks!' They took him apart. He's in their underground torture chambers, and he's spilled his guts to them, told them everything. Is this the real Shiprock? It really exists then? If he could only move his head to look around.

This is Okinawa's Sugar Loaf Hill, they said. The bloodiest and dirtiest fight in the South Pacific, he knew from being told a thousand times. Few Americans remembered that day in April, because President Roosevelt died the same day. Over 2600 Marines lost their lives taking and retaking the hill from the Japanese ten times. Over 1200 suffered combat fatigue. In this military field hospital, Marines like him were blown to bits, and held together by chicken wire. What color was Sugar Loaf Hill then? Brown? Black? No, red.

Americans wouldn't remember him or Lori's crazy ideas either, they told him repeatedly. What was that green gelatin anyway? It was too horrible to face. How could he pull the plug on his miserable self and die?

Eat more green gelatin.

Chapter 59

A year later, Lori was released from the sanitarium. She never returned to the Rez. Instead she moved to West Denver, Colorado, and merged into the low-income Hispanic/Amerindian neighborhoods there, complete with north-south streets named after tribes: Acoma, Bannock, Cherokee, Delaware, Elati, Fox, Galapagos, etc. As if to reinforce the ghetto feel, the streets surrounding the 'Amerindian sector' were named after American Civil War Generals, all on the Union side, starting out with Lincoln himself, then Grant, Sherman; and on the other side of their sector: Decatur, Grove, Hooker, Lowell, Meade, all the way to Sheridan. All real or imagined Amerindian fighters. At least they didn't seem to name one after Custer, she grumped.

She was soon steadily gaining weight from binges of eating American junk food while watching American TV talk shows. The shows were filled with craziness and immorality and racial mixing, while even one bus trip around Denver showed a reality totally at odds with them: the whites mainly lived together, as did the Italians, the Jews, the blacks, the Hispanics/Amerindians, even the Vietnamese (which concentrated around Federal Boulevard, a major north-south thoroughfare dividing the west edge of her Hispanic/Amerindian sector from a Jewish sector).

As if to insult the Hispanics and Amerindians gratuitously, the Denver sports complex, including the Mile Hi football stadium, the Avalanche/Nuggets arenas, were located right on Federal, overshadowing her sector with the false opulence created by mainly rich suburban whites flocking in for a game, then skipping out on the conveniently-placed highway.

The way out was easy to see, since the tall Rocky Mountain range was just ten miles to the west of Federal Blvd., and you always knew which direction was west, no matter where you were.

The whites had steadily fled the main city for opulent super-white suburbs in the east, with rich Jews forming a pocket even in them. Rich Broncos players like John Elway all lived out east, in suburbs like Aurora, Parker, Cherry Hills, Highland Hills. After the east got too full, another suburb was growing west, right up to the foothills: Lori tsk-tsked when the TV bragged that one of these gringo counties was the richest in the entire U.S.

Only on TV did they mix and match families like all this didn't matter, she observed.

Most people in West Denver couldn't afford tickets to Broncos and Nuggets games, but they could watch them on TV. While she could watch a big screen color TV without much strain, she couldn't even look at a computer monitor without getting a searing migraine, her field of vision narrowing to a tunnel, and threatening to close up totally; she would have to rush to the bedroom and lay in the dark, sweating

and panting, and on the verge of vomiting.

She quickly found herself to be just another low-income, low-education Hispanic/Amerindian woman depending on government services, and subsisting on minimum-wage jobs, in a city that knew how to cope with them: Taco Bell for the first six months, until she was tardy too often; then unemployment benefits. The sometimes palpable haze over Denver, caused by a bowl-type temperature inversion, made her sick; she had been used to the pure air of the Rez, and would look with horror at the build-up of air pollution gunk on cars, wondering what it was doing to her lungs.

Visiting, for the first time, the annual March Pow Wow at Denver's Coliseum (held yearly since the mid-1970s), she felt just how alienated, even to her own people, she had become. The Pow Wow (which they officially spelled Pow*Wow, probably after hiring gringo marketing specialists), had over 1500 dancers from 85 tribes, as well as traditional tribal storytelling competitions. She avoided the Navajo representatives (which was easy in all the hooplah) trying even to pass as Hispanic: a curious lookieloo wowed by it all. "Did you know", she asked some real Hispanic lookieloo, in Spanish, "that a Southern plains dancer's jingle dress contains some 300 cones, cut and shaped from chewing tobacco tin lids?" "Did they chew all that tobacco?" was the answer. Lori spit in her face and humphed off.

Outside the Coliseum, located near Denver's miserable stockyards, the smell of slaughterhouses assaulting the nose, she couldn't help but think of the tiny number of Amerindians involved inside as victims of a Holocaust, as cattle stomping around in a slaughterhouse amnesty program; the very city itself offended her senses, its sprawling mass being built as it was on the former grazing lands of the now-extirminated proud native bison.

Globeville, they called it -- the area around the charnel houses, whose residents were meat packers, coming home with fingers missing and being served on breakfast plates ground-up in sausage. She thought of that famous TV Indian who saw what Gringo had done to the land, and shed a tear.

If the gringos themselves become bison, she concluded, they reaped what they sowed. She didn't dare shed a tear, or spit on the sidewalk, in this town; too many of the infamous, notoriously-corrupt Denver pigs present.

That Sunday, an article about the Pow Wow in The Denver Post was mixed with ads for local high-priced designer boutiques (from downtown Denver all the way to Aspen and Vail) offering imitation Indian fashions at huge prices, such as faded, hole-filled, feathered Gucci designer jeans for \$3700. At least when natives manufactured and sold their own stuff, they kept the money, she thought; but the designer knockoff outfits just caused the money to disappear to the west or east coasts.

One day, she figured, anybody could call themselves an Amerindian just by purchasing the right designer clothes. It was the same people behind the holocaust of the Amerindian that were even then working to control the world and decide who would have designer genes.

She no longer looked at herself as a Navajo. She was just a citizen of the world -- the non-designer world. The real globeville.

In LoDo (lower downtown Denver), the original site of Denver, next to the Platte River and the main interstate along Colorado's front range in the north-south direction, I-25 -- allowed to run down into skid row then rebuilt in the 1980s and 1990s as a trendy place -- there is a whole city block owned by Arnold, where a Planet Hollywood flourishes. He had speculated on the land many years earlier, and had been right -- they had chosen land near there as the site of the grand new Rockies baseball field. She read about it in the newspaper, then decided to see for herself.

No longer having a driver's license, she would take a bus and then walk around and around the block, never going inside. Seeing her fat reflection on the glass panels, she would imagine the 'real' Lori before the Arnold days: slim, shapely, happy, her whole life ahead of her, before her mama stabbed her in the back; a movie poster of Arnold as The

Terminator seemed to laugh at her, mock her.

She had a new boyfriend almost monthly, all obtained at a sleazy neighborhood bar surrounded by lowriders. Not that she wanted to be a slut, but they all would dump her after tiring of her unshapely body, and/or catching her mumbling and talking to herself in the first person, as if she were a lawyer in a big courtroom, arguing before a packed house a world-shaking case.

No one ever ate her now. She didn't mind being struck, hit, beaten; almost welcomed it. When a particularly abusive novio left, she wept and felt sorry for herself. At times like this she'd pull the gun out, and masturbate with its barrel, after pointing it at her head and pulling the trigger; she kept one round in the gun, and spun the cylinders hypnotically first. The failure to fire was taken by her as a sign that she was permitted to live by God.

A year after moving to Denver, she took a bus to Vail, Colorado, invigorated by the increase in altitude from mile-hi Denver to double that. There was a big skiing competition featuring 'The Hermanator' Hermann Maier, an Austrian; and a cigar-chomping Arnold was surely going to be there to cheer him on.

She took an expensive hand gun that a boyfriend with a long prison record had given her for self-protection once -- before he abandoned her for a younger, slimmer amiga.

Afraid of being searched at the ski meet, she never gained more than a distant peek at Arnold's head, with ugly whiskers; looking old, although his body, under the parka, still looked strong and stout.

Days after the competition had ended, and Vail had been restored to a quiet ski town for the rich, her constant vigilance of the downtown area paid off. She didn't stay overnight there, for it was far too expensive, and too dangerous to try to crash in the parks; instead, she just took the bus back and forth from Denver, dreaming all the way. One evening she saw Arnold and Maria, walking together and shopping, after dark. Holding hands.

She played James Bond, as far as following them into a movie theater. Maria was so anorexic looking, and showing her age. If it weren't for the muscles, she reflected, Arnold did too. It was Clive James who said this curious-looking bodybuilder looked like a condom stuffed with walnuts, she suddenly remembered. Now the condom was getting used-looking and wrinkled, the walnuts a little soggy. She wondered if he had to get up to pee ten times every night.

They came out of the movie after the crowd had left, always circumspect about being spotted and 'made'. They weren't. Arnold had clearly been weeping. The movie had got to him. It was the film 'Titanic', by director James Cameron -- not. It was 'Patch Adams', starring Robin Williams. A real tear jerker, jawohl. It didn't make her cry.

Then and there Lori gave up her Arnold obsession, and never followed, nor much thought seriously about Arnold again -- or at least, tried not to.

Fuehrers don't cry at Hollywood movies. If you ever have an impulse to kindness, follow it -- sigh. Leave the guy alone, she decided. She didn't even want to insult him now by introducing herself and even mentioning her fantasies in his presence. She felt like Dumb and Dumber in Aspen. If she stuck her tongue out now it'd stick to a frozen pipe.

But her brain wouldn't stop thinking. Maybe it was not Arnold but his kids that were being bred to be Fuehrers, Popes, and whatnot. Even if so, Arnold was just a pawn, a tool. She wondered if even his kids could pull something like that off; it just seemed so unreal up close and personal. Was she framing innocent people in a mad conspiracy fantasy of her own making?

No! It was the time of human history when big things were meant to happen. The Millennium. The Apocalypse. Revelation. The Rapture. She had heard so many rumors, so much commotion, some whispers, others shouting off of soap boxes. Who was that doomsday prophet guy? Notre Dame something? Nostradame? How could somebody as well-placed as Arnold not be wrapped up in it somehow? --

Like walnuts in a big brown condom...

She wanted to crack that walnut too much. She was cracking herself instead. On TV she had just seen a condom blown up so large a man could put it over his head -- not even Robin Williams with his enema bulb clown noses had thought of that. Why doesn't she lighten up, calm down? The air smelled so good up here, so outer space big. Where was her novio to take her out, hold her hand, cry in movies with her?

She had become hard, hadn't she? As if she were in a war. Like Linda Hamilton in T2. Maybe one day she'd come up here in military uniform carrying high-powered weapons, and raid some powerful man's condo and shoot it up.

President Gerald Ford -- she remembered hearing that he had a condo here. Ford again... could it be? When the President Nixon crook got tagged and was about to be impeached, only a genuine Ford had the power to step in, take the helm, and pardon him. No, not a Ford. A front. As if the Shiprockers were above all the surface events in the West, and pulled their puppets' strings at will. Above or below, either one -- but able to stay off the surface. That was true power, wasn't it?

Why was Arnold in Vail? To have a secret meeting with Ford? Who really runs America? President William Jefferson 'the Clown' Clinton and his wife, the real President, Hillary? All they have going for them is electability. And what else? Controllability? When his dick was caught showing, the nation had been so manipulated that it stopped what was left of the opposition before it could do its job of removing him; then the nation went back to business as usual, with Hillary herself now positioned to run for office with her hubby reduced to the role of the weak-but-faithful backup spouse.

The American people don't elect leaders anymore. They rubber stamp the leaders selected for them beneath the surface. The more hot air a balloon has, the easier

it is to raise it.

That Gerald Ford. He looked, acted, and talked like a boob. Unable to engage in original thought. Ready to serve his puppetmasters on demand.

There I go again, she clucked -- her mind trying to see below the surface of events, even when it had been bruised and wasn't one hundred percent. She did shed a tear now. For herself. Just one.

She had seen one today. A lesbian couple. Walking down the street, hand in hand. They accepted it in the land of the upscale and mainly white. Why did she just feel sorry for herself not having a boyfriend? What was she? A lesbian? A straight? Somehow, it bothered her to see two women wanting public acceptance of their thing. It is too private somehow. She must be straight then, to think that way, after all.

To think. Think for herself. She was beyond gay and straight, above it, below it, able to stay off the surface of it. A lone owl.

It had inevitably come to mind now. She was herself a product of Shiprock. She was a product of eugenics. Why else hadn't they killed her? What did they do to her in that sanitarium? Reprogrammed her? Set her loose again, with new instructions? Like that assassin in 'The Manchurian Candidate'? Does a red queen do anything for her?, she clucked. Her mama was a red queen, and almost did something for her, if she had had more time...

Maybe it was she who would be the Fuehrer. Her dark eyes were dry now. No, she could never be a Fuehrer. But she would live to find and kill the Fuehrer; lead a movement against him, preach against him, anything she could do.

She would not be cracked by the walnut; she would crack it.

She returned to Denver healed of what ailed her.

Part 8. Too Late for Nostradamus?

Chapter 60

Michel de Nostradame, 1503-1566

Click.

Prophecies of Nostradamus, by Nanomius

Click.

Prophecies of Nostradamus: part 1/8, Introduction

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(This FAQ on Nostradamus interpretations and related material is available at
<ftp://ftp.netcom.com/pub/nanomius/home.html>)

Vance smiled to himself. This Nostradamus stuff is cool. Damn right it could be copied for free, else it'd be hacked anyway.

FAQ: the Prophecies of Nostradamus

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- b. Political/religious philosophies of the Antichrist
- c. The Celtic legend of the great orator
- d. Death of the three popes / Catholic Church & the Antichrist
- e. Assassination of the current pope
- f. Second-to-last pope "swallowed" by Antichrist's schemings
- g. The treachery of the final pope
- h. Demise of the Catholic Church
- h. Cabal's teeth in the international power flow
- i. Cabal involved in military and economic conquests
- j. Cabal destroyed by the Antichrist
- k. Fundamentalist fanatics' infiltrations into governments
- l. Manipulation of the IRA in Ireland by the underworld
- m. Wealthy U.S. businessman a closet revolutionary and Nazi
- o. Fundamentalist censorship
- p. Terrorist assassinations

The Antichrist (part 3)

- a. Antichrist's rise to power in Middle East
- b. Antichrist's unified monetary system
- c. Antichrist's seizure of Asia
- d. Antichrist's cultural eradication & European campaign
- e. Antichrist's ravage of the Catholic Church
- f. Antichrist's invasion of Turkey
- g. Switzerland alarmed by Antichrist's Nazism in Germany
- h. International (non)reaction to the Antichrist

The Time of Troubles (part 4)

- a. Volcanoes, earthquakes, floods, droughts, famines, rioting
- b. Death of world leader and revolt coincides with comet
- c. Fiasco from communication breakdown between two superpowers
- d. Soviet/American submarine/naval confrontation
- e. Crazy leader launches atom bombs on Mediterranean and Europe
- f. Third world country leader creates strife
- g. Antichrist profits from radar research in Europe
- h. Wargame simulation by Britain in Europe leads to disaster
- i. American electoral college voting stalemate

- j. Earth abuse causes agricultural devastation in U.S. and Britain
- k. underwater Soviet submarine base defanged by diplomacy
- l. Aliens shot by paranoid nation, bacteriological agents released
- m. Alien probe of the Watchers discovered by scientists

Scientific Achievements in the Time of Troubles (part 5)

- a. Nostradamus on the dangers of weaponry mixed with natural disaster
- b. Weather modulation devices go awry, cause ice and hail
- c. Nuclear reactor meltdown near city with underground chambers
- d. Space shuttle accident releases microorganisms into atmosphere
- e. Devastating accidental weaponry explosions from earth tumult
- f. Ruptured earth energy fields cause meteorite storm
- g. Research into warping time leads to disaster
- h. New, horrific, secret, radical weapons monstrosities in WWIII
- i. Atomic device creates greenhouse effect, devastates agriculture
- j. Death by the "milky rain" weapon
- k. "Explosion of light" causes horrible birth defects
- l. The top-secret earthquake-triggering weapon (ETW)
- m. Diplomacy dies with international ETW terrorism
- n. ETW unleashed on San Andreas and New Madrid faults
- o. Antichrist obtains ETW through espionage, bribery, treachery
- p. Death by radio waves
- q. Human eugenics research advanced by the King of Terror
- r. Eugenics scientists meet grisly deaths from public backlash

World War III (part 6)

- a. Overview: horrible battles, weapons, devastation, death
- b. Nuclear confrontation in the Middle East
- c. Mediterranean campaign and the battles of Gibraltar
- d. Bomb sent at New York by the Antichrist, France retaliates
- e. Bacteriological warfare strikes New York and London
- f. Antichrist conquers Europe
- g. The Antichrist invades Britain
- h. The crucial meeting on the naval carrier
- i. Seas, rivers, lakes boil; famines lead to insane cannibalism
- j. Antichrist's commander succumbs to key strategic failure
- k. Russia breaks free of the Antichrist
- l. North Pole Alliance of North America, Europe, Russia forms
- m. Ogmios confronts the Antichrist, fate of world in balance
- n. Antichrist eventually dethroned

The geological and spiritual earth shift (part 7)

- a. Timing
- b. The end of civilization
- c. Geography
- d. Preparations/Survival
- e. Old vs. Young Souls
- f. The New Age of spiritual rebirth
- g. Reawakening of freedoms and rights
- h. Peace after WWIII
- i. Spirituality transcends technology
- j. Feminine aspects of God revered again
- k. More open, frequent contact with aliens
- l. "Green" revolution, return to the land
- m. Scientific discoveries reaffirm Eastern religion
- n. Great Genius unifies religion and science
- o. Great Genius discovers the science of miracles
- p. Astonishing feats of medicine
- q. New philosophy of the Age of Aquarius

"Grab Bag" (part 8)

- a. Past events
- b. Coverups
- c. Atlantis
- d. Great Genius
- e. Far Future

Click.

Vance's mind was overloaded. Too much for a casual read on the monitor. But he had time on his hands at school. He'd print the whole document out and take it with him, and read it there.

Just one peek, he decided. Before printing.

- a. Introduction: _Conversations with Nostradamus_ by Delores Cannon

This is a compilation and consolidation of key information from the books in the trilogy, _Conversations with Nostradamus_ by Dolores Cannon. Volumes I and II

are available from America West Publishers, P.O. Box 986, Tehachapi, CA 93581, ph (805) 822-9655. Volume III is available from Ozark Mountain Publishers, P.O. Box 754, Huntsville, AR 72740-0754. A good introduction to the overall project and relationship between D. Cannon, her subjects, Nostradamus, and the quatrains can be found in chapter 7 of I.

This first version of this FAQ paraphrases the first book in her trilogy. Subsequent versions will incorporate material from the second two books. The FAQ consists mainly of paraphrases from the books (which are almost entirely the verbatim, directly channeled material from the D. Cannon subjects) with some "overview interpretations".

Oh that's why it's free. It's nothing but a Cliff Notes for some other books that aren't free. No matter, the Table of Contents looked juicy; and besides, he used Cliff Notes for everything else in high school and college, didn't he? He smiled to himself. Never read an entire novel in his life, other than 'The Hobbit'.

I have dealt exclusively with Cannon's books because they appear to me to be the utmost authoritative reference of all accumulated literature on the subject and at the same time its apocalyptic messages beg for further exposure beyond their current semi-obscurity. In particular I've tried to focus on future events, the "warnings", the secret conspiracies, plans, and weaponry of the Cabal and the Antichrist, and the relationships to electronic communications (although the latter is covered in the second and third books of the trilogy, not yet incorporated into this FAQ).

In this FAQ, the books of the Cannon trilogy are abbreviated in this text as "I-III" with page numbers. Quatrains are abbreviated "c[x]-[y]" where 'c' stands for "Century", [x] is the book, and [y] is the quatrain number. In some cases, particularly in the second and third books, Nostradamus went into a sort of "free association" mode where his messages were not directly related to particular quatrains, and in this case the

page number in the trilogy alone is given. I have not included the quatrains themselves in this version of the FAQ, future versions may incorporate them directly.

Disclaimer

This is only a reorganization of material given elsewhere. I have strived to organize it into a more streamlined version than given in the original books. However, I strongly advise the serious reader to read the Cannon books. The major possibility for misinterpretation in this FAQ is in the time sequence of events, which Nostradamus tends to be obscure in defining, even in these new, direct, translations (he does not appear capable of discriminating the time resolution under a few years, and the dates he does give are given in terms of maddeningly unfocused astrological alignments). A significant deal of guesswork is still involved in dating the precise sequence of events.

Redistribution

I am explicitly renouncing any rights to this work. You are free to redistribute it in any way, in whole or in part, under no restrictions. I do ask that you try to retransmit it in whole form if possible, or at least include the entire table of contents.

However, be aware that much of this FAQ is a very close paraphrase of the books that some may argue would border on copyright infringement. I personally think the data is far too important to be subject to petty feuds about ownership and that the whole idea is contrary to intellectual freedom (and I intend that the ultimate effect be that far more people are exposed to her works than would have otherwise occurred, and that this will lead to greater sales and distribution of them). But on the other hand I condemn anyone who redistributes this FAQ with the sole intent of alone profiting from my own intense work on it. Let your conscience be your guide, email me if you have doubts, and if you don't have a conscience, we'll both be far better off if I *don't* hear from you.

Click. Was that a threat? He'd email Nanomius something, he chuckled. He brought up his handy-dandy mail bomb and emailed it to him, after calling up a program that created instant ghost accounts in his university's computer, then deleted the account, to cover his tracks. Of course, he reflected, ideas cannot be copyrighted, only their expression, so a paraphrase of somebody's ideas does not violate their copyrights, but actually can be copyrighted anew. It's like the names of fictional characters; they cannot be copyrighted, although that doesn't stop authors from trying.

My Note to Enemies

Just as Cannon wrote that she fully expected to be accused of perpetuating a massive hoax, and actually published the books at great personal risk under her real name, I fully expect to be subject to vicious attacks for this "exercise in conscience". I have absolutely no use for closeminded, ignorant people jamming my mailbox with naive and uninformed vitriol. However, if you must have an outlet, feel free to post it to alt.prophecies.nostradamus, and everyone else will feel free to ignore you.

I expect to see many variations of veiled or direct attacks on these predictions. However, those that most upset me are by people who consider themselves "skeptics" or of "scientific" background. Many would argue that the burden of proof is on Cannon and others (such as myself) who promote the material to defend it. This is certainly true to a point, but I think the idea that skepticism is at the core of science is somewhat erroneous.

Just who is this Nanomius anyway?, Vance reflected. He sure has a martyr complex. Martyrs like to give away their gospels, hoping to be crucified, and live forever enshrined in a religion. Sacred writings don't need copyright, might even hurt themselves by trying it. How about them Scientologists, he smirked. Every hacker liked to hack their 'secret' church documents, and post them on the Net, watching them scurry to a federal court to get it stopped as

a 'copyright infringement', and earning enemies by the score. Vance began to admire this Nanomius a little.

The essence of science to me is skeptical *inquiry*, not mere skepticism. The skepticism is the conservative aspect of science, and the inquiry is the enthusiastic, passionate, exploratory phase. There cannot be true progress unless the two are in harmony. With only pure skepticism, one becomes paralyzed from further progress. With only enthusiasm, one becomes overly gullible and credulous. So to those of you who challenge these predictions on scientific grounds, I challenge you to explore them before you dismiss them, to at least read the books and build an informed opinion that is not based on a merely vacuous "knee jerk".

A famous quotation by Newton on his deathbed went along the lines, "All my life I have felt as if I have been exploring a shore and looking at a few pretty shells here and there, while the whole ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me." Arrogant scientists may disagree, but I think Newton was right on. I believe that those who think that science in its present state has largely conquered reality, with a few uncooperative islands of the unexplained remaining, are mistaken. To the contrary, in my opinion, our science has mastered only tiny pockets of truth in a vast landscape, and Nostradamus' capabilities and predictions are (or will be) bone-jarring evidence of our astonishing overall ignorance of the universe.

Already Vance was yawning. But what were uppers for if not for times like this? He reached into his hidden pocket and found some, then popped them into his mouth and washed them down with his Jolt Cola. Much better now. "I could use a four-pound steak", he remembered from watching the AMC Cable channel last Sunday; that was a four-pound stake in his brain.

b. Nostradamus and his "quatrains"

Nostradamus was a physician and prophet of the 16th century living in France at the time of the Inquisition.

He was recognized as a brilliant physician who knew effective measures against the plague victims of the time, a rarity in his profession. Nostradamus as a seer wrote about 946 "quatrains", or four-line poems, about his visions collected over his lifetime. The quatrains are enveloped in deeply obscure, twisted, nested symbolism and encryptions (such as anagrams, different languages, etc.) that is virtually impossible to untangle by a casual observer. Perhaps the greatest difficulty was that he intentionally scrambled them in terms of their historical order. For an excellent biography of Nostradamus see ch. 30 of II, "Research into Nostradamus' Life". Other glimpses of his life are especially prevalent in II.

Quatrains I have found particularly evocative and masterful in symbolism and interpretation, and serve as examples of Nostradamus' intents and talents, are I p 140, cIII-13, microchips and electricity; cIV-29, p 283, the dichotomy of technology vs. spirituality in the 20th century; and cII-75, I p 257, a plane lands on the deck of an aircraft carrier in a pivotal moment of WWIII.

World War 3? Cool.

c. How did Nostradamus do it?

The Cannon books I-III contain a great deal of information on Nostradamus' techniques, which came from a variety of sources. First, he acknowledges he was born with an inner "sixth sense", i.e. a strong intuition and great psychic abilities. Secondly he had enormous drive to develop it. His grandfather apparently passed him books on witchcraft that allowed him to experiment with some rituals. He also had access to "lost" manuscripts handed down outside of the libraries of the time. He talks about guides from the astral plane and from other worlds who helped him. Some pointed him in the direction of esoteric plant recipes and mind-enhancing drugs (but he emphasized they only enhanced his powers and were not the source of them). One apparently bestowed on him a mirror during one of his meditations. The mirror was especially important to his predictions.

A mirror. Yes, that was what he'd tell the Man next time he was hassled about his personal drug habit. He was just bestowing on himself a mirror so he could predict World War 3, chuckle.

Nostradamus also talked of using different crystals to focus on various telepathic frequencies. Occasionally he refers to staring at fire or water (such as in a bowl on a tripod) as a way of focusing his mind. He had access to some lost works of mysticism from his travels (apparently to some Moslem lands). He communicated with other expert astrologers and mystical teachers. However it is possible that some of his notes about and explanations of his techniques were a means of throwing the Inquisition off track.

The Inquisition. That quickened Vance's pulse. He loved horror novels and films, especially torture scenes from the Inquisition. If he was doing the torturing, that is. Nostradamus had to fear these dudes for real; no wonder his prophecies are so vague. Clearly, to understand them required a mirror. He was game now.

One of the most amazing possibilities explored in various places in the Cannon books was that in a sort of "twist of time" Nostradamus was tapping into the subconscious of the people from the future who contacted him. Cannon talks about this in the introduction of II.

Some have wondered about Nostradamus' healing capabilities. He talks about a sort of holistic approach to health and reveals that he was skillful in avoiding the shock that was induced in many patients of surgeons at the time using psychic approaches. He talked about the importance of the "aura" of the person in determining the health of the patient and criticized the practice of treating symptoms. He said that a patient will find some other way to make themselves sick if their critical mental attitude is awry. He talked about cancer being caused by deeply ingrained self-sabotaging thoughts. Nostradamus also confirmed what many have speculated, that he was able to see future approaches to treating the

diseases he encountered (such as the plague) and adopt key aspects of the techniques.

Chapter 61

Vance broke off his concentration just then, and looked away from his monitor, noticing his own geeky profile in his peripheral vision, along with his geeky arms and hands. Long hair, a gold chain with a crystal pendant, wizard robes, and a caduceus -- that would make him irresistible to women, along with the ability to quote all of this cool stuff from memory, he thought to himself. People as geeky as him had to work up an act before they could score, and this act was sure to get him some, if he could stand the boredom long enough to get it down pat. Maybe this Delores chick was a fox. Naw, she was probably an old lesbian, so ugly a toilet would flush itself as she passed, chuckle. Still, his circle of believers would be all lovely hetero or bi foxes, that he would personally heal, through water rites -- waterbed rites, chuckle.

d. D. Cannon & regression hypnosis

Dolores Cannon is a regression hypnotist, meaning that she uses hypnotism as a technique for past-life regressions wherein the subject can recall details from an earlier incarnation on the earth plane. One of her subjects recalled a past life as a student of Nostradamus and helped interpret his quatrains. Through the student, Nostradamus gave Cannon the task of translating the quatrains into modern language free of the convoluted symbolism he wrapped them in to avoid persecution under the Inquisition.

For the books, she used multiple subjects as channels, giving them a first name pseudonym in the books. "Elena" was the first subject through whom contact was made; she was Nostradamus' student Dionysis in the past life. See the early chapters of I.

"I have never been in doubt that I am truly in contact

with the physical Nostradamus while he is alive in his lifetime in France during the 1500s." (I p 117)

D. Cannon has written other books, _Keepers of the Garden_, _A Conversation with a Spirit_, _A Soul Remembers Hiroshima_, and _Jesus and the Essenes_.

He couldn't resist the temptation to call up his university's library catalog and search for Delores Cannon. The Hiroshima book was said to be there, but not in the stacks; probably permanently checked out by a professor. The Nostradamus books weren't listed. Dammit. Would he have to shell out his own bucks for them? He didn't like that idea, but if it could help him score it sure was cheaper than either a ho or a date.

e. "Simultaneous Time"

"Simultaneous time" is a difficult concept that refers to the illusion of earthly time seen from higher spiritual planes. Between lives, the soul has the capability to review lifetimes free of the constraints of time. This state of consciousness is also achieved in hypnoregression subjects who are highly "sonambulistic", i.e. conducive to deep trance states. They can review not only past lifetimes but future ones. But beyond this, it is as if they are actually living them at the moment they describe them. So, for example, the student of Nostradamus that Cannon regressed would see herself and Nostradamus as actually living, and Nostradamus would be communicating directly from his own time to ours as a living person. Cannon describes this subject in ch.2 of II.

f. Ways to view Nostradamus and the prophecies

One can view the interpretations "channelled" by the Cannon subjects as the actual pronouncements of a living Nostradamus during his time, sent to us via circumstances bordering on the miraculous, as a channelling of Nostradamus from the afterlife (although the "Nostradamus" personality in the books insists this is definitely not the case) or merely as a new

interpretation of his quatrain from "some source" (for a skeptic the "source" might be the "imagination of subject's subconscious"). Either way the interpretations given by Cannon are the most clear and striking of all available in the literature, and the least permeated with confused speculation.

A scathing work of criticism and ridicule has been levelled at Nostradamus by the famous "debunker", James Randi. Nevertheless, buried in the unparalleled close-mindedness and vitriol, Randi makes some reasonable points, the most damning of which, reiterated by the skeptics through the centuries, is that Nostradamus' "predictions" are veiled in such obscure symbolism that they could mean anything, and that interpretations are impossible in the absence of precision in language. He has a very valid point.

Vance had seen Randi on TV several times, usually debunking some dork who bends spoons with his mind, chuckle. He was a real fighting man, and never knew when he was licked, chuckle. The dork, not Randi. The latter never lost, else he would go out of business. He didn't want to scrap with Randi himself, just score with some foxes and retire from the guru business.

But the works of Cannon give us a renewed, fresh perspective into the matter. Not only are the past predictions laid bare, but so are all the future ones. These books give a very *precise* vision of the future, with a rigor bordering on the quality of even scientific papers (which themselves contain speculation and a lack of confidence and absolute specificity at times). Perhaps the skeptics can argue that the "fulfillment" of all his prior prophecies were merely due to the creative interpretations or vivid imaginations of enthusiastic supporters. But they will not be able to deny the reality of these explicit visions as (or "if", as the case may be) it unfolds before them.

If one takes the Cannon books as truly channeling Nostradamus, the ultimate measure of Nostradamus' true talents will be revealed shortly for us all to personally

witness and attest to the presence or lack thereof. And even if one ignores the Nostradamus aspect, leaving aside for a moment the question of the "source" of the predictions, the Cannon books contain a treasure trove of specific, "falsifiable" predictions about our near future. Here is something that is not buried in mysticism or obscurity and is open to any one who has an open mind.

And even if Nostradamus proves false, he will have scored with some foxes that might even stay with him afterward, Vance read between those lines.

g. Free will vs. Fatalism

Nostradamus' preponderance of bleak and horrid prophecies sometimes have the effect of causing people to adopt an attitude of resigned nihilism or fatalism. "What's the use?" But this is precisely the mental attitude that he was fervently attacking. The earth history-flow has a kind of "inertia" that he learned to read through his highly refined and developed mental concentration. If we continue on our present path, i.e. the "course of least resistance", the worst of the horrible, apocalyptic visions will be realized. But through focused thought and determination the most severe scenarios can be avoided.

In the Cannon book Nostradamus repeatedly emphasizes the urgency of his mission and his frustration with man's apathy in the face of his predictions. In one channeling, the subject said that "his psychic abilities are so profound and developed that had he lived in other times he might have been revered almost as a God, but in the Inquisition his talent was wasted." Nostradamus was something like a psychoanalyst for the entire human race, and was quite frustrated with his patient's continual tendency to sabotage and destroy himself in spite of the doctor's -- literally -- divinely inspired advice.

My abilities are so profound and developed that I, too, will be revered almost as a God, Vance chuckled. That's what Nostradamus was really selling: the guru business, in a

bottle. One drop makes you taller, and another makes you small, chuckle. Makes his magic mushroom taller and smaller, when his fox Alice... he slipped into a long erotic dream, and came back up for air minutes later.

Another interesting theme is that Nostradamus, in II, seems to indicate that the Antichrist is the embodiment of all evil in mankind since the time of creation. In other words, our own evil thoughts and deeds contribute indirectly and directly to the terrible crescendo of his horrible nature. The grisly earthly drama with him in the starring role, foretold for centuries as far back as the Old Testament of the Bible, is actually a lesson of the highest order for us to clean our own mental and bodily temples of the encrusted pollution of ages. The awesome power of our own thoughts will confront us face to face. Just as the atrocities and genocide that Hitler perpetrated under the name of the Reich are the logical conclusion of insane fascism, racism, intolerance, and imperialism, the shrieking crescendo of WWIII is the embodiment of all our hidden and concealed crimes against our fellow humans.

He didn't want any of that Antichrist or Hitler shit, no way. He had to be careful about being labeled as fascist or racist; no fox would dig that scene around here. Nostradamus lived way before Hitler, and was just foreseeing him; he lived after Hitler, and was therefore as innocent as Nostradamus. Skip tracers would leave him be, chuckle.

I would like to bring out an example of the importance and interpretation that should be attributed to Nostradamus' prophecies. In I p 141 (cVI-34) he correctly foresees the Challenger shuttle disaster. But in his interpretation, he also indicates that NASA would coverup the source of failure and not reveal it to the general public. This arguably occurred, but because of the dynamic efforts of one man in particular *outside* of NASA, the truth of the disaster has probably in fact been revealed.

The man is the eminent physicist Richard Feynman, who wrote about his experience on the Challenger

investigation committee in his book, "What do you care what other people think, Mr. Feynman?" Throughout his great work one can see very directly the efforts of NASA administrators to put up a smokescreen to the public and defy his determined, heroic efforts to find the truth. Did he indeed thwart one of Nostradamus' many uncanny and depressing predictions? Can this be regarded as a case of the power of an individual to defy the smothering inertia of foretold negativity? Of the power of each one of use to untangle and defy secret conspiracies, and those who derive their power through the concealment of truth, and greedily, madly clutch it?

Vance was not into physics, since it was too hard, too mathematical; but he was into William Gibson and his Neuromancer Trilogy, and Star Trek. Not that he had read all of that trilogy, but he had it sitting proudly on his bookshelf, and loved the dust jacket picture of Gibson sitting behind a table filled with Star Trek toys, holding a phaser pistol. A geek after his own heart. Probably never scored until his books sold well, chuckle. As Nostramancer, he would thwart NASA, the CIA, the FBI, or whatever, and display his power for all foxes to see. Then he would score.

Nostradamus refers to many different dark secrets of our times, ranging from the Cabal that manipulates the world economy and military conflicts to the unspeakably horrible secret military weapon researches. Are we to assert that we have no influence over those who attempt to conceal truth from us? Or would the world be a far better place if we all had the dogged determination and curiosity that Feynman embodied? The courage to defy and transcend people who say "you don't know what you're doing and you have no place in this matter"? Or not be bludgeoned into silent submission by keywords like "matter of national security"? as our governments develop the most grisly weapons of destruction ever conceived in the history of (in)humanity?

Nostradamus' underlying, "golden" message is that every individual contributes to the flow of history, that free will exists and can avert disaster through sensible use

-- but apathy is perhaps the most negative and lethal contribution of all.

Apathy. Chick apathy, yes. Their apathy is not only negative to horny young dudes like him, but potentially lethal as well. And they never seem to give a shit. Free will is at least a hope; if he can control it to his own ends, chuckle.

I p 66

"There is free will. He wants you to know about them so the worse effects can be avoided."

I p 57

"Do not feel that civilization as we know it -- or to be more correct -- as you know it, has a hopeless future. He says that with the ability to understand what can happen with a planet and to have new awareness within yourselves, that could always change the event of things."

"Even a shift in the axis?"

"Yes."

From the jacket of Cannon I:

"Nostradamus believed, as I do, in the theory of 'probable futures', of nexus on the lines of time with many possible courses branching off in all directions. He believed that if man had the knowledge he could see which time line his future was headed down and reverse it before it was too late."

A shift in the axis of the Earth? Cool. If he could cause all the foxes to suddenly fall into his corner of the world at the same time, and all the competition fall the opposite direction, that would ensure his chances of scoring, chuckle. Vance wondered then if Nanomius had scored from publishing this FAQ; no need to answer that, it might depress him. He read on.

h. FAQ Compiler's note

What is my motivation for writing this "FAQ"? In short I find these books absolutely mesmerizing. They have opened up whole new exhilarating research avenues for me, and I have seen deeply receptive curiosity to the ideas out in cyberspace. However, the books, from the perspective of pure prophecy, have exceedingly scattered organization and superfluous and irrelevant detail and are in desperate need of further editing, condensing, cross reference, and interpretation. (This is not to criticize the fantastic trilogy as it is intended, i.e., in addition to imparting the formal interpretations, to paint the fascinating, shining, previously-unknown personality and life of Nostradamus.)

But more generally I believe Nostradamus stands above humanity as a man of the highest calibre and integrity. His sheer *gift* for prophecy is repeatedly reinforced by the occurrence of truly foretold events as unparalleled in history. I want to help spread the brilliant light of his prophecies into our tumultuous, critical era of "The Shift".

That and score some foxes, Vance chuckled.

The elements that most disturbed me of Nostradamus' prophecies were the predictions of an apocalypse for civilization. Like most people, I generally think we live in a great society unparalleled in history. What is the future of cyberspace if the entire world and its current massive communications infrastructures will be devastated?

The predictions that related the Antichrist's mad massacres for world power as involving the manipulation and debasement of international communications networks utterly stunned me. But it fit in with my beliefs that we are forging these vast electronic networks with very little concentrated thought, planning, or understanding, with no concept of the vast power of the psychic energies we are tinkering with and unleashing, like an uncontained

and uncontrolled explosion, and that Murphy's law that "if anything can go wrong it will" could apply on a cataclysmic global scale. But the most psyche-shattering revelation in these books for me, that the biblical Beast alluded to is referring to *computers*, above all else has convinced me of the absolutely cosmic significance of Nostradamus' prophecies and the cut-to-the-bone relevance to *our* times, *now*. (See II, chapter 14: "666: the Secret Number of the Beast").

That 666 number of the beast thing was overworked, Vance sighed. Even the local PBS affiliate TV station, Channel 6, used 666-6666 as their phone number. It's a long story, with tears and beers, but he had gone through his 666 stage and didn't want to repeat it, even if he did score a little.

Finally, Nostradamus seems to allude to a sort of future Inquisition and period of martial law during which materials conflicting with the Antichrist's philosophy and agenda of world conquest will be suppressed. So I am "seizing the moment" and consolidating a large amount of material for maximum distribution in a short amount of time while cyberspace is still healthy, innocent, robust, and unadulterated. I encourage you to help redistribute this document as widely as possible in any form in any forum or medium. I also encourage you to buy Cannon's trilogy for the ultimate reference, a sort of "Handbook for the Global Apocalypse".

Seizing the moment. Carpe deum. That Robin Williams flick. Cool. He'd print this document out, and carry it around campus, and read it little by little, then see if he can get some foxes interested in it and score. Maybe a fox would pay for the Cannon books for him, chuckle. He never paid for it in his life, chuckle; right. At least not with his parents' credit card.

Above all, I hope that you will help play a positive role in the cosmic drama that is unfolding before us. Will you be "another brick in the wall" of the Antichrist? Or will you help to bring a new era of peace, prosperity, and spiritual advancement to yourself and your fellow man? Nostradamus emphasized that we still have free

will, that his prophecies are only based on a sort of "momentum" that the world course is taking and that can be reversed by the awesome force of personal, conscious, thoughtful, focused, virtuous choices and actions.

Another brick in the wall. That's Pink Floyd. Cool. This dude is on the same wavelength as him. As he? Nevermind. That movie they made about 'The Wall', was that really about Nostradamus' prophecies? Cool. He'd thought it was a secret soundtrack for the classic film 'The Wizard of Oz'. Maybe both. Maybe that film was also about Nostradamus in disguise. Cool.

e. Change history

v1.0 8/13/94

Initial revision. Book I only. Parts 1-8.

Chapter 62

Click. He knew he was going to miss a class, but he couldn't stop now. He wanted to read part 2 now. Now now now.

Prophecies of Nostradamus: part 2/8, Cast and Characters

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Cast and Characters of the Time of Troubles

The Antichrist

- a. Background/overview of the Antichrist
- b. Political/religious philosophies of the Antichrist

Ogmios

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The Popes and the Catholic Church

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General international political climate

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- a. Background/overview of the Antichrist

I p 186

The Antichrist made a promise to himself to rule the world in a past incarnation and the wheel of karma has turned to give him the opportunity in this lifetime. His potential and opportunities for evil will be counterbalanced by the ability to do good. In the early 1990s he is beginning the realization of his ambitions, and will start his political career at a local level and keep advancing, becoming ever more greedy of power.

I p 178 (cI-76)

The Antichrist will become a world leader even though he misuses his power. The root meanings of his names will give a clue of his destiny and what he is capable of. The name may sound somewhat barbaric to European ears. He will be influenced by old customs known in the literature but generally forgotten.

I p 178

The Antichrist will be worse than Hitler. In 1989 he's living in the Middle East. He is at a very crucial time in his life, when impressions will influence his future life path. Currently in the realm there is a lot of violence, political maneuvering, and corruption. The atmosphere is having an effect an effect on him and he's coming to realize what his destiny is.

I p 190 (cVIII-77)

He will succeed in conquests but only at the cost of terrible bloodshed by conventional weapons, but will save his nuclear arsenal for later unspeakable deeds. So many people will be killed that the living will not be able to haul them away to be buried fast enough. The people of the world will be accustomed to the sight of corpses and the sight of death will will not make people squeamish because they will be around it so much.

I p 182

Neither Kadaffi or the Ayatollah Khomeini are the Antichrist, but they will contribute to the destabilization of the region that will aid his rise to power.

I p 180

He will be educated in Egypt because of its current stability and strategic position to the Middle East and North Africa.

I p 170

The social upheavals of the times will contribute to laying the way open for the Antichrist to take over. Various countries will have their social and political structure will be turned totally upside down. Religious fanatics (not spiritual people) will come into power and believe they are justified in their draconian campaigns.

The religious fervor allows the Antichrist to come into power through persuasive guile. His followers will regard him as a religious figure.

I p 194 (cX-71)

Despite the massive propoganda campaigns of the Antichrist that paint a grand and wondrous picture of his worldwide achievements, other glimpses of his heinous atrocities "behind the scenes" will leak out. He will not be able to live up to the image his followers project of him.

I p 179 (cI-50)

The Antichrist will be in action near the Mediterranean Sea, the Red Sea, and the Arabian Sea. He will gain immense world-wide power. Thursday will be an important day for him, he will take it as his day of worship. He will be a threat to everyone but particularly in the East because he will control both China and Russia and the entire Asian continent under his control, for the first time in world history.

I p 234 (cI-55)

The social and political upheavals orchestrated by the Antichrist will be felt particularly in northern, developed countries with cooler climates. During his time societies will be torn and cast into chaos and confusion. Many doomsayers will arise as false prophets, claiming to have divine revelations and know the path of salvation for the people.

I p 249 (cI-92)

For a short period the reign of the Antichrist over his realm will be no fighting because of his police state. But people will begin to rebel in the memory of lost freedoms. There will be very much death and destruction, with many people dying for their cause. Prophecies from the Revelation will apply, such as the quote about "rivers of blood up to horse's harnesses". The times

will be extremely violent and traumatic.

I p 256 (cI-80)

The Antichrist will take Thursday as his day of reverence. There will be enormous warfare and bloodshed from his weapons, one "a monster borne of a very hideous beast". Hard radiation will cause gross deformities, terrible mutations in nature, in plants and animals as well as Mother Earth. In the period 1997 or 2001 there will be great pain and despair.

This is 1999, Vance mused, so 1997 is out. Face it, that leaves him only a year or two to score with the foxes. It's never soon enough to score, he chuckled. Is he supposed to tell foxes he's the Antichrist, or that he's the guru warning of the Antichrist? The latter, surely. "I didn't get a chance to use that gun, Matthew, but I intend to." A phrase from that AMC movie he saw last Sunday, chuckle. Jimmy Stewart shouting in a gunfight, clinging to some rocks in a desert as the bad guy is raining lead on him from above. Jimmy Stewart scored a lot, chuckle. And he was the geek's geek, almost the father of the geeks, chuckle. 'Winchester 73', that was the title. "Mann saw a quality in Stewart that was always there, but was always hidden behind that boy-next-door surface" -- the after-movie commentary rung in his mind. He did have a good memory for short quotes, he chuckled.

Chapter 63

b. Political & religious philosophies of the Antichrist

I p 187 (cX-75)

The Antichrist will develop a systematic philosophy based on Marx and Engels that takes advantage of the elements related to the complete control of a population. Russia and China will be vulnerable to the philosophy because of the past receptivity to Communism. The Antichrist will use his philosophy as a way of conquering the entire

Asian continent before setting out to take over the rest of the world. His philosophies will be propagated through manipulations of the different institutions of political power.

I p 188 (cIII-95)

The Antichrist will corrupt the religion of Christianity with the intent of destroying it, but also distort the beliefs of Islam. He will disguise his agenda of conquest as a way of life and a replacement for religion.

I p 254 (cIII-19)

The Antichrist will study and emulate Hitler and his techniques avidly to try to surpass him and avoid his mistakes. He will have access to books and material not available or known to the general public. It will be possible for him to obtain secret Nazi documents on Hitler and he will study them very carefully.

That was cool. Secret Nazi documents on Hitler. Could there really be such? He'd be just the one to find them, if they were on the Net somewhere, waiting for the Antichrist to read them. What fox wouldn't let him score if he could tell her he'd found secret documents like that? Her legs would spread open to that pitch as if he had a Swiss Army Knife, chuckle.

That movie about Ted Bundy suddenly jogged his mind, how he would cruise campuses looking for foxes to pick up, and how easily he did it because he was so handsome. If he, Vance, tried that, he'd most likely get arrested just for trying to talk to a strange fox. That Ted Bundy used to drive a VW, didn't he?, Vance mused. Funny, so does he; one of the new ones, with the engine in the wrong place. Far better car, though; more advanced. He thought it would help him score, but so far, no luck. Maybe it was Ted Bundy who ruined its image, and made it a turn-off to foxes. Nevermind. In his new guru get-up, with long enough hair, and enough hair products, maybe he'd look almost cute; he could hope. At least he was young enough to still have his hair, chuckle.

I p 274

The Antichrist will be doomed from the start of his campaign, because he is against central spiritual forces that make up the fabric of the universe. For people who choose this path, "It's just a matter of how far they go before they fail and what effects they have on the lives around them." Like the ultimate downfall of many tyrants his empire and power will be inherently unstable. His own subcommanders will be power-hungry in his image, and his authority will fragment around him. The political map of the world, the boundaries of countries, will change, but the continents of the world will still be shaped the same.

Chapter 64

c. Ogmios

I p 274

Ogmios is the counterforce to the Antichrist who will help tear down the tyranny and balance the universe in a way that is harmonious to man's central spiritual source. He will be supported by many countries still fighting the Antichrist. He will probably arise from the underground movement. In one of the countries conquered by the Antichrist the underground will be tightly organized. Ogmios will arise from it, and confront the Antichrist in the area in Eurasia close to Constantinople, as WWIII is approaching its end. Ogmios will come from somewhere in central Europe. He is very well prepared spiritually for the task, because his opponent is very powerful with a strong aura of negative powers.

Ogmios will be "of the people". He will have worked up through the ranks from a simple background, attaining his accomplishments through honest work. He will have technical training but will rely mainly on his practicality. He's an old soul who has his priorities

straight and can see the root of matters. He is one who will help pave the way for the "Great Genius". Ogmios realizes he is not the one to lead the world to ultimate peace, but he is the one to help bring down "the one who would destroy the world" (the Antichrist) to open the way for the one who will guide the world to ultimate peace.

Ogmios. Somehow, Vance had heard that name recently. If his memory was so great, how come he couldn't recall where?

He withdrew his face from the monitor and gasped as his recall jelled. Where was his current copy of the campus newspaper? He turned his head to his huge pile of refuse and papers, and leaned over to fish around with one hand in it.

There it was. He grabbed it, and thumbed around inside it, finding the ad.

GENETIC ENGINEERS ARE THE ANTICHRIST. Plans for a new race of Supermen in sacred Indian reservations covered-up by the government. Lori Ogmios speaks Thursday night at the campus auditorium, 7 pm.

There was a small black-and-white pic of Lori Ogmios along with the ad. She was fat like a pig, but young and not unbeautiful, beneath all that fat. Mexican, or Indian, he thought. With a diet she could be a fox.

Suddenly, some hot chili started to come out of Vance's loose bowels, fowling his briefs. He had to shit now so bad that he couldn't get to the head fast enough. When he had farted and shit for minutes, his briefs there on his shoes were sporting fresh hot shit. He took them off, stripped completely, took a hot shower, and washed his briefs in the sink, finally hanging them up on the shower rod.

When he got back to his monitor, it was still obediently waiting for him to read on. He was now wondering if this Lori Ogmios had beat him out of his inside track on this cool stuff; if her name were real, or assumed; if she were a fox -- available, that is; if he could end up scoring with her after going to that meeting. Meantime he knew he'd have

to do his homework, so he got another can of Jolt and sat down, more uppers going down with a swig first.

I p 277 (cV-24)

The organization run by Ogmios will survive the worst of the time of troubles and will serve the basis for future governments after the Antichrist is put down. The "glory of the sun" is behind Ogmios; he is a man of great stature, but has a direct, sometimes "gruff" personality. He makes a good friend but a terrible enemy. He will be an upstanding man of strong principles and morals, making him a strong adversary to the Antichrist. His principles are his own and not influenced by dogma, and his organization under his leadership is the effective opposition to the Antichrist, but he is not haughty.

I p 277 (cII-85)

Ogmios will be "small" in that his forces and resources are meager. His underground movement will be scraping to keep body and soul together.

I p 275 (Cannon's note)

Ogmios is the Celtic equivalent of Hercules. He is represented as an old, bald-headed man with wrinkled and sun-burnt skin yet possessing the attributes of Hercules. He draws a multitude of joyful followers and admirers by beautiful chains of gold and amber attached to their ears. The other end of the chains are fixed to his tongue, and he bestows on his captives a smiling face. This is the native god of eloquence, regarded with the reverence given to Hercules, because he had accomplished his feats through glorious speech. His speech shows itself best in his old age. The chains indicate the bond between the orator's tongue and the ears of enraptured listeners.

Wait a minute, Vance thought. Lori is a woman's name. Ogmios is supposed to be a man, an old one at that. "When he asks you to play a game of solitaire, tell him, forget it buster, the ball game is over." Another quote memorized

from AMC watching. 'The Manchurian Candidate'.

But couldn't he team up with this Lori Ogmios, and change his own name to Ogmios? Then he'd be the One, now wouldn't he? "I'm king of the world", chuckle. From 'Titanic' -- everybody knew that one. He looked at the B/W pic again --

Hmmm. Did he hear wedding bells ringing? Especially if she had money, chuckle. Or even a good welfare check, from a crop of kids, and a father who had flown the chicken coup. He'd love to move out of this noisy dorm, right into bed with a soft-skinned fox who vibrated at his psychic frequency, and had a common cause that consumed their lives. A big dog would come later, chuckle. When she hit forty, he'd find an excuse to dump her for another, younger babe; two twenties, chuckle. All foxes knew it was coming, so what? Life is short, and hard, and then you die, chuckle. Molly with her razors in Gibson's books; that summed it all up somehow.

Chapter 65

d. Death of the three popes / Catholic Church & the Antichrist

I p 198 (cIV-86)

The present pope will be assassinated and the next pope will not last long. The final pope will be a tool of the Antichrist. The Roman church is already a tool of the Antichrist, indirectly supporting his aims, even though they may not be aware of it.

I p 201 (cII-57)

The last three popes of the Catholic Church will fall in short succession. The third to the last will die from an assassin's shooting. The second-to-last will be "swallowed up" by the schemings of the Antichrist. The last, the one born slightly misshapen, will go the greatest distance in destroying the Church. The

Antichrist will use him for awhile until he gets in the way, at which point he is eliminated. His treachery will accelerate, and his death will signal, the end of the Catholic Church.

e. Assassination of the current pope

I p 191 (cVIII-46)

During the period that the Antichrist begins to flex his power, the current pope will be assassinated when he goes on a trip away from the Vatican. The two cardinals nearest to the pope will realize the danger to their church after the death, and they will close themselves up in the Vatican to try to protect themselves.

The current Pope is desirous of world peace and is working against some established power parties within the Roman church. A point will come when the special interests inside the church who want to hold onto their power and wealth will misadvise the Pope in such a way as to place him in a dangerous situation which he is unaware of. The assassination will lead to social unrest and rioting in Rome. The next pope will not last long. There will be only two other popes after the present one.

Vance couldn't help remembering the AMC movie about the great days of the Pharaohs, with the big expensive scenes, with thousands of extras, showing parades of Egyptians playing trumpets and flutes, the melodies so weird, so pompous, so frilly; the drums, the tubas, the cymbals and chimes and bells. The great struggles of the Antichrist with the Popes would be a movie like this someday, chuckle. He, Vance, would feature in it as Ogmios. Cool.

I p 192 (cII-97)

The pope and several of his entourage will be assassinated in late spring when the roses bloom, at a European city that is at the junction of two major rivers.

I p 194 (cII-15)

The present pope will be assassinated shortly prior to the appearance of a comet that will be clearly visible from the sky of the Northern Hemisphere. His concern for the human condition, leading him to treacherous travel arrangements, will be his downfall. The next pope will be assassinated by the Antichrist because he won't submit to his demands. The assassination allows the Antichrist to install his "tool" into the office.

What European city could that be?, Vance mused. 'Land of the Pharaohs', that movie was, he suddenly remembered. His memory was good, if not instantaneous, chuckle. Nineteen-fifty-something. Five, probably. It starred Joan Collins. His movie would star some such fox too, maybe Alicia Silverstone or Shannon Doherty, chuckle.

He had a big green Webster's geographical dictionary on his bookshelf, that he had picked up for free in high school and kept close ever since. He thumbed to the map of Europe, looking for a city at the junction of two major rivers. Paris? No, there were more than two rivers: the Seine, the Marne, and the Loire, at least.

He paged to the map of Germany. Nothing. Austria. Nothing. France. Nothing. He gave up for now. The monitor was beckoning.

Chapter 66

f. Second-to-last pope "swallowed" by Antichrist's schemings

I p 193 (cI-4)

The second-to-last pope instated after the assassination of the current one will have a short reign. Due to political blunders and mistakes he will pave the way for the final pope to be a tool of the Antichrist. His reign is an omen of the final downfall of the church.

I p 196 (cII-36)

Before the Antichrist comes to full power it will appear that other leaders are above him and in control of the power structure other than him. In reality the Antichrist is using them as stepping stones in his quest for world power. During this period he will have a traitorous cardinal working for him, spying on the second-to-last pope. One of the cardinals will steal information from him and alter the pope's personal correspondence, so that it has different connotations. It will make the situation appear inordinately worse than it is in reality, causing the pope to react inappropriately. This way the populace will be more likely to see him as incompetent and destabilize his authority, possibly by being assassinated. The cardinal will be troubled by his betrayal because of the obvious dissension it causes the Church, but he is allied with the Antichrist and will rationalize away his backstabbing.

The music from 'Land of the Pharaohs' rung in his ears again; the slaves marching through the half-built pyramids, moving huge stones, while a boy asks his father questions. "And some will grow old, and some will die; and the stones of the pyramid will be cemented with blood and tears". The Antichrist would build up a mighty pyramid of power on the blood and tears of others, most likely.

g. The treachery of the final pope

I p 197 (cIII-65)

The last pope will be elected shortly after the discovery of the tomb of an ancient Roman whose philosophies greatly influence western thought, something like within a year's time. This is the "poisonous" pope that is actually only a tool for the Antichrist who will bring about the ultimate destruction of the Catholic church.

I p 200

The last pope will probably be French, with a swarthy

complexion and blue eyes. There will be an air of mystery to him. He will have a physical deformity of some sort, like a slightly hunched shoulder or clubfoot, a congenital defect in the bone. (It won't be caused by injury, he was born with it.) His mind has been scarred by the deformity and the cruelty and callousness of people toward others who are different.

He entered the church at a young age out of bitterness and desperation because he knew he would never get a girl to love and marry him. His parents were involved with the Nazi movement in France and his schoolmates taunted him with names like "Nazi lover". This pope could have been kindly if it weren't for his childhood environment and experiences, but instead was warped into cruelty from pain, and he wants to "get back" at the world for his suffering while young. This is a weakness that the Antichrist exploits.

This pope will want to show his enemies, "look at me; I'm powerful; I can do it; I'm better than you." After he attains the power he desires, he will be indirectly responsible for the murder of innocent people because of his alignment with the Antichrist. He will not murder anyone himself, but will open up avenues for the Antichrist to do so, particularly those who hurt him when he was young. This future pope now appears to be kindly on the surface because it is advantageous for him to be perceived that way, but the sinister side of his personality is deeply rooted.

I p 202 (cII-76)

The final pope will betray his Church by revealing extremely crucial and sensitive information directly to the Antichrist, information that the Antichrist could never have obtained even through his spies in the church.

h. Demise of the Catholic Church

I p 193 (cX-70)

Ruin will befall the Catholic church because of its

leaders' ambition for illegitimate power. The leaders will become vainglorious and think that they can handle whatever they desire to grasp, and it will be their downfall. Their ambitions will be chilled when they fail and the church will be subject to great upheaval, with the Pope ultimately being dethroned. Catholics will become alienated and disillusioned with the powermongering, will no longer support the church, and the sphere of influence of the Church will greatly diminish.

I p 209 (cV-25)

The base of the Catholic Church in Rome will be destroyed in an accident, as if the city sank into the sea. This will somewhat coincide with events in the Middle East and some people will connect the two, but in reality it is a coincidence. However the Arabs will quickly take advantage of the situation even though they didn't cause it. The restrictions of the Vatican will cause the church to crumble. They may rally, but it will be a blow they will never recover from.

The downfall will reveal why the church finally collapsed after surviving so many centuries. The accident will be a combination of natural and human-triggered disasters. The force will involve the sea and a great energy force from the sky descending and dissolving the landscape. It will be termed a natural disaster because it's beyond the capability of anyone on the earth to produce the force. No one can find any cause so it is labelled an "Act of Nature". However, the more important event of the time, which people will be distracted from noticing, is the Antichrist's invasion of Turkey.

Why would anybody want or need to invade Turkey?, Vance thought. He had seen 'The Midnight Express' like everybody else, chuckle. The land where they stab you in the butt. He didn't 'get' it.

h. Cabal's teeth in the international power flow

I p 265 (cII-58)

During the time of the Antichrist a secretive, conspirational cabal are "pulling the strings" behind the scenes to manipulate world politics and economies for personal gain. These master puppeteers operate figureheads in many countries, governments, and the major world capitals. They are united but are very clever in disguising their influence. They hold positions that appear to be relatively minor, like advisors and under-secretaries and such, but are key positions of their power.

In the daytime they appear to be good, loyal, model citizens working for the same goals their governments are supposedly working for, but behind the scenes they band together and pool their information and contacts to work for their own ends. They do not appear to have any political power but they really have a firm grip on world affairs, like sharp teeth sunk into everything.

This secret organization has been in existence for several generations. Their existence is hinted in the family histories of the banking powers and money centers of the world. Only the families involved are aware. The cabal of leaders has been very slowly but surely building up a worldwide network of power, because they want to take over but stay behind the scenes.

That sounds like the Nazis talking, Vance mused. They claimed the world was controlled behind the scenes by an international Jewish conspiracy of bankers, yak yak yak. So, why doesn't Nanomius come out and say Jews?, he asked himself.

At first when the Antichrist comes along the leaders of the Cabal regard him as a new, dynamic, youthful leader from the Middle East they can use to unite the area and rein it into their realm of control. But the Antichrist ends up turning the tables on them.

i. Cabal involved in military and economic conquests

I p 266 (cII-88)

The Antichrist successfully takes over nearly all of Europe. The cabal of international financiers and bankers will not stay in active war with the Antichrist and his attention will turn elsewhere. In France the underground will begin to flourish.

The Cabal families made their influence and fortunes in the banking and commodities industries, such as gold or diamond mines, leather, tins, etc, like the colonial barons associated with the European world empires who started their families' fortunes exploiting the materials of the Third World nations. "The seventh and the fifth" will have the same names, and the seventh one will be considered part of the fifth.

The Cabal manipulates the economy to cause the unemployment or inflation rates to rise or fall at their whim. They have affected everyone's life.

Didn't the Jews call their secret writings the Caballah?
Cabal, Caballah. Could have something there, Vance noted.
Cool.

j. Cabal destroyed by the Antichrist

I p 268 (cII-18)

Somehow through the espionage powers of the Antichrist, the seven key leaders of the secret cabal will be discovered and destroyed. This is his familiar technique of throwing his enemies into confusion and chaos to seize or take advantage of their assets in their weakened state. At the time he knew only that they were financing the European forces that opposed him.

But in this case it is shortsighted of him because it was the cabal that has been instigating the warfare going on through the decades and centuries, and destroying them in

effect seals the "beginning of the end" for the Antichrist because their hidden activities promoted his agenda. When they are removed the agitation for world war is no longer present and the natural inclination for world peace will assert itself, thereby doing away with the Antichrist.

So, thought Vance; the Jewish caballah kept the world confused by fomenting wars, and making profit off both sides. This very confusion helped the Antichrist rise to power, but when he defeats the cabal, the world suddenly finds itself with no more war, other than the ones the Antichrist himself is fomenting. That triggers them all to unite against him, and there is no cabal to confuse them this time. He should have worked with the cabal to share the world, chuckle. Like Hitler could have worked with the Jews. Or any Hitler.

k. Fundamentalist fanatics' infiltrations into governments

I p 151 (c I-40)

Powerful men involved with fundamentalist religion and politics, shrewd in manipulation, propoganda, and in distorting the word of God for their own ends will band together to obtain *key* posts in the government. The posts are not necessarily splashy or public but are critical points in the power flow where they can exert their influence to subtly affect world events in their favor.

Leaders in the Middle East will become aware and alarmed by their encroachments and will change their laws, making it more difficult for Americans to travel in this area. It will affect American money, currencies, and trade with the U.S. The Antichrist, in the midst of building a power base, will be influenced by these actions, in a way that will be harmful to the Christian cause later. The religious fundamentalists will cause their own undoing in this way.

That wasn't too clear, Vance thought. Don't religious

people already have positions of power and influence in America? Don't the leaders in the Middle East already restrict Americans? How can this affect America so badly that it will undermine religious fundamentalists here? This looked weak, all-too weak. Nanomius and/or Cannon are grasping for straws here. He saw an opening for himself as the new guru here; cool.

Chapter 68

1. Manipulation of the IRA in Ireland by the underworld

I p 153 (cVI-62)

Members of the underworld will send faulty arms and drugs to fighters in Ireland. The British and the IRA both believe they are fighting for the good of the country but at the last minute realize they have been destroying it. At the last minute they will try to compromise but will be foiled by the manipulations of the underworld conspirators who are playing each side against the other. The underworld elements are spread in many areas but the arms and drugs will be shipped from Monaco.

m. Wealthy U.S. businessman a closet revolutionary and Nazi

I p 154 (cV-75)

A very wealthy and famous businessman in the U.S. will be secretly involved with the American Nazi Party and the Ku Klux Klan in the South. The man's sole ambition in life is to overthrow the American government as it is presently constituted. The man will be involved with politics but will stay low-key, spinning webs of power and expanding his influence behind the scenes. This groundwork will prove useful for the Antichrist later on. The man will have a puppet, a figurehead, but he will pull the strings. The link will not be known until the time of the Antichrist.

Hmmm, thought Vance. Could this be Ted Turner by any

chance? Could the groundwork include his cable TV network? Would make sense. How could good ole boy Ted, married to leftist Jane Fonda, be a secret Nazi/KKKer? Oh boy, this was cool.

o. Fundamentalist censorship

I p 277 (cII-85)

A distortion in religious values will plague the populace during the times of troubles. Fundamentalist religion and its fanatics will be like an old man holding a thick oaken stick over his followers, to make sure they don't step out of line. This is opposed to the spirit of honor, valor, loyalty to one's country, and all the other virtues. The fundamentalists will be both Christian and Moslem.

I p 215 (cI-62)

During the time of troubles and massive earth upheavals, the countries that harbor fundamentalist religions and philosophies will become very powerful, claiming to offer the true comfort and path for the populace in need. The fundamentalist groups will suppress learning and education and censor books.

I don't want to be a fundamentlist then, Vance snickered.

p. Terrorist assassinations

I p 202 (cIX-36)

The final pope is captured into the influence of the Antichrist during a period of great civil unrest, war, and desolation, and many other horrible events. History will be seen as a series of catastrophic events, each topping the ones before, leading up to the time of troubles.

During the time of troubles the assassination of world leaders will become extremely common, so much that the population will not even keep track of who is the current

leader, thinking it a futile exercise because they are assassinated so frequently. With the warfare going on, a great danger will exist to anyone who has ambitions for leadership, except for the Antichrist, who will be actually orchestrating most of the assassinations himself.

Chapter 69

Click.

Prophecies of Nostradamus: part 3/8, The Antichrist

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The Antichrist (part 3)

- a. Antichrist's rise to power in Middle East
- b. Antichrists' unified monetary system
- c. Antichrist's seizure of Asia
- d. Antichrist's cultural eradication & European campaign
- e. Antichrist's ravage of the Catholic Church
- f. Antichrist's invasion of Turkey
- g. Switzerland alarmed by Antichrist's Nazism in Germany
- h. International (non)reaction to the Antichrist

- a. Antichrist's rise to power in Middle East

I p 189 (cIII-34)

The Antichrist will spend many years working silently behind the scenes to consolidate his power, and make his appearance onto the international arena once the structure is in place. He will have planned carefully and the countries he goes against will be unprepared for his golden-tongued treachery.

I p 190 (cVIII-77)

The Antichrist is the power behind the scenes, pulling the strings, and has not yet made his move to reveal himself. He is like a spider waiting for his time, taking advantage of the world situation to make his move.

I p 180

When his time comes he will take advantage of the political situation in a country to rise to power. It will not matter that he is not a native of the country. He will take advantage of loopholes and contrive positions. He may aggressively and audaciously seize a position in a military organization after his uncle dies, for example.

So he has an uncle, thought Vance. I'll be an Antichrist's uncle, chuckle. Probably looks likes Curly and says "woo woo woo".

I p 234 (cI-34)

The Antichrist will foment rebellions within the countries he's aiming to take over. He will allow the various political splinter groups to believe he supports their cause, when he is actually playing them against each other. The countries will turn in on themselves, weakening them for his outside conquest.

I p 219 (cII-23)

The Antichrist will take over Iran by using a human decoy to trick the Ayatollah in power. This will involve the "yes men" and sycophants of the Ayatollah's court. The Antichrist will first drive away internal supporters of the Ayatollah by starting a civil war. Then he will put forth a man as a leader, a man for Iranians loyal to the Ayatollah to concentrate their hate on. The man will be assassinated while Iran is being taken over, and his opponents will think they have foiled the overthrow of power by assassinating him. But they will find out later he was merely a decoy and that they played into the plans of the Antichrist.

Those Iranians must be pretty easy to fool, Vance chuckled.

I p 211 (cII-81)

The Antichrist will initially obtain power in his own sphere, Asia, and the Middle East. As he grows out of this arena, i.e. into Europe, the next step will be into the Mediterranean, approaching from the south, his area of strength. Because of his Middle Eastern heritage he will have already united North Africans, who are sympathetic to his cultural background, with his Asian and Middle Eastern conglomerate.

Yah right, snorted Vance. A bunch of dumb Berbers and Moors are going to unite and overthrow Rick's Cafe, chuckle.

b. Antichrist's unified monetary system

I p 219 (cI-40)

The Antichrist will start uniting the monetary systems of his region to help merge them into a single political entity. His ambition to rule the world will be advanced by instituting a single currency with others going defunct. There will be a resistance to this, particularly by a popular, charismatic leader from Egypt, demanding the edict and law be withdrawn that requires the Arab nations give up their currencies and be submissive to the unified political conglomerate.

c. Antichrist's seizure of Asia

I p 189 (cIV-50)

The Antichrist will take over Asia by appointing subcommanders to rule vast tracts of land for him. But their ties to him will be masked and the world will not realize they are merely puppets until a succession of them are installed in the place of predecessors. At first the U.S. will not interfere because it is thought the government was freely chosen by the people, but only later realize the leaders were forced on the populace as

mouthpieces and tools for the Antichrist.

I p 188 (cIII-95)

Russia will be his first major Asian conquest and he will do it not through force but through guile and his compelling persuasiveness. He will trick the Russians to come under his power and there will be nothing they can do about it. They will think they are acting in their own best interests. The Middle East will be mostly under his control before he turns to Russia. Then he turns to China and the rest of the Asian continent, to build a position to take over the entire world. He will not trick the Chinese but will use some other method.

Sounds like he's talking about McDonald's, Vance snickered. The Russians couldn't resist those Big Macs and milkshakes. The Chinese don't like milk, so that explains it, chuckle.

d. Antichrist's cultural eradication & European campaign

I p 194 (cII-15)

When the second pope is assassinated, the Antichrist will begin his European campaign. The Prime Minister of Britain and the U.S. President will go into consultation over the matter. They will meet at sea like Churchill and Roosevelt did for better security and secrecy of the meetings.

I p 211 (cII-81)

During the use of his weapons and the ravages of war, one of the devastatingly effective plans of attack by the Antichrist is to threaten the destruction of the victim's cultural centers, not so much physical destruction of the populace. Because the population attributes great value to places and artifacts with large historical and cultural significance, the terrorist-extortionist technique will be very powerful in striking fear into his foe and "bringing them to their knees".

"Take my country, but spare the Louvre!", Vance snickered to

himself, in his best Charles Boyer accent.

To put Europe into an initial shock, he will begin to smash and destroy the city of Rome to rubble via aerial bombing raids. It will be destroyed to such an extent that the "seven hills of Rome" will be levelled. Rome will be so annihilated as to be threatened by an encroachment from the sea, destroying all that is left.

He will also threaten the cultural centers of Greece and the great Greek cultural centers of learning, including Athens. Most cultural treasures and major metropolitan centers of the entire peninsula will be destroyed. The world leaders will be momentarily shocked and paralyzed by his barbarity. In the presense of their indecisiveness and absence of their action he will make great strides in taking over territory and governments. The Antichrist will continually use shocking and unprecedented moves like these to advance his domination throughout the entire WWIII.

The eradication of cultural treasures also fits in with the Antichrist's ulterior motive of wiping out the established culture to supplant it with his own, like the Moors attempted when they invaded Spain, except in his case on the level of an entire continent.

I. p 226 (cII-84)

Drought and weather changes will take place during the time of troubles. The Antichrist will take over Italy and Greece by destroying the cultural centers to devastate morale of the subjugated citizens.

e. Antichrist's ravage of the Catholic Church

I p 214 (cV-43)

In addition to the cultural destruction of European cultural centers, the Antichrist will ransack the Vatican library with the intent of ultimately destroying it. He will do this to undermine the authority of the Vatican and break up the power fragments that remain. One way he

will do this is by revealing important, controversial material hidden in the Vatican library that the Catholic church will be seen to have suppressed because of the threat to its authority. This will cause major schisms in the church as priests and students turn against each other in their theories and interpretations of the new material. The confusion and chaos will remove the Catholic church as an obstacle to the Antichrist's plans.

Funny. He had recently seen a news report on the opening of the Vatican library. Okay, give them a point here.

I p 215 (cI-62)

The ransacking of the Vatican library by the Antichrist will bring to light and open to the world information, facts, and knowledge that had been suppressed for several centuries. Even though he uses violence, the Antichrist will actually be burning off his karma because of the positive effects of the release, starting a new cycle, higher cycle of his karma.

I p 216 (cII-12)

The people involved with the Catholic Church, particularly the priests, will cling to the old order even though it is not viable and dead as far as working within the reality of the changed times. The Antichrist and the last pope will be "robbing blind" the Church. The Antichrist will desecrate and raid the Vatican library and cart away the treasures of the church to help fund his armies. The Catholic Church will become totally superfluous, and contribute to its own demise.

Sounds good. Tastes great too. Less filling. Vance was interrupted by a phone call. Yes, he would be at Woody's later that night, for darts and a few beers. Germans invented beer as a drinkable foot bath after their long walks in the forest, to recycle the body salts; that's where the modern custom of salting beer came from, chuckle. Beer comes from the old German word meaning boots, chuckle.

Chapter 70

f. Antichrist's invasion of Turkey

I p 209 (cV-25)

When the Catholic Church in Rome is finally destroyed in a devastating but mysterious "Act of Nature", people will be distracted from noticing the more important event of the time, the Antichrist invading Turkey.

I p 222 (cII-29,V-54)

After the destruction in Italy wrought by the Antichrist, he will go over the mountains through France via airplane. He will attack Europe from the south because he will have the solid backing of the Islamic world and will already have bloodily subjugated North Africa and the Middle East. He will set up regional headquarters in Turkey, and other outposts, to rule and advance further conquests.

Vance still didn't 'get' this Turkey thing. Maybe Nanomius has it wrong: America is the land where the turkey is the national bird almost, sacrificed in great quantities once a year. Maybe... he'd have to save that one for later, chuckle.

g. Switzerland alarmed by Antichrist's Nazism in Germany

I p 220 (cI-61)

While the Antichrist is in the process of taking over Europe, he will back the Nazi party in Germany. The current popularity of Nazism among the youth of Germany will lay the groundwork for this. Eventually Switzerland will become alarmed and break its centuries-old tradition of neutrality, taking the side against the Antichrist and actively fighting.

I p 229 (cII-39)

Infiltrators, spies, and traitors in Germany, France, Spain, and Italy will be secretly working for the Antichrist's cause of taking over Europe. The education establishment will be abandoned because it is unsupportable during wartime.

h. International (non)reaction to the Antichrist

I p 220 (cII-96)

Diplomatic foul-ups in other countries will permit the Antichrist to attain greater power. In the beginning, when he does not have a broad base of power but is building on it, those in power elsewhere who can do something about it will hesitate until it is too late. Even though people realize he wields great power "from the dark side", his demonic hatred and magnetism will enhance the fatal attraction. He will advance his campaign by invading and conquering neighboring countries, particularly because of the political turmoil and instability of the realm. Eventually he will subdue the entire Asian continent under his rule. The Antichrist will be in this period of increasing his power during the visit of the comet visible from the Northern hemisphere in about 1997.

That would be comet Halle-Bopp. A dud prediction this one is. All that happened is that UFO cult in San Diego killing themselves; good riddance, chuckle.

I p 225 (cI-37)

The U.S. will vacillate in dissension during the conquests of the Antichrist. Its power, influence, and "can do" capabilities will have diminished in the international arena at the time. The populace will argue over involvement vs. noninvolvement. Shipping will be very dangerous because of submarine warfare practiced by the Antichrist. Enemy soldiers in foreign ports will foul up sea-based commerce. Many decisive battles in his wars will involve seaports. Many people will die far away from home in the war.

"Lookie lookie I got Hooky", smiled Vance, recalling that Robin Williams flick 'Hook'.

I p 224 (cIII-7)

The various weaker countries threatened by the Antichrist's imperialism will call on stronger ones for help, like the U.S. which will initially be neutral and uncommitted. The Antichrist will be attempting to take over part of the world using aerial warfare. In one battle in the night a squadron of unmarked planes will rebuff his advance, sent secretly by the U.S.

I p 213 (cV-86)

Responsive, proactive countermeasures could have prevented the destruction caused by the Antichrist but the political and diplomatic strife among the Western powers will have failed to have "nipped the situation in the bud". England and the U.S. will have enough military power to confront the Antichrist but because of lack of consensus neither will act quickly. A newly established alliance between the two is only in its infancy at the time, and the powers have not established the authority of overall decision-making in time. Also, a breakdown in communications and transportation will cause important political analysts to be cut off from advising the leaders. Meanwhile the Antichrist will be making conquests in leaps and bounds.

This sounds like a rehash of World War II, not a prediction of III, thought Vance. Maybe this is all bullshit and I'm wasting my damn time. What fox would let me score on this song and dance?

Chapter 71

Click.

Prophecies of Nostradamus: part 4/8, Time of Troubles

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The Time of Troubles (part 4)

Prelude to the Antichrist and WWVIII

- a. Volcanoes, earthquakes, floods, droughts, famines, rioting
- b. Death of world leader and revolt coincides with comet
- c. Fiasco from communication breakdown between two superpowers
- d. Soviet/American submarine/naval confrontation
- e. Crazy leader launches atom bombs on Mediterranean and Europe
- f. Third world country leader creates strife
- g. Antichrist profits from radar research in Europe

International political and social incidents

- h. Wargame simulation by Britain in Europe leads to disaster
- i. American electoral college voting stalemate
- j. Earth abuse causes agricultural devastation in U.S. and Britain
- k. Underwater Soviet submarine base defanged by diplomacy
- l. Aliens shot by paranoid nation, bacteriological agents released
- m. Alien probe of the Watchers discovered by scientists

Aliens. Now it's really cool -- not, Vance tsk-tsked. The X-Files stole all the thunder from that cloud. Yesterday's news. Still, he decided, he has come this far, so why not continue to the end?

a. Volcanoes, earthquakes, floods, droughts, famines, rioting

I p 170 (cIV-67)

A very bright, previously unknown comet will appear and coincide with the time of great geological troubles, with earthquakes and volcanoes erupting and disrupting weather systems. This will cause widespread famines and droughts, and social upheavals in unexpected places. Nations that are considered prosperous and powerful, particularly western nations, will be weakened. They will be torn with civil strife and rioting as people

migrate to areas that have water and can support crop-growing. The social upheaval and weakening of political structures will help the Antichrist come to power.

I p 167 (cVIII-29)

A great and rich power will be subject to serious natural disasters, particularly earthquakes and flooding, and rend the nation from end to end, causing enormous conflict, despair, and misery. The wealthy power will be bankrupted attempting to deal with its disasters. Three other great nations will send aid to help the citizens survive.

Which country could that be? Japan? All the earthquakes are concentrated around the Pacific Rim, right?, he reasoned. Let's say Japan for lack of a better candidate now. Oh wait, it might be in the Middle East. Israel maybe? Egypt? What?

I p 172

Earth changes will take place that will help the Antichrist's drive for world conquest. In central Europe, southern Europe, and in the Near East, particularly around the eastern end of the Mediterranean, there'll be severe floods. As a result of the disruption to local governments by the natural disasters, the Antichrist will move his troops in under the guise of helping the people restore civil order, but really use this as a device to take over countries, and to use the populations like slaves.

Serious economic problems will persist along with great social unrest, contributing to the ease with which the Antichrist can seize power. The frightened and hopeful populace will be vulnerable to his demagoguery. The Antichrist will use the disasters as opportunities to overthrow governments and sneak spies into a country. Martial law will be declared in many areas to stop rioting and looting. The Middle East, the source of his power, will not be as devastated as the rest of the

world. He offers assistance to other countries trying to recover but he will eventually stab them in the back.

b. Death of world leader and revolt coincides with comet

I p 121 (cII-62)

The death of a world leader will coincide with the appearance of a comet. The comet will be clearly visible where the leader dies. The country is in the Middle East. The death of the leader and widespread crop failures and hunger in that year will provoke a revolt. It will start when the comet is visible but will continue for five hundred days. Also, a hundred people will contribute to the revolt in such a way that it will break forth and become open enough and wide-spread enough to capture the world's attention.

c. Fiasco from communication breakdown between two superpowers

I p 144 (II-48)

Through a mistake by a leader an international incident will occur. The main problem will be a breakdown in communications between the two powers involved. The situation is a lot more complex than will appear on the surface. The chief, the leader involved, will feel great regret about what happened and will want to continue his career and help correct the situation, to help make up for the adverse affects of it.

But he will be hung, symbolically, by others wishing to take his position in the organization. He will be hung so far as politics and his career are concerned. It will almost be like committing suicide because in the end he will be a broken man and not be able to do anything about the situation. The entire event will be viewed as a fiasco from both sides. It will have very harmful and even cataclysmic consequences.

The situation develops when an enemy or one who is against the U.S. will take advantage of the incident in

an unethical way, by sending a horde of agents working for their side into this area. The world will be outraged by the action.

I p 158 (cII-35)

A breakdown in communications between the U.S. and Russia will result in a misunderstanding and deep resentments between the Kremlin and the White House. Some will risk their careers to try to tame the situation but will be silenced, and "burned" such as by demotions to obscure positions.

d. Soviet/American submarine/naval confrontation

I p 144 (II-48)

In the southwest quadrant of the Atlantic ocean, missiles will splash into the ocean near a partially submerged ship and a submarine. The submarine commander is antsy to engage fire. An American surface ship will be in danger. The Soviet commander of the sub will have secret orders the rest of the crew is not aware of, which are to antagonize and provoke. He gets carried away.

Didn't he see this movie? 'The Hunt for Red October'? No, that other one, with Gene Hackman and Denzel Washington; the name escaped him. He froze for minutes, trying to remember the name. He finally gave up. Nobody is perfect, he said to himself. Bitterly. Lucky no one knows about it, he thought.

The American commander has been ordered to defend the coast of the U.S. but to avoid starting a war. In the process of defending his ship from the submarine, he strikes the submarine and feels he may have sunk it, and agonizes that the action would be interpreted as starting a war and not an act of defense. The event will lead to the time of troubles and will have large historical significance when seen in retrospect.

e. Crazy leader launches atom bombs on Mediterranean and Europe

I p 181 (cII-3)

During continuing unrest in the middle east, one of the leaders will be able to get ahold of an atom bomb. He will be crazy and go to the greatest lengths over the smallest thing and will not hesitate to use the weapon because of his obsessions with deadly warfare. The people he is warring against retaliate with a nuclear weapon. The country has a coast on the Mediterranean.

One of the bombs will land in the Mediterranean instead of the land, poisoning all the fish. The passages of trade in the region will be disrupted so that the people on the other coast of the Mediterranean will be desperate for food and will eat the fish anyway. It will happen near the east coast of the Mediterranean in a region of dark-colored cliffs.

I p 183 (cII-4)

The atomic weapon being dropped by one of the Middle Eastern countries will spark off yet another war on top of that war. European and Western nations will try to interfere to diminish the threat to oil supplies. When the European countries try to interfere, the crazed leader who earlier dropped the atomic bomb will use the rest of his arsenal on Europe, most striking the closer southern part.

The European Mediterranean coast, particularly that of Italy and France, will be almost uninhabitable, and Italy will get the brunt. This leader is not the Antichrist but helps to set the stage for the Antichrist to rise to power with little or no opposition. The Antichrist will wield great power and authority; no one can argue with him.

f. Third world country leader creates strife

I p 185 (cIII-60)

A "young dark man" will arise as a leader in a Third

World country; his main goal is to unite the other Third World countries to do battle with the superpowers. The area of conflict will be in eastern Europe and the Middle East, particularly around the Adriatic and the Caspian seas and the eastern Mediterranean. No definite winner will emerge but the strife will help set the stage for the Antichrist. Some prophecies in the Bible refer to events in this region (Israel will be involved).

g. Antichrist profits from radar research in Europe

I p 240 (cI-6)

Research on a more sophisticated type of radar and sensing devices will give greater information to the operator, i.e. an airplane pilot. But the first experiments with the technology will fail in a disastrous accident, when the "sympathetic vibrations" emitted by the device cause the chassis of the plane to become weakened and dangerous due to dissolved bonds of the molecules in the metal. The scientists involved with the research will have to temporarily abandon the research because of diplomatic breakdowns, the threat of war, etc.

This will take place before the Antichrist comes to full power. It will happen in Europe at the time the Antichrist is strengthening his base of power in the Middle East. The devices are currently under development but have not been tested yet. But this is another historical event that will permit the Antichrist to take over Europe.

h. Wargame simulation by Britain in Europe leads to disaster

I p 164 (cII-2)

In a wargame maneuver involving Great Britain and European troops a malfunctioning circuit in a computer will cause the "real-world" situation to play out instead of the simulation. The teams are labelled "white" and "blue". As a result of the error actual defenses will be activated and real bombs will be dropped on the areas of

the game and cause a tragic international incident.

Vance knew he had seen that movie: 'War Games'. Dabney Coleman was great, as was Matthew Broderick; when he was still young enough to play a teenager, chuckle.

i. American electoral college voting stalemate

I p 148 (cVII-41)

The presidents of the U.S., a supposedly free country, have been abusing their power to an increasingly greater extent. During a time of social unrest even more so than the period of Viet Nam and Watergate, the electoral college will be evenly split over the election of the new president. The process will stalemate, with many people clamoring for whichever candidate they voted for, causing enormous tension in the country. Internationally it will be a sensitive situation.

Having recently experienced Clinton's weakening of the power of the Presidency, Vance was highly skeptical about this stuff. But, it was written in 1994, so how could they know? Some powerful tool this Nostradamus is, if it can't even predict Clinton's White House blowjobs, chuckle.

Because of the split, and the extremely volatile and explosive social unrest, putting either candidate in office instead of the other could start a civil war or a revolution. After a long time of impassioned speeches invoking patriotism and the founding fathers, a compromise solution of holding another election will be taken, and a candidate will be installed without disaster.

On second thought, Vance held his judgment. The U.S. did, at times, indeed seem split in half, the two halves barely holding together; the partisan voting on Clinton's impeachment was a case in point.

j. Earth abuse causes agricultural devastation in U.S. and Britain

I p 309 (cII-95)

Man will upset the balance of the Earth and cause great changes in the climate and seasons, causing much hardship and famine. Major agricultural lands producing a lot of grain and food for the world today will become frozen and will be unusable. The people who live on this land and grow the food will flee like rats leaving a sinking ship.

There will be dissension and fighting over the land. As a result of the panic, incompetent decisions are made by the people in power under enormous stress. Poor decisions will escalate into major disasters. The U.S. and the United Kingdom in particular will experience the dissension and destruction.

k. Underwater Soviet submarine base defanged by diplomacy

I p 162 (cIII-21)

The Soviets have built an experimental underwater submarine base and dome in the Adriatic sea. They use it for subversive submarine operations. When it is discovered, due to pressure from statesmen, diplomats, and politicians, it will be brought to the surface and the submarines will be taken away through political maneuverings.

Why, Vance wondered, did Nanomius continue to call the Russians Soviets, when everybody knows the Soviet Union died in the early '90s? Was this because Nanomius was a dumbo, or because he was claiming a reunion? One couldn't get him to admit the former, so it would be inevitably the latter, if Nanomius were cornered about it. Eh, Vance snorted. Let it lie.

Chapter 72

1. Aliens shot by paranoid nation, bacteriological agents released

I. p 124 (cII-91)

Aliens tried to contact us in the Siberia Tunguska explosion in the 1900s. Similarly they will again visit the Earth. The Soviets are doing secret weapons research and have energy fields guarding northern approach corridors. Another spaceship will arrive, paralleling this incident. When the aliens' spaceship enters the atmosphere the fields will cause it to malfunction and many of the crew are killed.

When they crash, soldiers will be on hand to capture or kill them. The ship will harbor microorganisms that will react in bizarre ways to the Earth climate and cause plagues of unknown origin, that cannot be understood because of the alien causative organism. The country will be at war or fixing to go to war and will have a paranoid mindset. Thinking the crash is a result of enemy weapons, the soldiers will shoot anything that moves.

Okay, this isn't a ripoff of 'The X-Files', necessarily. It's just a boring episode in the making, he chuckled.

m. Alien probe of the Watchers discovered by scientists

I p 262 (cIV-28)

During the time of troubles, when the sun is between the Earth and Venus, i.e. from the point of view of Earth Venus is hidden by the sun, the Watchers (aliens) will be exposed through the powers of observation and communication. Scientists involved with radiotelescopy and related disciplines will observe an anomaly, and as they focus on it they come to the realization that it is a strong indication of a real UFO. The readings are caused by an instrument sent by the Watchers to observe mankind.

The scientists and the populace will learn more about the probe and the Watchers. But internal dissension will be created by fundamentalists because the existence of

aliens is not consistent with their world view. This will take place in approximately 1997 or 1998. The Watchers are returning to mankind at this time because they are trying to help him through gentle prodding and increasing spiritual love. They have always kept an eye on us and have observed our growth and development. They're looking forward to the day we can join the universal community and help with their project in a way that's unique to us.

Well, snorted Vance, it's 1999 and this didn't happen. Face it, this is all bullshit, and needs to be updated, the dates moved forward to a safer range. Already he was thinking of publishing his own update, or maybe, his own book, not even giving this turkey a mention.

Chapter 73

Vance now had to decide whether to continue reading, or quit to watch a "Star Trek: the Next Generation" rerun on TV. He decided to keep reading, with the TV set on, and his back to it; he had doubtlessly seen it ten times already, and just needed the soundtrack to visualize it again. He was sailing, and half through; since it wasn't classwork, and nobody was telling him to do it, he naturally worked ten times harder at it. "The story of my life," he mused. If only they gave degrees in irrelevant knowledge, he chuckled.

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Prophecies of Nostradamus: part 5/8, Scientific Achievements

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Scientific Achievements in the Time of Troubles (part 5)

Technology accidents

- a. Nostradamus on the dangers of weaponry mixed with natural disaster
- b. Weather modulation devices go awry, cause ice and hail
- c. Nuclear reactor meltdown near city with underground chambers
- d. Space shuttle accident releases microorganisms into atmosphere
- e. Devastating accidental weaponry explosions from earth tumult
- f. Ruptured earth energy fields cause meteorite storm
- g. Research into warping time leads to disaster

The weapons of WWIII

- h. New, horrific, secret, radical weapons monstrosities in WWIII
- i. Atomic device creates greenhouse effect, devastates agriculture
- j. Death by the "milky rain" weapon
- k. "Explosion of light" causes horrible birth defects
- l. The top-secret earthquake-triggering weapon (ETW)
- m. Diplomacy dies with international ETW terrorism
- n. ETW unleashed on San Andreas and New Madrid faults
- o. Antichrist obtains ETW through espionage, bribery, treachery
- p. Death by radio waves

Eugenics

- q. Human eugenics research advanced by the King of Terror
 - r. Eugenics scientists meet grisly deaths from public backlash
- a. Nostradamus on the dangers of weaponry mixed with natural disaster

To avoid the worst effects of the pole shift, "Stop the explosions that the military feels are so important." (I. p53) Understand that what happens with your weaponry will have a large effect on how much or how soon this devastation [of the shift] would occur. Make people aware of the damage that can occur to their present weaponry system. IF people become more aware of the damage that can be caused by the military destruction, whether voluntary or involuntary-- if this can be prevented, the reaction set off beneath the earth's surface would be less damaging. (I. p57) It is the earth changes that will be causing the danger of the weaponry, not the use of it. Accidents will occur in the New World, because of natural earthquakes. The results that would happen from an earthquake near one of your military housing of the weaponry would cause your leaders to

definitely realize the dangers. (I. p69)

b. Weather modulation devices go awry, cause ice and hail

I p 163 (cI-22)

Devices developed by man to manipulate the weather will go awry because of faulty programming. They will cause a great deal of damage through unseasonal ice and hail. The scientists don't understand the forces they are dealing with and that the natural weather pattern will overcome interference in attempting to attain proper balance. The computers will fight the increasing intensity and break, damaged beyond use.

That prediction could come true, Vance thought. Just the other day, the nightly news had a piece about how weather manipulation is being studied by the U.S. military as a battle tactic, even though it was supposedly outlawed by international treaty in the '70s. 1974? That sounded right. But then, when did a little thing like a treaty stop the U.S. from doing research in anything?

c. Nuclear reactor meltdown near city with underground chambers

I p 161 (cX-49)

In the U.S., in the Rocky Mountains, a complete city will be built near to underground chambers blasted into a mountain for the storage of secret records. The water pumped into a nuclear reactor will not be totally purified, and an element in the reactor will cause a meltdown, unleashing radioactive poison.

Come on, Vance jeered. The Cheyenne Mountain complex has been there for decades already.

d. Space shuttle accident releases microorganisms into atmosphere

I p 122 (cII-65)

Incompetent leaders who got their position by family prestige, in a joint space venture between America and France, will be behind an accident involving a space shuttle. The ship will have scientists on board doing biological experiments to see the effect out of the reach of gravity. An accident and malfunction will cause the ship to lose orbit, break up and burn on reentry. Some of the microorganisms on board survive the fall. They will have the potential of causing plagues.

e. Devastating accidental weaponry explosions from earth tumult

I p 55

With the earthquakes and volcanoes will be accidental explosion of the weaponry that is buried in the ground. This is going to cause great emotional turmoil within the U.S. and [Britain and France].

The countries in Europe will want a disarmament. It is important they realize that if this disarmament of the weapons comes about, that will take place in the Moslem countries also.

"Starfleet out." He looked up from the monitor to see the TV talking. He realized he had been lapsing into the persona of Captain Picard while reading about World War III. He thought he could smell turkey baking in the oven somewhere.

Chapter 74

f. Ruptured earth energy fields cause meteorite storm

I p 243 (cI-46)

Research scientists will be investigating the powers associated with the various energy fields of the earth. They'll try to harness the powers for different purposes,

including warfare. When they begin experiments, in an area near the North Sea, they will accidentally rupture one of the earth's fields so that a beam of energy will shoot out into space and draw a steady stream of meteorites to earth. They will continue to rain down until the scientists can repair the damage. Doing so will cause an earthquake from built-up stress. The research will be a secret government project. To the world at large this will appear to be a natural phenomenon and will be recorded as such in future history books, because the government will keep the project concealed even after the accident.

g. Research into warping time leads to disaster

I p 119 (cIII-92)

Scientists are researching how to warp and alter time to help change the outcome of a war. Near the end of a war, after the second failure, the research complex is destroyed in a large catastrophe. Because they are dealing with powers they don't know how to control it rips them apart. People not there assume they were hit by a missile of some sort because of the destruction.

Warp and alter time? That's odd. Why not warp and alter space, and build a starship?, Vance chuckled. Does that mean Nostradamus predicted Star Trek, or didn't predict Star Trek?

But what really happened was that the vortexes of energy they were trying to deal with were not fine tuned enough to work with and they got out of control. It appears to involve England and Northern Europe. It's in our future but the groundwork has been laid already by scientists working on secret projects in this direction. Something may come of it in our lifetimes but the government will keep it under wraps.

The catastrophe will be very localized and will have some strange side-effects in the dimension of time in the general area there. The government was counting on it to give it an edge in the war and loses it and will end up

affecting the outcome of the war.

"In all honesty, Captain, the thought has occurred to me," Data said then on the TV. Funny, how he was making a Mystery Science Theater 3000 out of his simultaneous TV and monitor enjoying. All he needed was a couple of cheesy robots to talk with, he chuckled.

h. New, horrific, secret, radical weapons monstrosities in WWVIII

I p 223 (cIV-33)

Advanced technology that is currently being developed in secret, referred to in other quatrains, will play a part in the time of troubles. This will coincide with great famine, plagues, and destruction with the onset of WWVIII.

"Red alert. All crew to battle stations."

I p 237

Nations will be desperate and will try anything to stop the Antichrist. Scientists will search for new, even more radical weapons for warfare that almost defy belief.

The red alert horns. Low frequency sliding up to high, then a pause; then over again.

I p 241 (cII-32)

Instruments of death built and refined during the time of the Antichrist will wreak great destruction. Variations on atomic weaponry and other devices will be developed. The ultimate monstrosity in weapons will be created near Ravenna, culminating research that is currently in progress during the time of troubles. The weapons will particularly disrupt the natural earth ecology. All sides in WWVIII will "have their fair share" of horrible weapons.

Ravenna. That's in Italy he thought. Out came the green

Webster's again. 60 miles NE of Florence. Connected with the Adriatic Sea by a canal. With all due respect sir, Vance aped in Denise Crosby's voice in his thoughts, this sucks.

I p 142 (cIV-30)

The space program will fall into disfavor through policy changes in the government with the emphasis shifted in a different direction than space exploration. The change is due to some nefarious policy making behind the scenes the voting public is not aware of but would not approve of if they knew about it. The policy changes of redirecting the money toward military applications will contribute to the horrors of the changes that are to come. The machinations behind the scenes will not be exposed until a later date.

Must be a NASA plant, Vance chuckled. Wants to keep that Mars idea alive, despite the public not wanting to pay for it. Blame it on the military, that'll do it. Yet it was the military that funded Star Trek, right? Don't quote him on it.

Chapter 75

i. Atomic device creates greenhouse effect, devastates agriculture

I p 193 (cX-70)

A type of atomic device, not exactly a bomb, will be created that when set off can disrupt the planetary climate. It will displace an air mass that will upset the balance of hot and cold, so that a greenhouse effect will get out of balance and run to the extreme, causing drastic changes in the climate, and wreak havoc on agricultural production.

I p 195 (cX-71)

The earth and the air will freeze as another effect of the atomic device described above. Many countermeasures to the devastating climactic affects will be pursued but they will not succeed, in spite of government announcements urging the population to be calm and not to panic.

I p 55

A famine is caused by weaponry explosions. Accidents that will affect the crops.

j. Death by the "milky rain" weapon

I p 253 (cII-18)

A "rain of milk" alludes to nuclear weapons with bizarre effects on the weather, including a so-called "radiation rain". The weapons will represent a combination of the worse aspects of nuclear and laser weaponry. The laser weaponry, when it is shot down upon people, will resemble a white substance coming down.

Milk. Why not sperm?, Vance chuckled. He was having fun with this at least, chuckling like a girl, at his own words.

k. "Explosion of light" causes horrible birth defects

I p 255 (cI-64)

In WWIII some of the weapons will scream through the skies before they hit, terrifying and deadly to the population. An atomic or laser weapon detonated at night will cause victims to think they have seen the sun at night. The weapon produces a huge explosion of light. In addition to vast climactic damage the weapon will produce monstrous birth defects in babies, so that children will look almost "swinish" (i.e. like pigs). Scientists will frantically search for ways to alter the effects of the weapon's effect on newborns. A breakthrough will eventually be made, based on an unexpected source in the animal kingdom.

1. The top-secret earthquake-triggering weapon (ETW)

I p 237 (cIX-83)

A weapon will be developed in secret underground laboratories that can trigger earthquakes at existing fault zones. It will work from a scientific principle recently discovered but not yet developed. The weapon will involve an airplane or airborne origination that may drop something or project a laser ray onto a region. An extension of the device is carried in a plane that flies over the area and focuses energy waves where the earthquake is to be triggered. The more technologically complex power source will be based and channelled from the secret laboratory via the plane.

The country that develops this will be able to hold it as a major threat against major nations, because most nations have geological faults that are susceptible to earthquakes and therefore the weapon. The situation will parallel the development of the atomic bomb by the U.S. in that the country will be the sole owner and the capability for destruction will be so awe-inspiring and frightening that everyone, including the infidels, will call upon the saints for protection.

Steven Spielberg would love that, Vance chuckled. ET meets ETW.

m. Diplomacy dies with international earthquake terrorism

The revelation of the weapon will cause a disintegration of diplomatic nations and the United Nations will eventually dissolve, because the paranoid nation that developed the weapon will not share its technology but instead use it as a method of international terrorism.

Earthquake Wars. He sees it now, a trilogy of films, with a set of toys.

n. ETW unleashed on San Andreas and New Madrid faults

The weapon will not be revealed immediately to the world. Only after the country actually uses it and there is an earthquake generated by it, followed by many others that occur without the characteristic buildup of geological pressure, will people become suspicious. The initial earthquake triggered by the weapon will be sufficient to cause other earthquakes in a chain reaction. The San Andreas and New Madrid faults in the U.S. will be affected. The San Andreas will continually rumble and vibrate as a result of the earthquakes triggered by the weapon, in time driving the New Madrid fault to eventually erupt explosively and violently. Initially geologists will think the earthquakes are due to natural causes but later information will point elsewhere and they'll begin to be suspicious. After more earthquakes and further evidence they will finally confront the scientific world with the mounting evidence that they are not natural.

He could see the news broadcast now. "Sorry, folks, but there's an Earthquake Warlord loose, and your ass is grass, and they are the lawnmower."

o. Antichrist obtains ETW through espionage and treachery

During the time of radical earth changes this weapon will be applied to create many earthquakes, generally before the Antichrist comes to power. The nation that develops the machine builds it independent of the Antichrist's forces, but later when he gains greater power he will be able to acquire the weapon. He'll seize the machine for his own agenda of worldwide conquest. The Antichrist will acquire the machine through deceit, trickery, spies, bribery, and all other nefarious means known to man.

He means SEX, added Vance.

p. Death by radio waves

I p 165 (cII-2)

A new type of weapon involving radio waves played at a

certain frequency will be developed. At certain frequencies and intensities the energy can cause intense pain in the nerve endings and damage areas of the brain, or even be lethal.

Chapter 76

q. Human eugenics research advanced by the King of Terror

I p 244 (cX-72)

In 1999 and WWVIII many horrible areas of research will be pursued, including a eugenics project, i.e. breeding humans for selected characteristics. This particular research will have been ongoing for decades. The scientists attempt to bring back some of the less civilized, fiercer humans, still smart but cunning and strong, for the purpose of infantry soldiers. The governments engage the breded humans in battles and the scientists will try to tabulate their performance relative to normal human soldiers.

Now that is really far-fetched, thought Vance. Not really. The day will come, he had to grant, when eugenics would be a daily fact of life. Maybe he would be dead of old age or natural causes by then, and maybe it would happen in just years. At least the date is given as 1999 and not 1997 or something that he could point to as proving itself wrong.

This will happen during the period of WWVIII and enormous social unrest. U.S., Japan, Russia, and some European countries will be involved. They have the gold to fund the research. A "King of Terror", the "power behind the throne", is in charge of the project. He has enormous secret influence and greatly feared, unchallenged power over policy decisions in various countries.

For some reason this paragraph seemed to leap out of the monitor at him. He knew it to be implicitly true. There must be some great power exploring genetic research with

eugenics in mind, and funneling everything into it, like a space race. The fact there was nothing in the news about it, proved it to him. Maybe this Nanomius isn't a crackpot after all.

r. Eugenics scientists meet grisly deaths from public backlash

I p 246 (cI-81)

A secret, isolated panel of scientists will develop super-weapons during the time of troubles. They will somewhat unaware of the worldwide wars because of their seclusion. After the "tide has turned" they are no longer on the winning side and their identities are exposed to the winning side. Their fate will be determined according to their role in participation, with some meeting grisly deaths.

Three scientists in particular with the initials K, Th, and L will meet with particularly dramatic demises. These scientists will be chiefly involved with the eugenics project, one reason the populace's reaction to their endeavors will be so violent. Many scientists are involved but nine head the project. The project was started in the 1930s and has been carried on in different countries over the decades since then. It will reach a culmination in the time of troubles.

Right, thought Vance. And just where are these scientists anyway? Under a mountain near Roswell, New Mexico?, he chuckled. Maybe those aliens they see around there are really eugenics rejects, chuckle.

Chapter 77

Click.

Prophecies of Nostradamus: part 6/8, World War III

Archive-name: nostradamus/part6

Version: 1.0

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World War III (part 6)

- a. Overview: horrible battles, weapons, devastation, death
- b. Nuclear confrontation in the Middle East
- c. Mediterranean campaign and the battles of Gibraltar
- d. Bomb sent at New York by the Antichrist, France retaliates
- e. Bacteriological warfare strikes New York and London
- f. Antichrist conquers Europe
- g. The Antichrist invades Britain
- h. The crucial meeting on the naval carrier
- i. Seas, rivers, lakes boil; famines lead to insane cannibalism
- j. Antichrist's commander succumbs to key strategic failure
- k. Russia breaks free of the Antichrist
- l. North Pole Alliance of North America, Europe, Russia forms
- m. Ogmios confronts the Antichrist, fate of world in balance
- n. Antichrist eventually dethroned

a. Overview: horrible battles, weapons, devastation,
death

I p 55

Because of the new awareness the western civilization has come upon, and because of the accelerated rate of the shifting of the earth's crust, and because of the conjunction of the planets, the war *might* be avoided. Depending on the speed at which the natural events occur. For as in any civilization, when natural disasters occur this is more prominent than military conquest.

I p 252 (cII-40)

During the time of troubles and WWVIII there will be massive naval, air, and land battles. The ultra-secret weapons that are brought forth will shock and stun the world.

I p 272 (cVIII-17)

The Antichrist will not hesitate to use bacteriological warfare as well as conventional warfare, causing hunger, fire and plagues. The causative organisms will be more virulent than ever and hence increasingly lethal.

I p 253 (cII-18)

When the Antichrist is taking over Europe, nuclear weapons will wreak havoc like lightning strikes, and from them a "milky rain" will occur. Weapons currently beyond our imagination will wreak unparalleled devastation. Corpses will litter the landscape. The very earth will "cry out in pain". The Antichrist will be so terrible, horrible, and powerful that the rightful rulers of countries will be utterly terrified and will not do anything to stop his ravages. Entire dynasties will be wiped out.

I p 254 (cIII-19)

Before the Antichrist takes over a place, he will rain down death and destruction so that he can seize without opposition. He will travel far from his resting place in doing this. Some of this devastation will make past heinous events of the prior world wars "look like child's play". Unlike Hitler's "rain of blood" he will use a "rain of blood and milk."

b. Nuclear confrontation in the Middle East

I p 252 (cII-60)

A major nuclear confrontation will occur in the Middle East. The aggressor will have broken a promise not to use nuclear weapons in warfare. Naval fleets kept in the area by other powers will be scattered in ruins from the violence of the blast.

Radioactive fallout and its effect on people, animals, and weather, and erupting volcanoes will turn the water of that part of the ocean a muddy red color. Because of

this bodies will appear to float in blood. Because of the blasts and earth changes, rivers will change their course, and political boundary lines based on them will be redrawn.

The U.S. will have a Democratic president at the time. He will get involved with the conflict as a way of trying to stimulate the economy from a depression.

c. Mediterranean campaign and the battles of Gibraltar

I p 225 (cIII-10)

The Antichrist, during the Mediterranean campaign, will take over Monaco as a crucial strategic position to advancing to Italy and southern Europe. The successor to Prince Ranier, apparently one of his sons, will be imprisoned after the takeover as an obstacle.

I p 230 (cI-77)

In the Antichrist's Mediterranean battle Gibraltar will play a key role. The key general, a naval officer, will succeed in saving Gibraltar from the Antichrist's forces but will later die in an automobile accident.

Could he be talking about General Patton?

I p 235 (cI-71)

The Rock of Gibraltar will be a strategic position, captured and retaken three times by various forces.

I p 232 (cI-98)

Marines on naval battle carriers will confront the Antichrist when he attempts to invade Eurpoe in the area of Crete and Thessaly, but they will be outgunned and have to retreat probably to Gibraltar. In the very fierce and bloody battle the Antichrist will have to transfer many of his troops to a supply ship after a fighting ship is sunk.

d. Bomb sent at New York by the Antichrist, France retaliates

I p 250 (cVI-97)

In WWVIII many existing diplomatic ties between nations will be broken and realigned. One that will continue to hold however is the alliance between France and the U.S. A force aligned with the Antichrist will send a bomb aimed at New York City. It will be spotted and tracked as it approaches. The U.S. defense system will feverishly concentrate on diverting or disabling the bomb, and the U.S. will not be able to retaliate. As proof of their loyalty the French are asked to retaliate, which they do with several bombs and weapons.

The response will be immediate. The American leader uses a hotline to communicate to the French Marshal, who launches self-propelled bombs with "tongues of fire" against the aggressor. In this war some of the bombs will hit New York and some will be diverted. The bomb referred to here will be prematurely detonated along the flight path, saving the city. Many human lives will be spent when planes flying around the bomb, trying to divert or destroy it, are blown up.

Chapter 78

e. Bacteriological warfare strikes New York and London

I p 242 (cII-6)

New York and in London will be hit with scourges from bacteriological warfare, a deadly "bug", either bacteria or virus or some type of disease-causing organism. It will be released into the atmosphere to affect the populations of New York and London. Because of separation and different gene pools, spontaneous mutations in the organisms will affect the two populations in different ways. It will appear to be two different diseases even though it was caused by the same

organism.

As a result of this plague the metropolitan infrastructures will break down. The people near but outside the cities will panic and shun the cities and refuse to deliver available food, effectively putting them into quarantine. The city dwellers will starve to death in droves. People will loot and raid stores, and soldiers will stab them off at bayonet point. The government will try to evenly distribute the remaining food but the people will panic and they call on God to relieve them from their misery.

f. Antichrist conquers Europe

I p 278 (cIX-73)

The Antichrist will take over Europe and begin to toy with the idea of establishing some kind of dynasty. Because of his background he is obsessed with power and attracted to the way that a ruling family line can have a major effect on the flow of history, manipulating society over a long span of time through familial line, far beyond the influence of a single individual. But his plans will not materialize because he is overthrown by Ogmios and his monstrosities will be counterbalanced with positive forces to heal the earth, directed by the Great Genius.

g. The Antichrist invades Britain

I p 230 (cII-68)

In his European campaign the Antichrist will attempt to overtake Britain, particularly to seize its naval forces for further advances. England will resist and initially fend off the advance, with support from the U.S. However, it is likely that the Antichrist will eventually overcome England and the more passionate members of the underground will flee to Ireland and Scotland. The Antichrist will not succeed in overtaking the entire island. North England, Scotland, and Ireland will not succumb, possibly aiding the reunification of Ireland to

fight the Antichrist. Patriotic and stubborn Irish and Scottish spirit will play a favorable role in turning the tide.

I p 228 (cIII-16)

The British prince, a member of the English royal house, will be eager to lead his troops into battle to defend his own and neighboring countries that have treaties with Britain. He will confront the Antichrist's forces in two major engagements and will be defeated in one. He will be outflanked and will have to retreat in disgrace.

Nevertheless the opposing forces will curse him because he was a valiant fighter, and his brashly engaging in battle disrupted some of the Antichrist's carefully laid plans for the conquest of Europe. The man will return to England and the population will give him a hero's welcome for his bravery despite the defeat.

Would that be Prince Charles or one of Di's sons?

h. The crucial meeting on the naval carrier

I p 257 (cII-75)

During WWI and the great turmoil, an airplane will come for a landing on the deck of an aircraft carrier. It will be from a nation foreign to the country that owns the carrier. The balance of political powers of the two sides involved will be very complex and delicate.

The plane is from a power "slightly more aligned to the other side" although still basically neutral. But to have any kind of contact with the country that owns the carrier would have severe political repercussions relative to the war, so the generals of the carrier are reluctant to give permission to the plane to land. The plane will carry an important political or military leader and an important emissary who needs to deliver important documents and messages. The situation will be very fragile and volatile.

i. Seas, rivers, lakes boil; famines lead to insane cannibalism

I p 257 (cII-75)

During WWIII shipping and normal trade will be seriously disrupted. Some countries will have excesses of food, such as bushels of wheat, but the price will be so out of proportion that no one will be able to buy it. In countries where there is famine, people will resort to cannibalism to stay alive. The wheat in other countries will be stored in silos and rot because they cannot get rid of it, cannot sell it. The price of the wheat is enormous in cost partly because it is very dangerous to deliver or ship it anywhere during wartime.

I p 251 (cV-98)

A very great drought will occur in the European continent during the time of the Antichrist. Fish will die as seas, rivers, and lakes boil. The Antichrist will be behind it. This event is not the same but is related to the boiling fish at the Dark Point (I p 181, cII-3). Two sites will be in distress from "fire in the sky".

I p 268 (cII-18)

The extremes in weather during the time of the Antichrist will affect a battle. Extreme rain and hail will take by surprise two armies lined up to do battle. As an alternative plan to confrontation they try to fly planes above the clouds to drop bombs on the opposing forces, "fire and stones falling from the sky".

I p 168 (cIX-31)

The earth, after a relative period of peace, will suffer a great natural disaster, involving severe earthquakes that rip the crust open, spewing lava. The major earthquake will trigger other earthquakes that will destroy large land areas. Famine and fighting will set in. Countries will fight with each other over surplus food: India and China will march to seize the corn and

wheat fields of Russia and eastern Europe. Communications will break down. Religious leaders will lose credibility because of the inability to explain the earth changes. Christianity will falter.

I p 259 (cI-67)

The climactic changes caused by the detonation of the terrible weapons will cause famines in scattered areas, and conditions will get worse. The uninhabitable regions will continue to grow until the areas connect large surfaces of the earth's land masses, and the majority of humanity will be suffering. People will become virtually insane with the persistent lack of food, and will eat things like tree roots, and even seize newborn infants.

j. Antichrist's commander succumbs to key strategic failure

I p 272 (cVI-33)

The Anti-Christ's supreme commander will make a major failure of judgement on the field in an extremely strategic battle and the bulk of his forces are captured or killed. The supreme commander misuses some technology that has not yet been developed, causing his downfall.

k. Russia breaks free of the Antichrist

I p 272 (cVI-21)

The Antichrist will seem all powerful and all conquering and the situation will appear hopeless. But "his star will be falling" and his power will crack in crucial places. The U.S., Canada, Russia, and later, northern Europe, unite together. In particular, even though the Antichrist has taken over all of Asia, after a period he is no longer able to control Russia. Russia breaks free and unites with the unconquered countries.

The alliance strikes terror into the Antichrist who glimpses the beginning of the end and his potential failure. He chooses another field commander to continue

his campaign, but the effort fails. Rhodes and Byzantium, the site of his regional headquarters, will be engaged in the most intense fighting. The "northern pole alliance" will diminish his power by breaking down his chain of command, communication capabilities, etc. and attempt to break his stranglehold on his conquered territories. This is the beginning of a turning point in WWIII.

1. North Pole Alliance of North America, Europe, Russia forms

I p 272 (cVIII-17)

At a point the Antichrist's forces become complacent from so many frequent and rapid conquests. They will begin to lose some battles and see their power is not forever.

The Antichrist will have taken over a large part of the world and will become complacent. "Three brothers", the "alliance of the pole", i.e. North America, Europe, and Russia, will trouble the Antichrist and his world will tremble. France will be united with the alliance in spirit, if not actually physically, because the country will be weakened seriously from the Antichrist's degradations.

Chapter 79

m. Ogmios confronts the Antichrist, fate of world in balance

I p 273 (cV-80)

A leader figuratively referred to as "Ogmios" will confront the Antichrist in battle. The crux of the pivotal struggle of WWIII will be in the "gray area" between Europe and Asia. The outcome will be questionable for some time. During the time the Antichrist is in power there will be constant skirmishes and battles between his barbarian forces and those still

free of his tyrannical rule.

I p 277 (cII-85)

Ogmios will eventually emerge triumphantly victorious over the Antichrist, but it will be a long, gradual, arduous struggle.

n. Antichrist eventually dethroned

I p 278 (cIX-73)

The Antichrist will rule for "less than the revolution of Saturn" (29.5 years), far less than the grand span of time he envisions. His reign will be temporary, because his power is like building a fire with grass; it burns very hotly but quickly. His effect on history and his "time in the limelight" will be limited. The time from WWII to the end of WWIII and the time of troubles will almost encompass a century in itself.

Chapter 80

Click.

Prophecies of Nostradamus: part 7/8, The Earth Shift

Archive-name: nostradamus/part7

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The geological and spiritual earth shift (part 7)

- a. Timing
- b. The end of civilization
- c. Geography
- d. Preparations/Survival
- e. Old vs. young souls
- f. The New Age of spiritual rebirth
- g. Reawakening of freedoms and rights
- h. Peace after WWIII

- i. Spirituality transcends technology
- j. Feminine aspects of God revered again
- k. More open, frequent contact with aliens
- l. "Green" revolution, return to the land
- m. Scientific discoveries reaffirm Eastern religion
- n. Great Genius unifies religion and science
- o. Great Genius discovers the science of miracles
- p. Astonishing feats of medicine
- q. New philosophy of the Age of Aquarius

a. Timing

Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are due to the activity caused by the conjunction of the planets, which also affects the shift of this planet. (I p 54) A shift will occur at the close of the century (I p 52, I p 56). It will be abrupt as to be within a "six to ten-hour period".

b. The end of civilization

Civilization as you know it will cease to exist. (I p 53)

Cities will no longer exist as we know them. (I p 56)

c. Geography

Continents as you know them now will cease to exist or change dramatically. (I p 52) All the central part of your continent as you know it will be [spared]. Continents all over the earth will be affected. The water mass as we know it now will cover a greater percentage of the earth. Continents that are connected will be split, divided by water that were not divided by water before. There will not be any country that is not affected. A large portion of Asia will be covered with water. Africa will have a channel cutting through it, a new strait. (I p 56)

d. Preparations/Survival

Make humanity aware. Let people prepare themselves

spiritually. Intellectually become more aware of survival through climactic changes. (I p 53) Problems of survival will be hardest in countries turned into islands. (I p 69)

e. Old vs. young souls

I p 200

There is now a higher proportion of old souls in the world than there has ever been before, because the old souls will be needed to help the world survive. They can be found everywhere, permeated in the oddest places. The old souls will be in communication with each other and they are the ones that will help things hold together and survive.

Must be talking about the aging of the Baby Boom generation, Vance thought; he was Gen-X, chuckle.

I p 261

Nostradamus states that his communication is intended to help us avoid the worst-case scenarios of his visions that could be averted with great determination and resolve. The time of troubles will be a very trying time. The spirits on the earth at this time are there by choice to work through major amounts of karma. Living in this stressful period will be like concentrated karma, or the equivalent of ten average human lifetimes.

The older and more advanced spirits volunteered. Some younger spirits were simply feeling adventurous. Others are here not because they wanted to in their hearts, but they had to or it would be the "end of the line for them" as far as spiritual advancement. They're not fully volunteers but just enforced volunteers, so to speak, because they knew they had no other choice. Most of the people are understandably unhappy, but some make the best of the situation and some don't.

f. The New Age of spiritual rebirth

The shift will usher the beginning of a new age. (I p 53, I p 56) Even though there will be physical deaths, there is no death of people's consciousness, but a different awareness. Do not feel that people would not know life. There will be those that will be left here to make a new beginning for the earth. (I p 56)

I p 224

Whether the worst of the events prophesied come to pass, there will be a great spiritual rebirth throughout the world. Individuals will have the opportunities to "get in touch with themselves" and come to a realization about the falsehoods of materialism. After communication is restored after the time of troubles, people will come to this realization together, and a great rebirth of philosophy that blends the Eastern and Western religions will ensue.

It will be a worldwide movement upholding the Truth as everyone perceives it, bringing about the best aspects of the Age of Aquarius. Focusing on this "ray of hope" during the time of troubles could alleviate the worst aspects of the suffering, though the materialism of the majority of the population will regrettably make this unlikely.

g. Reawakening of freedoms and rights

I p 281 (cII-44)

The U.S. will suffer defeats fighting the Antichrist as well as an internal political deterioration during the time of troubles. When the time of troubles are over people will celebrate their victory and freedom, and reawaken in the U.S. the spirit of liberty and rights embodied by the Statue of Liberty, which were dead during the time of the Antichrist's tyranny. The people will regain their rights and the way of life improve from the dark times.

h. Peace after WWIII

I p 281 (cVI-24)

An American president with a strong Cancer influence will push for war and cause events to fall in place for it. But after WWIII the populace will be repulsed by war and elect a new president. He will want peace and work for it, and peace will reign for some time afterwards.

i. Spirituality transcends technology

I p 283 (cIV-29)

This quatrain refers to the grand design that is emanating from the "center of the wheel" during the time of troubles and the healing period afterwards. The sun and Mercury/Hermes are symbols of "the higher aspects". The sun in this quatrain represents the overall power of the universe from which everything originates. Mercury represents the materialistic aspects of technology. Hermes, in relation with Mercury, symbolizes modern communications technology. Vulcan, i.e. one who works with fire, represents warfare.

The "hidden sun" represents the fact that the societies of the world have gotten out of touch with their spiritual source. They are ignorant of their origin and the "meaning of life" and they search for fulfillment and happiness in other areas, and do not succeed. They think it's found in modern technology, hence the "sun being eclipsed by Mercury". It's held only second because what people really hold first is personal pleasure and happiness. And in trying to find happiness in technology they separate themselves from the central source of the universe.

By the end of WWIII and the time of troubles, and the healing process begins, people will be reunited with the source. The horrors of war and bloodshed -- the powers of Vulcan -- will cause them to realize that technology does not contain the answers to happiness. They will gain a new insight into "from whence they sprang and where they are going". The time of healing will usher a more spiritually mature age, and people will be able to

heal themselves and the world, and go far in preparing to join the community fo the Watchers.

The central hub of the "wheel" represents the source of everything and radiating spokes symbolize channels of power. The space between the spokes contains different scenes in the background, representing the various influence the "aspects" have on historical developments as a result of the intensity of the associated energies.

j. Feminine aspects of God revered again

I p 284 (cII-87)

The feminine aspects of God have been ignored, neglected and reviled. After the demise of the Antichrist the pendulum will swing back into balance. In early ages and in ancient societies the female aspect of God was worshipped and revered. The masculine aspect was also respected but was subordinate. During the patriarchal era, which extends into the present, the female aspect was suppressed and repressed. Society will come to terms with the divinity of both masculine and feminine aspects. This realization will help foster a more balanced world view.

k. More open, frequent contact with aliens

I p 286 (cI-29)

After the time of troubles there will be much closer and open contact with aliens and UFOs. One alien race will be heading for an undersea, sea floor base they have established but the craft will malfunction and be cast up on the shore. The people will perceive them as the enemy out of terror. Some of the "Others" are enemies, and some are not. There is more than one group of "Watchers". Some mean well for mankind and some have more selfish motives in mind.

l. "Green" revolution, return to the land

I p 286 (cII-19)

People will turn to peace after the horrors of the Antichrist . A "green" revolution with roots in the social revolution of the early 1970s will ensue. People will live in extended families beyond the nuclear families of the modern era. Larger families and groups of people are needed to build and support new communities. The new communities will be very earth and ecology conscious. They will help heal the earth of the horrible degradations of weaponry from WWIII.

They will reclaim and cultivate wasted, misused, or unusable land for farmland. Since the will for peace is all-encompassing, building defenses will not be necessary. In direct reversal of the 20th century trend, cities will be torn down to expose soil to sunlight and make room for farming. So many will have died during WWIII that plenty of land will be available to the low-density population. People will be inherently pacific and reclaim land beneath concrete instead of fighting over land.

m. New political alliances

I p 302 (cII-22)

After the calamitous events of the late 20th century, the present alliances among the countries, particularly western nations, will dissolve and new alignments will form. During the interim period the people involved with the peace-keeping system beneath the existing alliance will be "at loose ends". A secret naval or intelligence base will be constructed on the American continental shelf underneath the ocean for secrecy. Heads of staff will meet there to decide what action to take in regard to the new alliance. NATO will not be known by this name but will live on in a similar organization that stemmed from it. This will be dissolved due to the stress countries underwent during the time of troubles.

n. Scientific discoveries reaffirm Eastern religion

I p 302 (cII-22)

Military scientists -- not those researching weapons, but doing research -- will discover a new force other than the basic ones of electricity, magnetism, gravity, etc. shortly after the time of troubles. This new force will give supporting evidence for Eastern religious views. The countries in this part of the world, particularly India, will "turn inward" to contemplate the discovery and rise in greater glory than through outward communication with other nations. It is not so much a discovery but a realization.

The evidence for the force has been in front of us but the facts have been misinterpreted and misassociated with other phenomena, such as "statistical aberration". The force will relate to mystical phenomena such as teleportation.

o. Great Genius unifies religion and science

I p 295 (cVII-14)

The Great Genius will help unify science and religion and bring about the enlightenment and peace of the Age of Aquarius foretold by prophets. People will be able to free their inner selves and open themselves up to the higher powers and the higher levels of the universe. In effect it will make every one a philosopher. Sects and religions that embrace the newly discovered principles will be widespread as adherents meet and share experiences in exploring the "upper regions".

p. Great Genius discovers the science of miracles

I p 296 (cIII-2)

The great genius will realize the magic of alchemy through his discoveries and inventions. The new philosophy engendered by his discoveries will encourage the development of mental powers and anything will seem possible in the climate of a greater unity of mind, soul, body, and emotions. People will be able to manipulate the basic forces of the universe in a way that will seem

utterly fantastic to those not involved with the occult. People presently involved in occult and psychic realms currently deal with these forces without understanding, but in the future understanding will be present, sharpening the efficacy of the art.

q. Astonishing feats of medicine

I p 301 (cII-13)

Future medicine will reach astonishing sophistication by today's standards and will eventually be able to renew a body or "breathe back the spirit" into, i.e. reanimate, the body. A breakthrough in science will have a profound effect and man will finally "touch God", so to speak. The spiritual core of the universe that animates everything through life force will be discovered, the central source of this the divine spirit. It will seem like a profound rebirth of humanity.

r. New philosophy of the Age of Aquarius

I p 302 (cI-69)

A new philosophy will emerge in the New Age, more compatible with the reality of the higher planes and life on earth. The philosophy will have seven basic tenets that appear simple on the surface but are actually very deep. After a period of peace the people of earth will become lax and uncaring of the higher aspects of spirituality because they "have it easy". A war and famine and other hardships will turn minds toward higher realizations as people think there must be something more to their existence. It will absolve existing contradictions in philosophies that perplex people, and will overturn older, established religions. It will have sociological effects and will affect the laws of countries. The philosophy has its roots in the Age of Aquarius.

Click.

Prophecies of Nostradamus: part 8/8, "Grab bag"

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"Grab Bag" (part 8)

- a. Past events
- b. Coverups
- c. Atlantis
- d. Great Genius
- e. Far Future

This is a collection of quatrains in the trilogy that don't fit elsewhere in the FAQ. They are included here as examples and hints of the material that Nostradamus covered and the extent of his visions. Consult Canon's books for the information.

- a. Past events

These are quatrains that refer to past events. I am including them here to give the reader a way to judge Nostradamus' credibility in prophesying. Cannon has hundreds of other unpublished interpretations on the past history that would enhance his reputation even more, but these are just the ones in her trilogy. Note that Nostradamus dealt especially with calamitous world events like WWI and WWII, and areas of personal interest, e.g. the French Revolution or advances in science and medicine.

Discovery of microorganisms by Pasteur. I p 130 (cI-25)

WWI and WII, atomic bombing. I p 132 (cIII-75)

Radiation from atomic bombing. I p 132 (cV-8)

Hitler's fall and suicide, backlash against Nazism. I p 133 (cIII-36)

Japanese and German imperialism in WWII, atomic bomb. I p 134 (cIV-95)

Nixon's diplomacy with China. I p 135 (cII-89)

Cold war and the Cuban Missile Crisis. I p 137 (cV-78)

Microchips, electronics/communication revolution. I p 140 (cIII-13)
Challenger shuttle disaster, NASA politics. I p 141 (cVI-34)
Misuse of Presidential office in Watergate. I p 184 (cVII-41)
Abuse of power by unsavory fundamentalist leaders. I p 150 (cII-27)
Rise of AIDS. I p 157 (cII-53)

Impressive list, Vance agreed. Did he also predict Elvis, the Beatles, the hula hoop, the Barbie Doll, Agent Orange, grunge music, Kurt Kobain's death, the Berlin wall, the El Nino/La Nina phenomena, the depletion of the ozone layer, the fact that many Americans who get cancer have also had Polio vaccinations... what else? He would reserve time later and make up a complete list and type it into a notepad file.

b. Coverups

These are some quatrains that refer to current or past situations but are not part of recorded history due to the coverups. If evidence of these came to light it would certainly be outstanding evidence of Nostradamus' capabilities for seeing the truth or at least the significance of the Cannon books.

-- Secret Russian voyage to Venus. I p 138 (cIV-28)

The Russians sent a manned mission to Venus as a way of competing with the American mission to the Moon. The astronauts died.

Cool, mumbled Vance. No, hot. It's as hot as molten lead on Venus, everybody knows that. Why would Russia sent cosmonauts into a sea of molten lead? Sounds hokey. Why does Nanomius call them Russians now instead of Soviets? Why astronauts instead of cosmonauts? Tacky.

-- Secret Viet Nam involvement and POWs. I p 137 (cII-89)

The U.S. is covertly involved in manipulating Viet Nam political structure and actual American prisoners are being held, not necessarily from the war, but from the secret involvement.

Send that one to the Washington Post, chuckle.

c. Incidents

These are miscellaneous events predicted for our times.

-- Discovery of alien meteorite/ore. I p 160 (cI-21)

Somewhere in western North America a meteorite will be found by miners looking for ore. They think it might be radioactive but it is a useful new element on the periodical table.

A useful new element? It would have to be a very high atomic number, wouldn't it? Vanceium? chuckle?

-- Tomb of ancient influential Roman philosopher discovered. I p 197 (cIII-65)

The tomb of an ancient Roman figure will be discovered. The man is famous for his philosophy and theories about everything, and his discourses and writings on the nature of things, which are still in existence, and have had a profound effect on Western thought.

Duh. Marcus Aurelius?

d. Atlantis

I p 304

Atlantean civilization existed and the people could work stone with energies the way modern man uses concrete or metal. Physical evidence of Atlantis is spread around the world, one site of the civilization was in the Atlantic on a now-submerged island. The civilization was destroyed when the earth plunged through an asteroid field, either through accident or the deliberate intent of aliens who felt "threatened" by advancing civilization.

A typical summer day at the South Pole, 30 degrees below zero with sunny skies. An alien race exercises its anger...

and Atlantis slides to the ocean floor like the Titanic.

e. "Great Genius"

- The Genius will come the second generation after the Antichrist when people of childbearing age today have grandchildren, in the mid-21st century. (I p 300)

I guess that rules me out, Vance smirked to his monitor. He could just see his reflection darkly, the butch cut with the razor job underneath; the unsymmetrical, ungainly features; the skinny physique with high shoulders... the picture of a Genius, chuckle. Maybe I'll be his pa, chuckle. Like Danny Glover, my politics are basically about questioning the death penalty and a little open after that, chuckle. Never been arrested on campus like him though, chuckle.

- Great Genius builds space stations and successful artificial intelligence machine, transferring his consciousness to it. Intelligent machines used to manage space stations. Occurs in 21st or 22nd centuries. I p 289 (cIV-32)

- During the time of the Great Genius space stations will be developed for manufacturing materials in space. Scientific base possibly established on Mars, scientific and communications facility established on the moon. The station will be built negligently. New ways of collecting and distributing solar energy will be devised. I p 300 (cIX-65)

- The Great Genius will unify religion and science and explain ancient documents, making clear the metaphysical connections between the universe and spirituality. I p 293 (cVII-14)

- Discovery several centuries after the Great Genius intermeshes grandly with his knowledge and allows people to burst free from all physical bounds and limitations. I p 297 (cIII-94)

f. Far Future

I p 307 (cIV-25)

Mankind will begin to focus on developing himself spiritually. The knowledge for the task has been in front of him but has not been noticed or understood. When he begins to realize what is possible it will astound him.

At least Nanomius didn't say herself, chuckle.

I p 307 (cIV-25)

In the far future interstellar space travel will take place by mind emanations and psi power, rather than mechanical means.

That's good. I didn't think the warp drive was realistic anyway, chuckle.

I p 308 (cI-17)

Long after the time of the Antichrist and the time of troubles a "forty-cycle" drought will come about. People will survive only by extracting water by melting ice at the poles and distilling it from sea water. Later, the climate will become very wet and copious flooding will occur. This is a natural cycle of the earth, and it causes civilizations to perish during ice ages. "Forty cycles" is something like four thousand years. Man will cause the problems because some aspect of his technology will be endangering the delicate balance of the ecosystem enough to eventually trigger an ice age.

I p 311 (cX-74)

The "end of the world" will arrive after the seventh cycle which we are currently living in. After this cycle is complete, man's accomplishments on Earth will generally be complete, and even though the Earth will exist for some time forward, the wheel of karma will no longer send man to earth but to other locations.

Human civilization will have fallen down and been rebuilt

several times. Some of the old traditions of e.g. bloody, violent gladatorial games will be passed down through the times into the far future.

Cool. Space gladiators on Mars, chuckle.

I p 312 (cI-48)

If man can avert the wars, a extensive and peaceful space expansion and exploration can take place, with times of growth and prosperity for humanity. A base will be established on the moon, a major center of communications and scientific research. The base's major purpose is to develop freestanding or self-sufficient space stations in various shapes. All have solar sails that provide energy. This will last for up to 7000 years.

The sun in our solar system will eventually explode in one last burst of energy and then die down to nothing. This will totally incinerate the planet, although the earth will have long since been dead.

Click.

That was the end of the Nanomius document.

Somehow that leaves me cold, Vance thought. I could have predicted the 'real' future better than that. Oh well, what do you expect from a 16th-century seer who never even foresaw the bikini?, he chuckled. He then remembered that Nostradamus was a physician, and probably got to see more women naked than he ever would.

At this point, Vance was so tired he slept for ten hours. It was all he could do to keep from masturbating, but the thought of meeting the Lori Ogmios fox Thursday night saved him. As he was dreaming, it occurred to search for her email address and possibly her web page on the Net first thing in the morning.

Lori had been electroshocked, and this had erased sections of her memory. But, in time, she remembered everything.

In her dreams, she was still the owl, the wise old bird, and her new gringo husband Vance was the new eagle, the all-seeing eye, soaring high above the desert, circling Shiprock, helping her help all the five-fingered people of the world to slay the monsters buried there.

A visit to Shiprock, NM, just 30 miles west of Farmington, NM, on Hwy 64, can be combined with a trip to Mesa Verde.

So said a travel brochure she got from a local travel agency.

The annual Shiprock Balloon Festival is the last weekend in February and is a fund-raiser for local charities. Balloon rides are available and it is a glorious thing to experience.

Life before Vance had been hard; he made it a breeze. He had a college degree, and could make more money in a week than she could in a month in the gringo-dominated economy. She met him at one of her poorly-attended meetings where she rambled about a conspiracy to take over the world and force eugenics on humanity; he had been the only person in the audience to agree with her, even going so far as to support her verbally, and embarrass a heckle-prone skeptic.

When she stated that, even though a native Navajo, she was permanently banned from the Rez, and a skeptic asked her for proof, which she couldn't supply, Vance had stood up and said that her exile in Denver was self-proof, for who would want to leave Paradise for this hellhole if they weren't forced to? That got a laugh from the audience, and closed the topic; she loved him for it, like a knight in shining armor was loved by the rescued lady.

He stayed afterward, being so kind as to help her carry things to the bus stop, then gallantly offered her a car ride, talking her into it despite her fear of rapists.

He didn't look like a rapist. He didn't. He said something clever and funny, and made her laugh. She had never seen him at previous meetings, nor at the many New Age bookstores, fairs, classes, and other gathering places of the Colorado subclass that worshipped the intuition and mistrusted the government and, usually, all authority. Not that she found anything in these meetings she couldn't have gotten on the Net earlier, other than like-minded people on similar trips or journeys to hers. Unfortunately, that was her trouble with them, the fact that they regarded her as a prospect for conversion to their journeys, rather than as prospects for conversion to hers; it was like a convention of salesmen, all from different firms, trying to sell each other, not only on the products, but on switching to selling their lines: where were the mere customers?

Vance looked, at last, like a real customer.

When he handed her a printout of the Nanomius document, the day after they met, she had a genuine shock. Not only did her very name appear in it, but her name was associated with the victorious enemy of the Fuehrer/Antichrist. He told her how he had found her, by connecting her name in the paper with the document, and how that proved God to be their matchmaker.

He didn't look like a rapist. He wasn't. He had a look in his eyes that he said were wedding bells going off, and he courted her like a virgin, starting with a date at Taco Bell, chaperoned by an employee who was her former co-worker. He would not accept sexual intercourse with her, even when she offered it, until he had "put a ring on her finger". When they finally had it, he turned out to have been a virgin with women, and a premature ejaculator; he admitted that he refused to have sex with her because he had either masturbated before the date, or had ejaculated in his pants. She didn't mind; she was traumatized by men, and nourished lesbian tendencies, which she finally admitted to him, causing him to say "cool", and bringing them even closer. Not that she had any lesbian lovers in mind. But she just wanted him to know; and he did, and "accepted her for it".

From the start, her views, however bizarre they sounded to others, were accepted by Vance without question, even though he was no mere yes-man; he researched things on the Net, and found reasons to back her up all the time. He once made a joke about "the five-fingered people", saying he had been married to Lady Five Fingers until he met her; but not until they had been married for some time.

He understood her inability to look at a monitor without experiencing migraines, and volunteered to be her co-researcher, her "eyes on the Net", as he put it. Not that her mind was the quick, fearless, leaping bird it had once been; it was slower now, short-circuited, tamed, held-back, bound. Buried deep underneath, though, was the bird's spirit, struggling.

When she asked him to check, the Brown Sugar web site had disappeared, along with her old email account, and that of every other hacker she could remember. They tried to deal with the loss of her mama together, Lori fearing that any attempt to contact her would cause her death.

When they married, he took her name, rather than the usual way: Vance and Lori Ogmios. It only cost 75 bucks to register a name change with the county court, he explained. And, if openly keeping the Ogmios name didn't cause them to be bumped off in ten years, he said, that would prove it would be safe to contact her mama again.

After marriage, she stayed at home and started an herb and natural healing store; and they eventually pulled up stakes and moved to Nevada. It wasn't home, but at least it was a desert. Denver was dry and she liked the altitude, but she never got over missing the desert and its dry heat and stillness and low population density.

Together, Lori and Vance worked on their 'project', as they called it, patiently fishing for data, and quietly assembling it.

Arnold Schwarzenegger. Adolf Hitler. The Kennedys. The Hollywood moguls. Henry Ford. Bill Gates. Eugenics.

Genetic engineering. The Net. World politics. Eagles and owls. Shiprock. The Navajos. Nostradamus. These items were connected in a chain of logic of world-shaking dimensions; if only they would make a mistake, exposing themselves, that they could jump on, and use to build followers with a consensus and an agenda.

Until then, they could only wait for that mistake. The ball was in the conspirators' court; it was their move. Only a mistake on their part would give power to their budding opposition.

The Ogmioses are waiting, made strong by their marriage union. They both came to enough maturity to finally really deal with sex. They had a pair of male twins, followed by a girl.

Their big white dog is called Thoth, the ibis-headed scribe of the gods, the lord of writing, master of papyrus, the god of right and truth, the god of the moon, Tehuti the moon as measurer. Vance bought her a book on Egyptology after a jaunt through a used bookstore in Denver.

Vance grew a bushy beard, and let his hair grow long, making him look a little like the white man's Christ. Lori had an eating problem for years, but finally got it under control, and slimmed down to within 15 pounds of her hottest weight in her dick-teaser days on the Rez; maturity only enhanced her beauty and sexual appetites. She never could stand rock music again, but strangely, developed a fondness for Las Vegas shows, begging Vance to drive her there on weekends, where she would sit mesmerized by the nearly-nude dancing girls. Vance loved jazz, which she tolerated, and he finally overcame his p.e. problem, and they achieved a totally fulfilling sex life, in mind, spirit, and body. So, for that matter, probably did the Schwarzeneggers.

'Live and let live', all things considered, was the most poignant conclusion to her struggles.

Chapter 83

One day Lori and Vance were sitting high in their favorite tree in the desert night, holding hands and watching.

"What day is it today, honey?" Lori began.

"Sunday. Fun day."

After what seemed like minutes...

"I love you more than all the stars in the sky," said Vance.

"I love you more than John Audubon loved his birds."

"You're the owl, honey, and I'm the eagle."

"And we had some eaglets together, didn't we, honey?"

"Speaking of real owls, how many days does it take an owl egg to hatch?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"Yes. The children's section of the newspaper had an issue devoted to owls awhile back and I saved it and studied it. Thirty days it said. Owls lay from two to 12 eggs at one time. It says that many owls only form pairs to mate and raise their young, then go off and live alone."

"That doesn't apply to us, does it, honey?"

"No way. But you called me an eagle. I'm the eagle, you're the owl, right?"

"Yes. Maybe you're an eagle owl. That's a very handsome type of owl. And I'm the great horned owl."

"The article said that the great horned owl weighs about three pounds, and that male owls are usually smaller than females."

"So you're big for an eagle owl, and I'm small for a great horned owl. What else did it say, honey?"

"That owl wings have special soft edges that muffle the usual whirring sound, enabling them to swoop down on their prey silently and surprise it. Oh here, here's something interesting I remember. Owls have their eyes in the front, while most other birds have their eyes on the sides of their heads. Each eye is locked in its socket and can't move, so owls have to turn their heads to see. They can turn their heads almost all the way around."

"They almost could be said to have eyes in the back of their heads, right honey?"

"Yes. And their eyes are dark." He paused for effect, and perhaps the silence made him regret saying it. He went on.

"And they have ear tufts, made of feathers, along with face ruffs that give them a scooped-out, disc-shaped face acting as a dish antenna to direct sounds to their ears. Their hearing is said to be the best in Nature. They can hear a mouse moving a thousand feet away, and their silent flight helps them hear better too. You know what is funny about the tufts, honey?"

"What?"

"They are often, usually, uneven. Unlike the ears of other animals, which are symmetrical. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, honey."

"I will, later, when I am smoking your pipe, baby. Your skin pipe."

"My bubble pipe, ha ha."

"How good is their eyesight, honey?"

"Their eyes are larger than those of most other birds. The article says they can't see in total darkness, but they can discover an object in only one percent of the light a human needs."

"I never told you this, honey, but my name Ogmios comes from the Navajo word for owl."

"Really?"

"No, not really. I am just seeing if you're on your toes, you neo-Nazi jive-talking funky chunky Indian-fucking geek nigger birdbrain doomsday machine."

"'There's no complaints when my other man comes around'" -- he sang a few bars of his namesake Dinah Washington and then grabbed her.

As they passionately embraced, lips devouring each other, Vance's eyeglasses came off and fell out of the tree.

They landed in a pile of feathers.

THE END

Schwarzen Auger:

Dark Eyes of Evil

by T.L. Winslow

Did Hitler really die in his bunker in Berlin at the end of World War II? Did he leave no children? Or did he live on, and plant his seed in a master plan to create a Fourth Reich in the 21st century?

The story of a beautiful, naive but brilliant young female Navajo-American cyberpunk who hacks her way into top secret computer files of neo-Nazis, discovering Hitler's Superman Diary, a startling plan to create a master race through eugenics. Digging deeper, she comes to believe that the famous actor Arnold Schwarzenegger is none other than

Hitler's own child, and the genetic prototype of the planned master race of supermen. Her attempts to further research her theories, which question his marriage into the Kennedy clan, his choice of movies, his business ventures, the bodybuilding mogul Joe Weider, even the Volkswagen company, lead her into a vortex of historical intrigue, personal dangers, and a thrilling climax.

As a guide to an inexorable vortex of history, it will dazzle and chill at the same time, while exercising your imagination muscles. It is also a remarkable psychical and psychological exploration of a gifted woman's mind, who used a classical rock music radio station and the Internet like a crystal ball and a Ouija board put together.

The German name Schwarzenegger comes from schwarzen auger, or dark eyes. Dark eyes of evil. Bloodshot eyes. Like those eyes the Terminator had.

Genre: Mainstream adult contemporary/thriller

Explicit sexual situations and adult language.

Excerpt from the book:

The Hitler Superman Diary proved tough reading, filled with genetics theory she couldn't understand. Her heart sunk when she thought of having to go back to school and study Genetics for years and then come back to it to really understand it. The best she could make out, there was an attempt to map the human genome, and identify where basic racial characteristics are stored, to produce a scientific race test, maybe later a virus that infected only those of undesirable race. There was no attempt to find out how high intelligence was created by the genes, as that was way beyond present science. For that purpose, there was a description of a plan to engage in 'rapid selective breeding' in some kind of secret nursery, where the cold-blooded Nazi scientists would breed children, test their intelligence, extract cells from the smartest, combine them, and inject them into 'carrier mothers', who would produce more babies, and the cycle repeat.

It wasn't specifically mentioned, but she got the feeling that the babies were then slaughtered like lab rats. Forced high-speed evolution in a lab. Nice little nursery there. Arnold should star as a Kindergarten Cop in that place, she smiled. Wasn't Arnold's cover story father in Austria a cop? A police chief in fact?

Her mind reeling, she remembered that Arnold was not butchered, and indeed was quite alive and well in America. He had invested in a worldwide chain of restaurants called Planet Hollywood, in conjunction with other movie actors and investors. She did some research on that now.

The author:

American author T.L. Winslow is a prolific novelist of extraordinary imagination. Author of the novels "Anti-World War I", "Five Smooth Stones", "Salvation Day: The Immorality Device", "Baby Boom Morticians", "Horror High School", et al.

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