

## WORLD AFFAIRS

### CHAPTER THIRTEEN (A)

*A patriot must always be ready to defend his country against its government.*  
*Edward Abbey*

When Lisa and I checked out of the hospital we went to a nearby hotel, figuring to fly back to Pavones the next day. According to my journal, while we were at the hotel we listened to the U.S. Supreme Court hearing arguments on the Jose Padilla case. Either on the radio or some sort of cable TV feed with no picture. I forget which.<sup>1</sup>

Do you know about this case? Have you heard what happened to this guy, Padilla?

No? Well, you should have. In an even slightly better world than this one, not only *would* you have heard of Jose Padilla, but you'd be totally outraged by what happened to him, even though Jose Padilla is possibly a shitball motherfucker of the first order.

Jose Padilla flew into Chicago O'Hare on May 8, 2002 and was arrested by the FBI counter terrorism guys, the ones that, in the months before 9/11, had ignored or suppressed the mountain of intelligence that Osama bin Laden was planning to attack the United States with hijacked aircraft.<sup>2</sup> But now they were *on top of things*, apparently.

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<sup>1</sup> I'll have to check this when I vet this book for inconsistencies. What I'll probably do is go online for the date of the Court hearing to see if it jibes with my hospital checkout date. Vetting for inconsistencies is an important part of nonfiction writing. It's also a pain in the ass.<sup>49a</sup>

<sup>49a</sup>. "Inconsistencies" is actually a semi-euphemism having to do with getting busted for nonfiction deceits, i.e., lying like a slug.

<sup>2</sup> According to FBI agent Robert Wright: "September the 11<sup>th</sup> was the direct result of the incompetence of the FBI's International Terrorism Unit." (More on website)

Padilla was suspected of being part of a plot to construct a “dirty bomb.” Okay. So far, so good. Problem was (and still is at this writing) that the feds didn’t (and still haven’t) charged him with anything, including being involved in a plot to construct a dirty bomb. He hadn’t (and has still has not) even appeared before a judge to defend himself.<sup>3</sup>

There’s a beaut of a catch 22 here, no?

Let’s say that in the United States you were guilty until proven innocent instead of the reverse. Wait. This is in fact what’s going on with this sap Padilla. So, okay. Point being that even if you’re guilty until proven innocent, this sap Padilla can’t even *in principle* prove he’s innocent, since he is not being accused of anything.

He’s not been accused, he’s been labeled, which is an entirely different thing.

He’s an *enemy combatant*.

This is according to George W. Bush.

Enemy combatant. A concept that would piss off Orwell, that poor sap of an optimist, that *he* hadn’t thought of it.

Listen: Jose Padilla is a *U.S. citizen*.

Let’s back up for a moment, to January 20, 2001. George W. Bush is taking the oath of office after his Supreme Court buddies – same folks I was listening to that day -- put him in office.<sup>4</sup> According to this oath, what’s the president’s number one job?

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<sup>3</sup> At the time of the writing of this footnote Padilla has been in jail for more than three years without being charged or appearing before a judge.

<sup>4</sup> At least they didn’t do it on the 21<sup>st</sup>, my birthday, which would have been further evidence of a far-reaching conspiracy to drive me insane.

Right. "To protect and defend the constitution of the United States." And what is the cornerstone, the foundation, of the constitution of the United States? The fucking thing he's sworn to protect and defend?

Right. The Bill of Rights.

According to the Fifth Amendment: "*No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law.*" Although Padilla is a U.S. citizen, the founding fathers didn't limit this protection to citizens. "*No person shall be...*" Jose Padilla, I believe, is a person also, aside from being a U.S. citizen. So his protection is a double whammy kind of protection, no?

What I was listening to after getting out of Cima hospital in San Jose, Costa Rica -- after telling that shitball motherfucker Cal that I was on death's doorstep and then after actually *being* on death's doorstep and after being queried if I've been under *undue stress* -- was the Supreme Court of the United States trying to decide whether this Jose Padilla sap had been deprived of his Fifth Amendment rights.

WELL OF FUCKING COURSE HE'S BEEN DEPRIVED OF HIS FIFTH AMENDMENT RIGHTS YOU STUPID COCKSUCKERS!

Lisa told me to sit down and calm down, that I was supposed to relax, not get stressed unduly.

I knew what was coming and predicted it to Lisa, the two of us sitting on the hotel room bed: The Supreme Court bastards who put Bush II in office after his bloodless coup have only one way of wriggling out of this one, the case they were hearing being so clear cut, and given that their decision was going on their permanent record. *Permanent record*. You know, like when you fuck up in High School.

Here's what I knew was coming, what I predicted to Lisa: The Supreme Court was not going to go there. (And such proved to be the case. On June 28 the Supreme Court *ruled that it could not rule* in the Jose Padilla case – they copped this plea due to a complete bullshit jurisdictional technicality.<sup>5</sup>)

What's important, though, is What Happened Next that day at the hotel room in San Jose Costa Rica. I mean never mind this Jose Padilla sap crapola. I mean who cares that the president of the United States should be impeached for not only not doing his number one job, but for violating the main principle the United States stand for.<sup>6</sup> (That is if you're too squeamish to impeach him for his crimes against humanity.) Who needs this political shit when what's important is catching Lisa with her fuckbuddy, the San Jose one, and me threatening movie stars and amusing and bizarre H-wood deals and dumb ass outlines and hit men and mercs who are going to shake me down if I don't nip it in the bud and crack heads moving onto my property and so forth.

Right? Right.

What Happened Next was that Lisa came up with her best, her all time classic, blurt. I know: We have a shitload of doozies to chose from, so this must be, to quote Lisa herself (regarding her two-day flirtation with that surfer in Pavones), “over the top” or even “in another realm.”

Thing is, I've already told you about this one, via a bit of a nonfiction deceit. Back in Part Two I mentioned Lisa saying “I wish I'd think before I speak” as her response to what she'd change about herself, framing it in quotes since it was exact words. See, although I didn't outright say it, the *implication* was that she came up with

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<sup>5</sup> (see my website for the complete story)

<sup>6</sup> You wanna talk about violating the Constitution? Read the fucking Patriot Act (another Orwellism that Orwell was too much of an optimist to think of).

this statement *before* the stuff going on in the narrative proper. Not so. That blurt comes here, on April 28, 2004, the day of the Jose Padilla Supreme Court hearing, many months after the events of that chapter.

Why did I do this? Diddle with chronology? Why this nonfiction deceit? Why not just save the blurt for the chronological present in the narrative, which is *now*? For this reason: Lisa's blurts are so bizarre and inexplicable that I had to deal with them early on. Otherwise you'd think there was something wrong here, I mean apart from the obvious that there's something wrong, way wrong, with the woman I fell in love with (at age 55 and so forth), the love of my alleged life.

That Lisa would say the incredible things she does – given everything else about her, including her background in public relations crisis management -- is what's known as a *hole*, meaning in the logic of this narrative. When holes are noticeable, they are a distraction and tend to take you out of the story and hence dump you back into the mundane nightmare of real life, and who needs that? Movies are notorious for having holes. Most of the time the holes are simply due to bad storytelling, which is a hallmark of movies these days, but even good movies have holes. As screenwriting guru Robert KcKee points out, there's even a hole in *Casablanca*, which, he says, and I agree with him, is one of the best screen stories ever told. The hole in *Casablanca* comes when the Sidney Greenstreet character does something generous in helping Ingrid Bergman and her husband escape the city. See, Greenstreet has been portrayed as a greedy shitball motherfucker (yet somehow sort of likeable) who *never* would do anything generous. How do the screenwriters patch this hole?

They own up to it! Greenstreet does his generous act then says, “I don’t know why I’m doing this, since I cannot possibly profit from it.” Christ, he all but looks into the camera and winks.

And bingo. The hole is not patched, not really, but, for some reason, acknowledging it erases the distraction.<sup>7</sup> I early on brought up Lisa’s blurt about not thinking before she speaks for the same reason. So you wouldn’t be distracted by the illogicalness of her bizarre blurts and get dumped back into the mundane nightmare of real life while reading. Did it work?<sup>8</sup>

Since I pulled this little deceit in Part Two, which was a while ago, let’s reproduce it here to save you having to thumb back through all the crapola:

One time Lisa took one of my little codeine pills; as I say, they’re equivalent to Tylenol 3s. As with alcohol, the codeine makes her talkative and spontaneous, a condition ripe for bean spillage. She asked me what one thing about myself I would change, if I could. I said I’d make myself more self-reflective.

How about you, Lisa?

“I wish I’d think before I speak,” she replied.

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<sup>7</sup> Holes in movie narratives nowadays are dealt with by *not* dealing with them, the assumption being that audiences are too dumb to notice holes. There is good reason for this assumption. 54a.

54a. Another scenario is that the movie makers are likewise too dumb to notice holes. But in the cases where they do notice there’s a hole, they’ll talk it over, try to come up with ways of patching the hole, and then say, Fuck it, because: “It doesn’t matter.”

<sup>8</sup> It’s possible that at least some of Lisa’s blurts are similarly motivated. For example, she’ll own up to something, like having two fuckbuddies or having a local fuckbuddy, in the hope that by acknowledging it I will no longer be distracted by it. For some reason, however, this strategy doesn’t work as well in this arena.

Notice that I open my little deceit with “One time”, which was supposed to let me off the hook for, in essence, lying like a slug about when this took place -- since that chapter was written contemporaneously with the events from back then, it’s (now) obvious that I added the anecdote about Lisa not thinking before speaking much later, in the rewriting.

Keeping an eye out for this sort of deceit while reading nonfiction can be fun.

But let’s look closer at this little exchange between Lisa and myself; the significance of it may have passed you by when you initially read it.

Lisa had taken one of my codeine pills for a headache that day. I popped two of them, although it wasn’t for a headache: I was trying to feel normal after listening to the Supreme Court hearing on the Jose Padilla case. Then, after the codeine kicked in Lisa got voluble and asked me what I’d change about myself. I answered, then asked Lisa what she would change about *herself*.

Okay. Now that you’re armed with more knowledge than the first time around, do you see why Lisa’s response was the classic, all time blurt? How it had a built-in double whammy/catch 22?

The built-in double whammy/catch 22 was that her wishing that she’d think before speaking accidentally referred to voicing the wish itself, since if she had, at that moment, been thinking before speaking she would not have said she wished she’d think before speaking. Proof of this came a couple hours later, when, out of the blue, Lisa said this: What I, uh, meant before about not thinking before I speak is that sometimes I come off like I, uh, know things when I really, uh, don’t know... you know...

In other words, Lisa, after having had a rush of insight of the negative variety, knew that she hadn’t been thinking before speaking when she said she wished she’d think

before speaking, and sought to repair the damage with one of her qualifications/ explanations. Repairing damage with a qualification/explanation after not thinking before speaking was turning out to be a full time job for Lisa, and, as with H-wood folks and looking foolish (especially in front of themselves) it was also a *tough job*.

But what do we have here in subtext, now that you're armed with more knowledge? What did Lisa really mean when she answered the question of what she would change about herself with "I wish I'd think before I speak"? This, and it doesn't take a huge cognitive leap to see it: *Constant and obsessive dishonesty is not a problem for me. It's getting caught at it with my stupid big mouth that I don't like.*

A Meanwhile: There was another deceit, on my part, in the above exchange, but directed at Lisa, not at you, as with the chronology of the blurt in question, when it first reared its funky head. When I responded to Lisa's query about what I'd change about myself, I lied. More self-reflection was not what I would have changed about myself. Had I answered truthfully I would have said this: "I wish I were a stronger person, Lisa. Because if I were a stronger person I'd be rid of you by now and would be a less miserable motherfucker."

I also probably would not have so recently been in the hospital on death's doorstep with doctors asking if I've been under undue stress and Lisa tending to me like Mother Teresa herself.

## MY THEORY OF CLOSED SYSTEMS

A matter closely related to all of the above, including *Timequake* and the definition of catch 22: Much of Kurt Vonnegut's writings deal with a topic near and dear to my heart, and to this narrative as well: *Why the world is so fucked up*.<sup>9</sup>

K.V., in his view of *why the world is so fucked up* often laments the decline of the extended family. From *Timequake*:

Yes, and Trout harped on the human need for extended families, and I still do, because it is so obvious that we, because we are human, need them as much as we need proteins and carbohydrates and fats and vitamins and essential minerals.

Here on this island, while (re) reading *Timequake* I came upon the above passage and had a rush of insight -- as I say, I love rushes of insight when reading (lately, of course, real-life rushes of insight tend to be unloved). The rush of insight had to do with the current problems I'm beset with, which I have summed up as terminal loneliness. If I were to put my rush of insight regarding extended families, the lack thereof, and terminal loneliness into words, it would go something like this:

“Yes, that's it!”

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<sup>9</sup> By the way: K.V.'s *Cat's Cradle*, which I read back in the mid-1960s, was the book that sparked my interest in being a miserable motherfucker... I mean *a writer* in the first place. (Plus, at a younger age, Jack London's *White Fang*.) My first book, *Cosmic Banditos*, is pretty Vonnegutian in its creation of an out of whack reality, and a cavalier attitude toward conventional structure and causal and narrative and other types of logic. 21a

21a. It occurs to me that in this chapter (elsewhere as well) I swipe aspects of the narrative voice of Kurt Vonnegut, possibly due to my mention of him (and his influence on me). To which I say: I could do worse. I could be swiping the narrative voice of, say, and I just can't help myself here, John Grisham. 21b.

21b. K.V., if you're out there: I think Geraldo Rivera (formerly a nice Jewish boy named Jerry Rivers who figured a change in ethnicity would help his career as a hack TV journalist) is a shitball motherfucker too.

To put it another way: If I had an extended family I wouldn't be the miserable motherfucker that I am. Hold on. I wouldn't be *as* miserable a motherfucker as I am. Just one example is the Lisa situation. If I had a bunch of people around me that really cared about my sorry ass, they would have nipped Lisa in the bud, so to speak. They would have seen what was going on and nipped her in the bud *come hell or high water*. (As it is, of course, *the bunch of people around me* tend to fuck Lisa, including in my own bed.)

I had a second, a sort of peripheral, rush of insight after the first one. Which was that I already knew about the first rush of insight, although not consciously. Evidence of this is how I dedicated the re-publication in 2001 of *Cosmic Banditos* (it was originally published in 1986). Here it is, the new dedication:

This book is dedicated to people who stick together.<sup>10</sup>

*People who stick together*. There you go, I was thinking via my peripheral rush of insight, that's as good a definition of an extended family as you're apt to come across. I was also thinking that my seeing fit to dedicate the book that way was evidence that an extended family is what I *need*.

But then I had still another rush of insight, which was that my dedication was incomplete as a definition of what an extended family is: Since an extended family is a good thing, a positive, the dearth of which is at least partially responsible for *the world being so fucked up*, then if I could think of examples of people who stick together that are

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<sup>10</sup> Which, come to think of it, is what it's *really* about. 22a.  
22a. The above footnote is on the actual *Cosmic Banditos* dedication page.

a *bad* thing, I had my head at least part way up my ass in my definition. A little bit up my ass.

Then I thought about it more and had a major rush of insight, which was that people sticking together could be a *very* bad thing. People sticking together could in fact be a *major reason why the world is so fucked up!*

Holy shit!

My chain reaction of rushes of insight ultimately resulted in the following observation: A major reason *why the world is so fucked up* is because it, the world, consists of a bunch of *closed systems* of people who stick together, and which are not extended families. The purpose of each closed system, the sole purpose, really -- and Darwin would certainly understand this -- is to perpetuate itself.<sup>11</sup> One example of such a closed system, and which I've dealt with before, is the *witchdoctor closed system*. We've already established that witch doctors have their heads up their asses since they use circular reasoning/specious causation to explain things, i.e., why people do what they do. That's inarguable. Not only is it inarguable, it's as obvious as the Emperor's naked ass. Which begs a good question: How come some minimally insightful witchdoctor hasn't come forward to point out that witchdoctors have their heads up their asses? Let's play How Would That Go? Imagine this: A guy decides he wants to become a witchdoctor (although in the beginning he doesn't think of it like that). He reads the witchdoctor books and takes the witchdoctor courses and so forth. He realizes that witchdoctors use circular reasoning/specious causation and therefore they're not scientists, even though they call themselves scientists, and so forth. In other words, he realizes that witchdoctors

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<sup>11</sup> A great example being The American Cancer Society, whose *last* objective is to cure cancer. In fact, the curing of cancer is their worst nightmare. Don't believe me? (Go to URL that exposes this fact.)

have their heads up their asses. He decides to do his witchdoctor Piled Higher & Deeper dissertation on this, figuring to revolutionize the witchdoctor system. Points out all sorts of inarguable stuff (although he avoids using the phrase “heads up his/their/your/our asses”).

You’re ahead of me here, I hope. But in case you’re not: The witchdoctor powers that be are not going to give the aspiring witchdoctor a witchdoctor diploma with Piled Higher & Deeper stamped on it, like the glut of them hanging on Doc Bruce’s office wall. He will in fact be excluded from the witchdoctor closed system. This exclusionary principle ensures, ipso facto, that anyone belonging to the witchdoctor closed system has his head up his ass right from the get-go.

This exclusionary principle applies in an even bigger way to the closed system of people who run this sorry ass world, or, to get more specific, run the U.S. of A. One only need to imagine a guy aspiring to join *that* closed system pointing out, just for starters, that the last five presidents of the United States were perpetrators of crimes against humanity, which is as inarguable as witchdoctors having their heads up their asses.<sup>12</sup> To cut through the shit and get right to the point on this one: Do you think the kid from The Emperor’s New Clothes rose very high in the Emperor’s cabinet?<sup>13</sup>

Or the media closed system (which is closely if indirectly connected to the closed system of people who run the U.S. of A, but that’s a separate subject). Imagine this, although it would never happen: A presidential news conference in the spring of 2003.

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<sup>12</sup> The last five being Bush II, Clinton, Bush I, Reagan and Carter. If you’re surprised at my inclusion of that nice man Jimmy Carter in the crimes against humanity club, I’ll give you just one example, although there are scads: Carter actively and knowingly aided and abetted the Shah of Iran in the torture and murder of tens of thousands of human beings. He even *liked* the Shah of Iran, who, by any reasonable definition, was a monster. (For more about Jimmy Carter’s crimes against humanity go to (URL)).

<sup>13</sup> The day I bolted from PAVONES I caught sight of the kid chopping a bean field with a dull machete and looking thin and vacant-eyed. The minimally insightful aspiring witchdoctor was sitting nearby on a stump, also thin and vacant-eyed, waiting for his witchdoctor diploma to arrive via International DHL.

Bush II takes questions after claiming we have to get rid of Saddam because Saddam has illegal weapons of mass destruction. (This is before the revelation that Saddam didn't have any WMD.) Our guy is called on and asks this: "But Mister President, didn't the U.S. government under the Reagan administration and under your father okay the sale to Saddam of components needed to build weapons of mass destruction, including nuclear, chemical, and biological materials – the anthrax virus, for example – plus the poison gas he used on his own people and the people of Iran?" (Here our guy holds up the public record government documents that make the question rhetorical, make the point inarguable.)<sup>14</sup> Our guy goes on: "And doesn't that mean, Mister President, that the United States government aided and abetted Saddam in his illegal building of the weapons of mass destruction that you're so upset about?" (Even though he didn't actually have them.)

Right. Boom. Our guy is out of the media closed system like shit through a duck. As I say, though, this scenario would never happen: no media person in a position to ask Bush II anything would, in his wildest dreams, *even think* of asking those questions, although the facts needed to ask the questions are in the public domain and are inarguable. Media people who would *even think* of asking that question (about a thousand others come to mind as well) were long ago banished to Pavones to chop bean fields alongside the kid from The Emperor's New Clothes and the minimally insightful aspiring witchdoctor, waiting for his witchdoctor diploma to arrive via International DHL. (You hardly have to even pay minimal attention to see the classic catch 22 in the above

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<sup>14</sup> You didn't know this? Okay: Go to (give website URLs for original documents, including those that show that even the anthrax was supplied by the U.S.). Back? Now you do know.

explanation of why the truth never comes out regarding people who run this sorry ass world.)

And of course there's H-wood, my second favorite closed system, one to which I used to belong. I mean look what's happened to me, with my big mouth about catch 22s explaining why my book will never be a movie and making dumb ass outline memos *public* and foolishness avoidance theories and spilling the beans about banditos that are now female characters somehow still named Jose and my emails to a stoned out actor who doesn't read anything, these emails pointing out how far *his* head is up his ass... and on and on...

Talk about being out of a closed system like shit through a duck!

That's me! I'm fucking out of it!

See, every closed system has codes of conduct, which vary from system to system, but all have one code in common:

Don't Spill The Beans!

Meaning don't spill the beans about the lies and hypocrisies and various crimes, some against reason, come against humanity, that allow the closed system to exist and continue to exist. In fact, via various degrees of denial, not spilling the beans includes not spilling the beans to each other – to your cronies within the closed system – and, if the closed system is a really whiz-bang successful one, even to yourself.

For example, do you think Bush, Cheney, Rove, Rice et al sit around congratulating themselves in their success in gaslighting tens of millions of Americans into thinking the U.S. is doing anything in Iraq and Afghanistan other than seizing oil reserves and pipeline routes and empire building? Or do you think that when

Bush/Cheney/Rice all said on national television, “There was no way the attacks of 9/11 could have been foreseen or prevented,” they congratulated themselves for telling that whopper with a straight face?<sup>15</sup>

(That their closed system even *exists* is a bean not to be spilled as well; or if some maniac (like me) does so, it’s to be denied. One example you know about: Sean Penn claiming that the last time he looked “Hollywood is just a place on a map.”)

One more example of a closed system, my current favorite: The publishing closed system. Rather than explain how this one works I’ll give you some examples. As mentioned, back in 2003 I sought representation for this book, an agent to sell it. So I sent out Part One to some agents. This after my treacherous, big mouth attorney refused to help me find an agent and then informed the *Zero* producer and the movie agent I fired (right: whose response to my firing her is the title to this book) what I was doing with the book.

What an idiot I was!

The only result of sending out Part One of this book was that my demented *Zero* editor and my former book agent whom I fired (and at whom I used to be more pissed off than anyone) got wind of the book also.<sup>16</sup>

And guess what happened?

During the eight months in 2003, during which I didn’t write anything (not counting my whoring draft of *Zero*) because I was busy metaphorically getting hit by a

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<sup>15</sup> You want an example – aside from the FBI, the Brits, the Russians and about 20 and-so-ons -- of someone who warned them about 9/11? Me. Right: Allan, the author of this book. In April of 2001. Here’s the URL to go to my press release about how a terrorist attack would come via commercial airplanes: (URL)

<sup>16</sup> Why I say *used to be more pissed off than anyone* should be obvious. In the relative sense, she’s of late become one of my favorite people.

van (a la Stephen King) I got a bulletin from a fan of *Zero* who happened to be in the publishing biz. Guy says this: Did I know my reputation amongst editors and agents was “horrible”? Did I know that getting representation or a publisher would be “all but impossible”?

Right. Perception Management Commandment #4, the preemptive discrediting one, was heeded by my demented editor and former book agent.

In a sense it gets better (meaning for making my point).

A couple weeks ago a writer friend read Parts One through Five of this and said, basically, that what I’ve done so far is the cat’s ass. So he gave Part One to a successful New York book agent he knows. The book agent read the first few chapters of Part One and didn’t need to read further, saying my “ravings” needed a “ruthless editor.”

This agent, any agent, passing on repping a book, any book, is not much worthy of mention. What I find interesting is her phraseology, not so much the “ruthless editor” comment – although given that a “ruthless editor” is *sort of* mentioned up front in Part One, and in a negative way – but her referring to my writing as “ravings” does merit some words. What do you think is going on here with her referring to Part One of this as “ravings”?

First: Do you consider my writings in the beginning of Part One as “ravings”?

I’ll assume not, since they are not ravings, and since you’re still reading. I was merely describing a “ruthless” (or *demented*) editor’s bad behavior. Right?

Here’s what’s going on: The book agent, being a part of the publishing closed system, was irate that I’d spilled the beans about a colleague in her closed system. It didn’t matter that I was merely telling the truth about an incident in my life.

In fact, that was the problem: What makes my bean spillage even worse is that I've gone to such lengths to prove that what I say is the truth (mainly via archiving stuff on my website). Worse still is that I'm *part* of her closed system, since I have two books in print that are actually making money for their publisher. (About 10% of published books make money for their publishers. The rest, yes, 90%, are losers. Which means that I was a *full-fledged* member of her closed system.)

Benedict fucking Arnold!

Outrage!

Here's the thing, and keep a lookout for this in your own life: When someone asserts something and someone else dismisses it as "ravings" or the like, without explaining why or taking issue with any facts, you can be sure some PM is going on.

***Perception Management Commandment #7: When plausible deniability is in jeopardy due to inarguable facts and all else fails, try an ad hominem attack.***

Here's an example of an ad hominem attack: Imagine a fire department, firemen sitting around playing poker. A drunk staggers in and points at the building across the street, which is on fire. The firemen look and see that the building is on fire but they continue playing poker. The building across the street burns to the ground. The next day, when the mayor asks why they didn't put out the fire, since someone had called attention to it, the firemen say this:

"The guy is a drunk."

Same thing, closer to home: I recently exchanged emails with Lisa's ex-husband, whom I met once. I asked if Lisa had explained the cause of our break up. He wrote back

this: “She just told me that you have an alcohol problem that has affected your thinking clearly regarding her fidelity.”

“The guy is a drunk.”

When Al Franken writes a book exposing all the lies told by Coulter, O’Reilly et al, and backs it all up with inarguable facts, the facts are dismissed because Franken is a *liberal*.

Same thing as “The guy is a drunk,” no?

But back to the publishing closed system: I’m out of that one too, in the usual manner, quack quack.

Even aside from Lisa, it appears that everyone, everywhere, is gaslighting everyone else about everything about my sorry ass.

Why?

I made two colossal mistakes.

I fell in love and I told the truth.

Life, not writing, advice: Don’t fucking do it! (Do both in your writing.)

By the way: If you feel uncomfortable with the idea that our last five presidents are guilty of crimes against humanity, and since you can’t take issue with the *facts*, you’ll just refer to my observations as “ravings” or some such. Or you’ll say:

“The guy is a drunk.”

Two things:

George Orwell, where’s your optimism when we really need it?

And:

Hey, whaddare ya gonna do?

## CHAPTER EIGHT

*What really knocks me out is a book that, when you're all done reading it, you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call him up on the phone whenever you felt like it.*

*J.D. Salinger*

The above quote is from *The Catcher in the Rye*, another book I read early on and which influenced me in the eventual direction of writing these words, God help me. I feel that way (the sentiments of the quote) about only one other writer, living writer, Kurt V.

Thing is, though, I know enough about writers, mainly through knowing myself, that a friendship with K.V. would not likely be all that sparkly. Although I doubt he's as miserable and depressed a motherfucker as I am – which misery and depression tends to put me on the left-hand end of the barrel of laughs spectrum -- I sense from K.V.'s writings he's been edging himself in that direction at a pretty good clip.

“How are you doing today?”

“I'm okay. How about you?”

“Not bad.”

This would probably be a high point in our friendship, and we'd both be lying.

Consider the above as a half-assed segue to this: Down at Pavones, after the chest x-ray/cancer bulletin and then the cancellation of it, on top of the stuff piling up and with my being sick with a disease that *consumes* you, I made a concerted effort to dodge fans of my books who'd come to the end of the road to meet me. This sort of thing always made me uneasy (while simultaneously making me feel better about myself, or at least my writing), but now it was on a different level of un-ease, the un-ease piling onto the

dis-ease and the stuff piling up. One time I caught wind of a German couple that had come down from their travels in Mexico just to chat with me and get a book-signing for their German edition of *Zero*. They were asking everyone where I was. One morning I wound up hiding in the bush near the cantina until they wandered off after breakfast. (They eventually cornered me at the market. It went all right. I got through it.)

One advantage of my having a horrible infectious disease, once the pueblo heard about it: Less people bothered me, less chit chat, less mindless drivel. And when I'd muster the verve for a surf go-out, I got more space in the lineup. (I'd work up some coughing and snot hocking if anyone was sitting their board close by to run them off if a wave-set was coming.) So there was an upside.

I had started getting threatening phone calls (plus emails), having to do with my relationship with Danny Fowlie. Aside from my spying, I'd warned real estate buyers to stay away from the Dannyland being hawked by various gringos and Ticos alike. I'd killed at least one deal and on my website had named two of my neighbors that had stolen Danny-parcels they were now trying to sell. Possibly the threateners were too nervous about my medical condition to issue threats face to face, which was okay with me. Why bother with face-to-face threats when the phone is handy?

The one time I sought out interaction with some visitors during this time bears mention because of the connection to Lisa, questions about her I'd been pondering, such as Why me? Since no affection let alone love had ever been involved in our relationship, from her end, I mean, why had she singled *me* out as her target, and why had the relentlessness of her deceit and treachery reached such an extreme level? Although she had of course deceived her ex-husband and ex-boyfriend as she had me, it didn't appear

she'd flat run amok as she had with me. (Although who knows? The environment in the states made it much easier to run amok undetected than at the tiny pueblo at Pavones.)

Some quick psychobabble that may actually be valid. Doc Stout and others have pointed out that sociopaths often target people of higher than average... virtue. By which I simply mean that my borderline obsessive abhorrence of deceit of all sorts, and my going out of my way in exposing it is not new to this narrative; suffice to say that I've walked the walk (and paid some prices for it). Lisa well knew this right from the get-go. And think about it: She reads Part One of this book on her way to come down to live with me, reads it on the plane, reads how my worst nightmare is being in love with someone who is *dishonest*, and within hours is fucking a stranger in San Jose, the guy from the Atlanta airport bookstore: The guy in the *Rainbow* sandals when, according to Lisa, I was calling the wrong room all night or the phone was defective until morning.

She'd show my sorry, self-righteous ass a thing or two about dishonesty.

Plus I was a writer who was *writing about our relationship*. (And whom she'd totally fooled as of the end of Round One -- I mean Part One.)

She'd fool an honesty-obsessed writer writing about *her*!

You wanna talk about domination games?

Holy shit: The Sociopath Heavyweight Championship of the World!

An added element was my little bit of acclaim, especially the business of people coming down to meet me. This, I came to see, was a source of in-her-face aggravation for Lisa, and which I believe spurred her on further. An inspiration.

Lisa, of course, managed to spill the beans about this, as she has done about everything else. Here's how that went: After her "over the top," "in another realm" two-

day flirtation with the surfer at the cantina and her subsequent invitation that he come up to “her” house, using the excuse that the guy was interested in land-buying (which he was not), and after subsequent promises that she would never, ever, do that again, Lisa did it again three times.

The last time, after I caught her at the cantina drinking beer with another surfer she’d met in the water, who she claimed was interested in buying land, I sought the guy out on my own and said Come on, I’ll show you some land. He and his buddy were a couple of bums staying in \$10-a-night rooms over the cantina; no car, traveling by bus, the whole bum nine yards. No, that’s all right, the bum Lisa was interested in said. The next day I repeated my land-showing offer, with a little more insistence, all I could work up, considering my consumption and so forth. The guy was getting the drift now, he knew I lived with Lisa, and he said uneasily that he and his buddy “Just want to chill, man.”

I didn’t say, “Too bad you didn’t get to fuck my girlfriend while you’re chilling, man,” but it was there in my stare.

Later that day I confronted Lisa with this, that this guy, like the other “land buyers” she’d been coming on to, weren’t land buyers at all. We were driving home at the time and I had to pull over for safety’s sake, as Lisa went off her nut, doing her screaming with veins popping routine, grabbing and shaking my arm when she came back with this: “*Yeah, but he wanted to get to know ME!!!*”

The rush of insight behind this blurt, I think, is this: As opposed to me.

“Lisa,” I said, self-righteous in my calm, “he didn’t want to get to know you, he wanted to stick his dick in your pussy, move it around in there, then spew some jism.”

Unfortunately for the point I was trying to make, which had some negative subtext, this no doubt sounded all right to Lisa, uncommitted dick-wise. More than all right.

And then there's Pavones itself, this little end of the road paradise named Pavones (Big Turkeys), Costa Rica, which, as I point out in my travel journal from 1997 – like virtually all the end of the road places I've experienced -- consists of a subculture "rooted in extremes."

As with Weston the nutcase, another sociopath, the local extreme subculture is perfect for someone with a domination game agenda; a Big Fish in a Little Pond type. Right. The pecking order syndrome. Subsequent events, which go on to this day as I write, would demonstrate that Lisa's goal, even her reason for coming to live with me, was to work her way up in the Pavones pecking order, using her infallible wiles, her expertise in perception management, and, of course, sex.

Female baboons copulate with all the male members of their troop. The rest of that passage from *Love Warps the Mind a Little* that so struck a cord with Lisa has to do with motive: control, or domination. Sex as a tool, a weapon, in the domination game.

Since surfing ability, a major aspect of Pavones pecking order mechanism, was not a Lisa-strong suit – in two years of almost daily sessions she'd hardly advanced beyond intermediate beginner – Lisa would have to work her way up in other ways. Aside from sex, one way was the tearing down of others, me to start. Her informing of Clay about my codeine-taking, which, as I say, came before her need to gaslight my friends as explanation for my paranoid delusions, is a good example. (Tearing me down was also likely used as a rationalization for fucking him, assuming she did fuck him,

which I assume she did.) Likewise with Kim, whom she'd put down even while he was working with her daily on the spec house we were building, and while Kim's wife Sassy, was her "best friend."

Lisa's business acumen was a great source of pride for her, and which she sharpened in researching Costa Rica land-buying practices, as Pavones real estate prices rose almost monthly. One time shortly after our New York trip and my tuberculosis diagnoses, she returned from a Golfito run, saying she'd gotten a ride back from Esteban Mora and he had showed her a parcel he "owned" just up the road in Pilon. The parcel, Lisa said, was spectacular, and maybe worthy of our investing in.

Christ. Right. Let's get involved in a land deal with the family that murdered an American in order to steal his land, had probably considered murdering me, and are well-known in their drug dealing (Esteban) and various forms of extortion and swindling. Although I was still on surface-friendly terms with the three Moras (Gerardo, Mayela and Esteban) – had even put some of their land on my website (I had no intention of actually selling it) – as Lisa well knew this was motivated by my information-gathering obsession regarding not only Max's murder but the continuing local intrigues, plus my spying for the Waterman Who Would Be King, from whom the Moras had expropriated most of the land they "owned." And from Lisa's description of Esteban's parcel, it was almost certainly Dannyland.

Plus, the idea of "our" investing in anything *together* again was absurd, although Lisa, with her continuing self-gaslighting, didn't know that. Of the "couple" that we constituted, she, in fact, was the delusional one.

But all I said was: Lisa, let's hold off from investing in land with Esteban Mora.

One last thing regarding writers I'd like to meet, in this case a recently dead one, plus more stuff piling up: The other writer, *living* writer, I would like to have met was Hunter S. Thompson, who, I heard on February 20, 2005, the day after my *Zero* check for 140k arrived at my accountant's office in North Carolina, blew his brains out at his home in Colorado. But Christ! Please! Can't I even have a small victory, i.e., extort six figures from H-wood, without some fucking Down Moment, another whiz-bang zinger of a terminal loneliness trigger, to offset it?

Until today as I write, February 28, 2006, I thought I knew what killed HST, and I was going to say it here: What killed him was the same shit that's killing me right now and has been for a long time, blah blah, some crapola about how *the world being so fucked up* drove this wonderful lunatic to do himself in. I coulda woulda shoulda maybe written a fine paragraph with a neat capper that made you go, "Wow, that's *heavy*."

But I went and Googled *Hunter S. Thompson + suicide* to verify the date of his death and what comes up? That he was working on a story about how the World Trade Centers were detonated from within and that he'd predicted he'd be "suicided" before he finished it, which prediction did come to pass, one way or another.

That the WTC were detonated from within was not news to me, as I'd already looked into it: Go Google, Google your ass off, Google *WTC + controlled demolition* and read the verdict of skyscraper architects and metallurgy experts who say there is *no way* those airplanes could have caused the collapses of the Towers. (Jet fuel does not burn hot enough to melt steel girders, for one thing.) And yes, this fits well with the million-to-one techno-debacle that every U.S. Air Force fighter jet in the northeast had starter problems that morning (or whatever), plus about a hundred other inconsistencies with CNN and

Fox's and the BBC's and every other shitball motherfucking lying sack of shit's version of that event. But that the U.S. government colluded on the catastrophe known as 9/11 in order to get what they wanted (and they got everything) and that the mainstream media refuses to even mention the possibility isn't what's important. What's important is that I'll never get to ask HST "How are you doing?"

But don't take seriously my conspiracy ravings.

I'm a drunk.

## CHAPTER SIX

*War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength.*

George Orwell

The twisted complexities of uncovering the truth about Lisa's no limits deceptions and treacheries were making my Max Dalton investigation -- the deceptions and treacheries and multiple murders perpetrated by my neighbor Gerardo Mora -- look like a Club Med puff piece. But speaking of which (meaning puff pieces plus no limits), today as I write, March 20, 2006, is the third anniversary of the start of Bush II's Iraq war. Dubya, as he's affectionately referred to by certain journalists that maintain the illusion of taking issue with him, held a press conference today, wherein he answered questions. A press conference? Answered questions?

Here's a question: Where were the journalists at the press conference?

There weren't any. It's now gotten to where Dubya's perception management machine doesn't even trust the usual toady-journalist plants to ask the agreed-upon puff questions that allow the shitball motherfucker to answer with talking points. The questions were from the likes of local high school students (plants, every one) reciting talking point queries Dubya already knew about, plus a couple morons asking how they can help him spread democracy.

Hold on. This is too easy.

The good stuff was in V.P. Cheney's little speech today, timed to complement Dubya's debacle, his insult to your intelligence, his utter contempt for your intelligence. But Cheney: Cheney –who gets to shoot scumbags with a shotgun (a lawyer) and face no repercussions – tells us that the war in Iraq is being misrepresented by the media because the media shows the violence over there. Listen: I'm not going where you think I'm going with this. Again, too easy. Where I'm going is more to the root of why the world is so fucked up than Cheney's latest relatively minor a priori insult to your intelligence, utter contempt for your intelligence.

Where I'm going is to the subtext of Cheney's insult, which subtext being that in the U.S. of A. we have an adversarial media. This is the complaint put forth by Dubya and his gang of sociopaths, no? The media are biased. That the media are indeed biased there is no doubt. I believe I've pointed this out ways that are inarguable: They are biased in that they don't question anything about motives, about the real agenda of the administration -- not just the current one, but, say, the last five, all of which are guilty of

crimes against humanity, war crimes, and outright aggression. Crimes for which Nazis were executed at Nuremberg.<sup>17</sup>

But: “The media are biased against this administration.” This is the claim, right?

**Perception Management Commandment 8: When the truth or image of a situation is a problem, claim the reverse, no matter how ridiculous it sounds, and if at all possible try to muster outrage and/or moral indignation, as you do so. If you’re not up to outrage or indignation, beleaguered sadness will do.**

Since the truth/image problem for Dubya and his gang is that the media are biased for them (meaning not challenging them on their motives and big lies), they just claim the reverse, i.e., that the media are biased against them. And the media love this since it sounds like they’re doing their job, i.e., questioning the fuckers. (Which is the media’s job in a democracy.) Boom, everyone’s happy. (Except maybe George Orwell, embarrassed from the grave for his excess optimism.)

Closer to home: Last week as I write Lisa extorted \$6,000 from me on the sale of our spec house. (She was able to do this because she knew I would not come back to Costa Rica to defend myself.) In doing this, she claimed to others that she was the “victim” in our business dealings and in our relationship. She got outraged or morally indignant or beleagueredly sad as she made this claim, I have no doubt. She was the victimizer so to solve that truth/image problem she claimed the reverse, no matter how ridiculous it sounded.<sup>18</sup>

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<sup>17</sup> I’ve set up a web page to further prove that this is inarguable. (URL)

<sup>18</sup> The whole story of Lisa’s extortion is on my website. It’s not worth the space here. (Give URL)

In order to see how this works with bigger time sociopaths than Lisa, lets get back to Bush and his gang, plus a predecessor or two. Let's imagine How It Went in a few situations where there was a truth and/or image problem. (There are so many choices here that I'll just do this off the top of my head):

The 1990 invasion of Panama was not only illegal according to UN resolutions and international treaties solemnly signed by the U.S. (and therefore are "laws of the land"), but was outright aggression. So let's listen in on Bush I's perception management gang debating how to solve this truth/image problem:

"Our problem is we have no right to invade Panama."

"No just cause, eh?"

"None whatsoever."

"So how about if we call the invasion 'Operation Just Cause.'"

"Great."<sup>19</sup>

Another truth/image problem, this one for Dubya: The environmental amendment he wants to push through will increase rather than decrease air pollution:

"The amendment will dirty the skies, turn it brown."

"The amendment will turn the skies brown, huh?"

"No question."

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<sup>19</sup> Instead of listing the international treaties, laws, resolutions, and conventions broken by the invasion and kidnapping of Noriega, I'll ask you this: If in 1998 Sudan invaded the U.S. or otherwise attempted to kidnap Bill Clinton for his destruction of the Al-Shifa pharmaceutical plant by flying bombs, what would be your reaction? That's completely different is it? Yes, it's different: Clinton's offense was at the very least a terrorist act and a crime against humanity, probably outright aggression, and inarguably mass murder, not drug dealing, which was the complaint against Noriega (most of his drug crimes having been committed with the tacit or outright approval of the CIA, for whom he was working for most of the 1980s). That's the *only* difference, if rule of law means anything. (A Meanwhile, albeit redundant: How does Al Franken, in his love for Bill Clinton, summon enough denial to *get through the day*?)

“How about we call it ‘The Blue Skies Amendment?’”

“Great.”

Education:

“The legislation we need to push through will result in a lot of children being left behind in their education.”

“We’ll call the legislation ‘No Child Left Behind’.”

“Great.”

Iraq.

“It’s obvious that the last thing we’re going to do is give the Iraqis any freedom.”

“‘Operation Iraqi Freedom?’”

“Great.”

My favorite, though, the one near and dear to my heart, goes back to the Reagan Administration’s perception management of their terrorism in Nicaragua. In order for the American people to accept the death, misery, and horror perpetrated in their name the CIA helped set up a domestic propaganda operation to lie about everything. (A Meanwhile: CIA involvement in domestic operations of any sort is illegal.) The name of the operation that would lie about everything?

“Project Truth.”<sup>20</sup>

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<sup>20</sup> If you think I’m hyperbolizing about any of these PM examples, here’s the URL to go to (URL). (Note to Kennedy: a lot of work here to prove my claims!) By the way: In 198?, the World Court ruled that the U.S. of A was a terrorist state for it’s conduct in Nicaragua, and ordered it to cease and desist and pay reparations. “Fuck you and whaddare ya gonna do about it?” was Reagan’s response to the World Court.

The media, of course, are old hands at this. Let's imagine How It Went when Fox was setting up its cable news network.

“What about our problem of having to go along with Rupert Murdoch's lunatic right wing politics?”

“You mean our reportage not being fair and balanced?”

“Right.”

“How about we come up with a catchy slogan?”

You get the idea: The No Spin Zone spun off from Fair and Balanced, and so forth.

Contempt is the word that comes to mind. Not so much contempt for truth, which is a given, but contempt for our, your, intelligence. That these shitball motherfuckers, these pieces of human garbage -- Lisa was in the same business and made a ton of money at it -- have such contempt for you...

A question: Doesn't it piss you off?

But right: None of this is important. I am in fact dickin' around here, based on the date of this writing, the history of it, plus “Maybe I just couldn't help myself!” What's important is What Happens Next at Pavones and my sorry ass life and times: I have to get to my ending, to The End of the Line, where turning points run out and meaningful options diminish to zero.

It will not be perfect. That I ever thought that is reflective of another dream world I have awakened from, a necessary piece of denial I needed to keep hanging in, pressing on.

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Within days of this the U.S. unilaterally vetoed a Security Council resolution calling for all countries to “obey international law.” If you didn't know this stuff it's because the media forgot to mention it.