

LEAVING

HOT+ILL

CALAFORNIX

Undamming the world's rivers, forcing the collection of that which falls from the heavens and/or your ass, o camillo.

An autobiographic historical expose,
for Life.

Introit

I'm John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley. Currently life on the planet is having a stroke, diagnosed from a human's anatomy point of view, severe blockage of its flow ways. From life's point of view humans are dam, slacker home building, ditch digging, drain the well dry, devil's GMO food of the god's, monocultural, sewage pumpers or porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. ecocide artists. Compounding this problem is a machine/computer/vessel/organism that creates clone doppelganger pirates that've highjacked the surface guilty of the same crime. If we do anything well its intuitive container transportation. This is the case.

I'm educated University of Florida, Institute of Food and Agricultural Sciences, Environmental Horticulture. I'm a trapper, gardener, carpenter, fisherperson, cooper and teacher. Drainage is the most important idea to consider when gardening. I paddled a canoe across North America and back, been through Lake Sacagawea twice. I'm a bullfighter, the foremost gardener in the world, the point spokesman for life, the man himself, hole puncher, obstacle remover, the pencil man, the one, Christ almighty. The character who appears again when it's an "Obama nation of desolation" to save the world from damnation. I'm a specialist, designed specifically to solve the currentless dam problem. The timeliest, most intelligent, aggressive, offensive, desperate character ever created, for a reason.

The health of life on the planet is in severe question. The oceans are turning blood red. The timely flow of naturally fertile water to the sea has been stopped by the dams on the rivers. Modern agriculture is sending fertilizer laden water down to the sea in late summer and early fall instead of when the snow melts and the rain falls. The fish and other organisms that eat the algae and move this energy up the food chain have been overfished and even if they hadn't they wouldn't be waiting for the unnaturally timed discharges. As a result, the "red tide" algae bloom "rots" absorbing all the oxygen and killing everything alive in the affected area which is getting larger every year.

The carbon dioxide from the fossil fuels that we are burning, the largest part from the energy required to control the flow of fluids, is being absorbed by the ocean. This lowers the pH and "burns" the life in the sea. We are dependent upon the health of the ocean for persons continued existence on this surface. Plus, we've got to have a product (the genetic info within the chromosomes) to put in the container to transport, good food to eat so we can think clearly and transport the product past any dam obstacle, through any eventuality, for all time. The solution to the problem, the Infinity Project, is the idea that goes the furthest for the longest time.

In the past floods were productive as the flood water deposited its fertile sediment load on the flood plains. Foolishly, we decided to build our cities in some of the most fertile areas, dam the rivers, submerging the rest of the most fertile areas and control the waters flow to grow food in the desert and live under a dam dike. We could have grown primarily fruits and nuts irrigated with water collected from the structures. The sediment lode the river once carried is filling up the reservoirs behind the dams. This will reduce the ability to control the floods and grow food. Eventually, if the present dam scheme was continued the reservoirs and canals supporting the agriculture would completely fill with sediment, the water would flow over the dams and they'd fall like dominoes. Without diesel fuel our ability to maintain the dam shiddy system will collapse. Realistically, it looks like the whole dam shetty system is likely to collapse before either of these scenarios pans out.

You might think the ruler of this universe or the head prisoner, the machine/computer/vessel/organism, viewed by myself as a foreign entity or the largest local pirate, nicknamed by the humans God and the Devil (good and evil) Allah and the Gin or in local parlance Santa Clause and its elves would lead the humans in the correct way but considering how bad the humans want to dam it, even though they (the humans and the ruler of this universe) all already damned (ever had de ja vue) it decided to dolly the sheep into dam doom or set up a situation that was so bad the humans would want to get out of damnation.

It orchestrated the human dolts into damming the rivers, digging ditches, flew by in a spaceship and sprinkled corn out on the surface, suckered the humans into driving down the dam broad in no sense route real fast, tricked the dam fools into growing ethanol grade not fit for consumption corn and now ethanol grade corn is in the soda pops, corn chips, grape jelly and ketchup. It also snookered us into stacking the yellow stone, the gold, in bars at the easiest to steal locations. The gold is the spaceship electrical wiring material.

So, if the humans don't come about to undamming the rivers it'd just whack the dam fool monkeys with the poisoned fruit of the dammed scheme (as it appears the humans are Roundup Ready™ to be ground for sausage to Ignite™ on the grill, seeing how the trade mark name of the drugged dam GMO feed is Roundup Ready™ Ignite™ {you are what you eat} its legal for there to be human meat in sausage, the Bible reads, "You get served up as you serve up." Trump says, "You're fired!" ...) and steal the gold. This is obvious.

The humans often point out or ask, "Aren't they in control of the weather?" Not the rain, the temperature and the wind. Whether or not we get out of damnation. A massive degree of cooperation is required to solve the dam problem, it needs assistance from the people solving the damn/dam problem and the people need assistance from it solving the souls trapped/water control structure problem.

The foundation of the development scheme installed over the last several thousand years (plane.t.) is the dams and their associated dikes, weirs, piers, ditches and levies. This is what imperials life, the most, of all the dumb stuff we do. To do anything to fix any problem without solving the foundation of our problems, the dam problem, amounts to a repair of the façade. Any fix one does to the structure of civilization without first repairing the foundation would be wasted effort as the fix would be "lost" when the foundation is eventually repaired. Any "fine tuning", "green fix" or anything that prolongs the currentless stranglehold on life is a deliberate attempt to continue down the dam broad in no sense route. Really, there is nothing good, creative or productive to do on the surface of this planet except undam it first.

In large part, the dam reservoirs filling up with mud and the associated ecological disaster is the history of the rise and fall of past civilizations. Humans in the past would usually have an exodus and move to the next valley and start the process over, but now practically all the rivers have been dammed and there is nowhere to run to. I call this the suicide mud staircase cemetery project/last carp locust farm. Humans express this currentless dam situation in many ways, "Hello" as they show you their palm (the international "everything's OK" sign) as if, "I'm OK with the bottom of Hell are you"? And then talk about anything but the dam problem or solution. "Have an ice day" is another likely thing a human dolt will say, the root of nice (a word meaning discriminating {of crime}) is ice, frozen locked up water.

On a planet where the frozen locked up still water in the reservoirs behind the dams on the rivers is certainly the #1 problem it's significant that it's noted constantly. The Latin meaning of "hello" is "helio" or ice, dammed, frozen locked up water, controlled situation. In the U.S.A. a constant chorus of, "Hello", "God dam it", "Jesus", "Dam it", "Dam", "Good dam it", "Ho dam" and "Have an ice day" ... is vomited forth by the humiliating dolts as they charge to dam oblivion in vain. A response of "Reviere", "Free flowing rivers" or "A naturally flowing river system is the solution to the dam problem" is the enlightening responsive solution. Introductions to communication about the solution offer an opportunity to express the idea. "How ya doing?" Dam terrific. Even better, "How ya doing?" Flush free dam terrific no shed. "What's up?" The dam water bills up, rue be due.

I've learned that once one is fully committed to a belief one stops thinking. In the dictionary "believe" is defined as to take for granted or to take as granted. The Latin/slang meaning of "be lie ve" is to be a life of lies or to take lee from life's reality. Thinking and knowing (sabe) is better than believing because it allows for learning. Plus, who would want to be fully committed to any idea except dam free fluid reviere and the transportation of product for all time? After all, it's swell to have options, beside dam doo doo doom or enslavement then one can make a choice. Being free to choose is melting shattering nice. Although we (you) have no reasonable choice until the rivers are dam free, a dam is over your head and under your sole and your structure is wrapped around thE manuel fertilizer machine. Change that rises

from the bottom can be problematic, there are very powerful forces at the top. Strong powerful leaders need to lead towards a surface wide flowing river system (not dolly the sheep to dam doom) and set a productive example for the meek (not to be confused with the silent lambs).

President Trump as I made way up the east coast in pursuit of the presidency 2016 to speak out front of the White House I told everybody who'd hear it that the election would be a tie but you would take it. Why? Because you'd be more likely than Mrs. Clinton to take the bait I'm offering you like a good fish, command the military to undam the rivers and say I'd won command of the military through effective communication with you which would satisfy that which is dictated in the Bible. Or with you and I in contention for the U.S. Presidency 2020 you, President Trump, being more likely to withdraw from the election just before it takes place and make it easy for me to command the military to undam the rivers. Maybe even "Rocky" and Castle (castille is the dam on the river) will be in the running 2020 as they were on the ballot in your 2016 election.

To fluidify the dams and reestablish free flow one must consider an option to the monocultural agriculture machine that these monolithic dams enable. The purest easily accessible source of water is that which falls from the sky. It would be super nice if the roof captured the precipitation, this would in part solve the secondary water control problem of the structures being undermined by uncollected reign. It would be advantages to have a container just below the drip line, allowing for flowing/pressurized water. One should probably consider another option to freshy aluminum as it is extracted from bauxite using an energy intensive process powered mostly by hydroelectric turbines in the dams. The ideal material solution looks like the same stuff as the trash on the side of the dam road and at the dump.

We're able to collect the precipitation with solar cells and have water and power at the site. This can be accomplished with two cisterns of different height within the structure, a pipe or two, a solar powered water pump and a mini-hydroelectric turbine eliminating environmentally disastrous lead acid batteries. This solves the problem of the sick buildings getting washed out/undermined by uncollected water, the dilapidation causing leaks and then mold, mildew and fungus amidst premature structural failure and replacement. So, collect the rain. Replace the fecal form bacterial drift associated with flushing action, improper cultural toilet paper habit, no corduroy, environmental catastrophe, wasteful flush toilet with a fertilizer machine with fresh water wash, use the collected water and fertilizer to irrigate and fertilize primarily fruits and nuts nearby the structures and cease reliance on dam and ditch agriculture and a large part of the environmentally destructive, picked prematurely, poor flavored, vitamin poor, transportation of food stuff.

After undamming the rivers, we're ready to plan and plant or proseed henthforth. Most characters apparently can't think their way out of the currentless dammed shitty situation. Fortunately, we're not all like this. I would imagine for long term security purposes your White House super already collects water, if not start here as thirst is certain. A temporary solution is to take the government supplied trash can, remove the wheels, plug the holes with two sticks and slide it under the downspout of the gutter drain pipe.

Plant site specific native plants collected from seed (let the birds and squirrels plant some, too). This will ensure that you'll have plenty of pollinating insects for your fruit, vegetables, herbs, roots, nuts and funguses. Also, it will provide sustainable timber products to repair your structure. It's good entertainment for children, too. Now is a great time to plant fruit trees in Washington paw paws (*Asimina triloba*) cherry trees could be appropriate. Apples might work, too. Some fruit trees from seed would send a strong message. Don't forget to plant nuts.

Diversity is the spice of life. Vegetables and herbs will have to wait until spring of course and heirlooms are your strongest message sender. Get rid of most the lawn and don't mow it incessantly. The rabbits will have some shelter. I'd perhaps have a putting green sized lawn that doubles as a cloth drying picnic spot. A clothes line is a big message sender, it saves lots of energy, and plus the U.V. rays break down bacteria and other harmful stuff. Get black underwear. You could even plant future cloth drying bushes and small trees.

The third thing one does to solve the problem, after initiating a worldwide naturally flowing river system, literally concurrent with super precipitation collection, is restroom/bano/sitting room remodeling, retrofit where feasible, rebuild where appropriate. Make sure it's a urine separating, composting, NO

FLUSH, much less toil, with front and rear freshwater wash powered by that which is collected from above and the door (or primarily manually) the manual fertilizer machine, John Lawrinse Joliet or the Kanazawa. If one considers this an odor problem, eat less meat, smoke indoors, myrrh, frankincense, or get out of the stinking city. Under the lid/from within the machine **negative pressure ventilation** solves the odorous elimination problem associated with flush toilet elimination so it should smell better. Without the flush toilet we won't need to dam the rivers to insure toilet water flow or bury the creek in a concrete sewer pipe (this should largely eliminate the stench in a "modern stone age city") to insure it keeps going downhill.

With a freshwater wash we won't need to cut the trees down and process them into paper or even to touch oneself to achieve a satisfactory, environmentally friendly, hygienic state. If we do anything to the sink, add a soul (foot or knee) valve to easily conserve water while allowing for hands free use. Plus, we won't need to wash our hands with soap or even wash them because we didn't touch ourselves and we eliminated the fecal coliform bacterial drift associated with the flushing action of the toilet. We can drink the water and grow fruit trees with what we would have used to flush and wash our hands. Set up a sipping system for oral fluid exchange. Use the "night soil" to fertilize food grown as close to your table as possible and urine in above ground corduroy style (easy to maintain) pipe for same. With a primarily manually operated waste treatment system we won't need to have power to maintain the sewer pump lift stations to keep from dying of cholera and dysentery.

Encourage new construction to focus on productive domiciles, water collection, photovoltaics, fertilizer production, beehive/fish tank/chicken coop/fungus/honey ant... walls, and the garden about them. The best way to solve this whole using up our fossil fuel allotment too fast/carbon dioxide problem is to quit damming the rivers and maintaining them, building and maintaining façade slacker homes, digging ditches and pumping water and sewage all over creation and get the food and water close to the domestic structures.

As we're undamming the rivers make a grab for control of the world's fossil fuels (put a cap with a valve on the black stuff in the ground) as this is the easiest of ways to control minor rock stacking issues. Perhaps levy a heavy tax on fossil fuels (to pay for the administration and policing of the fossil fuel) this should reduce demand and/or embargo the planet, produce 10% of current fossil fuel, charge 10 times as much, make 10 times the money for 10 times as long. Burn fossil fuel at environmentally sustainable rate. The fossil fuel burning enterprises could get smart and instead of being extorted by the politricks, raise the price, reduce demand, just sell less product (or more considering we won't be selling anything on the surface if we don't undam the rivers) for longer and make more money. Think of your children, your dynasty, think of yourself (it's getting bad quick). Instead of selling ourselves short, the stuffs worth a lot more than we're getting for it, let's make more.

Still pondering how this is best accomplished? Have the U.S. Armed Forces (the organizations outfitted with the proper tools to solve the problem) fluidify the dams. Considering the situation, this is the most environmentally friendly, best, quickest way to expedite the situation/solve the dam problem. Send those nations "caught holding the dam bag" a bill for the work accomplished and/or refuse to pay this nations bill or multi-trillion-dollar debt, until the U.S. Treasury gets paid for our work. Or call it even, redeal and save the world at the same time. Give noncooperative dam nations a larger bill than cooperative ones. Enforce a surface wide U.S. Navy "Coast Guard" led fossil fuel, etc... Cuban style blockado. The U.N. might be able to take it from there.

I often tell people in addition to container transportation we're good at setting up systems and canceling them and doing something else. Like when we set up the Pony Express and got all the routes laid out, the stables built, the oats coming in... it's working fine. Cancel it, set up the telegraph, cut the trees down, mine the metal, run the wires. Cancel it, install the telephone... marvelous. Cancel it, set up the cell towers... We're naturals at this. Cancel the dam shed everything that falls from the heavens flush it all down the tubes project, proceed with the Infinity Project.

I've determined that if the dames were to "man up", become conscious of the dam, shed everything that falls from the heavens and flush toilet environmental disaster with sick buildings and killer GMO's vain attempt to abort life and demand the correct change the men would likely have the dam problem licked in a month, the length of a menstrual cycle. What's taking place on this surface is pure dam lunacy. By

repairing the situation, the females will see their lot improved better than anything else's.

It's been written that I'd show up at this time. Often I tell people, that before I'mmanuill/emanuwell/Emanuel (could've been you all's way or Joshua {your soul protection}) from Bethlehem was killed, nicknamed "Jesus" and accused of being from Nazi wrath by those who murdered him the guys he rowed with, the disciples, the apostles asked him, Boss, you didn't fix the dam shiddy problem this time. When are you gonna come back and fix the dam shiddy problem? He referred them to Daniel 9:27, 11:31, 12:11. When those hateful structures that destroy (the rock dome) are built on the temples (the temple is the river). When the abominations of desolation (the dams on the rivers) are where they shall not be.

Emanuel and "Peter" (Silas) were on a low head agricultural dam, kicking the stones out (not wall kings on water or dam fools). "Jesus" and "Peter" were attacking the dam problem with the solution, if they weren't then they weren't who they've come to be thought of. The human dolts murdered them for doing the correct thing, then lied about and misconstrued actual events to deliberately mislead each other while subtlety and slyly telling the story as if they'd be exempt from any wrong doing themselves by doing so. The bad joke about "Jesus" being wall king on water when the walls on the water are the foundation of the problem. If you've ever pedestriated on to a low head agricultural dam it appears like you're walking on water. The fishermen dropped "Peter" and Jesus" off on the dam and picked them up.

We've witnessed Bush, Dick and Colin our leaders, seen Very E.T. Coop doleing out the weaponized GMO feed and the leader of the W.T.O. Robber too while the World Trade Center went down like a professional building drop. We've witnessed the Obama nation of desolation, the dams all built on the rivers. The humans fed Roundup Ready™ Ignite™ food served not fit for consumption ethanol grade corn sweetend drinks as if to sleep walk march them into a mustard gas chamber for processing into sausage. Now reality show star President Trump says, "You're fired!" as the sausage gets slapped on the grill.

Perhaps one believes (takes for granted) they're forgiven or something. Turns out they're mostly forgiving dam and ditch weaponized/drugged GMO food. You're forgiven for falling short of perfection in your presentation of the free flowing river collective productive structural solution to the dam she.t.ty problem. You're not forgiven for a perfect porous dam sheddy flush toile.t. abortion (ecocide) attempt. You'll pay for that. I'm here to collect that which is due, heavens bill for the damages and to assemble the gang/crew/team to repair the situation. Law enforcement starts with flowing rivers on this surface.

I redesigned or remastered what's inside the door. Hotill Calafornix, FOuR RUEms. Hell's closed. It's opening on the surface (or in your space ship). The heavens were emptied out on the surface. Heaven is closed until its open on the surface. The heavens will start to open as we undam the rivers. Now delivering response as demanded promised told and written, the level way to reviere.

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Forewarning

It's been said and written that the fruit of the tree of consciousness will kill you. As one can see most are trying to live their lives unconscious, they know not to know, they don't want to be aware of the truth of that which is taking place around them. I am that consciousness and this book, this idea, is that fruit. The solution that I and life presents is *verdad o veritas*. If one were to read this book, practice the idea, become aware of that which is going on around them, do something about it and fix or repair the dam, shed everything that falls from the heavens shitty problem with the tools and technology we created during the dam ages they would have in effect "killed" their former self and become a new person, "born again" if you will, into *Sante de helio* and a rank *reviere* person. They will be a different entity, working for and with life instead of being complicit with the vain abortion/enslavement of life attempt we all are witnessing. Know that life set us up to go the wrong way but at some time we've got to come about, that time is now. If you already know or get what's going on this book will fine tune your dam attack and increase or cause to be more massive your eventual stratification upon expedition.

While I continue to work on this report the idea is complete, I recommend one take the <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> idea to a professional printer and print it, double sided, clamp it square and plumb, drill holes in the left edge, sew it together, hot glue gun a spine and cover on or have a professional do it for you. Read it in the garden if possible and then give it to someone. I recommend printing your name in full just like you did in grade school, signing it and perhaps putting your creative, constructive, fruitful ideas along with it.

Depending on what kind of reader you are, you could start at the beginning and read to the end, but it reads better back to front. If you get started reading conventionally and discover you want to stop reading it, try starting on the last page and reading the other way, do it one tale at a time. If that doesn't work and you still don't want to read it, at least read the Cuban Airport part (page 200) and the cashing the check for 9/11 report (page 275) so you get it. Snap out of the dam thing or step into a slim jim. If you already are attacking the dam problem with the river solution and you don't read this report you may fare well. You also can communicate with me about solving the problem.

At the inception of the idea for this report, when I knew that I and life would be successful and I "wrote the book" in my mind, or put together the outline, I too was nearly killed **for real**. I almost died of laughter, it was as if "the angels" or something were tickling me, to near death. I was about to expire from the hilarity of the thing even though it's not funny at all. I plead, begged and demanded "the heavens" desist in their tickling or I was gonna die and wouldn't be able to write the report and then it wouldn't work out like I knew they wanted it to. The tickling stopped and I recovered.

I recommend one drink lots of water, some salt and tree oil, plenty of fresh fruit, nuts, vegetables and herbs, a little bit of meat (preferably fish) perhaps some cheese, a little bread or pasta and maybe even a small amount of alcohol (homemade wine would be ideal). Get some rest too, and don't forget exercising productively. In short take care of yourself, don't forget to brush and floss your teeth. This is an extremely dangerous book. To set forth on the idea when practically everyone else is marching towards doom means one is heading the other way. They'll try and trample you. This book also shows one how to avoid getting trampled. Know Life, Emanuel, God, the Devil, Allah, the Gin, Yi, King David and "the rest of the gang" are watching and yanking these overly desirous wantonly unconscious characters out of "the gene pool" forever. Obviously, life can't proceed with these simply ignorant naïve dam abortionists "mucking up the joint". Don't be one of them! Here's how you get out of the damn thing and into life for all time.

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“Don’t be scared be prepared” – Justin Thyme

Bearashit (the first word in the Bible used to be “Bereshit”. About the time they invented the flush toilet, a dam fed canal through town, they changed it to “In the be gin ing” in the Koran the Gin the opposite of what is good for all of us. As I’m rewriting the manuel to life I certainly aim to stick to the idea yet present it in a way that makes sense, a productive, creative, not in vain, idea. The good word. As you can see I changed one letter and added another to the first word so you’d get it. We’ll have to bear a shit while on this surface.)

My parents, James Wence Jolley and Betty Jean Lawrence, met in Trinidad. My father was born in New Orleans and my mother in Miami. They rented a small place near the beach and I was born at Bethesda (on the map of the holy land Bethesda is across the river from Bethlehem) Memorial hospital in Boynton Beach Florida the panhandle of the U.S.A, “closest fishing to the Gulf Stream”, the biggest river in the ocean. Dr. Weems (to get ya off the dame tit) delivered John Lawrence Jolley at 11:43 PM May 17, 1972, the day “The Godfather” was released. Shortly thereafter my dad threw me in the ocean and said, “Swim”, I did.

Usually the middle name of a person says the most about them. The most famous Laurence was St. Laurence. As the story is recorded the Romans came to his church demanding the tax to Caesar, St. Laurence took the money and returned it to the parishioners. The Romans roasted him alive for it on the gridiron. As the practice was the executioners flipped St. Laurence over like a pancake just before he died (this can be excruciatingly painful). Just before they flipped him over he told them, “Flip the meat it’s ready to eat” (whatever you do don’t waste the product). Sometimes a person’s name doesn’t quite express the reality of the individual’s soul and they get a nickname, my parents nicknamed me “The Golden Boy” and told me I was descended from horse thieves. We had a VW bus and we traveled around the country before I was a year old. My mom says I was convinced there was an alligator (Alligator mississippiensis) underneath the bath mat in the tub. I had a fantastic imagination and didn’t like the bathroom.

My first memory is shitting in my pants while some fellows poured a concrete step just outside our front door. Apparently, I was supposed to have learned not to do this and my parents took me into the back yard and hosed me down. The next thing I remember is sticking a paper clip in the electrical outlet. My dad watched me do this, by the way, and kicked me off when I got locked onto the current. I never did this again. There was a picture of my great uncle just outside my bedroom door, he was an electrician until he was electrocuted on a roof. The other picture outside my door was a woven tapestry of Ferdinand, a red bull with yellow horns amidst flowers. I learned to whistle twirling about a coconut tree (Cocos nucifera) with one hand on the trunk. We had a pet raccoon (Procyon lotor) and my dad kept bees all over the county’s orange groves. Practically the whole backyard was a garden. We grew corn, beans, squash, collards, peppers, herbs and lots of fruit trees. I spent my time playing in it and the pile of cow manure my dad used for fertilizer. When I was four my sister, Jenny Lynn, was born and we got in the VW and drove around the country again. We had a chicken coop, too.

The first school I went to was Galaxy Elementary. I kept getting sent to the principle for refusing to stand for the pledge of allegiance. I’d already decided I wasn’t gonna stand for any of the dam fool shit I’d seen. Kindergarten, which roughly equates to kindel garden or to set fire to the

garden, is where the mostly blue haired old women teach kids to stack up blocks and play with plastic food (how to burn down the garden). My mom was a teacher at Unity Montessori where I next went to school. She had a glass bee house in her classroom, aquariums and all kinds of stuff. My second school aged memory is of the kids pinning me to a bench while a French girl kissed me. For some reason I couldn't stand this. I walked to school with a Scottish girl named Shona Dick who gave me my first nickname, "the happy toilet", as if she knew something.

My friend Michael Collins and I were "reading" in the back of a VW bug when he said, "Why don't you read to yourself?" What do you mean? "Don't say the words just think them." I didn't even know this could be done. I'd learned how to do something new. Keep in mind though, if Michael and I had both read a book on the way to... and listened to each other, we both could have claimed to have read two books, doubling our information gathering in theory. I was extremely fortunate in that my second and third grade teachers, Mrs. Liebler (of the books) and Mrs. Stein (like a court room stenographer) were the best reading teachers one could ask for. They read "Pooh" and "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory". I would get up early and watch Batman in the morning and Dr. Who in the afternoon, "Star Wars" the movie completely blew me away.

The local grocery store had a color in the circus poster contest and every year I won. I liked the circus, especially the age/weight guesser. I always beat this guy, I was extremely "slick" at a young age and could narrow my shoulders "scrunch down" and appear small or stand up straight and inhale a lung full of air and operate large. Plus, it's difficult to tell how old I am. Later in life he would refuse to try and guess my weight, saying it was a losing proposition. When I got old enough my dad explained to me that there was no "free trip to the circus", it was a scam to get you in the gate where you'd spend your money. It was about this time I also learned there was no Santa Clause. I started to wonder what else was not true.

At my parents' house we had a record player with three LP's, *Queen's Greatest Hits*, the "Stars Wars" soundtrack, and *Victory at Sea*. I didn't really watch that much t.v. as a kid. My parents were the last I knew to invest in a color set. One day I was watching Tom and Jerry and got to thinking that the show would be much better if Tweety were included. A moment later a yellow tannish bird alighted on the bush outside the open window next to my chair and started chirping. Hmmm, I thought. What if we added Sylvester? My black and white cat entered in through the "dog door" into the porch. This was nuts, I thought as I grabbed my fire truck and went to play with the Nicaraguan (Muscovy) ducks, on the cow manure pile next to the vegetable garden.

My dad showed me one of the simplest ways to trap an animal, remember humans are animals. Put some food under a box, prop the box up with a stick tied to a string, take the end of the string and stand back. When the animal, in this case a bird, goes in the box to get the food, pull the string, the stick propping up the box comes out, the box falls and the animal is trapped in the container.

Sometimes when you're young you get sick and your temperature goes up assisting the immune systems battle on the infection. I had the same nightmare everytime it occurred, I was surrounded by gray bricks/blocks that were constantly rapidly stacking up against me, increasing pressure in a dwindling space. I'd come to in panic/terror. I also had a reoccurring dream when I was feeling exceptionally healthy. I was BBQ grilling a dam fool woman's breasts and buttocks and a dam dudes calve and shoulder. When I came to from this dream I felt great.

When I played little league baseball left fielder, I figured out the pitchers couldn't throw strikes. So, I stopped swinging and just stood there with my bat on my shoulder, I didn't care what the catcher said, I knew I was going to walk to first. I had the worst batting average but scored a lot of points. Somehow though nobody respected this, it wasn't how the game was supposed to be played. I'd stand up there at the plate, getting booed at 7 years old. The umpire was like "Ain't you ever going to swing

kid”? Nope, I’m walking to first, I’ll see you around. It was at this age I figured out I could “shark” the pitcher, get inside his head and make a bad pitch even more likely, of course this was after thoroughly working over the catcher which was made possible by commandeering the umpire first. I learned how to fake sliding into second, just as the second baseman received the ball and resume sprinting, diverting his attention, likely dropping the ball and getting to third or even home plate with this move because often this caused a subsequent bad throw (in frustration) to third, the whole thing just “snowballed”.

My friend Michael and I created our own game, “adventure”. We would start at one end of the block and run through everyone’s back yard, jumping fences, clambering through arecae palms (Dypsis lutescens) outrunning dogs, chatting with nude sunbathing girls and avoiding the neighbors. First one to the street wins. Down the street from me lived a family with a vanity plate that said JC4ET. We lived in a neighborhood that said Chapel Hill on the concrete sign up front but Mission Hill on the legal paper deed.

By the time I was 9 years old my father, “the Jacques Cousteau of Florida”, had taught me how to hold my breath for at least 2 minutes. To do this one must be able to go inside themselves and turn their heart rate down. This is the “Harry Houdini”. A block south of Patrick A.F.B. my grandparents Kelsie and Nancy Lawrence had a pool. My dad explained to me how hard it is to swim with clothes and (in particular) shoes on. He told me I needed this experience, so I would really know. He told me to jump in. I thought about it and jumped in, sank to the bottom and pushed off with my feet. I got back to the surface and could barely tread water. I thought I was successful. My dad pointed out that it could be a lot deeper than that and I should have grabbed the side of the pool (or boat) as I went over the side. He also explained that if I relaxed and didn’t panic I might be able to take my shoes off and maybe even my pants and make it back to the surface. Whatever you do don’t exhale the very important full lungs of air screaming, “HELLp!” as your last word.

I learned how to scuba dive. My dad used to come get me from school, we’d play “hooky”, go get lobsters (Panulinus argus) and fish. This was before GPS and he showed me how to triangulate. When the coconut palm lined up with the third a/c unit on top of the condo with the green skylight we were on a line. We stayed on this line until the north wall of the yellow trimmed condo lined up with the water tower behind it, two intersecting lines is an exact location. “Throw the anchor”, which I would do. I’d pull it up too and become proficient at line work young. Of course, one had to make a diagram of all the objects involved in the triangles for all the “spots” and my dad had these in his legend. The ability to keep track of one’s position, heading and course on this surface is massive especially if one considers how it applies to time in relation to the old axiom location, location, location.

Thirty feet below the anchored Boston whaler was the reef. He knew every hole on the reef and could approach a ledge packed with lobsters and pull them out one at a time in such a way as the “bugs” were not disturbed into hiding deep in the hole. He made it seem effortless, I just went around the ledge, found the back door, opened my bag and the escapees swam in.

I learned a lot out here at sea in a boat. Once I was pulling up the anchor line while my dad steered the boat and I pointed off the bow. Orange float! I was alerting him to a buoyant device likely affixed to the bottom. My dad let me know that out here with all the action and noise from the wind and waves we would use an abbreviated more precise language and call it a, “Yellow buoy”. First the word “orange” sounded like a question. Secondly there was a reason why we used the word “yellow”, it meant frozen, locked up/in control. Orange practically was yellow anyway, mostly yellow pigment and just a bit of red. We called it a “buoy” short for “buoyant” and my use of “orange” and “float” together practically cancelled the two words meaning out, frozen flow.

Another thing one learns out here is about a creature called the gooseneck barnacle (Lepas

anatifera). Anything that floats in the ocean eventually gets covered in gooseneck barnacles. If the object floating in the sea doesn't wash ashore eventually so many gooseneck barnacles attach themselves the object sinks to the bottom of the ocean's abyssal plain. In this way all the trash we throw in the sea eventually makes its way to the bottom and is covered in mud, disappearing for all practical purposes. In a sense the gooseneck barnacles clean up the ocean and keep it from being covered in plastic debris. This is another reason we need to solve the carbon dioxide problem created by burning so much fossil fuel installing and maintaining the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. vain ecocide attempt. The carbon dioxide "dissolves" or enters solution in the salt water lowering the pH making the sea more acidic than it's supposed to be, this causes those creatures (shrimp, crabs, mussels, diatoms and goose neck barnacles) not to be able to form their shells properly. Also, if humans were to continue increasing population on the surface like gooseneck barnacles we'd load up and practically sink the thing (life). This is one reason why we need to build ships and get off the surface.

Diving on the bottom I also learned if one was collecting product, not having a problem or any difficulty and one's partner or someone else swam over and questioned whether you were OK (by using a questioning look and the international hand signal) but it was obvious you weren't having any difficulty, the person asking if you were OK was suspect, not OK (possibly afflicted with nitrogen narcosis). I had bad allergies and really didn't like to dive as it gave me a sinus headache. I like skin diving though.

Once we were going out the Boca Inlet and I had some qualitative/product/efficiency related question. My dad responded, "Son there's no way we could be productfull or efficient really. It comes down to the gas, the fuel that makes what we do possible. See, there's more energy, kilojoules, in a gallon of gasoline then there is in a whole boat load of lobsters. We could go out, fill the boat up with seafood, come in and we'd've burned more energy just in the fuel it took to do it. Plus, it takes **a lot** more energy to make the engine, the boat, the trailer, the tires and the road to drive here on. We're just collecting the best of food for ourselves." Shouldn't we just push the boat off the beach and paddle out there? "I used to, we did it all the time, that's how we did it. Things are different now, it's practically illegal. This is how they do it now."

I spent my youth with a snot rag in my pocket and I sneezed all day long. It seemed like I was allergic to this world, more likely the structures. I was getting allergy shots for this condition, administered by a retired nurse named Vada Underwood. My dad traded lobsters for this service. He traded lobsters for everything. After about a year of this treatment, I figured out that the shot was followed by flue like symptoms. I ordered this to stop. I had other problems, too. One flat foot, one arched, I had scoliosis and my teeth were crooked. I refused the Forest Gump braces and had the ones on my teeth removed before the job was finished. I didn't want to get straightened out.

Often when a person is young they will express what it is they want to do when they get older. I'd assist my father in repair of the home. Usually we'd be fixing the rotten façade drip strip problem or tiling the floor, covering up the crack in the foundation caused by the rainwater pouring off the valley of the roof uncollected. When I grow up I'm going to fix this dam shit. I'd say this while nodding my head up and down twice and side to side twice. My father would reply, "Son, you have delusions of grandeur". In a sense he was right, yet I wasn't deluded, grandeur wasn't what I was after. I wanted to inherit a structure that wasn't falling to pieces and I knew the energy involved in home manufacture was great, as was its near continual upkeep. This poorly thought out (slap stick) construction was bad for the environment, it was a pain in the butt to continually repair and we never really fixed the problem of disease we just treated the symptom.

There may be people who are structurally minded that aren't really interested in the garden. The conversion of roofs into supers, by the collection of that which falls from the sky into a cistern for productive use and the design and construction of supers initially, sunny side of domicile greywater

treatment/rice and sugar cane ladders, beehives instead of insulation and other creative construction projects may be a way for them to put forth the infinityproject idea, a realistic solution to the dam problem. This solves the problem of the buildings getting undermined prematurely by uncontrolled shedded water, dilapidating into leaking sick buildings contaminated with mold mildew and fungus. The collected water's productive use in the garden solves the dam and ditch agricultural problem (the biggest problem) simultaneously. One of the main reasons why we're not in a hurry to collect the precipitation with the structures before undamming the rivers is the dam fools that make the rain collectors would rig the thing to fail as life headed for damnation.

It's about this time that I'm made aware of the problems associated with the flush toilet. In addition to the enormous amount of energy involved in transporting heavy water to a home for enough water to keep the thing flushing and returning the fecal fouled water to a nonpathogenic state, the flush commode additionally deteriorates the environment because rivers are dammed into reservoirs to collect water or the aquifer's (well) drained to supply water for flushing and creeks, brooks and rivulets are encased in pipes to keep it all flushing down the tubes. The sewer pipes are underground and within walls and the access to them for repair requires a lot of digging and energy thus the flush toil. The potentially productive fertilizer is wasted, often dumped in the rivers and seas with huge fish killing algae blooms and unswimable conditions for people. The flush toilet is an environmental catastrophe.

But once again some people aren't concerned about the garden or the environment outside their home. What I learned about the flush toilet as it related to the health of the home is gruesome. The device that seemingly evacuated the possibly pathogenic fecal material from the structure in actually spread the fecal material everywhere in the home. After a bowel movement when one depressed the silver lever and actuated a flush, the fecal material is mixed with the water. As it spins around and flushes many, many bubbles form on the surface of the fecal material fouled water and when these bubbles burst hundred's, thousand's, million's of small drops of water, each containing fecal material are atomized kinda and the potential disease carrying stuff with enough water to keep it alive for a while drifts around everywhere in the home and comes to rest on all possible surfaces. Even the people in denial of this are aware of it and thus they are in vain continuously cleaning up, wiping down and disinfecting the household surfaces. The flush toilet is an extremely foul device with the potential to spread disease everywhere in the home.

For a person who's not concerned about the garden, the dammed rivers or particularly worried about the domicile falling to pieces from the flood of shed water, putting forth the idea of flush toilet replacement with thE manuel fertilizer machine makes sense hygienically. It makes for a cleaner home for you and your children. Plus, one could use the fertilizer produced to grow food near the domicile and solve the largest problem, dam and ditch agriculture, ensuring food for you and your children and saving life from river dam caused collapse.

The problem of doing it without undamming the rivers first is the dam fools who build the fertilizer machines would build it to fail or not be the ideal flushtilet replacement. No doubt you could live under a solar cell, collect the rain, use a fertilizer machine and grow fruits as you attacked the dammed river problem and this could be conducive towards undamming the rivers. The makeshiftness of the assembled living arraignment would probably detract from the idea though. Not saying you shouldn't do it, just pointing out what the problem would likely be.

Around this time (5th grade) we started studying the water cycle. In class we split into groups and were given a plastic scaled down version of a mountainous landscape with a plastic lid which included a recessed cloud shaped bowl that held ice. We put the ice in the faux cloud and the resultant temperature difference caused condensation of water from the air on the underside of the "cloud" simulating rainfall. I expressed the desire to cover my artificial landscape in mud. The teacher agreed if I'd clean up the mess. I got a handful of damp dirt from out behind the classroom and smeared it all over my group's landscape. This was viewed as weird by most but became kind of like a "Close

Encounters of the Third Kind” Devil’s Tower moment for me. The mud washed down the “hill” and collected in the low lake like areas along the plastic river.

To most this may seem insignificant but it’s the underlying physics problem on a planet covered in practically a chain of dam lakes from the top of each mountain to the sea. When the reservoirs fill with sediment the water pours uncontrolled over the top of the dam like a waterfall. This undermines the foundation of the dam causing it to fail. It looks like the humans who installed the dam reservoirs figured this catastrophe and the sure physical failure of the dam system wasn’t to be worried about because it wouldn’t happen in their lifetime and they would benefit as individuals from the dam and ditch food produced, new places for temporary flood free development, hydroelectric power and the beer drinking, whoreing and house money they made installing the dam things.

Know the dam and ditch foods guaranteed to sell because they largely eliminated the wild food sources produced in the natural river system. The thing of significance that occurs from unchecked continuation of the dam ages, wild food source elimination (ecocide) followed with a dam and ditch extremely short term food machine and evacuation of the surface into a hastily built misprogrammed machine/computer/vessel has already occurred previously, so there’s no point in repeating. For a teacher of people (of any age) this water cycle demonstration with erosion/sedimentation, how it relates to failure of the dam and ditch agricultural system and the natural system but leads to the creation of a machine that outlives the life cycle of the universe to intercede in the organisms development next time (now) is the most important thing to teach along with the free flowing river, superdriplineswatercollect, theE manuel fertilizer machine solution.

The only way to solve the problem is dam fluidification. Dredging and trucking ain’t gonna fix it. The energy involved is astronomical, the waste produced from the fuel burned to do it would further exaborate the global warming and ocean acidification caused largely by the energy burned to install and maintain the dam sheddy toilsome scheme. Plus, there is nowhere to put the sediment. If ya trucked it uphill it’d just wash back down into the reservoir. If ya pumped it over the edge of the dam it would fill up the dam lake below. Officially, for the record, I lay half the blame for the dam thing on the humans and half the blame on the ruler of the universe.

I was on the Delray Beach All Stars soccer team, center midfielder, #13. My teammates thought I would get bad luck. I explained to them it was bad luck for the opposing player, if only because it subliminally “siked ‘em out” because of they’re not based on science, superstitious beliefs. The only thing I could do extremely well was the slide tackle, which I accomplished by running up to the opposing player screaming as loud as I could !BANZAI! sliding into the player and ideally separating him from the ball. However, this technique often left me on the ground out of play. Fortunately, the guy behind me, Jimmy Scalisi, the sweeper, whose father ran a produce delivery operation, would come in and clean up the mess. We won the gold coast championship beating Miami Killian. We even had a girl on the team, Carolyn Lanza and this was classic because not only was she skillful but when we won we always chided the other team about how we even had a girl on the team and they still couldn’t beat us. I grew tired of the productless competition and quit the game.

It did teach me how to play with a team and the coaches taught us “proper form”, how to exercise correctly without getting hurt. Life is of upmost interest to me, communication being key. The character most likely to pass me the ball was the right mid fielder, Scott Gimme. I’d look his way and yell Gimme and he would pass it to me. The guy we had up front middle was Marsh, a big coordinated kid and this is a winning formula in conflict, get the enemy to run through a marsh just before the engagement, with me, it slows them down and gets their feet wet, behind Scalisi was Abbruzzie and he would elbow ya (like Macaroni) and if all that failed we had a Crowley (transportation containerization) guarding the goal. I insisted my teammates call me “Mud”, I was usually the dirtiest kid on the team after a game, plus it was the opposite of dumb. I earned this nickname from my Granny Nancy Nye (Henderson) Lawrence. She gave it to me down in the Florida

Keys for my appearance I got while collecting vegetables in a septic sewage outfall field. There's a Beastie Boy's song titled, "What cha, what cha, what you want... like a mudslide, never doing no time" and these men, obviously, know there's only one way to avoid "doing the time", the dams gotta go down like a mudslide and so's your doo doo.

Just before I quit playing soccer I read a book where the author claimed the soccer game was invented somewhere between North and South America. They had a super bowl even back then and the top two teams would compete to see who was the best. The winners got their heads cut off and they were the lucky ones. The author didn't say why. It took me a while to figure it out, why the winners (who tried to win) were lucky to be decapitated. Back in the day "they knew" (the garden told them) that you'd pay for your responsibility for the damages and destruction later, forever, for real. So cutting out early was the winning move. Also, and you really had think about this, the losers would go on to do what? Likely to be the sergeants and captains of the whole dam sheddy fiasco causing their certain eventual stratification upon expedition to be as low as possible.

I was into the study of the history of war, particularly the target(s). This became more obvious with the advent of bombing runs. On May 17, the same month and day of my birth thirty years earlier in 1942, British RAF Bombers from the 617 "Ares Moi Le Deluge" squadron bombed the Mohne, Eder and Sorpe Dams of the Ruhr River industrial area. They hit the targets with a bouncing bomb or river skipper, a bomb specifically designed to skip on the water surface and impact into the dam. This would have been the only good bombing run in history (except the US Navy repeated the punch a hole in the dam theme April 30 and May 1 of 1951 at the Hwacheon Dam in Korea) and a very small number of bombers flooded the valley and knocked out the industry for a while. The Allies could have struck the dams again and caused a bigger longer lasting "problem". It is noteworthy that they didn't do this more often, especially considering how effective it was. It's as if it was against the rules, inhumane (even though casualties were low) or something. The Allies continued bombing other targets such as firebombing a bunch of artists and gypsies at Dresden. Perhaps there were a few German beer drinkers amidst the Allies. The mission seemed plagued with bad luck but with bomber pilots with names such as Rice and Hopgood flying the planes...

I discovered if I put my finger at Delray and Boynton on the surface of a globe of the earth and put my other finger on the other side of the globe at Christmas Island I had an axis I could spin the globe around. At Christmas time the Americans sing, "Have a holly jolly Christmas this year" and, "Tis the season to be jolly". Being Mr. Jolley "the son of god" in boy in town, it fascinated me to think of how it all came to be, the power evident.

Unity elementary ended at fifth grade and I was given the option to attend St. Joe's or public school. I decided I wanted to see the real world. In Delray Beach Carver Middle was the real world. George Washington Carver recommended feeding acorns to livestock. This guy was a genius, he just couldn't figure out how to pick the acorns. Eating squirrels and deer is the real deal. There weren't any black people at my private school, Carver was 50/50 and this was new for me. On the bus ride into Carver I saw a pitbull eating a cat, it was 1/3 of the way through its meal and the cat was still alive. Boy I thought, this is a tough neighborhood.

The first week in gym class a guy threw a pair of dirty underwear at me and it landed on my head. Everyone was laughing at me and I removed the foul and threw it back at the guy. I hit him in the face with the drawers and everyone laughed at him. I was ten years old. The state of Florida allowed for students to 21 years of age. This guy was most likely an adult and had already served some time. He punched me in the chin after class and I started laughing. He didn't hit me again. The next week he beat up my buddy, Adam, pretty good. My buddy didn't laugh.

Darryl lived next to me in Chapel Hill, he was three years older than me and played the trumpet.

He convinced me to do the same and I joined the middle school band under Mr. Wesley. Mr. Wesley was an expert on brass. As much as I wanted to be an average middle school student (blend in) my mom wanted me to be above average and had me tested for the gifted program. I entered this testing trying to fail. I figured if I gave a bunch of crazy answers to the inkblot test, they'd surely see I was not gifted. Boy was I wrong, I was identified as a gifted person.

The gifted program was taught by Dr. Harris, who we called "Mr. McGoo", because he had coke bottle glasses. This guy taught us that "Yours is not to reason why, yours is but to do or die". He was not kidding at all. This was funny, or least ironic, because I really wanted to know why at the time. Also, he taught me to always carry my passport in my pocket. I didn't have one at the time of course, but later when I got one, I did follow his recommendation. Might want to get out of here quick and one doesn't need to prove they pay for the damn shiddy bills to get a passport unlike a state I.D. As individuals we were required to put on a play, I did an act from Norman Mailer's "Death of a Salesman", poor Willy Lowman, the insurance salesman.

One of the most intense things I ever learned was when a fellow from IBM (the company in charge of counting things in Germany during WWII that also happened to have their headquarters in Boca Raton, a Jewish enclave) taught us how a computer worked. It was simply a bunch of on and off switches, a lot of them. I didn't get how a bunch of on and off switches could perform so much and said so. Dr. Harris and the IBM guy just could not understand how I could be such a slow learner. They both grabbed my hand, dragged me to the wall switch and with both of their hands on mine turned the lights in the classroom on and off a 1/2 dozen times. Repeating, "On, off, on, off...". With tears in my eyes I accepted the terrible idea. Somehow it felt as though I'd learned a lot more than I'd wanted to. Dr. Harris also taught me that I couldn't "Pull the wool over his eyes", which was funny to me cause his name was Dr. Harris and he had big bushy eyebrows. After a year and a 1/2 I dropped out of the gifted program and went back to the advanced classes.

I had a tree fort in my back yard. I was climbing around up there one day when I realized the guy who lived behind us and owned the local strip joint "Moray's Lounge", had a bunch of woman sunbathing in his backyard. A blonde, a brunette, and a redhead, I couldn't believe my luck. Man, I was just climbing Seagrape trees (*Coccoloba uvifera*). There's a big lychee tree (*Litchi chinensis*) nearby that I climbed to the top of after a rain, the branches were slippery, while picking fruit I slipped, fell out of the top of the tree and "Hit every branch on the way down", according to Diego my pall who witnessed it, "And landed like a cat. How'd you do that?" No trouble at all until my arm hit this damn concrete sprinkler donut. My wrist had fractured.

I was a reader of comic books. My favorites were "Sgt. Rock" (history, lingo) "Groo the Wanderer", "Spiderman" (spidey sense, Mary Jane) and "MAD" magazine. My favorite character, the only one worth emulating I thought, was the "Beyonder" from Marvel's "Secret Wars". He fixed or set up the whole super hero war and was omnipotent and omnipresent (all powerful, everywhere, all the time). But above all I liked reading the encyclopedia, there's a lot of info about the dams in it.

I read everything I could get my hands on investigating the crime of human history. In short, the veracity of historical literature can be surmised in what I discovered of the Egyptian pyramids. I researched the topic and read many books, chapters and articles pertaining to the great pyramids. In one of the selections out of hundreds the author pointed out that it took more work to build and remove the much larger causeway ramp leading up to the top of the pyramid than it took to build the pyramid. This is one of the typical notes relating to the topic. However, this author pointed out that it took more work to dig the ditches and stack up the stones on the river to grow the food to feed the slave workers than it took to build the pyramid and causeway. He also pointed out subtly that there was hardly any evidence of the dam and ditch agriculture except for the desert.

I noticed that this was the biggest note pertaining to the great pyramids yet was only just barely

mentioned by one author out of the hundreds who'd gone to the trouble to jot some junk down. I asked about town to select individuals concerning this note, double checking. Only one person out of 40 or so would even talk about it. He concurred with the note, made something of me for being intelligent enough to have picked up on it, reiterated how powerful and potential the knowledge of it, the foundation of the thing, was and the communication of the idea with this man became the most impressive one to this date.

It was about this time that I started my own lawn service. This was a no brainer decision south Florida is lawn Mecca. I quickly gathered several accounts nearby and made some money. About half my customers were easy to please, they just wanted me to mow the St. Augustine grass (*Stenotaphrum secundatum*). St. Augustine was associated with a feast and the Spanish landed in Florida on that day. Ironically this grass has no seed, no fruit. The other half of my customers were up to something. Typically, the latter were not from around here, and didn't like things that were alive outside (we called 'em new yokers). It was my job to kill the stuff, which I refused to do. I liked snakes and bugs and tried to educate the customer on the circle of life usually (but not always) to no avail.

Typically, the women were terrified of the stuff, especially the snakes which I was great at identifying and capturing. I would demonstrate how harmless the serpent was, sometimes they thought this was hysterical. I also did an "Edward Scissorhand" type of thing here, and trimmed bushes into squares and other shapes, this made them happy. There were only a few kinds of "approved" bushes and they were all exotic. The ficus tree (*Ficus benjamina*) which the people had trimmed into a "hedge", made the most money. It's basically the same tree that has overgrown Angkor Wat (a dam and ditch collapsed civilization). Between the bushes and the St. Augustine lawn was a dirt bed. They hadn't "invented" mulch (dead crushed up trees) yet and it was my job to pull the weeds out. We used a variety of tools to remove the weeds, including chemicals. The herbicide glyphosate or Roundup was "new" and the chemical of choice. I couldn't figure out why the customer wanted such a clean dirt bed.

At my parent's dinner table, we had quite the conversations at times, which we backed up with my dad's "Gray's Anatomy" book, the rest of his biological and history leaning library, the dictionary and my encyclopedia set. I'd ask why the early European settlers in N. America shot and killed most all the buffalo (bison). My dad answers, "Because they'd destroy town, imagine a hundred thousand buffalo running through town. One runs through your fence, another jumps through the window and the next thing you know hundreds are stampeding through the living room." Of course, there's more to it than that. The fields where the townfolk grew their food would be destroyed and don't forget the townfolk's "gunmen" basically just left the bison carcass to rot, wasting the whole creature. Sometimes they'd eat the tongue (the best and easiest part to eat) and take the hide, but usually they just shot them, sometimes from a train window and left them there unused, wasting the product.

After further research and putting 2 and 2 together I concluded that the real reason they did it for was to get rid of the Indians food supply. Tatanka (bison) basically means "god" in the Indians language. The settlers killed the Indian's god, their way of life, and, took control of the food supply, there by subjugating or making the Indians dependent on "town food" to live. This for all practical purposes ended the Indians resistance. Also, the bison crossed the rivers and if the river was dammed the bison would likely stampede over the dam, destroying the dam, never read a note about this in the books though. The bison is the greatest resource or product of N. America. It gathers up the largely indigestible to people plant matter and converts it to an easy to assimilate amino acid protein that we can digest and turn into muscle and other tissue for ourselves.

On another night I might ask my dad a nutrition related question. If one wanted to stay healthy what's the best thing to eat? "Well, a man could live practically on steak [Bos] and oranges [citrus]. The meats got everything your body needs except for vitamin C." Why is beef steak the best? "Because the protein is most like yours which makes it the best to convert to human tissue." What's

the next best meat to eat? “Probably pork [Sus].” Then what chicken [Gallus] and fin fish [Actinopterygii]? “Probably.” Well, by that reckoning or reasoning monkeys [Haplorhini “dry nosed”] would be more nutritious for people to eat because the meat is more like us than cows. “Yep.” So, human meat [Homo] is the best meat for people to eat. Of course, this gets a raised eyebrow and a pause in the ingestion of “surf and turf” but he agreed with this surmation, “Yep, might have to make sure it’s cooked/prepared properly because one could run into disease transfer pretty easy this way.” Kinda like that whole pork/trichinosis, chicken/salmonella, mad cow disease thing, huh? “Yep.”

I began smoking Cannabis sativa in middle school. I don’t necessarily recommend people smoke anything, especially youth whose lungs haven’t fully developed. If one smokes too much there is a chance of lung cancer but you’ll definitely get emphysema and if your lungs lose their elasticity and harden up you won’t be efficient manually. Also, different herbs and mind-altering substances work differently on different people. For instance, while me and my buddies were experimenting with smoking ganja, Todd Bajar earned the nickname “the one hit nit wit”. He was aware of it though and was intelligent enough to know he’d be a fool if he smoked it, so he didn’t. You couldn’t outdrink the guy though and he matured very early and had a full beard by the time he was 13, thus he could just walk in any ole store and buy a case of beer or a bottle of booze. We bought the cigarettes at the hospital vending machine.

One evening I was by myself and took a big lungful of sativa and held it in. I blew the smoke out through the screen of my bedroom window in which the glass was open at 45 degrees. I looked up in the sky and there was what one might call a UFO except it wasn’t because I identified it as a flying saucer and it even had blinking lights on it like from the film “Close Encounter”. It appeared like it was a couple miles away and what really “sold it” for me was that it was hovering in midair and then accelerated exponentially and within seconds was gone, outasight. Wow, I thought you gotta be kiddin’ me. Now as a reader one might think, “Yeah but if you were gonna “see stars” or some such thing, letting out a big toke is about when you’d see it”. But I’m telling ya I’ve been smoking my whole life and this the only such occasion. I also realize that I was looking through a screen and a 45-degree plate of glass, but...

I know how to identify things in the night sky. The twinkling lights are stars. The steady lights that travel in the same arc are planets. Galaxies kinda look something between the two but they don’t travel on the same arc as the planets. The blinking lights are airplanes or helicopters. The satellites (not the moon) don’t blink or really twinkle, sometimes the satellites rotate, the reflected light turns on and off. Meteors could look like satellites but their light intensity changes especially noticeable if they travel across the entire viewing area. This was a space ship. There was no other known explanation. I didn’t tell anyone for about two weeks, because I knew they would tease me, “Oh he thinks he saw a UFO!” or dismiss it. But I’ve been telling people about this sighting my entire life (when I felt it was appropriate). You know what I found? Some people have seen similar sights, and some of them I trusted, they were knowledgeable too, and had no reason to fabricate a story. It was the only such thing I ever saw though, I know it doesn’t prove there are spaceships or space aliens.

Atlantic High was a mile from my house. I was in the war eagle marching band and the brass section was the “wall of sound”. The band was the best in the nation the year before when Captain Kidd lead the band. We got a new band director, Mr. Skinner, he picked a great lineup of tunes. We started our show with Mancini’s “Peter Gun”, from a 50’s detective show, an insistent brassy number that makes me think of the Chicago mob, a train, and a seahawk. Then we did a Disney themed “When You Wish Upon a Star” and “Zip Ta De Do Da”. We did all this with the wall of sound brass section, probably the best high school drum line in the country, and the Eaglettes, the #1 high school dance group in the world. We were awesome although I wasn’t. I couldn’t march in time with everyone else. They said so. The dancing girls were warm and snuggly.

Atlantic High School’s mascot was the eagle. Before desegregation the Atlantic High School

War Eagles were the Seacrest Seahawks. They changed the name about the same time the sea hawks (Pandion haliaetus) disappeared from the sky above the school. Habitat loss, reduced food quantity, and a general environmental collapse being the likely culprit, too many water control structures, sheds and toilets not enough fish.

During my freshman year I happened to have my locker next to the BMOC's. Atlantic was in contention for the state football title and the big man on campus, "Rerun", was our star running back, a large broad black man. He and his pals nicknamed me the "Nutcracker", like the holiday special. Life was setting me up. I coulda' had a locker next to anyone in high school but if you want to be the "Master of the Gridiron", you need to be taught by the best. In the bloodiest most fanatical sicko nation in the dam world, American Football is the most brutal excruciatingly dangerous sport. Florida is, hands down, the biggest football state and there I was tutoring next to one of the biggest, toughest, fastest characters, 1986.

I liked his nickname "Rerun", as if to run it over again. I wouldn't waste a bunch of time trying to prove to you that I was Emanuel in a new skin suit (just 45 years or so) doing a rerun. Know it looks like the same old skin suit, I even got the scars in the correct locations. I know I may never prove this to some, at least while they're alive. I was fortunate to study this character because while pursuing the fluidification of the dam stopped up rivers, sometimes I encounter low shady characters in dark valleys and assume the persona of "Rerun" and project his image, this seems to get me out of these situations. He showed me how to be a BAMF yet be a melting nice, good man about it.

In the pursuit of the state football title we of course had pep rallies. Our high school campus police officer Mr. Leanord B. Mitchell led the pep rallies. In Palm Beach County one of the strongest football teams was the Glades Central Raiders (we never had a game with em as they were in a different class). The Raiders were from an agricultural community located under the Hoover Dam on the south side of the Okeechobee Reservoir. Mr. Mitchel, who I actually got along with, would sing a song "Down By The River" then he would point with his microphone hand towards the crowd of students and we would sing back "Down by the River", then he'd sing, "We went for a walk" and we would sing "We went for a walk", he'd sing, "We're gonna meet them Raiders", ditto, "And we had a talk", ditto, and then he would sing "Heidi, Heidi, Hide the hoe", which we would repeat, and he'd sing "Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho", which we would sing back.

This whole down by the river, where we went for a wall(k), with the raiders, hiding the hoe, what was he talking about? This was the War Eagle fight song. It didn't escape me that the U.S.A.'s icon was the eagle (Haliaeetus leucocephalus) and we'd been at war almost since the nation's inception and during the entire period leading up to it. I also knew the osprey or sea hawk caught fish while the eagle was a pirate bird or raider that stole its fish and hung out at dumps. In Palm Beach County we were growing vegetables and cane (Saccharum) below the dam in the drained Everglades River bed. Why were we trying to hide the hoe? From who? God? Was Mr. Mitchel trying to tell us something? The lawman. If he was it was the most important lesson taught, ever.

I was interested in the Everglades and was aware of its deteriorating condition, spending time paddling my canoe out that way. I really liked cane, had a sweet tooth and grew vegetables with a hoe. The seahawk was my favorite bird. Mancini's "Peter Gun" our marching band's piece de resistance was the call of the Osprey, or the sea hawk Chicago train song. I didn't really like raiders. The thing that really got me thinking about the meaning of this song, its environmental implications and how it related to me particularly was that my girlfriend's name was Heidi Hostetler and her nickname was "Heidi Ho". So, while the School Police Chief, Mr. Mitchell and sometimes even "Rerun" were on stage singing about the river and seemingly my girlfriend "Heidi Ho", I learned about an environmental disaster wrapped around the river, some raiders and how to solve the problem, communication. In addition, sometimes Mr. Mitchell would sing, "We're gonna get them Raiders" or "We're gonna beat them Raiders", "We went for a walk" or "We went for a wall". Also, the subtlety of "Heidi, Heidi, Hide the Hoe". Eventually I would use this introductory lesson of how to speak in tongues to get an

important message across to others. Thank you, Mr. Mitchell, “Rerun”, Mr. Skinner and of course, Heidi Hostetler for the idea.

In 1987 the first genetically engineered organism (GMO) is released into the environment. An ice-minus strain of Psuedomonas syringae bacteria applied to a strawberry field in California as a commercial product called “Frostban”. On a planet with humans freezing up the water (damming the rivers) as fast as they can the name “Frostban” and ice-minus (to subtract yellow) is certainly noteworthy as the GMO feed comes to be exterminating the dam and ditch agricultural fools who eat the dam GMO food. The first recorded use of the word techno (tech know, to change sabe) a specific genre of music (muse that makes ya sick) was in 1987-88. Originating from Detroit with the Belleville Three influenced by Yellow Magic Orchestra.

I quit the band when my fellow trumpet playing friend, Jorge Mayorga, stomped on my trumpet damaging it, in a fit designed to encourage me to practice more. I moved out of my parent’s home when I was 15. I couldn’t follow the rules. Me and my buddies got a place and became “independent”. I mowed grass and trimmed bushes into squares after school and bussed tables and parked cars at night. I was a valet before I even had a driver’s license. In the 50’s when parking cars was invented the tip was a dollar, during the trickle down 80’s it was still a dollar. The women always said I looked like Tom Cruise. It was easy not to let this go to my head because as I filled up a lady’s glass of water and she went on about how handsome I was and how much I looked like Tom Cruise just like the last dozen tables, my buddy would walk up and say, “Hey “Tom”, clean up table four.” I guess it was fortunate to grow up in a Hollywood culture and look like the number one star. The “Risky Business” character was a gold mine for me.

The first restaurant I worked in, my first job with taxes and what not (I think) was in west Delray, the “Birds Nest Tree”. I came here specifically because I liked Chinese food and Asian women. The waitresses, a few years older than me, were very attractive I thought. It seemed like the couple who ran the place had the woman running the dining room and the man running the kitchen. I didn’t have too much of a relationship with him, I was a busboy. He taught me never to sweep a Chinese person’s feet with a broom. She on the other hand, I worked closely with. Nearly every day I came to work she would talk about she thought I was the commander of the Flying Tigers (Claire Lee Chennault) in China during WWII, he worked for Soong May-ling the Chinese leader’s wife. This was very interesting to me. I continue see her occasionally, perhaps bringing a girlfriend for dinner or even just stopping by and delivering her the latest update with some fish or mangoes.

I was growing cannabis sativa in a patch of wood. The plants started to disappear and a sheriff left a note tied to the bush. I decided to relocate the remainder of the operation and enlisted my buddy, who’s grandma lived next to the patch of woods. He had a Mercury Grand Marquis and we stuffed it full of 4’ cannabis plants taking them back to our pad. We pulled in the driveway and quickly unloaded our stash into the front door of the duplex. As soon as we got the last plant in and closed the door 4 or 5 police cruisers came sliding sideways into the yard, some from the back alley. You got to be kidding me.

We looked outside, the officers were piling out of their cruisers into the still settling dust, drawing out their side arms and scrambling around the place. My buddies flipped out and started to hide the plants in the closet, in the refrigerator, McNulty chucked one in the oven and turned it on. I casually stepped outside. Can I help you officer? Turns out they were looking for someone else. We played poker with the catholic schoolgirls. One night I walked out of the bathroom after a shower with a towel wrapped around my waist. I went into the walk-in closet and while dripping wet reached up and pulled the chain to the light. The towel fell off as I shook around, buck naked getting zapped. I had an audience and they thought this was funny, eventually the chain broke.

I moved into a place closer to campus my junior year. I was like Ferris Bueller in that I “hung

out” with the surfers, the jocks, the greasers, the slicks, the nerds, the dropouts, the private school girls ... they all love him. The kids all wanted a place to hang out and drink beer, so I’d organize a 4-keg party after the football game. These bashes eventually got so big the neighborhood became a parking lot. This was funny cause once the party got that big the cops couldn’t get to the house. When they did they were always looking for John Jolley. “Have you seen John Jolley?” they would ask me. I think he’s around back officer. I dated a girl named Holly Rau in December, “Have a Holly Jolly Christmas” the kids sang and thought this was hilarious, so did I, she didn’t **at all**.

A buddy of mine, Mark Daniel Millet and I paddled out into the “Everglades” Water Catchment Area (dam diked pumped pond) one day. There was some kind of canoe trail through the ferociously serrated saw grass (Cladium mariscus subspecies jamaicense) and we paddled past a big alligator nest on the way in disturbing the mother alligator which submerged and swam down the canoe trail. This was a tense situation as mothers protecting eggs or young are the most dangerous thing on this planet. We continued back into the saw grass in about a foot and a half of water and the tension diffused after about 15 or 20 minutes.

Suddenly, we encountered the mother alligator again. The 12’ gator swam under the boat and then stood up amidship. With its head out of the water, mouth open, teeth everywhere and huge tail above the surface flailing, water droplets flying, it roared or something, vibrating skin. The boat was just about completely out of the water, like a seesaw. I was sitting in the back, so I could see what was going on and kept my paddle in the water to pry some semblance of balance. Mark couldn’t see what was taking place just behind him, he didn’t bother to turn and look either, he didn’t want to see it. He surrendered, put his arms up in the air and gave up. This is quite an experience and if one can maintain calm and reason in this type of situation, human type of conflicts pale in comparison, so better prepared for one you’ll be. If the women on the surface of this planet could be made to realize that their young are threatened we may be able to use their instinctive aggressive defense behavior to better their own, their children’s and all of life’s fortune.

Me and my buddies Mark, Scott, Tom, Rob, Tod and Mike spent our spare time fishing mostly for girls, skin diving mostly for tropicals, water skiing, pioneering the wake board and barefooting. We traded runs on what we called “the barefoot canal” which was the treated shit filled ditch next to the sewage treatment plant, with the then barefoot waterskiing world champion, Mr. Fox. If anyone ever insults me and asks when I’m going to walk on water, I easily tell them I learned how from the world champion himself and mean it. My dad allowed us to use his boat. As he was dropping me off at the boat ramp one day he told me not to pull skiers under the bridge, as this was dangerous. I didn’t listen, as we were skiing down the canals we passed a dead guy floating in the water. Someone else had just discovered him, he’d apparently gone sleepwalking the night before and fallen in. He still had his pajamas on. An hour or so later I crashed the boat into the last piling of a bridge, fortunately, all aboard were spared great injury. We didn’t water ski under the bridges anymore. The next few years of water skiing were less eventful and my friends and I became pretty good at it. I called myself “rubber band man” for my ability to cartwheel into a full yard sale while crashing and remain uninjured.

At our high school they used to have “open campus”. The seniors could leave for lunch, driving around having a good time. The underclassmen invariably hid in the cars and left too. This all ended with an alcohol related car accident, of course and they closed campus a year or two before I got there. Although I’d never known what open campus was like, when I got there, the older students who’d had a taste for it assured me that it was better on the outside than in. I could get an “A” on the test without studying or going to class, the material covered was the same as in fifth grade, so I opted to quit spending so much time in class and see the world.

A typical day started after first period roll call. I’d ask for a hall pass to the restroom or library, and as I was a know it all who took control of the classroom and steered it in the direction I wanted, the

teacher was only too happy to excuse me. At which point in time I'd head to the doughnut shop, the natural area or home (taking notes to see whether my luck changed depending on where I skipped off to, it did, don't go home, skip off to the natural area) skirting the deans, picking up accomplice's, running the maze, picking the unguarded exit and jumping the fence to "freedom". Light up a smoke, get some doughnuts and reverse the procedure sneaking back on and getting back to class without getting caught. Then convince the second period teacher to enter me in the role as tardy. I'd repeat this scenario several times a day. **I never got caught.** I was learning something they didn't teach in class. I knew that material anyway. I was learning how to get around a problem, slip through cracks in the system.

Wrote my junior year paper on Harrison Ford's early career. Starting with "American Graffiti" a tale of what would happen to the dam fools set in California's Modesto, the heart of the dam disaster. With the cast driving down the dam broad in no sense route real fast, "Wolfman Jack" soundtrack, a dark stranger from elsewhere, "Bob Falfa" (Ford) appears in a faster rig, a black 1955 Chevrolet One-Fifty Coupe, picks up "Steve's" girl "Laurie" and races local hot rod champ "John Milner" and his 1932 yellow Ford Deuce Coupe on Paradise Road. Ford's next flick was "Blade Runner" as "Sgt. Decker" hunting for replicants created by the Tyrel Corp. he falls in "love" with one. Then as "Han Solo" in "Star Wars" drawing first, he blows "Greed Hoe" away.

I master the one-handed matchbook ignition technique as demonstrated in Tom Cruise's "Cocktails and Dreams" (this works great at the bars with the ladies) write my high school senior paper on Jim Jones and the temple of doom (the dam and ditch rice eating congregants that decided to drink the killer kool aid) and graduate with more unserved detentions than anyone in Atlantic High history.

"The House on the Hill" was what everyone called the place I lived in 1990 and 91. The retired fire chief lived next door and he had a radio antenna and wasn't afraid to call the police if someone threw a beer can in his yard. I often tell people that of the 15 or so people who lived there only me and Amy Allard made it out alive which is mostly true. We had a flat liner and a no breather in the hallway, as we were close to the hospital, they both lived a little longer. Practically all the eventual deaths were pharmaceutical pill related.

One character I'd nicknamed "Cornnut", was dating a nurse and she'd give him valiums. I asked him what he was doing in addition to drinking a 12 pack of beer every day. He didn't eat much. He said, "I eat ten valiums every morning". I explained to him that valiums, along with most stuff, had a half-life. The half-life of valium was supposedly 24 hours. If he took 10 valiums this morning and woke up the next morning he'd still have 5 valiums in his system. If he took 10 more he'd have 15 total. The next morning he'd wake up with 7.5 valiums in his blood and take 10 more for a total of 17.5 pills, the next morning close to $9 + 10 = 19$. Eventually, if he did the math he'd have 10 valiums in him when he woke up in the morning and take 10 more for 20 all day. **Jackson.** "Huh?" he said. I asked him whose picture was on the front of the twenty-dollar bill. Jack Son and explained a larger mathematical *e* idea usually explained around compounding interest.

The potential for intercourse is best at the parties on the beach. There's a county pocket without local police rule between Gulfstream and Briny Breezes. With a bonfire and a keg of beer I stood on the edge of the fire pit and recalled a tale to the crowd. Without warning "Cornnut" came up behind me, lifted, up ended me and drove me into the sand, the pile driver. He kind of tweaked my neck, stunned me and I had to sit off on the side for a while recuperating. "Cornnut" took my position fireside and stole the show from me. Doing "Cornnut" likewise, I snuck up behind him, grabbed his feet/knees and... "Cornnut" outweighed me by 70 or 80 pounds, I had difficulty completely inverting him and the pile driver became a knee wrenching body slam. "Cornnut" couldn't get up and crawled off into the sea oats (Uniola paniculata) of the dunes. The party resumed and concluded with

everybody going home.

The next evening the front door opens as I was pulling a 3' bong hit at "the House on the Hill" and "Cornnut" enters crawling on the ground, covered in road rash, dirt and bleeding. Apparently, nobody'd give him a ride and he had to drag himself on the ground back home the 2 miles. He was dead in a few days. I'd called it, pushed him into it and "Cornnut" was the first dam fool I "killed". Nobody attended the valium, beer and cornuts breakfast (I's eating fruit, buttered toast with wildflower honey and water) where I'd called it. A bunch of humans saw me tear his knee ligaments but I was the only one who saw "Cornnuts" bloody crawl and the only one who saw his girlfriend (the mystery nurse from the hospital) hand over a gallon sized zip lock of blue valiums just before "Cornnut" crawled off and died somewhere else.

The wild bikers, journeymen, strippers and musicians who lived here showed me a lot, mostly what not to do. I did however learn how to assume another identity or get a fake ID. They were experts and said, "The first thing you do is disconnect the city water, then call a water delivery service". The water delivery service was lax about ID. Now one had a water bill with an address and a fake name... off to the library for a card, just keep fishing for cards until one gets the social security #. Another way to do it was to go through the obituaries, find a dead guy, and hurry to the Department of Motor Vehicles and get a replacement DL before the death was electronically passed to the DMV. Mr. Stankard taught me all this and he was also Mike Star (you can see why he would want to change his name). Michael Stankard played Stevie Ray Vaughn better than Stevie and just kept playing "Texas Flood" to me for a year or so. I'm always trying to get people to know who I am though.

We had a water department key as well at the place, so we could easily keep turning the water valve on if we wanted some in addition. I also learned how easy it was to steal power, with insulated gloves and tool one only needed to cut a hacksaw blade in two and slide 'em in the opened box's vacant key slots. To do it properly one had to have someone (me) standing by with a 2" x 4" to break one's arms off if one got "stuck" while putting in the rigged key. I put one of the roof line downspouts in the unused pool and got water with a 5-gallon bucket to flush the toilet. Periodically, the house would get "raided" and the police would throw us out even though we paid rent. I'd hold the fort down and study by kerosene lamp.

This period pretty much rounded out my 4 kegs of beer party throwing days. Considering what I was to discover later this huge beer drinking party thing could be viewed as regrettable or just plain stupid, but I took notes and learned a lot. In addition to learning how to drink 20 or 30 beers and still operate (exercise, metabolizing the alcohol and stay up into the wee hours of the morning drinking water for a few hours before sleeping). In today's world to really operate and exchange ideas it's important if you do drink, which I don't necessarily recommend, to be able to handle it.

The characters I "hung out" with and I also set up a beer drinking scheme where we hunted for, trapped, and humiliated anyone who wasted the beer, this was a big part of what we were doing. My crew possessed several different old taps for the kegs. The newer taps that the shopkeepers gave out with a keg rental upon deposit were increasingly flawed and would hamper or stop the full emptying of the keg. This was a big deal and there were many nights where at about midnight I'd have to replace the rental tap with one of our own. Often, I'd take the faulty tap back to the store immediately, along with all the older functional taps we had. Of course, the beer was still flowing at my place, one of the 4 kegs was just tapped with one of our antique taps. It was easy to see why they might have started making less functional or cheaper taps, we had acquired the better ones. The potential for wasted beer was so great that we'd make a big deal of it. This was about the time when the Pakistani's were taking over the convenience store operations, and it gave me a chance to infiltrate their culture as they took over ours through a middle man scheme. Supposedly the American flag is made in Lawhore.

During the last of my big keg party throwing days I wouldn't even go to sleep after the party and would walk around my neighborhood between 4 A.M. and sunrise, picking up all the trash the party goers had thrown out the car window as they left. I'd head out with a dozen or so jumbo trash bags and fill them all up and then some. It was a disaster. I did learn that if one offered practically unlimited cheap beer, everybody would love you. They'd say, "Yes" or agree to practically anything.

My buddies and I decided to do a summer road trip. The four of us jumped in a pickup with a top over the bed and headed north out of Florida. We went to Boston and stayed with a girl we knew, Whitney Rand. After catching a baseball game at Fenway and sitting on top of the green monster wall, we were having a few drinks at the Venus nightclub. One of my friends, Tom, decided to cut out early and took a cab back to the pad. James McNulty and I decided to continue trying our luck at the Venus, just below the green monster wall. Mr. McNulty is distinguished by the fact that he survived a Cuban necktie attempt in NYC. He looks like a handsome Frankenstein with coke bottle glasses. We got lucky and picked up two young women that were sporting a rich gothic look. We strolled and ended up at a huge rectangular concrete reflecting pond. I sat down next to the pond with my girl, who I conversed with. My buddy was doing likewise with his gal fifty feet away. Everything was cool until McNulty screamed and came running over with blood leaking out of a couple holes in his neck. "The bitch is a fucking vampire!" It appeared so. I'd never seen anyone so hot to leave. He was convinced, you could see it in his eyes and on his neck.

The on the record official introduction of a Genetically Modified Organism (GMO) for human consumption was supposedly the "Flavr Savr" (in the **old** books "F" is nearly indistinguishable from "S" for a Slave or Savior) tomato from California's Calgene¹. The word had it (t.v., radio) that the new food could be sampled at "B.K. Lounge" (Burger King). Someone went out for a sandwich run and we ended up with a table full of young men back at my pad on 2nd behind the library. We began eating suspect food. Darrel Gustafson began singing a song. It was sung to the tune of the Beach Boy's "Surfing U.S.A." but Darrel sang "surf" in reverse. "If everybody had a frus board across the U.S.A., then we'd all be **frue** sin, **frue** sin you is a". The table got quite as if it were an unmentionable topic or the words were gobillt gook. As normal meaningless conversation began to resume I redirected it by smiling knowingly at Darrel, showing my teeth and nodding my head. Darrel took the cue, "Know, Jolley listen" and he sang again, "If everybody had a frues board across the U.S.A., then we'd all be **frue** sin, **frue** sin you is a."

After a few words alluding to biblical passages referring to/warning of poisonous, bad fruit/food I pointed out that I didn't buy it. "Huh?" from one of the Whopper® eaters. I don't buy it. I got a chicken sandwich it doesn't have a slice of tomato. I didn't buy it, I didn't try it, I'm not eating it. Most the rest were. Darrel went on to be the captain of the Ft. Lauderdale fire department and he knows (he still bought it though) it's a table full of dam Jim Jones junkies that's burning the garden down. One of the assembled got cheeseburgers with no tomatoes but when he saw the group "buying it" he made sure they knew he wasn't with me. The power of humiliating dolt groupthink is a horror.

Around this time and over the next 15 years or so the frequency of the request to cut down a fruit tree increased very, very noticeably. The homeowners offer me money to cut down their fruit tree and want it taken to the dump (the Everglades). I refuse to cut down a fruit tree for no reason plus I'm extremely suspicious as to why they suddenly want to get rid of em now that the GMO food is the latest and ask the wacko's why they want to get rid of the tree, "It's a mess!" I realize they're saying it's a **mass**, they even pronounce it this way only implying it's a mess by the disgusting foul look they give while describing the "mess" as if they took a bad shit. If a dolt only eats cooked/processed food rare fresh stuff would be an alimentary disaster. They're cutting down and throwing away the only food source they're in control of and aborting everything alive (good food) with the dam and ditch agriculture it takes to feed 'em as they're introduced to the new GMO genetically modified organism. It's as if the dolts are intent on insuring the only food they can eat is GMO. And they're willing to pay

for it.

I lived with a guy named Billy Burns, he asked me, “Jolley, what do think is the most powerful force in the world?” Gravity? “Nope. **!REVENGE!**” Billy went on to become a multimillionaire
1. Bruening and Lyons, University of California, *California Agriculture* 54(4):6-7 July-August 2000

Hotlanta broker and married a Penthouse Pet. Mr. Burns is a blonde Italian about 5’8”, 155lbs. Mr. Burns is operating an unusual scheme. I never witnessed it but heard all about it and saw the injuries he took, mostly to his hands as a result. Billy Burns walks into a different bar every night and one of three things occurs. He’ll walk up to the biggest, roughest, baddest beer drinking sucker at the bar and beat the crap out of them, breaking ‘em bad and quick and then clear out. The second scenario’s exactly like the first except he’ll call you outside to administer the treatment. The third option’s he’ll go in the bathroom and wait for ya to show up, perhaps unsealing the pores of the head with a hop head. He was ruthlessly brutal.

I never went out with Billy but when I went out the biggest dude at the place would always try to start a fight with me. I got a lot of practice brushing characters off, usually verbally. I went into the confrontation with the antagonist figuring Billy would just get ‘em later. Nowadays, when I walk into a men’s restroom and there’s a big guy in there, especially if they’re seated in the stall (I judge how big they are by their shoes) I tell them this story. The bigger the character I tell it to the better the effect/affect.

A disorientating reasonless movie about nothing except the title, “The Rocky Horror Picture Show” plays constantly at the “Carefree” in Lake Worth Florida. At a “point” in the film an actor calls out, “A toast!” Some of the dam wacko regular attendees throw toast (throw the bread away).

I took an art appreciation course, I wanted to be an artist, with a Professor who went on and on about Herman Melville’s “Moby Dick” and a one-legged man chasing a white whale around the world. A Cherokee Indian Irish man taught American history. He had a different version of history than I’d been taught over the last 20 years. He would be Florida’s “college teacher of the year”. I was fortunate to be there. He taught us that the Civil War was not fought to end slavery. Slavery was already dead because the “ringmasters” running the show had figured out that if you sold the slaves the land, the houses and horses they, thinking they were free, would work ten times as hard. Then the “ringmasters” would simply tax them 30% and make 3 times as much money. Wow! I thought, those “ringmaster” guys and gals are slick. Once you figure out this scheme your left wondering why we had the war in the first place.

The professor knew why. He pointed out they (the carpet baggers) were fighting over the money-making civilization installation (the dams, the ditches, the sheds and waste treatment) to take place after the war but this was standard. He had a mystery solving technique I’d never even heard of. I’d been taught to examine what preceded an event when reasoning why. This professor taught me to look at what happened after an event when reasoning why and pointed out after the Civil War corporations were given all the rights of a person in the 14th amendment. It is obvious now this is “what happened” after the Civil War or the most significant thing that occurred as a result. This is what keeps us from stopping the corporations. It would be discrimination. Nowadays after paying a 30% tax a live person’s remaining 70% goes mostly to the corporations. I researched this idea even further and discovered after the civil war American corporations solicited investors and the Europeans (largely the English) stepped in and invested (took over) which is why I call the Civil War, which wasn’t civil at all, the “Counter Revolution”.

I dated a young Jewish woman, Miss. Alexa Rachel Sherr (pronounced share or sure) for almost four years, she was a sucker for barbecue pork and lobsters. I fell in love with this girl. She was extremely beautiful, even more intelligent, had a real heart and her parents were wealthy. My kind of

girl. We had an interesting relationship and called each other once or twice a day. Often the phone would ring as I was picking it up to call her and it was she, this happened the other way around too and sometimes the phone was busy, sometimes the phone wouldn't even ring as one or the other of us would pick up the phone with the other person already on the line. We thought this was something.

One night, I rode my 700 (Club) Honda Interceptor to her dad's humble castle to pick her up, she was drying her hair or something and I was waiting. Her dad, Mr. Sherr, was a Rhodes Scholar and we got along well. We were talking out in front of his place when he asked me something. I can't remember if he asked me if I believed in god or if he asked me what it was that I believed in. I believe in myself. He ran me through some of the pitfalls I'd encounter with this idea, believing in my self, and finished off by telling me about King Midas. This fellow gets the "gift" of being able turn everything to gold and ends up looking like an ass. He told me if I ever ran into King Midas not to believe it and to believe in one god. This was interesting to hear, I never forgot it. This Mr. Sure knew something, as if he had some experience in the area.

One night he was entertaining guests at a large party including polytrickons. He explained to me that while he was extremely rich and made a lot of money in property law, he was willing to share his fortune with those less able to acquire it. The government taxed him almost 50% and he was having a gathering at his house to see if he could get the money put towards a good purpose. I kinda liked his idea, it just looked like the government (which operated like an antigovernment) was the worst bunch to give the money to.

Alexa went on a holocaust packaged tour in Europe. Many people say the Nazi's attempted extermination of the Jews and Gypsies didn't happen. I served a few older people in restaurants who had #'s tattooed on their arm that said it did for sure. It was a horror no doubt but I often pointed out that more Russians died in WW II. She didn't like this. The most noteworthy thing about the holocaust as how it relates to now is how the people who lived by the extermination facilities covered up and ignored it, "pretended" that it wasn't happening. The people who lived next door, they watched the trains and trucks of people forced into the place. They saw the smoke coming out of the stacks, the only product. They either didn't mention it or when they did, decided never to mention it again. They just kept going on with "their lies" as if everything was normal. This is the true horror of the event and shows "how humans are". They're able to commit atrocities, attempted "genocide" and act like it's not happening. The dam shiddy problem (a complete ecocide attempt) is so much worse the two aren't even comparable and the humans are trying to hide it even more so. Know that if Hitler had ground the "yellow stars" into sausage and sent the meat to the front lines as the Germans made way punching holes in the dams he'd likely have took over the world and saved us all. As it is the "yellow stars" (u.s.) won.

While attending PBCC (the old Peanut Butter and Jelly College) I could often be found working 3 jobs while attending school. I accomplished this by working the graveyard shift (midnight to 8 AM) for a G.E. subsidiary as a bridge tender, going to school till about noon, cutting grass in the afternoon and parking cars in the evening and early night. For a while I valeted at "Rumbottoms" on the Intracoastal Waterway, the end of the cocaine 80's and beginning of the pharmoresuetokill 90's. This is where I really learned to drive. The Ford Mustang 5.0L was the car of choice to learn on (preferably not your own). I liked the LX with the regular trunk, it was the lightest. There was a railroad crossing with a super steep approach between the main lot and the overflow lot. If I got the right car and I was selective, off to the overflow... I liked to try and kinda launch at an angle with traction loss on all tires and lots of smoke. The closer one approached to sideways on takeoff the more exciting it was, especially on the landing which one wanted to be straight (at least get the front tires pointing in the direction of travel).

Don't think that I didn't take care of people who took care of me. One character came in a

Corvette ZR1 on Saturdays and tipped 5 Jacksons, \$100. I parked his car less than 20 feet away, slid four 20's in my left rear pocket, got out, and put \$20 in the kitty from my right back pocket. I'd watch for him to get in the LONG approach lines, smoke a cigarette just as he was getting close to the establishment and with perfect timing, ditch the smoke, step in front of the head valet lieutenant (sucker) and open the door for the best guy. Pullin' off the "step in front of the valet lieutenant" was tough every time because he knew, too. Establish dominance from the first, never even let the chance of him ever getting the big cheese occur. That valet met me at the ZR1 a second or two late every time, boy was he pissed off. I countered the obvious threat to my continued employment by working or establishing a relationship with the house (a separate crew kinda) the doormen in particular. This seemed to intimidate the other valet and it should have, considerin' who ran the joint.

I wanted to be a rocket (a rock/e.t.) scientist, while taking calculus something unusual happened. It seemed like when test day came around the calculator that I'd been using for studying would quit working while I was taking the test. I got new batteries, it did it again on a quiz, this was madness. I finished with a pen. I got a new calculator and brought in a pencil just in case. It quit working again, I finished with the pencil. I brought a solar powered calculator and sat down on it and cracked it on the way into the next test. I got the picture. I stopped trying to use a calculator. I solved the calculus problems with a pencil, it takes a lot of lead to prove this stuff.

It was funny to get up and sharpen my pencil over and over. The professor called me to his desk the day after a test. "I see you're not using a calculator." I swallowed and quickly explained my predicament, which was hard to do, because it's different. He thought about this for a second and then turned his attention to my answers. He flipped through the first few pages of work explaining that I had answered the first few questions correctly but missed this one because of a subtraction error on the third page of the proof. He said it looked like I understood how to solve the problem better than the kids with the calculators. "Carry on".

I did, doing the same thing in the physics classes and calc II. I liked the look on the other student's faces as they watched me sharpen my pencil for the third or fourth time. They realized I was either solving or proving I knew how to solve problems designed for a calculator with a pencil. I also realized that sharpening the pencil was a distraction. It didn't matter if it was on the wall with a hand crank or if it was a little plastic one that was used at the desk. Even the swooshing sound of the lead against the paper was a distraction so bringing in multiple presharpened pencils did nothing. This distraction may have lowered their marks and moved me further along the bell curve.

I met Rob Remington at the "Firehouse" (casa del fuego) restaurant where he was a waiter and I was bussing tables. He was burning the candle at both ends working 2 or 3 jobs as I was. "Framer" was the job title and slapping up a 2" x 4"/plywood substrate for the actual roof was the work. He interested me in the job and I decided to do it just to learn something new if anything. All I needed was a California framer (straight claw hammer) measuring tape, tool belt with leather pocket for nails and a chalk line. Boy did I learn a lot in a short period. We'd climb up on a concrete wall with hurricane straps, fly in the trusses, cover them with plywood and move to the next place. We'd start nailing the plywood to the trusses (the frame) and work our way around the house meeting the plywood up back where we started. It could have been easy but the structures had 20 hips and 20 valleys because the purchaser of the homes wanted it that way, a complete façade/complex roof instead of one hip to shed (or even better to collect) the rain.

The thing that was noteworthy of the whole affair was when we met the plywood back to where we started it never quite met up right. It was always a little bit off so we'd "do something" to make it meet. This was obviously going to be a spot for leaks to develop and then the mold, mildew and fun-

gus disease thing which I was allergic to. Every place was like this and I'd talk to the crew about what we could do to solve the problem. Make a simpler frame and collect the rain to keep the foundation from cracking from uncollected rainfall? The men would say it wasn't worth doing/didn't matter/there was nothing that could be done about it because, "It was all damned to hell anyway." Every one of the guys said the same thing and it made a big impression on me. This being why all the things we do were to fail prematurely. Because it was all damned to hell anyway.

Leading up to the GMO food introduction, the biggest thing to hit the supermarket ever, American's are pondering, "Paper or plastic?" I pack up my stuff and move to Gainesville with the idea to get a B.S. from the University of Florida.

I had figured out that the rockets were made of chemicals and I was trying to get into the number one chemistry program in the nation. All I had to do was get a "B" in Calculus II and I was in. I'd already gotten a "C" and ended up trying again, sitting in a pencil sharpener not included math class against the wall in the back left from the teacher's viewpoint. In front of me sat a really hot chick. Next to me sat a big guy who couldn't stand distractions. He said that the sound of the lead on the paper was driving him crazy. I had developed a certain cadence (for me the solution was in a sense musical) and it did look like there was a hornet's nest in his head. He pounded on his calculator buttons in retaliation. About this time, I decided that chemical rocket scientology was not the solution to my problem.

Michael John Abbruzzie Sr. was a Mensa, an Emory Riddle graduate, the father of the guy I "hung out" with the most and the most knowledgeable person I knew. He was an amateur pilot and mechanic that owned and operated a reservoir cleaning service. When I look back at my life, knowing what I know about who I am, I find it extremely pertinent that my best buddies dad, who removed vegetation from the mud fall out zone in the reservoirs of Iraq's fertile crescent, was the character who shared more valuable information with me than any other single person. He knew a lot about history, the way things worked and the way things were. One of my best learning experiences was sitting at a table with this man and enjoying a meal of apple salad, pasta with red sauce and a glass of wine while talking about how things came to be the way they were and who was responsible for the dam shiddy mess specifically. He knew all about the World Bank, the IMF, the Billbergia's, the Trilateral Commission, who was in the train car in the Ardennes forest at the close of WWI, the whole bit.

He invented what he called the "cookie cutter", which was a machine capable of clearing the vegetation from the sediment fallout, agriculture fertilizer runoff fed swamps of the dam reservoirs. He'd tell how it was for the benefit of the waterfowl, there was no place to land he would say. I always questioned the environmental benefit of this, how productive it was. What do you do with the vegetation? He said he just piled it up on the side of the reservoir. Eventually, he let on that the real reason the Iraqi's paid him to clear out the swamp, so they could shoot the Iranians that were running across the swamp on the way to cut down the date palms and other mayhem.

But the main idea he left one with about the whole dam reservoir waterfoul war was the Mockofsin, the snake attacks he endured while getting it done. Moccasins are extremely aggressive poisons water snakes and from what he said they lived in nests and when he was clearing the swamp and disturbed a moccasin nest the snakes would attack him. He really went on about the Mockasin when talking about the dam reservoir killing field he was working on. The double entendre, and how one could talk about an idea with multiple meanings, Abbruzzie Sr. was the master of this without hardly letting on that he was perhaps talking about more than just Moccasins, nests, dams, reservoirs, choking vegetation, waterfowl and else. Mr. Abbruzzie was a cornucopia of ideas that I use to solve the dam shetty dilemma.

Be aware of that which lies under one's nose. Literally and figuratively how this was the weakest spot for a human because they couldn't see what lied beneath their nose, because of where

their eyes were situated on their face and how their nose was in the way of transmitted or reflected light. For instance, a person could deliver an uppercut punch and dislodge the jaw, pinching a nerve, and knocking one out. Best defense, tuck in chin and clench ones' jaw. Also, the thing that lies beneath ones' nose is their mouth, my best tool for attacking the problem and it seemed as if humans had crippled themselves with a finicky olfactory sense, plus the obvious complete unawareness (whether real or feigned) of the damn shetty problem. Another thing he said was that when trying to answer a question or determine a solution to a problem or diagnose the cause of a problem, **think about it**, often the first thing one thinks of is the answer, for sure.

Mr. Abbruzzie told a tale of how while working and witnessing a bunch of waterfouling mockofsinners he'd made a deal with a young boy who would dig up clay container shards, most likely broken shitpots, from the midden pile along the Wall of Babylon for a few dollars. These broken shit part shards had designs or images on them and Mr. Abbruzzie arranged them into a display that he framed. To me this was a message from the Wall of Babylon collected by Michael John Abbruzzie Sr. and another young man and displayed for me. I interpret it to say when attacking the damn shiddy problem the boneheads (those deliberately destroying life) and pumpkinheads (those who would pimp out their kin) are the target or watch out for the boneheads and pumpkin heads, attack with a double chevron style motif, arrive at the target with back up or a one two punch, reappear or return, grain, bread, food for thought. It was one of the most powerful messages I've ever taken and I use it as my main M.O.

I'd decided to purchase some indoor horticultural equipment including a 1000-watt high pressure sodium bulb, hood, reflector and ballast. The ballast stepped up the 120-volt current coming out of the typical wall outlet and was very heavy. Abbruzzie Jr. and I decided to fly the equipment from the Lantana airport up to the Inverness airport where Sr. lived. When we were loading the grow room equipment on the plane, a twin-engine propeller Sr. equated to a flying pickup truck, Sr. decided the very heavy small box should go up in the nose of the airplane to better balance the load. He was very curious as to what I and his son Jr. were up to and wanted to know what the heavy thing was up in the nose compartment. I told him it was a ballast. "No seriously tell me what it is." It's the ballast.

I got to copilot the trip, adding to my flying experience. It was a partly cloudy day and as we flew over the former Everglades turned dam and ditch sugarcane disaster I asked how come we were flying around the clouds. Sr. said it was because there might be something in them that we could fly into causing a crash. I told him I really wanted to fly into a cloud. He let me. I approached one from the bottom and flew up into it. "Now what are you going to do?" Get out, I can't see where I'm going. "Yep." I pushed the stick forward with the idea to begin to descend back to where I was. He told me not to do that. How come? "That's where the ground is. Can you see it?" Nope. "Me neither." I pulled back on the stick and we got out the safest way, up. This is a valuable lesson to learn. "What's in the nose of the plane?" It's the ballast.

We landed at Inverness, taxied the plane over and parked it right next to the Sheriff's plane with an infrared sensor that they use to detect the heat emanating from illegal grow rooms attached under the nose of the airplane. Of course, we made mention of this. Sr. was pulling the light ballast out of the nose. "What is this thing?" It's a ballast.

I couldn't decide what to major in. I knew what I wanted to do, find out what the problems were on the planet and solve the problems. Which major would be the best for this? I had Noah idea. On a rainy day in Gainesville, FL I stepped outside with the curriculum book or the book of possible majors and sat down on the front porch step with my feet in the rain. I decided I would put the book on my thigh, hold both covers and let it fall open, whatever gravity decided, I would pursue. The book opened to Environmental Horticulture.

Often, I'd carouse the campus late night. Kinda roll around real slow on my bike or just stroll looking for girls, hitting the ATM machine and I'd run into a character. I couldn't tell if they were

tripping on LSD or eating mushrooms or just thinking outside the box but they'd say, "There's a nuclear reactor under the physics department lab and campus could take off like a spaceship". The first time I heard this I was like, yeah whatever buddy but after I'd heard a few different versions of it I started seriously thinking about it. When one really thought about it humans had all the technology already created. We didn't have to invent anything, there was no missing piece to the puzzle, we had it all, and instead of taking off and seeing the universe what were we doing?

The sewage treatment plant was open to visitors. My roommate, an engineer, Jason Bultman told me, "**You** need to see this" as if he knew something. On campus next to Lake Alice the sewage treatment plant was a state of the art type you'd find in a wealthy town. There's no end to the attachments, special features, extras and add ons a municipality could pay extra for but essentially, they're all the same. Most people don't consider it a tourism destination, I never saw anyone look at it but me, but it's basically the alimentary canal of town or a simulation of a natural river. Without this thing, town would be unlivable in short order, unless the town had manuel fertilizer machines. If town lost power this is the problem that would back up on one first. Therefore town "can't" lose power. The sewer pump lift stations, bubblers, spinners, macerators and the rest of the bells and whistles are powered by electricity.

These sewage treatment plants are hard to miss, big cylindrical tanks, rectangular concrete pools and of course the stink. After walking up the steel staircase to the catwalk above the cylinders the first thing one sees is that there's lots of stuff in the sewage that floats. Plastic tampon applicators, hypodermic needle syringes, nickel bags, condoms and other floating stuff typically is periodically skimmed off the top. Around and around it goes. Typically, periodically the stuff that sinks is separated and taken to the landfill, usually along with the plastic stuff. Periodically it gets pumped to the next tank where it's clearer. Pump it, spin it, bubble it, macerate it... then it flows through a concrete swimming pool with baffles that looks like a maze. Now it's treated for the most part. If the fecal form bacteria count isn't as low as the technicians would like, they add chlorine, peroxide, pump it back to the cylindrical tank and run it through again, U.V. light, the options are endless and they all cost money and there is no product. It's a waste. That's why it's called a waste treatment plant, at least they're honest.

At this facility it was pumped into Lake Alice where around which all the hotties and dudes walked their dogs and jogged, then it flowed across the lake and was injected into the aquifer where they were getting their drinking water from. The other options are to pump it straight into the aquifer or the river, either way this is where people get their drinking water from. This is one reason why superdriplineswatercollect is the way to go. Who would want to drink reclaimed sewage? The townfolk? These are the same folks who cringe at the thought of a fertilizer machine that grows organic fruit and saves the world.

Nearby Lake Alice was a hall for guest speakers. Once again Jason Bultman directed me here to see a show, this time he came with me. The speaker was Dr. Jane Goodall and when she walked out on the stage to a packed house she screamed out a warm chimpanzee call or greeting as she approached the microphone. I half way stood up in the chair with one foot on the seat back and one on the arm rest and screamed back at her an extremely loud viral long chimpanzeesque reply. Jason looked at me in horror, everyone looked at me. I was the only one who responded, we were sitting in the middle of the crowd just in front of her and I must have given the correct chimp response, probably low country bonobo (the chimps that were displaced by the dam reservoir just under her African research station). Dr. Jane beamed back at me the most "glad to see you're here look" I've ever gotten from a woman. Thanks Dr. Jane I was pleased to see you too. U.F.'s a tough crowd isn't it?

A week or two later a lecture was put on by a large group of men called "The Veritas Forum" or the forum for truth. Mr. Bultman attended this with me as well. The gist of the theory or idea they put forth was that because humans were the only animals or species that could reason, they couldn't have

evolved from lesser forms of life or other known forms of earth life because no other form showed the ability to reason. I almost laughed out loud and heckled these guys but I thought about it and it looked to me like humans were the only animal that didn't show the ability to reason while the rest did, so we may not have evolved from anything else on this planet. Jason liked these guys, a lot. His dad's a preacher.

Really the truth is found in the dictionary. In Greek Adam is another word for man, the word man descended from and/or the definition of man. Why? Because if you weren't willing to stack up stones on the river and dig ditches or otherwise be involved with dam and ditch agriculture you weren't much different from any of the other "starving" animals "stumbling around" picking up food off the ground. The reality is man is an animal and the definition of man isn't adam. The ancient Greeks hadn't quite figured out the truth yet or they expressed it exactly (man at present is dammed). The word human could be defined as a dam. The rivers and man will flow in time. Humans are about to go extinct. Also, note in the Bible a dam is created in god's image so... Think about it. God's damned and of course is counting on Homo sapiens to evolve into Hetero sapiens and assist freeing us all from damnation.

The University of Florida has a great library system, besides sleeping this is where I spent most of my time. I mostly studied the difference between pirates and buccaneers, and the whole gold thing. Pirates boarded ships, took everything of value, killed or impressed the crew and often burned the ship. Buccaneers typically sold fruit, vegetables, herbs, smoked seafood and a little meat down by the river. I found this to be fascinating, the whole religious drive for gold and the guys who were laying out for it as it floated back to the king.

As I'm researching the whole dam pirate thing I come across a noteworthy tale of a small vessel that is approached by a larger ominous pirate ship intending on boarding. As the tale is told the smaller ship simply raised a black flag with a yellow circle and yellow square meaning "the reverse of distress" from its mast. The pirate ship thought better of it and departed. Know the reverse of distress flag is the only flag you can raise from your mast to cause a pirate to consider likewise. Therefore, it's this book's cover. So, you can read this book by its cover from about a hundred yards. No excuses.

If one researches the dam thing, how the rivers literally got taken away from the people/life and dammed, the gold mine and its assumption of water rights for the dams and sluices that facilitated the yellow stone extraction, the madness of the American's gold rush period perfected it, the assumption of just damming it all, of course, legalese jargon and all. Noteworthy how the humans perfected the legal mechanism of the dam thing in search of a yellow rock that's main purpose seemingly was for coin/backing currency and adornment/jewelry but really was for stacking in bars in the easiest to steal locations and masked the whole dam thing with a wild tale of ? and barely a mention of the obstructions on the river that lay at the root of it, historically as recorded in the literature.

I liked the map room also, and the University of Michigan library on microfilm room was incredible. I went into the Michigan microfilm library with an assistant and looked around. I checked to see how the info was arranged. That night I lay awake in bed and searched my mind for the problems on this planet. The next afternoon I entered the microfilm library with the intention of discovering specifically what was killing life. I brought the librarian over to one of the cabinet's and selected a drawer. This one. She slid it open. I moistened the tip of my finger and ran it forward along the files and stopped at one and said this one please. I did the same at another cabinet and drawer and had two microfilm sheets. I loaded the first one into the "projector" and went to a page, seemingly at random. It was the picture and description of a dam hydroelectric turbine. I "randomly" checked one page from the many on the second microfilm sheet, a monocultural field of wheat. This pretty much seconded my mostly formed conclusion, dams, agriculture and electricity. This idea illustrates how my information collection methods can be let's say unorthodox or uncommon. In my mind I had come to know that I knew exactly what the problem was and "knew" the entire Michigan microfilm stacks like

the back of my hand. The FlapJack King.

Keeping in mind all my past readings (including several encyclopedias). I wrote this “Leaving Hotfill Calafornix” idea so a reader could use it as a sort of “how to” when addressing and assaulting the dam problem, that is to use the “skill” to further the infinity project. When I was younger my parents had told me a friend of theirs, Tad Knewton, had a photographic memory of sorts. They said he was able to quickly read the required text book info before the test, walk in and answer all the questions correctly simply because he sped read the pertaining info beforehand and remembered what it was. I asked him about this. He recommended scanning the page and remembering the main idea, get the main idea of each paragraph and a few of the supporting details.

Tad was a tree surgeon and Korean police action vet. He spent some time in the “brig” for stealing a “Deuce and a half” (2 ½ ton truck) and trying to sell it on the black market. Tad “got it” the idea of life but didn’t know or save as he didn’t attack the obvious porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. problem with the obvious dam fluidification, superdriplineswatercollect, thE manuel fertilizer machine solution. He deliberately cut his left arm off with a chainsaw as that was the hand that held the very hot crack pipe and he was determined to quit.

Another character, also a friend of my parents, Bill Simmel, was supposedly adept at this too, and when questioned recommended in addition to look to see what pattern, or style, the information was presented in of the usual known presentation schemes (check the publisher and their address) or not. This might reveal where the key (new) info was likely to be placed, less time to find, easier to avoid already known or superfluous info. Then one might know what page to look at in a book, for instance, out of hundreds of pages or more, to get the “new” or desired info. Bill was a Delta Air Lines pilot and Vietnam War pilot vet. He was introduced to my uncle John W. Jolley and later my family in Gainesville, back when they were students at U.F. As the story went, Bill drove his motorcycle into my uncle’s and his then girlfriend (Cathy’s) place (he crashed into the living room). Bill married Cathy. Later, after a second marriage ended in divorce, Bill shot and killed himself. He got it but didn’t know because if he knew he would have effected the change that’s gonna occur. These two men taught me a lot, if one figures out the problem and solution but doesn’t force the information forward, do the correct thing, it would drive the adult to do harm to themselves and others (insanity).

The house on First Avenue opened to a view of Ben Hill Griffin stadium and the SEC championship trophies that were on display. After another beautiful octopus (Octopus vulgaris) project ended in failure, I decided to capture a gator and keep him as a pet in the aquarium. I needed someone to steer the canoe while I got the creature. One of my roommates, Bobby, who ate cereal and milk exclusively and was studying to be a psychologist had just returned from a keg party and agreed to come along. We arrived at a swampy pond behind the dragon themed Chinese restaurant. I didn’t want just any old alligator.

We slid into the pond, the flashlight eerily reflected hundreds of little red lights. “What are those?” Those are alligators Bobby. Suddenly it dawned upon him what was back here in the middle of the night in the big dragon swamp, and what it was to enter it and try and catch one. The first one I approached was too big and violently swam away as we got within inches. This added to the excitement. You could get a good idea how big the gator was by how far apart the eyes were. I carefully lowered the flashlight towards the eyes of a smaller gator to get my other hand around his neck without shining the light on my capturing hand. Grabbing the 16-incher, flipping it upside down, rubbing its belly and stuffing the thing into a pillowcase was easy.

We offered free beer, restroom privileges, and gator on site to those interested in parking for the game. For three months we just about covered rent with the money. I’d get a mouse, and while waving around a “magic wand” (a stick) would transform the mouse into a “wildcat” or whatever mascot was

appropriate. Dumping the “wildcat” into the gator tank was fun and the gator would snatch the mouse in its jaws, drown it and eat the creature. We’d do this just before kickoff, with the band playing and the crowd cheering, run across the street and watch the game. I went to most of the away games except the one we lost to “Free Shoes University”. The Sugar Bowl National Championship rematch was great. I attended. The Gators won 52-20, snaring our first football championship.

An interesting twist developed later with the alligator. During a party at my place, a girl exclaimed that it was illegal to possess a Florida alligator. Insinuating that I was letting her in on a secret, I whispered in her ear (she was kind of cute) that it was a caiman from Brazil that I bought at the pet shop. She was in the Florida Game Warden program and let me know that it was a Florida alligator and they were endangered. I countered alligators were everywhere like rats. She told me she was going to call the Freshwater Fish and Game Commission. I took the beer out of her hand, turned her around, marched her to the door and kicked her in the ass on the way out. Before I went to sleep I took the gator to the “bat” pond and let him go.

The next day after riding my bike home for a rest, the head of the Florida Fish and Wildlife Department showed up to the glass front door. I was sitting in front of it and had to stuff the three-foot smoking water bong behind the couch. He wanted to see the gator. I told him I’d already gotten rid of it. He wanted to see the tank in the back room. I showed him the empty tank. We laughed about the whole situation. He remembered throwing them in people’s pools when he was a kid.

Through fortuitous circumstances I landed a job at White’s nursery, which was located west of Gainesville towards Newberry. Spurrion’s backyard and house were just on the other side of the fence. I thought it was interesting that he was my uncle’s roommate while they both attended school together, and I was working next door to the old ball coach. The job at the nursery was great and included a supper prepared by Mrs. White. It was the best fried cornbread, chicken, sandwich, soup, bean, and pecan pie, etc. lunches I’ve ever had. Mr. White said, “If I had a 100 guys like you I could take over the world!” You only need one.

Tommy D. is the best sidekick in the world or I’m the kickstand. Apparently, we were a **really** good bug collecting team because Laboratory Commander Foltz identified this. Dr. Foltz inquired about my damsel fly collection, “Where’d you get the damsel fly’s? Some of them haven’t been seen here in years.” Caught the dam sellers on the Ocklawaha River just before it flows into the Rodman Reservoir. Dr. Foltz eyed me seriously as if I’d really said something there. He said Tom and I together had the best insect collection that bug 101 had ever seen. He was bugged out about it and wanted to know where we got the stuff, as some of the bugs hadn’t been seen in a while. My damsel collection surely was the best damseller collection ever seen. Dr. Foltz gave us both a “B”. I was like what? We should get “A”s. “Nope”. How ‘bout a “B+”? Uh-uh we got a “bee”, Apis mellowferia, the nectar and pollen gatherer. Sometimes a bee is better than an “A”. Like when the “A” students have gotten all the spelling correct, all the letters boxed perfectly and everything’s lined up just so. Meanwhile, Tom and I are hiking and paddling all over the county getting the best bug collection ever seen and we got bees.

A bunch of us rode our bikes to the bug 101 lecture class. We were hot and sweaty, carried towels over our shoulders and sat in the back. Our mellow positions fit well into a class about bees. I was the all time “honey stick king” forever! I actually “tricked” the professor into knighting me this. The lecture professor gave honey sticks, which are plastic straw shaped containers full of honey, for correctly answering questions. I sat in the back of the class. This is where I sit, deep in my hive. The professor asked a lot of questions and I answered them. After a few days of this he had figured out and admitted in class that at this rate he was going to wear a rut in the rug. So, he moved me up front. Now I’d seen this technique before, and naturally rebelled. He probably saw the size of my stinger when he got a closer look realizing of course that I was in fact a king honeybee and not a drone. So

obviously he allowed me to move back deep into the hive.

Then we set up a fire brigade of honey sticks, which perfectly quenched the thirst that you got when you ate some of my ganja/honey cookies that I was sending back the other way. Many people in the class figured out something was going on. What was it? I or something, was directly showing you how this whole hive thing works. Did you eat any of those cookies professor? Ha ha, nope, you were too far away and I carefully did not release enough Jacuzzi cookies to make it up to the front. Just enough so those right around me knew what was up. I ate most of them. The rest of the hive was just busy passing me all the honey. They were taking notes on me, too. Quite possibly because something or I was implanting the questions in the professor's mind that I knew the answers to quite simply because I'd already studied bees with my dad who had hives in the orange groves.

Orange blossom honey, my father's honey partner was a man from the Far East Mr. Kimya and he knew a lot of different honey collecting ideas. This made it very easy for me, the "king", to answer the questions. Every once in a while one of the bees busily passing my team honey back here would half way wizen up and raise their antenna, usually before the question was even finished, trying to get a jump on me. I let the professor call on you and you would pipe up with a halfway right answer. Curiously the professor would finish the question and then I would finish the answer. Then I stood up walked to the front of class and forced you to split the honey stick with me because you were only half correct. I'd consume my half in front of the class. Mmmmn, they're good huh? This was hilarious to me and the guys deep in the hive. While I was standing next to you, I'd gaze into your eyes and without saying anything try to make you realize that the honey sticks were being passed to the back of class, to me, deep in my hive.

I didn't invite you to but you could have come deeper into the hive and quite possibly figured out what was going on. Just about when you think you'd figured out why we were all back here laughing our asses off, answering all the questions. I'd slide you a cookie and a honey stick that you'd never sampled with all the busy note collecting and honey passing you were doing, quite obviously for me, and then like magic, you'd forget all about that busy bee crap. You'd figure out what was going on while we were sitting back here having so much fun as the flower at the lectern droned on and on about something that I knew all about or one of my closer assistants would quietly tell me if I missed. This was big time fun tricky stuff that you'd certainly figure out if you went deeper into the hive for a while longer. We were having a conversation with the professor and learning more than was in the book. This was a demonstration of how a beehive works and it showed how the king can jack your honey while you're focused on the drone.

Organic chemistry at the University of Florida is what they call a "weed out course". All semester long I sat in the back left when viewed from front of a 300-person auditorium. I was in way over my head and was struggling with what ended up being a little more than I wanted to know about Chemistry. I was doing better than most though, and my 35 percent test average put me in the upper quarter of the bell curve heading into drop week. I popped the question to the cats sitting around me. You guys gonna stick around for the fat lady? It seemed they were going stick it out to the end, and the class was packed the day before the final. You can imagine my surprise when I walked in to the final (late) and there were the ten cats who were sitting around me during the last several months, the other 290 kids had dropped the course and had been still attending, planning to take the course again. I knew I had falling to the bottom of the bell. You had to see the Cheshire grin on these cats' faces as they welcomed me to the final exam, "Glad you could make it Hollywood." I had to beg the professor for a passing grade, which was cheaper and easier than taking the course again. Of course, I pointed out to him he never taught the material, sent in an aide and was complicit with a money mill scam.

The three of us sat down in the back of plant ID class, immediately Dr. D said, "I want the three troublemakers up front". I thought this was funny, and commented that we were the good, the bad and

the ugly. Just then our other accomplice walked in and I dubbed him the tardy. Raphael was the good, I was the bad and Tom was the ugly. “K man” was the tardy. I called us the four hortsmen, not the riders of the apocalypse (the “big 4” space aliens). We were their option, more like corn, beans, squash and peppers. Us four vegetables held horticultural conferences and in addition to studying the material, we talked about relevant ideas. The save the Everglades project was just kicking off. One of the directors of the horticulture department, Dr. Cane, could build an entire grey water filter/disneyeverglades, he knew everything about it, yet was not even in on the restoration. He was Dr. Cane! Even if he didn’t have this name, he’d have been one of the top guys to consult with about this project. It looked like the State of Florida and Feds could not read, either that or they weren’t planning on restoring the Everglades.

The turfgrass professor was Dr. Grady Miller. He taught us that “image is everything”. He had a name that loosely matched his title and main concern, he could have been an agronomist. In the turfgrass world, image is everything. What it takes to achieve this image is steel, fuel, labor, chemicals and water. What this image doesn’t include is native plants and animals. It’s our number one irrigated crop in the U.S. We spend at least 40 billion dollars a year in cultivation that produces an environment with no native plants and animals. It’s our number one pastime. Turfgrass cultivation is the ultimate expression of the monoculture that got us here. Americans believe in monoculture. It’s hard to question their faith, look how far they’ve run with it. The history of this belief explains how we got where we are, it’s very complex but is simply spelled fertile crescent saharafication.

The horticultural trinity corn, beans, and squash is the real deal. It is the answer to the terrific problem of monoculture. Reclaimed grey water irrigated rice (grow rice in staircase greywater cleanser on side of home) is good with corn, beans and squash. Corn, which might be the real gold discovered in the New World, is a C4 plant and photosynthesizes differently. If plants are an engine corn has a turbo. The bean fixes nitrogen in the soil that the corn needs, somewhat eliminating the need for additional fertilizer. The squash is the perfect edible container for the corn and beans plus it keeps inedible weeds from competing nonproductively without using herbicide. Just fill the gourd with corn and beans, add water, salt, and pepper, cover with an acorn fed squirrel and toss it on the fire. Plus, one can grow the vegetables in the partial shade of fruit trees and have apple, mango and pecan pies for dessert. Don’t laugh as this might be as close to heaven (on this surface) as you get.

Also, they taught us that if a space alien ever dropped off a plant on the surface of this planet, corn (Zea mays) with its unique photosynthesis would be the likely suspect, it had like one “cousin” but it was insignificant. I often tell people that on the missions to Mars besides digging up the soil and baking the water out of it, which is the same thing we’re doing down here, they’re looking for dams and canals and a corn kernel.

U.F.’s horticulture department is the #2 horticulture program in the world, Cornell (which I call “Corn Hell”) is #1. When several U.F. professors (who are in communication with Cornell and Texas A.M. professors) tell ya corn is likely to have been dropped off by space aliens, take note. Realize that it’s not written in the books because they’re too scared to write it down and the publishers are too scared to publish it if they did but the information is passed along verbally. Also take note that when ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO corn hits the market (it hasn’t as of 97’) it will be the worst weapon on the surface. Space alien corn or corn dropped off by aliens gets genetically engineered to be not fit for consumption, enters the food supply and becomes the biggest weapon on the planet. The alien ethanol grade GMO corn is a weapon. When I typed the preceding 6 sentences into the computer a big yellow triangle with black exclamation mark appeared at the bottom of my screen warning I’d better save this work, some kind of computer memory problem. First time I’ve ever seen it in my life 6/8/2017, take note.

The real juicy stuff we learned in Physiology. If I told you a bunch of good ole boy Mississippi

cotton farmers got control of the world's food supply and quickly dished it off for a half million dollars (or half billion) you would probably think I was crazy. Delta Pine and Land Co. somehow came up with the technology that enabled the genetic modifications. Terminator seeds, this is an oxymoronic idea (patent# 5723765 or "sinco mill lucky to thee thou san starvin' seein' six manos") these seeds produce GMO fruit but the seed from the fruit doesn't germinate. Thus, the farmer must keep buying the seeds from the corporation. The largest of these corporations is Monsanto, located in St. Louis. Saint Louis was a king from N. France. He was canonized after his second crusade ended in disease. Monsanto also makes zombie seeds and pull the plug seeds which are the answer to the terminators seeds problems and if that doesn't control the problem Monsanto promises the exorcist seed will. St. Louis's Monsanto even makes the abortion seed. It's possible that monocultural GMO's will feed humanity's increasing population. We're like rats though, the more we eat, the more we propagate. The St. Louis Corporation Monsanto, California's Calgene and Switzerland's Syngentec tell us to have faith, they'll just make the GMO's more productive. In 96' the official "word" from the industry was we had to do it, "To feed the humans."

Another scenario is that with control of the world's food supply, they could purposely sell a bunch of seeds that produce no fruit, or food with side effects. Using food as a weapon is not a new technique. Another scenscario is that another organism/entity/force could get control of our food supply and change the plants genetically thus changing us genetically and making us easier to digest, more palatable, more nutritious for them or a better skin suit fit or just zonk us out and take over. I pointed this out in class and the idea was met with nervous laughter from the front right when viewed from the professors' position (the know nothings who are with it). They tittered and clucked like nervous barking chickens. The know nothings who aren't with it typically sit in the back right, the know it alls who are with it sit in the front left and the know it alls who aren't with it sit in the back left (where I sit). Dr. See Very E.T. Coop's the dude in charge of the F.D.A., the surge on general. The professor Dr. Darnell agreed with me and I read horror/seething bitterness on her face. She was glad I said something about it, the obvious.

One day Dr. Darnell lectured on "The Green Revolution" describing agricultural innovations that took place after WWII. I raised my hand. She called upon me. Dam and ditch agriculture is the foundation of the green revolution isn't it [is sin it]? (She hadn't mentioned this yet and it looked like she was going skip over it, the main part.) She actually looked relieved I brought it up, not put on the spot and replied forcefully, "Yes, dam and ditch agriculture is the foundation of the green revolution." Dr. Darnell went on to make part of the final exam the question, "What is the foundation of the green revolution?" and the answer, "Dam and ditch agriculture". It's certainly noteworthy that the foundation of humans' civilization is dam and ditch agriculture, yet the subject is never mentioned in 20 years of schooling unless I broch the subject.

Why do humans like to grow food in the desert? For the first few years, because of the desert location the pest disease pressure is low, there's not a lot of bugs. BUT this alluring proposition doesn't last long as the pests move in quick then there's no natural predators and the pest problem is worse than growing anywhere else, complete suck job.

Boy those Delta Pine and Land Co. dudes who "created" the technology sure dished it off quick, for "pennies", maybe they were spooked. If ya thought about it, what better place to conjure up the food to enslave us than just above Greenville, Mississippi? (Isle de Juventud?) DPL Co. is located on Deer Road (serve it die rue) next door to where Robert Johnson sold his soul to the Devil to play music. John Frances Queeny founded Monsanto and in 1919 formed a partnership with a corporation from Wales. The other big player in the doom and gloom seedy business is "Singeneta". I just sat back in class over the next 2 years and as new GMO crops were engineered and entered the market the professors would make note of it and I just kept asking if they'd GMO'd the rice yet. Did they GMO

the rice yet?

During the introduction of GMO's, the laboratory created alien to this space food was touted as a tool to solve world/global hunger or starvation. Whose? At the College of Agriculture, we learned $\frac{1}{2}$ the food was lost in processing and of the $\frac{1}{2}$ that made it to the consumer $\frac{1}{2}$ of that was thrown away for a total of 25% getting in the peoples' mouths. Some of this had to do with the peoples' demand for white rice instead of eating the husk too or white bread with the rest of the grain wasted. Sometimes it just came down to old habits hard to break such as peeling carrots. In "the old days" the carrots were dipped in wax to retain turgidity and keep the root from drying out and the consumer would peel the wax layer off. At present carrots are no longer dipped in wax. Plastic bags, misters, refrigeration and what not keep the product "fresh" but humans often still peel them for no reason wasting the product.

Another thing we learned here was that plants close their stomates (gas exchange sites) when it gets too hot to avoid too much water loss. This practically stops photosynthesis. Plants had a narrow "window" of temperature they could grow in. If it gets too hot they don't grow. This is one of the largest problems of a global warming event. If plants were to lose even just 10% of their photosynthesis potential due to higher temperatures, it would be an environmental catastrophe.

Organic is presented as the option to modern dam and ditch agriculture's synthetic fertilizers, pesticides, hormones, antibiotics, irradiation and the new specter of GMO's. This is a false option largely because it doesn't solve the dam problem. Most organic crops are dam and ditch crops. Dam the river and dig ditches agricultural irrigation is the worst thing about the food. In 1997 organic food is grown with organic fertilizer (usually composted animal manure) and a limited # of "approved" pesticides. Know that after extensive research no measurable difference is found in the nutritional content of food grown with organic (shit) or inorganic (fossil fuel derived) fertilizer. It could be said that organic is better for the soil micro organisms that facilitate nutrient uptake in the plants but at a dam and ditch field it's a moot point.

Science clearly shows an inorganic field produces much more than an organic field. To make organic fields as productive as inorganic fields the additional acreage required causes more damage to the environment than the inorganic fertilizers and pesticides of the inorganic farm. Note as of 1997 food labeled organic could be GMO. The typical dam fool human adult doesn't get the idea, they have no consideration for life in general and how the cycle of life's deterioration caused by the agriculture that grows the food they eat is not good for them. The dam fool shows no sign of care for their children's welfare in a damaged system and deny that their soul will be born again in the future to suffer the hell they created.

Related to the organic option is the grass fed and free roaming options. As scientific evidence shows due to the enormous amount of pasture required to sustain farm animals and the environmental damage that results, it's better to lock em up in a cage, dam the rivers, dig ditches, grow GMO feed and transport the feed to them. Scientifically the best thing to do is undam the rivers, collect the rain with solar supers, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine, grow fruit and feed animals nearby the structures. I'm the only scientist forcing forward this solution though, which paints the others as superstitious dam fools.

Dr. Dehgan, "Dr. D", was the professor of Plant I.D. and Al was his T.A. that led the actual plant I.D. in the garden. This was to be the best class I ever took in preparation for my investigative assault on the dam world. It's my greatest tool for diagnosing the patient. The plants generally have two names, a Genus species name, usually two parts and a common name which is often a local language interpretation of the Latin name. The Latin names of the plants often describe its appearance,

growth habit or product when viewed from people's point of view. The parts or syllables of the Latin words used to describe the plants had their own meaning. The people, usually botanist, who gave the plants their Latin Genus species names, were usually extremely intelligent and put lots of thought into the name.

The Latin names are very descriptive and exact as the Latin meaning is unchanging, theoretically, it's a dead language and isn't changing or evolving like English, Japanese, French or what have you. It gives the different kinds of scientists a base language to impart information about plants and a world of other stuff. The combination of the many common names and Latin name give a very precise, yet loaded with all kinds of double, triple... entendres and other meanings if perhaps one letter is changed. Thus, spelling is extremely important. Spelling is kind of my weak point but I use the "errors" to my and life's advantage and I've found misspelling a word gave it at least two different meanings (the intended meaning and the new misspelled meaning). For the sake of this class one had to spell the names correctly and the only way I could remember how to spell it correctly was to remember the meaning of the words parts, so I became more knowledgeable about words in general, which is very powerful. It's important when communicating to use the best or correct word(s) as possible.

After careful note taking for decades I'd come to find a property owner, for instance, had something to say about life, an idea to put forth or a disclosure, confession or revelation to make and often they would, whether conscious of it or not, make this statement clear in the garden area they were in control of with the plants they either deliberately choose to plant or "life" planted their coincidingly, or both. Raphael Decomis at this time often cautioned me not to judge people (pointing out it was against the law of the manuel) and when a man named Raphael Decomis says this to me it's significant. I always argued that I judged the individuals' actions and the results of their actions not the person but the whole Latin meaning of the "plant billboard" they had maintained or not at their place kinda solved this judgment problem. It was as if the people admitted it or judged themselves. One just had to know how to read. This was slick and an easy way to know "what's going on" at or in the structure that occupied the site, they told you. You didn't have to wonder. The # of the plants could be revealing as well, as the #'s had their own Latin meanings and this added to the information put forth by the individual and life.

This is how I came to be able to enter communication or confrontation so confidently or sure of what was the case, to be omnipotent and omnipresent, at the time and site of an interaction with an individual, group or entity. I saw the sign. For me it begins with the plants, then the animals, the meaning of the words and parts of words, the location and time of the message as I approach the... I know what's going to happen or what card to pick so to speak, what to say before I get there, what's going to be there before I get there. The signs said to or said so.

I woke up the morning of the Plant I.D. final exam and looked at my clock. As usual my alarm clock failed on the day of the final, this is a reoccurring motif. The final had already started. I was 15 miles away from campus with a bike to get there. After realizing/digesting the near impossibility of a positive outcome, I stepped in my shoes, slammed a glass of water and tore off on my bicycle. I never made it to Fifield Hall so quick. I just dropped my bike in the grass next to the bike rack and sprinted through the building/up the stairs to the classroom passing my classmates as they all departed. I made it to the examination site with only a handful or so of minutes to go.

I had to quickly plead my case to "Dr. D" who informed me that by University law it was illegal for him to give me the exam as other students had already left. "I could lose my job." I just about guaranteed I hadn't stopped to talk to anyone by my extremely elevated respiration rate. I was huffing and puffing, sweating profusely. He agreed to let me take it. I'm sure he was intrigued as to how I'd fare on a difficult exacting test, in my condition, with just a few minutes to take it. I did the best I could, answering the easiest ones first, just tearing through the whole thing and scribbling down the

first thing that popped in my head. I passed.

This whole “late for the final test” thing and how it applies to the larger picture at present, my chosen penname “Justin Thyme” and I and Life’s ability to “pass the test” could be viewed as good news. You do realize though that you, the reader, are presented with this situation, now, for real. At least you’ve got the dam horizon line notes in your hand.

The U.F. Horticultural Dept. provided students with opportunities to take part in big money Ag. whether it was Speedling’s tobacco starter plant concrete pumped Styrofoam doom operation, FGNAT’s alien plant trade show or a representative of the industry. Ron Garl a premier golfcourse designer came to class wearing a Toro cap and dark sunglasses. Mr. Garl is quite a character, projecting an experienced, confident, respectful image. As if, if he was involved with the thing it would work. During his interactive presentation he pointed out the labor and difficulty the industry was experiencing with leaks and broken lines under the ground, particularly the hydraulic lines that controlled the sprinkler valves. Fixing pipes that are under the ground is a big bad problem. Just finding the break is tough sometimes.

I raised my hand. Mr. Garl was quick to give me time. Why don’t you just blow smoke through the pipes? A kackill of tittering laughs, guffaws and “What are you crazy?” looks spewed from the front right. Ron ignored ‘em and inquired further. Make a machine that blows smoke through the pipe, then you could look out over the course and where the leak is that’s where the smoke will be blowing up out of the ground. A few years later Toro’s new smoke blower leak detector machine would become the latest must have gadget on deluxe golf courses. I learn to be careful about recommending anything but dam fluidification.

With a limited income I often found myself at campus’s Plaza of the America’s eating free Hare Krishna food. Usually Anthony “Jesus” Davanzo the Valedictorian of Atlantic High School and contender for smartest person in the world, would be there and we often ate just the cake and lemonade, going easy or refusing the dam rice and questioning what they did with the other part of the butter they skimmed off (superstition). Daily the “Redcoats” the Southern Baptists would invade to student’s jeers, “The Redcoats are coming”! I’d question the longevity of their idea in general. How much longer do you think this whole dam thing’s gonna last? “Not much longer son.” Me and “Jesus” mostly talked about how to get out of paying for the dam bills. It was eating me up inside, my stomache was killing me all night long, I had to sip on a baking soda dissolved in water concoction or eat rollaides to just get a wink of sleep. The whole dam thing was just burning a hole in my stomache, with the worst sour bitter acid taste in my mouth.

I thought it was interesting to “run the park” at the #1 party University in the nation (the world) over lunch with Anthony Michael “Jesus” Davanzo. My roommate Chris a U.F. Horticultural student was legally blind. He had macular degeneration and rod cone dystrophy and his eyesight was so poor he wore cheap dark sunglasses. Yet he managed to ride his bike. Here we were, me and “Jesus” surrounded by a cacophony of superstitious “end of the worlders” in conversation about coming up with ideas to save the world, trying to find a way, with a blind man navigating by perfectly fine on a bicycle.

Sabedo, 12/14/1996, Mississippi River, China Ocean Shipping Company’s bulk carrier “Bright Field” full of corn crashes into New Orleans Rouse Corp.’s Rouse Riverwalk at the Hilton Hotel missing the “Creole Queen” of New Orleans and “parallel parking” between it and the “Flamingo” casino boat, headed for Kashima, Japan. Just before ramming New Orleans the ship had heat exchanger repaired by Carl Roussel. The Coast Guard claimed an oil problem. The anchor man claimed he didn’t drop anchor for fear of running into cruise ship “Niew Amsterdam”. Cordiality Shipping Corp S.A., Clearsky Shipping Corporation of Liberia, Itochu Corporation and Cargill were involved with corn shipment loaded in Terre Haute Indiana, West England P&I Club Liverpool insurance. They should have rammed Mississippi River Dam #27, so they were off target. Other than that, it was quite a splash and as usual most dolts couldn’t see the relationship of dam GMO events.

At the “Salty Dog Saloon” on a big night after the library closed often I’d take the point position near the corner of the bar in front of the door flanked by a taxidermied 13-point elk (Cervus canadensis) or train † point serve it die. This night, the height of the lunar period no doubt, was particularly packed and raucous, worst pool table in the country and I sat with my back to the door. In walked a stunningly gorgeous young woman. Without looking (although I did catch a just a glimpse of her in the mirror) I could tell she was looking for a light just by how everyman reached for one as she came in and made her way to the other end of the bar. She was fast and didn’t slow for a light, preferring to get one, perhaps a whole pack of matches, from the bartender. She enjoyed capturing everyone’s attention.

Without even looking I preformed the Tom Cruise “Cocktail and Dreams” one handed matchbook ignition trick/skill and cast the matchbook with igniting match in an arc over the heads of the beer drinkers and the entire length of the sloppy wet bar covered in pitchers and glasses. Just as she leaned up to the bar with an unlit cigarette between her fingers obviously seeking a lite the lit match and closed match book landed perfectly in a “just so” dry spot in front of her. She used it and retained the matches. At this point I was better than Hollywood. Tommy D. witnessed this, he’s seen me do a lot of neat stuff and he knows... if you can pull off a no look enlightning woetoman experience like this, just think what ya could do. It spooks most everyone else because they realize they’re not even in the same league. They could be though and this is what really “kills” ‘em.

The University of Florida Horticulture program was informative. There was a horticultural joke that they told that kind of boiled the present garden situation down to its base, “You can lead a whore to culture but you can’t make **her** think”. I argued this was exactly the case except “her” needed to be replaced with “them” as it wasn’t just the girls’ fault. The two best things I learned at U.F.’s College of Agriculture besides the fact they didn’t mention a word about dams and ditches, the foundation of modern and ancient agriculture (unless ya asked them, which I did) was taught to me by Dr. Clark (see lark). Dr. Clark coincidingly entered the IFAS program at the same time I did and he’s attempting to genetically modify petunias for increased flowering period for what amounts to mostly Columbian commercial flower production.

Dr. Clark told me between classes as I investigated the GMO thing “[referring to Monsanto] They’re the evil empire”. They’d asked him to work for them, a job he turned down. The other thing Dr. Clark taught me was in a just for me demonstration he made out in the **par king lot** that might appear to have nothing to do with the main idea of this book but is the main way or most effective way I sell the idea live in person as “Christ Allmighty” and learned how to do it from “See Lark” when he said, “Jolley **you** need to see this” and poured liquid nitrogen on hot asphalt. I personify this liquid nitrogen on hot ass fault visual (of the coldest of elements vaporized) when delivering impetus to others to attack the dam problem with river solution. I got a letter in the mail that said I’d been a subsidized student for too long (too many credit hours) and had to graduate. While I got out in spring, because I never applied for graduation, I didn’t graduate until fall.

Initially it appears the new GMO feed is fed to livestock as the news and worry at the grocery store centers around all the drugs, antibiotics and hormones in the meat because of what it takes to keep the livestock alive presumably now being fed GMO’s. However, the humans are unable to connect the dots and see how the drugged livestock relates to the GMO feed introduction and of course fail to see they’ll have to undam the rivers to solve the problem.

Let’s get married! Jen Crass laughed and told me to take a hike. I asked her to drop me off on the Appalachian Trail. Jen’s roommate, Orion, taught me to presquash sliced bread to help retain its shape, lent me a hammock and down sleeping bag. I did an overnight in Jones Gap State Park. I hiked back up in to the woods. There was a bright orange red salamander (Pseudotriton ruber) every 10’. They didn’t even move and didn’t even look like they were real. If you picked one up, it barely stirred. There was an unbelievable amount of them gathered on the trail. It was a fire magic salamander trail. The next day when I hiked out they were still there. When I got to a fork in the trail, one heading to the

parking lot and the other a continuation of the Jones Gap Trail, a guy came walking up the Gap trail. I asked him if he'd seen all these bright orange salamanders everywhere and he said no. He hadn't seen any. He walked past me and continued up the trail I'd just come down. I was standing there at the fork thinking about the thousand salamanders I'd seen and how this guy hadn't seen any, when he hollered back to me, "Oh, here's one!" Thank goodness, I thought I was going nuts.

Tiger paws were painted on the road to the trail, the University of Clemson was nearby, this was tiger country. Jen happily dropped me off at Dick's Creek Gap. If you've never tried a walkabout you should. Some people say that when you're alone for a while, something happens, a change. They are correct. Things happen out here that don't happen inside a box. Whistling "Zip to De Do DA" you get to the part about the bluebird (Sialia sialis) and one flies over your shoulder, and you get it. I'd just entered the woods when I scared up a tremendous covey of grouse (Bonasa umbellus) that roared into the air all about me. Much better than tigers, let's go with "The Sound of Music". Cue the doe. Immediately, one figures out not to whistle the tune from "Jaws". You don't want to manifest a great white shark out here "Deliverance" was filmed just downhill.

No IPODs allowed, you'll step on a timber rattlesnake (Crotalus horridus). Plus, the forest has its own symphony. So, I'm hiking along thinking how fortunate I am to be free. Free to whistle up whatever I want while most everyone else is working at their dam job and how slick I am to have slipped out of it so easily. Over the rise and through the woods the sound of girls giggling can be heard, real forest music. It turns out, Lee, a forest service employee, guy about my age that looked a lot like me too, was teaching a dozen stunningly gorgeous chicks about forest ecology. I enjoyed a wonderful snack with these Georgia belles, of course they had tea. I slipped up a little bit here because I literally had the jam and bread in my pack but was so overwhelmed with what was going on I forgot to pull it out.

Admittedly, it kind of burst my bubble a little bit (and you can imagine how swell it was) to think that Lee was at least twelve times as fortunate as I, after all, here he was getting paid to teach a bunch of young women about nature. He certainly had this thing all figured out, "part of the solution" so to speak. As I waved goodbye to the forest fairies, Lee, looking like he'd lost control of himself for a second, quietly offered to trade places with me.

Standing Indian Mountain was beautiful. It was a good time and place to hike because there were still flowers on the azaleas (Rhododendrons) but many had fallen off creating a carpet of color. The berries were just starting to get ripe as well. A misty rain was falling as I silently slipped past four guys in a tent. I met Casey and Casey at Runaway Knob Shelter. They were attempting to hike the entire trail. To avoid the main flow of thru hikers and that whole soap opera, they had decided to start in Virginia and head south to Georgia, then catch a ride to Maine and hike back to where they started in Virginia. They also explained that this solved the icy start and finish problem at the trails northern terminus, Katadin. Apparently, the exodus of thru hikers from Springer Mountain headed north is a real circus. Casey and Casey saw the whole parade go by just a few weeks ago.

I watched as Casey showed me how to start a fire. He patiently collected a handful of half tooth pick sized sticks arranged them in a pyramid and used a lighter to get it lit. I fried pancakes in lard and slathered them in jelly I'd brought. We shared a meal and they told me that women gain weight when they hike the trail and men lose weight. It looked like Casey had gained the ten pounds that Casey had lost. They pointed out that this made the man lighter and quicker, so he could travel more efficiently and gather more food, the woman got a ten-pound reserve in case she got pregnant. I was staring into the fire thinking about hiking the trail with Johnna, when Casey told me that women smell very strongly after a while in the forest. Later, it became apparent he found this exciting. He was a long liner fisherman and showed me the most efficient knot to use when tying my hammock to the tree (a half hitch and a slip knot). Casey also explained that the way to avoid getting blisters was to take your

shoes and socks off and let the skin on your feet cool down every time you took a snack and water break. This worked out to about every 45 minutes and was the best recommendation I heard on the trail. I immediately adopted all his techniques, realizing the unbelievable wealth of knowledge this guy had and how fortunate I was to run into Casey and Casey at the beginning of my hike.

Throughout the rest of the trip as I sat there next to the creek or laid out on the rocky overlook, relaxing, drinking water, thinking about how pleasant it was, other hikers would come upon me. I'd have my boots off and sock liners and socks hanging on a twig somewhere, and the interloper would say, "Must have sore feet huh?" No, my feet are fine. How about yours? Most admitted their feet were painful and they were suffering. I'd tell them how I'd met Casey and what he'd told me. The funny thing was only one guy took my recommendation. When he took his shoes off, his feet looked like hamburger. I imagine that the people who had admitted to me they were in pain had feet that were in a condition somewhere between "hamburger" and "brand new". Yet only one out of a hundred that I had this scenario with took their shoes off and let their feet cool down. Some were going in my direction and complained about how much their feet hurt yet continued not to take my recommendation. Later in camp they would take their shoes and socks off. Some of their tricks included powder, Vaseline and duct tape. None of these methods appeared to work as well as taking your shoes and socks off everytime you take a break. The penalty for not doing this is severe.

"Where do you shit?" is the #1 question I'm asked when talking about this trip to people who've never done anything like it. "How to shit in the woods" is a book. The best thing to do is go far away from drinking, eating and sleeping areas and sling it around, not using any toilet paper. Just north of Wayah bald I caught up with "Grubby", "Strider" and "Chowder". They were a few years younger than me and were hiking with a double bass viola, banjo and slide harmonica. I was traveling with a band now. These guys had a lot of heart and soul, especially the bass guy. One thing Casey didn't tell me is to go up the hill fast and down the hill slow. I was going up the hill slow and down fast. I hurt my knee going down copper ridge, and suddenly needed a crutch. A hundred feet down the trail there was a walking stick laying in the middle of it. I slowed down considerably. The band caught up with me and we agreed to have dinner up ahead at a shelter. It looked like rain.

I decided to climb up the Wesser Bald lookout tower and checked out the storms approach. When I got up to the top and looked at the tremendous electrical storm that surrounded me, I thought I was in error. I couldn't get down fast enough and half jogged with my sore knee down the ridge in the pouring rain laughing about how stupid climbing up in tower was in an electrical storm. I was thinking of taking shelter and staying dry. Boom! It looked like the transporter beam from Star Trek and it either hit me or just missed me to the right. Either way, I came to face down in the mud thinking the guys wouldn't believe this. I'd a been better off in the grounded lookout tower. My skip had turned into a limp and when I straggled, laughing, covered in mud into view of the shelter the band burst into laughter. It looked like I had been struck by lightning. This event and what I was thinking about when I got struck down (running for a cheap shed shelter to escape the reign) really influenced my take on the shed. Nowadays in similar situations I often sing a tune, a lyrically remastered Marilyn Mansion's "To Hell with the Shelter" which is Latin/slang for convert shed to dam collector.

The band had a battery powered alpine snow stove. This little gadget was shaped like a soup can and had a fan in the bottom that blew air up through a grate and would roast anything that would burn. Someone hiked up from the gap with a bottle of vodka (white lightning). We had a big party that night. The next day I had to walk backwards down to the Nantahala River. I couldn't take a single step forward my knees hurt so bad. It took me a while to figure out I could still walk backwards. The band thought this was an interesting technique later when they caught up with me. For the remainder of the hike, I carried a permanent walking stick and an expendable one that I burned for dinner. I met a couple of hikers heading south that told me there was a terrific amount of trash that someone had left at

the top of Cheoah bald. They asked me to please burn it and carry the metal and glass out. They explained that it was raining and that's why they didn't do it themselves. I agreed to do it.

I rested at the river hostel Saturday and Sunday night. When my dad graduated from the University of Florida he was notified that he was being drafted into the army, off to Vietnam. He joined the navy the next day, eventually getting on the U.S.S. Nantahala. The land of the noontday sun, it gets this name because the mountains are so steep the sun doesn't come out till noon. My dad came to be the communication officer aboard the ship, an oiler, at the Cuban missile crisis, supposedly the most dangerous armed conflict in history.

The Nantahala River was packed with young people and families for the weekend. They were having a river rodeo. It looked like fun. After a day of rest, I got a late start on Monday. After I'd hiked uphill for a few hours the trail split into twenty paths that spread out to an overlook. I had lunch and took a nap. When I woke up I headed down the trail. An hour later I got to a spot where a tree had fallen across the trail. I noticed as I climbed over the tree that someone had slipped in the mud and then I realized that I had slipped in the mud this morning going around a tree just like this. I felt like an idiot. I sat there and thought about heading the wrong way. Was I back here at the river for a reason? What does all this stuff mean? Cue the 57-year-old guy, gray hair and beard, excellent shape that coaxes you along.

It started raining when I got to the trash pile on the top of Cheoh Bald. It was getting dark. The place was a dump, several tents, mattresses, shoes, sleeping bags, coolers, and trash. I ended up solving this riddle. It's the helicopter pilots setting up a place for their dames. I managed to get a fire lit in the pouring rain and burned it all. I checked the trash for fuel tanks but it was a can of chili that exploded. It seemed kinda spooky this night and this chili bomb was startling. Fortunately, I had a slicker on. I manage to get the fire started again and another one exploded. I got it started the third time and finally burned it all except the metal. There was a bunch of creatures running around this night and I didn't sleep very long or deeply. I met a girl the next day that was wearing a Winnie the Pooh shirt.

I reunited with the band in Fontana Village. The band made for Fontana Dam and decided to stay at the shelter along side the reservoir. I left my walking stick leaning against the dam, followed them to the nearby shelter and explained to them that I didn't like reservoirs. The banjo guy wanted to know how come I felt this way considering the view, all the water in reserve for its agricultural and municipal use, and power production. It almost seemed like I was crazy. I explained to him that when they damned the river it extinguished, possibly never to be seen again, the entire river valley ecosystem. The reservoir than fills up with mud quickly or at least a lot faster than predicted. The "poisonous chemicals" flocculate or stick to the mud making the mud poisonous. During the last half of its "life" the reservoir is so full of mud it hardly reserves water. If the reservoirs fill with mud the water will flow over the top of the dam. This would look like a concrete waterfall for a short period and then the water would undermine the dam. The dams will fall like dominoes and all the poisonous mud will flow to the sea. Most the people live next to the river I added. They laughed very briefly.

Instead of camping next to the poisonous reservoir, I headed up the hill. Someone had thrown my walking stick off the dam and into the reservoir. I hiked into the Great Smoky Mountains and spent the night at Mollie's Ridge shelter overlooking Devil's Tater patch. I tried hiking along silently, not whistling anything up and immediately snuck up to a huge white tail buck that exhaled in a snort and simultaneously reached top speed. Wow, that was neat! Next, I slipped undetected into huge group of monster boars, this is the most dangerous thing left in North America. I let the pigs know that I had snuck up on them. They exploded into action. The next morning I tried the silent sneaky hike again and literally ran into a bear quietly eating berries. I decided that sneaking around in the woods was not cool at all. For the rest of the trip I whistled, sang and hummed.

When you hike up here in the Smokies you'll get a quick acid rain lesson. Apparently, all the coal and gasoline we're burning is creating acid rain that is "melting" our forests. Insects move in and attack the weakened trees. It was still kind of pretty and the trees hadn't given up trying yet. When I got to the top of Clingman Dome parking lot and the observation tower there was a fresh box of Krispy Crème donuts for me. I ate half of them right there and took the rest with me and split them with a couple of hikers later in the day.

Met the "Naked Wolf" a large man who insisted I shed my christen name and take another. I'd heard this before. Apparently, "the magic people" adopt a new name for whatever reason. I told them I was Jolley and they all said that wasn't good enough. At least fifteen or twenty of these magic people told me that I was the most magical person they'd ever seen, they specifically talked about my aurora. It was intensely purple and sparkly a few said. If you never try walking around in the forest for a while you may never know what this is.

Trail angels appear as if out of nowhere and deliver the goods. Until you've imagined a ham sandwich and iced tea lunch while walking through the woods and stumbled out into the next clearing and discovered a roast beef sandwich lemonade meal given to you by a family of picnickers, you might not know they exist. At Newfound gap I found a picnic and a ride into Gatlinburg where another guy treated me to a burger, shake and fries. I had scheduled a mail drop in Pigeon Forge and got on the Dolly Trolley to get there. I slept on the hill behind the gas station and stepped out to the street in the morning thumbing a ride to the post office. Someone drove by and hurled an insult at me and I laughed. Immediately a white van pulled over and I got in. This guy was cool and made bamboo walking sticks. He gave me a ride to the post office and I got my letters and packages.

The bamboo staff fellow suggested I hike back up a side trail to the Appalachian. He dropped me off at Greenbrier Cove and gave me a very nice bamboo staff. I hiked up the Brushy Mountain trail to Mt. LeConte shelter. By law in the Smokies one must camp at the shelters. There are bears out here and they've certainly figured out that we carry food. There was a man and his son in the shelter and I was laying out next to a small fire watching the Milky Way fly by. It was probably the clearest brightest star show I ever saw. A mother bear and her cub came into camp and I casually got up and headed for the caged shelter. Momma bear chewed up my water bottle. This wasn't as funny the next morning.

The Boulevard trail led to the main and the boulevard had just recently fallen creating a rock slide that was neat to see but hard to hike over. At Cosby Knob shelter there were some neat fellows. In the morning I went to the open-faced latrine with a complimentary shelter shovel. While in process the fellows shouted to me from the cage that a bear was approaching. The bear scared the shit out of me but not figuratively. The bear was hungry but I wasn't carrying any food and imagined that I didn't taste well as I walked past the bear a foot away. I talked to the bear as I walked by, good morning. The fellows in the cage could not believe this. I packed up my stuff and left while the bear circled the cage, with the fellows trapped inside, fingering the chain link with its paws. See ya fellows!

Just before Intrastate 40 I stopped at Mountain Mama's and got a hamburger that someone bought for me. I'd walk into a local place with the money for lunch and someone would either be there or show up just after I did. They'd ask what I was doing, and then would buy me lunch. This was the typical scenario and as I became conscious of what was happening it got to be really interesting. They were buying me dam and ditch GMO food.

The NC State Police wouldn't let me hike down 40 even though it was closed from a rockslide. I was headed for Fog Hollow off the highway a few miles down from the gap. It looked like I would have to take the long alternate road. As soon as I made this decision I got picked up back at the restaurant by a couple headed that way. They were open-minded folks and dropped me off at Fog

Hollow. This is where Jen's parents live, on the "farm". This was an extremely pleasant stop and I gained 10 pounds before the week was up. They had some work to do stretching barbwire fences. I did a few repairs, earning enough money for a pair of sweet Danner hiking boots and then I was off.

At a shelter one evening I met a father and son that were headed south. They said they were intent on hiking into the night as they were scheduled to get picked up by mom at the gap road today. It was getting dark and the trail I'd just travelled over leading to this place was probably the most treacherous Cliffside section I'd seen and told them so. I recommended they head out in daylight tomorrow. They decided to wait for better visual conditions and prepared to stay in the shelter. I strung my hammock up nearby. It got dark. BOOM! Somebody, likely a local terrorist, had discharged what sounded like a shotgun in our direction from 50 yards away. I rolled out of my hammock and scampered into the bushes and trees for cover. The father nervously asked, "What's going on?" Somebody's shooting in our direction. "Where'd you go?" I'm over here in the bushes. He and his son were "trapped" in the shelter, easy pickings. A.T. hikers are easy targets and some of the locals love "hunting" people. The shelter journals are full of horror stories.

Washing clothes out here is easy, just put them under a rock in the creek for a while. The hard part is getting them dry. This challenge led me to the rediscovery of the Aboriginal Telephone. Take one of the hammock lines and tie up the wet clothes in a very tight ball. Then tie the other line to the ball and spin dry it around in the air above your head. This creates a loud wild humming vibe. The further you get the mass away from you the longer the distance of your Aboriginal Telephone Call. Try doing this till someone shows up. This is fun and works great! Sometimes you have to let it ring for a while. Wait till you see who shows up. The spirited characters who showed up told me about how they felt as they approached this call, way out here in the middle of nowhere. I only did this in the daytime.

When I returned to the trail I was 10 days behind the 3-man band and was catching up with them. They were leaving messages for me in the trail shelter journals. I was a day behind them and looking forward to reuniting when they left a message that they'd had enough and were getting off the trail. The area of Yellow Mountain is known for its electrical disturbances and as I hiked through it sounded like I was under high voltage power lines such was the crackling hum in the air. I stayed the night at a converted barn/shelter and strung up my hammock next to the barn. After supper I lay in my hammock enjoying the cool mountain night. I saw what appeared to be two headlights coming up the valley towards the barn. I thought it was probably some locals driving up to cause mischief and almost grabbed my stuff and fled to avoid a problem but figured at the rate of their approach they'd catch me in the process of fleeing and decided against it. One of the two bluish lights split and became two for 3 lights coming up now. I figured it must be 3 people on foot with lanterns as it didn't look like a pair of headlights anymore, plus I couldn't hear an engine.

As the bluish purplish lights got closer I realized there were no people, just 3 spherical lights about the size of volleyballs. One of the "UFO's" went around the back of the barn. One of the lights went into the barn and illuminated it from within. The third light came toward me, went under the hammock and circled up to come to a stop just inches from my face. It appeared plasma like, or a cloud of electricity in a perfect sphere, almost like a poorly functioning fluorescent light bulb or a magic crystal ball. It paused in front of my face for what felt like a minute and I stared into it. I felt like it was "looking" at me. I've read about stuff like this, but to experience it was incredible. To think about how or why this thing came all the way up the valley to have a "face to face" meeting with me just about proved to me that there was no "coincidence" and that things "coincided" for a reason or that there was "something going on". It made a tremendous impression upon me, I saw th(r)ee light(s) at Yellow (ice, frozen locked up water) Mountain (large mass off) Gap (hole).

The trail crossed a creek just below a waterfall and I figured I'd try to catch some crawfish. This is as far upstream as a crawfish could crawl and there was a large one under every other rock as I

worked my way up to the waterfall. I'd collected about half gallon of them when I looked over my shoulder and saw a guy with gray hair and beard sitting on the other side of the river watching me fill up my sack. He shouted out over the din of waterfall, "Looks like you've got this all figured out"! I asked him if he wanted to have some jambalaya for dinner. He couldn't believe I had all the ingredients, I was getting pretty good at this whole fantasy dinner thing in the woods. His name was "Mala" and he said he picked up this nickname in Hawaii while living in the jungle eating fruit. He was a Vietnam vet that had spent the last several years hiking the trail. He pointed out that the Florida Trail could be easily reached from the end of the A.T. and said he spent the winter down in Florida. "Mala" knew a lot about walking around in the woods and we talked about some of this stuff while I cooked up the jambalaya and berry cobbler. He was quite impressed with all the good food I was lugging around. All he had was a few cans of fruit cocktail. I thought this was interesting considering we were surrounded by the fruit that grew on the side of the trail. "Mala" showed me a couple of scars he'd gotten on his upper lip and told me never to drink from a can that had been opened with a can opener.

After an early dinner a storm rolled in and just before the rain hit a half dozen of the blue lights I'd seen a week before materialized out of the leading edge of the storm. They flow about in the air about two hundred feet above us. "Mala" said he'd seen them before too and called it St. Elmo's fire. Elmo is the patron saint of sailors and his fire is usually associated with ships. It was perfect to see these balls of light or ball lightning with another person after the up close and personal experience I'd had the week before. We decided to make way together for a while and made plans to go into Boone, NC the next day. We agreed to meet up at the road down at the gap later in the day. "Mala" was behind me and by the time he got out to the road I'd lined up a ride into town. We were dropped off at the "Mellow Mushroom" pizza joint and waited for a friend of his to meet us. After climbing around this country for 20 years "Mala" said he had friends in most places. His friend turned out to be an incredibly gorgeous young lady, Trista. The pizza was great and she invited us to stay at her place for a few days.

If you walk along this trail in late summer, you'll come upon a lot of rattlesnakes. The snakes appear in the middle of the trail and you'll be glad they have a rattle to warn you just before you step on them. The timber rattlers are usually about 4 or 5 feet long and lay curled up in a sunny spot. After a while I got to thinking that it would be sweet to catch one for supper and preserve the skin for a hat band or belt. One afternoon while taking shelter under an overhanging rock as a shower passed over I came up with my plan. I knew how to tie a hangman's noose and tied one of my hammock lines to the end of my walking stick. I practiced slipping the noose over a few dead tree branches and it looked like it would work. It was a pretty simple idea and when I ran into the next snake, there was plenty of them, I took my pack off and tied the line to the end of my walking stick. The first thing I figured out was the snake wouldn't let me get uphill of it. This kept the serpent in an advantages position and I'm reluctant to attempt to snare the thing while it's uphill of me. I chased a couple off into the briers trying to get in a favorable position.

I came about hiking along with an army ranger and his girlfriend one day. They had hiked up ahead of me and were waiting for me at the top of a rise and warned me about a rattler that they had just come around. It was a good sized one and I told them what I was going to attempt to do while I got my rig ready. The army ranger thought this was kinda foolish and warned me if I got bit way up here in the middle of nowhere I'd be shit out of luck. He had a point and in hindsight I should have just waited to catch one near town next to the railroad tracks where they also congregated. I decided to take this one from a downhill position too, which was risky. It was easy to get the noose around the snake's head. When I pulled the line tight the snake spun around like windmill in a hurricane and came downhill real fast. I was fortunate that the hangman's noose just kept getting tighter and broke its neck.

I reached down and with my knife, cut its head off. I wouldn't recommend that anyone try this whole method, especially when downhill of the beast. They end up putting on a titanic struggle, they're practically all muscle and extremely strong. Even without a head it was tough to stuff the snake in a sack. I propped the mouth open with a stick and left it at eye level on a fallen log on the side of the trail.

I met a young woman swimming in a river. She was a first-year raft guide and I took the opportunity to go for a swim with her. She didn't like the way things were in the world and was attempting to "stay out of it", the problems. She'd set up camp some ways from the rafting place and I stayed with her that night, making supper. She was breaking up firewood by swinging branches against a tree. I cautioned her that her method was dangerous as the broken piece sometimes comes flying back at the person and she could get injured. A safer way is to find two trunks close together, put the branch between the two trunks and push or pull on the long end like a lever.

She also did something else that was just about downright stupid. She was sleeping in a tent and every night she'd leave a huge survival knife at the outside of her tent opening. I questioned her about this and she said she'd accepted what she thought was the inevitable, her death at the hands of a creep up here in the "middle of nowhere". She was just waiting for it to happen, making it easy. She was obviously disturbed about the lot she'd been given on the surface. It was almost as if she'd decided to adhere to the laws of the manuel, you know, rejecting the home, putting forth an idea from a boat and all that.

For me it was heartening to see her reject the material world and all its supposed security. She knew what was involved, the environmental cost of a "lock box" to hide in and didn't want to have anything to do with it. Yet she was afraid for lack of security. I explained how nowadays the bolted locked home door that provided perceived security was built to code allowing for someone to easily kick the door in. This is so the firemen can rescue you in a burning home and the police can kick your door in if ya try some ruby ridge junk. So, you wouldn't likely be any safer behind a locked door, at least you could escape from the tent easily especially if ya got a knife in your hand.

I told her how strong woman really are particularly on the "lower end", their glutinous maxims and thighs. I recommended she put the knife under her pillow, surround her tent with small branches so she'd hear a human's approach, sleep light and if a creep attacked, feign surrender, assume "the position" face down in her pillow, kick em like a mule and then dismember him, so he couldn't ever pull it off again. Of course, the only real solution is to undam the rivers and fix the home so as to reduce its environmental damage and make it a productive structure so this girl and others can have a secure shelter without the extreme environmental damage and destruction.

I was having a snack break at a shelter which was also the watering hole when 3 men rode up through the brushy mountain side on horses. They had a bottle of tequila (to kill ya). It was obvious these guys were up to no good, they said they were lost. Horses don't "get lost". I rarely stayed at these shelters, because the people who did were obviously being targeted. I usually slept uphill of the trail, as when one hikes along most, including those hunting people look down hill, it's easier. Most people camp downhill from the trail as that's where they see a spot to do so. These threatening horsemen didn't seem to care whether their victim was a man or woman though. It was difficult to extricate myself from the 3 horsemen, they really tried to chuck some fear in me.

I pretty much lived off blueberry cobblers as I hiked along and most people I encountered were non-threatening. I came upon the site of a grizzly double murder that just occurred a couple of weeks previous. Two young women were butchered up here, they got caught in their tent. Their families had put up a flyer imploring anyone who knew anything to come forward. It was sad.

I found a copy of Huckleberry Finn that had obviously been torn from a Tom Sawyer/Huck Finn dual novel. Often, I kind of use this in an explanation of the "What happened to the Bible?"

inquiry I often get. It looks like somebody tore the water (life) half off and proceeded or gave ya (us) the trickster, voodoo, conartist, desert, death half of the Bible. It's perfect, it's just half the story. How'd this happen? Over the thousands of years of record keeping often the library burnt down or rats chewed it up, bookworms, water damage, you name it occurred. Then they lost part of it, so they'd send to the next town or region a copy of what they had left in exchange for a copy of the lost info, the Bible, Torah, Koran, what have you, the others had. In addition to damage of info in storage, when it travels it gets damaged too, plus they were, usually, transporting it around a dam and ditch reservoir system, which is difficult, it's bleak. They likely use some pages of the paper material for kindling, cigarette paper, toilet paper and such.

This all compounded with the obvious "something lost in translation" and the usual extremely obvious fact those transporting, translating and keeping the notes or the book were dependent upon dam and ditch agriculture for food. The dam and ditch farmers, particularly their wives, controlled the purse strings, and the word. So... they deliberately tried to hide the main idea or disguise it, or even better make it so obvious, like having "A dam" (the doom structure on the river) and "Eve" (that thing that sheds everything that the heavens deliver and results in the undermining of the structure) presented right off the bat, as antagonists to life and God. I'm delivering the "water" half or completion of the idea. The "lost notes" or more likely deliberately denied.

I met an interesting guy in the Mount Rodgers National Recreation Area, VA while I was trying to stone a rabbit for supper. We sat around a poor fire of rotten wood, many of the spruce trees had died and were still standing but in this fashion the wood was still in contact with the soil and didn't dry. It was the first snow fall of the season and I was up here in a pair of shorts, time to go.

I got off the trail at the next town, Troutdale, with the intention of hitchhiking back to the Fog Hollow "farm". There was a "Y" in the road and I tossed out my thumb on the S.E. heading arm of the "Y". A SUV approached from the direction I wanted to go and turned up the other arm of the "Y". There wasn't much traffic going by. A few minutes later the SUV returned, pulled over and 3 guys offered me a ride. I cautiously got in the back. They stopped at a hotel and the driver went in a room to get something then we continued in the direction I wanted to go.

They said they wanted to take me to a place they "knew about" and we headed up into the hills on a dirt road. They pulled over and stopped "in the middle of nowhere". The leader of the gang was the driver who sat in front of me. The biggest Virginia hillbilly sat next to me. The hillbilly in the front passenger seat wasn't anything to be concerned about. The driver asked if I was scared as the hillbilly next to me cracked open a beer and a sneer. Naw, I'm not scared. Scared of what? "You know, up here in the woods with the 3 of us and just the one of you". I've been hiking with 80 lbs. for 3 months and carrying an extra 40 lbs. of trash to the gap for fun. Hiking around in this area with 120 lbs. is tough business. What have you guys been doing? I think this idea made them a little uncomfortable, I was in a predicament for sure. They continued with their intimidation and asked again if or why I wasn't worried or scared as I should be. I pointed out to the driver that he was obviously the leader and was in the worst position for any kind of physical confrontation seeing how he was sitting down with his back to me. He got out of the SUV and told me to get out. I got out thinking cool, after all who'd want to get stuck in a confined space with 3 men out for ya? I continued thanking them for letting me out, pointing out I was much better off defending myself now for sure. They couldn't figure out why I wasn't afraid and this bugged them.

After a while they quit trying to scare me and we got back in the vehicle and they dropped me off back near the main road and directed me to camp in the spot they left me suggesting I could easily catch a ride in the morning. I waited for them to clear out and then laid up in a position up the hill where they'd never find me and watched the spot they told me to stay at. Sure enough in the middle of the night they returned and were looking for me, creepy. I was above them as they drove around searching for me with the headlights. The next day I got picked up quick by an eager, amorous

homosexual priest, hitchhiking in this country is tough. He dropped me off unsatisfied near I-40 and a “normal” person driving a tow truck gave me a lift to pretty near my destination.

Back at the “farm” I worked a month mostly stretching barbwire. I didn’t like this and argued for installing deer and other wildlife/cattle extruding gaps in the fences instead. Bob Ruggerio was the Director of Southabees (antiques) Southeast region and had amassed probably the finest, most thorough private collection of old time knowledge books. I devoured his stuff, he made a good Italian sausage pasta sauce too. Its valuable to know how things were done in the past, from trapping to canning and what not, as the skills are being lost. I was fortunate to be able to look at these manuels, I wouldn’t be able to find them in one place anywhere else.

Mr. Ruggerio explained to me how he came to have cows and thus the need for barbwire. When he came to the place it was mostly covered in big old trees and the associated undergrowth. It was just what he was looking for and he told them he wanted to buy it and set out to sign the papers. Between the time he declared he would buy it, signed the papers and returned to his new place, the trees were felled and sold. He was incensed, he’d gotten snookered, bad. The trees were why he bought the place. Humans have been doing this to each other and life since...

So, with the mud coming down the mountain and the creek fouled he decided to dam it. He had a frontend loader on the property and he moved a bunch of earth (mud) on top of the creek and made a catfish/duck pond. “What else could I do?” he insisted. You could have let the trees grow back. He had a problem, that me being so smart, he figured I’d be able to solve. The dam overflow pipe would become clogged with debris every spring, the runoff would then flow around the pipe and wash out the dam. Every spring he had to rebuild the dam and the maintenance required to keep the overflow clear was great. How could he keep this from happening? This is one of the weak points of a dam, keeping the debris from clogging the reservoirs outflow. It takes a tremendous amount of energy and on larger dam structures the rakes and conveyances that are designed to solve the problem are incredible. I told Mr. Ruggerio there was no way I would attempt to solve this problem for him, it was unsolvable and recommended he grow trout and trees.

He was heading out of town for a few weeks and directed me to stretch a new fence out between the house and the creek to keep the cows out of his “yard” (bedroom window) and around the reservoir to keep the cows out of the pond. The day after he left on the front page of the local paper was an article about how the area’s cattle were causing severe damage to the water quality of the creeks. Once again, it’s interesting how the humans will present any problem but he larger dam problem. I took it upon myself to relieve Mr. Ruggerio of he and I’s responsibility for this and installed the fence on the other side of the creek to keep the livestock out of it and grow trees around it to protect it from the mud and sun.

Our relationship began to deteriorate about the same time his stepdaughter found another John. I continued to pursue her affections which didn’t make sense to Mr. Ruggerio although he seemed happy to “get rid of her”, have someone else support her, she wasn’t my type, and he pointed this out. He asked me what I was looking for in a girl or what kind of girl I was looking for. A Laura Ingles type. “Huh?” You know, from “Little House on the Prairie”, her dad grows bread, and she’s happy or her desires are simply met with a little horehound candy or some simple such thing. He looked at me like I was nuts. Ruggerio said, “Happyness is a twelve-inch floater”. As if it had to be in a bowl of water and of certain consistency. This is of interest though because he is correct in pointing out that if all’s not flowing properly in one’s alimentary canal it’s a big problem, leads to unhappiness.

He did give me a Stetson hat as a tip and Jenn’s mom, Ms. Faulkner taught me never to add dam and ditch sugar to a blackberry pie as it was basically against the law or sack religious. She was correct, just let them ripen longer. Another thing I took note of on the farm was that the barn was falling down as a result of the water shedding from the roof that was undermining the foundation and it was built too close to the creek, now a tailrace under the dam, probably to make it easier to get water for the livestock. I made note that one could solve the problems by collecting the rain. I’d decided to

go down a river from the mountains to the sea and was figuring to descend the Mississippi or Missouri. Mr. Ruggerio insisted the Ohio River was the one to travel down.

St. Pauli Girl's and Stromboli's are what Mr. Shelton Roddy Singletary and I enjoyed together in Leola, Pa. We shot pool with the young local Amish men. They were of the age when they debated leaving the "Clan" and reaching for the AmeriCon dream. I liked the debate about whether to use rubber tires on a tractor wheel. We headed to the Adirondacks for the weekend to do a warm up trip. I got caught in a speed trap out in the middle of nowhere at the bottom of a hill in Raquette Lake, NY. For the next 7 years I'd get a reminder in the form of a letter in the mail from Racket Lake new yoke. We put the canoe in Little Clear Pond and portaged to St. Regis Pond. Saint Regis is the patron saint of lacemakers, he set up hostels for prostitutes and put them to work as lacemakers. Just after the sun had set and we were making camp a huge meteorite skipped across the entire sky like a stone on the water, either that or it was made of different layers that burned in pulses, it kind of changed colors too. Mr. Singletary saw the whole thing while I saw the pulsing shadow created by the first half of the meteor and turned to catch the second half skip off. That was a one wild looking meteor!

Later, while we were sitting around the fire, a mouse invaded our site, it was very aggressive and was running all over us. I shined him with my flashlight and tried to shoot him with my pistol. I missed with 9 shots. It's difficult to hit targets at night but this was odd. The mouse went on the offensive again, we suspected it was a rabid mouse and Mr. Singletary tried to stomp on it. Finally, he landed his boot on him and the mouse was dead. Then something strange happened. A short fat worm like creature exited the side of the mouse. This was kind of creepy and biologically unheard of. There is no such thing known. I wanted to save it and find out what it was. Mr. Singletary was against the idea and kicked the whole mess into the fire.

The next morning was as crispy and beautiful as I could imagine. The frost on the waterside plants was gorgeous in the morning light. My friend taught me the J stroke this morning. If I came up to Pennsylvania and New York to visit Mr. Singletary and learn something this was it. The J stroke is a marriage of steering and paddling in one fluid stroke. It starts off like a regular stroke but towards the end of the stroke, when the paddle is trailing behind, the blade is rotated 90 degrees to steer. It's a slick maneuver that takes a little thumb and finger work at the handle end of the paddle, it's like snapping your fingers and results in a nice straight glide. It's good for cruising and is not a power stroke. At night with a lit cigarette in your shaft hand the trail from the ember might look like a J. Another thing Shelton taught me was earlier back at U.F., I slurred his name and pronounced it Shell Done. He made sure I knew his name was pronounced Shell Ton. That's a lot of oysters.

We loaded up my jeep and Singletary and his girlfriend got in. We picked up groceries before we got to the river and had a picnic before my departure from McKeesport, PA at the confluence of the Youghany and the Mon. I can't remember who asked but the question was, "What do you want from this trip?" Just looking for a good story to tell and some herbs. They wished me luck, drove off in my truck and I was on the Monongalia River headed to New Orleans, from the Mon. to the "house of the rising sun". I was facing misdemeanor charges in Florida and I was on the run. I had forty dollars in my pocket.

"Pull up to the bar!" a fellow with a bottle of Sambuca hailed out. Sambuca is liquor distilled from Illicium vernum, the Star Anise herb. From a 20' recreational craft the call for a drink and stories issued forth. The fellow, his buddy, and their two girlfriends were Iranians (Iranians in Pittsburg or I reign ians? {the four horsemen}). The captain handed the bottle over and its contents were sampled. Thank goodness for cheap American beer or so I thought at the time. This was also supplied and a toast to the Monongahela was announced. Turns out this party was also attended by a red Master Craft ski boat. A tow was offered and accepted and after two drinks the first day of paddling included water skiing on the Mon. in the mountains. Soaring, soaring like a bird, flying through the air without a care,

spread your wings and...crash! Cartwheel across the water, catch a shoulder and the first jump on a brand-new graphite carving stick has been landed unsuccessfully.

After assuring the owner/pilot who looked like Santa Clause that I was fine (I think he was worried the wake board {the slay} might kill me) and caution would be observed, the next flight was underway. Stick the landing. Oh Yeah! Nothing quite like jumping behind a telescoping ski rope attached to a Master Craft with water tanks to make the wake monstrous. Let your tongue hang out and realize "Air" Jordan will never get this much air. After a few dozen air rally's, I'd never skied behind a boat like this, and that's saying a lot (what's Santa Claus and the nicest sleigh **ever** doing out on the river here now?), the pilot was nervous about my health and a suggestions made to return to the floating bar. Sure, and why not slingshot out towards the other boat/bar, release the ski rope into a 270 around the bow towards a perfect "don't get my hair wet landing" on the stern swim platform. Hey, a fellow can't disappoint a crowd. Cold beer on cue. Things oddened even more as the Iranian fellow's girlfriend hiked her skirt and relieved herself while perched on the gunnel demanding to hold my hand (dame needing my assistance with fluidification). Amid pleas to stay and a 150' primo dock line offered and accepted I departed. Onward, down the river.

It was getting dark and I was approaching my first lock and dam. The first thing I learned was there wasn't any good sandy camping spots just upstream of a dam. I slept in the canoe on a pile of rocks. Train about fifty feet away woke me up too early. I had a breakfast of oatmeal and coffee. It was a very foggy morning as I approached the dam with some apprehension. Out of a blanket of mist danger signs and arrival point signs literally start to appear. Testing out the VHF radio, channel 13 this is a canoe calling arrival point. Oops! I forgot to switch to low transmit power. I heard an echo. Surely the transmission was loud and clear, anyway the batteries are now dead. I got new batteries but it didn't work so I stopped trying. The dam operator told me it was a long way to New Orleans. No shit, that's the idea. I needed the 150' dock line the Iranian gave me the day before to tie to the fixed pins on the side of the lock. Ten miles to Three Rivers.

Nice day for a tailgate party, good thing that train got me up early. Whoo ha! It's Sunday and the Colts are in town. At the confluence of the Allegheny and Mon. the Ohio River starts. On the north bank is Three Rivers Stadium. On this day the river is busy with coal traffic and power boats, horsepower. VVVVRRRRRRRRmm! Water law enforcement takes Sunday off, turns Three Rivers into a drag strip of sorts with fat red men with red, white, and blue beers in like cooley cups with their hairy arms around All American sugar daddy lovin' babes. More patriotic refreshments, pull up to the point and answer boaters' questions. Newfound drinking partner motions towards another fellow like he's a king. "Talk to that fellow he's the king of the river." The king rises from his magical court, water fountain, a couple of floozies, and a few cronies. Walking like a man whose been drinking in a boat his whole life, the king saunters forwards. Coming into view of the vessel he pauses, tips his beer to near overflow resting on his corduroy enshrouded hips and proclaims with authority, "You'll never make it, you've got to much stuff". Twelve-ounce curl, swallow. "Too much stuff, yep." The first apocalyptic warning. Most of the things in the canoe are empty 5-gallon buckets. They like my paint job, camouflaged yellow, black and a dash of red on the stern seat, the Steelers colors.

Cross the Allegheny to the stadium. Grab a kielbasa and join the festivities. Stealer fans, their beautiful women, cooking meat, and alcohol. Barbecued fat kielbasas riverside. This is the mountain special, and they give me some for my cooler. West Virginia here I come! Several people told me not to go near the old rusty steelmills but I went and looked at them anyway. It didn't feel like a good spirit there, not a camping spot. The river water doesn't taste good plain but goes well in oatmeal, coffee especially, pasta and soups. I carried several gallons of water with me and it was the only thing I ever asked anyone for. This is a great conversation starter. Can I have some water? I somehow gathered boatloads of food, drinks, tools and ideas with this question.

When travelling down a river the simplest way to have a hot meal is to pull up to a beaver house. The sticks that make up the structure are perfect sized and easy to gather for a fire. This naturally creates some friction with the beavers. They are always in the best camping spots too, so it's just the way it is. It's not that big a deal anyway they've got plenty of sticks. The Ohio is a series of reservoirs and doesn't really flow so much. It almost drifts downstream. The number one rule of river travel is that the wind is usually blowing against you. If you travel at night it's generally much calmer. The beavers swim sneakily up to the boat and slap their tails on the water and this can get to you at first. They'll soak you, too. This whole sneaky beaver thing helps one deal with sudden abrupt surprises. You lose the fear of them or you just get used to it, the result is your heart stops skipping a beat and racing away from you.

Paddling down the river is so much more fun than watching t.v. A t.v. appeared on the side of the river, picture tube intact. Pow! Man, this is good target practice. I really enjoyed this and another one appeared. These things seemed like they were everywhere and I shot the hell out of 'em all the way down the river. I started hustling pool for money. After trading stories for money while practicing geometry I was getting a few easy calm night miles in when I came upon a huge buck swimming across the river. It looked like a branch sticking out of the river at first. I started to paddle towards him and he picked up speed. He was a fast swimmer even though all he had were hooves. It was neat to get right up next to him. I pulled back when I realized I was terrifying the creature.

A young woman's rowing team paddled by as I was slipping on the river in the morning. Wanna race? I floated past Blennerhasset Island and saw four hundred deer. A week into this trip and I was paddling down the river thinking about how hooking up with a young woman would be swell. It's extremely hard to avoid thinking about this as a 25-year-old guy. It feels natural. As I floated around the next bend I noticed a large fire on the other side of the river, a signal fire. I started paddling towards the fire. One of the group of persons retrieves a pair of binoculars and they take turns watching my approach. This I can see without magnification. The family gathers on the dock about twelve feet above the Ohio. After telling these folks about my trip, they explain that this is "Hooterville" and I'm to get out of the boat and join them. Fantastic, a couple of cold beers and two plates of leftover food from a huge barbecue they were just wrapping up, just in time. The harvest is in and a general feeling of ease permeates the air. It's kinda chilly but a huge (think shuttle launch pad) fire keeps the whole backyard warm. They were burning multiple oak trees.

The sun set. I had to keep maneuvering to keep an insistent Rottweiler away from my food. The dog attacks me later as I relieve myself outside of view. The family thought this was interesting and laughed as their dog tried to kill me. I used a no fear drunken master crocodile Dundee trick to calm this ferocious beast down. I was in control and dragged the huge snarling and twisting dog back to the fire almost effortlessly with my pant leg. They were very impressed with this technique.

I had to sit back a ways from the fire so my clothes didn't melt. The fellow who owns the place had a fifteen-year-old daughter with one of her young friends. I kind of feel like Simon Kenton when it comes to women. He liked young women and so do I. Fifteen is perfect, perfectly, naively, pure fun. Remember, this is marrying age in these parts. This sweet thing is rolling around on the ground almost rubbing herself against my knee like a cat in heat. Like a page out of "Tobacco Road" which I had just read. I was Jeeter. She sure was a rubby touchy giggling sweet wood nymph. MMMMm... Hard to forget about her, but her family's curiosity about her attraction to me was the same as the rottweiler attack and this helped to put her in the back of my mind. One of these guys gave me a new pair of leather gloves that turned out to be a crucial piece of equipment.

It seems that Hooterville is especially attractive to trekking canoeists and kayakers, and for the second time I hear the story about the old kayaker with a parrot on his shoulder. As the story goes this

guy paddled up the St. Lawrence (patron saint of librarians) seaway and made a short portage to the Allegheny River, descending the Ohio to the Mississippi. Then he paddled up the Miss., Missouri and Yellowstone rivers. Portaged to the Snake and descended to the Columbia and Pacific Ocean. Sounded like fun to me. As I was leaving the family was wishing me well and the young woman literally throws herself on me. Her father assured me he'd be happy to get rid of her. The whole family is laughing. I had a vision of all the possible avenues in life for me at this point including some with this girl. I began my retreat to the canoe and the cold dark river. They were trying to give me the girl even saying, "Take her son, please". She was trying to get in the boat! All I could think of was how her pregnant with my child would interfere with my budding save the world project. I decided to continue on without a misslowen' to the house of the rising sun, I barely escaped.

I made it to Belleville lock and dam at 12:30 AM. Mr. Burns the lock operator traded reading material and gave me some coffee. I slept just downstream on a nice beach. The next day the wind was blowing 45 kts and I didn't get far. I was kind of sad this evening and cried on the side of the river. I was thinking of my grandmother, Margret "Marge" E. (Clark) Jolley. She was so special to me and had died a few years ago. I decided to name my canoe "Marge the barge" and I went to sleep. In the morning I woke up and crawled out from under my overturned canoe/hardtop shelter. There was a little old lady who looked like my grandmother up above me on the riverside. The wind was blowing her hair around. She said, "Excuse me", as if she or I had just interrupted something. I may have been resting in her backyard. As a reader you're probably starting to see that this trip is intense. I renamed the boat "Mar's regret".

As I passed Buffington Island someone fired a gun with a silencer. My money wasn't any good in Ravenswood, WV. I headed into town to wash my clothes. A woman I was talking to at the VW set me up with a free hotel room at the Washington Hotel, Christian deal I think. I couldn't even pay for a sub at the sandwich shop in town. I had dinner with Doug. I enjoyed the room, a hot shower was great and this official Christian scenario played out several times going down the river.

Braving chilly conditions and beavers but making easy time, I pushed up to Racine Dam, climbed the frozen steel ladder and knocked on the door late at night. Lockmaster McCoy, of the McCoy and Hatfields, the legendary feuders, gave me the official Army Corp of Engineers Chart Book of the Ohio River. This is very nice to have.

Point Pleasant got its name from Simon Kenton, who after getting caught in a compromising position was chased buck naked through the winter woods by Indians. He found refuge here with another white guy and I guess it was rather pleasant. It was the night before Halloween when I pulled up and a few land locked bums were catching a fire. I went into town and rustled up the local newspaper guy who wrote an article about me a few days later. He suggested I go to the diner for dinner. The town was celebrating Halloween one day early and included a parade in the evening. Everyone told me to go to the diner. The food was fabulous, a huge chunk of lasagna and a salad. Dessert is the specialty here and coconut cream pie is the best dessert judging by the speed it makes it off the pie rack. Casual storytelling has its benefits. A fellow, who happened to recommend the coconut crême pie, gets up, pays his bill and mine too. Sweet! He said it was worth it for all the storytelling I was doing, the usual good-natured freedom type stuff (no mention of the dam doo doo doom just outside of/as a result of town). Americans love this stuff, almost a hero.

During the parade there was a guy selling popcorn, an old cowboy. We traded stories. He said he was a stud out in Nevada and it was a lot of fun. He recommends that I give it a shot when I get out there. It did sound appealing. I made time with a cute fifteen-year-old girl for a while. I had purchased a bottle of whiskey earlier and made my way down to the pool hall. I was calling around trying to get anyone I knew to drop everything and join me. No luck here but I found some on the pool table. I left around 10 PM, walked down to the river, dragged the boat out of the bushes and slipped on

to the river. The town of Gallipolis is on the other side. A vehicle parked on the other side of the river flashes its high beams as I push off the bank. A signal? I paddle across to investigate. There is a couple in a car participating in some kind of submarine race warm up. They'd seen me leave the riverbank but lost sight of me as I got on the river. They'd turned their lights on but still couldn't see me. This guy gave me twenty bucks and a few doobies for the river.

They were having a civil war reenactment in Guyandot, WV when I sailed in. Immediately I was accosted by a gorgeous, hair in "Little House on the Prairie" braids, sixteen-year-old girl who swept me away into fantasyland. My canoe drifted off the bank and headed towards the gulf without me. Fortunately, some fishermen were about to retrieve it for me. I never let this happen again. Either pull the boat up and watch it or tie the painter line to something and watch out for young women. I took a free river boat ride and enjoyed a complimentary picnic.

Everyone I talked to told me it was illegal to carry my pistol concealed. It was a felony, twelve months minimum. I took their recommendation and went into town to get a holster. I had to make sure it fit, so I had to carry the pistol to the sporting goods store. I couldn't conceal it in my bag, so I carried it in my hand. This attracted some attention in the store, which didn't have holsters anyway. I left with directions to a likely spot. Out in the parking lot officers drove up with pistols out the windows. "Slowly put the gun on your feet." I did this and they gave me a ride to the gun shop with holsters. I bought one and strapped it on. The officers who were very friendly gave me a ride down to a tomato field next to the river. They were a little perplexed, because they wanted to run me through the computer to see if I was wanted, which I was (in Florida) but the computer wouldn't work. I narrowed one of my eyes, cocked my head little bit and did my best Jed Clampet. Well I'll be... They said it looked like I was free to go.

It was another big west wind and travel was slow. I pulled in downstream a ways on the other side of Huntington. It was getting dark. I had my new holster, all legal. When I walked into the eating establishment, you could see the young man behind the counter was surprised to have a person walk in with a pistol on his side. I quickly got around his fears with a funny story and asked him what he recommended off the menu. He spoke highly of the chipped ham and sweet relish sauce sandwich and I took his recommendation as he headed out the door on a delivery. I sat down with my back to the front door, tossed my Stetson on the table and proceeded to eat my sandwich while watching a Clint Eastwood special. If I must watch t.v., Eastwood is my man.

In the poorly lit area I'm reading a local paper wearing my pistol cowboy style. Cruising through my sandwich the front door opens at the same time Clint walks through the swinging bar door. The bell suspended from the door's chain rings in time with the sound of spurs on the floor. The place gets quiet and I can see in the reflection of the glass on the t.v. a police officer with gun drawn sneaking up on me. He puts his hand on my piece and asks for permission to see it. I do the Dirty Harry and keep eating my sandwich while replying, sure. The officer takes my gun, checks under my hat and asks if I have any more weapons. No. At this time the cops that gave me a ride to the gun shop earlier show up, the gangs all here, local, sheriff, and state police. I took note in the difference in their shoes with the state police having the nicest, but the sheriff with a pair that looked like he could run you down in. The police recommended I unload my firearm before I come into town, wished me luck and left. The delivery guy came in just as the door was closing and explained he thought I'd killed somebody when he got back as the place was surrounded by cops. He buys me dinner and gives me ten bucks for the entertainment.

The next morning I find a dead buck floating in the river next to where my canoe is pulled up on the shore. Jackpot! This is what I wanted to have, a rack to put on my bow without having to kill the poor creature. He was floating and bloating and I had to burn some tobacco to keep from gagging

as I cut the rack and crown off the top of his head with my folding saw. It fit perfectly on the bow. This gave me something to look at as I went downriver, a hood ornament. I got to Catlettsburg and went to the local police station. I could see this whole firearm thing was a hassle and wanted to get a third opinion. The Kentucky sheriff told me he wouldn't go near the river without a firearm and that I would be a fool to unload it when I came into town. This officer seemed like he knew what he was talking about.

Making way on the river I discussed this with most the police officers. When they asked me for "proof" I showed them the receipt from the pawnshop that I had folded up in a copy of the constitution in my back pocket. Sometimes, just the sight of this document would cause the officer to retreat. If not, I would read the second amendment and cleverly point out that this right to bear arms was to protect me from the state. I would look at the officer and say, that's you. This usually worked. The funny thing was that when they tried to run my name through the computer. It froze up or something. It seemed like a problem they'd never seen before because they acted perplexed. I didn't tell them the same thing had happened the last time they ran me through.

Went into the town of Ashland at 12 AM. It was asleep. As I was getting back in my boat a young couple appeared on the river rise. They had a cell phone and said they were going to call the cops. I had no idea who they were. I told them to call the coast guard. They didn't get it. Cops were everywhere as I hugged the bank and headed down stream. A few days later I went into Portsmouth Ohio and cleaned the pool hall out. In Ohio the booze, that they'll sell you at a gas station, is watered down, and I don't think I lost a single pool game in this state. They hunt with shotguns because they can't shoot straight. At least that's what the guy's in Kentucky say. I met an older air force pilot who gave me a can of WD-40 to clean my pistol. He had a chestnut tree in his yard still hanging on and fighting the chestnut blight.

When it gets really windy it's easier to pole your way down the side of the river than it is to paddle. Of course, the easiest thing to do is sit on the side and wait for the wind to stop blowing but I was a short distance from town and it was windy. Plus, I heard there was a great pizza place in Vanceburg. Unfortunately, it was closed. I strolled into town looking for some shelter (it was windy) and supplies. Hey, there are gun stores everywhere. I wanted some tracer bullets to shoot over the bow of the barges that keep shining their one million-megawatt light at me at night, this is blinding. I keep my sunglasses at the ready about my neck at night for this reason. The tracer bullets were a dollar apiece, so I didn't buy any. Probably just as well. Vanceburg is firearm friendly and almost every pickup had a rifle in the rack. People waved to me and honked as they drove by. A cheerful woman inquires about my piece, "Boy that sure is a nice looking pistol. Is it a 38?" It's a 9 shot 22. "Cool!"

The police don't even turn their heads in this town. It's the kind of town a river guy can feel at ease in. It's also the kind of town with muffler/tanning bed shops. The Deep South, where you can get a coke and smokes for a buck and get a suntan while you get your muffler fixed. With the wind showing no signs of letting up I stop at the local tavern. As I approach the old building I thought I'd better be careful in this place. "Turn your pistol in at the bar", the owner greets me. I took the bullets out and dropped it in a basket the bartender held out for me. There was a couple more in there. Hey! Everybody else is carrying 12" knives on their side. I played a few games of pool, won a beer, got my stuff and left. Lunch at the drug store/soda fountain, bought some oil for my boots, got some fruit and headed back to the boat, too windy.

A hundred yards down the bank I stashed the canoe in some bushes and headed back to the tavern. The sun was getting low and there was a light snow. I brushed the snow off the brim of my hat as I entered the door and put my piece in the basket, back to the pool game and smoking with the locals. This was the only time I played doubles the whole way down and I hooked up with a local guy about my age. This guy seemed like he was drunk off his rocker but he could really shoot well. He

carried a huge pair of vice grips in his pocket. I liked this idea. This guy could hit 91-degree shots, he was the cut shot master. I learned a lot watching him. I was working the bank. Turns out he wanted to go down the river with me but he'd just bought a black Trans Am with T tops, thought he was "The Bandit". I'm more partial to "Sheriff Buford T. Justice" and know he'd have caught the dam beer smuggler if he'd had a better driver.

At the bar I heard a weird story. It concerned another river traveler who had come into town a few weeks earlier, on an expedition like my own. He'd come to the tavern for a drink, went back to the river later and found his canoe gone. Apparently, he was working down at the sawmill. It seemed like they were pulling my leg, so I ordered some chicken fingers and took my time eating them. My canoe was right where I'd stashed it.

Going down the river at night on the Ohio. The insistent movement of coal. Power plants lit up like the day. Chemical plants and their plasticky smells. Water treatment plants and their output pipes. Its creepy cause all these plants run their outputs at night. Fly by night operations they are. One night I was floating down the river and saw two guys standing about 30 feet above the river smoking and talking. They didn't see me as I approached and I didn't see what they were supervising. The sewage discharge blew me out into the middle of the river. It was sick.

On a chilly fingertip night I dropped my flashlight over the side of the boat. You could see the light fade away for a long time and then it disappeared. It was deep. I thought I was better off without it anyway, it just messes up my night vision. Sometimes I'd see these big signs that I couldn't read, until it was close and it would read stay back 500 ft. INTAKE. Whoops.

Late at night I pulled into an island. Kentucky was the Indians sacred hunting grounds. I woke up in the morning to an unbelievable barrage of gunfire. Kentucky's opening day. I couldn't believe how many people were out here in the woods with guns. I decided right then I was undergunned and I would get a shotgun. Even it out a little bit.

On a bright sunny day while floating around the inside bend of the river an empty 2-liter soda bottle is thrown out onto the surface 20' in front of the boat. A barrage of high powered rifle fire misses the target. I started shouting hello to these guys but they couldn't hear me. I pulled the boat in right on the side of them, got out still talking to them, pulled the boat up and walked the 10' right into their midst. I was invisible, hey guys. Finally they realized I was standing next to them. This kind of unsettled them. Cease fire, I'm paddling through. There was a half dozen of them and they each had less teeth than that. They all were carrying high powered rifles. It was the high-powered deliverance gang. Cue the Banjo's, if only I'd had my radio on. Five of them immediately left. The sixth guy, Billy, wanted to fire my pistol. I let him. He chucked a can on the ground in front of him and quickly missed with 4 or 5 shots. I interrupted his shooting. Give me this thing. I took it back. I never did this again. One of the other guys, the biggest one, the leader, came down and invited me up to trailer for supper. "Surely you must be hungry?"

When I saw it I knew what this was. To not accept a meal would imply fear, they knew I was hungry. I accepted and went up to the trailer. It was up the hill in the woods. As homey as they tried to make the place seem it looked like Mad Max on meth, four wheelers roaring by an old 20' living can, guys shooting trashcans. Must have been a dozen of them. The obligatory drink of course. Sun drops like a rock. After a few minutes of beating around the bush it became evident that they wanted me to go in the trailer. They were all sitting in their telling me how nice the trailer was and how I should come inside. Sound the alarms, as if I didn't know this was a trap. They wanted me to eat inside. I went in. It looked like they had some of last year's deer in the crockpot. There was barely any place to sit. I'd never felt so uncomfortable. These guys were up to something it was so obvious, it was a house of horrors, even if it was just a bunch of tweekers.

I tossed an idea up in the air, slipped my paper plate in the trash, dished off the fork and knife and continuing with my idea, I stepped out of the trailer. They wanted me to come back inside. I went and relieved myself. They came out. They beat around the bush for a while, then the big guy said he wanted to see my pistol. I shook my head. He insisted. You don't want to see my pistol. He moved towards me and I stepped back. I looked him in the eye. I'm leaving. I did. When I got down to the boat I couldn't find my gloves. I'd stuffed them in my waistband and they'd fallen out when I'd relieved myself. I thought about it for a few minutes and decided to go back and get the gloves.

As I was hiking up the rise I became able to hear the hillbillies. They were guffawing and exhorting about how bad they'd scared the Florida boy. Another pickup truck full of locals had showed up and the leader was recounting his exploits, how terrifying he was, and how scared I'd been of him. Everybody was laughing, hollering and cursing me. I walked right up into their group talking out loud in their accent and tone, like I was invisible, again, even though I was trying to get their attention, and then, "I appeared". I explained to them that I'd left my gloves up there. You could've heard a pin drop. They looked like they'd seen a ghost. I found my gloves, thanked them for the supper and left.

Fair weather day, went into Maysville to get a shotgun. The last officer I ran into took my bullets out of my gun and told me not to carry it loaded in town. So I unloaded my gun this time and put the bullets in my pocket. One might think to leave the firearms in the boat on the side of the river, but then you're responsible if they get stolen and someone gets hurt. Plus, it's legal to carry them, just don't bring them in the post office. Maysville is one of the largest tobacco growing areas in the country. The harvest was carried to the warehouse by horse drawn wagons. I about choked on my saliva the tobacco smelled so sweet in there, fresh herbs. I headed for the local mom and pop diner. The waitress recommended the special, transparent pie. It was sweet, pure cane. I thought this was hilarious after the "transparent trick" the night before.

At a gas station and asked to borrow their phone book and a map, explaining that I was looking to purchase a shotgun. The boyfriend of the cashier, a huge shiner covering his eye, volunteered to take me to a place and purchase it for me. Out of state gun purchases are discouraged. "Shiner" and I were ironing out the details when the door opened and a large muscular black man asked me to step outside. Who are you? "A police officer." Show me your badge. He slowly reached both hands around behind his back and pulled out his shield. This guy ran me through and I came up clean. He wished me luck and told me an unloaded pistol will get you killed.

Shiner and I jumped on a bus and headed to K-Mart where he bought a single shot click open 20-gauge shotgun. I wrote out two receipts on the bus ride back to the river, we both signed them and took one. I called up the Kentucky State Police and checked the law concerning barrel length. I forgot to ask the officer about the stock, which I cut off too. I'd figured out that it was difficult to shoot accurately at night and I wanted a piece that I could roll out from under shelter with. The sawed-off shotgun was the answer.

As I remember it, slipping down the river past town there was a park along Beasley Creek, there was a gorgeous woman in a dress leaning up against a hot rod listening to Cathy Mattea's "454 Rocket". Also, I ran into a tugboat crew that gave me 30 pounds of canned goods, hot dogs, chips and soda pop. They gave me a life jacket too. I couldn't paddle with the life jacket on and tied it to my ankle. I figured at least it would go over the side with me if I fell out.

On a cool morning I was paddling down the middle of the river and a couple guys with shotguns let off a few rounds toward me. I couldn't tell if they didn't see me or if they were trying to shoot me but I sent a slug their way and they retreated. Floating down the Ohio River during hunting season, in daylight one is probably in the scopes crosshairs more often than not. In Augusta, which was a cool town, a fellow called me Wyatt Earp. I had a mail drop in Foster, a letter from my folks with

twenty bucks. I'd stashed the firearms in a tough place to get to that required scaling a cliff a ways about a hundred feet from the boat. On the way back I stopped at the riverside tavern and ordered a slice of pizza. I was sitting there watching some kids playing around the boat and asked the proprietor if I he'd store my firearms while I ate dinner and played pool. He threw me out of the place. Man, it sure got dark quick.

Local police officers met me at the boat ramp. The hammers were back on their drawn weapons. I was half way out under the cliff when "Barney" said, "Freeze!" I did and explained the situation. They wanted to see the firearms. Right away! "No sudden moves." I slowed down. "Don't slip!" I got the guns for them, and ended up face down on the ramp, cuffed, with a cocked 45 to the back of my head. Fortunately, State Police Officer "Andy" showed up and told "Barney" to calm down, put the gun away, he's cuffed up, he's not going anywhere. "Andy" let me go. From here on when I went into town I unloaded the firearms and stashed them in the boat, taking the rounds with me. I made a necklace out of the shotgun cartridges.

All along the river I'd go into the many towns and hustle pool for five or ten bucks a game, a pack of cigarettes, or drinks. The locals loved the idea of going down the river to New Orleans. It seemed like I walked in the door as they were dreaming about it. The girls were buying me drinks. About once every other week I'd walk into Karaoke night and serenade the bar with a remastered "House of the Rising Sun". As legend tells it, the house of the rising sun is a whorehouse or a plantation. Depends how you look at it. The lyrics are a warning about drinking, gambling and hustling. It was an ironic crowd pleaser that I sang with my own lyrics. To me the house of the rising sun is where the force that is realized when the day begins lives, the green flash.

If you're lucky the green flash just might hit ya with some of that special light. Starting in the east a flashing wave of pure green energy races over you to the west. If you blink you'll miss it, if not expecting it you'll be startled, if blind you still might pick up on it and then its day. Seems to bring along a rush of energy with it. I like my green flash with coffee, citrus, oatmeal and tobacco. Across the river from Cinergy field, Cincinnati are the floating bars of Covington. I pulled in here and had some wings and beer at "Hooters". Went to "TGIF's" where three fine young ladies accosted me as I walked in and asked me to sit and have dinner with them. Smart girls, thank god it's Fridays in winter time, Viernes en invierno, Inverness. "The Yucatan Liquor Stand" was next and I won ten of twelve pool games on a floating establishment. When the barges went by the balls moved a little bit. I played for kisses here. The ladies were all over me, of course the dream evaporates for them when they realize you're paddling down the river in a canoe. They don't know Catch 22. Plus, I leave early anyway. I had a great time at this floating amusement park.

I was sipping overtill monocultural possible dam and ditch corn whiskey that wasn't likely GMO yet for the aging process but the cold soda pops grown with overtill agriculture if not dam and ditch were possibly GMO and would be in a short period of time definitely GMO. The cold soda pops I acquired at night from the grain elevators where they piled up the corn. This was the excuse for pulling the boat off the river, entering the bread pile and investigating the scene. I couldn't miss the glaring note, the flouresent (flow of sin/flour of sin) lighting of the machine. I made way mostly at night, stopping at each flow/flour of sin light for a sample that I exchanged for a quarter. I thought about this and also what it meant to go into town seeking herbs to smoke (fumar). I used to drink 3 or 4 cokes a day but had nearly quit since they switched from sugar to HFCS as I'd found the HFCS just didn't get me as high and the crash was quicker, deeper, doom. With Ganja I'd discovered I liked sativa a lot, indica not so much. The outdoor homegrown strains were the best. I just liked to smoke a very small amount at a time, one hit was plenty for me.

Paddled down the river a few miles and took shelter for a couple days from a big storm on the north side of the river. I set up camp in the lee of a fallen tree and hiked about. I do a lot of this. It is

pleasant to just walk about and look at things. I think this is where I picked up the mouse hitchhiker that decided to live in the bow floatation box. It took me a while to figure out I was carrying my own mouse. The scratching of its toenails against the hull of the boat would wake me up. It would drop out of the box as I was falling asleep and return as I was waking up. It served as a watch mouse while I was sleeping and would jump into its box and wake me up when something came into camp. This was reliable security.

Rowed into the town of Rising Sun Indiana and enjoyed a complimentary stay in the luxury suite of the "Riviera", hot tubs with a river view, melting nice! Paddling down the river at night, dodging barges. The water moves the fastest in the center of the channel. There's lighted channel markers on the riverside that guide traffic. The barges have lights on them too and one must keep an eye out for these. The ones heading downstream are quite plus they come from behind and can easily sneak up on a fellow. They usually pick you up on their radar and hit you with the spotlight. Put your sunglasses on and close one eye.

Paddled into Louisville and pulled the boat up onto the river plaza. "Joe's Crab Shack" was jumping for the Gator's game, I had the softshell crabs and then went to the "Bank Shot" billiards hall. This place is a converted bank to pool hall. The competition was a little stiffer here. Someone suggested I go to "PT's". It's a gentlemen's club. My money wasn't any good in here either! I was fortunate to have cleaned up at the "Riviera's" executive suite. Somehow the girls recognize me here. I thought this was kind of odd. I kicked back while three or four of the Louisville girls gave me a massage and looked into the mirror on the ceiling. Somehow the reflection wasn't the same as the image viewed through my eyes. The girls appeared like wraiths in the mirror. A couple more girls started kissing me. I knew something was going on, this trip was really getting interesting but I was just paddling a canoe down the river. Wow, Louisville's "PT's" is a sweet seductively creepy place. The girls couldn't believe it when I checked out at 11:30, hadn't seen midnight yet in one of these places, kinda a "Cinderella" pumpkin avoidance technique.

There is a lock and dam to descend the former Falls of the Ohio just below Louisville. It was just below here, I think, that I saw a guy down by the river sleeping next to a fire trying to stay warm. I'd read about and had been warned again, just a few days before this as well, not to sleep next to a fire. The best thing to do is dig a hole and start a very small fire, cook food, stay close to it while it's lit and later cover it up with sand and sleep on top of it. Then you'll be warm all-night long. The tendency when sleeping next to a fire is to roll into it as the fire gets smaller. Then you catch on fire while you're sleeping. Apparently, this kills a lot of people.

Witnessed the guy roll into the fire. His sleeping bag started to burn. I was more towards the other side of the river and just a little downstream when I saw this. If I had been closer I would have immediately tried to help, but I was far away. For a few seconds I debated in my mind whether I could get there in time to assist this fellow. The sleeping bag's fire grew. I decided I couldn't get there in time and if I had the fellow might be so burnt that he might not be happy I pulled him out and continued making way downstream. The sleeping bag was engulfed in flames. I was crying. I'd been presented with an opportunity to try and help someone and I didn't. I'd missed my chance when I entered into the debate in my mind about whether I could have an effect and if it would be good. The timing and proximity of the opportunity as it presented itself tortured my soul. If I had been ten seconds earlier or closer to the shore I could have easily saved this fellow's life. But considering the likelihood this fellow's eventual stratification upon expedition would continue to plummet if rescued he may have been best dead and thus my timing is perfect because I really need to know not to sleep next to a lit fire.

Woke up in duck blind to a light snow Thanksgiving Day. Thanksgiving is my favorite holiday. I was so thankful and was thinking what the chances were of me landing at a Thanksgiving feast.

Literally paddled around the next bend and saw the biggest house I'd seen yet. It was on the other side of the river a quarter mile away when a fellow stepped out on to the second-floor landing and hailed me. I paddled over of course. This place had ultralight airplanes and a Jet Ranger helicopter in the backyard. Two guys walked down to the river, one of them looked like the lumberjack Paul Bunyon. I thrust my bow up on the shore and "Mr. Bunyon" said to his buddy, "Well hell, he can't be that bad he's got a sawed-off shotgun and half gallon of whiskey in his boat." This was funny, apparently they were worried about me being some kind of tree hugger. I sure had a good disguise. Turns out "Paul Bunyon" owned the largest timber operation in the area. They invited me up for Thanksgiving dinner.

The owner of the restored wick dam lodging house was a welcoming fellow and his wife graciously washed all my stuff while I oiled my firearms and boots. They thought I was a "trip" and were extremely interested in what I was doing. It was the best holiday meal I ever had, duck, goose, turkey, ham, beef, venison, four different kinds of salad, casseroles, cake, 3 or 4 different kinds of pies and enough happy people to eat most of it. I was pretty fortunate here, floating up just in time for the biggest spread on the river. After dinner the owner and I stayed up late drinking JD and coke and talking about fortune and JC. The owner of the converted dam house told me, "If anyone finds Jesus you will, if you keep up what cha doing". Just before we fell asleep he said he wanted me to surrender my firearms. I told him they were in a bucket in the basement and the shells were in the boat. He fell asleep. They must have left the heater on that night or something cause when we woke up in the morning it felt like it was a hundred degrees. After breakfast, I jumped in the boat and they gave me a half dozen turkey sandwiches, a turkey fueled run.

Paddling down the river at night in sometimes freezing rain or melting snow conditions, dodging barges, while running a beaver (Castor canadensis) gauntlet in late fall, might sound bad. It's really kind of exciting and calming at the same time. I listen to NPR. The river is warmer than the air and water vapor rises from the surface and condenses into fog. It kind of looks like the river is on fire, smoke on the water. The riverside is lined with great herons (Ardea herodias) a tremendous bird that rise startlingly with an ancient cry when approached. A dramatic violin introduced into a calm musical piece will get one stirred up, too. It seems like there is a great heron about every half mile, or the same one I spooked up goes downstream a ways. At any rate, when near the side of the foggy river I begin to anticipate this creature launching itself out of the bushes towards the open water and me, unfolding its monstrous wings and squawking like a pterodactyl (Pterodactylus antiquus). It seemed that when approached regularly the bird was anticipating my arrival. This could be because the heron overheard the previous confrontation or was the same bird that flew downstream. This resulted in the heron taking off twenty feet in front of the boat, not that scary. However, if a heron hadn't been rustled up over a few miles the proximity to the beast when eventually encountered decreased in some kind of proportion to the increasing distance from the last encounter. So, if I hadn't disturbed a heron over a long period of travel I knew that when I did it would be very disturbing.

Hérons are partly cloudy or fog colored and stand motionless along the river in the bushes. It's a challenge to spot one before it spots you. Just as I was figuring all this out one night I went down the river for several hours without running into a great heron. Of course, the rivers fire was smokier than usual and the light snow was melting into rain. The public radio station was playing haunting music that extremely slowly faded into silence as the batteries succumbed but periodically pulsed so the whole spooky ensemble was not forgotten. Over the last half dozen miles I'd gradually come to be more on the balls of my feet than sitting on the edge of my chair. I was attempting to find this creature before it found me. It got late and I was tired. I slid back in my seat and decided to pull in, lay out and rest. Oh! This looks like a good spot. The creature was here. The radio throbbed as the "terror-dactyl" dove out spreading its wings and screaming.

Two days after Thanksgiving, I could hear the Jet Ranger thuwmping down the river and started

spinning my canoe about in circles. They gave me a very close flyby and landed in an adjacent cornfield. I got off the river and the owner of the converted dam house ran out from under the helicopter and explained they were almost out of fuel and couldn't figure out how I'd gotten down this far on the river in two days. He was laughing, I told him it was the turkey sandwiches. He gave me a carton of Viceroy's (tobacco) and twenty bucks. He told me I'd make it. Jet Ranger Special Delivery.

If I went into town during daylight hours I invariably ended up in a confrontation with a 15 to 16-year-old girl who curiously would look like Laura Ingles, and was on the verge of running away on some wild adventure. I advised them to go home. The repetition of this scenario was hilarious. I asked for it I guess, so I had to deal with it. It's hilarious to slide into yet another town for goods and find this almost identical girl seemingly stalking me again. After a while I got the joke, this is what I'd asked for. I took note and became very careful about what it was I requested or made known I wanted.

The beaver (Castor canadensis) periodically slap their tails on the water while slipping down the river at night. At some point in a long trip alone, what with all the free time you have to think, you may consider what it is that you're thinking about when the beaver slaps its tail on the water. Could the two be connected? This seems nuts at first but if considered and practiced, can be revealing. To me, as I practiced beaver tail control ideas it seemed that I could predict the event before it happened. Then I ended up snapping my fingers and getting some tail action. This lead to my own beaver symphony. Man, I'm running the show, this is wild! And then unannounced, or was it? One slaps its tail right next to me and I get soaked. HmMMM.

Something extremely noteworthy happened in Shawnee Town. You can probably see that this trip down the river has turned into some kind of mysterious, puzzling trial. Going into town is part of the show and the characters one meets are unbelievable, and what they say is incredible. Plus, they give you all kinds of stuff. I wanted to make sure I collected all the clue's that presented themselves. Several times throughout the day as I paddled down the river, folks, mostly in boats, warned me about rough water ahead. They mentioned roiling bubbles and a misty smoke rising from the whole mess. I knew it was a navigable channel but they waved this idea off. Their descriptions of this rough water were unusual.

After dinner I got back on the river and paddled a few more miles. I took a sip of whiskey and wished I had a soda pop to wash it down and a doobie to go with it. I got into Shawnee Town before midnight and the place was slow, three or four buildings and a dusty unpaved parking lot. I tried to get in one establishment but the proprietor turned the open sign to closed and locked the bolt as I walked up to the door. Hey, can I get a coke? Nope. I was standing around in the dust of this town wondering if a clue would show up. I'd had interesting things happen in every town I'd been in, good stories to tell and a doobie at every spot. I waited for a couple of minutes. The same instant that I figured to head back to the river, I heard a car stomp on the accelerator and could see headlights coming down the hill racing in my direction.

The guy was driving like he was late for an appointment. A minute later an old dark colored sedan screeched to dusty halt next to me. The trunk popped open as he stopped, I couldn't tell if it was just broken and he hadn't fixed it yet or he was planning to load or unload something. The fellow, who could best be described as "Beetlejuice", the exorcist, stayed in the car. He was in character as well which added to the drama. He raised his elbow and showed me his armpit. We sort of sized each other up. Betelgeuse is a red giant star, the second brightest in the Orion constellation or the armpit of the central one. He turned away from me and reached across the front seat into the passenger footwell and rummaged around in a bag. He pulled out a soda pop and cracked it open and took an obviously delightful swallow. He looked at me for a reaction, which I gave him by subtly cocking my head, smiling, and raising my eyebrow. Soda pop was kind of what I was thinking I desired when I came into town, helps get the whiskey down. He offered me one which I accepted. He had several doobies too,

splayed out on his dashboard but I passed on them. I didn't want **him** to think I was addicted to something that wasn't easily procureable and I especially didn't want him or life to think I was gonna "smoke" the herbs. Betelgeuse gave me the wildest warnings and directions about this misty smoky rough water ahead, too, because I asked him about it.

Cave in Rock is infamous for its history. During the western rush the skull shaped cave lied below some rapids on the north side of the river just around the inside of a bend. River travelers with **everything** they owned on a raft, had heard of the rapids. They undoubtedly were looking for some local knowledge to help them through the fearsome stretch. This would present itself on the river or its side. A fellow might promise to guide them safely through for a price, or just as easily in this case tell them to stay as far to the right as possible. At the end of the rapid, the wash out, the big eddy, the same forces that carved out the cave are on the right side. Here they'd be "saved" by some friends of their guide, who would take ALL the stuff. Then they slit open their bellies and sewed them shut full of river rocks and sank them. The Mason Gang hung out here, followed by "Wilson's Liquor Vault and House of Entertainment" which was a more advanced and easier way of separating a family from their stuff. Then the Baptist church moved in. Now it's an Illinois State Park.

I took note of the warnings about rough water but ignored the directions I had been given and trusted my judgment, which I formed using my own faculties. There isn't any rapids now, the river has been damned. Moments after I showed up at the cave a fellow about like me came down with a hookah but was lacking herbs. I take note of how there is no herbs presented at Cave in Rock where I really wanted there to be and how there could have been if I'd scored some from Beatlejuice the night before in Shawnee Town. How the character presenting the picture to me had come all the way down to Cave in Rock from the parking lot with a water bong without worry of the park police but with no herbs just to show me... the largest of notes taken being how there obviously was an entity presenting me with an idea that was able to use the local charaters or lay in wait for me to present the idea. I ordered him to scrape the resin out of the pipe to smoke for bubbling smoky water. Cave in Rock's a perfect natural made bar. When viewed from the river it's shaped like a human skull. Inside it's got a natural stone counter top (bar) wrapping around the cave, and even a storage room. I started a fire down by the river in front of the cave and cooked supper. When the spoon scraped the bottom of the pot I was illuminated from above. "You can't sleep here", said the park ranger standing on the cliff above the cave holding a flashlight.

One cold crispy night I had just consumed my ration of whiskey and was sitting very close to the small fire I'd just cooked dinner on when I heard some creatures scrambling around in the patch of woods behind me. It sounded like one large creature was chasing another even larger creature. It was getting closer and sounded violent and desperate. I grabbed my shotgun, turned about without getting up and tried to see into the dark woods. A very large coyote or wolfish dog burst out of the bush and appeared to circle something in the wood and was coming closer to me. This was exciting, something was going on. I stayed focused, making sure I wasn't on the menu. Suddenly, someone hailed me from the river, "Hallo"! I spun back around with my sawed off and there was a dwarf sitting on a milkcrate in a kayak paddling upriver! This was bizarre, the timing was interesting. The dwarf hailed me as the scene behind me reached a climax. It was wild to have a large Canis stalking something several feet away from me and then have my attention diverted to a kayaking dwarf. The dwarf disappeared quickly upstream, he may not have found the shotgun very welcoming. The Canis melted back into the wood. Sometimes I get the feeling this is some kind of trial. I have no idea what I'm supposed to do either.

I pulled into Paducah, Ky at night and strolled into town. I met a woman who said she'd been sent out to help me in particular and gave me ten bucks. This is funny, trying to be a river hustler and having little old ladies give you money. She had a neat sparkle in her eye. We talked for a while.

This is a wild story. Late one evening I pulled in downstream of a rock pile. The beach was quarter moon shaped and 200' long with 50' of sand. It was like a cove. There was a big beaver house on the east end of the beach and I pulled in on the other side. There were several beavers here. It was a big lodge. The biggest beaver started slapping its tail on the water and I pulled a rock out of the dam dike levy and tossed it in the river communicating. After dragging my stuff up the beach, I went to the woodpile, as was my routine. The beavers were not happy about this at all. It looked like a ceremonial lodge and in hindsight I think the more important beavers may have been having a meeting of sorts. I got a nice fire going, pork chop and sweet potato dinner, and a shot of whiskey. I was kicking back listening to the Monday night game on the radio perched up on the over turned canoe behind me. Went back to the woodpile, the beavers were depth charging the river.

I was cleaning my firearms while I listened to the game. It's nice to have two firearms, then you've got one ready to go while you're cleaning the other one. I'd already cleaned my shotgun and had taken my pistol apart when a beaver emerged from the river, walked up to the fire and rose up, leaning back on his tail. It had a stick in his hand. The beaver started smacking the palm of its other paw with the stick and let out a fierce rasping growl. Then it lifted the stick and chewed on the cambium layer just under the bark loudly and aggressively (extremely suggestive not to fuck with the wood pile jack, I eat this stuff) lowered the stick and growled again.

The beaver looked like it was going to make a move. So I drew out my sawed off and fired a #7 upland game round (this is mouse ammo, but it's still a lot of lead) at four feet. The beaver didn't flinch and I hit it with the whole cartridge, it growled even louder than before and chewed on its stick menacingly. I wasn't exactly sure what to do with this one, and kinda sat there stunned for few seconds. I figured I'd better stand up, as it looked like we were going to fight. It was big but when I stood up the beaver very slowly turned and went back to the river. A bulletproof beaver, I still slept well.

The night before I got on the Mississippi it dumped snow. In the morning I couldn't find my anchor, it was gone. I'd lost my anchor on the Ohio. Watch out for the wicket dams on the lower Ohio, they're wicked perhaps more so because the water level was low. I almost bought the farm on the last one, it was treacherous and extremely close to unnavigable.

The sun just set, it's pitch black and my eyes haven't adjusted yet. Plus, there's a spotlight shining barge barreling upstream full throttle yet barely making headway through what appears to be the only smooth water of what looks like an open dam lock chamber. I happen to be cutting across its bow to the standard port on port passing presentation mostly because I've visually determined there's no way I'm going to make it to the south of the tug as its extremely rough and I'd determined that must be the wicket dam. I's headed to the north toward a place I couldn't see whether its navigable or not because the barge just about completely occupied what looked like an open dam lock chamber.

The tug captain spotlighted me, focused the beam (now I'm nearly completely blind) and with the spotlight beam, drew a line on the water of my apparent course/heading then "shook" the spotlight horizontally as if shaking a head negatively **don't go that way**. He repeated the negative spotlight show again as I continued on my heading. The spotlight then drew a line on the water from me to a seemingly barely wide enough slot between the barge and the side of the dam structure, followed by "shaking" the spotlight up and down like nodding the head in affirmative, **yes go this way!** It spotlighted me again. I shook my head horizontally "no" and exaggerated my lips aperture. NO I DON'T WANT TO GO THAT WAY!

The barge captain repeated the negative and positive spotlight show with maximum intensity and brightness. I changed course and headed towards the "squeeze play" doom. As I entered the

miniscule slot he slowed down a hair and with barely enough clearance to keep from scraping along either the side of the dam or barge with enough space for paddle purchase in turbulent water I squeaked through, just barely.

Cairo, IL is pronounced “kayro” like the corn syrup. Which makes sense cause a lot of our corn comes down past here. I went into town for supplies and was also looking to find “Jim” and descend the Mississippi together. I really wanted to drop down the Miss. with a black fellow, I thought this would make for a good story. I couldn’t find “Jim” in town and had accepted the apparent solo fate. When I got back to my rig with groceries there was a black guy sitting there on a block of concrete next to my canoe. Man, what luck I figured as I excitedly approached the situation, this is unbelievable! Turns out somehow this guy seemed like he knew what was on my mind, and immediately explained why he would not be accompanying me downstream. “It’s to fucking dangerous, but you’ll be fine”, he assured me. I was disappointed to hear he wasn’t coming but appreciated the vote of confidence. This was hilarious.

I’d made it to the Mississippi and was now heading south. This was great because it was getting cold. A quick glance at the airplane chart I’d been given on Thanksgiving showed that the river formed a big bend around Wolf Island Bar. It looked like I could leave the main channel and shortcut the bend in the river by paddling down the inside of the island. This would cut several miles out of my trip. I stayed in the middle of the river as I took the shortcut. It was a great day and the wind was calm. I listened to the radio and enjoyed a cold floating lunch of sardines in mustard sauce drenched in 52–20 hot sauce on crackers with an apple and water. A few miles away a tugboat tower could be seen above some small trees on the other side of the tail of the island. It looked like he had stopped and I was sitting there wondering why when I noticed some extremely rough water on the river.

“Wish” I could remember what song was playing on the radio. It looked like I was getting sucked towards the extremely rough area and I started to paddle away from it. Something wasn’t right with this picture, I kept seeing white flecks of foam come out of the river downstream. I stood up and was horrified to find a river wide horizon line. The Army Corps of Engineers had installed a rock weir/low head dam on this side of the island to force water around the other side in the channel. It was a five foot drop and the Mississippi was just peeling over the top and crashing down over the rocks. I was way out in the middle of the river. For a few seconds I attempted a dash to the riverside, I wanted to get off now. It was obvious I’d never make it and realized why the tug had stopped downstream, he was watching me. This was the first island I’d passed on the Miss. It became apparent that my only chance was to paddle towards the rough water. There was a gap in the dam about a hundred feet wide and the Miss. poured through it like a tongue. I just couldn’t believe this was my only option, this tongue of the Miss. was a catastrophe.

To the far side of the tongue I made towards and started my slide. As I slid over the lip I discovered a throat area that manifested itself as a whirlpool about as big around and deep as a house, it even had a monstrous sucking noise that crackled like the worlds drain. This is an incredible thing to see from a canoe. What a rush! It seemed like I just skirted around this Mississippi monster. Black smoke poured out of the tugs stacks. I never attempted to shortcut the Miss. again and stayed in the channel. If I wanted to get to the backside of an island I went around the tail not the head.

The river was very low, almost a historic low. This made for great sand bar R&R spots but river travel by small boat was a little more dangerous because the Army Corps projects were exposed. There was ice on the Mississippi in the morning and a decomposing cow head near a soon to be GMO grain elevator. The wind increased as the river turned to the west and revealed a storm approaching. Off in the distance a white speck of foam grew larger and turned into a boat. The aluminum net boat barely altered course and quickly drew near. Thor is a river god, I thought as he approached heralded by

lightning bolts. Looked like Thor at least, blonde hair, beard, blue eyes, lots of lightning. He was very excited, "Where you coming from"? The Mon. "Man, I'll bet you're having fun." You bet! His eyes widened and he showed me what he had in his gill net. "It's the last one, I know it is, I've been fishing on this river for twenty years and I've never seen one. It's the last Mississippi paddlefish and I caught it. I'm going to eat it for dinner, it was meant to be." More paddlefish power to you pal. We lamented the condition of the river. He recommended I seek shelter immediately. I heading to shore, pulled the boat, leaned it over the tops of two 5 gallon buckets and dove under as the storm impacted.

At the liquor store in Caruthersville, MO for the first time I contemplate buying 3 year old whiskey, making calculations in my mind... Let's see they GMO'd the corn in 96', took 'em a while to get substantial acreage planted, harvest, transport, fermentation, boughthelling...

Just past Caruthersville, Missouri is a bridge, one of the few that span the lower Mississippi. Upstream of this bridge just below an Army Corp knuckle I rested and ate. In the freezing morning breakfast is cooked and devoured. Several downstream barges are seen working their way down and under the bridge. Two upstream tugs and barges sit making almost no headway a mile or so downstream of the bridge. The site is cleaned up and everything is loaded. Another fine crispy day on the river as the canoe slides past the eddy created by the knuckle groin and towards the main bridge channel. It appears now the upstream tugs are making their move. Looks like they were waiting for the downstream tugs to clear the bridge. Hmm... It seems we may pass each other just under the bridge. It doesn't seem like that big of a deal. Hey, wait a minute this looks like it could get rough. Upstream barges plow under bridge full throttle. The channel narrows here and the river quickens its pace, a bottleneck. Oh shit! The stern wave behind the first tug is 8' to 10' and is sliding to the outside of the river bend like it always does, with me in its direct path. Calculations are made, I should have slept in this morning. It's too late to get off the river now. By the time the seriousness/danger of the situation is fully realized, it's there. Grin and bear it, make it look convincing while you're at it.

Ideally, the six point rack won't slip off the bow. It appears unavoidable. Better take the stern waves at about a 45 degree angle. Quite a show now, from the bridge of tug it must look comical. No attempt to distract me is made. Surely the pilot is readying the rescue crew. The canoe slips over the first of many stern waves. They just keep coming unlike bow waves that travel in fours. Water over the side, some waves appear insurmountable. Facing capzation a dash is made to an adjacent countercurrent and is made. Enough time is gained to prepare for the next tug which is on the heels of the first. Slip out of the countercurrent and into the next set of waves whose amplitude is jacked up by the proceeding mess. Brace your feet and/or knees, paddle, paddle, paddle keep your paddle in the water and lean or pry on it like a crutch. Brace, pry, lean! Jeez, somehow I made it through that mess. I looked up as I came from underneath the bridge and there was a buzzard circling above.

The map said I was on the Brandy Wine chute and the main flow was close to the west side of the river. I marveled at the speed I was making and could just see the city of Memphis downstream. An empty barge and a 20' sailboat were coming downstream. I slipped into an eddy and paused because the sailboat was headed directly for me and I figured they were sliding up to communicate. I was wrong, they didn't see me. I'm nearly invisible, paddled out of the way and shouted for their attention. There were two guys in the sail and one shouted, "Hey, it's that guy in a canoe"! As they were tacking over, they told me that everyone on the river was talking about me and they'd been told to keep an eye out. They'd been looking for me since Louisville. I challenged them to a race into Memphis, last one there buys the first round. They laughed, a minute later I was smack in the middle of the river with a sailboat on the left of me and barge to the right as the radio turned out some Stealers Wheel, "Clowns to the left of me, jokers to the right, here I am smack in the middle". I don't know if the tug captain was listening to the same tune but he kept sounding his horn at the appropriate time. I was laughing so hard. I like when phyciotrists ask me "Have you ever thought that the radio plays

certain songs just for you”?

When coming down the river into Memphis one must pull behind Mud Island where the pyramid is to easily get into town. The two “clowns” got there just a second before I did. The dockmaster stepped out of the shack, holy shit you got to be kidding me, it’s Richard Petty “The King”. He looked just like the stock car legend, the hat and sunglasses sold the look. I asked him if he thought it was crazy to paddle a canoe down the Mississippi. He said, “No [know] actually it looks you might be having more fun than anybody in the world! Come back here and I’ll show you crazy.” He led me around to the back of the floating marina and showed me a Datsun floating on four steel drums. “This guy tried to drive down the river.” He explained to me that originally the car didn’t have two outboard engines on the back but when the guy put the floating Datsun in the river the points got wet, the engine wouldn’t run, and he had to take it back to the barn for a redesign. The river came half way up the door, and apparently the skipper had gotten tired of sitting in waist deep water, so he gave up. This was hilarious. I asked dockmaster “Petty” if there was anywhere to crash out for the night around here. He said it was illegal to camp on the floating dock but he was leaving at five. I asked him what time he got there in morning. “Six O’clock sharp.”

Me and the boys went into town, Beale Street. We went into a pool hall and had a couple of beers. The skipper of the sail was a teetotaler, the mate however was a little off color and suggested some green. Well, what are we waiting for? “I don’t know anybody here, and neither do you.” You wanna see something funny? Come on outside and check this out. We stepped outside and before the door closed there was a hustler running across the street to our side. Before the mate or the hustler knew what happened, I’d talked the fella down from twenty to five AND got him to give me change for a ten, we were holding. Suddenly the hustler started examining the ten and said, “Hold on here, you got the green and the Finn, this ten might not even be real!” I assured him it was and even offered to take it back. He started to give it back to me and caught himself. I’m paddling down the river in a canoe from Pittsburgh. “Pittsburgh?” You had to see the look on this guy’s face when he realized what he thought was going on. He hustled back across the street. “How’d you do that?” asked the mate incredulously. Too easy, pal. The teetotaler swore I was running with the devil. This made him very uneasy. The mate rolled his eyes.

At six O’clock Petty showed up and when his foot hit the dock I rolled off the dock and into a sitting position in my canoe. “You didn’t have to do that.” He came out a few minutes later with some coffee and a Danish. I took the \$1 city bus tour, skipping Graceland, even though there was an old woman on the bus that insisted I needed to go to Graceland. I know why, Elvis died full of pharmiticule drugs on a dam flush toilet. I am the King, honey.

It’s raining and I’m resting under the Helena bridge. I don’t like resting under bridges as the cars keep me up at night. I’d just administered my nightly shot of whiskey when a rat the size of a dog ran out into the open. I switched up to buckshot and put the rat rounds away. These creatures are nutria, they’re big, look like rats and are good to eat. I listened to a country tune on the radio that sung about what the Americans would do to Jesus if he showed up in this country.

Apparently, there were photographers on some of these bridges taking pictures of me. A few months later my old friend Jorge Mayorga called me from Chicago and told me he was walking down the street one December day and couldn’t believe it when he saw me on the front page of the Chicago Tribune.

I’d just come past the Arkansas River and was out of vegetables. I should have got more from the Memphis grocery store. As you might imagine one can devote a lot of thought to dinner while paddling down the Miss. in a canoe. It looked like I was making 52–20 whiskey gumbo with no fresh vegetables. The sun was setting and I started looking for a place to get off the river. I’d been thinking

about vegetables all day when I came upon some floating on the surface of the river. There were sweet peppers, cucumbers, tomatoes and other veggies. It looked like someone had thrown a basket of vegetables in the river. I took what I figured on eating over the next few days and let the rest flow down to the sea.

After a delicious 52–20 whiskey gumbo with vegetables I kicked back and reveled in what appeared to be an energy field emanating from the forest across the river, beautiful. After being on the river for a few months I was really getting into the flow of the force. Considering the dream trip I'd manifested or was experiencing, I figured I'd give psychokinensis a try. I spent the next five or six hours that night sitting there trying to bend a spoon with my mind. This felt like the natural thing to do at the time. I didn't try and use any leverage or force besides that of my mind. This is an interesting thing to try and accomplish especially out here down by the river. It didn't work and to be honest the way things had been going I thought it would. The next morning I loaded up my stuff chucking the fork and spoon in my bag and throwing it in the boat. The next evening when I pulled out the utensils the fork was bent ninety degrees. I hadn't thought of this result.

Christmas Eve I made it into Greenville, Mississippi. As I was pulling the boat up out of the river a fellow warned me about disappearing sandbars. Apparently, when the river rises the sandbars don't slowly disappear. They can instantly vanish instead, undercut by the river, and if you're on it when this happens you can kiss your ass goodbye. I walked to the grocery store, this town has some unbelievable characters, right out of blues song. In addition to getting dry goods and vegetables I ate many hot tamales along the way. Spicy meat rolled in cornbread is a Christmas Eve treat in the South. I stopped at the local tavern above the river landing.

Greenville is an example of what happens to a small town that opens itself up to the Casinos. The locally owned establishments go to hell because the people who spend money spend it at the casinos. The locals themselves lose their money at the casinos too. Most of the money made at the casinos leaves town. This is all obvious. It's bad for the town. I was hustling pool at a place that was just hanging on. A couple at the bar told me it was no night to hustle pool and invited me back to their place. This couple was very cordial to me and the guy ran his own BBQ catering service. What luck, it was a delicious feast. They went to sleep and I was still eating. When their daughter came home around midnight she was surprised to find me in the kitchen. I guess she was expecting Santa, found a guy who looked like JC and I turned out to be a river hustler claiming Santa has a souped up red Master Craft and was last seen on the Mon. She spent the night at her girlfriend's house.

I just try to be truthful with people. I checked out this fellows rolling barbeque in the morning and then he gave me a ride back to the river. He wanted to talk about the obvious, I stuck to my guns and said I believed in the force, plus I met "Jesus" in high school and had Hari Krishna lunch with him every week at the Plaza of the Americas. This guy was surprised there was a canoe down by the river and I wasn't full of shit.

The river was rising. One fine day on the Miss. I came upon a couple guys cat fishing in a big john boat. They had an anchor line out that was hanging straight up and down. They said the line was over 150' as they spun around in an eddy with a dwindeling twelve pack of Mountain Dew and the bottom of the boat filled with 50 lb. catfish. These were two good ole' Arkansas boys and their whistling guffawing southern banter was unreal. They warned me about trees on the river when the water rises. They said that the buoyant trees get sucked to the bottom of the river occasionally and often breach the surface completely after rising to the top. They added that the river was rising. They also warned me about 2000 lb. razorback hogs that were known to eat people and told me not to stay on Cottonwood Bar as these creatures had been seen there.

The head wind increased and the sun dropped like a rock as I tried to paddle past this

Razorback/Cottonwood Bar. There were rocks on the other side. I pulled the boat off the sand and into the trees of this bar and made camp. My guard mouse wouldn't let me peacefully sleep through the monster that came upon us at four in the morning. I awoke to the sound of my mouse skittering along the fiberglass hull and ricocheting off the side and up into its hole. The creature out in the dark shook the earth and sounded like it was ripping bushes out of the ground. I switched up from buckshot to a slug, held my sawed off like a teddy bear and went back to sleep.

At sunset I paddled a short distance up the Yazoo and was at the historic Vicksburg landing. I pulled my canoe up on the cobble stones and was immediately set upon by some spirited folks. They warned me about rising water and disappearing sandbars, again. This warning came with a terrifying story. These guys were out playing football on a sand bar. One fellow went out deep for a pass, the sand bar melted out from under him, and all that was left was a football floating on the river. I walked up to town, hustled some pool, met some fellows, and went and did a drive by of the historic civil war siege area in the pouring rain. Vicksburg surrendered to the north on July 4th. They didn't celebrate the 4th for another hundred years. I felt determined to get to Natchez Mississippi by New Year's Eve and asked the fellows I was touring Vicksburg with to drop me off at the landing in the rain. They couldn't believe I was heading out into this weather on the river at night. They tried to seduce me with, "We could go back to our house, stay dry and do bong hits". I've got a hot date in Natchez. Paddled down the Yazoo to the confluence and crossed the Miss. to a huge sandbar on the other side.

Earlier than usual I woke up and got on the rising river and kind of battled a slight head wind. There was starting to be some trees floating down the river and the sand bars were vanishing. There was a cold front moving through and the wind was still south westerly coming around to the west. I came around a bend heading west in the evening trying to sail my canoe into the breeze. A flock of geese were landing on the river and taking shelter on the south side of a bunch of trees and I took this as a sign that the front would push through overnight. I pulled in and thanked them for showing me the best place to lay up. It was calm here. Natchez was over 55 miles away and tomorrow was New Year's Eve. I'd never made more than 25 miles in one day. I was determined to get there before the evening.

Mouse alarm clock got me up at five in the morning and the instant the sky got lighter I pushed off from shore. The geese had come back after the sun set and would have rather slept in a little longer. As soon as I got out of the tree lee the wind blew out of the north. It steadily increased as the sun rose, now it was pushing me. I was moving rapidly and eating cheap fruit pies which I discovered on this trip gave me heartburn, so I quit eating them. About 10:30 I noticed some guys in a SUV driving down the levee. It looked they were waving at me. They pulled a little downstream, got out and started jumping up and down, hollering and waving their arms around in the air. I was a half mile away but decided to paddle over and see what the fuss was all about. Maybe these guys knew something.

The river boils up and as you travel from boil to boil stay on the side of the boil in the desired direction of travel and the river will push you there with minimal effort. Simply read the river, determine which water is relatively moving in the desired direction and keep your paddle and boat in this water. Within a few dozen paddle strokes I was at the river side. The two guys asked how I got there so quickly with no motor. I explained the above. I asked them why they were signaling me. They said they thought my engine was out and I was in trouble. Hmmm. This is when it's melting shatterin' ice to have a sawed off shotgun in the milk crate in front of you. I asked them how far away Natchez was and they said it was just around the bend ten more miles. It was hard to believe but when I paddled around the bend there she was.

Two creatures were swimming across the river. I paddled closer thinking they were deer. As I got closer they looked more like pigs. I got right up next to them, the things were South American tapirs (Tapirus terrestris) it looked like a spotted fawn and its mother. I knew this but didn't know why they were swimming across the Miss. I watched them get out of the river on the west side.

Mythologically they represent the thunder god. I pulled up to the Under the Hill Natchez at noon. I'd gone over 55 miles, more than twice my best previous day, before noon. The sun took its time getting there, too.

Sauntered into the "Under the Hill Saloon" looking like James Bowie who I didn't know much about except he had a knife named after him, married the Texas governor's daughter and got sick and died from poor sanitary conditions (improper bereshit) during the Alamo siege where they allegedly buried the treasure in a damned spring, don't forget it. There were two guys sitting at the bar when I walked through the swinging doors. Ivan, wearing a rabbit fur Russian trooper hat said, "Five dollar cover charge". He wanted a Finn. This is hilarious. I told him I'd trade him a funny story for the cover. He agreed, and I told him about the tapirs crossing the river I'd just seen (tap a rue {tap heir} entering a dam county). He and "Catfish" Jim told me it was deer I saw (argument for witness serve it die in a dam county). I told them it was a couple of tapirs but they argued for deer. This might be the coolest saloon in the universe, the oldest in this country.

Explained I had a hot date tonight and needed to get a haircut. Ivan and I got a ride to the "Rebel Yell" barbershop and I said I wanted my hair shortened and my sideburns long. I didn't know it but this is the Bowie look. The barber paid no attention to my request and left the hair long and cut the sideburns short. He said this was definitely the look I was after. This guy just didn't get it or perhaps he knew more than I did. Either way I didn't complain. We returned to the saloon and enjoyed some hot tamales, culinarily it is Christmas Eve every night at Natchez under the hill.

The night was a smashing success. With a couple of hours to go to the big moment a gorgeous young woman walked into the place and sat down next to me, she said she had been checking me out. She was so beautiful, and very intelligent. She was my subconscious and conscience dream girl. She said she liked me too. We had a couple of drinks that I continued to put on the open tab some guy had given me. We shared some dances together and rang in the New Year with cheers and hugs. I was a hero, the locals were noting my fortune. "Do you know who she is?" they asked when she went to the lady's room. "She's Lynn Fortuneberry, daughter of possibly the richest oil tycoon in Texas. She's the premier debutante in the Deep South!" They couldn't believe it. After midnight she asked me to escort her to her car which I did. I got the best kiss of my life down by the Mississippi River, thanks Lynn. It was a long kiss and when I got back to the bar I was a new man. This was obvious, the locals at the bar paid their respect to me in various ways and I tried to be smooth about the whole thing.

Down by the river I fell asleep where Bowie got in his knife fights and I got a great kiss. I was the first guy in the saloon the next morning when the janitor unlocked the doors. No one had puked in the restrooms on New Year's Eve in this joint, this says a lot about the place. I checked the ladies room as well. Free coffee and doughnuts here, which I was enjoying with Ivan, "Catfish" Jim, and the proprietor Andre, when a hot blonde stuck her head in the saloon and explained she was a reporter looking for a story. Andre, not surprised, laughed, cocked his head and pointed at me, "There's your story". We all stifled a snicker because this was getting rich. It turns out Ms. Reeves was a reporter from The Sun Sentinel, a South Florida newspaper, and had gone to school with my Uncle whose first and last name I shared. The guys at the bar ate this up, especially after last night's performance. I gave her a good story that made the front page back home. She said her grandfather was employed as a navigation light keeper on the river when he was shot in the back of the head by some vicious men while performing his duty. Perhaps they were small boaters tired of all night big boat wakes.

The "Cock of the Walk" is a phrase in American lingo to describe a person that was coined here on the sand bar under the hill. When a fellow wanted everyone to know he was the big rooster he'd put a cock feather in his hat. The next day "Catfish" Jim took me to the post office where I got a hundred bucks in a letter from my dad. He gave me a ride to the store and we picked up some groceries too. Back at the saloon I had a drink with the guy in the Russian rabbit fur trooper hat. The weather channel

was predicting that an extremely large weather system would hit the area in a couple of days.

The Russian rabbit fur trooper hat fellow wanted to know what I was going to do. I told him I was intent on hooking up with some herbs in town. He thought this diminished my trip somewhat and tried to exorcize this desire from me. I explained to him that I'd already met the best in this business on the Ohio. He wanted to know who I thought I was going to get it from. "You pal," I replied. He couldn't figure out how I knew he knew where to get some. I looked at his Russian rabbit fur trooper hat and smiled.

The crew at the saloon warned me to stay left further down the river as the Mississippi river was trying to flow into the Atchafalaya Swamp on the west side and the Army Corp. was battling the old girl. I left in the afternoon and pushed in a few miles downriver. The next day I stayed to the river left and thought I'd passed the river control structures in the fog that was building up. I didn't have a map. I pulled in for the night on the west side across from the Louisiana State Penitentiary as it started to rain hard. I got a good distance away from the river and stretched out my tarp. I was just falling asleep when I heard something approaching. I listened and could tell it was about 50 lbs. and had four feet. As it uncautiously approached the excitement level increased. It was just outside the tarp. I fingered the sawed off. It came in as a wet hunting dog. I knew there were hunters nearby.

The next morning it was still raining and so foggy I couldn't see my hands stretched out in front of me. When I walked away to relieve myself I couldn't find my way back without getting down on my hands and knees and searching for my footprints. Mississippi river water makes great coffee. The next day the fog had lifted a little and I could just make out the flying tower of a passing tug above the shrouded river. I went for a walk behind the place I was staying. About 200' away I discovered a huge pile of white chicken feathers between and in front of two "tiki" gods fashioned from tree trunks cut off at 5'.

On the way back to my boat four northern Cajuns on ATV's rode up with high powered rifles. They wanted to know what I was doing. I told them about the Pittsburg to New Orleans thing. "Got any women with you?" I didn't like this question, turned a little to the left, moved my jacket back with my hand, and put my hand on my piece. Nope, no women. This made them a little uneasy, kinda like the shoe on the other foot, considering the situation. Carrying a 22 pistol on your side into a confrontation with four Cajuns on machines, running dogs, carrying high powered rifles and most likely packing automatic 45's in the foggy voodoo swamp is exciting. Laying a hand on your pistol is ballsy. I extricated myself from the situation and got back to my gear. For some reason I didn't feel at ease with this site.

The rain increased and the fog parted. I took advantage of the somewhat increased visibility and departed the site. As soon as I left the shore the fog raced back into position, sneaky stuff. I found myself completely enveloped and only able to see 30' to 40'. I also discovered I was in danger of spilling over a dike or weir in the Mississippi that was somewhat parallel to the rivers flow. This was kind of horrifying as I did a "rail slide" along the pressure wave just upstream of the river weir to where I had no idea. Fortunately, I avoided going over the weirs edge and ended up on an island. I was so happy to get off the river. I pulled everything way back up in the trees, turned the hull over on two 5 gallon buckets and draped a tarp over the open side like I usually did in fierce weather. That night it rained more than I've ever seen in my whole life. I got up in the middle of the night when the area was struck by lightning to relieve myself and discovered the 5 gallon bucket I'd left uncovered was full of water. I emptied it and it was full of water again in the morning. All night long one could hear large sections of earth falling into the river somewhere close by. I would say the thunder god had arrived.

The fog had cleared into eerie island like patches while the rain continued. I got on the river.

The sand bars were disappearing like all the guys warned and the river was full of trees. Periodically a tree would launch mostly clear of the water and crash back down into it like a whale just like the two guys drinking Mountain Dew and cat fishing said they would. I called these tree missiles and they were intimidating. I came around a bend in the river and encountered something new, an ocean going tug plowing upstream. These are different than river tugs in that they have a high slicing bow for going through waves, they pull the barge instead of push it and they have an incredible bow wake. It was the wake I was concerned about. Fortunately for me, I got to the tail of an island and hid around the backside just as the 8' tightly spaced waves crashed into shore. This is what's downstream? Wow.

It was around here somewhere that I encountered a creek or drainage ditch through the levee and paddled up it. There were a couple of big 50 lbs. beavers at the entrance that slid into the water as I entered. I silently paddled in. There were tunnels in the levee and I stopped in front of one about eye level 15' away. A big beaver came out of the entrance and looked at me. I kept still. A whole bunch of beavers piled out like clowns from a car and sat on the bank looking at me. It looked like they'd quit the dam project and'd moved into levee undermining. These were big Cajun gangster sabotage beavers. I made a move and they bailed. It was a fracas getting off that creek. I got escorted out.

Around a bend in the river I came upon the "Mississippi Queen". A "trip" down the river wouldn't be the same without seeing this paddle wheeler. She was tied up to the side of a place that looked like nowhere, Saint Francis. St. Francis is the patron saint of animals, birds and the environment. This is my queen. I paddled around to her wheel. Two nude mermaids were displayed on the stern. I was enamored.

The river was experiencing a tremendous rise. The storm, heralded by tapirs was rumbling up the Ohio River valley and was to become the "storm of the century" in New England. The Mississippi River that was near record lows when I got on was very rapidly filling up. It had become extremely dangerous, it was filling up with trees and the sides of the river were falling in. When approaching Baton Rouge the redness of the young willow trees growing along the river side becomes more pronounced, red sticks standing straight out of the ground are everywhere.

When I floated around the S turn into Baton Rouge I couldn't believe the turmoil caused by the Army Corp. weired dike in the Mississippi. It's practically unnavigable, this is illegal as spelled out in the freedom of waterway act. The sight of ocean going ships just downstream of the Huey P. Long bridge could be intimidating. Governor Long deliberately built the bridge low to dam the ships from progressing further upstream. As I approached the first loading pier I wanted to go around the end of it but a tanker ship was pulling in, so I had to go underneath it. The signs all along the pier read, "Warning High Pressure Sulfuric Acid!" The large diameter pipes overhead were misting out a liquid everywhere. I got sprayed but just washed it off with Mississippi river water. It turns out Monsanto runs this operation too.

At a wharf an older guy with gray hair and beard walked out just as I was passing by and he said he knew where I'd come from and what I'd seen and recommended I get off the river here and not go on to New Orleans. I reached for my eyebrows with my left hand and kind of buried my eyes and ? because this was so obvious and floated on. Every one of the piers, wharfs and other unloading and loading areas I passed was attended by an older 57ish gray hair and bearded fellow who let me know I was a real hero and strongly advised I get off the river now. This was timely advice from an obvious character and hard to ignore. I pulled off the river at what appeared to be town from the river. When I walked up over the levee I was obviously at the house of the rising sun. This was definitely it.

To the east just past the slim garden and expansive lawn was the grandiose Capitol of Louisiana. It works for me I thought and headed into town. I called up my dad and asked if he would drive out from Florida and pick me and my gear up. He said he was on his way. I couldn't have done this trip in

such style without him. Strolling down the street across from the capitol I was accosted by a beautiful young woman enjoying a streetside meal at a restaurant. She invited me to eat with her and I accepted of course. She was the U.S. Senator's daughter or something, I forget. This thing was turning into a whirlwind coming up to it. The Senator's daughter told me about a little hole in the wall blues joint down the way that would be happening that night. I told her it would be perfect to see her there and thanked her for lunch. She thanked me for a state of the river report, which is what she got. If a river report could be a song the currentless chorus would be "Dam, city, shit pipe, dam, city, shit pipe, dam..."

The blues joint was electrified with the force this evening. It was a real place and the musicians played musical chairs with new performers walking in and others leaving all night. I'm not even going to tell who came in to play at this place because it wouldn't be fair, you'll have to paddle down the river and see who shows up yourself. I crashed out at the flophouse. The next day I went to the University. Baton Rouge is a dam diked town, it's below the river, this is kind of spooky. I'm not sure how this works (it doesn't for long) but the towns got pumps and everything. The "Mounders" were smarter.

My father and his buddy Mr. Mitchel came and picked me up the next day. We went up to the river to get my stuff? The river was rising fast and huge rafts of timber were floating down the river. I'm glad I wasn't on it. Those characters the other day sure had good recommendations. We went to New Orleans and had beinies and café dumondee on the riverside. I think the mouse came back to Florida with us.

Talking about a trip like this to someone is tough for me. I'd pretty much figured I was the man himself, just cause that's what the #'s added up to. If not for the one then for what else for? It's very difficult to explain in words, especially considering the average person's attention span (about the length of a t.v. commercial). Most people thought I was crazy to even want do this let alone actually do it (make way on reviere). Most people pretty much assumed I'd lost my marbles, they couldn't even imagine getting in a boat on the river. How was I to explain to them that at every diner for lunch, every grocery store checkout line, a pharmicueticl big wig, insurance rep., somebody who worked for the water department or the Feds. was coincidingly next to me while I verbally went over the dam she.t.ty GMO thing and getting revenge/delivering avengance upon those dam fools responsible for it with a local "deer hunter", Vet. or apple orchardist.

It's hard not to come off as cocky when telling this story. How could I not be after witnessing, this thing, the humiliating disgrace? The realization of what reality is, figuring out what's going on, with the time to come up with a solution through communication along the way. I laugh SO much when I think about this, the discovery of it all. I'm just trying to talk you into being able to do the same. Hustling down the river is not crime or a sin. It's more like a fishing trip. The biggest note I took was of how my fortuitous timing positioned me to deseminat an idea to each particular areas most powerful and influential, quick, as if the brightest and darkest flowed/crawled out of the cracks of the woodwork, concrete and asphalt.

Planted over most of the lawn and got rid of the hedges starting my first habitat restoration project planting site specific natives at my parent's house. Took a Greyhound back to Lancaster, Pa to get my truck and stayed with Mr. Singletary for a month. This is where the Amish live, there's some Mennonites too. These ladies and gentlemen have got a little more control over themselves than the average folks. It was funny because I came up there with what I call the Abe Lincoln look, no mustache, dark pants and felt hat. I fit right in. Mr. Singletary was daring enough to recommend me for a temporary position as a propagation manager for Greenleaf, one of the larger horticultural operations. I worked in Smoketown supervising some Amish women and Latin ladies, we took

cuttings for propagation. In this area of the country a story is told just by travelling around. When you get to Bird in Hand you can go to Smoketown or Intercourse. When headed for Intercourse **don't** take the bypass to Blueballs.

After a month of working one of the managers said, "If you're so smart, you might/should be able to fix this problem" and we went back into one of Greenleaf's state of the art greenhouses with microirrigation lines. The problem was the lines, just above the waist high propagation tables, were becoming clogged with algae. Get a pipe cleaner (a semiflexible/stiff device often with bristles). "We tried that" said the manager, "Along with algaecide, filters, flushes and all of the above in combination. Cost too much, now we just throw away the black plastic micro tubes and replace them". With the present labor and tool rate versus the cheap cost of micro corduroy irrigation line replacement (it's fast and easy) Greenleaf had decided to go with the least amount of manual labor and without much investment in tools (the microirrigation lines are cheap). Lots of waste this way though.

The problem isn't that the irrigation lines can't be easily maintained manually with a pipe cleaner and/or other methods. The problem was Greenleaf couldn't afford the cost of the manual labor. When one looked at what was really going on, they were growing plants with no real product, say holiday Easter cactidie (Hatioar). You couldn't eat 'em, the birds didn't like the plants either... total dam desert idea, no product. It related to the dams on the river problem because with super cheap dam and ditch food the horticulturists couldn't produce food and make money. So, they grew philodendrons and Easter cacti and such. The whole operation is extremely detrimental to the environment, what with all the sheds, dam reservoirs, drain the wells dry, metal tables, concrete, pumps, lights, fertilizer runoff, the pile of plastic microtubes was the least pressing just the seemingly (they wish) most visible problem. There's not even a good product and they were trying to get me to come up with an idea that would subtract even more manual labor. I want to increase manual labor with more real profit. The problem was the consumer demands Hatioar cactus but is only willing to pay so much for it.

Without dam and ditch agriculture horticulturists (and former dam and ditch agricultural folks) could make money producing fruit, vegetable, herbs and funguses. Irrigation lines that are above ground and not enclosed within walls are easy to maintain, last a considerable length of time and can be recycled into new ones or other productful tools, "Israeli desert style irrigation" using the latest tools and technology is extremely productive with a relatively small amount of collected rainfall. The people responsible for and controlling the near their domicile product enjoy increased food security.

If the sinfully shed water from the roof under which the plants were growing were collected above the plants (no pumping needed) it would be super. This water could be stored in tanks (cisterns) higher perhaps just to the side of the plants and thus the lines would be pressurized. Could use cistern/growing tables where the lower water was pumped up to the above tanks with a solar powered pump. Sure, with big cisterns there's even more problems that likely would be solved manually. If the tank got clogged or in need of repair one'd've to jump into a likely full of water, dark, cold and claustrophobic container to fix it. Most humans lose the idea here. Don't, there'll be discharged good navy seals, lifeguards, pearl divers and what not that will be able to handle it, graciously and it'll cost a lot. But it's still cheaper, easier and more fun than doing it the dammed route. Plus, look who gets the money, liquid corduroy transfer specialists and swimmers, instead of stone stackers and hole diggers. Call it a breeding project. It lasts a lot longer too, long enough to containerize the system and transport the goods around any eventuality for all time.

Riding out West on a horse would have been nice but from my experience horses always get the bit on me and then try to rub me off on an apple tree (Malus domestica) as if they were trying to tell me something then gallop back to the barn. So I drove out West. Thomas Charles Delman and another U.F. Grad, "the Duke" lived in Boulder, Colorado and I rented a spot on the couch in the basement of a house with 6 to 8 characters living in it. Tom and I were unemployed and I told him about an idea where by we would work for a few months and then quit and take the money we'd saved and go down

a river from the mountains to the sea. I told him how exciting and what a learning experience it would be. He seemed mildly interested.

I found an advertisement for spray techs in the local paper and we went in for an interview. Steph owned and operated Boulder Tree and offered us employment based on our knowledge of plant I.D., this was important because one had to be able to identify which trees to hose down with poison. Right away I couldn't stand this job because I didn't like unproductively spraying poison willy nilley everywhere for show. I'd come from Florida where trees grow great and the people had "Nebraskaitus" and killed the trees, insisted on growing grass and sprayed chemicals all over the grass to do it. Out here in Boulder along the Front Range of the Rockies in the high plains where grass grew splendidly they wanted to grow trees, which didn't grow well here and thus the poisonous chemicals. Once again, the government could easily fix this problem with appropriate laws, tremendously reduce the amount of unnecessary or extremely unproductive pesticide application, make money enforcing good laws, protecting the children's and life in general's future. Starts by undamming the rivers.

Of course Tom and I wanted to make some money, and it looked like cottonwoods (Populus deltoides) and fruit trees irrigated with super drip line collected water and fertilized with a urine separating composting no flush less toilet with a squirt gun would have given a comparatively productive, much less destructive source of firewood chopping, micro irrigation maintenance, fertilizer application, tree pruning and apple picking. We coulda perhaps lived on mostly apple pie and smoked trout. The trout fishing ended at the Boulder sewer outflow pipe. The food in town sucked.

With a scheme as envisioned I may have made \$200 less a week with 3 garden work days instead of 5 poison job days but may have saved \$50 a week eating apples, made an extra \$50 a week selling apple butter and perhaps even picked up an extra \$100 a week guiding fishing trips to rich people. Tom and I didn't really like spraying pesticide for show and would rather have picked apples and smoked trout. We spent our evenings fishing Boulder Creek. Boulder Creek flowed at a dam steady 50 cubic feet per second or cfs. This became our standard and we became good at judging cfs flows by looking at any body of flowing water and determining roughly how many "Boulder Creeks" it was, say 20 and estimate the flow thus to be 1000 cfs for the stream in question.

The Boulder Tree crew was probably the best bunch of guys I ever worked with, Sam McGee, the diesel mechanic, Mark Weber, scientist, Aaron, likewise and a bunch congenial characters. I was the fastest on the draw and usually TJ, the "slowest" guy was my partner, naturally. Usually about 7 AM would find us mixing up a batch of poison with water from the fire hydrant, we had our own fire hydrant key and everything. I was the "spray tech" and TJ was the assistant. Every morning we got a new route or list of addresses and trees to "shoot". Somehow I got the worst or most difficult route of the spray techs. Steph may have been getting revenge on me for being a self acclaimed "superstar" or he may have found I was the best at gunning down a bunch of low dollar, far apart accounts. Me and TJ were the cleanup crew.

Boulder Tree had a bonus scheme whereby if one sprayed over a certain amount (several hundred dollars' worth) of trees per day the crew would get a percentage of what we sprayed on top of that. So, there was an incentive to spray as much poison as one could. TJ and I had the worst, hardest to make money routes everyday yet consistently we got a higher bonus than the rest. How'd we do it? There was only one way to do it. Boulder had a rule, if one was to apply pesticide one had to notify **all** of the surrounding homes. This meant one had to knock on the neighbors 8 doors, plus the clients before one could begin application. I tried this the first day, it took an extra hour a site and I never did it again. There was a lot of "green" people in Boulder who didn't like me spraying poison and would stall, question, argue, complain, call the cops and all kinds of stuff that didn't stop me from spraying next door.

I realized they were perfectly content to attempt soulicide/ecocide by dam shetty toile.t. and

while pretending it wasn't so, point their finger at me as they stuffed themselves with dam and ditch food and drinks while vainly hugging their commode under their ruf and denying the whole dam problem as they shouted, "Dam!" in Latin, plain English and slang everywhere, all the time. Typical "greenies", an especially virulent ferociously rabid breed in Boulder. I had a guy charge me with a pitchfork. I leveled the spray gun towards him and cranked the aperture open to its largest size, I was gonna blow him away with the spray gun. He stopped.

The solution was stealth. Me and TJ would pull up to the site nice and quiet. I'd look over at him, shhhh, pull up the brake, smoothly engage the PTO (power take off) that operated the chemical pumps off the trucks diesel engine and carefully step out of the truck. Don't slam the door TJ, shhhh. I'd quickly grab the gun, sprint to the tree, jumping 4' chain links and pulling off the hose. If there was a privacy fence I'd carefully look over it for kids, there never was any, and blast the offending person's tree, careful to stay out of the drift. In addition to being quite another trick was not to wear the respirator. If you didn't wear the respirator townfolk didn't realize you were spraying poison. Don't shoot into the wind. Then I'd sprint back to the truck and operate the hose reel, this was too tricky for TJ, high speed level wind. While I did this TJ just put a flag in the lawn, slapped a door hanger/bill on the door knob, jumped back in the truck and off we went. This worked great except for one thing, supposedly, I was required to drive the truck too. The problem was TJ couldn't read a locator map or any kind of map. He had no idea where he was in the world, none, and he couldn't relate directions to a driver on the fly. He could drive the truck though, he was better at it than me. So, he drove the truck and I kept us constantly in the correct direction.

At some point in time Steph must have realized I wasn't following the rules and I think he sent out his "lieutenant", Jeff Means, to observe how I was completing the extremely difficult routes I was being given, and then some, earning big bonuses every week on an impossible route. Jeff Means was studying to be a psychologist and he did something bizarre. Mr. Means had festering wounds over his jugulars on his neck. This was because he cut off the circulation to his brain with his left hand almost continuously. Obviously at some point in Jeff Mean's life he'd discovered if he wanted to alter his perception of reality or "catch a buzz", he could easily just choke himself. It's cheaper than buying herbs and beer and it lessons one's responsibility for the agricultural disaster.

It was apparent that Mr. Means would have preferred to choke himself all the time because as soon as he had a left hand free it would rise up to the festering scabs on his neck and he'd squeeze the life out of himself. To understand the true horror, one had to see him driving a chemical truck down the dam road choking himself. This was my immediate supervisor, psychologist in training. The result of Mr. Mean's investigative surveillance was I was told I'd have to drive the truck. Apparently, the rules said the certified spray tech had to drive the truck, more than likely for insurance purposes.

I told Steph if I drove the truck all TJ did was put a little flag in the lawn. I explained the directional difficulties and added that the way I hustled my heart rate was up when I got behind the wheel and had to drive to the next place while reading a map over the steering wheel. I told him to fire TJ or have him work with someone else, give half his pay to me, I'd slow down, he could take the other half of TJ's pay for himself and we'd all make the same amount of money. No dice. In the end I developed a tendency to drive away, out of sorts, with the PTO still engaged. This causes the PTO shaft to decouple violently and become damaged. I became a member of Edward Abby's "Monkey Wrench Gang". I discovered that the hose reel was another weak point of a chemical truck. One could damage the hose reel on a chemical applicator truck and put it out of action for a while. About the time they figured the guy who'd been a boon to the chemical application industry was a sabotage artist (I personally disabled 4 trucks) Tommy and I bought a canoe and put in our 2 weeks' notice.

We looked around for canoes and came upon a used one for sale at Boulder Outdoor, The Dagger Legend. Tom and I had decided to attempt a descent of the Snake River to the sea in a canoe, an unheard of proposition. The Dagger Legend is a 16' tandem expedition style canoe with a flat bottom, hard chines and lots of rocker. This design allowed it to carry lots of gear while still having

some freeboard and be extremely maneuverable in big fast moving water. It was the perfect boat for what we were doing, made of Royalex which was like a polo ball core with a green Rubbermaid trashcan like layer on the outside and a similar grey layer on the inside. Supposedly, it was bullet proof. The used vessel we bought had been folded in half by a likely raft guide driving a forklift into it in the storage shed. So, it had been tested and while it was a little misshapen (minor cosmetic damage) as a result of it getting stabbed with a forklift, it had new seats and struts and was \$700, half the cost of a new one, perfect.

Tom and I tested our boat and our abilities with shake down cruises on sections of the St. Vrain, Michigan, and Colorado Rivers. We discovered a tendency to crash head on or “T Bone” into rocks. This can be disconcerting, “T Boning” a rock at 10 knots and coming to a dead stop instantly. Reinforcing the bow and stern with Kevlar skid plates to protect the integrity of the hull seemed in order, we also glued D rings to the bottom so we could secure our gear to the bottom of the hull and we drilled holes in the gunwales of the bow and stern to keep additional floatation bags on the deck of the boat. Having all the gear and extra floatation strapped to the deck displaces the water when running rapids and it keeps all the stuff in the boat. Everybody, perhaps except for Sam McGee and “the Duke”, thought we were crazy as we headed out of town. We picked up a set of wheels on a folding carriage in Wyoming for the portages around the dams and headed west for Jackson Hole.

On the way we stopped at a roadside diner for supper as the sun set. We jumped in my Jeep Cherokee and headed west into the night of the high plains desert. This was open range country. I opened a bottle of beer, my first of the night, took a sip and put the beer back between my legs. If it wasn't for the white spot between the eyes I probably wouldn't have seen the black steer that was standing in the black road. As it was, the “cow”, looked up just before impact and I became aware of a huge beast immediately in front of the truck. There was no time to brake. I swerved to the right. The nose of the beast impacted the left headlamp and the remainder of the creature folded up and slammed into the driver's side of the truck. I got a look at the beast as its bloody face smeared past the window. This whole action caused the truck to fishtail and as I remember it I had to reverse steer and punch the accelerator to avoid flipping the top heavy SUV. We almost rolled the truck, I barely kept from spilling my beer, and it took a hundred yards or so to regain control of the vehicle and come to a stop. A broken headlamp, a front quarter panel smashed back causing the driver's door to be nearly inoperable and a dented driver's side were the sum of the damages. We pulled over at the first service station, called the sheriff and told 'em there was a dead “cow” in the road.

When we got to Jackson Hole I replaced the headlamp and we stocked up on groceries. We went up to the ranger station and inquired about where we should start our trip to the sea. We wanted to start up in Yellowstone National Park but were told this wasn't allowed. The ranger didn't really want to sell us a float permit for the section below Jackson Lake, saying it was extremely dangerous. Tom and I countered the whole trip was dangerous, should we drive to the Pacific Ocean, put the boat in there and call it safe? I explained to the ranger my extensive paddling experience, we showed him our rig and promised to wear our lifejackets. He sold us a permit to float the Jackson Hole section with lots of words of caution, “The strainers, the braids” and we got a sticker we attached to the bow of the Dagger Legend as proof we were there.

We cruised around the town of Jackson Hole and found a river outfitter who employed a gal who was willing to take the truck. I told her she could have it for the summer. This same place was willing to pick up the truck at the put in site and we were in. The character who ran the shuttle was the proprietor's son and he seemed to think we stood a fair chance of being successful because we had as he said, “The Cadillac of Whitewater Canoes”.

We set off with the wind at our backs in a storm of pollen. A short distance below the dam an undammed tributary flowed in full of ice cold glacial melt, trees, rocks, sand, silt and clay and the Snake began to resemble a natural river instead of the tailrace below the dam. The ranger was correct, the braided strainers were extremely dangerous and this section, while not sandwiched between vertical

canyon walls, full of huge drops and big whitewater rapids, was deceptively dangerous. It may have been the most dangerous part of the whole trip. There's a lot of trees up in the park and a river of sticks is just about the scariest natural thing one can witness from a boat on the surface of this wet rock. Just think, they used to all be like this before the dam ages. A river of sticks. The view of the Tetons, French for tits, big ones, supposedly the youngest mountain range of significance, was exciting.

Tom and I carried "town water" or potable municipal water with us on this trip and constantly kept finding new sources of "town water" to replenish our supply. We used river water for cooking and added to our fluid intake with coffee made from river water. We cleaned our eating utensils and pots and pans in the river and bathed in the river. Often we urinated in the river and accomplished this by standing up in the canoe and casting a stream into the stream. A female (who doesn't charge for it) could easily accomplish this task with the aid of a container or by placing her posterior out over the side towards the bow or stern (to maintain stability). Usually Tom and I had oatmeal for breakfast, snacks throughout the day, a cold lunch and what we called the Snake River special for dinner. The Snake River special was dam Idaho potatoes, peppers, onions, kebasie, cheese and plenty of seasoning. We got most of our food from the store but when the opportunity presented itself collected fruit, vegetables and of course ate trout, catfish and bass. We defecated on dry land.

We exited Jackson Hole and entered Alpine Canyon at approximately 20,000 cfs, the peak flow for the year. It was big. River rapids are loud, severely limiting oral communication. Just before we were overwhelmed by the deafening roar of the rapids Tom and I were treated to something one doesn't hear often on rivers during the dam ages, the sound of river rocks colliding together due to the rapidity of the water. Tom described it as the sound one hears when one puts water into oil that just isn't quite hot enough to fry in. The water sinks instead of dancing on the surface of the oil and then vaporizes or boils under the oil making a popping sound. It's very intimidating and is accompanied by the sound of water dancing on hot oil as well as the increasing roar of the oncoming rapids.

Tom sat in the front of the canoe. He had poor vision and it was more difficult for him to successfully navigate. I had more experience steering a boat on rivers, so it seemed natural for me to sit in the stern and determine our course. Humans are inherently selfish creatures and I am no exception (just the most selfless). What does this mean on a river trip? Forget about all for one and one for all. Save your own skin. Being the character steering the boat whenever we approached a rock, strainer, low hanging branch, or anything of danger, I'd elect to keep the stern as far away from the terror as possible, which potentially sacrificed Tommy or put him in the hot seat. In addition to having better vision, I was stronger, quicker, a better swimmer and line handler and thus more able or likely to rescue Tom than vice versa. So, it made sense. Tom was intelligent enough to know this. He came about having a more exhilarating and exciting or horrifying and terrifying experience practically the whole way down. It's much more dangerous to sit in the front than the back. I usually had about 10 more feet between myself and the horrifying obstacle than Tom.

The first rapid we encountered had a 5' eddy fence created by the difference in downstream current and upstream current caused by an obstruction, in this case a rock. Tom got a good look at it. Alpine Canyon is a pretty serious run especially in an open boat. A few of the commercial raft guides commented on how well we were faring and said they'd never seen anything like what we were doing. Usually when commercial raft guides witness canoeists in these class III to IV conditions it's a comedy of errors or a complete fu@%ing disaster. Tom and I managed to avoid this all the way through Alpine Canyon, until we got to the last rapid, Champagne. After lunch at the rapid named Lunch Counter where we portaged around the huge 8' standing waves just because we could, we got to Champagne. Somehow, call it a navigation error, we ended up riding up on top of the huge school bus sized rock and nearly wrapping the canoe, before we fortunately slipped off around the left side of it. It was a tense moment. Then we entered the washout, found a spare paddle and a rescue rope in a throw bag, two river gifts.

We found ourselves in Palisades Reservoir at full pool. Thomas Shindelman shouted excitedly,

“Johnny look out!” I looked up and a radio controlled model airplane was flying towards us over our heads. We’ll be fine Tommy. “No Johnny look out, look out!” Sure enough I thought and steered to the left. Good eye Tom. Apparently, it was a Kamikaze model airplane. I adjusted our course fortunately for the plane with a 6’ wingspan (it was a big one) crashed into the water right next to the boat. It would have hit us if Tom didn’t order a course change. Always be considerous of a partner’s recommendations even if they are nearly blind. It looked like the humans or “the illuminati” were trying to get us. We salvaged the model airplane and took it to its owners on the side of the dam lake. They gave us a six pack of beer.

It was difficult to get off the reservoir but we found a spot, ate and slept. The next day we trolled lures across the Res. and didn’t catch anything, we would never catch anything on the dam lakes. The reservoir side of the dam was covered in trunks from the surrounding forest. As we were portaging over the dam road a few people with a truck and a boat on a trailer gave us a lift back to the boat ramp below. It was the forth of Jew Lie. Palisades is one of the dam reservoirs I look at on TerraServer when keeping an eye on the progress of the mud. It’s moving fast. Below the dam is a tailrace and there’s campers on the other side. We had a 4th of July fireworks war with them. Tom and I had dry fireworks and after the Jackson Hole run and Alpine Canyon this was notable. We had mortar shells and all they had was big bottle rockets. I zeroed in on the opposite river side group and had the rocket’s red glare bursting in the air above their hair. We won. This was the last time I celebrated the 4th jew lie as I kinda lost the flavor for it after this trip.

The Birds of Prey section of the Snake below Palisades was notable for its good fishing. We had an osprey snatch a trout out from practically under Tom’s nose just a few feet from the bow of the boat. There was a big Dobson fly hatch here and we saw many big bugs crawling out from the water. Tom and I also paddled the canoe over our first low head dam of the trip here, they’re nasty. The muddy swamp heading into American Falls Reservoir is a disaster. We paddled over the dam lake mostly at night and got to a restaurant near the dam that had hamburgers, dam potato salad, and a telephone. Tom wanted to quit. I’d told him before we started the trip that a week or so into it he’d want to give up and here we were 8 days into our descent and he said he’d had enough. I reminded him, of course, that this was exactly what I’d told him was going to happen. “Yes you did Johnnie, yes you did”, said Tommy and then he asked me, “What are you going to do?” If you quit I’m going to the ocean without you.

He got on the phone and talked to his brother. He could catch a bus home or find out what was around the next bend in the river. I didn’t pressure him. I told him if he wanted to catch a bus I’d wait with him until he did, sat there drank iced tea and wondered why he would want to go home. He had no girl. He was in shock. I could think of nothing better than paddling down a river, fishing, telling stories, encountering new situations that could be recounted for all time, avoiding contributing to the dam ages, and attacking the dam shitty problem. Tom seemed like he wanted to go home, sit around, watch t.v. and drink cold beer. I had to admit it was a strenuous trip. More fun though than sitting at home I thought. Tom must have thought so too because he decided not to quit and instead find out what was around the next bend in the river.

Sunburn, that’s what Tom found. He’d elected to wear a sleeveless shirt for this trip and it cost him. I told him not to do it and wore a long sleeve shirt for the worst hours of the day to avoid what happened to Tom. Blisters on his south side shoulder and upper arm with skin peeling off his entire exposed left arm. We went to a thrift shop and Tom bought a Pedigree (dog food) wind breaker for a dollar. One could tell he really wanted to wear a muscle shirt while paddling down the Snake but it didn’t work.

At Massacre Rocks we met up with “Tiny”, a friend of ours, Tom’s sister Laura and her friend who were going to a Fish show. They set us up with more herbs and took some heavy gear of ours we didn’t want to carry down the river. This made the trip easier and more enjoyable. I thought it would have been nice to exchange Tom for Laura’s friend at this point. If she was half as intelligent as she

was good looking she'd have gone fishing with us instead of going to a Fish show.

As we made way on the river it appeared as if I knew the answers to half the stuff or questions that would be presented and Tom knew the answers to the other half the stuff, so between us we were know it all. However, as much as we agreed exactly what the dam shiddy problem was and exactly what the dam free collecting that which falls from the heavens and or your ass solution was, we differed in one extremely major point. This ended up being a big deal and we argued about it and debated it all the way down the river. I thought one should do the correct thing and work towards ending the damages and installing the solution. Tom argued there was nothing one could do, and if there was why would one want to do it. What would be the point? So, all the way down the river I discussed different ways and ideas, routes and angles to attack it from. I'm glad we debated it because Tom shed light on the fact or idea that I would have to have a reason why. It would take me another 8 years to conjure up an intelligent explanation for, or reason, why I and life and we as people should arrest the development of, end the damages and install the Kingdom of Heaven on the surface. At the time the best I could come up with was so we could keep eating, having sex, altering our perception of reality, making more money than someone else and lording over them. The show must go on.

We talked about the problem of spreading the word. People don't read anymore, so one could write down the idea in a reasonably intelligent manner, a book and they wouldn't read it. I occasionally, kinda as a joke, talked about writing a book and going on the Oprah show in Chicago. We talked about all the reasons why t.v. and radio stations, cable companies, publishers, editors, and the mainstream information outlets wouldn't touch the idea with a million foot insulated pole. I came to the conclusion that a one page double sided hand written letter was probably going to be the most effective technique. Tom's #1 response was to stick it in the U.S. Mail, and he would elaborate on this when I asked him why. "Because when it's stamped it's official". This first time descent of the Snake with Thomas Shindelman (God's letter arranger/to arrange letters for mass) or who was listed on the birth certificate as Tomas Charles Delman (to carve and char man for mass) is about the most significant 3 months of my life. Tom just kept telling me, "Just stick it in the U.S. Mail". Why Tom? "Because when it's stamped its official, they've been delivered the massage". He kept saying this, all the way down the Snake. It was the most significant thing he said.

The second most significant thing Tom said as we made this historic trip was, "Oh Johnnie Boy, Johnnie Boy, the pipes are calling you Johnnie Boy". I'd ask him what it was exactly he was referring to, and he would just smile, laugh and say, "You know". I always imagined a scene from "the Fall of the House of Usher's" or Hell and an entity playing an organ or "the pipes" just for me. Tom sang this a lot as if it were the lyrics of a tune (which it is), "Oh Johnnie Boy, Johnnie Boy, the pipes are calling you Johnnie Boy". That which caused him to sing it or what was taking place around us when he sang it added emphasis.

½ Jewish Tom and I talked a lot about the Bible, the difference between the original testament which appeared legitimate, which "Jesus" refers the people to and the 2nd part which was a convoluted read, came on as a sing a song a day, which mirrored the reality of what happened when the dam fools killed the boss. We both agreed that the humans and else had changed their languages since the original was written in large part **obviously** to be "forced" to translate (**not change**) the word without violating the last sentence in the book not to change a word of it (nice try). The sneaky human adolts, when the Bible gets to the part (several times) and reads, "The end will come" or "The ends comes" had erased the part where it read, "The end of the damages comes" or "The end of the dam problem comes to pass". The "thinking" of the humans (mostly dam and ditch farmers) being that they'd erased some words, not changed them, which kept them from violating the last sentence (nice try). Take note that in the Bible, when it does read, "The end comes" the story continues, this says more than anything. We also both agreed that the main ideas were unchangeable (Adam being the largest antagonist to life and how good didn't approve of a dam nor eve that shedded everything that came from the heavens) but also how a dam was created in God's image, thus God is damned. **But** we we're supposed to rise

up and get control of the thing for the best for all of people and life. Get out of damnation. If one studied the old bigger books and just looked at the pictures verses whats pictured in modern Bibles one couldn't possibly miss the picture. The pictures changed too over time losing the essence of the idea and becoming practically meaningless.

Tom's ancestors changed his name Shindelman (man of letter arrangement) to Delman (of ill man) to avoid persecution from incommunicable dam fools burning the garden down who didn't want it taken note of and who demanded participation in the dirty deed. My ancestors changed Laurence (of/from the plants) to Lawrence (of/from the law) to avoid persecution from those incommunicable dam fools rabidly destroying the plants and seek revenge/enforce law. Also note Delman could be of the man but Tom's not (yet).

Originally, when we planned out the trip we'd decided to portage the Milner Murtaugh Canyon, most likely by renting a car, because of the ferocity of the rapids. This section of the Snake was over 20 miles of up to class V+ rapids. Class VI is unrunnable, there was hardly any way out of the canyon except for one spot where a bridge crossed over the Snake. If one made up their mind to enter the Milner Murtaugh Canyon, they were committed to at least running down to the bridge and that was the worst of it. Somehow Tom and I came up with the wild idea to run the canyon (I'm sure I came up with it) and called up two river outfitters downstream to inquire about the conditions.

The first character who answered the phone was the owner of a river guide service. He said, "Hell yeah, go!" It's kinda dangerous isn't it? "Naw, if you guys made it this far you'll be fine. Don't miss it". The next person I called also was the owner of a river guide service. When I presented the idea to him he said, "No, don't go!" Why not? "They'll find your gear in the washout and they'll either rescue you with helicopters or find you dead in the canyon." I hung up the phone and told Tom what they'd said. He laughed. We mulled it over and decided to go for it.

We portaged around the dam and got the gear to the tailrace below. Both the characters I'd talked to on the phone said, "It was a river within a river", meaning the flow was so low, approximately 500 cfs, that we'd be paddling down a stream within a larger river bed. They weren't kidding, the water was so skinny Tom and I had second thoughts. We had a Delorme topographic map and from it and what we were looking at in front of us, the steep canyon walls, one could tell once you pushed off into this thing, there you went. We packed everything into the boat, tied it down better than we ever had and pushed off into the Milner Murtaugh Canyon.

The Hunt party of fur trappers were supposedly the first characters to try and paddle down the Snake. When they got to this section the party was against continuing and had come to the conclusion to portage around this area. Two of the river men were for running the river and the rest of the party decided if the daring duo could make it, they would follow behind. The two "test dummies" pushed off and when they got to the first rapid, it didn't work out and the guy in the bow died.

The first rapid we encountered was a 5 ½ foot drop. The combination of such a steep drop and the recirculating flow of surface water below the horizon line caused the boat to plunge into the hole below at a near vertical angle. The boat became a submarine. I watched as the bow floatation bag was displaced by water as it failed to stay in the boat. Next, Tom face planted in the water just before he was smashed back into his chair breaking the chair. Tom disappeared. The boat continued its near vertical submergence as the water ripped through the hull dislodging all the rubberized gear bags and horticultural oil buckets that were strapped in.

Pop pop ping pow, **all** the D rings that were adhered to the bottom of the hull either broke or became unstuck. I had enough time to grab my Stetson hat with my paddle hand and the gunwale of the boat with my other hand just before I followed Tom and the rest of the boat under. The stern float bag broke free. It was a complete failure. Fortunately, Tom wasn't injured, too much, and we managed to retrieve all the gear to the side of the river. We'd brought more glue and an extra D ring or two, fixed the attachment points and secured the float bags even better.

At this point we could have portaged out relatively easily but decided to continue, with our new

knowledge of what our rig could and couldn't do. A six foot drop could kill you in our boat. According to the books this canyon descends at 70' per mile for 26 miles, supposedly the longest steepest drop pushing the limits of navigability on this side of the world. May be ShangriLa but nobody's lived to tell yet. There's not a record of anyone ever having navigated the Snake River in its entirety. Here we go.

I was wearing a pair of purple Converse Chuck Taylor's as soul protectors and a Black Sheep life jacket I got from Kmart. Tom wore the same life jacket and decided to protect his soles with a pair of Caterpillar heavy duty Roman type sandals. There's many ways to descend a river besides paddling the boat, floating and bloating the least attractive. Of course, there is the portage, where one carries the boat on the side of the river. Lining a boat up or down a river is another method. This is where one attaches a line or two to the boat and attempts to guide the boat on the river while afoot near the shore with the line or lines. I really don't recommend this method and Tom wouldn't either. We decided to line the canoe on the river left through the next big rapid. I held on to the stern line or painter and Tom held on to the bow painter. It didn't work.

The stern began to get swept out into the river at the same time water began pouring over the port gunwale. If Tom had let go or let slack his bow line I may have been able to keep the stern from getting swept out into the main flow but then again the bow may have got stuck on a rock which would have likely been my fault for not hauling back on the stern line. It's hard to tell, it all occurs so rapidly. I let go of my line. Tom continued to try and hold on to his line as the boat filled with water and became extremely heavy. He'd fallen on the slippery black basalt or deliberately took a low stance and was getting his hand, which had the line wrapped around it, smashed and pinned against a rock. The river's roaring the situation tense as I leap towards Tom's increasingly taught line and scream let go, as I pull as hard as I can on the line, giving Tom a 1/2 inch of slack. He let go. I dropped the line.

The boat and all our gear began going down the river without us. Now the boat is going 10 to 15 mph. A person can only run so fast. How are you going to catch up with it? I always tell people when the shit hits the fan, I'm the guy you want by your side to get you out of it and pick up the pieces (of shit). The run down the river bank was over huge irregular blocks of slippery black basalt loaded with spaces between the blocks to break a leg if one slipped. I also tell people don't be scared be prepared, thus the Chuck Taylor's, probably the best shoes for this. What I did next was practically unduplicatable. Tom witnessed it and "Superman" was how he described it. I sprinted, leaped and scrambled over the jumble of slick rock while shedding my hat, sunglasses, windbreaker, and other extraneous gear and dove into the river, swam to the boat, got in it and kept it from going over the next rapid and disappearing. I bailed it out and paddled back upstream to get Tom. "Yeah bad ass", Tom was impressed.

Shortly after that we got down to the hydroelectric turban outfalls those dam engineering geniuses decided to run down the river a mile or two in tunnels, creating a nearly dry canyon between the dam and here, perhaps a few extra watts of power, and for themselves the prestigious feeling of control and extra money they get for digging the tunnels. Just below the hydroelectric turbin outfalls the water pools up on the south side and there's a steel ladder straight up the cliff side a 150 feet or so. Up at the top of the ladder was a more mature man. We talked to him. He might a been the architect, "the snake" from the Bible. We picked up another 1100 cfs and descended on about 1600 cfs.

Usually as one descends a river the river gets bigger as the tributaries add more water. We started on 20,000 cfs in Wyoming. Where did all the at least 18,400 cfs go? Agriculture and evaporation, Heyburn sugar beets (*Beta vulgaris*) Idaho potatoes (*Solanum tuberosum*) and town water intakes. Of course, Tom and I had a few pounds of sugar and several pounds of potatoes but we were smart enough to know we could easily replace the sugar with honey from beehives inside the walls of people's homes without too much additional construction costs. Certainly, they would have to plan it out before they erected the walls. The dam and ditch potatoes could easily be replaced with those of more variety grown on the property nearby the structures with the grey water originally collected as

rain water from people's supers or with even less work and damaging tillage pomme de air's (apples). Plus, it would be less work than stacking up stones, mowing the lawn and cutting the bushes into squares. When's the whole damages doom scheme gonna collapse and be replaced with the celestial city?

When travelling through the Milner Murtaugh Canyon every couple of miles or so one comes upon a ladder leaning up against the side of the 400' cliff walls. History says the Chinese who shipped to this country to do the dam dirty work (with carp in buckets and baskets) would often escape somehow from their toiling servitude and many of them ended up down here in the bottom of this canyon, searching for gold in a location to forbidding for white men. The Chinese ladders along the cliff side were for accessing the river bed where the largest of boulders were lifted with levers to reveal the gold underneath them. If one wanted one could attempt to escape the canyon by these old wood sinhoe ladders, it looked like they hadn't been used in a hundred years.

Pair of Dice Falls is formed by two house sized 6 sided black basalt boulders in the river bed. As one approaches this distinctive water feature a horizon line forms on the right of the first die encountered. This is a waterfall over 6' that could be run possibly in a different type of vessel. Tom and I went left around the first die and slowly poled, paddled and lined our way down the left side of the river. Just when it looked like we were going to be forced to navigate the treacherous rapid between the two dice we discovered a gap just wide enough to portage the canoe through in the area between the 2nd die and the base of the adjacent cliffside. This lead us to what I thought was the best place to get out of the dam tailrace, certainly the best fishing hole on the Snake. The spot below the 2nd die is the best place to fish and relax on the whole run.

The fish in the hole were small mouth bass (Micropterus dolomieu) that were so eager to hit the lures they'd often jump out of the water and hit the lure before it even hit the water. One hooked up on every cast. It was as if the fish had never seen a fishing pole or lure before and they may never have considering the inaccessibility of the place and the unlikelihood that anyone who made it would have brought along a fishing rig with them. In addition, underneath the ledge of basalt Tom and I were standing on lurked what could be **the largest small mouth bass in the world**. It wouldn't bite a lure, almost as if it wasn't big enough to bother with. The fish would come up and look at the lures as we retrieved them up to the ledge. It was nearly as big as a 5 gallon bucket. This might be the best freshwater fishing hole in the world, good luck getting there with your tackle. We enjoyed fried bass for supper.

Star Falls is another doozy of a water feature that is so dangerous there is a billboard on the side of the river that demands one portage. This is where I found the great horned owl (Bubo virginianus) feather that I wore in my hat for the next several years. Getting the gear back down to the water below Star Falls is tricky. We attached our longest line to the boat filled with gear and Tom guided it down while I arrested the fall playing out the line from behind the ledge of the cliff. Tom kinda felt he got the bad end of the deal here because what he did was so hairball and it was but I tossed down the line and explained that I was going to have to climb down without one, which I demonstrated.

When we got to unrunnable drops the #1 technique that we used to get over them was to steer the canoe full speed into the bank aiming for a gap in the rocks to wedge the bow in just upstream of the unrunnable drops. Upon impact I'd scream painter! This was the signal for Tom to grab his bowline or painter he'd carefully stored for quick extraction and scramble out over the bow and pull the canoe up on the rocks. While he was abandoning ship the stern usually swung out into the current and over the waterfall. This put me in the worst possible situation I could imagine, going over the horizon line in what was now the front facing upstream, unable to easily see where I was going with the back of my head (my most vulnerable spot) leading the way. I always figured if Tom muffed it I'd sprint the length of the boat towards the bank on top of the gear and dive for shore.

If you know anything about physics you'd know that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. What would happen is that as I ran over the gear to the shore the boat would move

in the opposite direction from shore and when I finally jumped to shore I'd most likely fall short. I could run the length of the boat, not jump and at least I was in the new stern of the boat as I went over. Fortunately, I didn't have to do this as Tom skillfully stuck the landing every time we did it. Scouting the rapids before one attempts to run them is important although not always possible. This is an extremely difficult canyon to navigate.

We drank water from fountains in the cliffside we assumed came from the irrigation canals above. There is a huge river otter (*Lontra canadensis*) living down in here.

The last rapid in this section is the Idaho Connection and true to form Tom and I collided with the last rock in the last rapid of the canyon, this time in spectacular fashion. We connected with Idaho amidship on the portside. The boat became pinned against the rocks with the open end facing downstream. The water ripped around the bow and stern and coursed in a perfect sheet over the starboard gunwale. We were stuck in a bubble or green room, both of us crouched down kneeling on the port side. Tom calmly looked back at me shrugged his shoulders as if... what now? Tom abandoned ship and disappeared.

The canoe immediately righted itself and came around the rock stern first. Tom was still under water and I caught sight of his yellow jacket downstream a ways. The hull had hardly taken on any water and I quickly paddled over towards Tom. He was trying to swim to the surface and while making some progress was way down there. I paddled the boat over to where he was practically right under me and I reached way under the surface with my right hand and pulled him up. He gasped for air as I scolded him, quit fooling around, get back in the boat!

Shortly thereafter we discovered that the impact with the rock in Idaho Connection had punctured a hole in our supposed bullet proof hull. Tom always wanted to shoot the boat with his 38 to see if it was bullet proof as advertised. At least I didn't have to tell him not to shoot the boat to see if it was bullet proof anymore, it wasn't. We patched it with some material and adhesive that we had.

Before we had left, I had cautioned Tom about the nature of the U.S., we've all seen "Deliverance" and suggested he perhaps get a piece for this trip considering I'd already been shot at 2 or 3 times and had many other run ins with characters. Plus, I told him we're gonna be in Idaho, it's worse than Kentucky. We went to a gun show and Tom decided to buy an antique, still in the box, Saturday night special. I tried to tell him a snub nose 38 was not what he wanted on this trip, plus he could have bought a used one at the pawn shop for \$30 but he insisted. I took the same amount of money (\$300) to a firearms store and bought a 30-30 trapper model lever action Winchester (an elephant bush gun) and for another \$100 got a leather scabbard which allowed the rifle to be tied up to the canoe cross members on the starboard side, drawable. In addition, I carried my HR(K) 9 shot 22 revolver target pistol, usually in a bucket in front of me.

We paddled into the reservoir above Twin Falls and called up the two outfitters who'd advised us on the Milner Murtaugh section. The guy who told us to go for it laughed and said, "I figured you'd be dead". The character who told us not to attempt it said he'd come down to see if our gear had floated up yet. He offered us a ride around the dam, a trip to the grocery store and the sandwich shop in exchange for the tale. They dropped us off below Shoshone Falls which is supposedly bigger than Niagara. Tom and I paddled up to the falls, pure terror. I put Tom just about in the thing, "Johnnie!", boy was he tense.

Don Mays was running a tour of the dammed section below Shoshone Falls and was interested in our voyage. We told him and his paying guests about it and Mr. Mays invited Tom and I to an event called "River Daze". He said we should see it and the "River Daze" participants should meet us. The event took place the next day and Mr. Mays invited us up to his place to stay the night in preparation for the event. Don had a very simple place up on the plain above the canyon and there we met his wife. She made us chipped ham sandwiches with pickle relish. Don showed us what remains to be the largest canoe I've ever seen. It could easily seat a dozen or so people and Don said he enjoyed taking guests on nonmotorized trips to view the falls.

The next day we went to “River Daze”, an event designed to stimulate interest in recreational watersports and showcase or sell the equipment to do it. It was held at Mallad Park on the elevated plain with a low spot that the A.C.E. or local farmers had flooded for the event. Of course I thought this was bizarre and the people involved with this event thought Tom and I were bizarre. It’s noteworthy to experience the distrust, fear, and trepidation of shallow still water minded folks from town viewing rapidly flowing, deep water likewise characters such as Tom and I. Don had another guy drop us off back on the Snake.

This guy wouldn’t take us back to where we left off. He pointed out Kanaka Rapids was just below where we’d pulled out and it was unrunnable. We were up on top of the cliff looking down on it and I pointed out that Tom and I could paddle down some parts of it and portage the rest, it wasn’t even a mile long. The guy said, “Yeah, but then you’ll leave a trail of green plastic scuff marks on the rocks that you drag the canoe over”. There’s larger dam problems on the planet than that, take us back to the place we were shanghaied from. No, the long haired hippie in a white van was trying to protect the rocks of Kanaka from scuff marks.

After descending the Milner Murtaugh, I’d figured Tom and I would be stupid not to attempt a manual descent of the entire Snake suicide mud staircase cemetery project. I knew or had the feeling that I’d recount this tale to so many people, that I’d likely spend more time and energy explaining how we skipped the Kanaka section and why but paddled and dragged the boat down the entire legal navigable length except Jackson Lake, then if we’d just tackle Kanaka. Tom seemed happy to skip it, of course he’d skip telling the people the story, too. He put it this way, if one was to tell the story of descending the Snake the people wouldn’t understand, couldn’t follow the tale and they’d think you were crazy for trying to tell them. He was right, usually they didn’t want to talk about it.

The people tried to verbally dissuade us and literally stop us from descending the Snake. It was uncanny how many times someone walked down to the waterside and shouted some kind of apocalyptic thing at Tom and I. Typically, not always but usually, it was a menopausal woman with bluish grey hair wearing a Mumu standing on a rock above us with the wind swirling her hair around, croaking, “You’ll never make it there’s a dam ahead” or “The river dead ends ahead”. This is what they’d tell ya, it was wacked. Tom of course took notes on what the people said, half a page of discouraging, fearful and seemingly apocalyptic in a larger sense quotes. Often officials sighting unposted rules endangered the voyages continuation. Such as at Lake “Wall to Wall Carp”, the nickname we gave the dam Lake Walcott Wildlife Refuge. The carp here were huge, 40+ lbs., and they travelled in herds.

When we got to the boat ramp above the dam an A.C.E. ranger came down and queried us. “Where ya coming from?” From the Tetons, we’re headed to the sea. “It’s illegal to paddle through the wildlife refuge.” (I guess you gotta have an infernal combustion machine and a shot gun to kill the last of the wild things) “Huh?” Tom said. We weren’t aware of it, there’s no sign. The A.C.E. said “Well as long as you didn’t set fire to my refuge”. He gave us a ride below the dam but first we stopped at the repair shed to repair our portage wheels frame that was getting beat up. We talked shop with Cokes and Snickers. His “don’t burn down the garden” concern was a notable one. It’s typical of most people to fear fire but not dams. It’s interesting that an A.C.E. dude is worried about burning down the refuge but apparently not the least concerned or cognizant of the fossil fuel burned to construct his own dam or the fate of the whole dam gig. As long as he has a carp filled pond to take care of. Tom and I didn’t see any wildlife at all here. The second reason his comment was interesting was because of what happened next.

We put the boat in the tailrace below the dam and paddled across the river to just below a creek that came in on the south side. It was like a winter wonderland. One of the nearly extinct majestic cottonwoods was in full bloom and the tree and the surrounding area was covered in a few inches of cottony fibers. The creek was loaded with crawdads and Tom and I picked nearly a half gallon of them. Tom discovered a Buck knife and sheath here as well. With the crawdads, the Buck knife, and the

“summer time snow” it felt like Christmass. We even took a picture and with the exception of the shorts and shirts it looked like mid January instead of mid August. We had some dam rice, peppers and onions that we cooked with the beans and the crawdads. I raked a 15’ clearing a few feet from the waterside out of the cotton “snow” and used it for kindling. We got the jambalaya cooking and sat around with a crystal meth deficient couple with a car that wouldn’t start and a young couple of sisters about 6 to 9 years old who said their parents had left them there. Such was the scene.

Periodically I’d step over to the simmering meal and check the beans, add a pinch of flavoring or a splash of Hot Sauce or whiskey. The wind was dead calm. I’d determined the beans were just about soft enough to eat and I added the crawdads and gave the mostly dam rice jambalaya a stir, while squatting next to the miniscule fire feet from the water. I had the best vantage point for what happened next. The wind puffed up and all of the dry filaments of cottonwood seeds from the surrounding area were suddenly lifted up into the air. The nearly silent dullish explosion was like a grain silo or gasoline explosion that started right in front of my face. It quickly engulfed me singing my hair and then I was on the inside looking out of a sphere of expanding fire. It hadn’t rained in what looked like months and it was a dry that only the end of summer in the high plains desert of Idaho knows. The fire quickly engulfed the entire 50’ cottonwood tree and began to spread out along the ground.

Immediately upon ignition I stumbled back to the boat, emptied the contents from a 5 gallon bucket, filled it with water and began trying to put out the fires advance. There was a dirt road that went back around the tree and I began to extinguish the ground portion of the fire in the direction of the road knowing that if I could do that I might be able stop its wild advance. I could still hear the A.C.E. dude, “Just as long as you didn’t set fire to my refuge”. Here we are.

Heading back to the tailrace for the second bucket I past Tom who was stunned and I’ll admit it was certainly stunning but still, I hollered at Tom **MOVE!**, grab a bucket, put water in it, throw it on the fire. I think Tom may have been under the impression that all was lost, the place was going to go up, because it was and there was no stopping it. Me? I got better things to do than watch a fire that I innocently started rage out of control while standing next to a body of water with a 5 gallon bucket within reach. After 3 or 4 buckets I’d nearly headed it off to the dirt road. Tom was putting forth some effort. The two little girls had filled up their parents’ cooler, each grabbing a handle and were dumping water on the largest part of the fire near the tree. The Christill smoking couple were in panic running down their battery trying to start the car.

Hustling back with an empty bucket stomping on patches of fire that had escaped over my fire break to get more water, reloading with nearly 40lbs. of water, I sprinted back to the dirt road deliberately spilling water on the smoldering break to cast the remaining 2 or 3 gallons on the fire just as it made it around my fire break. The same time I extinguished the worst of the advancing flames a car pulled up with two standard American’t males. One of them asked a question and I responded by turning and running back for more water, trying to stomp out the fire with my Chuck Taylor’s on the way back. They fled. After another 5 or 10 minutes we got the fire out, no thanks to the 4 American’t adolts.

After smoking a cigarette, casually waiting to see if anyone showed up, we left, went down a mile or so, restarted a fire and finished the beans. Tom did something that was notable. I don’t know why he did this, maybe it was something I needed to see. He went up the rocky 45 degree slope to “Take a she ite” as he called it and for some reason just as his bowels were moving called my name to get my attention. He was 20 yards away with his posterior exposed on the rock bank, so I got a good look at the event. My response was to pick up a small stone and really whip it at him. I hit him in the bull’s eye, his pipe hole, that’ll teach ya.

Tom, if left to his own devices would have slept the entire trip. I never let him sleep in long enough to find out. Usually I’d get up about an hour or so before Tom, start a fire, make a couple tall cups of coffee, and get breakfast cooking. Usually we had oatmeal for breakfast, sometimes cream of wheat (Tom’s favorite). I didn’t like cream of wheat as much as oatmeal, it didn’t seem like it lasted as

long. Tom didn't like his breakfast cereal with salt and complained often about it. I told him he needed the salt, particularly in the morning before we got underway.

I was always trying to get him to drink more water, as well and I think this may be why he didn't want salt in his cereal. Tom was dehydrated the whole trip and it looked like he became more dehydrated as we neared its completion. I usually urinated about a dozen times a day with a long clear flow, this being my indicator of how well I was staying hydrated. Tom about half as often with half the flow, not clear. I think this was why he was tired and slept in, not drinking water, getting more dehydrated and even more tired. Occasionally, particularly in the morning, I'd put a half gallon of water in front of Tom and tell him to drink it, just slam it. He wouldn't do it. It seemed like he'd drink even less water just to spite me or something.

I'd explained to Tom that he'd feel much better, more energetic, and quit dragging his ass so much if he'd just drink some more water. Dehydration is a problem that I've seen many people experience in my life. You know when it really hurts them and those around them? When the shit hits the fan or an event occurs. Those low on water go into the event tired, achy, off their game and the event lasts for more than a minute or two, perhaps a half hour, hour or longer. With the likely increased respiration, and perspiration, they become extremely dehydrated, exhibit poor form, bad decision making, and pain. They're hating it, the experience life is putting in front of them. Whereas a hydrated person like myself enjoys the potential tribulation or event that requires action, because it's an experience that makes one stronger instead of debilitating. All because they have enough water to metabolize sugars and fat to perform, enough water so their blood is "clean" because they filtered their blood with their kidneys and urinated out the "poison".

Just about everyday I'd caution Tom not to pick up objects off the ground without bending his knees, keeping his back straight and looking up with his eyeballs which lends itself to proper lifting form. You'll break your back if you keep lifting and turning improperly, bending over at the waist like you're picking up a golf ball, notice the golfers use a leg extended outward behind them as a counter balance. You're going to break your back if you keep lifting stuff the wrong way.

After staying the night in a duck hunter shack I'd prepared coffee and breakfast and Tom refused to get up. He'd been pretending to sleep later and later every day. I finished my coffee and began to eat my oatmeal. I told ya Tom this isn't going to work. We don't have enough money to sit around all day.

We've got to have money for the tobacco, the coffee and the food. We've got X miles to go, we consume X dollars of stuff a day, we have X dollars total. This means we have to go X miles a day or we will run out of food and we won't be able to get there. Plus, summer's almost over and it's going to start getting cold. We've got no cold weather gear. Also, it gets windy in the afternoon Tom, almost every day and it's usually blowing up the river, that's why we take a nap in the afternoon Tom.

With this I walked down to the river and filled my coffee cup with cold water. I walked over to Tom all snuggled up in his sleeping bag and dumped the cold water in his face. The cold pour. Boy was he pissed off. Tom never slept in past the coffee again. He obviously became aware that on a trip of this nature, sleeping in an extra hour every day, while the other character quietly puts together a fire, coffee, hot cereal and serves breakfast in bed, is enough.

It was still early in the day when I told Tom to get out his Saturday night special. It took him 2 or 3 minutes. I explained to him that this was Idaho and he needed to be a little quicker on the draw. Next, I threw a pack of matches down on the ground 5 or 6 feet in front of him. Do you think you can shoot that? He pulled the trigger five times and missed. I even tried, it didn't shoot bullets in any kind of pattern except random. I pulled my pistol out of the bucket within seconds and blew the matchbook away for about 2 cents.

Tom and I probably met about a 1000 people on this trip from the mountains to the sea. I'd say and Tom would probably agree only a little over a couple dozen were worth more than 2 cents. The other 970 didn't like us at all. I think it had something to do with travelling by water that was full of

shit (from the townfolks' flush toilets) which kinda made us like untouchable.

Another thing you'll figure out is most American's don't like canoes, it's pronounced can know or can knowa. This might be why they don't like it and pronounce it canu or canew. They don't like canoeists either or those who can and know. A few times we got interviewed for a newspaper article, usually after a waitress or proprietor of a restaurant had served us hamburgers and dam potato salad and then called a reporter. They may have been looking for free advertisement, who knows but the local reporters never wrote and printed our story of the first time descent of the Snake in an open boat.

The townfolk in general didn't like the Snake, they don't like snakes either. Townfolk are covered in rats too and snakes are the best at solving this problem. If townfolk weren't so stupid each one of them would have a snake living under their house. Tom or I would tell them, "We're paddling down the Snake" and they would cringe in terror, as if we were doing something against the rules of the Bible. It was sick, these people were sick of the Snake.

One day about noon we were paddling down the way about 100 yards from shore when we heard what sounded like dragonflies flying around the boat. Tom and I were looking for the cause and noticed 8 to 12 splashes between he and I on the right side of the boat about 20' off. Then we heard the pow, pow, pow, pow... of an automatic rifle. Somebody was trying to shoot us out of the boat. That's what it was like, dragonflies, splashes and then the report, all within a second or so. We looked to the left and saw two creeps, one of which was still pointing a rifle towards us. I never saw Tom move so fast, he may have beaten me into the water as we took cover on the starboard side of the boat. The only difference was I had my pistol in my hand (which I'd stored in the bucket in front of me) before my feet hit the water.

Get the rifle Tom! "Yes", said Tom who immediately began moving towards the 30/30 stored along the inside of the starboard side of the canoe just in front of where I sit. We'd submerged the starboard side a bit and I raised the pistol over the port side, pulled the hammer back, took careful aim and dropped the hammer on the clowns. I tried to shoot the clown still pointing the rifle at us between the eyes but I suspect I forgot to account for our 2 knot downstream travel and thus the bullet flew by his left ear. They got the message and left here, turning tail and running as fast as they could up the bank to an old sedan they had parked just behind. They got out of there quick.

Think about how stupid of a dam fool this dude was. To point a rifle at two people and pull the trigger for no reason and empty the clip. At that point I don't think he had any more bullets left. Don't ever do this. What if the engagement continues? I wonder how surprised he was when we returned fire so quickly. I probably should have continued to try and shoot them even as they ran away. Teach them a lesson, so to speak and protect others from them in the future. However, in Amoralka it's illegal to shoot someone in the back as the rules are written, basically. Even though he might have been running up to his car to get more ammo. Also, Tom and I were smart enough to know he was probably the sheriff's cousin or an off duty cop. In hindsight, I probably shouldn't have jumped out of the boat like Tom but calmly pulled out the 30/30 and started shooting the car, in particular as they got in it and drove away. I might have disabled the vehicle if I'd've hit the forward third, it's a big rifle. Then we could have pushed to the side, hunted 'em down and finished 'em off. I mean this is the third or fourth such occasion.

Coming around a bend one day with Devil's fence posts in the background a huge great granddaddy coyote ran up to the bank and saluted us. One night after a sumptuous Snake River special Tom and I kicked back smoking and sipping whiskey to the visual treat of the Northern Lights with a coyote pack accompaniment in the background. I had no idea we'd be able to see the Northern Lights from Southern Idaho, but there they were. A stunning display not witnessed by people who live underneath a roof on that night. I always tell people they're better off not living in a home just to see the wonders around them, and they get to avoid a large share of responsibility for the damages. Tom seemed to think it wasn't that special, kinda ho hum. I stayed up a little longer than he did sitting back

looking to the north enjoying the waves of greenish pulsating light. It almost seemed like the coyote soundtrack was cued or in time with the visual display. It was spooky almost.

We pulled into Payette and I gave Michael John Abbruzzie Jr. a call. He was taking care of Abbruzzie Sr. who was afflicted with Pancreatic cancer. Unable to digest his food, he was starving to death. This was a very interesting man who imparted more dam knowledge to me than any other person. I talked to him on the phone, he could barely speak. He said, "Keep doing what you're doing". Best recommendation I ever got.

Tom and I paddled around a bend and could see a couple of guys sitting in lawn chairs down by the water. We pulled up to shore in front of them and they said, "When we saw you coming around the bend we didn't know whether to shoot ya or give ya a beer". Tom said, "Well I'm glad you decided to give us a beer". **I started taking serious note of this whole be'er game.** Suddenly we were graced with the presence of a bonified broad. She was around 300 lbs. maybe 18 years old, covered in pimples. You had to see these two guys as they said, "Say hello to Miss. Idaho". She looked like a potato.

The Boise River flowed into the Snake and the stench of a huge city's municipal sewage system joined us before we entered Hell's Canyon. We paddled around Farewell Bend, where the Oregon Trail leaves the Snake, and into Brownlee Reservoir or what Tom and I called Brownlee Cesspool which was polluted with tidy bowl blue foam and stink water. It was horrifying, the drying mud on the side was thick with cracks and bugs. It was a locust farm. We tried to sleep. Apparently I'd put my pillow on a toad bigger than my fist that was buried in the mud because in the middle of the night it crawled out from its burrow under my pillow and woke me up. I was covered in centipedes, spiders and all kinds of stuff. I couldn't go back to sleep. Tom rested as if Hell were comfortable. We paddled off into the reservoir still covered in bugs. The spiders were climbing up to the highest point, the tops of our heads, making a parachute of silk and jumping off.

We pulled over at an A.C.E. park and met a single mom and her young boy, who showed interest in our trip. She said it was difficult for her to find a good male influence for her child. It was windy. Tom and I gave him the short version and encouraged him to do something likewise. She gave us a ride to the store up on the hill. We were low on food but the store didn't really carry anything we ate and it was all very expensive devil's food or junk food. We got a few hot dogs. We were glad to portage the dam into the Oxbow section.

Below the dam we met a guy who was shooting carp with a crossbow and bolts tied to a line. He said, "Don't get caught in the watermelon patch". Tom and I had a package of fresh smoking material waiting for us at the Hell's Canyon Post Office. Yes, they deliver in Hell's Canyon. We drew straws to see who would go get the goods. Tom drew the short straw. The pickup successful, we went down a ways to a small creek on the other side of the tailrace that was loaded with blackberries and spent the afternoon eating blackberries in the shade. Hell's Canyon was on fire and it was approaching 120 degrees in the afternoon.

The next day we set off and a Sheriff put his personal water craft in the water just as we passed by. The sheriff immediately came over, accosted and questioned us. At first we didn't recognize him but he was the crossbow welding carp killer who told us not to steal any watermelons. He made something out of us not making much progress the other day. Tom and I were like "And your point is?" He had none, he was just harassing us, doing nothing productive.

We made the approach to Hell's Canyon Dam at night. When we looked up at the walls of the steep, tall, narrow canyon silhouetted by the heavens it kinda looked like the gates of hell. This was to be our last portage with the wheeled undercarriage and while it served us well we didn't really become proficient at the whole trailering the canoe thing until our last portage. We'd perfected the technique. We pulled the wheeled canoe full of gear with the rope handle of the bow, the thing that made it work easy was to balance the load so one could pick up the handle with a pinkie finger, that and properly inflated tires. This made all the difference on a long portage and we made a lot of them across the

Idaho desert, some without roads or paths. The Snake is plugged with dams, every single place, practically, they could have put one they did. Wheeee!

Hell's Canyon National Recreation Area requires users to have a permit. We could have got one but would have had to apply months in advance to get one and we didn't know when we were going to get here. We could have paid a guide or a commercial operation that had all the permits to take us for several hundred dollars. We figured that considering the situation the rangers would just give us a permit. The ranger said we had two options. We could try and get on someone else's ticket, ask a commercial raft group with some unfilled slots to take us or let us go on their permit. Or we could camp (the ranger motioned back towards the reservoir, where there was no place to camp) and maybe something would come up in a few days or a week or... We didn't have the food to wait and explained this to the ranger who was an older man. He didn't care. We tried to get on a commercial trip but we could see that just wasn't going to happen. Insurance purposes. The commercial characters were the reason why we couldn't go in the first place. They made the rules through handshakes, nods, winks, and free raft trips with the playing along with the dam thing park service. We decided we could pirate the section, cancel the trip or starve. So we became "pirates" with a friendly wave to the ranger up on the hill as we rolled our gear down to the ramp.

I climbed to the top of a rock above the ramp and jumped in with my paddle and showed the what looked like horrified paying passengers how to stroke with a paddle while swimming. It was about 16,000 cfs when we pushed off and headed toward Wild Sheep the first class IV. We turned and waved to the ranger again (the international everything is OK signal). He was up there with his hands on his hips watching us. Wild Sheep was a big wave rapid we made through fine but got a lot of water in the boat.

Above Granite Creek's class IV rapid we pulled over on the east bank. We scouted the big drop and decided to cook supper as we were hungry and run the rapid in the morning. We'd found an apricot tree and picked them all a few days before and as we finished up a thin, mostly apricot oatmeal breakfast a young bear approached. Ha! I told the bear, you picked the wrong bunch of boys to rob, we're out of food. The bear left.

They had closed the dam valve a little and the water had dropped to 12,500 cfs. Granite Creek which didn't look too bad the evening before looked bad and we wished we'd run it earlier. We paddled a little upstream and then out in the current into the center of the glugging 4' messy drop. It was very exciting and we did great until we were through the worst of the rapid it seemed. Then a huge boil or counter current that looked like it came up from the bottom grabbed the starboard gunwale and as fast as you could snap your finger the boat was flipped. This is the only time I ever flipped a canoe. I had the presence of mind to grab my Stetson as we went under.

When the boat was upside down I was still sitting in my chair. Tom abandoned the ship again (at this he was an expert) and swam to shore. I climbed on top of the overturned hull and continued to negotiate the rapids with the gear. Tom stumbled down the rocky bank screaming my name and waving his arms, as if this might help. I found the boat difficult to maneuver upside down as I tried to get to shore. It got to the point where I figured I'd try something different and reached under the boat grabbed the stern painter, put the bitter end between my teeth and bit down while I swam to shore with the paddle. This barely worked, it's tough on your teeth and I was relieved to feel the bottom under my feet. We got the gear to shore. I was cold and put on a pair of pants, briefs and long underwear, this was a fateful decision.

We spent the day fishing for trout and enjoying the scenery. Tom and I had a cheap tape player and radio on this trip and we listened to Bob Marley's *Talkin' Blues* and the soundtrack from the movie "Reservoir Dogs" all the way down the Snake. I thought this was perfect music for the dam trip. The Marley Machine was the device that pumped water up from the dam reservoir to the "for show" gardens of Versailles, France. The #1 job of the head gardener in Versailles was to make sure the Marley Machine kept working. The "Reservoir Dogs" tune "Get Down" was perfect and all I wanted

besides getting the dams down was the Swedish bikini team of course and “A Little Green Bag”. The raft guides liked these tunes and our river style as we descended Hell’s Canyon. We pulled in for the evening and enjoyed a trout supper.

My bowels had slowed down and I’d become irregular as we ran out of food. Usually I relieved myself in the morning and then went for a swim but I found myself needing to eliminate waste this evening and walked up the hill. This story of what happened to me in Hell’s Canyon is probably the most significant event of the trip for me. The next morning I unzipped my sleeping bag, crawled out and stood up. I felt a leaf fall out of my long underwear. What the? Apparently, when I’d lowered my pants in the process of relieving myself the evening before, there was poison ivy (Toxicodendron radicans) everywhere, a poison ivy leaf had become stuck in the waistband of my underwear and when I pulled my pants up the leaf must have gotten stuck between my waistband and skin. Overnight it slowly made its way between my gluteus maximus and down my left leg leaving behind a trail of ½” to 2” fluid filled blisters. Doom. My ass got burned in Hell’s Canyon.

Often people tell me that I’m gonna go to hell for impersonating you know who, I am the man himself (and they could be too but of course then we’d be a team) just by coming up with the obvious solution to the obvious dam shetty problem and putting forth the idea so timely, intelligently, offensively, aggressively and desperately. To the people who tell me I’m gonna go to hell for being the most benevolent person in life I often tell them I’ve already been to the bottom of Hell’s Canyon and my ass got burned and mean it, people can tell when you’re truthful.

Tom seemed to think that I’d mistakenly used poison ivy to polish my derriere. I pointed out that I was a trained in plant I.D. horticulturist and I wouldn’t use a poison ivy leaf for this purpose. He said but obviously you did. I told him I remember exactly what tree I’d gotten the leaves from and it wasn’t a poison ivy. Tom said, “Yeah, but look at what happened”. I pointed out the blisters started at my waistband and continued down my left leg to my ankle where the leaf fell out in the morning. Tom was convinced I’d used poison ivy as “toilet paper”. I learned something about Tom and many people in general. People when presented with the most likely of scenarios could, would and do believe or take as granted otherwise. It’s a sad thing about humans, they believe what they want to believe. As it was I was in extreme discomfort for the rest of the trip through Hell’s Canyon. I began asking raft guides and passengers if anyone had any cortisone cream but nobody did.

Tom and I were invited to tell our story in exchange for supper which we readily agreed to. Two of the gracious party who fed us were twin girls and we got our picture taken with these twins the next day before we left. One of the girls is wearing a “Holiday River Expeditions” shirt. I was biting my lip in the picture my blisters hurt so bad. The last big rapid of the trip was the class IV Green Room and I made sure Tom got a good look at the green room. “Johnnie!” Just below this rapid we met Mr. and Mrs. Castle and a couple of their friends who were camping on the bank above their jet boat. When Mr. Castle saw us he exclaimed, “You must have balls made out of solid brass”. Gold! We came from the Tetons. They invited us up for tenderloins, dam potatoes, and plenty of what they called “Hell’s Canyon Specials”, ice cold beer and Clamato. They took us for a jet boat ride up through the last couple of class IV’s and back to the camp.

The forest rangers showed up in a jet boat looking for me and Tom. They had bullet proof vests and automatic weapons, and they made us unload our firearms while they wrote us \$200 a piece tickets for entering a restricted area without a permit. They said they had to write us tickets because the Hell’s Canyon superintendent, a woman, was not happy at all about Tom and I’s flagrant disobeying of the rules. After they gave us \$400 in fines the rangers all shook our hands and said they wished they could trade places with us. Tom and I were kinda left scratching our heads a little, so law enforcement in Hell’s Canyon wanted to trade places with us. Hmmmm, I thought about this for a while.

We got in the jet boat and went a 100 yards up the river to a sturgeon fishing hole. The Oregon State Police showed up while we were smoking a doobie. An older man and a young woman were the cops. They weren’t interested in the jet boat or any of the other passengers, just me and Tom. The old

cop said he smelled marijuana and wanted to search our canoe about a 100 yards down the way. He made us walk down the cantaloupe sized ankle breaking rock water side to our boat. He said, "I think you've been smoking marijuana". I told him we smoked it all back in Jackson Hole. He said, "Saying that gives me the right to search your boat. Open that bag!" and pointed to the first bag in the boat. Tom opened it up to reveal his wet sleeping bag. "Everything's wet in there". Tom gave him his best "No shit Sherlock" look. Then he wanted to look at Tom's clear plastic bag which had Tom's pipe and herbs sitting right on the side, anyone could have seen it but the cop missed it. He then pointed at one of my bags which I emptied out. "Yes, this is what I want to see" the cop squealed in delight. My bag of herbs was sitting right there with a bunch of other stuff, it was hilarious. He picked up a film canister and opened it, disappointed there was nothing in it. I laughed. The clown cop gave up.

After a wonderful dinner, Tom and I had been so hungry, we got in the canoe at the crack of dawn and departed. Within a few minutes the Oregon State Police jet boat came roaring by and circled around very close and intimidating, what they were doing was illegal, it looked like they were trying to swamp the boat or scare us. There was a woman cop at the helm of the police jet boat. Scum. That day about lunch time the U.S. Post Office jet mail boat, yes, the post office has a jet boat in Hell's Canyon, came upstream and pulled alongside our canoe. "Special delivery", they said and gave us a 6 pack of beer. We were certainly grateful for the extra calories as famished as we were. We left the canyon with a hellacious buzz, smoking and drinking beer courtesy of the U.S. Postal Service.

Just before the confluence of the Salmon we passed within a few feet of a big horn (Ovis canadensis) getting a drink. We took a picture of him and his big rack and he so closely matched the color of the rocks in the background that he was nearly invisible in the picture. I wanted to shoot him and barbecue him I was so hungry. After we passed the confluence of the Salmon the Snake Canal almost resembled a river with the inflow of undammed sediment and for a few miles there was a sandy beach to stand on. Then it backed up into the reservoir near the confluence with the Clearwater at Lewiston and Clarkston.

We found food, cortisone cream, and Mrs. Castle at the grocery store. We met a couple of Indians in a back alley who seemed to think Tom and I were heroes, we explained that we were not heroes, perhaps he rows. They wanted to treat us to drinks "down by the river". They went in the liquor store while Tom and I waited outside, we figured we'd be better off buying a bottle in Idaho because it was cheaper, plus we'd get to see that town too. It looked like the Indians were robbing or shoplifting from the liquor store. The man appeared to be distracting the clerk while the woman stuffed a 1.75 liter bottle of Lord Calvert's up her shirt. When she tried to leave the liquor store the bottle of Canadian whiskey fell out of her shirt and smashed on the sidewalk. The police were there within a minute, she didn't try to flee. The police put her in the back of the car and then proceeded to harass Tom and I for whatever reason, we didn't do anything illegal. The reason I mention this story is because the Indian woman was in the back of the cruiser screaming "Don't mess with those two they didn't do anything!" over and over. Most American's are so afraid of the cops and so concerned about themselves they can't say anything. The cops like it this way.

We paddled down to the dam and found an Amoralkan industry, barging salmon smolts, as if now that we dammed the salmon (*Salmonidae*) we should make money and further degrade the overall environment by trying to save them. In addition to barging them the A.C.E. even trucks some of them to the lower Columbia. Apparently the juvenile salmon are having a hard time getting down to the sea. The first thing one might think of is that the dams impede the adult salmon from making it to their spawning waters, and they do, but in addition the dams impede the salmon smolts and fry in their descent in many ways. The hydroelectric turbines disorientate and kill the fish as they pass down through them. Because of reduced flow the water takes longer to get to the ocean, and the water temperature is higher causing it amongst other things to have a less oxygen. These changes make the return trip less hospitable to the descending young fish. However, the northern pike minnow (*Ptychocheilus oregonensis*) or squawfish seems to like these conditions and also happens to eat smolts

and fry. So, while salmon are slowly driven towards extinction by the dams, squawfish temporarily find the current less situation to their advantage. What do local humans do? Enjoy squawfish sandwiches? No, they put a \$4 bounty on squawfish and hunt it down to doom. There are humans fishing on the side for squawfish who take the fish and trade them in for cheap dam mostly rice hopeful be'er and pharmoresuetokill christill meth money. It's sick and the "government" (antigovernment) funds it.

Everyone in this area is trying (pretending) not to burn down the garden with their desire. The once productive ranges of grass have been replaced with exotic invasive practically indigestible cheat grass, and the locals don't want the cheat grass to catch on fire. I'm surprised they don't deliberately set fire to it and then make money putting it out. Then again the place has burn scars everywhere. Welcome to Washington. Tom and I were a couple feet from the dam Snake canal with a 5 gallon bucket of water standing by cooking pancakes. We'd just poured the first one when a cop in a boat pulled up and made us put out the fire. Can we flip the pancake first? "No! If you do, I'll write you a ticket". One can imagine if we were allowed to cook bread... one thing leads to another and we might slide a fillet of olive oil sautéed squawfish in there and make wine out of blackberries, you know. Plus, they sell breakfast around here for \$10 a plate. Waffles come with margarine, cool whip and California strawberries.

I travelled with a copy of Shel Silverstein's "Hamlet as told on the street" that I pulled from the Playboy that I carried down the Ohio and Mississippi. Tom and I would put on renditions of Hamlet as told on the side of the dam canal after dinner. We switched parts around and played different characters. Tom didn't really get into it as much as I did, I really liked, and got into the characters of Hamlet. My favorite was Fortunabras but I liked Queen Gertrude's explanation to Hamlet why she pulled the throne out from under him by marrying King Polonius who'd murdered Hamlet's dad, the previous king. "It's either heat the meat and act real sweet or my ass will end up out on the god dammed street", my favorite line in the 10 to 12 page retelling of Shakespeare's work. This line from Hamlet's mom really told a big part, not the only part but a big part of the dam ages. How or what a woman was willing to do to enjoy the security of a home and their terror of that which was outside of it. If Tom had a brew he could do an acceptable version of Francisco and Bernardo in the beginning of the play guarding the gate drunk on beer, right up to the part where there was "Something rotten in Denmark", at which point I'd take over and do most of the rest of characters.

There are a few places around here where people pump water to sprinklers to grow crops to attract wildlife to shoot the last of them. At a campground we stopped for a lunch of tuna fish sandwiches that someone prepared for us. That evening when the wind let up we paddled toward the dam. A boy rode out on a jet ski from the campground and told us the sheriff said the lake was closed at night. We told him to go tell the sheriff that we were headed to the dam to get locked through and that the sheriff could meet us at the dam if he had a problem with it. The boy skied back to the sheriff and then came back out to relay the sheriff's reply, "Not on my lake". It's interesting to see how some people think now that it's a dam lake or a dam canal they are in possession or control of the former river. It enables the lucrative field of closing hours enforcement.

At the mouth of the Snake we paddled across to the Tricities' Kennewick, WA to visit Tom's aunt. Kennewick is completely diked in. Tom's aunt had a fit when we got back to her place because her Jeep got dirty hauling the canoe. We washed it quickly in case? As it turned out, my sister had come out to someplace in California for I'm not sure what. She was working at an insurance place and taking psychiatric drugs for a problem she didn't have. She'd taken the bus out to Jackson Hole and picked up my Jeep and drove it around California for the couple of months it took us to get to the Columbia. My sister met us in Kennewick and then dropped the truck off at a storage place in Portland so when we completed the trip it would be waiting for us close to the mouth of the Columbia. I wasn't sure what was going on with my sister but I found out later my mum convinced her she had a mental problem and needed to take drugs. I would never forgive my mum for this, my sister was never the

same again, she became dull in comparison to her old self, drugged and began her fall down the dam broad innocent road. My mum is one of the most heinous people I ever met, she turned the light off in my sister's brain. Mum should have died a long time ago due to some kind of menopausal complications but due to surgery and all the drugs she takes she's still alive, destroying life. My sister was one of her victims. Jenny never realized our mum was a dam shit head fool. It's not like I didn't tell her though.

Umatilla is basically two hamburger stands from me and Tom's point of view. One of the hamburger stands is conventional the other is served by young naked girls. It's so sad that this is our opportunity to communicate with the other sex but that's how they want it. The older women look bitter and dry, I guess the euphoria of making fast cash for a handful of years wears off quick. When we got back to the boat someone had stolen or ditched our \$2 tape player, they smashed and grabbed my radio.

On a journey this long you're bound to run out of herbs. Tom and I had just smoked the last of it when we paddled around a bend and found a 5 footer growing on the river bank. There was a tablespoon of sawdust wrapped in pantyhose tied to the bush next to it, possibly soaked in urine or some kind of deer deterrent. We relieved the plant of its upper half, splitting the windfall with the gardener.

In Portland we decided to go to a reggae show and attended a Buju Banton concert at the Crystal Ball Room. Before the show we were next door eating a slice of pizza and playing pool with Mr. Banton. He's quite a pool player, but I gave him a run for the money, he liked playing me, he knew I was somebody. The last game I played him I scratched the 8 ball. Buju couldn't figure out how or why I'd done such a thing as I'm a sharp player. I requested he sing, "I do not sniff the coke I only smoke the sensimelia". He did and a dozen years later Buju would go down in a huge coke bust, to spend some serious long time in the state of Florida prison. When this occurred years later I sent him a letter and book in jail reminding him of what I'd told him and gave him a dam river report as we did that night.

Further down the river at about the end of the fresh water on a day when Tommy and I were headed into town for breakfast we went for a swim off a floating dock. A couple of river otters swam over and began to check me out, they were all over me, we frolicked. A man working on his sailboat said he'd been there for months watching those river otters and they wouldn't go near anybody but me.

Sea Lions (Zalophus californianus) reared up a little ways further down. Just before we made the crossing of the bay to the North side of the mouth of the Columbia Tom and I came upon what appeared to be a huge ritualistic nazi shrine of rocks and trenches in the sand. It was disturbing and representative of the stone stacking ditch digging human behavior in general we witnessed. I pointed out to Tom who went to the effort to smear it that the Nazi's looked like they were stupid enough to craft the mirror image of a Nazi sign, which supposedly means happiness in Japanese. As we covered the distance to Ilwaco a tremendously thick fog bank swooped in, and a perfectly clear day melted into dark early sun "set". A small fish jumped in our boat as we pushed into the Port of Ilwaco channel. I steered by the wind direction and wave pattern including changes, which can be a dubious dead reckoning, the Columbia river bar is the **worst** in the world, it worked though and we avoided being sucked out over the bar. Tom thought highly of the navigation feat and said so.

The next day I hitchhiked back to Portland with a paddle and an Astoria local van shuttle. A very interesting genuine gal a few years older than me gave me a lift over the bridge. While I was getting the Jeep Tom waited back at Cape Disappointment with no food. As he related a young man who was fishing for Dungeness crab (Metacarcinus magister) with a couple adults was so impressed with Tom's recounting of the epic river tail of the apparent first time descent in an open boat of the Snake to the sea that he traded a big crab to Tom for a swatch of Tom's shirt. Tom said it was the best crab he ever ate, the Park's Ranger almost gave him a hard time for cooking it. We'd made it to the Pacific Ocean and it was a typical rough day. We sat on the beach of Cape Disappointment and

watched the waves crash ashore. Of course, we went for a swim and when we entered the sea it became flat calm. I swam a little longer than Tom and the waves got big and I did a little bodysurfing.

The local diner in Ilwaco, WA served us an all you can eat breakfast and we ate everything on the menu while a reporter listened to our story complete with the dam truth, she or the editor decided not to print it. We bought a frozen Longfin tuna (Thunnus alalunga) off a boat that refused to sell its fish on the regular market cause of a price crash and headed back towards Boulder with “proof” we’d made it to the ocean. When we got back to the area where we’d found the ganja plant on the side of the Columbia a month previous Tom and I scaled down to the water side with Tom the whole time telling me we’d never be able to find it. When we got back to the spot Tom said, “See I told ya we wouldn’t be able to find it”. I laughed at him, he was standing right next to it, it was mature now, we were glad we hadn’t picked it all earlier.

We bought a salmon from David Sohappy and continued on, spending the night back down on the Snake in the Milner/Murtaugh Canyon below the Burley Dam. The water was torrential, in the morning a man came running down hollering for us to, “Get out of here the dam’s about to go”! The dam had sprung a rapidly growing leak (defined as piping) overnight and they were performing an emergency release to drain the sucker so they could repair it. Interesting timing, go figure. When we got back to Boulder if we didn’t have the tuna most the guys wouldn’t even had believed we’d made it. We had a little green bag, salmon, tuna and a wild tale punctuated with a dam failure, ta da.

In an interview with a reporter over the phone Tom Delman gets me in a Paddler Magazine article about this apparent first time descent of the Snake River (can you imagine?) with a quote from me, **that’s a dam, good question** in response to a State of Washington apple farmer’s query (we refused the job he offered us because Tom and I didn’t want to work at a dam and ditch apple farm) about what we must have seen on such an epic trip. The thing to realize is we are on water planet where the rivers are the most significant feature to a terrestrial animal (people) and Tom and I just descended the most fearsome stretch of water in the world or at least on this side of the world (ShangriLa is the other flowing body of water in contention) in an open boat. Not many care. If we’d just climbed Everest or K2 for the first time we’d be dam fool rock stars. As it is we’re obviously the best Florida river naviGators in the universe where reviere is life for all time and if ya can’t navigate the event horizon line of a black hole ye be dammed. And who/what is “the snake” from the Bible?

I got work on the finest sportfishing operation in the world, Greg Norman “the Great White Shark” had the biggest, we were #2. First, head down to Mexico with the best crew, Dr. Gottwald who they said, “Owned half the state of Virginia”. Captain Mertin on the mother ship “Sara Beth”, a 90’ Burger, Chief Engineer Rob Burns and Chef Will. Get towed behind the mother ship on a sleigh ride aboard a 45’ Ryco fishing dinghy the “Addie Ann” with fish mate Toby Hansen. We hooked a 30 lb. dorado (Coryphaena hippurus) north of Havana doing nine knots. Toby was pulling the line by hand as I reeled in the line as hard as I could, skipping the dolphin to the stern. A grander blue marlin (Makaira nigricans) rose up and inhaled the mahi several feet from the transom. The fish looked at us. We were flabbergasted by the intensity of the action.

Isle de Mujeres is where the legendary sirens whistling sailors into their doom live, mermaids. In reality, the nude beach is packed with German stewardesses. We came for sailfish. On Cinco de Mayo I had the pleasure of attending la Plaza del Toro in Cancun. I went by ferry with five of the best high dollar fishermen ever assembled. “Mullet” Mike, deep in the “Brier Patch”, ladies’ man, “Montauk” Mike and Captain Rob, just out of Venezuela with the first royal flush ever. They caught a swordfish (Xiphias gladius) blue marlin, white marlin (Kajikia albidus) sailfish (Istiophorus albicans) and a spearfish (Tetrapturus pfluegeri) in one day. This is the pot of gold at the end of the sportfishing rainbow. Graduated Coast Guard Master Chief Toby Hansen (Philippines package) and C.I.A. Chef Will book ended what I called “The Royal Flush Crew”.

The six of us entered the arena and sat down. The crew had been here before and told me

whatever I did, not to volunteer. Naturally I raised my hand when the ringmaster asked for volunteers. My buddies asked if I was sure. I was. They all stood up and made sure I was selected. I went below the arena with the other five volunteers and signed my life away in exchange for a crash helmet. We met the ringmaster in one of the stock pens surrounding the arena. He showed us a pink/orange cape, told us to stand behind the cape and when the bull came running at us to jump out from behind the cape. I'd read about bullfighting and this didn't sound correct. He said if the bull got you on the ground to protect your head and not to worry, it was a little bull and lowered his hand to his knee.

Next, they opened a gate and a four to five hundred pound fully horned bull comes ripping out all pissed off snorting blood and kicking up dust. They'd beat him with a 2"x 4". I had agreed to go second and the first volunteer, from New Jersey, looks at me and asks, "Are you scared?" Naw man. "Shit man I'm terrified!" just before he slips in the ring. Well, the bull sees "New Jersey" standing behind the pink cape and charges, catching the poor fellow with his horns and throwing him on the ground. The guy kept following the ringmaster's advice and protected his head while the bull rolled him over and gored him against the wall. The crowd roars with satisfaction. "New Jersey" pulls himself together, limp/sprints to the door and slips out of the ring cut, bruised, bleeding and covered in bullshit. I'm next.

The nice thing about having a sword is that the Matador can weave it into the cape, spreading it out and getting it further away from himself. I didn't get a sword. Animals follow movement so if you stand behind the cape and then jump out when the bull runs up he'll follow you. The thing to do is hold the cape far out to the side and shake it. I knew all this, I've got a picture of Ferdinand the bull hanging outside my bedroom door. The ringmaster deliberately gave us bad directions. I decided to go second because I wanted to see someone else do it first. This is an easy way to learn.

Slipping into the ring nonchalantly with the cape over my shoulder I approach el toro. The bull scratches the ground with its hoof, lowers its head and charges over. The bull was a little quicker than I thought and stepped on my cape as I tried to pull it away. I couldn't get it out from under him and wasn't about to step away without it. The crowd was laughing. The bull lunged at me, I stepped to the side, shot in on him and grabbing the bull by the horns. The crowd booed. Later, "The Royal Flush Crew" said I should have jacked the bulls head, flipped him on his side and tied him up with the cape. Show the Mexicans how we do this, so to speak. And while this certainly would have been a showstopper, it's a bullfight not a rodeo.

I got my cape out from under the bull and quickly back peddled away. On the second pass I did a veronica and crowd roared "Olay!" The ringmaster was like "Oh, This guy's pretty good!" On the next pass I did a reverse veronica, "Olay!" How 'bout one more veronica, "Olay!" The ringmaster started counting down the final seconds and on the last pass the bull stepped on my cape again. This time I got it back quick and led the bull on a chase that ended with me one handing the 6' wall (fence) and the bull smashing into the wall (at the post) stunning himself and taking a knee. The crowd loved this and roared approval. I gave them a bow. The next four guys were not paying attention to what I was doing and followed the ringmaster's advice. They suffered terribly and got thrown in the air, trampled and gored. The bull kicked one guy in the side of the head. They all had to see the nurse.

I went down below the arena and smoked some herba beuna. When I came up six female volunteers were trying to catch greased pigs in the arena. I decided I wanted to top the "Royal Flush" guys. I scoped out a group of smoking babes and walked over casually sitting in front of them. After a minute they recognized me, "Hey you're the guy who fought the bull, you were pretty good"! I laughed. The girls said, "We're from Pittsburgh and we're in video". Just then the ringmaster explained that they wanted to take a picture of the crowd and wanted our side of the arena to get up and move to the other side. This was my cue. You ladies want to meet my friends? I showed back up to the "The Royal Flush Crew" with four porn stars and a wild card, five of a kind. I found a mermaid on

Isle de Mujeres later in the week, a real sea cow. Of course, I took her for a turtle walk on the beach.

Bird behavior identification is a great way to tell fishing hot spots from a distance and working with a knowledgeable character like Captain Dennis Mertin stacked the learning curve. One can determine likely what sized big game predators are at quite a distance by observing pelican plunges and in particular how long it takes to strain out the water through their bills emptying the fishfull pouch. If it took a longer time the bait was smaller thus smaller predators. If it was big bait it was a quick strain, blue marlin, medium strain time indicating probable sailfish. Capt. Mertin Sr. was working the vessel with my Uncle John W. Jolley when they discovered the way to determine how old a fish is. Before my uncle discovered this no one had any idea how old a fish was. It's the otoliths or "ear" bone rings, each accreted layer of calcium carbonate corresponding to a year of growth. Capt. Mertin Jr. and I certainly increased wealth by continuing this shared experience.

Over the last decade or so of sharing meals with others often the t.v. plays a role in the meal and period leading up to it, often the show is "Jeopardy" (the Americans are literally participating in jeopardy as they eat their dam and ditch feed). The following tale relates an experience I've had several times. On this occasion the crew of the "SARAH BETH" gathered pre turtle soup meal and played along with "Jeopardy" (I was really good at this game). When the final jeopardy category was announced I gave the question or answer. I didn't wait for the answer and then guess the question, like normal folks might think to do. I questioned the final jeopardy answer when host Alex revealed the category and then went to commercial break.

This was astounding to most everyone when I pulled it off and I had about a 50% success rate. I explained that I solved the problem mathematically, the half hour program was in a sense a song and if I listened to the jeopardy music of words the answer to the final jeopardy question was determined by the notes preceding it. The problem was I didn't like the jeopardy show, it avoided the foundations of the problems and presented no solution, so I didn't really like paying attention to it. I'd discovered I really had to listen to the half hour show to determine the question upon category announcement before they gave the answer.

As a known know it all often times in day to day personal communication (often within a group) I stumble onto a character who wants to play jeopardy or ask impertinent questions directing flow of conversation away from the free flowing river solution to the dam problem. I usually take note of what their question really is, the Latin slang meaning/the root of it and give appropriate response, relating or leading back to the river solution for their personal dam problem. The biggest of the dam problems associated with determining the question to the final jeopardy answer upon revealing category was that there was a segment of or single human in the group who watched the jeopardy show (or otherwise) with me and witnessed me "guess" correctly that immediately dammed themselves off to my explanation as to how I did it and lured the others present to do likewise usually by putting forth the idea that I must have made a deal with the devil to do it and/or I'd get in trouble with "Jesus" (just us) for it. That's why I don't play jeopardy.

One day while disembarking from the "Sara Beth" onto Enrique's Dock I tripped and fell down the many stairs of the ships side. Down, down I went towards the water in semiconsciousness knocking my chin on every step. At the last possible instant I got an arm around a stanchion and saved myself from sleeping over the side. Toby, who was standing on the dock just over from me said, "I've never seen anybody who looked more like they were going overboard, not go overboard. That was something to see". Toby Hansen is the foremost well rounded boatman on the surface, the depth, breadth and exactness of his vessel on water knowledge is unequalled on any plane by anything. I was most fortunate to learn with him. He grew up on a commercial fishing boat with his dad and went on to U.S.C.G. master chief. He noted I needed to be able to tie a bowline knot with one hand behind my back, at night, in a hurricane. What if the lines frozen? "Thaw it in the water." What if the waters frozen? "It's not time to go boating."

A few months later in Virginia Beach, Mr. Hansen and I stopped for happy hour at the local tavern. We weren't there long. When we came out there was a small pickup truck that had double parked and blocked us in. We spent the next ten or fifteen minutes trying to find the guy in the bar, and just waiting. Finally, we decided to pick the truck up and bounce/slide it over. I've seen this done with five or six guys before. As there was just the two of us it was slow going but we were getting it. Three punk skateboarders happened along the back alley and I asked them to give us a hand. The punks said they were from Brooklyn and agreed to assist but only if we moved it Brooklyn style. So, we picked it up and rolled the truck over. Don't try and trap me and my team at a bar (dam). Don't do it.

Once while coming back from a night out on the Virginia Beach strip Toby and I and some other fishermen stopped at a convenience store. As usual I went out of my way to talk with the bum out front of the store. Toby asked me, "Jolley, why do you always talk to those types"? He wasn't teasing me, he wanted to know why. I do this because they often are pretty savvy about the nature of things and know something, also to balance out the view I get from the richest of the rich who I'm always with and working for. "Hmmm."

Virginia Beach is at the east end of Hampton road and the Navy Seals hang out at a bar. I regularly took these guys for money at the pool table, often in dramatic fashion. This was fun, hustling Navy Seals. No doubt they would have played better if they hadn't been dragging telephone poles down the beach all day, stiff tight. I was just polishing wood, fluid loose. I would come in and have one drink and play for money. One night somebody must have slipped me a Mickey in my drink that I left near the table while using the restroom. I felt kind of funny as I walked out of the place and was accosted by a large black guy about 6'5" 250lbs. I think the GHB (eye drops?) had reduced my faculties greatly. I agreed to hang out with this guy and went to his nearby hotel. We had another beer and I left it on the table while I used the restroom again. At this point I got the double Mickey. We were both riding bicycles and I asked him to ride back to my place to play some chess.

The funny thing was he was really good at chess, probably learned to play in prison. For some reason I let my guard down, GHB likely and he slipped me a third Mickey. I'd just poured a couple drinks and had taken a sip of mine on the way back into the living room of the crew's apartment. I set the drinks down next to the chess board and he said he wanted some more ice or something and I went back in the kitchen. When I came back out and sat down my drink was overflowing and he encouraged me, "Drink up". I thought about this as I took a swallow. I woke up when he reached in my pocket and grabbed my roll. I was getting rolled. He headed for the door and I jumped on his back, reached around and started pulling bills off the roll in his hand. This didn't slow him down much, he had about 100 lbs. on me, but I did get some money back.

When I rode outside he had a few friends of his waiting, they hit me in the back of the head with something and threw me in the bushes. I woke up again in the bushes as they're running around the building. I chased after these guys for a while. I'm sure the big guy thought this was impressive after my third Mickey. I got very sick and ended up having a gas station attendant call the police for me. The Virginia Beach police wanted to arrest me of course. I was trying to talk the officers into going for a ride by his hotel room as I explained I wasn't drunk but had been poisoned, beaten and robbed. They found a marijuana cigarette on the apartment floor and were going to arrest me for drug possession. I woke up in a chair in the living room covered in my own puke and urine. It felt like someone had beaten my kidneys with baseball bat. I was green.

Immediately I went to the hotel where the thief had rented a room. An Indian (red dot) was running the place. He wouldn't give me the character's name that he supposedly was required to collect by law. I called the police from the hotel parking lot and requested service and protection (come take note of the thief's or his girlfriend's name and address) pursue the case... The City of Virginia Beach police department wasn't interested in poisoning, assault and thievery. Of this event,

the noteworthy thing was how the druggist/robber seemed as though he was kin of/in cohorts with, almost like they were a “secret” C.I.A. (acronym of a sintral intilligence agincy) group, the lead responding police officer and they’d pulled a trap designed to discourage me from procuring herbs for smoking. This was the end of my working relationship with the finest crew in the world, by my own decision through communication with Capt. Mertin.

The most forceful idea I learned was related to the Burger mother ship vessel. They had two very large white satellite “golf balls” on top of the superstructure. Dr. Floyd Gottwald ordered em made fast when the technology first came out. Immediately the size of the satellite receiver/transmitters lessened and our big balls really said something and made the vessel recognizable from a distance of 8 or 9 miles. You could tell who we were before the hull came over the horizon. A few years later when Dr. Gottwald traded up to an even bigger Burger he had the same sized big balls made fast to the top of the superstructure of the new vessel even though the new satellite sender/receivers fit in the palm of one’s hand. This really said a lot though, to easily be unmistakably recognizable from the furthest possible distance, going to great length to communicate an idea, very simply with high technology. Force recognition.

The crew aboard the “Sarah Beth” claimed Dr. Floyd Gottwald, “Owned half the state of Virginia” but Dr. Gottwald’s power and influence was much greater than that. Gottwald was so powerful and influential that if you googled him there was no information about him and that’s just how he wanted it. I tell people I baited his hooks and made his sandwiches but I also cleaned his sunglasses and the heads aboard the vessels. But what’s relevant to this story is that Gottwald cranes, often signified by a plain “G”, are the cranes that unload the dam and ditch GMO food from the barges coming down the river and load the ships forcing the side effect laden doom food upon the world’s people. On a planet where ethanol not fit for consumption GMO corn is to be the great weapon Dr. Floyd Gottwald owned Ethyl Corp. the parent of Russ Pharmaceuticals that make pain relief medication and the decongestants used to make crystal meth (the worst kind of over the counter drugs) and I snuck in on his team and took notes for my larger investigation. How I lost the position seemed practically “god” sent, I really shouldn’t have been working for him anyway.

Parking people’s cars is an intimate experience. The vehicle smells of their essence, handy items, favorite snacks and beverages, photos, the dealyo hanging from the rearview, make, model, color, plate and registration #’s, addresses... it’s all there. They’re not kiddin’ in the movie “Casino” when they say, “The valet knows everything”. Especially if your valet is John Lawrence Jolley. In the complete attempted “lockdown”, containerized, fenced off, with security, and super cops American culture, this moment as the “character” slips into your chariot and takes control is a big deal.

In the real world of valet on the surface of this planet in the late 90’s to 2000 I’d worked my way up to the absolute penultimate top dog position. I was the valet for the single most powerful influential person at the time, by the numbers, Bernard Lawrence Madoff, “Bernie”. I came by this position by answering a help wanted advertisement in the Palm Beach Post. Florida Valet was operated by a Greek, the inventers of the chariot, John Kavakos and we specialized in Palm Beach parties. With my valet resume I was quickly moved up to the top position or positions along with another 3rd John. He looked like the protagonist from “Office Space”.

We weren’t the largest most heavily advertised valet operation. We did the old money stuff not the flash in the pan new money crowd. We were the go to guys on the north side in particular, the “Jewish side” but I worked for Este Lauder and the Prime Minister of Canada too. I asked him if I could use the rest room and questioned him about whether the picture he had just outside the commode door/adjacent to front door was a natural lake or dam reservoir. “It’s a reservoir”, he replied. Oh, I’m more of a river guy. Plus, my buddy Scott Spencer was the #1 valet at Trump’s place, the old Post mansion (the cereal queen’s place) so it appeared my team had the town wired.

Mr. Kavakos could be operating any # of valet stands in the town of Palm Beach on a given night, perhaps dozens. The other John or I would typically take the top 2 parties in order of importance as dictated by their bank account and quarterlings and what not. Also, if it was a Monday or Tuesday and we were just working a few small parties the 3 Johns were sure to be there. For 3 years as a private investigator this gave me a fabulously grande opportunity to see “the other side”. Often, we entered the structures or sampled the food and beverages. Of the rich in the world at this time Palm Beach was “the” town. Really though, Manalapan, just to the south, right about where I lived held the rights to richest per capita but it’s a secret. Lifestyles of the rich and famous.

Often all three Johns would be at the Jaffe’s house for a “Bernie Show”. That’s how important he was. He was our #1 client, except perhaps for the Canadian guy (who’s in control of practically ½ the bread basket)... but you know. Typical night at “Bernie’s”? First of all, it was the Jaffe’s place (the chap with antique green convertible English sports car). Bernie lived a few houses away. I always thought it was hilarious that he drove over and didn’t walk but when getting your hands on hundreds of millions of dollars I guess somehow it’s easier with a Mercedes. They’re inside swinging charitable bargains over cocktails and whordirbs, while I’m not so suripetisously burning herbs on the other side of the fuckus hedge.

One evening as Mr. Madoff exited the structure I slid off the hood of his car where I was sitting and causally waiting (can you imagine this? It’s not like you thought huh?) and asked him a question as I prepared to open the door to his car. Escuse me Mr. Madoff, do you mind if I ask you a question? “Not at all, go ahead”. They say that you more or less practically invented the way stocks are traded electronically by a computer as opposed to the old paper and pencil method and they took your idea to NASDAQ, where it worked, then to the Nikkei in Japan, where it worked, back to the New York Stock Exchange [“Burnie” didn’t make a nickel off it, they stole the idea he didn’t want to have any responsibility for any way] and now that’s how it’s done and as a result you parlayed that into this investment opportunity and became the most powerful influential person in the world. Mr. Madoff smiled and agreed of course. But then I kinda moved in and leaned a little closer to him. **I noticed you don’t have any security.** For an instant, perhaps a tenth of a second, Mr. Madoff’s demeanor, complexion, his pores, pupils, and pulse rate let’s say “flexed”. He “telegraphed” to me “How the ^\$#@ do you know what’s going on? How’d you get this close to me?” I’d hit the nail on the head, and here I was right underneath his nose. Fundamentally, lack of security in a financial sense was the “downfall” of his pyramid scheme. This hadn’t been exposed yet so...

In my mind I was like Uh–Oh, I’m about to get fired. Naturally I said bodyguards, bodyguards, you don’t have any bodyguards. This seemed to relieve Mr. Madoff a great deal and he laughed, “Oh, well son, I make so much money for so many people that I’m worth more alive than dead”. As I opened the door and “allowed” him to get into his escape vehicle (you starting to see how this works?) I thought to myself, SO THAT IS HOW THIS IS “DONE”. This character, Mr. Bernard Lawrence “Bernie” Madoff, who I share a middle name with, just gave me the “recipe” or the method for the installation of my entire project/idea. Because of course this is exactly the info I was looking for at the time. WOW. That night and for the remainder of the next week I laid wide awake in bed thinking about coming up with an idea that would make more \$ than anyone else’s.

This idea that he put forth to me is what’s like “the largest piece of the puzzle” or the best tool for effecting change or luring peoples will ones way. To offer/install an idea that makes more money than the existing. This is my gift to the financial world. While this in a larger sense is in no way the object of the infinity project, that is product. To a “normal” person or human money is more let’s say tangible. Being worth more alive than dead, for real, is security on this surface.

The 1997 World Bank Commission Dam Report in short read that dams were a bad investment. But dams inherently are the foundation of the entire currentless operating scheme. Commanding the

U.S. military to undam the world's rivers, charging the dam fools for the trouble (just enough to get out of national debt) then proceeding to make a fortune building precipitation collectors with a photovoltaic super roof conversion, supplying water and power to the structure, solving the washed out/sick building problem and replacing the flush toilet with the manual fertilizer machine, solving the fecal form bacterial drift, improper cultural ass wiping habit, the environmental destruction associated with the flush toilet and providing the fertilizer that in combination with the structurally collected water will be used to grow primarily fruits and nuts replacing dam and ditch agriculture, makes much more money over a short time. Over a longer time, the difference in interest that accumulates is unfathomable, with much better conditions for the "inmates" and thus makes the existing dam financial scheme look like a lost cause, which is of course what it is.

"Bernie" allegedly set up a financial suck job scheme or pyramid scheme. Supposedly, he targeted "in the end" rich folk (mostly 100 million dollar New York old blue haired jewish women) and pools of \$30,000 (dirty tho sin doler) wanna be's who wanted to put all their money in a "feel good" charitable foundation for the children, looking real fine publicly, while collecting a 10% stipend or living wage (spending money) guaranteed every year. From life's point of view "Bernie" picked a good target. The charitable organizations (char the table whoreganizations) and the suckers that fund them as operated end up generally encouraging or putting the smiley faced "it's for the children" stamp of approval on the damming of the rivers to grow the increasingly non nutritious monocultural crops to feed the humans and/or people and in process abort the people's best shot at the foundations of a sustainable food supply, FOREVER. Then they get 'em all lined up for food under a shed and the sanitary situation develops, they get sick, cue the pharmoresuetokill pills, the flush toilets...

For all practical purposes Mr. Madoff "stole" (tricked people into spending their way into the poor house) or removed 65 (66.6) billion dollars supposedly from the "destroy the planet project" (the latest financial world in practice) and he targeted the Farmmore and Pharmoresuetokill charatable dudes and dudettes. Almost perfect. He's the points leader in the reviere financial world. I'm hot on his heels. This is reality. Eventually (upon expedition) the individuals who think they got robbed or swindled, are going to really appreciate what "Burnie" did for them. Plus, they caught him down by the river with nothing and he most evidently invested his share in fruit, vegetable, herbs, a little meat (salmon) crackers and champagne. See? I got \$8 an hour and a \$20 (vent) tip from the most powerful influential man in history.

Working another spot in Palm Beach one night around the somewhat confusing area of Brazilian and Peruvian (one way roads) I screwed up and headed the wrong way on a one way street. I was in the process of completing a three point turn when I was pulled over by a Palm Beach cop. He could have just chuckled and admonished me verbally, wrote me a warning or spent 7 or 8 minutes writing me a ticket. Instead, he held me up for over a half hour issuing me a ticket. Meanwhile, across the street Mr. Kavakos witnessed the whole thing and the owner of the vehicle was held up to. It was a stupid waste of time and energy. John Kavakos was steamed and used his influence, persistence and a phone to eventually get the so called officer fired. This was a major learning experience for me and as things eventually play out, my first bonified cop take down (with assistance) in a world where the dogs that protect the pigs that force the horses and other animals through trickery to work on the dam windmill project are instrumental in any orchestrated whorl takeover scheme.

At this time I was either renting a room from Abbruzzie, Blankenship, couch surfing or staying with my parents. Odds were that where ever it was that I was staying, you could find me at my folks' place at dinner time. My dad had a vegetable garden and many fruit trees, so the food was loaded with fresh stuff. This vitamin and mineral packed meal kept me healthy and thinking sharp. Often the topic or idea I'd talk about at the table was about municipal sewerage, public health and the whole dam problem itself, tough topic.

My dad was the Director of the Palm Beach County Environmental Health Department, practically the richest county in the nation if not the world. He was the perfect guy to run my idea over for 40 years. He knew the ins and outs of the whole thing. The sewerage had to function in town or the people would fall victim to cholera (one of the most horrifying diseases) dysentery and a host of other plagues. The cities had to dam the rivers, making reservoirs to insure a reliable water supply to flush the toilet or drain the wells to do the same. The brooks, rivulets and creeks “had” to be buried under the road to insure the sewage flowed to the treatment plant/dilute it. In some cases the sewage had to be injected into the aquifer (the well) because there was no other place to put it. The way the rules were usually set up the treated sewage had to be practically potable, a tremendous undertaking, the toilet flush water made drinkable. The whole thing was a disaster of epic proportions. We talked about disease transmission in general, food borne illnesses, the proper storage of food and water borne stuff. All the things in the water that could do you in or make you wish it had. Hepatitis, Cyclosporidia, Giardia, amoebas, legionnaire’s disease, dioxins... I knew one could pretty much filter any water through 6” of sand and drink it without ill affect. I was always asking tough questions, for instance how much fruit (sugar) one needed to add to unpotable water, how long it had to sit, at what temperature for enough alcohol to be produced so it was drinkable to suckcesspolly turn sewage water to wine.

I worked as a fishing mate aboard the ELF III charter boat for Captain Mike “Zoom Boom” Zubek. The wooden pastel green Whitaker was built in N.C. The skipper kept it tied up in Hypoluxo, Florida and we ran short trips out the Boynton Inlet, the closest fishing to the gulfstream. “Zoom Boom” was a fisherman from the past. He was one of the last of the old timers and it was a great experience to work for him. His specialty was trolling dead bait and this was my favorite of the sporting ways to fish too. The sound that the engines make and the way the hull influences the sound may attract fish. Some boats catch more fish than others. The ELF III apparently produced an attractive sound because we seemed to raise more fish than the other boats I’ve been on. Who knows, maybe it was the three elves painted on the back of the boat. The transom art was a copyright infringement of Keebler’s Cookie Elves but “Zoom Boom” claimed he was grandfathered in. “Zoom Boom” always looked at me slyly smiling and said, “You know about the elves don’t you”? Yeah man, I think I get it, I at least had seen the dwarves. The elvers, dam and ditch agriculture and the miller’s dam that stopped the eel’s migration. It looked like we were the elves. We made fresh bait instead of cookies.

We spent a lot of time cutting up bait, mostly finger mullets (Mugil cephalus) and bonita strips (Sarda sarda). This is a dying art and it was fun to learn from one of the masters. All the bait cutting attracted birds to the table for the scraps and every other day a bird would fly or limp in that was tangled up in monofilament fishing line. “Zoom Boom” was an expert at luring them in with a piece of fish, catching them by their bill, putting an arm around their wings and untangling the birds. It almost seemed like the birds had learned he would render this service and deliberately showed up just to get untangled. He was good at throwing a cast net and knew where the fish liked to congregate and which time of the year they’d be there. He gave me the good recommendation not to loop the line of the cast net around my wrist because if I netted a porpoise I would get pulled under and go see Neptune for real. Extrapolated into a much larger “fishing” idea this is a cautionary tale to be aware of.

This man taught me about many things besides fishing. I think one of the most profound ideas he had to express was one that he never elaborated much about but brought up quite often, it was something he called the “suck job”. He never defined what a “suck job” was but warned about it all the time, “Watch out for the suck job”. From a fish’s point of view a “suck job” could be an attractive sounding boat trolling fresh bait. When the fish bites the bait to find a hook hidden inside it finds itself sucked into something not at all as it appeared. Instead of food and life it finds ice and death. A very

attractive trap is what a “suck job” amounts to and in the realm of human life perhaps had no limit in its possible seductive allures or its variety of insidious fates.

Jorge Mayorga rustled me up to go to a sushi bar on Old Boynton and Congress. We met two young women and I went back to Mary’s place with her girlfriend. The two dames were a couple years older than me. A couple days later while continuing intercourse with Mary “the older woman” she turned her head to face me and asked, “What are you doing”? I confessed I was thinking of automobile mechanics in an attempt to delay orgasm, so she could or would achieve one as well. Somehow the common way or expectation, the idea put forth amongst most the girls of this time is that of disappointment if otherwise.

There are some actual physical problems with a great amount of intercourse. The vaginal fluids act as a lubricant. The seminal fluids are more like glue. This can create a sticky frictional uncomfortable sensation or worse, perforated raw epidermis, bleeding which makes the whole thing coagulate. Mary suggested, “You just do your thing and I’ll do mine”. We proceeded with intercourse with that perspective. Mary took the time to often sense me near climax, disengage as I pulled out, perform deep fellaesiuu ingesting sticky seminal fluid and starting again refreshed. She would swallow my entire shaft and use her throat muscles swallowing action to stimulate me making the whole “spit or swallow” question out to the misleading rue herring it is. This worked out to 10” and 16 orgasms for me and a fluid dozen for Mary.

Unfortunately, this relationship didn’t progress for more than a few months after I moved into her place. Mary expressed frustration with me according to her, “Just sitting around my house”. As if I don’t do anything. I’m a charterboat mate on the ELF III with “Zoomboom”, the last of the Special Forces dead bait riggers and I’m “Bernie’s” valet. I bust my ass sometimes 18 hours a day. Some days I don’t work and sometimes I’ll sit around and smoke 40 or 50 pounds of kingfish or something, try to do something productive, eat mangoes, coconuts. I’ve found woman who take birth control pills to be moody, prone to rage and a general increased domineering behavior. On every single occasion, the behavior difference particularly evident when one witnesses prepharmicutiekill contraceptive behavior and then that which is expressed under birth control pill regime.

Humans do some weird stuff when they get on a boat and go fishing and this story illustrates just how weird on even a short trip, things can get. It sounded exciting, swordfishing at the George Povoromo Canyon off the “Ocean Reef Club”. I was hired to “Just steer the boat” by Mr. “Frankly” and his friend “Butterball”. I was told they were going to do all the “fishing stuff”. I was happy with this arrangement as long as I got paid and saw some fish.

The owner had just blown up one of his engines and was having a new one installed when he hired me. We gave the boat a shakedown cruise on the way to “Frankly’s” backyard Boca Raton slip. Everything looked good and we talked about our objectives. “Frankly” had met Mr. Povoromo Jr. at a bar and learned everything there is to know about swordfishing. I’d never caught one. “Frankly” suggested we use 900 lb. monofilament as our leader material. I cautiously raised my eyebrows. First of all, you’re not going to get a bite on 900 lb., it’s not very stealthy. It would be very dangerous to “wire” a large fish on it, if you got tangled up in the leader and the fish swam away the line wouldn’t break and you’d get dragged over the side. Plus, it’s expensive. I was trying to talk him down to 300 lb. but he wouldn’t compromise to less than 600 lb. Anyway, I rigged up a few hundred dollars worth of mackerels, flying fish and ballyhoos and had them all lined up like soldiers in a cooler.

The next day when I arrived I complimented him on his large aquarium in his house. He immediately told me the aquarium professional was costing him a fortune and the water temperature was too high. Let me see what you’ve got. He opened a back door into the fish tank service room. Man, it looks like you’ve got a Jacuzzi pump in the wet dry filter. “That is a Jacuzzi pump, I just put it

in because I wasn't getting enough flow with the other pump". The several hundred gallon tank was head high and the filter was on the floor five feet below. I put my hand on the pump and it was hot. I told him he needed to raise the filter up so he didn't have to pump the water up five feet and get a smaller (cooler) pump. "Frankly" looked at me like I was nuts.

"Butterball" claimed he'd been on a boat that caught a swordfish once making him our most experienced swordfisherman. They both reiterated again that I was to just steer the boat and they would take care of the fishing. We left out of Boca de la Raton and steamed south in 120 feet of water. This is just offshore of the 100' reef and is a good place to look for fish. I was searching for signs of sailfish and told the "Frankly Butterball" crew as much. North of Miami I spotted sure signs of sailfish up ahead. Some terns were feeding in an area about three feet around a tightly balled school of bait. Balled by whom? Sailfish! I was wagering on it and alerted the crew who were sitting in the cockpit. Now all they had to do was chuck a couple of naked split bill swimming ballyhoos in to troll and get a couple ready to cast out and we might catch a sail. Ready? "Yeah!" Nope, nothing went over the side as we eased up to a ball of bait with sailfish under our riggers.

We discovered a minor oil leak on top of a couple of gallons of water in the bilge. "Frankly" was worried and cancelled the swordfishing trip. I told him it was fine, no big deal. We had two engines. It was only a half cup of oil, it just looked bad because it was floating on some water. We went into Ocean Reef. The next morning we headed out to the canyon for some blue marlin fishing after I reassured the crew there was nothing wrong with the starboard engine. The conditions were perfect and we got into a school of dolphin. The "Frankly Butterball" crew was fishing three artificial baits and three dead baits, a mackerel, a flying fish and ballyhoo.

They were experimenting to see if the fish liked plastic bait or real dead bait. The schoolie dolphin hit the smallest dead baits and the crew managed to get them in the boat. Then they carelessly threw the green fish in the bait box. Now our "little soldiers" were destroyed. They replaced the successful dead bait with artificials and after a few minutes we got back on the fish. The third mahi "Frankly" pulled over the side got away from him in the cockpit, probably because there wasn't any room left in the bait cooler. I'll never know why he didn't just toss the mahis in the fish box. So this fish is out of control, flopping around the cockpit and the plastic lure slides up the leader, swings around and smacks "Frankly" above the eye opening up a tremendous head wound. Within seconds "Frankly" is splattered with blood from head to toe. He has a 2" quarter moon gash above his eye and he's starting to look like "Carrie" from the movie.

The duo started talking about how they have enough dolphin and we should target something bigger and "Frankly", well he's obviously had enough of dolphin. Whether they're ready for something bigger I doubt and a blue marlin could easily be underneath these schoolies. We head further offshore and leave behind a school of mahi on a tremendous rip current for something different. Hey, I'm just steering the boat. A couple of minutes later the fellows reappear in the cockpit and "Frankly" has sponged off his face and applied a Band Aid so things are looking better. Another minute goes by and I look down in the cockpit and "Frankly's" pacing back in forth with a scallop knife to his throat shouting insensibly about how he was gonna lose it all and now he's gonna kill himself. Apparently his rich wife was going to divorce him and take everything.

Putting the boat on auto pilot I climb down from the tower, take a seat on the destroyed bait cooler and listened to this guy, my employer, scream about how it's all over and he's gonna lose it all. Tears have replaced blood and while "Frankly's" a bit short he's built pretty well and I'm sizing him up for any potential struggle. He's got the blade pressed against his throat and it looked and sounded like he was cutting circulation off to his brain. "Butterball" was looking for a life jacket, seriously, as if to abandon ship. I decided to make my move. I mean there's no way I'll sit here twenty miles out while one guy slashes his throat as the other dude jumps over the side. Still seated, I told "Frankly" he's not

going to kill himself while I'm on the boat. He presses the blade deeper into his throat and I stood up, stepped in front of him and told him to put the knife down. "No!" I reached up and took the darn thing away. Jimminy Crickets! Are we fishing or what?

I chilled in the cockpit till things cooled down and convinced these guys there's gotta be a school of tuna around here, may be the man in the blue suit is underneath them. So, the "Frankly Butterball" team gathers up their Tuna/Marlin artificials. They had seven or eight lures out, which is the biggest spread I'd ever trolled along with two five gallon bucket sized teasers that must have cost 200 bucks apiece. I'd been ordered to maintain a 12 knot speed and not slow down if we got a strike. The huge teasers each had a 100' trail of bubbles behind them and the drag created had pulled the heavy monofilament tight. You could hear it humming as it cut through the water. I shouted down that we were gonna lose the teasers if we didn't slow up a bit. "Just steer the boat!" Snap! The line parted. There goes one. I slowed down a little bit, as I don't like to throw plastic in the ocean. They hollered up, "Go faster". All righty bubba! Pow, there goes the other teaser, 400 bucks gone, more money than I was worth!

A few minutes later I see a huge flock of birds on the eastern horizon. There's the tuna! They were on collision course with us, and at our speed we were there in minutes. It was a great storm of life and showers of small fish erupted from the sea fleeing from skipjack tuna (Katsuwonus pelamis) which in turn left the water attempting to escape from an obviously large predator. That's what we were looking for. Get ready! "Don't slow down when we get a strike!", "Frankly" commands. Aye, aye! When the fish struck, the slack in the line from the outrigger instantly straightened. The crew had the lures back so far I couldn't see what kind of fish it was but it seemed obvious from what happened next that we had foul hooked a terrific monster. I did remember not to slow down. While the crew unsuccessfully tried to get the rod out of the holder?! the monster which could've been a submarine if they went that fast but was more likely a blue marlin or wahoo hooked in the side like a kite for maximum resistance, cut across our spread of lures. Now this was something I'd never seen before pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop...pop it cut every remaining line we were trolling, then parted its own and just like that "Frankly" lost everything he'd had. He did finally get the rod out of the holder. This was better than suicide or divorce and was entertaining, too.

I wasn't so sure about the results of the artificial lure/dead bait experiment but "Frankly" and "Butterball" evidently had reached some kind of conclusion because they decided to head in. Let's be honest here, I was laughing so hard that snot was coming out of my nose. We'd lost practically all the artificials, the dead baits were just about destroyed and "Frankly" had gotten smacked with a "Hawaiian eye".

Now, I'm a well rounded guy and I'll take a fellow out, making as sure as I can that the boat doesn't sink or catch fire, put em' on the fish, heck I'll put them in the boat if you want me to. I mean I can do so much more than just steer the boat. For a hundred or so a day I'll clean up the mess while you celebrate or commiserate. I'll even broil up some fresh mahi with mustard sauce and a side of pasta and red sauce, pop the cork on a bottle of wine, feed you, clean up the kitchen, go down to the dock for a smoke, check the lines, catch a snook, come back up, tell you all about it, tuck you in and kiss you on the forehead if you want me to. I've found my talents squandered on some, "Butterball" wouldn't even eat fish and wanted me to start a fire and cook him a hamburger.

The next morning we're leaving Ocean Reef, heading northward and home. "Frankly" comes up in the tower and proclaims he wants to, "Go that way" and points to the northeast. I calmly replied that there's two things we can do, take the inshore channel north to Fowery Rocks and then head offshore or take Ocean Reef channel east through the reef to deep water and then head north. Nope, he won't hear it, refuses to take my recommendation and banishes me from the wheel and sends me down to the cockpit with the befuddled eyerolling "Butterball". When we started this adventure, I was hired

to just steer the boat and now we're headed for a grounding on the reef. I'm in the cockpit rigging ballyhoo sabiki rigs from scratch, nervously looking around the side of the boat for the reef, which I know we're approaching. "Frankly", the skipper, is full throttle on his desired course to oblivion. I look to the starboard side and abeam of us fifty yards away is a Cuban guy standing thigh deep on a coral head waving a spear gun around. That's my signal.

Like Spiderman I'm up the ladder four rungs at a time and in the tower just in time to put my shoulder into the skipper with all my weight, grab the throttles and put 'em in reverse and stop the boat with a foot to spare. I looked over at the owner and he's sweating bullets looking like a cartoon character with his tail stuck in an electrical outlet. Now I've had enough, and saliva is foaming at the corners of my mouth as I spit out a tremendous verbal reprimand. Yeesh, I'd liked to have killed this guy. It looked like I might have to because you could tell he wanted to fight for control. Sniveling aggressively he demanded to, "Go that way" and pointed out over the reef. This guy's mind was back in the propwash somewhere, total loco. I suggested we go north a bit to a very slim channel snaking through the reef. "Frankly" came around quick, it was weird, like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hide.

At this point he admitted he was nearly blind. I got us about half way back in the channel. It was more like a maze with thick coral heads everywhere. "Wow, was it this bad were I was headed?" "Frankly", it was worse much worse. He was up in the fly bridge and might have gotten hurt if we'd run aground. The wind was calm and I just idled through the reef bumping in and out of gear with a little reverse work on one engine around the bends. A dual inboard really is maneuverable. Frankly said he wanted to try. Coming around his first turn, which he tried to accomplish with the steering wheel instead of the two wheels under the boat, this swings the stern out, I had to physically force him away from the controls again, to avoid touching. I got us out to the blue water just beyond the last coral head and the owner demanded to turn around and go back through the reef to the inside channel, which we did.

The dipstick showed no drop in the oil level but the cup of oil in the bilge was weighing heavily on "Frankly's" mind. He wanted to go into the Miami marina and see if he could fix the leak. I reminded him not to pump the oily bilge water out into the marina. The South Beach marina ("Monty's on South Beach") was packed. As the dock attendant tossed me the line he nodded his head to a large European motor cruiser and said, "J Lo's' here". Jennifer Lopez, the "it" girl of the time. After I tied up the boat I sauntered down to her slip. There was a school of tarpon (Megalops atlanticus), the Silver King, on the opposite side of the dock and I was just checking out the fish as I ambled by. They were putting on a display, rolling around flashing like mirrors in the sun, hypnotizing. When "J Lo" wored her sunglasses with a touch of her index finger I looked over the bridge of mine and our pupils met. We were on time. It was irresistible, unbelievable, the pull on my pupils that "J Lo" and 5 or 6 of her nearly naked girlfriends attracted. On her lazerette were the hottest half dozen babes in Miami and "Puff Diddy". Was that the dockside pimp white bunny fur vest you were wearing pal? "Puff" busted "J Lo" checking me out, this was hilarious.

I got an iced tea at "Monty's" marina bar and when I came out "Frankly" was pumping the oily bilge water over the side. I quick misted out a few drops of soap on top of a hose stream onto the surface surrounding the boat to hide the oil. The marina police were all over the area within seconds, but the only non oily patch was around our boat. When we finally got back home these two guys tried to stiff me. "Frankly" asked me, "What would you do if I didn't give you the money"? I'll beat you like a seal. They paid up.

Within a minute of stepping up to the "Banana Boat" outdoor waterside bar a scorching hot blonde proclaimed to me and the guy standing next to me, "I want both of you". I went over the dame fluidification free flowing reviere thing with the 2, turns out he was reformaly a U.S. Navy Seal. We were back at my place within 15 minutes. She drove with him in his Jeep Cherokee and I in mine. I'd

never had a ménage a trois with another man and just before he and I took our clothes off we had words. You got a seal or a frogman tattoo? He was California.

A situation developed amid coitus a few minutes later and he made the decision to abandon ship, explaining a previous lengthy time with said scorching hot blonde in ocean side lifeguard tower. These guys know how to make a quick exit from a structure let me tell you, even when caught with their pants down. So, he delivered a wide open fluid dame to me.

Four or five hours later my landlord/housemate Brian Blankenship got back from his bartender shift at "Huge Organs", me and the girl were continuing intercourse, she got down on her hands and knees (soft mattress) thoroughly covered in Duke's peanut oil and demanded to be beat down with a leather belt. I beat her with the belt **buckle**. It was ruthless and I passed her off to a fresh Blankenship who managed his way to get her back to her place at the Sand and Sea trailer park before his girlfriend showed up at 9 in the morning. When Blankenship dropped her off he reported her unhappy (but fresh) dude was waiting.

I headed out the Boynton Inlet with Larry, in a mate/pilot paid position to West End, Bahamas on another excursion. He swallowed a handful of kapectate pharmacuetokill pills on the way out over the sandbar. In process of crossing I dead reckoned it into big school of showering tunas and we hooked a 300 pound blue marlin immediately, the hooked fish swam up a couple feet off the port side and launched completely out of the water just in front of my face. The marlin dove deep and Larry decided to increase the drag and the #7 (relatively small) barbed hooked straightened and pulled for a quick painless release. The GPS had failed as we left the east coast and when we pulled straight up to West End Larry really thought that was something. It's only 50 miles.

West end was originally first modernly developed into something as "Jack Tar" by the father of my Uncle John W.'s wife Linda Jolley. It was a case in point of modern development. Located in the most likely of spots along the east side of the Florida Straight the island was the closest hop or run from Palm Beach. It was the best location. He built "Jack Tar" and it was really swinging for a very short time. A newer, bigger, snazzier one was immediately constructed at another nearby island. "Jack Tar" closed, now it's "Old Bahama Bay". At the places only restaurant, one can experience the "Hot Sandwhitech" trick where by a rude visitor is presented with a meal that had a blade full of "special sauce" that had been festering behind the counter. Larry didn't have a bowel movement for the entire weekend. I caught a bonefish.

Raphael and Tony Decomis were married in Ocho Rios, Jamaica with son Fidel and daughter Makaita in attendance along with many other friends and family at Decomis Sr.'s garden and structure along the ocean front. I got invited along with a bunch of the old University of Florida "Grouper Gang". We flew into Montego Bay and hired a van to shuttle us all to Ocho Rio's. An old half naked woman dragging her knuckles crossed the street and melted into the bushes just in front of us as we got out of Montego. We suppered on dam farmed "Jamaican red snapper" (Tilapia) enroute.

I spent most my time skin diving the sea front decimated reef. If ya swam out a half mile or so one could just make out James Bond Ian Fleming's "Golden Eye" mansion to the east. Ian Fleming supposedly ran afoul of "the illuminati" and... went nuts and died. An "illuminati" experience would occur if one found out/was confronted with what was really going on in the universe or just what they'd figured or hunted for and wasn't ready for the weight of it, couldn't pull the trigger and gets knocked down.

Ian Fleming was that close, he'd nailed it on several levels, half way there but missed the dams on the river problem or neglected to expose the foundation of the rue. No presentation of solution or only a single faucet, the lone agent/detective with massive backup working for the Queen. I use this motif and thank him for the idea. I had a small illuminating experience myself, while skin diving

nearby. The reef was a totaled, fried, bleached, knocked down desert and I was spearfishing with a big party to feed. I finally came upon a fish after days, it was a big Jack and it already had a barely healed spear gun hole in it. I fumbled the whole thing. You'll learn at the late night Ocho Rios back alley money exchanger that he'll give ya a better rate than the bank, low dam overhead. Tip him the difference, get out of dark back alley alive.

I met Richard E. "Goldbud" Ross at the West Palm Beach Fishing Club's take a kid fishing event on Ocean Ave in Lantana. He was looking to share a commercial longliner fishing experience with a WPBFC member. I was looking for work so I could pay off my student loan I was about to default on. The kind of work one could do without breaking the laws of the manuel, I figured fishing was a safe bet (wrong again) and of course I'm always looking for a good story to tell and taking notes. Captain Ross told me to bring my foul weather gear and that there were no drugs allowed on the boat. We caught a flight to Long Island, NY and a taxi to Gossman's Dock. The 68' steel hull "Southern Lady", a Laforce built in Louisiana was tied up across from the "Liar's Saloon". I'd brought a practically useless pair of rubber boots and poor foul weather gear but I had a sack of red, green and gold bud.

When I stepped on the boat there was some kind of problem. One of the crewmembers was upset about something and supposedly my arrival was part of the problem. He didn't want to work with a "greenhorn" or new to the business crewmember and a "sporty" at that. It wasn't his whole problem, just the last straw. He left. Now we needed another crewmember. A character presented himself as Radjick, the Chek. I asked if he was Chekoslovakian, he said, "Chek no Slovakian". We were looking for a butcher. Capt. Ross didn't want to hire him, Radicks reputation preceded him. I argued we should hire him. I wanted to go fishing. Ross reluctantly agreed and hired Radjick or Radick "the Chek no Slovakian" butcher. Radick said he'd be right back he had to go grab his stuff that was stored in a culvert. You store your stuff in a culvert, what do you do when it rains? He looked at me like I was a fool.

We departed. The fourth crewmember was Tom Able and he was practically the boatswain or bosun mate, the mate responsible for the crew and rigging just by the fact he made 11% instead of the usual crew share of 10%. We motored out to the Georges Bank south of Long Island and began longline fishing for swordfish (Xiphius gladius) and tuna (Thunnus). Squid (Teuthida) and tinker mackerel (Scomber japonicas) were rigged to a J hook attached to a 300 to 350 lbs. monofilament leader with a leaded swivel, light stick and gangeone that we clipped to a 1000 lbs. main line as it rolled off the main spool through the bait shack and out to sea as the vessel made its way forward at 3 or 4 knots. We had a CD player and Tom Able played Madonna's "Material Girl" and Elton John's *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* albums every night while we baited out for 5 to 6 hours.

While listening to *Like a Virgin* and "Rocketman" I got to thinking about Tom Able. I remembered a Tom Able that weighed about 122 lbs. less than the one I was working with off NY. I asked Tom where he was from. "Lantana". This was the town just north of Boynton Beach, so this was him. He didn't remember me but I couldn't forget him. When I worked for Tom Villano, Mr. Able was smoking pole for crack or giving up his crack for smoking purposes. Tom was Tom's houseboy. It was one of the most horrific sights I ever saw in my life. I was in Villano's home getting a paycheck for cleaning restaurant flues and I saw this pathetic excuse for a person, in worse shape than I'd ever seen anyone, crawling down the hallway on the carpet, like the "gimp" without a gimp suit and gimp box, begging for crack. Here we were fishing together 10 years later and he was pretending to be my supervisor. I asked if he used to work for Tom Villano. He admitted he had just with his shocking look of horror. He knew I knew the worst. I asked if he was a "pitcher" or a "catcher". He claimed he was a "pitcher". Tom proved he was smart enough to get away from the crackhouse and go fishing instead.

Tom taught me how to operate the rigging of the "Southern Lady". Radick was an accomplished butcher and he showed me how he did it. Captain Ross taught me a great deal including

how to successfully pull fish to the boat. There was two ways to do it. The way commercial fishermen usually did it, by grasping the line between one's thumb and fingers or the way sportfishermen usually did it, by wrapping the line around one's hand. The commercial method or more specifically the hand over line no wrap technique seemed like the safest for a few reasons. The fishermen couldn't get the grip or enough friction on the monofilament to load up a massive amount of tension. That way, if using the no wrap technique, one had to let go or dump the line, when one did the monofilament leader, often flaked on the deck behind oneself, didn't show much tendency to jump off the deck into the air, forming loops that could fall over one's head and pop a head off one's shoulders like a grape when it came tight. Another reason the no wrap technique seemed safer was that it was easy to let go of the line. When one wrapped the line around their hands if there wasn't slack line behind you, if for instance someone was standing on the line already pulled in or the line got stuck on something, one couldn't let go of it.

This had serious implications and was one of the reasons the leader line was monofilament with a breaking strength of 300 to 350 lbs. So it would break and not drag one over the side of the boat or pinch off or smash their extremities. Another reason one might pull the fish to the boat using the no wrap technique was because swordfish were soft mouthed fish and often foul hooked which meant that the hook could easily be pulled free and the fish lost if one pulled too hard. Tunas and other fish typically have hard mouths and weren't foul hooked, so one could pull as hard as one wanted without pulling the hook. Also using the no wrap technique was faster, unless it was a big green fish. If one wraps the line twice around one hand and then wraps it twice around the other hand, two double wraps, and locked their knees under the gunwale or rail one could apply a tremendous amount of force, enough to break the line or turn a giant Atlantic bluefin tuna (Thunnus thynnus) large yellowfin tuna (Thunnus albacares) or bigeye tuna (Thunnus obesus). This couldn't really be done by holding the mono between ones' fingers and thumbs.

Over time, a month or decades, the difference between the two techniques was noticeable. Over a short period of time, the no wrap method led to finger, thumb and hand fatigue. Over a long period of time the no wrap method led to carpal tunnel and other disabling injuries. The trick to successfully using the wrap method was to feel the mono like a spider and determine if the fish's actions indicated a swordfish or a foul hooked fish (likely a swordfish) at which point one would know not to pull too hard or risk pulling the hook. Also, when wrapping the line around ones' hand one makes sure the slack, already pulled in line, was not fouled up or stuck on something. The easiest way to do this was to flake or toss it into the water instead of on the deck but one could only do this when the wind was in their face and the boat wasn't getting blown over the line because it would get tangled up in the wheel. The last thing one wanted to do was step on the line risking entanglement and damaging the line. I basically knew all of this, Captain Ross showed me how to do the actual wrapping of the line around the hand exactly just towards the palm from the ball of the base knuckles of the fingers, twice, very quickly almost snappily. Don't wrap it three times.

We had a relatively successful trip in good early summer weather and came into Gloucester, Mass. to unload fish. This is an interesting experience, handing over 15 to 20 thousand lbs. of fish, an extremely perishable product representing the work of 4 men with lots of machines and technology, to a few guys in a truck and getting paid a month later. I'd just happened to get this job on a longliner the same month the Hollywood blockbuster "The Perfect Storm" came out, a movie about a swordfishing crew out of Gloucester that is lost at sea during a collision of a northeaster and a hurricane off the Flemish Cap at the end of the Grand Banks. There was a big buzz in town about the whole thing, the notoriety that they were getting from the film. There were more tourists and a bunch of young men trying to get a job on a longliner because of it. The townfolk were reminded of a recent sad event that took place to a Gloucester fishing crew.

In the film the action in town centered on "The Crow's Nest" bar where the protagonist Bobby Sharford played by Mark Wahlburg was engaged to the bartendress. Keep in mind this is a true story

and “The Crow’s Nest’s” bartendress was the protagonist’s significant other, and she still tended the bar. I went to “The Crow’s Nest” that evening. When I entered the bar the bartendress almost hit the floor when she fainted or nearly fainted, the other bartender just caught her before she hit the ground. I sat down on a bar stool to quite a commotion. She came to and looked at me as if I was a ghost. Apparently, I looked just like the protagonist and she was already worked up enough what with the movie just out and I blew her away. She was in tears. I tried to explain to her it was like this everywhere I went but... I had dinner, a drink and sat there thinking about these occurrences in my life, the timing, the things that coincided that weren’t just a coincidence and the regularity of this type of thing happening to me. This was a big event for me, at “The Crow’s Nest” because I decided that these things that were happening to me could only mean one thing, I was you know who or else everything meant no thing. At any rate I decided I had to do something with this, this gift, run with it, row with it, something or I was gonna get in big trouble.

A big burley fisherman sat down next to me at the bar and mumbled to no one in particular, “Some dumb ass gay homo son of a bitch is playing this Billy Joel junk”. Naw this is “Rocketman”, Elton John sings it. “I know its “Rocketman”, Billy Joel sings this”. Uh uh, it’s Elton John. “Billy Joel!” I’ll wager its Elton John. “How much?” 60 bucks. “60 dollars?” Yep, you know it tells ya right over there on the jukebox. “You’re on!” I walked over to the jukebox and obviously it read “Rocketman”, Elton John. The guy pulled out 3 twenties and paid up. A few minutes later Captain Ross came in the bar to “rescue” me and return to the boat (fishermen are known to go to the bar and not make it back to go out fishing or return to the boat and fall in the water and drown while boarding and an unlimited variety of other mishaps). I put *vente* towards the bill, gave the bartendress \$20 and kept a Jackson (White House) for myself.

Captain Ross in no way encouraged me to continue with a commercial fishing career. He said, “It’s a dead end business”, and that I should find work in the horticultural field, “You should get a landscaping business going”. Skipper, there’s a lot more going on in the gardening world than you think. At the time I wasn’t able to explain to people what it was I was doing with my life (because they wouldn’t hear it) besides avoiding complicity with and responsibility for destroying life on the planet and hell, coming up with a good story to tell. The first trip we were accompanied by Juan Levesque a National Marine Fisheries (NMFS) observer. He took notes on what we caught, kept or released live or dead. What I figured from my notes was we were discarding more than half the catch, some of it in better shape than others. Its complete madness what’s going on out here, it drives some fishermen crazy, the bizarre dam ages fishing rules. We could catch 2 tons of fish a day and throw a ton away.

Sea turtles (*Cheloniodea*) were protected so if we caught a 1000 lb. leatherback turtle we had to throw it back. Some people would say that leatherback turtles (*Dermochelys coriacea*) are not good to eat. Perhaps they’re finicky eaters and mean they think green sea turtle (*Chelonia mydas*) taste better than leather back. They might be right but I’m sure there is some who think leatherback taste better. There is a poisonous blowfish or puffer (*Takifugu*) that if improperly prepared and eaten will kill you, but if one prepares it properly it’s supposedly the most delicious of fish. This is what one will find usually, that everything is good to eat if properly prepared, with of course some exceptions. However, even with the exceptions if one were to really look into it there is a way to prepare it so it’s edible, it just takes too much time and energy and/or it taste bad.

That being said, that which is going on out here is a crime. One could pull up several hundred pounds of dead blue and white marlin a day and just sink them to the bottom to feed the worms. Supposedly the sportfishermen are responsible for this attempt to protect the fish they catch for sport. Marlin is delicious when properly prepared. The problem with the no take marlin and sailfish rules is that as a result of not keeping the fish and discarding them we would perhaps fish more to catch swords and tunas to make up the difference in total catch and in process catch and discard more marlin and sailfish. So, the rule designed to protect marlins and sailfish was causing more of them to be discarded.

Even if the fish were released alive, during the catch or struggle to the boat other creatures,

sharks (Chondrichthyes) may become aware of the potential for food and gather around. If the bycatch is in anyway tired or injured its chances in the ocean are slim. Even if the released fish survives, we burned a lot of energy to catch it, further deteriorating the environment, with no product. So, trying to save or protect fish by releasing them is stupid. There are all kinds of horrific rules out here, 1 bluefin tuna per trip. What if we catch 4 bluefin tunas? We keep one, float one over to a boat without one at night with the risk of losing the boat and going to jail and throw 2 away. Just imagine how many people a giant bluefin could feed and picture throwing it away over the side of the boat for no reason. We did this kind of stuff routinely, it was the rules.

The skipper had an alternate captain, Andy Pratt that took the boat out every other trip. Andy was relatively experienced at longline fishing but this was his first trip on the “Southern Lady” and he had somewhat of a difficult time becoming adjusted to fishing on our boat because we did everything different than the rest of America’s longline fleet. Our hauling station was on the port side, the rest of the fleet had starboard hauling stations. The difference was the 1000 lb. monofilament mainline was retrieved on the “left” side of the boat and as a result the captain operating the station steered or operated the jog lever, the throttle, radio and main spool with his right hand. The captain unhooked the gangeons from the mainline with his left hand, maybe a 1000 of them a day or more. Then he attached the gangions on a piece of 300 lb. mono looped between two pulleys. The gangion, through the forward motion of the boat went towards the stern where a mate would unclip the gangion with his left hand and either clip it to a piece of 1000 lb. mono looped between two pulleys the other mate operated with his left hand unclipping the gangion with his left hand or attaching the gangion and line in a bin with the left hand. That’s a lot of left hand work. The other crews used their right hands to do this.

Attaching and detaching the leader’s gangions was the most repetitive thing we did and it required some force to squeeze them. The repetitive nature of this caused physical problems, muscle and joint pain, cramps and over a long period of time carpal tunnel, extremely painful disabling nerve damage. Captain Ross put it this way, “If we clip and unclip the gangeons with our right hand all day, when the generator or ice machine breaks we won’t be able to hold a screwdriver in our right hands and fix it. You won’t be able hold a cigarette, hold a fork, open a door, wipe your ass... nothing, we’ll be crippled.” Hauling back the gear on the port side instead of the starboard side like the rest of the fleet gave us a tremendous advantage. We spread the work done by our hands more evenly and when we needed to do something requiring the coordination and dexterity of our right hands we could more easily do it because our right hand wasn’t tired.

Captain Ross had thought about it and deliberately rigged the “Southern Lady” this way to avoid the biggest problem the other fishermen were experiencing. Towards the end of the fishing trips the other crews were barely functional at times, while we were performing much better, and over a lifetime we stood a better chance of avoiding debilitating injuries. It’s interesting how foresighted thinking in combination with an ability or willingness to do things differently allowed us to outperform others. It was amazing to me why no one else did it, almost as if they were trying to punish or cripple themselves. One had to see the look on the other crew’s faces at the dock when they realized after looking at our rig that we did things in an opposite manner. They didn’t like it, claimed we were crazy or stupid and couldn’t imagine how we were able to do it this way. I’d just look at them and ask them how their right hand felt about it. Ouch, that hurt.

Captain Ross was the skipper, the captain and owner and he cooked the crew breakfast every morning, his specialty was chocolate chip pancakes which he served with bacon. Captain Andy didn’t cook breakfast for the crew, at first. “What? You want me to cook breakfast for you? What do you think I am, your mom?” Andy laughed. I explained to him that starting one’s day off with a healthy nutritious breakfast was the most intelligent thing one could do. I had to work on Captain Andy for a few weeks about this. Captain Andy didn’t eat much. He said his stomach hurt. This is the nickname I gave him, “Captain don’t eat much”.

Without Andy cooking at the end of his designated last watch the rest of the crew woke up and

headed to the galley. Tom wanted ice cream? Radick ate pickles? I cooked oatmeal and it was a disaster of bumping into each other, arguing, and it took 10 to 15 minutes. We could have been sleeping. Plus, I was the only one eating a good breakfast so everybody else was in a bad mood, weak, tired and slow. Able lived in fear of diarrhea from living off ice cream, Andy was pooped and Radick...? Radick would drink the pickle juice when he ate the last pickle, "It's got **something**."

Finally, I broke Andy down. I told him I'd quit if he didn't eat some food while we were out here fishing for 2 or 3 weeks. You gotta eat something. Andy agreed to eat some food and asked me what I thought he should eat if he ate one thing. Meat, eat meat and a sip of orange juice every day and you'll make it. He refused to drink the O.J. claiming it would make his stomach hurt. As a result he was sick constantly. I told him to fry a pound of bacon up every morning, pull out whatever bacon he wanted, crack a dozen eggs into the pan and wake up the crew. This worked, I eventually got him to slap some readymade biscuit dough in the oven and we had bacon, egg and cheese biscuit sandwiches most mornings. This really changed the dynamics of the gear haul back and the entire day for the better. The crew had energy and I spent the extra 10 minutes I would have been making my own breakfast getting the deck ready so when Captain Andy stepped out on the deck he had some food in his stomach and the deck was ready to haul gear back. If only I could have got him to eat some vitamin C, because he kept getting sick.

Radick turned out to be kinda wacko and it appears he had a chemical dependency issue. Crack cocaine was the bane of the East Coast fisherman. He didn't bring any on the boat, no, no. His paycheck didn't last that long. Radick could enter port late on a Sunday night "head to town" with a few hundred dollars advanced by the skipper and return Monday morning and try to bum a cigarette. You spent \$300 on Sunday night? And don't even have a cigarette to show for it? Boy, that's gotta hurt.

When we caught a big eye tuna, typically our most valuable fish, Radick the butcher, was supposed to immediately clean or dress the big eye and plunge it into a 50 gallon drum of ice water, the slush bucket, to chill it as fast as possible and preserve it quickly. For some reason he'd let the big eye sit in the sun instead of getting it on ice as fast as possible. I'm not sure why he did this, perhaps to prove he was in control of something. I nicknamed him "Big Eye in the Sun" which was the worst nickname I could think of for a butcher. Nobody would say anything to him about it because he was such a sicko. I wasn't afraid of him though and told him the truth.

I had a lot of nicknames on the boat over the 3 years I worked on it. Tom Able called me "The Ridilan Child" because I had so much energy, or "Pissboy" because I was always urinating. I explained to Tom that this was why I had so much energy. I made sure to drink at least a full gallon of water everyday. I drank filtered fresh water that was produced from ocean water by the "Southern Lady's" reverse osmosis machine. None of the rest of the crew drank water except the Skipper Ross who would drink a glass now and again. Most everyone drank Diet Coke exclusively. I drank a Coke or two everyday along with coffee, O.J. and tea in addition to the gallon of water. Sometimes in the afternoon we'd have an hour or two break and the crew would sleep because they were exhausted. This was when I stayed awake and drank almost a gallon of water. This takes discipline and intelligence because it's tempting to take a nap especially if one only gets to sleep an hour or two, if that, a day. The crew members who took a nap would wake up even more dehydrated than when they went to sleep. This caused them to be unable to metabolize sugar and their blood was fouled. This made them seem even more tired. I didn't go to sleep, I rested, drank water and was spritely and full of energy as a result, plus I had a better attitude.

When it got rough and this was often, I'd smoke herbs, get the munchies and eat food, this helped me keep my energy up. The rest of the crew just got a little seasick, lost their appetite and didn't eat. This hurt them because it's hard to perform when it's rough, it takes a lot of energy just to stand up. Andy nicknamed me "Spotter", which may have been a double entendre but was obviously because when the gear parted, the main line broke, I would climb up the super structure to the crew's

nest as we went searching for the rest of it. It was usually easy to find the missing gear, after all we had radio transponders (beepers) spaced out every 1 ½ to 2 miles so there was really no reason for me to climb up there and look for the gear. We were most likely going to find it but I did find a few “chunks” of gear with no beepers worth several thousand dollars. I found chunks of other lost longliner’s gear too and every once in a while, I found “floaters” or a big dead swordfish that had come off the hook and floated up to the top. At \$2 a pound a 100 lb. floater was \$200 in the boat. The most likely thing that would occur, that was a benefit to the crew, was that I would see the end of the gear before we got to the beeper at which point we would have to track down the end of the line. This saved the transit time.

But these weren’t really the reasons I climbed up in the crow’s nest, which was only a flat piece of steel just barely big enough to stand on and hugged the mast to keep from falling. I liked climbing up there just to look about, to take advantage of the incredible opportunity to witness life, the seaweed, the birds, fish and whales. I think I saw most every species of whale that is known to frequent the area we were fishing. For me it was very interesting to realize what it was that I was thinking about when I saw the whale. Most would likely think the two had nothing to do with each other. The instance being “just a coincidence” that had no meaning, whereas I came to find out the two seemingly unrelated ideas coincided exactly. Usually it was a whale of an idea I was thinking about when I saw one. I became more conscious of what it was I was thinking about in relation to what was occurring around me. I began to try and think about better things and ideas than I had in the past.

Over the years I worked on the “Southern Lady” the #1 nickname the crewmembers gave me was “Jonah”. This is my favorite book in the Bible. For some reason they thought I was bad luck. This was interesting because it was the opposite of what was occurring. Over the time I fished on the “Southern Lady” we had the best catches ever while getting high market price in the 30 years of Captain Ross’s career. He took the notes, he knew and this was in the face of declining catches the fishing industry was experiencing. Periodically I would take a trip or two off to rest and recuperate and during these absences the most unfortunate things would occur.

I know why humans think I’m bad luck. It’s because from their small short way of thinking, my being who I am currently to end the dam ages and enforce the laws of the manual on the surface means their dam pipe dream of destroying life and getting away with it is over. The gigs up and the nightmare of paying for their share of the dam ages is due. They look at me as Jonah or #13. Bad luck for them. Fishermen are known to be superstitious, humans certainly are in general, not all of them but most of them let me tell you. Skipper Ross wouldn’t allow bananas (Musa) on the boat, “No bananas”. I brought plantains instead. Captain Andy enforced a shaving rule and claimed we wouldn’t catch fish if we didn’t shave. Tom didn’t want to leave port and go fishing on Fridays. Radick? Radick did all kinds of superstitious stuff.

The crew members usually washed their gloves to avoid extremely painful and debilitating infections that often started under the fingernail. It seemed the best way to clean them was to soak them in a bucket with a splash of bleach and some water overnight. I came out on the deck one night to wash my gloves and Radick had sequestered every bucket we had and was staring into 5 or 6 buckets with one glove in each bucket. I asked if I could use one of the buckets. Nothing positive. I picked up one of the buckets and dumped his single glove into another bucket, for two gloves in one bucket. This elicited a ferocious response from Radick, who lurched up, grabbed me and threw me over the side of the boat. All I could do was pick the spot I got thrown over the side.

I grabbed a chain over my head that was extended out to the riggers and held on. It was night, the boat was in gear moving forward. This is a virtual death sentence, to throw someone over the side in these conditions. Gee wiz, I thought, I’m the guy who recommended we hire this insaneiac. I held on to the chain for my life swinging my legs around while Radick tried to pull me off the chain and finish the job. I broke away from him swinging around and then kicked him, glancing off his shoulder and getting a piece of the side of his head. I tried to kick him again and he grabbed my legs and started

pulling them towards him. I thought, well now, at least he's trying to pull me back on the boat. Tom came out on the deck with a bowl of ice cream in one hand, a spoon full of ice cream in the other and a mouth full of ice cream. You had to see the look on his face. For a split second I couldn't tell if he was going to help Radick or me. He pulled Radick off me and I jumped back on the deck.

Radick ended up getting fired because the Skipper didn't like paying him and having him throw the money away on crack. Nobody cared that he tried to make me disappear. Tom took over the butcher position for a short period and succumbed to a bad back shortly after. Raddick had a sore back, all the butchers in the fleet had sore or bad backs, it was the nature of the business. To dress fish most stood and bent over at their waist to clean fish that were on the deck. On a vibrating steel deck at sea in a small boat this can cause serious problems. I inherited the butcher position and decided to clean fish on my knees to avoid a back problem.

I immediately began using my flooring knee pads to dampen the vibration and protect my knees. This worked great and eventually I got foul weather gear with knee pockets for pads. The problem and probably the reason why everyone stood up, was often the deck was awash and being on ones' knees caused one to get soaking wet as the water went up the pant legs. But I had a good back, so... Plus, when the fishing was really hot a kneeling butcher had an advantage because there was less moving around, more fish cleaning. The skipper said I cleaned more fish in one day and more fish in one trip than he'd ever seen in 30 years of fishing, and the skipper was the best in the business. As a result of being wet all the time I tended to spend some time in the warm engine room forepeak where I rotated clothes.

Overmoisturization can be a problem besides wet, cold or both. Morey Dunn got on board after Raddick and was a pleasure to work with. Often he and I would use powder to try and stay dry, to avoid "crotch rot", jock itch (Tinea cruris). We referred to this as "making biscuits" as we'd discovered expensive Gold Bond was mostly cheap corn starch and we cut it or just used plain corn starch. I quit using powder because I was so wet it was pointless. Tinus was my nemesis but I had a good back so... On one trip in the humid, sloppy wet Windward Pass I got crotch rot so bad I thought about how nice a helicopter rescue would be. I worked through it without complaining (does no good) or slowing down (tough to do) even though my crotch skin had sloughed off completely. No matter what one did out here if one took a trip off all the skin on ones' palms would peel off. The conditions present in this business cause all kinds of unpleasant things to happen.

Burst hydraulic oil lines. We used red hydraulic oil 5 gallon buckets for everything. One could put the handles together of 2 buckets in one hand and 2 in the other and carry 4 buckets at a time, hook a thumb around a third and realize ya could get a pinky around another 4th bucket in one hand, 8 total. That's potentially 320 lbs of water. Whatever it was if it wasn't in a bucket it wouldn't be long for it was awashed out the scuppers or tuna door. We kept everything in 5 gallon buckets with the exception of the milk crates we kept each beeper's tar lines in and the live line milk crate with same tar line and gangion(s). I kept the milk crates and tar lines attached to chain links welded just under waist high to the squid shack. I stored my various knives, stones and tools buried in the milkcrate's tarline on rough days. Usually lines can be a very great entanglement risk on a boat and must be stored properly.

One day while hauling back the gear in very rough conditions a freak wave or confluence of many at one spot engulfed and completely covered the boat. Andy was Captain and I was working the stern quarter lines for Morey and Joe when not cleaning fish or wiring them to the boat. The boat kinda hesitated going up the face of it with only one stabilizer bird in the water and I watched as the wave went over the top of the super structure and simultaneously coursed across the deck. I was the only one without shelter on the deck, everybody else had a roof and at least one wall. The boat was a sub, I grabbed the squid shack roof and held on. The others thought this it was something that I didn't get washed over. None of em had ever seen anything like it and it was a quick no warning wash. The tar

line milk crates shattered but the way the crates pieces broke the shards grabbed the lines which in turn held on to the knives. A big “birds nest” of tools affixed to the squid shack, nice and safe, this is an unfathomable thing to be able to do with an interesting shaped container. Skipper Ross rigged this impenetrable line storage rig and the note is worth passing along to other boatpersons and daughters.

I never lost hardly a tool out here, I didn't want **ANYTHING** to wash overboard and invented the tail rope bucket bracelet which when the loop was affixed to the bucket handle allowed for easy attachment to a pin. When the buckets are not in use and stacked I made sure every bucket had a tar line loop between the subsequent next bucket in stack. It gave them better grip when moving stacks and best of all kept the buckets from getting stuck together in the dreaded stuck plastic 5 gallon bucket snafu (they're hard to get apart). The beehive super knife is your go to pry tool here or... a flat heads crue d river? Linguistically the super knife is the way to go, plus it works a lot better. I told ya!

When the vessels head quit working, which was often (it never quit on me) usually just after Kennedy tried to make a deposit with subsequent huge doo doo doom clean up, we even used the 5 gallon buckets as shitcans. I always wanted to mark one of the buckets for this purpose and keep it separate, as we used the buckets for everything, squid, trashcans, gear, fresh vegetable storage, sushi loin rinse... The rest of the crew didn't want a separate shit bucket so we didn't have one. Interestingly enough a 5 gallon bucket with a rubber sealed lid is the perfect low tech manuel fertilizer machine. It's comfortable to sit on the open end too. Usually when involved with other tasks we'd often use the buckets as chairs or seats. I usually flipped the bucket upside down for extra stability while in heavy seas, while Morey preferred and pointed out its more comfortable (dry ass) and better for your back to sit on it open ended.

Thanksgiving 1999 illegal Elian from Cuba washed up in Florida. “Should Illegal Elian from Cuba be allowed to stay?” This is the question broadcast on t.v. and posed in newspaper headlines, I'm in Palm Beach County enlightening the people to the little illegal alien problem purportedly coming out of Cuba but mostly casting light on how information and ideas are exchanged on this dam set up for hostile takeover plane.t. As in “ha ha” (hard elbow to the ribs) “told you so this way because you couldn't handle the truth and/or didn't want to know” (refusal of sabe).

I made hundreds of fish prints of the usual fish we caught and was always interested in rare specifically flat (for good printing) fish. Before a trip I made a deal with Morey, he pulled in and maintained the leaders. I'll give ya a case of beer if you can get something unique over the rail worth printing. It takes a lot of effort to pull the leaders back to the transom as the boat does 3 or 4 knots ahead and anything attached to the hook, whether it be a bait (squid, mackerel) or bycatch such as snake mackerel (Gempylus serpens) lancetfish (Alepisaurus ferox) batray (Pteroplatytrygon violacea) or other, made it more energy draining, physically difficult and dangerous to get the line in. Typically, one would tug the line hard as it came tight behind the boat to shake the squid off. Identifying a possible bycatch as noteworthy for print required one to skip it to the surface to see. This made it hard to get off and likely to have to drag to transom, tough. Thus, the case of beer wagered to Morey upon delivery of... a King of the Salmon fish (Trachipterus altivelis) caught off Cape Canaveral FL, north of Bahamas.

Just after we struck the deal, Morey, like the Morey eel (Muraenidae) came around the squid shack beaming a huge grin, “Is this what you're looking for Johnnie”? In his arms he held an expired specimen 5' 5.5” in length, glistening a radiant credit card hologram glow. This might be the best morphological specimen for fish prints on the planet, especially for me. We didn't know what it was as none of us had ever seen one before, with probably 40 or 50 years of commercial deep water fishing on board. There isn't even a picture of it on Google. It's an extremely rare catch in perfect condition, not known to frequent the area.

I immediately dubbed it, “the A.L.F. fish” as its head looked like “ALF” from the ALF (Alien Life Form) t.v. show. This turned out to be my best print, I even had all the colors and an extra fine glitter like silver screen print paint and a roll of banner paper so I could get 7 to 9 entire long prints.

Good luck getting a roll of rice paper in this country, it's all pre-cut except for in Charleston. Imagine me of all people with an "ALF" King of the Salmon fish print series, hmmm... Often I did these fish prints, during the watch period and sleep time 2 to 4 hours available most 24 hour period, in the back deck squid shack sometimes in 50 to 60 knot winds, breaking seas... The guys thought I was nuts but what a fabulous portfolio of Atlantic specimen prints with quite a punctuation.

I presented Morey with a case of 12 bottled Heinekens and a fish print idea. He argued for 24 Budweisers. I pointed out that technically the bottles were in a case, went over the dam hydroelectric aluminum can problem with him, mentioned the German purity law amidst a GMO killer grain problem in this country and went over the whole dam over tilled beer age for the nth time. Morey took the 12 pack without a problem though because he knew he'd pulled the fish print of a lifetime over the rail **just** after he made the deal with me to do it so... Morey Dunn was studying to be a tractor trailer operator and looked forward to driving "the bread truck" (a grain hauler) as he was pescadorally cereaus about the fish sandwich thing, "You know", as he and Joe would put it. Joe was likewise minded but had an X wife in New Port Richie to take care of, "Ya know". Another thing Morey and Joe taught me, "Never get on a boat unless it's going fishing, especially a cruise boat. Don't do it!"

When I started working on the "Southern Lady" the crew began to pile up all "the chores" on me. One of the first things they told me I was responsible for was getting the 5 gallon buckets unstuck from each other. Woe to anyone with this duty. If one 5 gallon bucket gets put inside another and the things get stuck together it's tough to get em apart, once again use a beehive super knife (if you've got one). As usual when the crew would deligate another task to me I'd gladly take it and start doing it a bit different. Sometimes you had to do it exactly like they told ya or it'd be a disaster but most the stuff could be improved upon.

With the 5 gallon buckets in addition to them getting stuck together, sometimes they'd get washed overboard, usually at night. I solved both problems by attaching a tail rope, which was a 1' to 2' tar line loop that we usually attached to fish tails to facilitating lifting, to the bucket handle and flipping it in the bucket so if someone stacked the buckets together the tar line kept them from sticking. In addition, one could put the tar line loop attached to a bucket over a pin and they didn't get washed over the side. Using this technique and others I was able to keep from having anything wash over the side in the 2 years I was in "charge of the deck" (this is quite an accomplishment) as the crew unloaded all the chores on me so they could watch movies on t.v. I gladly took over every task they gave me until I was in charge of the whole thing, this made me valuable. Plus, when I took a trip off it was a complete disaster (kinda like "Jonah" in reverse).

After searching Idaho for clues disguised as a trout fisherman in steelhead/salmon country I'd come to the definite conclusion that there were a lot of former military in the area, lots of militiamen and militiawomen, too. I really liked pumping these guys for information. First hand reports from the dam development front lines, including "the Horror" (the care actors that lie behind the dam thing). Often the most informative reports came from soldiers who appeared on the scene just after the war was won and witnessed what happened next, the dam installation, the ditches dug, the sheds slapped up and the flush toilets mounted. What we were fighting for. The steelhead salmon fishermen show no more tendency towards want of undammed rivers than an average humiliating dolt.

There are little road side stores in Idaho, trailers on wheels and simple sheds. I often went inside and checked the pencils while getting goods. Often this elicited a specific response from the shop keeper. They'd say, "A pencil is a Russian space pen". I thought about this a long time, considering the situation. If I'm expected to show up on this surface, at this time, as the "pencil man", and I get this response in Idaho many times... something's up. I literally don't have enough graphite (the good fight) in my pencils (enclosures to kill) for this idea, figuratively I do of course. 8. The first idea largely accepted relates to the problem in a weightless environment (outer space) with a pen. A

typical pen is worthless (as usual) as the ink won't continue to flow to the ball without the attraction of gravity, supposedly. They don't work long if used sideways on the surface with gravity either.

As the story goes when the "space race" began the United States developed a high tech pressurized ink cartridge pen. The Russians went with a pencil. I always wondered if they were smart enough to bring a 3H (harder, sharpen less) instead of a #2. Pencils may have been lighter and they could have used them as chopsticks too. Plus, one can clean out ones' pipe with them and get pickled eggs out of a jar. Also, if a colonial space pirate boarded the ship with a Farmoresuitokill than you had, one could push the tips of ones' signal devices into their wavelength receptors and break them off. That way if "they" next blast you with a Reagan or whatever, upon return to their ship they'll carry your message and perhaps a nasty infection, too. Would Graphite. I recommend a "Graphite Force" "Mirando Black Warrior" or perhaps a "New Jersey Garden State". I wouldn't want to get caught without a least a "Ticonderoga". The international space station is in a stationary orbit over Russia, a rush in space pen.

My notebook for these years is a Mead with a sticker that's a picture of "Scarface" it reads, "The World is Yours", "Serial Killer©", I'm taking notes on the cereal killers taking over the world. Continuing my investigation of reviere, I began a decent of SW Florida's largely free flowing undeveloped Peace River. According to local legend Ben Hill Griffin owns the adjacent land. Mr. Griffin obviously feels healthy riverine ecosystems are worth having. The fishing in "winter" is hot and the bass are lively. Fishing the Piece requires some touch as its narrow, braided, over hanging with tree branches and full of sticks water is a difficult to place lure. Often, I'll biff a cast in moving water standing up in a canoe with conditions like this and the lure gets stuck up in a tree. I don't necessarily recommend this to others but I'd pull my piece, a 9 shot HK(R) 22 with a long barrel, pull the line tight with other rod hand and shoot the twig just up from where the hook was attached and free the lure. This is how I learned to shoot like "The Sundance Kid Boatman".

When the snook (Centropomus undecimalis) are running up the river the fishing where the largemouth bass (Micropterus salmoides) disappear and snook start biting is raucously startling. Paddling through Boca Grande and Pine Island Pass Punta Gorda into 10,000 Islands can get ya hungry. There's so many crab traps out here. I'd steal a single big blue crab (Callinectes sapidus) if I could. One evening, with a few "dinner plate crabs" in the bottom of the boat I came upon a sea trout (Cynoscion nebulosus) feeding frenzy. I caught and released a few trolling a white jig into a likely sandy pass with shade for supper.

I started a fire and got a pot of saltwater boiling (shellfish is so much better boiled in saltwater, one couldn't thirst for sweeter) and went back out to catch and release sea trout. The bite cooled and I pushed into a big crab boil. I'd just tossed in the crab when suddenly I became aware, I was getting robbed! A raccoon was dragging a plastic wrapped stack of Chips Ahoy cookies over the gunwale. I made for the coon as fast as I could knowing if it ate one of the cookies I'd never 'hear the end of it" that night. Boy let me tell you that coon was fast and wiley and I just couldn't quite recoup the loot as it made off into the thickening mangroves (Rizophoraceae) and night with a whole tube of chocolate chip cookies. Oh no, this means doom for this site tonite.

I could hear a quickly growing gang of mauraders ferociously squabbling over the loot. I ate my stolen "dinner plate crabs", they were sinfully delicious, as it got to be a black nite. It got quiet, I went to sleep with my head backed up against an ice chest. When I awoke the scene had changed, I'd been completely infiltrated by a dozen or more rabid, starving for more Everglades coons. One was perched on the cooler I'd been using as a headboard growling viscously at me inches away from my face. I knew this was gonna happen but it was worse than I thought. The raccoons encircled me and started charging in on me as if to eat me. I drew my piece and shot one, which caused it to begin somersaulting. Another bigger coon began to attack the somersaulting injured one. The attacks on me

intensified. I had to expedite most the gang. It wasn't pleasant, there were corpses hanging from the trees at the crack of dawn when the Florida Fish and Game passed feet away in their boat, they didn't stop.

Apparently the nearby area was recently cleared for development and these were the displaced rabid starving bunch of raccoons that formerly occupied the site. I certainly rethunk the "Just steal a single jumbo crab" from a likely diesel powered shellfisherman thing. As I added up the notes, it became clear that one was in the clear stealing from/up to expiditing dam sheddy flush it all down the tubes ecocide artists if the loot went towards dam fluidification, productive structures, thE manuel fertilizer machine, continuation of evolution. **But** revenge was swift and sure to those stealing from/putting out of the way fishermen, applewomen, United States Postal Service carriers and productive creative communicable others.

I've been studying characters that went the other way in life including Watson. After reading Peter Matheson's trilogy, "Bone by Bone", "Boneshaker", "Killing Mr. Watson" and double checking references I came down here to investigate the scene. Putting forth an idea contrary to the humiliating messes in general can lead to crucifixion, grid iron roasts, burnings at the stake, shotgunnings... One needs to know how to avoid this. Getting through the cloud of pict's of hades, Asian tiger mosquitos (*Aedes albopictus*) eastern saltmarsh mosquitos (*Aedes sollicitans*) black saltmarsh mosquito (*Aedes taeniorhynchus*) maybe even the terrified of flowing water **yellow** fever mosquito (*Aedes aegypti*) or even *Anopheles crucians* is a breeze.

Layers of cloth, mosquito net, keep moving at night, hold your breath, sleep while the sun and breeze are up, smoke, be hydrated. Once ya get past the mosquitos comfortability comes down to bathing (in the salt water) and rinsing with a pint of fresh water. Otherwise you can't get dry cause of hydrophilic salt build up (leading to rot) and the salt crystals will cut ya. Don't forget to bring food, or a way to catch some. That's where they get ya, coming in for dam food. Watson supposedly met his end by the hands of the townfolk just after a hurricane came through Chokoloskee. Watson grew cane, made syrup, rum, was suspected of disappearing migrant workers upon payday, so they say. They being the townfolk who gunned him down. Townfolk are a spooky superstitious lot and Chokoloskee is the xenophobe capitol of the world.

Watson had a plantation home on Chatham Bend. The syrup reducer bowl was still there, just about ready to light and get to boiling. A few citrus trees growing in likely backyard. The site was suffering in general from the dam, diked and ditched Everglades. I came back in, out and about this area many times. A mile or so in and to the north a little was a structure grandfathered in the Everglades National Park to the Cattleman's Association. They pretty much let people stay there if they're not there. Make ready for a quick exit. It's painted red which sticks out like a sore thumb against the green mangrove background in the daytime. At night it's invisible, the light/colors/shade reflected from stars and moon exactly matching that reflected by mangrove. It's an interesting statement.

I pushed the canoe about at night and kept making way in general. This is the best way to counter the problem posed to Emanuel, Watson... and all the rest of those who won't go the way of the largest minority going straight down the dam broad innosense road. Force the right of way, force the wretched out the way. They get ya coming into town for supplies. The best counter to this problem is to come to the table with goods, water in particular.

The force of a mangrove riverine system is massive, to be there/witness it is to know it. One evening I paddled up to the Cattleman's place and a couple other paddlers were there, they had musical instruments. They played into the night and I paddled about (8) in time with the biggest phosphorescent light show I've ever seen with phosphorescence licking off every paddle stroke, tunes

and a light show.

In Wanchese, NC, at the top of Palmico sound, on the inside of the most dangerous inlet on the eastern seaboard, the ship sucker, create a lightweight seven gripped extra thin wooden dowel gaff. Sharpen it very well. Do this at night while the crew is out carousing around spending their share while staying on the boat repairing equipment, making new tricked out tuna gaffs, saving money to pay off student loans.

Now, when you're out fishing and you come upon a tripletail (Lobotes surinamensis) camouflaged as sargassum (Sargassum muticum) from above and looks like sky from below, a fellow could attempt to strike down on the fish with the gaff. Typically, what you'll find is that these triple tail fish are really slick and will see it coming, shifting their bodies and causing you to miss with the gaff perhaps catching a scale. One must remember to gaff with the point from back to front or you'll never get under the armor plated scales entirely covering the fish. The easiest way to gaff one of these fish is to place the gaff head in the water and entice the creature to hide alongside it, as this is its natural tendency in the sea. It loves to hide in or next to stuff floating about.

Another method for catching tripletails is to use a rod and reel. The skipper is best at this. A fly rod with a shiny white miniscule bait tipped lure works best, as I've observed. It might take a dozen years to perfect this technique. The easiest way to catch one of these triple tail fish is to throw a basket over the side attached to a line. When the fish swims in the basket and it will for sure, just pull in the basket and you've got one. The first time I did this I wagered Tom Able a pitcher of beer that it would work. I tied the basket to the several thousand dollar radio beacon. The fish were already attracted to this as the counter weight was a good hiding spot. I eventually was banned from this practice as it "dredged" up so much stuff and they didn't want to lose the beacon. I passed on the beer and had Able kiss Morey's ass instead.

While enjoying/engaged in perhaps one of the longer commutes in the country from my So. Fla. "home" and my N.E. fishing gig I stopped in Manhattan. I was investigating SoHo in particular this time and was fortunate to spend the night with a "girlfriend" of mine, Amanda Blackshire. Miss Blackshire was Tufts University *summa cum laude* and was a cage dancer in NY as well as working for Morgan Stanley at the second from the top floor of the World Trade Center. So, Amanda worked for the best and the worst of all worlds. I related to her an idea from "Bringing Down the House" a book about a team composed of quite a few M.I.T. grads who counted cards at black jack tables around the world. They were very successful, kinda until they hit Monte Carlo last when they should have hit it first. Whoops. I related to her how I was thinking of putting together a crew to do just that, but in the largest of senses. She didn't bite. She would rather have talked about James "Gangs of NY" McNulty the Cuban necktie/vampire bite survivor. As if the two ideas weren't related and she was "changing the subject". Very intelligent girl, missed the larger picture unfortunately. Being a Komistadoor is tough in 2001.

Another "stupid human trick" one figured out while commercial fishing related to "dolphin safe tuna". The humans in their finicky fish eating "thing" had felt the need to "save Flipper". Often, the big tuna net boats when catching tunas encounter dolphin with the tunas and catch them along with the desirable tuna. The dolphin (Tursiops truncatus) become unwanted bycatch and are a hassle, messing up the gear and injuring the crew (who's trying to release them) it's a pain in the butt. This whole thing reached a peak with pictures of dolphin being senselessly slaughtered by fishermen, likely because they're tired of the creatures fouling up the set or thinking "They're eating all the bait fish" or some such stupid thing. They're mad that the dolphins are worthless. This resulted in a consumer outcry for "dolphin safe tuna". New nets, special extruders, enforcement...

The problem is the fishermen catch the dolphin with the tuna. There is a reason for this. The two are fishing partners. The most likely thing that is occurring is that the dolphin are circling below

the bait emitting a small stream of bubbles and perhaps “balling up” or condensing the small fish into a tight ball, for easy collection. The dolphin may even be “screaming” at the fish or covering up the tunas’ attack. The tunas “crash” the smaller fishes, cutting them in half, ripping them to shreds, and the other half of the small fish or leftover spoils sink below where the dolphin get there share or vice versa. If one were to catch the tunas and release the dolphin in some kind of less product fool “dolphin safe tuna” fishing hoax the “freed” dolphin would suffer or starve for lack of their fishing partner.

One day while hauling back the gear and catching tunas we pulled a line in with the front 1/3 of a dolphin attached to a hook. It’d been recently bit in half probably by a Mako shark (Isurus oxyrinchus) and I pulled the upper third onto the deck. I wanted the teeth and to cut a few steaks off the shoulder to sample and see how they tasted. The Skipper said, “No way” and ordered me to throw the carcass away over the side immediately. I didn’t want to waste the product, plus I really wanted to eat some and the teeth were way cool as could be. But by the rules we weren’t even allowed to have a molecule of this dolphin aboard the ship.

The reality of the situation is real dolphin safe tuna is a managed sustainable harvest of both dolphin and tuna. Then when one goes to the meat market dolphin steaks are next to the tuna steaks or perhaps the dolphin is next to the beef as that’s what the meat looked like. If nobody wants to eat the dolphin at an equitable price compared to tuna, increase the price of the tuna (the government or the fishermen or the fish mongers could do this) compensating the sellers of the dolphin meat with the money made on the expensive tuna. Control the price until they’re eating both in correct proportions for continued harvest. Of course, the easiest way to fix the problem is end dam and ditch agriculture. They’d demand to eat dolphin then for sure. There’s no point in fixing this problem without repairing the dammed river problem first as usual, because the dam scheme if maintained (which is impossible) would destroy the life in the ocean anyway. If an adult were abhorrent to the idea of eating “Flipper” they could pay a lot to eat a small portion of tuna and feed not yet finicky kids a big slab of cheap dolphin. I know sushi chefs that can prepare dolphin deliciously.

Another thing one came to know while working at sea was that American fishermen couldn’t compete with other fishermen, say for instance from South Africa because the men over there would steal a bag of dam UNICEF rice (funded by a dime a day American mum) intended “for the children” and were willing to get on a fishing boat with the dam stolen loot and fish for free. They didn’t want any money they just wanted to put some bycatch on the rice, offal, anything. Dam rice plain sucks.

Out here in the hot sweaty damp, swamping rain wind tossed seas on a deck practically exploding with water at times saltwater deck hose and all I perfected the Tom Cruise “Cocktail and Dreams” one handed matchbook ignition technique. I used it to stun the captain and crew, force em to really examine the possibilities, getting a smoke lit in a 5 second gap in the action. Wrapping the matchbook in the plastic cellophane of a cigarette pack and storing it in the top left pocket of “Risky Business” collar up button down oxford worked best. Particular detail of peeling the single match from the bunch without dampening striking surface of match, striking surface or other matches (because ya had to be able to repeat over and over or it was no good) and folding the whole thing up and stashing it in pocket, smiling with a lit cigarette.

To really get it ya had to witness what preceded the enlightening experience, rain, wind, deck awash for hours and then immediately before, perhaps a cartwheeling mako on deck, beheaded, dressed, on ice, me jumping up from the deck, stashing the tools and skip/slide/gliding over the slippery no crushed walnut shell deck area engaged in enlightening experience and then what came next, a green bigeye tangled with a blue dog (Prionace glauca) or... It was cool as could be and I got to where I could do it with wet fingers, soaking wet denim gloves, wet rubber gloves, wet vinyl gloves or hands covered in Vaseline. This was the thing, it was unfathomably hilarious and just about killed the crew because they really wanted a cigarette bad but couldn’t get one lit without stopping the haul back or bait out. This great balls of fire skill thing caused the skipper to caution me.

Apparently he’d envisioned this whole thing before the movie came out and used to do it too.

He pulled up his denim cut off shorts exposing his upper right thigh, the spot where the front right pocket is and showed me his worst scar. He explained that he used to think he was hot shit too but he'd returned the match book to his pocket and the phosphorous of the remaining matches exploded and burned him bad. Very seriously I eyed the skipper for I'd come to know him as one of the best observers, with attention to detail (the small stuff going on around the big thing) able to quickly, reliably read the picture and stash the notes in his mind for later recollection. Yeah but didn't you see what I did? After igniting the match and lighting my cigarette I extinguished the lit match, stripped it from the pack and tossed it aside with my pinky finger and thumb base while using my other fingers and thumb tip to close the book safely like the insurance clause reads in writing on the match book. Then I stashed it. Don't ever try some Hollywood junk without reading the book.

The skipper would periodically go up in the wheelhouse and talk to the rest of the fleet on the radio for a minute or two, sometimes once or twice a haul back. On this occasion 9/11/2001 we were fishing the George's Bank south of Eastern NY and the skipper came back on the deck looking like he'd seen a ghost and called a break telling the crew to come up in the wheelhouse and listen to the radio. Unbeknownst to us, he'd already been following the events from the VHF at the hauling station but we never stop working, not with thousands of dollars' worth of highly perishable goods at risk, but we stopped hauling back the gear when NY got its two front teeth knocked out. Bush, Dick and Colin are our leaders as the World Trade Center goes down like a professional building drop with F.D.A. Surge on General Dr. See Very E.T. Coop doling out the weaponized GMO feed and the leader of the World Trade Organization is Robber too. While we're screwing each other, we're getting bushwacked (the GMO feed grown at the dam and ditch sites will kill you) and they're stealing the place including the gold. SiriusXM, pronounced Ceres (roman goddess of agriculture) X 'em satellite radio initially scheduled to start September 12, 2001 (the day after) postponed.

We came back into Fairhaven, Mass a few days later and I got a seat on one of the first planes back in the air out of one of the airports the reported box cutter wielding clowns had high jacked an airliner from. My buddy the antique dealer gave me a lift to the airport. He related a second hand story to me about how some guy he knew was at the World Trade Center site at the time of the attacks and had filmed it with a video recorder as it took place, the planes flying into the buildings. Later, back at this guy's place the G-men showed up and confiscated the recorded material. Apparently one is not allowed to look at what really happened. This guy claimed there was something else "a bump" (aftermarket installed remote control technology) on the fuselage of the underside of the airplane that wasn't typically there. Anyway, we're not allowed to look at his recording to see if this was true, just what they show us. This was the beginning of my 9/11 investigation.

The New Bedford antique dealer/former fisherman and I drove onto the airport in a black midsized pickup truck with a big antique Persian rug laid out in the pickup bed, some parts draped out over the sides and tail. We were dressed in black, sunglasses and sporting beards (don't shave your forehead). We even had Middle Eastern themed music pumping on the music box and my big black duffle bags (several) were in the truck bed. We lit up a huge spliff for the approach. As we got near the departure unloading site (the place was like a ghost town) there was mirrored shades, wire wearing G-men everywhere. While we were the center of attention with black bags, Persian rug tassels flapping in the breeze, the Islamic music blaring and smoke pouring out the window we hadn't finished the doobie yet, so we circled back around the airport again as I still had an extra ten minutes to get there an hour early.

On the second approach we came in quick smoke still pouring out the windows. The antique dealer loved this, what a guy. I exited the vehicle sharply one handed into the pickup bed and started chucking black duffle bags and a black seaman's bag out. My black jacket sported an "Ace" black spade and everything, doom. The G-men were extremely apprehensive and immediately all over us. I mean if there was going to be a follow up strike "this was it" **for sure**. "What are you doing?" I'm catching a flight back to South Florida (this is where the "terrorists" came from). "What's in the

bags?” Dirty laundry. It took a while to get checked in and they went through me and my stuff piece by piece with rubber gloves and a fine toothed comb. Apparently, they didn’t like this “stunt” which wasn’t a stunt. The New Bedford antique guy probably always uses this rug for transporting goods, the Islamic music, the beards, the smokescreen, that’s just how we roll.

I’d neglected to perform my “Johnnies Chinese laundry” trick and my fishing clothes were covered in offal, I’ve even got a hole punched in the back seat of my foul weather gear from the monofilament cutters, so my underwear is brown, red, green and black (from blood) where one would think it shouldn’t be. They pulled every one of my stinkin’ fouled underwear out and held it up for the audience (the rest of the departure crowd) to gaze at. I was supposed to be embarrassed by this but I thought it was hilarious. You wanna look through my stuff? Go ahead. One would think that after an airport shutdown for a couple of days the plane would be loaded with people eager to get to their destinations but American’ts are terrified (the fools who took the bait, hook, line and sinker) so the flight was not crowded, there was hardly anyone on the plane.

If the situation that supposedly occurred was on my flight I’d stood up, walked towards the clowns, explaining I was an expert with a cuchillio. Come here suckers! Ripped the blouse and bra off the hottest chick (wrapping ‘em around my hands) pushin’ her up in front of me. This is the last thing your ever gonna see! Push her to the side or even towards them and take em out. Know your opponents weak spot.

When we began to land in South Florida the passengers spontaneously burst into “God bless America, from sea to shining sea” (**Screeeeeeech**) touchdown. I got tears in my eyes because these fools are so sad, as if god blessed us with this? Wrong song to sing for this occasion, obviously. I sang along though, of course I changed the words... Doooom doom doom doom da doom, doom doom doom doom doom.

The “terrorists” lived in S. Delray, my hometown. As every town does my hometown has a gang of “good ole boys”. We went to school together, we knew each other. As you might imagine in my area, Delray (of the sun) and here I am for real, it is a real surreal gang. We’ve even got a “G man”. “G” or “G man” is a lifeguard/fire department surfer type of man, very handsome. As life would present it, especially in my town, our “G man” which was his nickname, lived right next door to the “terrorists”. It was a thin walled town house esque apartment building and “G man” lived directly next to them, go figure. Did they tell you that on t.v.? Kinda makes ya wonder don’t it?

So right off the bat I’m talking to the man who lived next door to ‘em. “G man” said often, not every night but sometimes all night long they were “Tink, tink, tink, tink, tink... tink, tink, tink...” This was what he heard, they were up all night, often tinkering with something. I told “G” they were either chopping up nutmeg with razor blades to sprinkle on their eggnog, choppin’ up pharmoresuetokill pills to snort up their noses, working on machinery that could even have been part of themselves or perhaps communicating in code. What do you think? “G man” didn’t know. Did ya see anything else about them at all that would arouse suspicion or anything different? “No.”

My brother in law James Craige, had his sign shop in the area and often bought his cigarettes across the street at the Stop and Shop. James said the “terrorists” were often there having coffee and Danish with the proprietor. This is where the “terrorists” had their little “coffee klatch” thing. My brother in law was having coffee and donuts with ‘em every few days. For me this in itself is the clue, other than that James claims nothing in particular caught his attention at all, “Nothing fishy”.

I called up Amanda Blackshire my “old girlfriend” who worked up towards the top (second from the top floor) of the World Trade Center. She answered the phone. You’re still alive! “Yes.” How’d you make out? Amanda deadpanned, “Morgan Stanley moved out the month before”. Hmmm. The nearby National Enquirer where “my gang” had another insider was closed amidst a supposed Boca de la Raton anthrax attack. The National Enquirer as we knew it, was the last legitimate newspaper in the country. I’m from the town of the National Enquire Christmas tree display and it was the biggest “to do” for the holiday season. You had to see it, the train setup with the tree, there was a

green space alien engineering the train. I have an inquiring mind and I want to know. Just what I'd figured out in a few days since the dust settled (seemingly NY's world trade position y Boca de la Raton anthrax and all) ... and this was just the "prelims" of my investigation.

As usual, be focused on what happens next. "We" (supposedly the U.S.A.) get control of Afghanistan's dam and ditch poppy operation and "lithium mountain" for all those new Chinese made toys. Take control of Iraq's largely German interest oil fields (attacking Saddam, wrong dam, fools) and just about surround the Saudi's oil and the last of the Sunni's with Shiites, their hated enemy. The gangs of New York and the NY M.O.B. flee Manhattan. The F.B.I. gets purged and replaced with Homeland security. The firefighters, what I call the "backbone of the local good ole boy and girl gang" in America's biggest town, NYC (the Southside, the most powerful influential part) are completely purged and "the replacements" step in. In Florida the word on the street is, "The Russian Mob's taking over". The women are wall king around (to ruin) mostly saying, "I don't wanna know" (refusal of sabe). Keep your eye on "the ball", the big one you're standing on. It's up for grabs you know.

Many of the locals in Palm Beach begin to demand I shave my beard, "You look like a terrorist!" Naw, the "terrorists" all had shaved faces like you. Didn't you get the picture?

The most noteworthy thing I experienced while working the sea besides the juvenile Opah (Lampris guttatus) was an incident involving another ship's crew. Apparently they'd radioed the skipper that they were in dire straights. They needed Preparation H **bad**. Preparation H is an emollient applied to the anus to relieve hemorrhoids. Inflamed, bleeding, itchy asshole is one of the most uncomfortable conditions to experience and if one is in a situation where they must keep moving about, the painful friction at the axis of movement is disabling. Dehydration plays a large role in this as the whole skin suit starts to sag and lose elasticity. This coupled with lack of bulk fiber in the alimentary canal in combination with lots of abdominal strain (work) can cause duodenum and parts of the large intestines to "pooch out" of the abdominal cavity. Your intestines fall out of your ass.

If I ever began to experience this I drank water, ate food and supplemented Metamucil (psyllium husk fibers) to solve the problem. This occurred when I didn't eat a bowl of oatmeal, fried plantains and other fruit roughage. To see how **bad** this problem can be one only needed to witness the affected crew in need of Preparation H. At sea in low visibility with misty rain and fog the inflamed assholes backed up to our transom. It looked like they'd just stumbled across a desert. Hollow painful eye pits, the only evidence of what led 'em to be in such pathetic remorseful straights was the empty dam possible GMO beer cans strewn about the deck.

Of 9/11/2001, if you're the type looking for a sign from the heavens to explain it the biggest event just after the World Trade Center went down was from Unicorn, star V838 Monocerotis blasted light to a dust cloud the size of Jupiter's orbital radius.

I was sharpening my knife when the rubber band snapped. When I got to the rod and reel the rod tip was bent over towards the horizon. As the fish hounded it became apparent she was a 400 lb. wahoo (Acanthocybium solandri). It was a real monster. The rod and reel was skipper's biggest home crafted bent butt rod and doublewide 120 reel and I'd never heard a reel scream like that. When I touched the rod I could feel the beast. Without thought I pushed the drag down and locked it up. The stainless steel cable attaching the second hook to the first separated. It hounded once more. Now keep in mind here, the skipper had set a trap, where, if a bonehead like me had stepped up and fu(&ed it all to hell, the beast might not even know we'd seen her. Skipper chuckled and said, "Wad ya do that for?" Nnnn, I think that wahoo would have spooled us before we could slow down the big fat girl. Plus, she'd have killed me reeling her in.

On the second pass we hooked into a smaller fish about 15 lbs., that looked exactly like a wahoo until we leaedered the fish and it turned out to be an extremely rare short billed Atlantic spearfish (Tetrapturus angustirostris). So beautiful, a spearfish camouflaged as and running with monster hoo's.

We caught several more wahoos to 90 lbs. The last fish a 50 pounder, I missed on the strike. I knew to keep the reel turning and the bait skipping. The hoo hounded the bait for twenty fathoms until the leader reached the rod tip. I grabbed the leader and continued pulling. When the bait hit the transom the hoo hounded once more, looked me in the eye flashed a toothy smile and disappeared below the transom. He smiled at the Dominiquin, too.

In the pass, fishing alone, on the big Christmas holiday, within sight of the Punta de Maisi lighthouse. The rest of the fleet was at home for the holiday week. We were working hard to feed rich people and stuff our pockets full of money. We were fortunate to be fishing the biggest Caribbean Queen (what we called the big female swordfish) run that anyone on the boat had ever seen. We probably had the most experienced crew on the western Atlantic. I was the butcher. On Christmas day we could smell smoke from Haiti. By midmorning on Christmas day, the skipper gave up the leadering job to the crew because his hands were tired. The first big dead queen I pulled to the boat had a giant follower. The Dominiquin readied the harpoon in hopes of getting a live shot on what look like her mourning boyfriend. Turned out to be a pale, pygmy or baby humpback whale that rose to three fathoms, turned on its side, winked and descended back to the depths. We never saw that whale surface for air. We were looking, I was, intently.

The next day was the biggest swordfish slaughter the “Southern Lady” had ever seen. The deck was stacked with queens. Some fish were so big, I crawled inside of them to clean out their bellies. The last fish we hooked was very late in the day. The sky was magical. The skipper leadered it and it rose above the surface. It was a huge, live, broad shouldered, golden silver Xiphius gladius that stood on its tail, straight above the water for its heroic struggle to the door, where it calmly laid down.

The skipper coolly worked the line as I looked for a brain shot with my gaff. Just as my tip touched the upper rear part of the eye the Domineqan’s gaff came down on mine upsetting my lethal shot. He was late but stronger and faster. The fish rose up with two gaffs in his head, leaned in the door and nearly cut both our heads off.

It was quick action by the Skipper (time traveler, master swordsman) that saved us, he came out of nowhere with the 3’ stainless steel hydraulic hook. Joe Valintino stood there slack jawed from the moment the Skipper touched the leader ‘till he killed the fish. Actually, Joe froze with his hands together in front of him. Also, I think Joe might have known from the morning, in the very least, that something was going on. When I talked to the skipper on the phone from Montana, where I was trying to repair my diesel truck that I blew up in front of the smoke jumper’s place, he said, “It would be the trip of a lifetime” or something like that. That was three weeks before. Skipper knew something. Me, I’ve known for at least 24 years. There’s something going on, man. Right now Joe’s doing time for tax evasion. Really, I think we all are.

It took the whole boat to get the fish on the deck. I was spellbound myself as the Skipper cut off his head. I was in shock, I think we all were. Skipper was giggling about Jesus Christ, holy shit or something. When I pulled the guts, we discovered a King! Over 600 lbs. It was the biggest male we’d ever heard of. I cut off his sword and slid it under a broken icemaker. The next day was all sharks, the cleanup crew. The following day there was nothing but a few small males and the U.S. Coast Guard.

They were completely cloaked and enshrouded in the darkness of snotty rough predawn windward pass, as I got the tools ready alone in the brightly lit back deck squid shack. I’d just enjoyed a one hitter of herbs in a cigarette camouflaged pipe (the only time I ever brought this pipe) with my back to the stern, fortunately suripitously and was having a smoke when the Skipper came out and said, “Get ready”. Huh? “It looks like we are about to get boarded.” What? He pointed astern into the darkness, and I’ll be durned if they weren’t 50 yards away. I had Noah idea. It was a 200’ white ship with helicopters and everything. How’d they do that? As soon as the sky lightened they started lowering the boarding crafts. As we watched, one of the cables parted and they spent the next two

hours following, sideways, with their bow into the sea, using a bow thruster or something, while a boarding craft dangled from their side. We pulled one empty trap in after another. A few rats.

The wind had been picking up and it was getting rougher. They fixed their cable and lowered two boarding craft. I had to use the restroom. The skipper called for the lobsters, deflecting them out the scupper with his foot, heck Joe could've washed them out the tuna door with the deck hose for all I know. The coasties had interrupted my morning routine and when the craft hit the water I had to go. First stop was my pillow case to move my herbal medication to my knee pad pocket.

The first coastie misjudged his jump and came flying in the tuna door horizontal and could have landed perfectly but the "Southern Lady's" deck had dropped 8'. I caught him by his holstered pistol and set him on the fish box. He looked at me with the most terrified eyes and said, "You fish out here, on this boat?" Yep. "For how many days?" May be twenty. "Oh my god." He went in the corner and got sick as the rest of the gang slid on board followed by the chief, who was the only coastie, along with the Lieutenant who was on Dramamine, that wasn't sick.

They found cocaine residue everywhere, twice. The old girl was built in Laforce, Louisiana. The Skipper bought her used. They questioned me, and I recommended running a control test using the money in their pocket. The lieutenant said they didn't have any money. I told him to go back on his ship and find some. He radioed this to the captain of the Coast Guard cutter. They swarmed the old southern gal and disassembled the whole boat. At this they were experts. They lunched on board but they didn't eat much. They swam the hull just before finishing the picnic. Before they left, they said we were in Cuban water and we weren't supposed to fish here. It's the biggest pass in the Caribbean. Americans apparently have been fishing here for years. It was the last time we went I think.

The last coastie to step off the boat was the chief. This is an extremely tough maneuver, and he slipped, down between the two craft he headed. I got two arms on him because I was standing by, just before he hit the water. He was a double marker. The skipper got an arm on him and we pulled his belly back over the rail.

We hit the dock in Florida with the mother lode two days before New Year's Eve at the height of the market for the year. Seventeen tons of stolen Cuban queens and a king. I took my share and it was a lot but the fishmonger got nearly half. However, I got the kings sword as the Skipper, Joe and "the Dominican" wanted nothing to do with it.

With the money scored from Christmass in the Windward Pass I invested in a rebuilt engine which I blew up in front of the Smokejumper's place **again** in Missoula, Montana. The first attempt to replace the 6.2 liter diesel ended right back in front of the smokejumpers place. This is the same spot I blew up the first engine, making for an unlikely repeat of the first experience. This was very strange or the usual. My dad always said he wished he'd paddled a canoe down the Mississippi River and advised I should be a Smoke Jumper. I tried to explain that I was the biggest "Smoke Jumper" ever but thought the Danner English paratrooper boot to be the appropriate footwear (if you want to fall from the heavens and surface on a dam, ditch, and dike mud reservewhere project and be able to kick ass). Plus, why would I want to "fight" a fire largely caused by improper dam (the roads) forestry technique, clear cutting. I did take his river recommendation though. I showed my traveling companion/dad just how cold it is in Missoula when I jogged a couple of miles to a service station in the freezing rain wearing a Patagonia Tshirt. My dad took shelter in the back of the truck with a dozen blankets. I showed up an hour later with a tow truck and my dad said he was freezing. This was funny, he looked like a Popsicle, as he was getting kind of blue and looked stiff.

We towed the truck back to Brian's Hot Rod service in town. Preliminary investigations led us to suspect it had "sucked in a valve". This canceled my Alaskan road trip dream, again. On the way back to Florida with my dad we stopped for the night and visited Tommy D. in Colorado. Tom had

thrown out his back working on the wood pile at Boulder Tree just like I'd repeatedly cautioned him he would if he continued to lift heavy stuff with inappropriate technique. He's going in surgery the next day and it wasn't guaranteed to be successful, he may be paralyzed for life. I tell him if it paralyzes him I'd toss him in and out of the boat as I made way saving the world and how he may be better off if this occurred than if the surgery is successful and he continued down the dam broad in no sense route. I sued "the nice salvage man" from Georgia and won.

This is a letter I wrote to a lawman in Georgia.

Nov.7, 2002

Magistrate Court of Washington County
Sandersville, GA

RE: Case Number 02-1229

Nothing was wrong with the original oil cooler, as evidenced by the original engines (81,100 miles) flawless operation up until water pump failure. This water pump failure caused the heads to crack, the weak point of this engine. However, this did not contaminate the separate oil cooling system. When I took the heads off and Mr. Avant dropped the oil pan from the original engine there was no evidence of contamination of the original oil system. "It is clean", Mr. Avant's employee remarked. Mr. Avant said, "Lower end is in good condition."

When I overheated the original engine the first thing I did was have the cooling system checked. This included the oil cooler, which is attached to the radiator. I removed the original engine's radiator, oil cooler, and lines and had them cleaned and checked by "Reynolds Radiator" on Dec.7, 2001 in Missoula, Montana. The original oil cooler had not been run until the rebuilt engine was installed. The mechanic who installed the engine claims to have replaced the original oil cooler. In addition, the oil was still crystal clear after the rebuilt engine failed. With this evidence it seems next to impossible that the oil cooler and lines caused the rebuilt engine failure.

I was looking for a job guiding salmon and trout river trips in the Idaho/Montana area, when my water pump failed in early December 2001. I overheated my original 6.2L diesel engine and cracked the heads. I immediately removed the complete cooling system and took it in to "Reynolds Radiator" on Dec.7, 2001 and had it professionally cleaned and checked. Dave Reynolds, the proprietor said, "The radiator was blackened but the oil cooler was fine." This was important as it helped me diagnose the condition of my original engine. The lower oil cooling end was fine, while the upper water cooled heads were damaged.

This diagnosis was found to be correct when Jim Stevens, a diesel mechanic for 30 years, and I took the heads off. In Montana replacement heads cost \$1,600.00 and a rebuilt and test run engine was \$4,600.00. For lack of funds, I put the truck in storage and went fishing. I'm a commercial fisherman. The first week of April 2002, I was surfing the Internet when I came upon Avant Salvage Co. I called about their selection and prices. When I talked to Mr. Avant he explained they had rebuilt and test run 6.2L, rebuilt and not test run 6.2L and test run not rebuilt 6.2L. I think I decided to get a test run not rebuilt 6.2L. I called Avant Salvage back around April 14 and was told they still had what I wanted. Mr. Avant told me, "They had plenty of them". In route to Georgia on April 22, I called back to find out they no longer had a test run not rebuilt 6.2L. Mr. Avant said, "We just sold them all". I asked about a rebuilt and test run 6.2L and was told there wasn't any more of these either. That left me with one choice, the rebuilt untested 6.2L. My mechanic specifically asked for a test run engine so I was not happy with my choice.

On April 23, 2002 I was sold an engine from Avant Salvage that was invoiced as a 6.2L diesel. I also bought a fuel injector pump and injectors. The instructions about cleaning the oil cooler and lines were on a printed document that accompanied the engine. The engine was sold on a frame that would have

to be repaired several times in route to Montana and poorly wrapped in plastic. My father and I tightly rewrapped it in more plastic. I had specifically requested that it be ready to ship on an open trailer across country.

I took the rebuilt engine and suburban truck to "Brian's Auto" Missoula, MT on May 12, 2002. On May 15 the rebuilt engine was installed. I have an oil pressure gauge and it showed good oil pressure. Water pressure was good and all fluid levels were fine. I drove to a hotel and checked everything under the hood again.

My father and I took the truck out on the highway on the evening of May 15. After about 20 miles the engine started to get loud. I pulled off the road, the noise increased, oil pressure dropped, the engine lights came on, and I shut it down. I had the truck towed back to "Brian's Auto". The next morning Brian Wilson and I checked everything. The fluid levels were fine and the oil was crystal clear. The temperature overheat stickers were fine, the engine did not overheat. Brian diagnosed the engine with a thrown bearing and valves that got sucked in.

I called "Avant Salvage" on May 16, 2002 and reported the problem. Mr. Avant said, "He would get to the bottom of it". I spent the next 3 days on the phone with him and he concluded that the engine failure was a result of not properly following the oil cooler and lines cleaning instructions. He had done a miraculous job diagnosing and pinpointing the exact cause of problem without even seeing the engine. Mr. Avant refused to honor the warranty. I told him about my ability to return original engine core and rebuilt engine for free as my father and I were heading that way. He refused to OK the removal of the rebuilt engine.

I left Montana on Friday and called Mr. Avant from Colorado, New Mexico, Arkansas, and Alabama. A week later I was at "Avant Salvage" in Georgia. When I got to the shop with the original engine core on the trailer I was refunded the \$300.00 core charge as promised by Mr. Avant's employee. Then Mr. Avant personally inspected the core to, "See if it was not cracked" and apparently worthless even though he said he'd take it in any condition and had already refunded the \$300.00. The lower oil cooled end was clean and in good condition. At this point an employee of Mr. Avant's said, "The diesel department had just been restructured and that I had apparently bought the last engine from the old rebuilding crew".

I insisted Mr. Avant call "Brian's Auto" and have the rebuilt engine taken out and shipped to Georgia for diagnosis/repair. He agreed and requested for "Brian's Auto" "To send everything". Apparently, the engine was damaged in transport. As soon as Mr. Avant got the engine he claimed he'd had the oil "spectro analyzed" and it was found to be contaminated. He refused to honor the warranty. I called Mr. Avant every week for 3 months trying to reach a settlement. During this time Mr. Avant revealed to me that they had in fact sold me a 6.5L diesel engine and not the invoiced 6.2L.

I filed a claim against "Avant Salvage Co. Inc." in Washington Co. I called him up and said, "I'm suing you in court". Mr. Avant replied, "I don't like the sound of that". We couldn't reach a settlement even though I called him every 2 to 3 days for a month. I need a test run engine. Mr. Avant says, "They don't need to be test run because he never has a problem with them". However, he agreed to test run the engine for an additional \$250.00. I don't feel comfortable sending this company any more money after how I've been treated. I suggested we write up an agreement whereas he would test run an engine send it to Montana and when this action had taken place to bill me for the cost. This seemed fair to me, but Mr. Avant would not agree saying he'd, "Already bent over backwards for me". ~

The outcome of this case was basically decided when the judge asked what I did for a living and I said I was a fisherman as I slid him a photo of me sitting on a 700 lb. bluefin tuna. The judge smiled as I casually pulled the picture from my notebook, talk about having your ducks in a row. The salvage yard guy looked down and raised his hands over his eyes. The judge was with my line of work as he was a fisherman himself and ordered the warranty made good. We'd split the transportation cost of \$500 to Missoula. This sounded fair to me and the salvage yard guy reluctantly agreed. The judge also

ordered the guy to set the motor up, get it running and call him so he could come by and make sure it was good. This would be a major pain in the ass for the salvage guy but he had to agree. Four or five months later, in the middle of January, the Missoula repair guy was completed with the second installation.

I flew out to Chicago to save myself the “eternal” bus trip through the south. Here I boarded a Greyhound bus to Missoula. If you don’t know it’s more expensive to fly to Missoula than Japan. It was a frozen bus to Missoula and we took a smoke break in Fargo one lonely night and I learned what cold as shit really is. The next day, part way to Helena I encountered some German tourists who had blown up their rent a truck. They told me a fantastic story about their Canadian buddy who’d rode a bicycle around Cuba. They told me this Canadian guy had the time of his life and it was the most beautiful island in the world. I’d heard this before about Cuba being the most beautiful island in the world and realized it was a shame to travel the world and not see the #1 island 200 miles south of me. I decided right there on an icecycle dog between Fargo and Helena to make the trip myself. Beware of making travel plans with German tourists touting Canadian Cuban recommendations aboard Greyhounds in the middle of a Great Plains winter!

Now I’d asked the mechanic to run the truck around to break in all the seals, gaskets, and lines. He must have been afraid to do this cause when I took off for the Green River continental divide pass every single thing that could have possibly leaked did. Every 15 minutes I pulled over to the icy side of the road and spent 15 minutes tightening up some kind of leak. I must have done this 40 or 50 times before she was tight. Just in time for the frozen pass where the diesel fuel gelled into margarine and quit running. It was 10 degrees Fahrenheit. I slept in the back of the truck with the same 20 blankets my dad nearly froze in a few months past and 20 degrees warmer. It’s cold back there. I ended up pushing the burban a few miles in the ice (this is tricky) to a fortunately somewhat nearby station where they defrosted the trucks fuel with a gas turbo blower heater. Fifty bucks back on the road. It warmed up down from the pass and the rest of the trip was easy.

I got back to Fairhaven, Mass and Capt. Andy “Don’t eat much” Pratt was taking the “Southern Lady” on a trip. For some reason we were fishing a lot of hooks. I always kinda goaded him into this because he wasn’t as good as the Skipper at putting them in the hot spot, but then again nobody in the whole fleet was. We seemed to be in some kind of extra rush to haul back the gear and as soon as we pulled the last hook we headed back up the stream (to the west) with black smoke pouring out the stacks. Andy had the throttle “in the corner” which is 100% full throttle. We never do this as the boat doesn’t go that much faster than it does at 9/10th. It sure does vibrate though. After a few days of this I asked Joe what was going on. “You didn’t look at the GPS, Johnny?” Huh? No Joe, I never look at the GPS. Do you? Joe got quiet and gritted his teeth together, “We’re fishing over the Hague Line!” What do ya mean? “We’re fishing in Canadian waters and Andy’s got it in the corner. We’re fightin’ the stream and trying to get out of it.” What for? “I don’t know, it’s bizarre we’re catching nothing, and we could all get arrested and go to jail, felony fishing!” What the? You gotta be kiddin me.

When we got back to Fairhaven I prepared a platter of bigeye tuna sashimi and headed to the “The Bridge Street Station”. This is the bar where back in the whaling days if you drank too much dam rice paddy, dam and ditch desert barley and hop be’er they smacked ya in the back of the head, dragged ya down the hidden tunnel that led out under the bar and ya woke up headin’ around the Horn for Shanghai. **Back in the day when ya learned.** Nowadays, the bartendress is the hottest girl in Mass. and she’s engaged to the Patriot’s receiver’s coach, which means I try that much harder to hook up with her before she’s hitched. I had my usual one beer a month while eating most of the tuna myself cause everybody else was afraid they’d get sick if they ate some, except for the antique dealer. I ran my mouth to everybody about the shame of poaching from the Canucks and the torture and strain on the old girl.

The next day I walked out on the deck and Capt. Andy had gotten up before me by a few

minutes and had heard all about how I told everybody. “Pack your shit up and get off the boat now!” Time to go. The “Southern Lady” left without me and a scab. Back in the day, potential mates as described in “Moby Dick” showed that they were competent with a knife (the #1 tool except for perhaps the line) by whittling away from themselves to show they knew how to use a blade without cutting themselves. Other characters would whittle towards themselves to show they really knew how to use a knife. I stood next to Kelly’s fish house leaning back against a power pole sharpening my knife. I had the sharpest knife in the Northwestern Atlantic at least. I was looking to get on a scallop boat, but I don’t think they even sharpen their knives too much. I got an offer but decided not to go so I moved out of the Seamen’s Bethel and headed back to Florida on a bus.

On the trip I was fired by Capt. Andy and I don’t even know if we were ever fishing over the Hague Line that’s just what Joe Valentino told me but he stayed up on his watch talking to the “Provider” on the radio while I did fish prints or manually stimulated myself while reading pictures of fluidified dames magazines, they went back “to the races”. The “Southern Lady’s” turbo disintegrated and got completely sucked into the diesel engine. This was quite a feat. They had to get towed back to the dock. Andy went to work on another boat for a while and the Skipper was stuck with a 68’ tub of steel with a few minor gizmos on it. I talked to him with the intention of getting back on the boat while Andy was, you know “taking a break”. I’d never work with Andy again.

The skipper insinuated I should help him replace the engine for free. Nobody else would assist him in the removal and replacement of the diesel. I talked him into \$10 an hour and I assisted him until he couldn’t afford my assistance anymore. We got a new one in there and went back out fishing. When we came back in we tied up (rafted) alongside a scalloper which we had to climb over to get to the dock. One day as I was climbing over the other ships deck I came upon a scallop shell that had been left out as if for the taking. I marveled at this unique scallop shell. It was heart shaped and a piece of stainless steel wire had superficially imbedded itself in the shell edge causing the attractive deformity. Wow, a heart shaped scallop shell! The Skipper of the vessel, who looked like Neptune, was standing on the back deck about as far away from me as he could be like I’s that dangerous of a character (I am and he’s changing to course of my future). I’ll trade ya 10 lbs. of tuna, 20 lbs. of swordfish for it. He looked at me and said, “No [know] son it’s yours”. With what was obviously Neptune as a witness I pulled the stainless steel wire leader from the heart shaped scallop shell, tapped the back of my head with the piece of wire and flipped it over the side of the rail into the sea (the stainless steel leader).

This is my greatest treasure. That which I got in Fairhaven Mass. My heart lays at the bottom of the sea. I often tell people it’s at the bottom of the Mariana’s Trench. This man gave this to me, and he knows who I am. There was no doubt in either of our minds. It’s a kind of sad life for me. All of the people I supposedly know, every single one of them, all of my so called friends and family doubt me, who I am. It’s very sad. A deep deep sadness, what they are doing to life and me and the sea. I will show them no mercy for what they have done. That’s why life and this man and others, females too, like me, because the heinous dam shit head abortionists deserve what I’m going to do to them on this surface now and for all time. I’ll never let em get away with it, those who deny that which is occurring, the obvious and yet continue to be complicit with an obvious ecocide/abortion attempt. I don’t like these types, I like the ocean. Those souls who deserve a fair haven mass will get it.

While not wiring and butchering fish on the “Southern Lady” as often as before I continued to fish when the Skipper was taking a turn. In my off time I began to work for Paul Bell in Ocean Ridge, FL. Mr. Bell lived on Marlin Dr. next door to “Zoom Boom” and was retired from a senior operations management position with Pan Am back in the day when the U.S.A. was consolidating its grip on the dam world. About where he used to work Paul would say, “Yes, you remember the skyline shot of NY in Eastwood’s “Coogan’s Bluff”, that building”. As the story was told Paul retired, took his check in one lump sum, invested it in stock of a single company on Wall St. which skyrocketed within weeks, Paul got out at the top and then he was really rich.

He owned a 46' Post sportfisher he kept out back of his place. Paul knew he was a "bloodsucker" but he just wanted a tiny bit and named the boat "the Mosquito" after the Mosquito Coast in Belize, if you believe that. We fish aboard "Hell" or Aedis for real. In addition to fish mate for Paul on the boat, I was his gardener and carpenter. I installed an edible rose garden with spearmint groundcover underneath, site specific native plants all over the place for birds and butterflies, a vegetable/herb garden and a Chicago sewer brick path. We were "trying to do the correct thing" in the fossil fuel end of the damages, "We're working on it boss". Paul claimed he smoked 3 packs a day nonfiltered Pall Malls while in NY and had come up with bladder cancer as a result.

Paul insisted on working with the "best of the best" and often had Captain Philip "Phil" John Gansz steer the boat. "Phil" was an accomplished carpenter and gardener himself. He happened to be descended from Naval Intelligence Com. Albert E. Schrader who was his grandfather. Back in the day before the CIA was invented the U.S. Navy was the only operation in America with intelligence (they had the foreign bases) the rest of the characters were clueless of international stuff. Com. Schrader worked before and during the beginning of WW II in and around Holland and the American Embassy in Berlin. He was involved in the German Admiral Raeder/British Intel/Iroquois "thing" and was the man the Naval Intelligence agent was modeled after on the subsequent hit t.v. show.

"Phil" and I talked "about things" including the infinityproject idea in an intimate setting. He recommended I read "The Founding Fish" which was a book illustrating the "smiley faced aren't we the angels" story about the "Sierra Clubbers" and politricks removing, literally a dam that had reached the end of its service life and whose reservoir was full of mud in exchange for a mitigation involving trading the dam removal (which had to go anyway, the subsequent coffer dam {temporary dam} that "had to be" built to remove the dam and the likewise needless removal of the reservoir mud) for allowing the last wetland towards the mouth of the river to be destroyed and developed into a chemical plant. Cut the ribbon, pop the champagne, yeah, weeee! This book also told how the American Revolution probably would have been lost if the shad (*Alosa sapidissima*) hadn't swam up the river in the early spring of Valley Forge as the troops were starving. So the U.S.A. owes a debt in this country to anadromous fish that swim up the river from the sea. This book also detailed how the fish in the sea that didn't swim up or down the rivers to spawn, were dependent upon anadromous and catadromous fish (like freshwater river eels that swim to the sea to reproduce) for food. More reason to undam the rivers.

Captain Gansz also worked for "Bernie" Madoff. This was wild for me to discover and we talked all about our experience with "Bernie". I told him how interesting it was for me to have paddled down the dam sewer ditches of America then end up working for the most powerful influential single man in the world and pointed out that "Bernie" looked like me when I was going down the river, a river person. "Phil" talked about how when Captain of the "Phil e' m' Bob" on NY's Long Island, Montauk, as I remember, "Bernie" who didn't own the boat would go fishing on the "Phil e' m' Bob". It was the boat "Bernie" fished on. "Phil" said, "Johnnie, you know how it is out there fishing with some of these guys. Some of them are the biggest jerks, just complete assholes but "Bernie", he was the best, most pleasant to be around guy I ever worked for and you know how it is. A person can't hide who they are when they are out to sea, it just comes out whoever they are". I agree "Bernie" was a great guy to be around. I only made \$8 an hour and didn't even get tipped that much when I worked that place, \$20 but boy did I learn a lot.

Interestingly enough "Phil" burned the "Phil e' m' Bob" down to the waterline. The boat "Bernie" fished on burned down. "Phil" told me how it happened. He said he never told anyone else. As I remember, "Phil" told me he was smoking crack one night and catching stripers and started to deep fry one for dinner when "suddenly" he got the idea to "catch another one" and while he was out on the back deck fishing a grease fire started in the galley. It must have been a big fish he was catching because the place went up quick. For some reason "Phil" used the pistol water gun valve on the end of the hose to break the galley window and sprayed the hot oil fire with water. Don't ever do this,

smother it instead or use a suitable fire extinguisher. "Phil" was not a fireman.

The craze in South Florida at the time is citrus canker, a disease caused by the bacterium Xanthomonas axonopodis and the state of Florida is going around to everyone's home inspecting fruit trees and burning down every citrus tree within miles of located infected tree. My friends and family suggest I take advantage of this "opportunity", join the fruit tree burning crew and make money or be an air marshal.

Heir mar shall steps into the Baltimore streets outside the greyhound station looking for a cab. It was Thursday night and there was a dozen of them. Cabbies usually have to pay the "rent" on Friday so Thursday night they need money. I knew this as I walked out. I let out the exciting news that I needed a taxi to Barnagee Light. This started a frenzy, I let them bid down the price. Someone mentioned a hundred bucks. Here we go. Turns out the guy had no idea how to get there. It took us five hours to get out to the beach and we still had a ways to go. The cabbie pulled over on the side of the road out in the middle of nowhere and tried to physically drag me out of the cab as if to strand me out in the sand dunes. He didn't want to go any further. I told him I was the butcher on a fishing boat. He dropped me off at the boat in the pink of the morning.

I walked on the rusty "Beth Ann" for the first time. This boat stunk like squid that had been dead for years in a warm puddle. We were supposed to be leaving this afternoon. When I walked in the boathouse the mate was doing the Australian crawl on the galley floor covered in eggs. Several empty 18 packs lay on the floor. This was funny I thought as I stood there with my seabag and watched him "swim". It took him a long time to figure out I was on the boat. It startled him, and he ran into the bathroom. "Scrambled eggs" was a great guy, even with a heroin addiction, blonde hair and blue eyes from Puerto Rico.

We didn't leave that day, Capt. "Quaalude" was not ready and we were short a crewmember. We ended up getting a guy from the local headboat. Charlie knew just enough about fishing to decide he knew enough and decided not to do anything I recommended. He should have retired this attitude, as we (including the ruler of this universe) are all obviously still learning. The easiest quickest way to learn something is to consider/be aware of/pay attention to others' recommendations, watch and learn from what they do and at least try their stuff. "Scrambled eggs" pulled fish to the boat with a different technique than I'd ever seen. It was a modified version of the sporty technique of wrapping the line around your hand to increase friction. He extended his arm out parallel with the fishy leader and took the first wrap on the length of his arm with the second around his hand. I tried this over the next few months. It seemed to work OK, spreading the friction out and reducing the hand muscle work. It wasn't as fast though and I never tried it on a big green fish.

Charlie pulled the line in with his fingers and thumbs. Instead of piling the line on the deck when the wind was behind you or flaking it into the water when the breeze was in your face, he coiled the line up and held on to it in his left hand. The first time he did this was on a rat white marlin. After he pulled the line in a ways and had several coils in his hand the fish turned and swam hard away. Charlie couldn't get enough friction between his fingers and thumbs to stop this and the line he had coiled cinched up on his hand. He almost went over the side, we had to cut the line and his hand was injured.

Barnegat Light, New Jersey is situated midway along the state's coast, it's the closest Garden State fishing to the Stream. The most notable (in writing) thing to come out of the place is "Situation Barnegat Light" a "fictional" book by author Honigsberg concerning, "When a world threatening evil threatens mankind with annihilation good friends may be found in low places". When the "Beth Ann" tied up to the marina we unloaded the fish to "Sol", "The head of the Jewish Fish M.O.B.". There was no subterfuge here, they just laid it out for you.

"Sol" was a big old man with weathered hands and forearms seen wearing apron. I felt personal

business relationship with “Sol the head of the Jewish Fish M.O.B.” because I dressed the fish, initially preparing and cleaning the product. “Sol” took it from there and further processed the fish into the pieces made available to the consumer (chefs). We were in aseptic conditions, the boat I was on was filthy, although conditions immediately improved when I got aboard. I soaped, scrubbed, rinsed and then bleached the fish box (Ya gotta scrub with soap and rinse with water most the fish slime out before applying bleach or you’ll huff mustard gas). Anyone could witness the dam horror of fisheries decline just by seeing “Sol’s” face, the considerable concern evident. This is a Neptune Ceres business, as deep as it gets.

When processing fish the salinity of the rinse water, if used, has a large role in the overall culinary experience and storage life. If the meat is rinsed in fresh water or low salinity water something detrimental happens at the cellular level. The fresh water, through osmosis moves into the flesh cells. The water molecules with no salt in establishment of equilibrium move into the salt water (flesh). This causes the cell to swell and rupture. Visually it makes the meat look ragged, opaque/whiter in appearance. The mouth feel is ruined, flavors depreciated, not as fat and luscious, comes off dry, distasteful. Storage wise, bacteria counts bloom, freezer burn, bad news. If fish is washed with salt water this doesn’t occur, it comes out perfect.

Capt. Jimmy “Quaalude” Mears (his old man, Captain Mears Sr. kept the boat afloat) must have felt as if he had a capable enough crew now that I was aboard, and said, “We’re gonna make a run **past** the Flemish Cap to...” I explained I wanted to dive the hull first. “What?” I wanna get in the water with a mask and inspect the hull, wheel and rudder. “Capt. Quaalude” refused to let me (it was that bad). I departed, as Mears Sr. wasn’t making the trip I couldn’t figure the “Beth Ann” returning productively.

I continuously make way into situations where my skills are considered of massive value but for me there’s no compensation for the risky effort. Outside the Mears marina shop I’m approached by an older man, says he lives on a sailboat. Through neglect of his own the rudder fell off the sailboat and is laying on the bottom somewhere. He thinks he knows where about it is and wants to drag me behind his dingy through the water on a line and have me visually search for it.

I don’t even ask him why he didn’t drop a weight with a line attached to a buoy at the spot of rudder loss. The waters not that warm and for me to be towed about for any length of time without a wet suit has no appeal for me. Plus, I always feel like shark bait in that situation. There’s salvage guys that make a lot of money doing it. I didn’t tell him but he looked like the kind of jackass that would get the line wrapped around the prop, run me over with the dingy or somehow further complicate what really isn’t that hard of a thing to do.

The seemingly older man just had something about him though that made me feel like he was the world threatening evil of bar need get light. This I gathered because I’d come to figure that the ruler of the universe was a pirate that hadn’t the ability to make way on the correct course. He matched the description. I see his point about not being able to steer a course and make way and his needing my assistance to do so.

I decide not to assist him mostly because I didn’t want to cut the throat of someone else who could get something out of him for it. If I got him the rudder it didn’t look like he was going to steer the vessel towards some kind of free flowing river idea anyway. He was offering to take me sailing. I live at sea on a boat. I could see his point though, I wasn’t making anything doing it. I could have at least went swimming and took a more pleasant cruise with a better crew. You’ll get it, make a grid with weighted, lined buoys, start in the most likely spot, swim to the bottom, mark it, repeat... I was

giving him instructions for my own enslavement towards undamming the rivers, I headed back to Florida.

I'd found the best way for me to positively influence the speed and ease of the haul back was to sharpen the crews monofilament cutters. I did this with a bastard file and gloves. I was sharpen 'em in the forepeak one day and Skipper Ross came down in the engine room, drew my awareness to him and mouthed over the main engine roar (we were wearing "headphone" ear protection) "Johnnie, come take a look at this" and pointed to his left and looked stupdefyd down at the hull below the port generators "magnetron" spinning thingy. Yeah I know I mouthed back. "No come and look at it." I know. "Come look at it!" I got up and went over and looked at what I'd already been watching develop over the last few days.

What had been a rusty blister on the hull for months had seemingly overnight become a dime sized hole clear through the hull and then within a day or two had become a quarter sized hole in the bottom of the boat. It was a bright sunny day and we were in shallow water. If one looked down through the hole you could see the bottom. There was water up to the inside edge of the hole. This was a physics problem. Something obviously was awry with the laws of the surface physical world. If a vessel floating in the water, a displacement hull, has a hole below the water line, water comes in... the boat starts to sink. If you've got a planning hull and the vessel is planning (going fast up on top of the water) and there is a hole at the bottom of the transom (the stern) one can get water to evacuate the hull or drain the water out this way. This was not the case. The hole was in the forward 1/3 on the bottom. This no flood hole in the bottom effect can be maintained with a bathysphere (diving bell) pressurized vessel. The "Southern Lady's" engine room certainly was not pressurized (it was loud and warm).

Skipper Ross and I just looked at it, we didn't say anything. It's not necessarily a type of thing people feel comfortable talking about, the unexplainable, especially breaking the known surface physical "laws". It could be spooky. This kind of stuff happens often everywhere I go. The unsinkable Laforce. Laforce no sink. This is what I was thinking. Evidently Ross thought otherwise because he repaired the hole, welding a piece of steel over it. I don't know why he went to the trouble to repair it, it wasn't leaking and I told him as much. It's hard to argue with fixing it although it seems like a cover up perhaps of a larger electrolysis problem. Considering the way things were in the fishing business, we weren't making much money, we may have made more exhibiting an unsinkable vessel, sell tickets. Lokki here you can even dip your finger in the hole and get it wet. It's a miracle.

Joe tried to get me to do everything, so he didn't have to do it. The frozen squid needed to be thawed out in a plastic sawed off 50 gallon barrel before baiting out every night. Joe constantly kept trying to get me to do it. I refused and pointed out that since it was important for the squid to be thawed out to the perfect consistency just like he liked it he should make sure it was so. Joe was short and when he leaned over the edge of the plastic shortened in height 50 gallon barrel he appeared like the warning diagram depicted on a 5 gallon bucket of a child falling in a bucket and drowning. Be careful Joe. I always questioned Joe about his preference to just eat salads. Joe do you eat salads because it's not GMO and most the rest of the food served on the ship is GMO? Joe would slightly smile, more like a grimace and say, "You know Johnnie, you know." Then how come you drown it in GMO dressing?

When we came into port Joe's routine was to call a taxi, get in it by himself and go? I thought it was certainly acceptable to just want to get away from the crew for a few hours, yet was very interested in where Joe was going with it. One night in Fairhaven next to Kelly's fish dock the taxi pulled up and as Joe was getting in I asked if I could go with him to where he went as I was curious. He grudgingly let me go with him and we took the taxi to a club in New Bedford. This is where you go

Joe? Mysterious look from Joe. We went inside and sat at a small table. My immediate impression was the hired help was out of tune a little bit. Was it soulless? It's like they weren't from here. I said as much to Joe and he just looked at me with his smirking grimace and said, "You know Johnnie, you know".

The fishing trips I didn't go on often "went south", sometimes spectacularly other times mundanely. Usually Joe, who went on and on about me being bad luck or "Jonah", would take over the fish butchering and the responsibility of the ice and... he'd let the pile grow up into shoot and then try to stick the shovel up into it and... doom, there went the heart of the operation (the saltwater/freshwater ratio temperature control inside cylinder scraping snow machine) ice and easey.

Usually I'd raise and lower the big stabilizer outriggers, an extremely dangerous line and pin or cathead operation. Ya just had to place the line around the pin properly to drop 'em slow and easy with a huge coil of line behind ya with a tremendous load. Joe dropped one fool speed... **DOOM!** He's lucky (maybe not, he's just fallen further down into doom every day) he didn't get caught in the exploding tight (flaking out fast) line and cut in half. As it was the ship needed serious repair. The ice machine never worked properly again. I petitioned for an increased share from the skipper just based on the likely savings from damage with me aboard.

Plus, when I went we would catch more pounds in one trip than Skipper Ross ever had. More fish in one day. More Dorado than ever. The biggest bigeye \$ trip ever. I was even there for the big worldwide giant leatherback turtle/moon jellyfish Mecca rendezvous on the Charleston hump, the swordfishing sucked (all short throwbacks, a lot of 'em, usually dead) Andy was Capt.

After working 2 seasons swinging a California framer building new homes and several years as a "handy" man, I began installing mostly wood floors with Benjamin "Ben" Hawk operator of Hawk Flooring. "Ben" was known as the #1 flooring guy in Palm Beach County and I worked for him or carried his bucket intermittently for several years. "Ben" was the person who took Crowley's goalkeeper position on the Delray All Star soccer team when me and Crowley quit. I went to high school with "Ben" too. In the world of flooring or what I came to find out was hiding the foundation problem in So Fla (so flawed) where nobody does it better as a whole "Ben" was the master, he learned how to do it from Rainbow's Uncle "Ray". I'm always the best bucket guy no matter what the work is.

To do the flooring work in Floorduh one had to know how to take apart and reassemble everything in the home, everything, kitchens, bathrooms, closet doors, every door, entertainment centers, furniture, electrical stuff, computers, everything, even the curtains and thresholds. Sometimes they even wanted us to pack up all their stuff and move it too, and the demo work. One had to have all the tools to do it. In addition to a 1/3 van full of tools we had the bucket where we put all the woodworking hand tools plus all the other hand tools that allowed us to take the whole house apart and put it back together. "Ben" Hawk had the best bucket in So Fla perhaps and encouraged me to do the same. I did and we just about had the same bucket on either side of the floor.

At the end of the work day we'd trade back to each other whichever tools had been mixed up or borrowed by the other. Every day, "Ben" kept giving me back this one hand tool. It turned out to be the best tool all around for wood flooring installation. He didn't have one. This was tough for him, but he knew what it meant though. I had the best flooring bucket, maybe in the world. He knew this expressed it in his smile and words at the end of most every day. "Where'd you get this?" "What's the name of it?" "What do they use it for?" "Man, this thing is sweet!" Ya, ya, heh heh heh... I'm not sure. This made me valuable, I had the correct tool, the best one and it wasn't even a flooring tool. I played him for a year or two.

It's a beehive super knife. "Really?" Yep, it's got a cool name too, it's for cutting into beehive supers and prying the propolis sealed wood boxes apart. It was perfect for wood flooring in particular for prying a wood flooring strip away from the wall, a much repeated exercise and scrapin'. Plus, it

had Saturn profile shaped holes in the tool that allowed one to pull and straighten nails. It was the “bomber” tool and if you were flooring and didn’t have one you were a fool. He knew this for a year or two.

I also taught “Ben” how to tie his shoes in a square knot instead of a granny knot, which fails quick, guaranteed. The square knot is accomplished by tying one line “over” or on top of the other line and then finishing it vice versa on the second part of the square knot. Usually right handers prefer to go left over right initially and then right over left finishing with a slip knot where the tag ends are just longer than the loops but not touching the ground. Usually the square knot will last all day. The granny knot goes the same way twice and fails. “Ben” taught me a draw string sleeping bag cover fits perfectly in a 5 gallon bucket and one could sew custom pockets in the thing.

In So Fla typically the job included demo and removal of the previous final or top layer of the foundation. Sometimes there was multiple cover ups with tile, vinyl, maybe even linoleum, and carpet to be demoed. The humans really seemed to want to hide the problem of/with the foundation bad. Often it was a Terrazzo floor on concrete foundation initially, the “best” one could get. Usually the foundation was cracked or even buckled, almost always in line with the valleys of the roof. The foundations were failing prematurely for lack of superdriplineswatercollect. We were covering this up, hiding it and it had to be done quick. The home owners (except for one man) absolutely would not look at the roof line water erosion cause of foundation crack site. If the Terrazzo finished foundation wasn’t compromised because of the lack of roof water collection often it had been marred by a cheap carpet installation’s carpet strip nails. The thinking was that someone had liked everyone else’s cover up of the foundation problem so much they’d decided to cover it up cause everybody else did even though there wasn’t anything wrong with their floor.

Usually there was to be subsequent or more repairs to be made to the house immediately as the whole thing was getting “remodeled”. This entailed many other workmen coming in and out of the place, tracking dirt everywhere, dropping tools, nails and screws later ground into the floor, dragging ladders and refrigerators, busting up walls, electrical debris, pipe solder and the paint. If one thought about it, ideally they would just do the floor last but almost always it had to be done first. It’s the way the owner of the place demanded it be done, backwards. It had to be done this way, hiding the foundation problem immediately. It was madness and in a certain larger sense the crux of the porous dam shiddy problem.

Because of all the likely damage to occur to the installed wood floor before the subsequent “remodeling” we usually put an additional layer of paper, a second cover up of the foundation problem, and adhered the paper to the wood product with blue 3M tape. If one read the message on the inside of the blue 3M tape roll it read, “Whatever you do don’t stick blue 3M tape to a wood floor!” “Ben” and I knew why it said this. Because if you were stupid enough to order more trees to be felled to protect the incorrectly sequenced installation/hide the foundation of the problem bassackwards and then try and cover it up too with even more trees cut down and processed into paper with all its doom to the rivers, you shouldn’t be doing what you’re doing. 3M is an extremely professional intelligent bunch. I know Don Marshall, he started out pouring concrete blocks on the Raging River, retired from a senior position with 3M and would probably rather live on a sailboat and surround the house with fruit trees. 3M does library security too.

Taping the paper to the floor caused the dirt, screws and the rest of the stuff (which could easily have been swept up if the paper wasn’t there) to get stuck under the paper and really tear up the cover up. We knew all this. I went on and on about it, every day. “Ben” countered with unlimited NOFX (Los Angles punk) nearly full volume. I spoke up.

Really though, the reason “Ben” was the best flooring guy in So Fla was because it came down to the toilet. When the subject of replacement of the old commode (which could have been just reinstalled) came up, most decided to get a new one. “Ben” would just charge them for the new toilet and pick one up, deliver it, install it and dispose of the old one for free. This was why we were “the

best” flooring guys. All you needed was a couple wax rings, a 7/16” or 11mm hex wrench, open ended box wrench or socket and a bee hive super knife. The price of the toilet was usually like \$105.98 (uno seeing sinco denying infinity). Plus, if the electrician or painter slipped on the paper cover up and punched a hole in the ceiling with the ladder we even did popcorn ceiling repair. A can of popcorn spray, a bucket to stand on and a beehive super knife. This was just the way it was in Florida flooring.

The following is a detailed explanation of my arrest on 5/24/2003 by the USM Columbia for assault within maritime and territorial jurisdiction (felony assault maritime district).

The short version of the story is another person assaulted me and in the course of defending myself the other person was injured. I was working as a fisherman on the Fishing Vessel “Southern Lady”, a 68’ steel hull longliner about 100 miles off the coast of Charleston, S.C. when the event took place. The other crewman involved was Joseph Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy and I had worked together for 2 years. He had attempted to injure me many times in the past, usually by throwing live mako sharks and swordfish at me and he previously threatened, “To cut my balls off” which was even more so threatening because he was holding a 9” scallop edged knife between my crotch. A few days before the incident in question he gouged my upper arm with the point of a swordfish bill.

In the months leading up to both of our arrests I had informed the captain of the vessel about this and had requested that he not come out fishing with us. About a week or two before the event in question the captain told me to be very careful around Mr. Kennedy, “Because he was about to snap”. I told the captain I knew this and questioned why he was still on the boat considering the obvious. I think the reason he was still on the boat was because he was very, very good at what he did. He pulled the fishing lines back to the boat and repaired the damaged lines. He was known to be the best in the business at this skill.

The fishing trip that we were on when the event took place was the most productive trip anyone on the boat had ever seen and the day the event occurred was the most productive day any of us had ever seen. It was ironic that for all the success we were having that day Mr. Kennedy was in a very foul mood. When we were done hauling the gear back for the day there was a few mahi mahi or dolphin on the deck that remained to be cleaned. I was the person whose duties included dressing or cleaning the fish out and putting them on ice. Mr. Kennedy was unhappy to see that there remained a dozen fish left to clean and grabbed a knife and angrily began to clean fish. I told him, “Don’t worry about it. I’ll take care of this. Just go inside, have a milkshake and a sandwich, relax”. Mr. Kennedy shouted, “Don’t you tell me nothing, I’ll cut your throat” and sprinted across the deck toward me with a knife in his hand.

I was on my knees on the deck cleaning fish with a knife in my hand when he began to charge and I quickly stood up and retreated into a corner telling Mr. Kennedy twice, “No, know I don’t want to fight”. I was wearing 4 pairs of gloves, 2 long sleeve shirts with collars up, long pants and foul weather gear bottoms. Mr. Kennedy was wearing one pair of gloves, a Tshirt and long pants. As Mr. Kennedy closed the distance between us he shouted again, “I’ll cut your throat” and then thrust his right knife hand towards my throat with the blade edge to my left. I grabbed the blade of his knife with my gloved left hand a few inches from my throat with the edge against the palm of my hand. He pulled his knife down and back towards himself and I let go of the blade. Immediately he thrust the knife towards my throat a second time but this time he twisted his wrist and the blade came towards my throat with the edge to my right. I grabbed the blade again with my gloved left hand’s fingers and thumb. This time the edge was facing away from the palm of my hand. He jerked his knife away from me again but this time I held on to the blade. The action caused by Mr. Kennedy jerking his right knife hand and arm back caused his left side and arm to rotate and move forward. The action of me holding on to his knife as he jerked it away caused the two of us to come even closer together. I was still holding the knife in my hand that I’d been using to clean fish seconds before. My knife came in

contact with Mr. Kennedy's arm between the elbow and shoulder and he was cut. He retreated. I did not slash or thrust my knife towards Mr. Kennedy. It was his aggressive actions that resulted in his injury. Two crewmembers witnessed this event and later wrote statements in my favor.

Mr. Kennedy went inside and a bandage was applied to his arm. I finished cleaning the fish. Meanwhile, the captain had the crew throw all the knives over the side of the boat. A few minutes later Mr. Kennedy appeared on the deck and told me, "You're going to pay for this". I told him I'll split it with ya. He began to chase me around the deck with a 4' wooden 2"x 6" that he repeatedly tried to injure me with. As he swung the board at me he hit the ice machine and smashed his now ungloved hands. The captain threw the dropped board over the side of the boat. Mr. Kennedy proceeded to grab the harpoon, a 10' pole with a harpoon at the tip and chase me around the deck. The harpoon was probably the most dangerous "weapon" on the boat and I was determined not to get stuck with it. There was a shack, an 18'L x 7'W x 9'H steel box, with an open side facing the stern of the boat. Mr. Kennedy chased me around the shack with the harpoon. After about 15 minutes of this action he decided to remove the plexiglass covering a large window on the front of the shack and tried to harpoon me through the shack window. Eventually it looked like he was going to get me with the harpoon using this method so I feinted as if he was going to be able to get me and when he had thrust the harpoon through the window quite some distance I quickly came around the side of the shack, grabbed the harpoon before he could point it at me, and relieved him of it. The captain had approached at this time and I gave the harpoon to him and he threw it over the side of the boat. As I was relieving Mr. Kennedy of the harpoon he threw a right punch glancing off my face just above my left eye causing a small cut.

Next Mr. Kennedy grabbed the grapple, a 10 lb. metal anchor tied to a line, and swung it around a bit trying to hit me with it. Somehow he ended up getting tangled up with this thing and injuring himself. At this point the captain unhooked the grapple from the line and threw it over the side of the boat. Mr. Kennedy found another 4' 2"x 6" and chased me around with it swinging it.

At this point "the struggle" had been going on for over an hour and I was exhausted. I was tired of many glancing blows and getting chased around the boat. Most of the boat was painted in crushed walnut shells providing traction but there was an 8' x 10' spot that was painted without crushed walnut shells that was used to clean fish. It was slippery in this area. I threw a 3' square rubber mat in the center of this slippery area and stood on top of it.

Coincidentally there was a National Marine Fisheries Observer on the boat for this trip and he stuck his head out the wheelhouse and told me to hang in there the Coast Guard was on the way. "Good", I told him. Later in Charleston I'd have dinner at a restaurant with the NMFS observer and he told me in his contract it says if he ever feels he's in danger on a vessel under observation he has the right to radio the Coast Guard and request to be taken off the vessel. Apparently he decided to exercise this right because Mr. Kennedy was going beserk and radioed the Coast Guard and informed them of the situation and stayed in contact with them while they were on the way.

Meanwhile I stood my ground on the rubber mat surrounded by a slippery area. Mr. Kennedy continued to assault me. Several times he slipped and fell injuring his hips and elbows. He continued to assault me using various objects that eventually made their way over the side of the boat. At one point he ran into the storage room to get another tool/weapon and hit his forehead on the bulkhead of the storm door opening and caused a cut and swelling. He came out with a claw hammer and I decided to head for higher ground. As I was climbing up to the upper deck he swung the hammer at my ankle, missed and smashed his right hand against a steel support.

From the upper deck I was in position to climb up the superstructure and defend myself from there. With the exception of the first few seconds of this hour and a half to hour and 45 minute

struggle, when I just happened to have a knife in my hand because it was my job to clean fish, I defended myself with gloved hands and didn't throw a single punch, kick, or any aggressive move. About 10 minutes before the Coast Guard showed up Mr. Kennedy went and sat down at the stern of the boat.

The Coast Guard showed up, checked out the scene, and took written and verbal statements. At some point in time they put cuffs on Mr. Kennedy but they didn't cuff me. The Coast Guard lieutenant explained he was well aware of what took place on our vessel considering the detailed account over the radio from the NMFS observer and the statements from the crew (there were 6 of us on the boat). The lieutenant said the Coast Guard commander back on shore didn't know what had happened except one crew member, Mr. Kennedy, had several injuries and one crew member did not, me. Also, in addition to all the injuries he'd caused to himself during the incident in question, a few days before Mr. Kennedy had just about cut his left middle finger in half with a pair of monofilament cutters and cut his right thumb opening a tin of smoked sausages.

The Coast Guard lieutenant apologized for having to arrest me but said he was under orders from the commander on shore who said to let the courts sort it out. The Coast Guard men loaded (he needed assistance) Mr. Kennedy on the 40' Coast Guard vessel and stored him below the deck. I climbed aboard myself and enjoyed candy bars and pop up on the bridge with the Coast Guard captain and lieutenant on the way in to Charleston. Upon reaching land Mr. Kennedy and I were turned over to the U.S. Marshalls, I think and then to the F.B.I. I completely cooperated and answered all questions presented to me.

When the U.S. magistrate or judge asked how I plead, I plead not guilty to the felony charge. I hired an attorney to represent me. The prosecutor offered to reduce the felony charge in exchange for a guilty plea to a misdemeanor assault charge. My attorney advised me to take the plea. I told my attorney that I didn't commit misdemeanor assault and therefore would not plead guilty to it. I didn't take the plea. I was given a drug test, testing positive for THC. I was released on house arrest and passed all subsequent drug tests. As I remember, initially the case was dismissed without prejudiced, which was the best outcome I could expect. A week or two later, I think, I got a letter informing me the outcome had been changed to dismissed with prejudiced, which wasn't as good. The day after I got the letter my attorney called and said for another \$1000 he'd take the prosecutor out for a round of golf and dinner and get the ruling changed back to dismissal without prejudiced. I'd already given my attorney everything I had and couldn't afford the extra \$1000 to change the ruling. This is what happened before, during and after the arrest in question. ~

In the evening following "Kenny's" initial wounding of me with the swordfish bill I stepped about the bait shack wall at the beginning of the set and reminded him how often I'd told him if he ever hurt me in one of his attempts he was gonna get hurt ten times as bad at least, instant karmas gonna get you. Just as I completed this declaration the fast approaching night sky lit up with a terrific lightning bolt that just about covered our entire viewing area. Joe Valentino witnessed this. Plus, after it was all realized and then some I talked to "Kenny" down below the magistrate's chamber in Charlestown while we were being prosecuted, he admitted the whole thing was his fault.

After the Coast Guard turned us over to the U.S. Marshalls they took me and "Kenny" to be grilled by the F.B.I. (Detective Climbass as I remember). They tried a prisoners dilemma technique (he said) and questioned us for a few hours. Eventually they checked us into Charleston's King Street County Jail "The Dungeon" probably the worst jail in the country (so they say) packed with rats and roaches, cold grits and hard beans and extra big black men. Kennedy and I had made the local t.v. news and the story of an enfolding fight at sea was apparently a big exciting one that got lots of air time even though they had no cameras, pictures or anything. Supposedly it was a big story and those in jail

were eagerly waiting for our arrival as they'd all watched it on t.v.

They put me in a cell block with a bunch of huge black guys and just after Kennedy could be seen straggling and limping into a block across the way (he was in bad shape). The biggest darkest man, about 300 lbs, eyed me, looked at Kennedy and exclaimed "**You did that to him?**" Ah, well... I was about to explain that he'd done it all to himself when the big guy said with authority, "Whatever you do don't fuck with that white boy!" Suddenly I was BMOC in the worst hole in the world. While this sounds great, BMOC is a coveted constantly contested position.

Within a day or two the guards allowed the former BMOC, who probably still thought he was, in the cell block for a "visit". You know how these guards are, they want to find out who is BMOC more than anybody, it's like their own private "fight club" where they prearrange and facilitate bouts. The other man who coulda been a contender **for real** looked like an Olympic gymnast (rings) except he wasn't as tall as me plus 60 lbs, ripped. He approached and the others cleared into somewhat of a semicircle. He didn't say a word to me but one could tell he was thinking, "So you're the bad ass, huh? Don't look like it". He'd seen "Kenny" though.

While looking at me he grabbed the chainlink a little above his head with his right hand and a little more than shoulders width below with his left, gripped it tight, lifted his body out horizontally, and held it there. The chainlink levitation skill or the horizontal levitation trick, I'm glad he showed me how to do it. This was obviously a challenge and I did the same while looking at him, on my "weak" side, which he knew and pulled it off sharply for a few seconds. The other guy just turned around and left and I was the BMOC for the rest of my stay. When I got out after 10 or so days the characters in the jail were incredulous that I was getting out so quickly while facing felony charges that could lock me up for 10 years, "What are you the Senators son or something"?

The USS Carney's family day found me with my cousin Lt. Leanne Lawrence and others. The bow esdespirit was the "Don't tread on me" snake motif flag. This is the Cole's sister ship. Making way out of Jacksonville's Mayport into the Atlantic where Captain did figure eights at about 9/10 throttle, in a guided missile cruiser, I "surfed" alone on the deck atop the twin 5 blade wheels. What a rush, the steel deck really vibrates, it's almost fluid. After a while of this he throttled back and I went up on the bridge. The Captain was sharp and appeared to know me, must a read the guest list. Fire the Sea Wiz! Fire the Sea Wiz! I don't think he really wanted to unleash the radar guided depleted uranium rounds (practically illegal according to the Geneva conventions) but we did after I just kept insisting, **fire the Sea Wiz!**

I was just practicing commanding a US Navy Captain. I learned I'd have to keep repeating the command near incessantly and there could be repercussions for having no or wrong target and pulling the wrong trigger cause next he drew my awareness to a USS Submarine which had "snuck" up on us, surfacing. You gotta watch out for the Los Angeles Class they're everywhere, they could pop up and get ya anytime. I always feel like they trying to hint to me "8, L.A.,8, L.A...". We talked about river enterprise and food. They're eating beany weenies out here and you know how it is, you are what you eat.

Taking a lunch break from work in Ocean Ridge, FL on Paul Bell's orchid house one day, Scott Gimmy (my usual partner or helper) and I were having sandwiches down by the ocean at Dog Beach in Briny Breezes. This was about the last spot one could bring a dog to the beach, thus the name and also one could pull up and "park" kinda there and sit in their vehicle and see the ocean. So we were sitting there in my yellow Chevy Suburban 6.2L diesel enjoying the view. I casually look over at my buddy Scott. Ya know I've been out to sea fishing a long time. I need a woman. I want a hot Asian bitch.

Now, I'd been communicating this idea to the "heavens" or life so to speak for several years. I

thought the best way to facilitate my ascent to power was to form a relationship with an Asian family, an East meets West affair. This was the obvious solution, the more powerful and influential a family the better. Aim high, be patient. I was “screaming” this idea to the heavens over the preceding few weeks with increasing volume and intensity. I knew it was time.

A week later Mr. Gimney and I are taking another lunch break and we pull up to the same spot at Dog Beach and put it in park. We look down the beach and there she is, a gorgeous Japanese girl sitting on a towel hanging out with her black Labrador (waterfowl) dog, playing with a tennis ball and a super slinger. My face, persona, chi or life force blossomed into the biggest thank you/you're welcome/I told you so look and I casually looked over at Scotty. See I always get what I want. You know why. Watch what I do with this.

I reached into the dashboard cubbyhole, grabbed my black address book and pulled my pencil out from behind my ear as I stepped out into the larger world with the biggest grin fathomable. This female, Misa Kanazawa, was completely “innocent” at this point and had no idea **who** was walking down the dune path to see her and what his intentions were. I've never been so smooth, life never saw a man like myself, the most aggressive, offensive, desperate character ever created along with intelligent, change or morph into a thing capable of communicating with this what was a “horse” in the Chinese Zodiac and you know how they can be... timid or trepidatious doesn't begin to explain.

And here I am the biggest Chinese “water rat” ever seen. Horses and rats don't get along usually at all. The dog helped a lot. Rolley Polley (translated from Japanese “to get up and arise”) was really attracted to me. This seemed to put Misa at ease, the dog was putting on quite a show thank you, as I deftly pursued and acquired the required information to have a future relationship that I ensured would take place by the attractive, disarming and alluring display I presented. I talked to her for some time. I made sure I would see her again. I don't know what she was thinking as I departed and headed back up to the truck but I was like, cool, an Asian linguistics major, she's got a super slinger, that's about what I'm looking for in essence and a hot bitch waterfowl dog that could become Rolley Polley Jolley when we get hitched. Melting shattering nice, this is gonna work in perfect.

My parents were outta town and I had the place to myself. I invited Misa for dinner. When she sat down to the table set with barbecued chicken wings, French fried sweet potatoes, red cabbage cole slaw and iced brown tea she raised her finger to her lower lip and said, “John, how did you know to serve me my favorite meal.” I was in. The courtship was on and I of course, explaining a larger idea, within a few weeks left for a “fact finding” three month canoe trip down the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers.

The Yellowstone River is the longest supposedly undammed river in the lower 48. This environmentally friendly trait makes for a pleasurable paddle with lively scenery, 692 miles (sick seeing denying to my ills) long. The idea was to use two canoes to descend from Yellowstone Park to the Gulf of Mexico. I drove up to Colorado and picked up my buddy Tom who accompanied me to Montana and took possession of the vehicle once I was in the water. Near the confluence of the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers I decided to leave my keeled fiberglass canoe to exchange for the flat bottomed whitewater canoe when I'd left the last of the rapids and had reached flat water. Near the end of the Yellowstone we pulled up to a house behind a park and knocked on the door. A big bear of a fellow answered the door and we explained who we were and told him we were looking to store a canoe for a few months. His name was Jim Herkimer and he was of course surprised to meet us but instantly warmed to our idea. He agreed to store the canoe next to the vegetable patch in the back yard and Tom and I were off for the headwaters.

The Yellowstone River flows out of mini dammed Yellowstone Lake in the National Park but good luck getting a permit to float this section from the Park Service. When questioned about the

minidam separating Yellowstone Reservoir and the start of the river the park ranger states, “It’s for the waterfowl”. We put the boat in the water as close to the park boundary as we could just above Yankee Jim Canyon. In the 1870’s Yankee Jim owned the road into Yellowstone Park and set up a toll at the canyon. There was only one big rapid in the canyon and we scouted it with the truck from the rim. It was just a big rock in the river, didn’t look like that big a deal. The river level was low and there were plenty of rocks exposed. With no huge dams on the river there are no reservoirs for the trees to sink into the bottom of and as a result the river is full of trees. There’s a lot of trees in Yellowstone National Park and they all eventually come down the river. This creates a lot of strainers that are dangerous to paddle near but fun to fish about.

It didn’t take long to load the Dagger Legend up with the tools that were needed to make this fun. Just about all of the stuff was sealed in rubberized bags and strapped to the bottom of the canoe as usual. Stepping in the boat and pushing off from shore is the hardest part of a trip of this sort. I had enough experience to know exactly what I was getting into in particular the canyon and its rapids that loomed just downstream but also the enormity of attempting to descend to the Gulf of Mexico and Florida from the Rockies in a canoe. Once a person gets past the specifics like coming up with an equipment list and getting it all down to the river one is left with the idea as a whole. For me this manifest itself in a form that fluxuates between a beautiful butterfly that flutters around tickling my brain and a black death bird circling overhead raking my physci with its talons. My brain was excited and my heart was enthusiastic but my stomach and in particular my bowels were refusing to cooperate. So while loading the canoe was quick it took me a little longer than planned to get my shit together which required a swim and change of underwear.

I’ll have to admit I was a little nervous about soloing the canyon. It’s certainly safer to do this type of stuff with other people. Tom was either too wise to attempt this trip after a similar run down the Snake or was still recovering from back surgery just a year or so before. It might have been a little of both, either way he wasn’t going and I couldn’t rustle up another character that was interested in passing up on civilization for a while. Where is “Jim” when you need him? I pushed off, tipped my hat to Tom as he drove up the canyon and paddled down the river. That rock and rapid in Yankee Jim Canyon is much bigger at eye level than it looks from the canyon rim.

Yankee Jim canyon opens into Paradise Valley with the Gallatin range on the west side and the Absaroskee’s on the east. This is one of the best trout fishing sections of any river in the world and on my first cast I caught a silver colored trout. In an area populated mostly with Yellowstone cutthroats (*Oncorhynchus clarkii bouvieri*) this was an unusual fish, possible lake trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*). The water temperature had just dropped from the early August heat and the fish were perhaps invigorated by the increase in dissolved oxygen. There was fish behind every rock and they were hungry. The fishing and scenery are incredible.

I should have known something was up after I passed the first two dories unloading passengers on the side of the river. They weren’t exactly the choice picnic sites. The weather looked like it might change but it was hard for me to tell because the river pulled up practically underneath the Gallatin’s on the northwest and this was the direction the weather was coming from. The mountain was in the way of the visual forecast. I’d figured on pulling over when it started raining as the fishing was phenomenal and I was having the time of my life. Who knows what they’re doing anyway, they might have had to relieve themselves.

It started to get breezy as I passed the third dory which was stopped in what looked like a bad spot to get out as the river side was covered in a thick brier/bramble. It looked like they might be trying to get a fly untangled from the bushes or something. I was standing up in my canoe with my back to the Gallatin’s as I slung out a long cast that landed just downstream of the dory and I began my retrieve. What were those guys doing? It was hard to make out what they were talking about. It

looked like the guide was forcing the two passengers to get out of the boat. The river was turning to the east amidst a rapid and I figured this would have been my last cast before I put the rod away to make some course adjustments with the paddle.

I usually don't dispose of cigarette butts in the river but when I turned and looked at the rapid downstream that poured through a strainer (a pile of dead trees) into a cliff and the unfathomable storm that was pouring over the Gallatin's, I let the cigarette slip from between my lips and extinguish itself in the river. I was going to need some oxygen to get out of this pickle. The leading edge of black clouds that were racing down the mountain was scarier looking than anything Hollywood could produce. Dorothy and Toto were in there, the tree branches, bushes and leaves coursing across the leading edge of the front appeared like flying monkeys and dragons. I started reeling up my trout lure as fast as I could and looked back towards the dory I'd just passed. The passengers were jumping into the thicket and suddenly their spot of disembarkment looked like the best on the river instead of the worst. Hiding in the briers looked good.

The monofilament wrapped up around the rod tip as I tried to put my fishing gear away leaving a dangling treble hook. It took me a second or two to solve this problem. I entered the tongue of the rapid funneling into a strainer and realized it was a worst possible case scenario. Just enough water to float the boat, not enough to steer or make way. The river is in control. The shallowness of the water kept me from getting purchase with my paddle. As I dropped down to my knees in the canoe astride a big Sealine bag strapped to the bottom my water jug was in the way of my left knee. Another second or two ticked by solving this problem. I was in position way late, approaching doom but still looked back to see what the guys in the boat I'd just passed were doing. They were pulling the heavy overturned boat up on top of them and holding on, pinning themselves into the spiked thicket. Sure looked nice.

As I came off the gravel bar in the worst location and approached the strainer into a cliff side, just a split second away, sideways, a golden eagle (*Aquila chrysaetos*) landed on a rock just a few feet to the river left. A spectator, this was as surreal as I'd ever seen it. This was a big deal, approaching the worst situation I'd ever encountered, to have this eagle land right next to me at this time. At the exact same time I slammed sideways into the death sieve, the worst front I'd ever seen hit. The wind shifted and increased from 10 knots to about 80 knots, Hurricane. The upstream port gunnel of my canoe was just getting sucked under when I grabbed it and heaved up on it with everything I had while simultaneously doing a "bunny hop". Somehow, man, the boat popped up on top of the river, planeing or skipping, and I pushed off the bone white trunks of the strainer to my starboard and just barely made it out alive. I didn't get far. The bow was pointing downstream in a 10 to 12 knot current, the wind which was coming right at me, slowed down to 70 knots, the canoe and I just sat there in the middle of a fast rapid going nowhere, the wind threatening to blow me back up the river into the strainer. The eagle stood on a rock in the middle of the river just 3' or 4' away looking at me. This lasted for several minutes. I'd never seen such a confluence of things at the same time.

I few days later I wrote to my girl Misa and related to her that I was going to become the most powerful influential writer in history, specifically I was going to write like Voltaire and Ernestly Hemmingway together a story as if it was Mark Twain, take under the world and undam the planet. I even gave her a reading list of book titles that described how I'd do it. Later when I got back to her Misa's reply was, "Clockwork Orange".

The "undammed" Yellowstone has several dams, the first one is at the actual Yellowstone Lake in the Park and the Rangers are hypersensitive and furtively defensive in explanation. The Park Ranger omits pronouncing the "f" as he explains it's "For the wildlie" and clarifies, "It's for the waterfoul". Down the way are several stone lowhead agricultural dams some of them just a couple feet high. If one ever wanted to punch a hole in a dam these are some of the easier to fluidify. The best way to do it's with a boat. The water's already pouring over the top of the dam. Pull or push the bow or the stern of

the vessel up and over the dam. When ya get the boat about ½ way over the dam wiggle the bow or stern to and fro. This'll dig a hole in it easy (the flowing water does it). Then pull the boat through the hole in the dam and continue to make way. Don't hurt yourself doing it.

Look over on the shore (see the ditch) look on the other shore (see the diesel powered machine). That's what you're competing against and obviously the dam farmer is constantly maintaining the dam. The front end loader is parked right there, another monkey wrench opportunity of course but easier to get in trouble. Also, there is a chance that someone could do something productive with a front end loader, less likely to do something productive with a dam and ditch farmer who makes for a better additional target than the machine. Also, one can relieve dam and ditch vegetables from dam farmer and power the hole punching operation that way.

When I travel by boat I like to have a bowsprit (bow spirit) or "hood ornament" on my bow and I spent some time looking for a suitable skull to place there. I really wanted a bison skull, the best possible besides a mastodon, which are nearly impossible to find. I discovered a dead eagle on the side and put its head up front (this really said it). There were a lot of people who saw this that didn't like it. I don't see what the big deal is, I mean there are people shooting the white pelicans because, "They eat all the fish", and nobody seems to care about that. Humans are awfully strange.

As I travelled along I ate fried potatoes, sweet peppers, onions, herbs, kielbasa and cheese (the Snake River special) covered in fresh corn kernels which I dubbed the Yellowstone River special and of course oatmeal and trout. I also experimented with soaking and cooking dried beans, don't ever eat partially cooked dried beans. It really hurt my stomach and gave me the worst nightmare I ever had in my life when I did once (it was 10 degrees and I couldn't get the things to finish cooking).

At night I slept without a covering (no rain) and during the night I'd wake up once or twice. Every time I opened my eyes, every single time, I was greeted with a "shooting star" or satellite directly overhead. I realize that nowadays one can hardly look up into a night sky and not see a satellite but the satellites were always directly overhead when I opened my eyes and the meteorites as well, it was uncanny as if somehow I was connected to the heavens even if it was a manmade object. The thought of how I could spontaneously awaken from unconsciousness and open my eyes to this sight meant a lot to me.

White water, any disturbance, can be terrifying to travel through at night. One night while paddling through a relatively safe calm section I had a "conversation" with the heavens. I call it "the heavens" or the force, that almost indescribable "thing" that we (everything) is all part of. Others may describe it as God and the Devil, Allah and the Gin, Yin and Yang. During this communication I declared that when I showed up to the plate, the site, the podium or diaz to deliver the message it had to arrive with special effects for it to be effective. Fireworks so to speak, specifically cracked water mains, exploding sewers and my favorite but extremely difficult to for them to pull off, dam failure. Anything they could fathom that would punctuate the delivery of the idea (a bird's call for instance) would work. Most people would think of this as "evil" or devilish thus "making a deal with the devil" but to the reader keep in mind it's all "good" or God if we pull it off (and we will) and effect the undamming of the planet and install the solution.

The heavens reminded me, again, that they would have to invest an enormous amount of energy and effort in this, and that if I was to "quit" or change my mind and do something else it would be my ass. They also reminded me that there were others who were close to where I was and if they invested all this energy into my presentation it would somewhat slight the others so I'd better "show up" or else. My response was, oh yeah not only am I going to write the definitive ending the damages, forcing the collection of that which falls from the heavens, flush toilet replacement with the manuel fertilizer machine (putting the man's name on the throne where it belongs) o camillo manuel/guide, I'm literally going to take under the world (and then some) with one sheet of paper double sided. The heavens laughed at me, the preposterousness of the idea. I will, watch. Don't forget to show up at the plate suckers or when I get "up there" I'm gonna kick the door in and "clean house". The response to me

and this idea was a shooting star and if one knew the stars and constellations the meteor travelled across the message was informative, directional and enlightening. It's a deal, it's on.

Early in the day I came upon 3 oldish men in a simple fishing boat. One of 'em said, "That guys got this thing all figured out". I pulled onto shore one evening next to a beaver lodge and "borrowed" (stole) some firewood from its shelter/food cache. The beaver wasn't happy about this. Later that night it started to storm and I quickly pulled a tarp over me as I didn't expect it to rain long and fell back to sleep. I was awakened by what felt like a beaver sitting on top of my midsection, it felt like a living 40 lbs. or so. I rolled out from under the tarp, drawing my pistol out like "Sundance" and... there was nothing there. It was hard to imagine what could have caused this to happen. A downdraft? The next morning I set off and came upon a dead beaver just downstream that looked like it had just washed up. I inspected the carcass to discover it was still covered in fleas and when I cut the tail and head off the blood was liquid. It was a fresh one. This was the last time I robbed a beaver and disturbed its shelter.

I'd been tracking another canoe which I could tell was green by the scuff marks over the dam portages. Yes, the highly advertised "undammed" Yellowstone is actually dammed with several 4' to 6' low head agricultural dams demanding portage. Along the waterside were obvious camping spots and I could tell by the evidence that there was a dog in the group and "Keystone Light" was the beverage of choice. It was difficult for me to tell how many people where in the group or what was going on because there were usually 2 or 3 different shoe prints in the mud and 5 or 6 different kinds of prints that varied at each site. After a while through talking to the locals I found out there was a man in a green canoe ahead of me. I'd usually pass 2 or 3 of his campsites a day so I knew he was travelling slowly.

One afternoon I came upon a fisherman with two metal claws in place of his hands, which he said he'd lost in agricultural machinery. He was still able to fish with a regular rod and reel and even piloted the boat, operating the outboard. I've run into a lot of guys like this in my life and they all would agree modernized Ag. isn't all it's cracked up to be. "Two Claws" told me I was just behind the guy in the green canoe. That evening I got to a spot where the river braided around lots of islands and for a while travelled along singing out, man in the green canoe where are you? I pulled in so as not to pass him up in the night.

After resting on perfect sand for several hours I was up at 4:30 getting oatmeal and coffee for a first light push off into the braids and a super thick patchy fog crispy cold. I came around a bend into a barking dog tent site. As I approached I could see a man stick his head out the tent flap. A few minutes later he said it was a sight to see that he'd never forget. I was in black in a dark green boat and dark gear. The river polished 8 point rack and skull esdespirit really sold it, with a matching colored straw hat on top of folded up black mugger mask standing up smoking, coming in from the fog. **Turns out the man's name is Jim!** This just about floored me. I've been out here seeking Jim (the thing that would jimmy the dam problem) on the river for so long... and here he is, on the Yellowstone.

He had ½ a boat full of shoes, a coffee percolator, ¼ can of coffee, ½ can of tobacco, some fresh meat he'd just scored from an acquaintance in the "town" above, a few boxes of macaroni and cheeze and a just mature sport ½ Husky ½ Border collie, Cody. Over coffee, brunch and smokes we determined to make way together for some distance. I'll have supper waiting for you a few miles downstream. I pushed off and into a flow that led me to 3 Bucks on the side of the river. I feathered my strokes keeping blade in water to come up to the edge of the water just as the big one took a sip. I'd a head butted the big buck but he figured it out at the last instant and turned tail. The rack on the bow works. They think you're a deer.

I cooked up a Yellowstone River special and Jim came along in. It was really something to see what happened here. Old Jim had a thick mustache and growing beard and appeared like a western cracker river man of some experience would. I gave him a piping hot perfectly cooked extra real

cheese version. He put the food in his mouth rolled it around for a second or two and slowly swallowed. Jim's eyes got kinda like he was looking far away but he looked just at me, **"You eat like this, out here, all the time"**? Routine, son. Jim said he'd been living off mac and cheeze and he'd learned to throw the powdered cheese packet away instead of eating it.

We pushed in to the sandbar below the Lower Yellowstone River train trestle and set up shop. I buried the eagle and beaver skull near a train trestle leg and stashed the feathers up under the wood of the trestle leg. We shared words with Jim Herkimer and I went fishing with he and another. Jim Herkimer gave me Agate rock which I explained I didn't want as I don't collect rocks but the small piece of fossil wood I got as bonified proof of plants long ago. Herkimer pointed out Agate had small "Christmass Tree" fossil moss. Now I got 2 "rocks". "Herk" looked at me like I was Genie (or he was) and said his ambitious dream was, "To get a deer [serve it die] in a corn field with a BB gun". He explained morphological structure of deer skull exposing tissue thin rear skull bone weak spot. "Herk" gave me an antique Astro Boy needle set, not the mini pack (he's got plenty of those) the jumbo Astro Boy needle set, the finest set I ever seen. Jim warns me to be careful making way with Jim as Jim is dangerous so he says, "I can tell".

The best part of the Yellowstone River trip was the water ouzels and sand hill cranes, I learned to mimic both. The water ouzel looks like a land bird but is king of the under river water bird world, it makes itself a wedge. The courtship call of a sandhill crane is it and a troupe escorted me down most the way.

At the crack of dawn I was in my boat and about to push off. Jim and Cody stuck there heads out of their tent. I told Jim that from the map it looked like there was a bridge that likely led to a grocery store a few miles down and that I'd be down there with supper ready when he got there. I tied my Dagger Legend stern to the bow of my Blackhawk tightly and made way. Two canoes tied together makes for a longer hull and thus two goes faster than one as a result. There were a few islands along the way and I took the short cuts, avoiding the main channel. Just past the bridge I pulled out and cooked a meal while carousing with the people who were fishing. Jim and Cody showed up a few hours later.

Jim had a story to tell. He said the Fish and Wildlife officers stopped and talked to him, questioning him about me. "They're really hot to find you boy". Did you tell them where I was Jim? "I didn't tell 'em anything, said I didn't even know you or what they were talking about". Good, good, I know why they're looking for me. I travelled down the Yellowstone for a few weeks with an eagle head "hood ornament", that's why they're looking for me. "I don't know how you missed running into them because they're hot to find you". They must have missed me when I took the thin skinny short cut around the island. Jim and I had a good laugh over it and I stashed the eagle talons in a better spot.

Jim didn't have any money, at all, so there was no point in him going to the store. I told him I'd get some extra coffee. I caught a ride into town from a couple with a van and their young boy. I told 'em not to worry about me I'd just hitchhike back with someone else. They said they would wait for me, as they enjoyed listening to my stories. I got supplies and on the ride back told a darker dam version.

I explained to Jim that this was the perfect night with the full moon and expected low winds to negotiate the sure to be disastrously foul mud fallout as we entered the Sack of jew we are reservoir ahead. We were sitting on the bank next to a boat ramp and I told Jim the Fish and Game officers were likely to return to the ramp about 4:30 PM and we'd best be off to avoid any "imperial entanglements". We slid the boats back in the water and headed downstream. The sun set and we could see someone starting a campfire a couple miles down. By the time we pulled up along the blazing campfire it was dark.

This location was about where the water began to slow down and the reservoir began. Jim,

especially, was nervous this being his first reservoir experience. He'd heard how they could be horrifying but this one, Lake Sacagawea, was possibly the worst one on this side of the world, the longest most mireful dam mud hole in the world because it captured the long minidammed Yellowstone's sediment. All the sand, silt, clay and organic matter particles within a flowing river fall out of suspension if the river is dammed and fill up the reservoir. I knew it was going to be bad, because I've seen bad before but Jim didn't really know, he'd just heard about it, sometimes this makes it worse.

The campfire crowd offered us a be'er which Jim treated like a heavenly elixir seeing that he was out of money. The campfire crowd also had an incessantly barking dog that added to the tension of the occasion. One of the crowd said they were a park ranger at the reservoir side park down at the fallout and that we should cancel our plans. More specifically he said that we would die in there, that it was completely unnavigable and that every month some canoe idiot was needing a helicopter rescue. They'd just rescued one last week. "Don't go" he emphatically said. I told him we'd be fine. One could see Jim was thinking he probably shouldn't go and he should stay and drink be'er instead. Jim was really spooked now.

I gave him a shot of courage (whiskey) and explained how lucky we were to have two (actually three) canoes and the strategy we would employ as a result. We paddled 100' apart as we made our way through muddy shoals towards the dam reservoir, full moon, no wind. As one or the other of us got into shallow water or stuck in the mud, the other vessel was still in navigable water. The canoe that got stuck would back paddle out of the mud and 100' to the other side of the free boat. We successfully continued this way late into the night until we found an island with mud or dirt one could stand on. I told him not to set up his tent and we took a short nap.

At the crack of dawn I rolled up my bedroll, stashed my sleeping bag and jumped in the boat. Let's go. Jim would have rather dickered around over coffee for a few hours like usual but I told him the wind was likely to come up fierce about 10:30 and we could get stuck in a muddy quagmire for who knows how long. Get in your boat, let's go, we'll have coffee for lunch. Reluctantly, Jim got in his boat and we headed out into the mud and cold predawn light. About 10:22 we got to a diagonal mud fallout line of a few hundred mud islands with a shallow trickle of water flowing between each one stretching out at about 45 degrees for 2 or 3 miles across the former river bed. It was a terrifying sight.

I knew enough from my study of gravel bars on the Yellowstone and other "rivers" that the first channel, the one most upstream, was likely to have the most water or be the deepest and if it isn't it's the least effort to switch routes. Jim and I picked the first one and just barely floated through. The wind started to come up and we headed to the North shore. I kinda got my double canoe stuck in the mud a little bit and was busy extracting myself when Jim and Cody struck shore. Cody jumped out into the mud and became mired. I'm not sure why Jim didn't realize the danger of the quicksand problem Cody was demonstrating but Jim stepped out of the canoe and immediately plunged chest deep into the mud. He had stepped some distance from the boat, so he couldn't just reach backward and arrest his descent into the mud by grabbing the gunwale. He was sinking in. This was terrifying for Jim.

After freeing my boat, I stood up on my seat and carefully surveyed the situation. It looked like Jim had picked one of the worst spots to disembark. I decided to come ashore about 80' from his landing in a spot that didn't have nearly the expanse of mud between the water and the dry land. I got as much speed up as I could and rammed the mud flat throwing my leading canoe up over the mud like a gang plank. I ran up into the front boat and used the wood I'd filled it with to build a "side walk" or path up to dry land. I think Jim may have been wondering why I was carrying all the wood up in the front boat and this was one of the reasons.

When I got up to dry land there was additional wood debris. I used this to build a path back down to Jim. He was sinking and was in over his armpits now. I started throwing wood to him so he could get some purchase, floatation or surface area to push on, something. He was panicking. I hit him

in the head with a piece of wood, he didn't care, "Keep throwing wood", by the time I got the drift wood path down to Jim thick enough to where I could stand on it he was engulfed up to his chin with one arm submerged. Cody was doing a little better. You had to see the look on Jim's face when I carried a huge log down there, walked out on it and pulled him out. I saved Jim. Everything but the shoes on his feet.

After changing his clothes we had coffee and supper, this went a long way. Something interesting happened here. Jim had said a few times that, "A man forced to eat rabbit alone would be dead within a month". I thought a lot about this statement, trying to subsist on just rabbit (Leporidae) and being dead in just one month. I decided to go hunting for rabbits. I walked back up in a draw with my holstered 22. I paused and discovered there was a rabbit sitting just to my left partially concealed by a bush about 20' away. Without looking at the rabbit I pulled out my pistol and slowly pointed the pistol at the rabbit trying to pretend I didn't notice the rabbit. Eventually I looked, took aim and squeezed the trigger. POW, I'd missed. The rabbit didn't move. I carefully aimed again and POW, I missed again. This time the rabbit ran off another 20' away, POW, I missed. The rabbit kept hopping off to another spot and I kept missing. When I was down to my last 2 or 3 bullets, the rabbit was silhouetted against the western sky up on a rise above me. I kept pulling the trigger and I couldn't get him.

We scrambled up the cliff to scout the dam reservoir further along in anticipation of the wind letting up in the evening and doing a couple of more hours of paddling. We found a lot of fossils, mostly cottonwood leaves from millions of years ago. What we saw from the cliff was a mud horizon line with a 20' notch in it where the Missouri's water poured over a 5' mud ledge. Apparently A.C.E. had a quick draw down or something. It was horrifying, Lake Sacagawea, it's perfect that humans would name probably the worst dam reservoir on supposedly the longest river in the world a homonym to "sack of jew we are". Yet the largest part of the population pretends they're ignorant. To see it is to know it for sure, mud rapids.

It didn't look particularly inviting and Jim seemed like he wished he still had his outriggers on his canoe. I told him keep his paddle in the water and use it to lean and brace with. We extracted our boats from the mud and headed toward the mud rapid over the mud horizon line. This was to be the most bizarre rapid I've ever run. I told Jim to stay on the left side. Jim was very nervous about running this rapid, it was the worst he'd seen on the entire trip. Jim went first and I followed behind as the safety boat. We made it through fine, it is horrifying though, a mud rapid, where if one is separated from the boat the option is to swim to the side and become engulfed in quick mud. At any time on one of these dam reservoirs one could have the wind come up to 60 knots with 6' waves tossing you and the boat into quick mud. We cautiously pulled over to the side and got out onto a stark exposed dry mud doomed landscape. It's difficult to imagine the greatest cottonwood forest in the world used to be here. Now it's so bad a deer can barely get down to the water for a drink.

Jim and I were on the longest reservoir in the world and I'd brought enough stuff to convert the 3 canoes into a trimaran sailboat. I already had a 2" x 4" braced between the gunwales with inch an 5/8" holes drilled in it. I fiberglassed a "cup" onto the bottom of my hull to hold the base of the aluminum pool cleaning pole that went through the 2" x 4". Now we had a mast, which I secured the top of with 4 lines to the bow, stern and sides of the hulls. I tied a pulley to the top of the pole that I ran a line through to raise and lower the sail I sewed out of a blue tarp. I had two wooden paddles that I rigged as drop keels wedged between the center and adjacent hulls. I secured all the hulls together. The wind was still coming out of the south, and I explained that the trimaran, because its keel area was so small would perform best with a tailwind from the west. I told Jim I suspected the wind would come out of the west by tomorrow afternoon and off we'd go. The boat looked sharp and Jim liked the idea of not having to paddle over this huge reservoir and the stability of 3 boats tied together. I pointed out with the Coleman gas stoves we had we could just sail across the dam lake without even going to the muddy side. He liked this idea too.

That evening a dumpty 50ish woman in a ranger suit came down and told us we weren't allowed to camp there. Probably was a Dept. of Interior subsidiary lackey. I explained we were fortunate to have navigated through the abomination of desolation the government she worked for caused without calling for a HELLiCOPTer rescue, and requested she allow us to seek refuge from the 40 knot south wind that was pinning us to shore, while we built a sailboat to get across dam lake Sackajeweare. She scurried out of there. It's bizarre to watch these clowns try to protect an obscene abortion mud hole such as this.

The next afternoon we sailed east with a 10 knot tail wind. The boat worked well and we were doing a couple knots. I got out my big cooking pot, stove, cutting board and a knife and began chopping up the sugar beets we found on the side of the road, mixing in some of Herkimer's garden potatoes which were the most flavorful potatoes I ever ate, herbs, hot peppers, kielbasa, bow tie noodles, red wine and plenty of salt, black pepper and other spices. I let it simmer for about an hour and then started ladling it out covered in parmesan cheese. Jim really appreciated the soft soup, plus it was great soup. We just sat back for a few hours, eating soup, sipping wine and making time. The wind let up, we made ourselves comfortable and went to sleep still making a ¼ knot.

In the morning we were coming around a great bend of the Missouri and under a "let's replace an old bridge with a new bridge for no reason" project. The west part of the bridge was cordoned off forcing us to travel more to the center of the reservoir than we wanted. The dam lake bent around to the south and we were just trying to sail over this southerly leg to where it turned back to the east and we could have a tail wind. It didn't work, the wind started blowing 50 knots and blew us into a "hole" on the side of the reservoir. It was just near Rendezvous Bay where Lewis and Clark met back up after splitting up coming back over the divide. Jim and I barely made it into the mud hole without getting smashed on the rocks fronting it.

We got stuck in her for 3 or 4 days and named the place "Hurricane Hole" because the wind while maintaining a constant 50 to 60 knot speed slowly went around the compass. It would be coming out of the north and then a minute later it was out of the east and it would slowly come around from the south a minute later, and it just kept going around and around and around. I usually don't like tents but was glad Jim had one because the wind was blowing so hard it could've whisked a great amount of moisture from the skin. It was nice to have a shelter, to help stay hydrated.

I'd been thinking about the significance of beginning my post institutional life with a walk on the Appalachian Trail. Just before I got off the A.T. I'd found a copy of a dual novel with Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer removed and Huckleberry Finn left behind. I decided to get on the river or what turned out to be the Suicide Mud Staircase Cemetery Project/Last Carp Locust Farm partially as a result. I travelled a ¼ of the distance across the continent with Tom and spent the rest of the time searching for Jim, sometimes even verbally demanding from the heavens Jim or asking, where's Jim? Well here he is, ask and ye shall receive. A shepherder from the Bighorns, a shepard.

A storm was brewing while Jim and I had a cosmic argument. We made a deal. I pointed out that the sheep (Ovis aries) and the steers and all the rest of the animal husbandry, which turned into more of a ranching thing than a shepherding way, were destroying my plants. As far as life was concerned the plants are more important than the animals. I spoke for the plants. I told Jim, who as far as I was concerned was the god of the shepherds and ranchers or the voice of the heavens representing the animal caretakers. I mean I know who I am, so this character must be him. The animals you're pushing around for your benefit are eating all the plants. We need the plants more than we need these animals. What with all this overgrazing and breeding of a type of animal that's getting weak genetically, life was starting to think the shepherd and ranchers were a bunch of clowns. Perhaps we should scrape the whole lot of ya's off the planet, your animals too and get rid of ya. The near hurricane raged outside.

Jim, the shepherd, looked at me cautiously and said, "Oh yeah? You like those wool socks you're wearing don't you". I admitted the wool socks and such are nice, he had a point. "You like

lamb chops don't you?" It was hard to argue with the lamb chops too and I admitted we couldn't do without the lamb chops. I pointed out to Jim that people were throwing away perfectly good socks and socks that could easily be mended. As for the meat a small amount of the people are eating a lot more meat than they need in order to stay healthy and they throw a bunch of it away and otherwise waste it. They don't even crack open the bones and eat the marrow anymore, the richest most nutritious part. It looked like over a long period of time we would be much better off depending on a wilder source of meat, such as buffalo instead of steers, deer in place of goats (*Capra aegagrus hircus*) or kangaroo (Macropodidae) in place of sheep. Mostly because of the genetic variability of the wild stock and the likelihood that this would cause them to be more able to withstand disease and other pressures over a long period of time.

I recommended reducing the present domestic herds 50 to 75 percent and replacing them with wild herds. With the remaining domestic herds, I recommended breeding for increased genetic variability. I recommended we discontinue the practice of fencing in large part, more shepherding and less ranching. I pointed out we could get rid of most lawnmowers for instance and replace them with horses, cows, goats or sheep. We could shepherd the flocks under the power lines instead of maintaining these types of areas with machines. Jim interrupted and pointed out that they wouldn't make enough money this way. Yeah Jim but what if we started enforcing surface population control laws and at the same time made latex condoms illegal, they choke the sea turtles. You could make a fortune selling lambskin condoms, almost like a cash crop. Jim thought this might work.

There wasn't any point in dwelling on the present dam state of affairs with Jim, he knew all about it. Through dam, ditch, and drain the well dry agriculture there was more food than we knew what to do with. With fossil fuel powered machines to collect and transport the food, the animals stood in a feed lot getting sick. The ranchers were just stuffing pharmaceuticals down their throats to keep them alive long enough to slaughter them. The shepherds historically were the some of the MVP's of civilization. They had meat, cream, cheese, hides, wool, bone for tools, hooves for glue and dung for cooking and heating fires. They had a lot of valuable stuff to sell and trade. In the beginning of the 21st century and third millennium, Jim, a Bighorn shepherd, was making a few hundred bucks a month, living by himself (no woman) on top of a lonely hill. He barely saved up enough money to buy a boat and escape. Such is the lot of a dam ages shepherd, he was one of the least valued persons in Montana.

Jim didn't have any money and I was about broke myself. We were sitting here in a storm just eating our way through the supplies. We had talked about shooting an animal, most likely a mule deer, with my rifle and how we'd be able to stretch out our rations a long way with that much meat. Plus, the dog was eating about as much food as we ate, it was incredible. The problem was it wasn't cold enough to take a large amount of meat without it spoiling. It was almost freezing but not quite. We were running out of food though. Also, we didn't have a hunting license and we were on an Indian reservation.

Jim made the motion to shoot a deer. I reminded him it wasn't cold enough like we'd talked about and it was a bad idea. He argued to shoot a deer and asked to use my rifle. On cue a deer showed up ½ mile away and coming in our direction. I reluctantly let him use it and wished he wouldn't be successful. Jim circled back around the rise behind us to get a closer shot. The deer got closer and I was sitting there watching it when its ears perked up and suddenly it bounded off. Jim came back a few minutes later, glum. He was miffed and perplexed, said when he pulled the trigger and the hammer dropped the bullet didn't come out. The center fire cartridge miss fired. I'd seen plenty of rim fires misfire and so had Jim but neither of us had seen a center fire misfire. That's why they make center fires, so the bullet comes out when the hammer drops.

Since this happened and I've begun to pursue the fluidification of the dams as aggressively as has ever been seen on the planet in the face of humans trying to hide and protect the dams like nothing else I've had many people say they would shoot me or threaten to have me shot, or that someone else would surely shoot me for attempting to undam the planet's rivers and ensure that life as we know it

continues to evolve for all time, or acting as if I was the man himself even though I am, obviously. I am by default just because nobody else is and I'm so devilishly good at it. It's all in the idea. This is the case. To these people who always threaten gunplay I often ask, have you ever seen a center fire misfire? And there's just some rabbits that can't be shot. Of course, I've read the manual and know, most likely, what life has in the future for me. I may go out like the "Sundance Kid", just at the dam target instead of town, although it could be argued that town is the target. The townfolk are the ones demanding that the rivers be dammed in large part to flush the toilet and drink hope flavored dam rice beer.

Over the last few days Jim and I'd noticed the hurricane became calm for 10 to 15 minutes just after sunset and then the wind picked back up to 50 or 60 spinning knots. So we sat there and waited with everything packed up into the trimaran ready to go. The wind dropped and we jumped in, paddling out of the hole. We paddled for the other side of the still narrow reservoir. Just as we got to the windward shore the wind cranked up to 40 knots out of the west and I had to sprint to the front of the sailboat, grab the bowline and jump for land. We just barely made it, we almost got blown back over to the other side.

Whew, we were happy to get out of there. We decided to disassemble the trimaran sail and paddle back up to the "4 Bears Casino" and New Town. We needed some food in the very least and it seemed like Jim was having second thoughts about travelling through these reservoirs. This was his first one and it's a doozy of a first reservoir to travel across, perhaps the most difficult in the world. Plus, he was broke. I was thinking I bit off more than I could chew by bringing two canoes into Lake Sackoffjeware. The wind was extreme, variable and there were absolutely no wind breaks or shelters or anything on the side of this reservoir, pure desolation.

At the break of day we paddled up reservoir on the west side hugging the bank, terrified of the chance of a blow back into "Hurricane Hole". There was a shallow mud bar that forced one to paddle 40 or 50 yards away from shore. I began to paddle around it and the wind sprang up out of the west. I had my two canoes tied tightly together bow to stern in effect a nearly 30' canoe. I couldn't get the bow to come around into the wind as hard as I paddled, it was exasperating. Jim recovered shore and watched my struggle. I decided to disassemble the 30' boat and tow the leading hull instead of push it. I sprinted up to where they were lashed together and pulled the quick release slip knot and tied the line to my stern. It was windy now, maybe 50 knots and it was starting to get rough. I was starting to take on water. I couldn't make headway. With a quick signal to Jim I quit fighting the wind and started going with it. Now I wished I wasn't towing a boat with a 50 knot tail wind. I could only bail one boat, what a disaster. I didn't want to get blown back into "Hurricane Hole" although the rest of the shore was rocky with breaking waves. With practically superhuman effort I just barely avoided the hole and managed to get my fiberglass boat up on the rocks without having it smashed.

There is nothing more inhospitable or desolate than a dam reservoir. That's why I encourage people to come out here and find out for themselves what the dam fools did. Then you'll know for real. It really wasn't a big deal, me and Jim separated, except he had the coffee pot and I had the coffee. He had the food and I had the skillet. It was a hungry day and night for the both of us. I even had the dog food, so Cody was hungry too. On the shoreline I found a bunch of plastic walleye lures and a set of foul weather gear. As soon as the wind let up at about 5 AM I took off for the other side of the dam lake. I met Jim about daybreak and we had coffee and breakfast.

There was a boat ramp below the casino and a few walleye fishermen were coming and going. I tried to get one of the walleye fishermen to load the Dagger Legend on top of their boat and trailer or put it in the back of their pickup and store it at their place for me. This didn't work. The typical walleye fisherman doesn't like canoeists. What is a walleye fisherman? First one must know what a walleye (Sander vitreus) is. A walleye is a lake fish. Often they are introduced into dammed rivers and do well for a very short period of time in reservoirs. I've heard a few walleye fishermen complain about declining catches of walleye and it's suspected or known that the sedimentation of the reservoirs

fills all the cracks and divots the walleye lay their eggs in and then there is no walleye. Wall lie fishermen at the turn of the millennia typically have enough money to buy a big boat, usually aluminum, a big engine, trailer and a big truck. Wheeee!

Where do they get all the money from? From dam and ditch, pump the reservoir and well dry GMO agriculture. They're dam farmers, not to be confused with farmers, a nearly extinct, retired or bought out breed at the end of the subsidized dam ages. I like some farmers, I call them gardeners. Sod busters, dust bowler's and other over tillers carry pitchforks. Over a long period of time the most productive thing one can do on the Great Plains is buffalo jerky. The buffalo are nearly extinct and so is the tall grass prairie. Solution? Undam the planet, limit well pumping largely with high fossil fuel costs, use reduced tillage methods, replace lost topsoil with composted urbanorganite delivered by rail, practice more permaculture type hortis with water collected from supers and let the deer, the antelope and the buffalo roam. Practice unlimited good sex and gambling on practically an unlimited number of casino/whorehouse spaceships, with nearly unlimited power.

The Big Bend of the Missouri where Jim and I found ourselves was historically part of where the Mandan Indians lived. They put the Lewis and Clark crew up for the winter. I decided to try my luck, at finding a place to store my canoe, at the casino. I asked the person at the front desk if I could speak with the manager. I was let into a side room off the main gaming room. The manager, an Italian/Manhattan Indian graduate of NYU a few years older than me, leaned back in his high backed leather swivel and exhaled/exalted, "Whooooooooooooo, Weeeeeeeeeee haven't seen a guy like you in a loooooooooooooooooooooong tiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiime"!

I even wore "DIE" jewelry (a dice necklace). I gave him a very aggressive smile and responded, I recognize you too and your secretary. She sat up in her chair and gave me a quick glance as if she were a little scared to look at me. This was a pair one would expect to find in one of the most gracious of casinos in the world. The manager really knew me, boy was he glad to see me show up. 200 years after Lewis and Clark, 2000 years after Emanuel, on cue. I told him my story. There wasn't much to say to this man, an Italian/Manhattan Indian, he knew the story. Of course, I was paddling 2 boats through Lake Sackofjeweware, jousting dams, obviously. What else would I be doing? I tried getting back in touch with this manager over the next ten years, but I think he quit, got out while the getting was good. Almost like I caught him red handed, ya know? Perhaps he knew who he was and with me in town (on the surface) he decided to fold.

I like casinos, kinda, especially Indian casinos, taking the raping and pillaging white men and women's money. You never know what they're doing with the money, might have a stretch of grass with a few buffalo on it, preserving the last of the genome. He gave me a complimentary room, a \$20 certificate to the cafeteria and said he'd see about a place to store the boat, no problem. I told him about Jim and he gave me another \$20 cafeteria coupon and bumped me up to double occupancy. He said he'd set me and Jim up. I'll never forget this man. I went back down to the mud hole and told Jim the news. Jim was incredulous. Not only did I score a room and \$40 worth of food but it looked like I'd found a place to store my boat and perhaps even a job for Jim taking care of the horses out back for the winter. I told him the manager looked like you know who and if we blew it there likely would be hell to pay.

Jim took the job and I stored the boat with a rainfall irrigated wheat farmer, Chuck E. Gilstad. Jim decided to give Cody to me. I told him how I may not be able to provide transport for the dog if/when I got off the river. We decided Cody was better off with one more day on the river than any other fate and I made way with said husky border collie.

Up in the middle of High Plains Desert Lake Sackofjeweware at night there is a presence of some measure of force, almost like the flip side of what's down in the Florida Everglades, same dam horror included. Must a been 3:30 AM or close to it one night when suddenly I awoke. I didn't open my eyes or move, the pressed up against my side husky border collie was full aware, focusing sense receptors

over my left prone shoulder. The dog was intense but through all that I could just about sense what he was aware of. I slowly leaned my head back and around and opened my eyes. There was nothing visual in the spot to see, yet the absence of anything but with that being the thing there unmistakable, was megadoom creepy. I layed there and looked at “it” for a few minutes, the reservoir was behind it. In the daylight I triple checked the spot for prints because there was “something” there or any sign but there was only sand. Anyway, that’s what’s out here, the lack of essence of the thing, in the Gayriesun Dam Sackofjeweware Reservoir. I looked at it in it’s lack of an eye, it’s bad news, no news.

Just above Bismarck the tailrace began to turn into a muddy slough. There was some industry along the bank and I cased a few of them out in the night. Some of them had a steel staircase down to the water, perhaps to maintain the water intake or waste discharge sites and I’d climb up into the floodlit glare. I was looking for a late night diner that serviced the employees of the industry. This is usually the easiest way to figure out what’s being produced or reduced, look around, go into a place for a cup of coffee and a slice of pie. No luck here.

I continued down to a bridge and found a bar with the kitchen still open, pulled the boat up on to the rocks and tied Cody to the picnic table out front. I went inside, and ordered a super deluxe burger, onion rings and tea. There were only a handful of people in the joint but a few were mildly interested in my tale. I took the last couple of bites of my burger outside to share with Cody and found the chef had a container of sliced deli meat and was filling up the dog. “This dogs starving”, he said. I told him Cody ate plenty of organic elk kibble but was really a smart dog and his best trick was his starving dog impersonation. I smoked out with a character here who offered to put me up for the night and give me a ride to the grocery store the next day. His stage name was “Vice Versa” and he was an entertainer, a DJ that put on mostly private parties. He seemed rather forward which didn’t spook me because I am as well. Considering who “Vice Versa” likely is it’s hilarious that as we departed the river side I’d unhooked Cody from the leash but hadn’t unhooked the leash from the tire rim and as we departed the leash that was connected to the animal whipped the machine. As usual with these types of forward, lending assistance types he had ulterior motives. I was to find out why he wanted to put me up for the night at his small apartment. After introducing me to his nice but cautious wife and allowing me to shower and wash a load of clothes, he told me he wanted me to watch a movie.

It was a horror movie he explained, one he felt was a valid interpretation, of sorts, of what was taking place on the planet. He felt that after listening to my take on the present situation at large, and he was impressed with what I had to say, that I needed to see this horror film. He set me up on the fold out couch, popped in the movie, and retired to the bedroom with his wife. I’m writing this particular memoir 10 years after the event and I forget exactly what the movies details were, largely because it was so horrifying I practically had to expunge it from my brain so I could sleep that night if ever again. It became, however, an instructional and motivational idea that I couldn’t shake because it was so close to the truth.

As I remember it was a two part movie, two different films about 40 minutes apiece, put together, introduced, and concluded by a clown “Uncle...” representing the government I thought. The first flick took place in a podunk American town. A family driving across the country pulled off the dam highway to refuel and get hamburgers. At the seemingly quaint hamburger stand the family was accosted by a normal, handsome, overweight cop, the town’s front man. The cop who may have had a female copilot issued made up infractions that couldn’t be paid later, or with a check or cash. No, the whole family had to go to court and the car was impounded. When the family got to court they found the judge, who was not normal but extremely bizarre. They were ordered to pay... and ground up into hamburger meat. The car was sold as scrap. This was how the town made money. After Uncle Clown’s intermission a second film ensued revolving around the horrifying abduction, imprisonment and torture of hot cheerleaders in a dungeon. Perhaps to be construed as those responsible going to hell. It was bizarre.

Mr. "Vice Versa" took me to a store for tobacco and food. I left Cody tied up front, when I got out of the store I found he'd conned somebody else with his "I'm a starving dog act", and they were feeding him. I got dropped off back at the dam horror show's second feature of the trip, Oahe. Just below Bismarck I entered the reservoir's pool area. Usually one encounters lake like conditions, but due to low water level the mud bottomed "lake" had turned into a "river" course again. The distance from Bismarck to the next town, Ft. Yates, was 50 miles but ended up closer to 200 with all the meanderings of the muddy channel. In some places I was tempted to portage near oxbows where the flow had nearly doubled back on itself but the mud was too quicksand like to attempt it. Once the muddy channel went to the actual side of the reservoir where I could get out but there were already people there who didn't take kindly to me or my desire to boil coffee water and make some oatmeal on their fire. They were wacked.

At one point during this gulag like traverse I got stuck out in the middle of the reservoir, in the mud, spending the night in a ferocious storm, about 40 degrees blowing 60 knots, getting pelted by tumble like weed, cooking pasta, red sauce and wine in the lee of the canoe with dry wood I'd brought in just in case. It felt like a solo unsupported attempt on the North Pole. The conditions are that bad out here in these reservoirs, there's no bushes or trees for wind breaks, worse A.C.E. could open the downstream dam's valve and close the one above. Then what are you going to do?

Many people I talked to told me not to stop at Ft. Yates. Jim had a guide to descending the Missouri that told a tale of the author coming under fire from the Indians. Jim personally said, "Whatever you do don't go to Ft. Yates", and Jim came outta Big Horn Indian country. Apparently, the Standing Rock Sioux Indians are more than a little hot under the collar over the dam abortion project. Enraging boil. One only need study the lot of the Sioux and the actual diked in lot of their reservoir side reservation to know. The "White" (all colors) man gave the Indians sizeable tracts of land in the treaties but deliberately reserved for the Indians land scheduled to be submerged under terrific reservoirs. What a dam view of life's demise they got, dead center front row Oahe. If I could grant any group the rights to a feet first A.C.E./Bureau of Reclamations guillotine, I'd give it to the Standing Rock. The only good rock is one left standing. When I paddled past town there were two Indians watching me from the side of the mud hole.

I got down a mile or two below town and a big storm came up, 40 knots, this time with snow and no dry wood. The spot I was forced to ditch into was a mud bog, practically submerged. I set up a semblance of shelter using tombstone like driftwood tree roots to tie up to. For some reason I had a real bad feeling about what lay around the bend. I was sure it was a worst possible case scenario. I grabbed a couple of jugs and struggled to the side of the reservoir. The mud had a frozen glaze of ice on top. There was a sparse suburban neighborhood above the dam mud hole. The first door I knocked on a 55ish Indian man answered. I asked him if I could get some water. He invited me inside his shack which said a lot. He wasn't sure about the navigability of the conditions downstream which said a lot. I headed back to the boat. The sun set, the snow increased and I couldn't tell where the boat was, my footprints were covered in snow. I'd only been working with Cody for a few weeks but I quit telling him to heel and he figured it out. He knew he'd get some food if we went back and only fooled around a little bit on the way.

This is pretty much the last time I'd ever ask anyone for water. I'd been doing it since I'd hiked the A.T. and collecting notes on the experience at every occasion. I could write a book on the "Who'll give me some water trick". I'd knocked on hundreds of doors asking for water and discovered some awful truths about humans and dam water. I've been met at the door with handguns, shotguns, sometimes they'll sick a pack of dogs on ya, many would call the police or sheriff, some would instead call their cousin who lived close by. There are those who direct you to get some from the spigot outside and call the cops on you while you do. Others would invite ya inside give ya water, extra containers, invite ya to stay for supper and try and convince their daughter to make way with ya.

The most significant thing learned is that whatever it is that will occur when one knocks on a

door and asked for water is predictable by the clues or notes available as one approaches the door. I got so practiced at this that I was able to avoid most problems when doing it. So, it was worth doing just to learn this, yet I'd discovered that the water was heavy and municipal water wasn't worth carrying back to the river, it'd kill ya. It was bad for your Mojo and your soul too. Plus, the police interaction that occurred while discovering who'd give me water and carrying it back to the boat wasn't conducive to putting forth a dam fluidification idea, likely because of the underlying they (the police) protecting the dam town water conflict of interest and me obviously wanting dam water but not wanting to pay for it.

A partial list of the notes taken while discovering who would give me water doesn't really make the lasting impression of the 100's of attempts but don't bother folks with concrete statues of animals in their extremely well manicured lawns. People with native plants are much more likely to give a positive response. One is better off knocking on the door of a person with a blue Riviera as opposed to a yellow Cadillac (unless you're in a dude costume) or red Taurus (unless you're a hot brunette or something). The street name combined with the house # was a big clue as to the reception one would receive. Overall one was best off knocking on the door and/or ringing the doorbell and then stepping back far away from the door in a location that was visible from a window, hold containers in your hand.

I paddled back up to Ft. Yates on Saturday afternoon the day before Halloween. The Indians claimed that because Halloween fell on a Sunday and the kids had to go to school the next day that they were observing the holiday the night before Halloween on trick night (the Indians call it "Gate Night"). The Indians checked me and my manual rig out and determined I was kosher, so to speak or worthy of at least a small measure of respect. They had a rough idea as to the conditions in their backyard. They didn't shoot me.

My Trick Night/Halloween costume was my dam suicide mud staircase cemetery project last carp locust farm outfit, my dog Cody and half a quart of barbeque sauce tied to a string around my neck. It was gruesome, I think they got it. I told them I was looking to give the dog away. The Indians told me they were best eaten when just weaned. It was noteworthy that there were packs of wild dogs running around this town. I was nearly out of food and money so obviously I went trick or treating.

There was a local shuttle van that operated between Bismarck, ND and Mobridge, SD. I had set up a mail drop at the Mobridge post office where my last paycheck from a garden installation and a \$100 from my parents were waiting for me. Due to the unexpected extra 150 miles of Oahe gulag I was very low on supplies and probably wasn't going to get to Mobridge without running out even in the best of conditions and I suspected extremely morass navigability around the bend, so, I took the shuttle van to Mobridge to get food money. Plus, I'd noticed the road travelled along the western rim of the reservoir. So I might get to see the conditions around the bend for just a few dollars.

I flipped the canoe upside down creating a relatively easy to defend position for a dog and tied Cody underneath with a bowl of water and a couple handfuls of dog food. This town was dog hell and I felt bad about what I was doing to Cody but I was about to barbecue him myself, there just wasn't any firewood. That's how bad it was. Sashimi dog was on the menu. On the van ride over I got a glimpse for several seconds of the conditions on the dam lake around the next bend. It looked like ten thousand ice rimmed mud islands spread out evenly across the entire reservoir, worst case scenario, completely unnavigable. Plus, the reservoir turns to the east here and the big winds were coming out of the west so in theory one could go around the bend, get stuck in the mud, have the wind come up and? Doom, was all I could think. I decided right there I was calling it in Ft. Yates.

Supposedly it was a dry year, the A.C.E. was trying to maintain navigable conditions for commercial traffic to Kansas City and I was observing their "stagger draw down" or "stagger down" technique. Also, it looked like I was a few weeks late in the season and that the dam lakes were gonna freeze up soon. There was a big attraction for me in Florida, besides the weather, Misa Kanazawa. I felt it would be for my and life's best interest to take advantage of the opportunity to have an East meets West match made in heaven just as I requested rather than squander the opportunity like it looked like I was doing. So, I thought to head back to Miss. Kanazawa, with the idea to win power and

influence the old fashioned way, marriage.

I told this story and more in the van on the way to Mobridge. When I stepped out of the van into a melting snow evening, the 50ish bearded man who'd been horizontal in the rear of bench seat got out as well. I asked him where the best place to get a hamburger in town was. He said there was a spot with good chili. I asked him if there was a place to stay dry beside the obvious bridge. He invited me back to his place if I would agree to man the door for Halloween. His name was Mr. Oswald and he was the construction supervisor at the Indian Project. He reported the Indian laborers sabotaging the installations. He was married to an Indian, and they had a 15 or 16 year old son.

They were extremely worried about him, amongst the usual, crystal meth was rampaging through town. Christill is the usual in Amoralca. It's noteworthy that we can spend a fortune on cops stopping the cultivation of coca and its interdiction at the border (what people would likely be doing instead of meth) while the raw ingredients for meth are on sale at most drug and grocery stores. It's almost as if the pharmaceutical companies own stock in prison construction, police uniform manufacturing, and what not. Mr. Oswald gave me a ride to the post office and bank the next day followed by a ride back to Ft. Yates where I gave Cody to a woman who worked at the Bureau of Indian Affairs. It probably would have been best if I ate him. We loaded up my canoe and stored the stuff behind Mr. Oswald's garage, thank you.

Mr. Oswald took me pheasant (Phasianus colchicus) hunting and I got to be the "flush dog". I was a few yards in front of him and a little to the right when I flushed a bunch out of the bushes. One of the birds escaped to the right of me and I perceived Mr. Oswald panning his shotgun towards this bird. I quick hit the deck, flat against the ground. He thought this was funny, what I did and I think he wondered if I was scared. I told him I was just making sure he got a shot at the bird if he wanted it. In addition to eating the birds he preserved their plumage. This is where I got the ring neck pheasant feather I wore in my hat for a few years.

We decided to get married. I wrote out a letter asking her father, Yoshimitsu Kanazawa, for permission to marry his daughter, Misa. In the letter I proposed to care for his daughter as long as the rivers flowed to the sea. This is an extremely exact and Neptune serious proposition. I had the letter translated into Japanese by a man who worked at the Morikami Estate (garden/museum) in Delray Beach, FL and sent both copies to Mr. Kanazawa in the neighborhood of Hanazono, the city of Kumamoto, on the island of Kyushu, in the nation of Nippon (Japan). His reply, "Come to Japan". As I stepped on the plane bound for Japan in Chicago I thought to myself, you know who you are, you know what you're doing. This is what you asked for. Let's get it started.

We landed in Fukioko on Kyushu and her father and sister Yucca were picking us up at the airport. It was the first time I'd met her father. First stop, a "Sushi Go Round" near a "Jolly Pasta". When I stepped out of the car into the parking lot the chief put a basket of French fries on the conveyor belt of the sushi go round. Here we go. A chain of bells hung from the roof line down spout at the Kanazawa house. I faked like to blunder in the house without first taking my shoes off. Toshi would not let this happen and immediately nicknamed me "Guide Gin".

Just a few decades ago there was sewage to be stepped in everywhere in Japan. Before what is thought of as modern waste treatment (dam reservoir, drain the well dry water supplied to flush toilets with underground pipes and waste treatment facilities) came to be installed practically everywhere nations had different solid waste handling systems. Japan had the "most advanced" or developed system. The sewage was dumped typically from a bedpan into a rock and mortar or concrete grate covered trough that ran from the domicile through the neighborhood/town to the river. The precipitation was deliberately shed from the roof into these sewage gutters to "flush" the system.

The first time I sat at the supper table I stuck my chopsticks in a bowl of rice. Isn't it bad luck to stick your chopsticks in a bowl of rice? Misa's mom, bought me a butterfly (*Rhopalocera*) net upon request. I spent my time in the morning, I'd get up early, collecting moths (*Heterocera*) that were

injured under the lights of Kato's statue nearby and cabbage "moths" (pieris, butterflies) mostly from the vegetable garden across the street. Guess what? Godzilla's in town and he's collecting Mothrillas (Godzilla's partner). This was extremely obvious, as was my thorough search for root beer, I think Yucca got it.

Yi, better known as Chinese god was an archer amongst other things. So they say he shot the black bird of immortality out of the sun. Currently I like to tell people, those that know this idea, that I'm the bird dog that can't be tailed and I got the bird. Yoshimitsu Kanazawa is the archery instructor at the local high school. Wouldn't it be fitting or obvious, that Chinese god would be reborn, if so, as a Japanese man? I think so. I was specifically looking for this character.

We went to the high school archery range. There were a few girls practicing. The Japanese bow is shaped uniquely. The bow is the projectile dispenser that I have the least amount of experience with. My first attempt fell in the dirt a few yards ahead of me. The girls giggled, I asked him if I was supposed to hold on to the string or the arrow. My next shot left the bow and proceeded towards the targets in an extremely large looping spiraling in fashion. The most interesting thing I observed was the apparent contrails (like smoke) coming off the shaft and the wave of dust that lifted from the ground and followed the projectile to the target. It looked like a rocket or something out of a "B" martial arts movie, cruise control. To be truthful about it I was aiming for the target just to the left of the one I hit but I got a piece of the black center, barely, of a target.

After that, I'd seen all I needed to see. My lack of bow time is ironic especially considering my proficiency with other projectile dispensers because I always tell persons that are cosmologically minded that I'm like Orion with a scorpion killin' kit and protection system. Or, yo es Orion, thus mi opinion es verdad. Which is the truth in words. Anyways, I used to make my own bows and arrows when I was a kid and I know what I'm doing. He knows. I'm a hustler and a gangster.

Yoshimitsu inherited the family's car repair business. The name of the shop was "Works" and they repaired foreign autos, specializing in Mini Coopers. My ancestor was the cooper on the Mayflower. The captain of a ship is responsible if it hits a rock. The cooper is the one most likely responsible for the fate of the crew's enterprise, if not he, the character in the crow's nest.

Misa and I were walking down the steps or stairs into town to check out the place we were to be married, the town hall. We walked through the shrine or temple whatever between the statue of Kato and Kumamoto Castle. Here's where one gets their fortune told. We approached the "monk" or whoever as soon to be weds, just wonderin' what our fortunes might be. My fiancé went first and calmly turned the bamboo tube containing wood sticks with writing on them that fell out of a covered end with small round holes in it upside down. The stick that fell out was given to the fellow and he correspondingly gave the appropriate fortune dictated by the straw pulled to my wife. I was next. When I turned the wood cylinder upside down and shook it a stick wouldn't fall out. I tried vigorously, casually, round and round, side to side. At one point I carefully did it normal style and I could hear and feel the sticks go up contrary to gravity and hit the top of the inside of the cylinder. At last a stick fell out. It was kind of funny. I exchanged it for my fortune.

My future wife and I took our fortunes and began to descend through the graveyard into town. After a hundred or so feet I casually looked at Misa as I remember and said, so what does my fortune say? She translated it, "You are the most fortunate one". Yeah, I know that. What does yours say? She translated, "My first marriage is going to be terrible but my second will be good". I recommended she tie her fortune to the tree where the rest of the unwanted fortunes were left. She decided to keep it. I kept mine, too.

When we showed up at the town hall to get married there was a storm impacting Kumamotosi. Her father brought his Japanese friend, who owned the French restaurant where we were having our

celebratory meal later, as witness. The town hall had a glass ceilinged dome approximately above the spot we were signing the documents. When I touched my pen to the paper, my signature, which looks like a lightning bolt or a river take your pick, that's what I tell people and is quick for me to sign, the dome was struck by a major lightning bolt. He shows up in the east like a bolt of lightning—Mathew 24:28, John 7:27 (Ya gotta fly in on the correct plane). Yoshimitsu and his partner looked like they were prepared for this. Misa in Catholic liturgy is defined as the blood of the Eucharist. Misa is the blood of the Eucharist with one is. I had to use the restroom.

At the French restaurant wedding dinner Yoshimitsu's friend serves the best meal of my life. My cousin, Lt. Leanne Lawrence, a representative of my family who was working on a U.S. Navy cooper ship out of Sasabo just a few miles away attended. We met her at the big watermelon in the sky, an advertisement for the watermelon famous area's fruit and vegetable market. They asked me before the meal was prepared what, if any, beverages I would like served. I requested Merlot and Cognac. I'd never seen legs like that before, I raised my rotating glass in appreciation and exclaimed Las Vegas Show Girls! This was my toast (to toast the dame plant hoes). There was only one other party in the restaurant in addition to our wedding party, a couple. The man was the most recognizable person in Japan, a t.v. personality. The restaurant chef threw out his back shortly after and is in a wheelchair.

When I was preparing to leave Japan, Misa's dad told me in the future if I wanted to send him a letter I didn't need to have it translated because his friend the English professor would do that. He said the Kanazawa family was from Okinawa (the consolation and negotiation site of the entire East Pacific Rim). Then he looked at me and said his favorite band was CCR (Creedence Clearwater Revival).

Misa returned from Japan some days later than I and when I was en route to Fort Lauderdale International to pick up my bride I rear ended a Haitian in a car with a smokescreen and nearly totaled Misa's automobile. This was the beginning of the end of the marriage. The honeymoon was a slick paid/sponsored last "Mosquito" fishing trip in the Caribbean for Paul Bell and we took my dad as a pilot and Misa as a paid mate. Just before the West End junkaroo parade hermit crab (Coenobita clypeatus) races Misa went to the restroom to relieve herself.

Perfect brunette curls Eve Glass is the most beautiful idea of a girl in the world, if you saw her you'd know. She grew up a block away from me and was especially radiant as she approached and sat next to me. We immediately communicated like the old acquaintances we are, very intimate. Misa came back to find me with Eve. I'd innocently initiated the race to the end of our marriage. Misa caught a permit (Trachinotus falcatus).

Living with a Japanese National straight "A" linguist educated in Kumamoto, London, Chicago and Boca de la Raton fluent in 5 to 7 languages had its advantages. Additionally, Misa was the piece de resistance of nonverbal communication. No one could say more without saying or doing a thing. The lack of any signal, frozen/ice, to be in control of oneself. In communication she was forcefully fluent, with correct specific word choice for multi meaning or not idea exchange. Exceptional cadence and rhythm, perfect for maintaining control of conversation. It was great for me to learn and practice communicating with Misa for 3 ½ years. The root meaning of the words in a dam sheddy flush toilet. apocalypse can make for a tight rope walk line delivery.

A rue is a regretful sin as defined in the dictionary. Yet the solution to the #1 problem, dam and ditch agriculture, is a fruit tree. The people don't speak of the "t" and barely mention the "f". It sounds like they're saying "frue" when they're talking about fruit. It's been like this for thousands of years. "Why?" Likely cause if one came about some land and planted apple trees you'd regret it. It takes 7 to 10 years just to start getting baskets of apples. Meanwhile the neighbor dude engages in dam and ditch farming and gets a big crop the first year. During the intervening fruitless years, the apple farmer likely gets bought out low, didn't make any money and regrets planting frue trees.

This is the basis of our in place cultural problem. That's why it's called a fruit tree, but for this book the words fruit and kangaroo in relation to food will not imply regretful sin. The rest of the rue's are unless otherwise noted. It usually takes 7 years to begin to get fruit production from a fruit tree (it has to grow up). Yields can be extremely variable, but with modern storage and processing tools preserving not a problem. Fruit tree product is heavier, more massive, than other vegetable product. **But** trees are no till and they're able to have companion crops and natural bushes, trees, grasses and fungus underneath canopy or above, increasing product potential and genetic variability.

The solution to the 7 year delay in fruit tree production no dam and ditch agricultural (the time of transition) problem is pump and pivot (sprinklers) irrigation. The pumps and pivots already in place, don't build new ones. Maintain existing water pick up and dispersal where feasible. Increase cost of pump and pivot Ag. with fossil fuel price increase. Make the consumer pay for it and then some. Also we can solve the 7 year delay in fruit tree production problem with easy quick crops under the developing fruit trees, radishes and stuff... Plus, remember we'll have the last of the steer to eat and the farmed salmon and shrimp we yanked out.

Don't worry there's more than enough sprinklered crop circles to feed us. Also, don't forget a large part of Ag. is non irrigated Ag., the bread (winter wheat...) which would enjoy a position of high demand. They might even consider planting fruit or nut trees in the corn field and collecting structures (homes, condos...). A nation could mandate it, the United Nations could force it, any county or town could be the first with it, flowing river fruit and/or nut dam free trees.

Fruit and nuts make great pies and cobblers. Take fruit or nuts, sweeten with bee wall collected honey and/or sunny side grey water ladder rice/cane. Flavor with super cistern irrigated herbs and spices. Crumble in some low/no till dough and bake in super solar collector oven, mmm, yummy, good for you. Kids like growing, making and eating them.

Misa and I went to the grocery store for the first time together as a couple seeking the basic household supplies. I usually never really buy much hardly at all of the non food items. When we got to the aisle I pretty much didn't go down and usually skipped, the paper isle, Misa and I had to come to grips on what kind of paper to purchase. I explained to Misa that I'd never bought a roll of toilet paper in my entire life. Roll of toilet paper? I want nothing to with it. "You've got to be kidding."

I'd already explained to Misa how I'd detected a foreign entity was taking "advantage" of humans destroying the environment with the dams, sheds, flushtoilets, mining, cutting the trees down, paper processing... and while the dam water bill we were paying for was the larger issue I was just reducing my damage and destruction at every point I could. "What do you do then?" she asked. First of all there's paper everywhere, I pull it out of the trash, a big wad of it comes with the sandwich I buy for lunch but basically I trained myself to have a bowel movement first thing when I get up in the morning, use a minimum amount of paper and step in the shower. What happened next is a large part of the problem when pursuing the repair of the faulty water control structure system. Misa (the woman) didn't want to talk about it.

For me it's only to guess what's going on as observed from the clues as none of the females have ever been willing to discuss candidly what's going on when a girl uses the flushtoilet. Apparently they "need" lots of toilet paper. The most I can ever get out of em concerning the flushtoilet paper is, "We use it for everything." The best I can do with this is to recommend a shitcan with a squirt gun, so everyone gets a wet ass and then point out we could have a primarily manually powered blow dryer (even heated) on the fertilizer machine. I also add that we could continue to have some paper it'd just be more expensive (the timber companies and paper mills continue to make lots of money).

A report of this nature which researches dam fluidification in detail would be incomplete without mention of marriage and intercourse. I'll just cut through the crap and hit the target as it applies to the infinityproject idea. Black ass is a condition that comes about because of defecation without the

ability to wash ones' self. This is probably the single largest reason we want to have water for bathing at the home. The fecal material stuck to your ass turns black as it reacts with bacteria and is degraded. The affected individual gets a black ring around their anus. Somehow this has become the least exciting, most embarrassing, not likely to lead to intercourse and productivity of those having/seeking intercourse. It's not sexy and solving this problem with the correct tool is paramount. Squirt guns on the fertilizer machines is the solution. Then we can at least wash the part that we really want to wash without the tremendous amount of water. This also pertains to manual locomotion (which we want to encourage if only for its pleasurable healthy benefits) as it's painful to be a pedestrian if the main friction point has any sort of abrasive material and washing oneself with a small amount of water after defecation solves this potential misery.

Linguistics is the scientific study of language and includes how people's language came to be the way it is or why they say the things they say. Most human studies of language fail to account for the porous dam sheddy flush toilet. vain ecocide attempts influence on communication. How and why did the word "Hello" come about from "Yellow" for instance? Yellow meant dammed amongst other things, ice, frozen locked up water, a very controlled situation. "Hello" is a better representation of the damned idea. The "Y" looks like two tributary streams coming together, representing a river so "Y" is not appropriate to describe the dam idea (we lost the why). The change to "H", Hache (it hurts) better represents the idea cause "H" is the letter that best represents a dam reservoir levy tailrace system (10 is the # that best depicts the dam reservoir idea). Losing the "W" (double you) at the end is appropriate as the loss of river potential to the dam fools running around shouting for, insisting upon and trying to force damnation is certain. The new word "hello" ends in zero or nothing. This is why the word yellow changed to hello. Now yellow's just a collar. If you think the word "hello" comes from the word "helio" you are correct, same story though, the "i" is replaced with an "l" or "ill".

My dentist Dr. Howard Spencer greets people with the word, "Hello" when they enter his dentist office. This is an appropriate time to use the word as a completely controlled situation is what you'll want while getting dental work (he has the hands of god). He even has yellow colored work spaces and goes on to further clarify his idea by representing a river amidst the quaking yellow aspen (Populus tremuloides) wall pay per. Dr. Spencer is the #2 intelligence man in my town, he named his fishing boat "Instead of", as in instead of spending more of his money on some porous dam slacker shed with a flush toilet (I asked him). He says, "I named it 'Instead of' for a lot of reasons". Mrs. Spencer is a nutritionist and she often claimed she envisioned a great storm cloud with lots of rain and lightning when she saw me. This became my autograph. Jesus appears in the clouds—Mathew, 24:30.

Misa and I live in Casa Blanca and I explain to her that we are the first couple and our apartment is this nation's "White House". I kept the place with a revolving never ending rose (Rosacea) floral display and lots of fruit. Misa liked leeches (Litchi chinensis) and as far as I knew the best specimen tree, may be in the world, was nearby. This particular tree's fruit was extra delicious, small seed, lots of flesh and with a good shelf life. I went to collect some of the fruit and a new owner had bought the home site the fruit tree occupied.

When I knocked on the door a typical dumpy looking dude answered. I noticed some of the fruit is falling on the ground. It's ripe. You mind if I pick some of it? "**No!** Some Chinese guy came here just a few days ago asking the same thing." Yeah, I know him, he's my buddy. "Nobody's getting any of the fruit. Insurance." This dork led me into his back yard and tried to contract with me to remove an Umbrella tree (Schefflera actinophylla) that was destroying his fence. I'll cut it down for ten bucks, stack it over there and we can plant more fruit trees. Say can I get some of those leeches? "No! No!" This jackass paid somebody several hundred dollars to cut down and send to the dump (the clam bed in the Everglades) the prized leech tree. When we undam the planet (perhaps even before) jerks like this should be decapitated with their head posted on the stump after scalping and boiling off

the head cheese.

Landing a gardening gig with the Catholic Church one might think would require a good reference and I got one from Tom Twyford, the Director of the West Palm Beach Fishing Club, on the books as the oldest still around fishing club in the U.S. My Uncle John W. Jolley is president. Around 1883, Thomas William Twyford, who practically designed Crapper's famous toilet, introduced the first all ceramic, free standing, one piece, washout pedestal closet. Considering what I do for a living, one couldn't get a person with a better name to introduce them to a theological cleanup operation of this nature.

Tom's late wife, Sue was one of the most beautiful, nice but undiscriminating and warm, special person's I ever met. She liked to grow fruit trees. She was expedited from the surface too soon for anyone (although it appears she got in [and out] just before heaven closed) brain aneurism. She spoke with me a week or so before and said, "John you are a very special person" and implored or commanded me to seek that which I was with the utmost urgency. Then she departed. I got the news in the wheelhouse of the "Southern Lady" a few weeks later and fell down. I really liked her, she knew who I was, and imparted to me impedus just before she passed. In the garden was a bench with her name on it and it was a big deal for me to be able to work on the garden that it was in.

I consulted with Father Murtaugh of the St. Ann's Catholic Church and School in West Palm Beach, FL. Father Murtaugh and a new crew were taking over and cleaning up for/after an "altar boy" scandal. I was planting a wild or natural garden at the rectory (the rear exit/entrance). St. Ann was Jesus's grandmother, as the notes were taken and I of course took the opportunity to share my knowledge in exchange for Father Murtaugh's knowledge of all things, in particular the theological part he was a professor of. I like the Catholic Church because they take notes and have been for a long time. During the installation, I went over a few ideas with him.

I was working on several written ideas "Stone Crab Holocaust", which was an attempt to get the editors of a paper to print my dam free idea. This was unsuccessful although usually the editors would print my idea, they always pulled out or erased the undam the river's part, the main idea, as if it was unmentionable. Another idea I was working on was "Checking out of Hotel California". Father Murtaugh didn't seem to like this idea too much, but when I changed the name to "Leaving Hotel California" he appeared to like it much better, it stuck. Also, when going over the new laws he liked the phrase "superdriplinewatercollect" and said it sounded Latin. Of course, I told him it was just a repeat of the "collect that which falls from the heavens law", just specific. I told him the most fearsome river canyon on this side of the world was likely the Milner/Murtaugh Snake River Canyon. He pointed out that his name was spelled differently by one letter. Murtaugh was interested in the bees and in particular, bee imitators.

As the project neared completion, I got to have a meeting with him about some theological ideas I have interest in, specifically the general ideas as written. Concerning the stratification policy realized upon expedition from the surface, it could be interpreted that the "saints", us I guess, were in different layers or "floors" in heaven and that evidently or naturally there was some who adheared to the laws of thE manuel better or preformed closer to perfect than others and they were up towards the top so to speak and then those who didn't score as high on the "test", obviously more of them, in descending more crowded layers towards the bottom. Considering this, I asked him, heaven, one might say looked like a pyramid, a cone or a mountain of saints. He thought this was a reasonable or possible interpretation of heaven, "A mountain of saints". Then I said something about this "mountain of saints" having something to do with the "bread", which he thought to agree with. I then pointed out that "Monsanto" was not the mountain of saints we really wanted in control of our bread, especially with the new GMO "food of the god's" thing. Nice try with the name thing, huh? This seemed like it made him feel a bit uncomfortable, I don't blame him, I encourage it. Of course, I brought some wine,

for this meeting. He didn't seem uncomfortable at all about my undam the rivers, a dam over a person's head and a dam under their sole, the Manuel fertilizer machine idea, and while politely declining showed real interest in the kind of wine I'd brought. It's Columbia Crest. "Oh, good", says he.

Often, weather dependent, I'd show up and garden in a "suit" (jacket and trousers). One day I showed up in what I called my St. Ann's costume, green and red theme. Father Murtaugh stepped out of the place as I stepped out of my van, in a black suit with Huckleberry Finn straw hat. I like this, when I show up at someone else's place in their suit and they step out in mine, cool. Also, on staff at St. Ann's was a Father from Haiti who I communicated well with, he knew me for sure. They also had a botanist who worked with them and the secretary's and the rest of the crew were nice to work with. This is difficult to find in Florida.

I landed a native plant landscaping gig with a married couple, she worked for Cheney Bros. food distributor, he worked for a weapons manufacture, I was their gardener. She had a stroke and died shortly after I gave her the bad/good news. I worked for a lady in Highland Beach who had a huge concrete pumped "river" flowing through her yard.

One of the best parts of Misa as I knew her while engaged was she dried her clothes on a rack instead of a dryer, she smelled extra neutral fresh. When married a situation developed as she washed clothes at the Casa Blanca apartment community machines. Some dude was ogling her. I don't blame him entirely because I know in a pair of short shorts and platform flip flops doing modern appliance assist laundry Misa would be the center of attention anywhere. She decided we needed a stacked washer/dryer. Besides the birth control pills this was where our beginning conflict lied. I didn't have a lot of money, putting a girl through college is expensive, even a cheap Florida resident. I was busting my ass driving hard to make money. Misa suspended complimentary laundry service for me upon installation of new device.

Misa did make delicious meals, fresh bread and came equipped with a Braun coffee grinder and Gevalia coffee maker. While my culinary experience broadened she cooked less and said I was just better at it. Not only could I whip up practically anything from scratch but I could make substitutions and I could cook a better pot of rice (*Oryza sativa*) than her with no measuring of ingredients, this was a big deal to her. Like I was occultish or practicing voodoo, I'd fill a typical pot to portion determining desired water level, salt, boil, then quickly pour the rice in until the top of submerged rice pile was just to surface, stir, return to boil, reduce heat, simmer covered, served perfect every time. I blew this Japanese chick away with this trick. Even better was the near endless supply of ice cold fresh boiled jumbo stone crab (*Menippe mercenaria*) claws and a dish of honey, mustard, horseradish and mayo dipping sauce in the refrigerator and the mangos.

Of course, a few months after I got married, I was headed back to the Paradise Valley section of the Yellowstone River with Tom. We went just upstream of the Missouri confluence. The train trestle park behind Herkimer's place was slow. The sand spit beach was still there, it had just moved a little bit. Tom was rigged up and headed down to the spot in hopes of a sauger (*Sander canadensis*). I headed up to the west leg of the trestle excited to retrieve my beaver head and eagle skull project.

The place appeared as though it'd been compromised with the larger rocks moved and shallow pit containing beaver and eagle skulls empty. I could tell the river had not risen this high and couldn't figure out how they disappeared. I'd stored the eagle feathers in a plastic bag about a foot away from where I buried the skulls and when I reached under the wooden timbers that made up the trestle leg, searching for the feathers I only found three instead of hundreds. Reaching way back I set my fingers upon a handle and pulled out a black case. It read, "DeWALT" in gold letters and when I opened it up there was a DeWALT Saws all in excellent condition with a bunch of new blades and everything. A

tool?!

I carried the Saws all down to the river and held it up for Tom to see. I explained that I'd found the Saws all in place of the buried loot and couldn't make any sense of it. Tom said it made perfect sense to him. I like having this guy around. He said, "Look at it this way John, you buried an eagle skull and a beaver skull, came back a year later and found a tool made by America's #1 toolmaker DeWALT (think eagle, their icon) and it's a Saws all like a beaver". Wow, that's cool. I'd rather have had the eagle and beaver skulls but this was what I got, a good story to tell just like I wanted. Having this kind of thing happen is different than seeing the "light", whistling up doe's or having your calculator quit working repeatedly in math class. It can be held and touched, it's tangible. It's a great tool too.

Misa liked manatees (Trichechus manatus). As recorded, myth or legend has it that these are the siren song singers that lure fishermen to their doom. Misa, I and the dog went to the Everglades Club in Everglade City and we paddled out the Barron River. With no warning (I'd figured I saw 'em a few minutes previous stalking us) a sea leviathan impacted center hull forcefully and lifted canoe nearly out of the water and back down gently. I've had this kind of stuff happen all the time and know this particular manatee. We got a deal. It's a well known siren that flips/attacks boats at the mouth of the Barron River (it was gentle with us). Misa really thought this was something else as what revealed itself to be a manatee came up along the canoe side for a close hot humid breath. I'll put you on 'em. We rested the night on Turtle Island amid a dolphin pod and went swimming for a well rounded Ceteasuos experience.

The next day we made way in canoe up the Barron River. While on our excursion someone went to all the trouble to jack up my car and flip the lug nuts about on my front wheels. I've got an entity that's causing me mischief for no apparent reason that I can figure.

On Misa and I's second trip to Japan we left the States from Chicago again, this time as usual I'm smuggling a box of ruby red grapefruit from Citrus "canker alley" into Nippon (the tree I was smuggling from didn't have canker or citrus greening, it had black root rot). As we were flying over Alaska I was taking note of what was out the window. It seems nobody else looks. Down on a white glacier, in what looked like the middle of nowhere was a huge black Yin Yang that must have been several miles in circumference. I thought this was noteworthy but none of the other passengers including Misa or the man with gray hair and a beard sitting behind me seemed to think it was interesting. I "took a picture of it" with my mind and later discovered on a map that the Yin Yang was in Christmass Valley, Alaska. This is why I take notes.

When we landed in Osaka, we stayed a day and night. Osaka is the food capitol of Japan and my Asian landfall onto a dike runway. The food is to die for, good soup. It didn't take long for someone to walk up and say, "Ah, last samurai" and bow. This was to occur many times on this enterprise, as the time of my appearance was a week or so after the highly advertised Hollywood "The Last Samurai" film came out. They let it out in Japan first, I hadn't even seen it yet but had the same haircut and facial hair. Plus, I look like the last samurai anyway. It could be said that I am the last samurai, except I'm a ronin (a masterless samurai) samurai's have masters. I'm not the last of the ronins, just the top one or first and seeder/fertilizer of other ronins. I'm the "ronji" (Ron G) the man who assembles the Komistadoreas but I get what they and life are saying. I continue to collect moths and butterflies and search for root beer.

Yucca was the person to computer interface information specialist at the government note taking building. I really like her, it would be perfect if Misa was half Yucca. As the Japanese manuel foresaw and has been recorded in writing for thousands of years, I'd marry a Japanese girl and fall for her sister. Root beer is my favorite beverage, on ice.

Misa's parents asked what we wanted to do, I made the motion for Misa and I to take the

Shinkansen Express bullet train to Kyoto “The Garden Capitol of the World”. The train is something else, near 200 mph. Another train goes by the other way for a 400 mph difference, inches apart. The train goes from 198 to 0 quick and practically unnoticeably. One could be walking in the aisle, with no hand holds, the slowing barely perceptible, smooth. And the Shinkansen Express runs on time, to the second. Have a box lunch.

The Japanese dam it like no other group of humiliating dolts, the “Nips” are the dam champions. Misa and I rented bicycles and toured the most famous half of the official gardens and balanced this with inspections of much less frequented sites. At the river where they enslave the cormorant fishing bird with a ring on a string around the neck to fish for protection and shelter a huge buck with doe behind him came down at other side of river for drink at exactly the other side and time as Misa and I.

At night I ventured forth without Misa. A low level yakuzza I communicated with briefly artfully explained I’d be much better off master baiting than being involved with any of the whorehouse junk. I couldn’t even get in the door of any of these places anyway, some kind of guide gin problem. Kyoto is a Philippeno whorehouse centered around the old Imperial capitol.

When we got back to Yoshimitsu and Toshie’s place Yoshimitsu asked if I wanted to go on another trip, perhaps if I came back again. A river trip. He quick like from real near whipped out a picture of a King’s gate, a dam on a river with a culvert through it. **“Is this what you want to see?”** I clenched my jaw and exhaled. **Yeah**, let’s go there! He asked if I had any heroes. Robin Hood.

Misa’s family is also in rule enforcement, and the water department. Misa’s mom Toshie had “rented” a fruit tree nearby. In the Hanazono area is a fruit orchard, it is just a couple blocks from their place and one paid for the fruit before the harvest, such as it is in Japan. On the tree each perfect peach is wrapped in a white paper bag to keep the bugs out, I guess. They are the juiciest best flavored peaches I’d ever ate and I smuggled a box back to Florida. In Florida, nobody wanted to eat one, they thought they would get sick.

Yoshimitsu came to Florida. We went to “Sushi Bon” where Misa worked part time as a waitress. Ebby the proprietor and chef is from Tokyo, near Tsuigee, he’s the top pirate sushi chef in the world, for sure (best location). Fresh out of New York City where all the NY sushi chefs came to eat at his place, “Sushi Bon” is the first such place coming out of Manalapan, the wealthiest town in the world. Yoshimitsu and Ebby could have been fraternal twins such was there interaction, Ebby had at the ready exactly what Yoshimitsu (and Misa) ordered. Yoshimitsu rested in Misa and I’s apartment living room under the framed king of the salmon/“ALF” fish print on the wall.

Misa and her dad had never fired a gun and Yoshimitsu, Japanese archery instructor (chief ballistics professor of this universe) requested we go shooting so I took them to the Del Ray shooting range. We brought two revolvers a police officer’s 357 magnum and a 22 target pistol, we also rented a 9mm. Yoshimitsu fired all the pistols, professionally taking note of each guns inherent inaccuracies and greatly improving grouping on 2nd attempts.

I wanted to show “Yi” something that I’d experienced my entire life, so I moved the target to the end of the range and grabbed the 9mm. Watch this. Pointing the pistol down range I chucked the lead out as fast as it would go and pulled the target back and had a look at it. I’d shot the human head/torso silhouette between the eyes and cut its head off. A bullet had passed through the target exactly between the eyes with each of the bullets passing through the neck in an exact horizontal line, exactly the same distance apart. I’d probably get you at 3 or 4 hundred yards now with the same equipment but the armless technique is certainly more effective and impressive.

Yoshimitsu “Yi” pointed out (translated by Misa), “You miss with one”. As I get into interpreting this idea don’t forget the most obvious as Yoshimitsu is looking at the target speaking to Misa, “You miss with one”. She is, I am. One of the bullet holes was about an eighth of an inch off to

the left of the neck. I got his point(s). I'm going to have to be better, more accurate, more towards perfect. Or else it won't work. Japanese are known as perfectionists. I was fortunate to be this man's son in law. If not perfect, I'd have to "turn" the mistakes made while installing the infinity project into something positive for life. So I did, subtly pantomiming that I'd shot the target through the eyes with an arrow and cut its head off with a sword and what looked like a miss was just "follow through", which is what I aim to do. Realize that if the target were a real human I'd have shot it between the eyes, severed its head from the shoulders and the "missed" bullet would have cut the last flap of connecting tissue from the head as it fell off to the side for a clean drop.

Most importantly, in the largest of senses dealing with **projectile** dispersion (undamming the rivers and installing the celestial city) **I'd miss with one**, not being able to solve the problem by myself or as the perfect character predicted to appear and save us all (the conundrum of the thing). This is what I was showing "Yi", this is why I said, "Watch this" and demonstrated. My life has always been this way, the significance of the idea presented/shared. The complete expression of the idea is as near to perfection as possible, for even with an apparent miss (mistake) through communication with others the "miss" is perfect because it allows for the sharing of a most important idea. It's difficult to express what perfection really is but in this tale, I think, it's told. The humans are awaiting a perfect character to show up and save them but they don't really know what perfection is. Plus, they're not supposed to await my appearance, they're supposed to strive to be that character themselves. I'm sure Yoshimitsu didn't miss Misa repeatedly shooting the target clip causing the target to be dropped and the implications, I surely didn't.

To really get this idea you gotta know about ballistics. Even with a very accurate firearm affixed to an anchor the bullets all go in a different direction. No gun shoots straight and none of the bullets follow the same path to the target. The result is, when fired, the bullets hit the target in a group or pattern. To do what I do ballistically is impossible, yet I do. It's like one of those magical Chinese kung-fu movies. For me the realization is, if I'm able to shoot like this, I'll be able to make others shooting at me miss, have the gun blow up in their hand, their bullet ricochet and strike them, misfire... If I was to continue shooting guns I'd be wasting the lead. At this point I quit using guns and haven't picked up one since, focusing on the largest of projectile dispersions, **undamming the rivers** as the target specialist (the first and foremost point man for life).

The Kanazawa name that I picked up and began to use when Misa dropped it and replaced it with Jolley is an alias, John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley, but I use it more like an alias, a **carpentry** sighting instrument. That which "rubs off on me" from Yoshimitsu is what I tell people gives me a better telescope than Hubble. This man, "Yi in a new skin suit", puts me on target.

Yoshimitsu asks to golf (put a white B all into a **Hole**) on the "Blue Monster" (A loo is a lake or a flushtilet) which he and Toshie certainly accomplished.

Yoshimitsu wanted to go towards Cape Canaveral and watch the space shuttle take off with the first Japanese man to get up there. My grandfather Kelsie Lawrence used to work for RCA at Canaveral and I was a good trip leader for this operation as I knew the best place to go. We even drove up in my granddad's old Chevy Nova, which was an early attempt by Chevy to catch up with the Japanese automobile industry and was actually a Toyota Corolla. The small crowd at the causeway side launch observation site had their cameras set up facing in the wrong direction and most were looking the wrong way (at a condo) when the shuttle took off. I told 'em.

"The Fonz", "Author Fonzirelli", was a character from the hit t.v. sitcom "Happy Days" played by Henry Winkler. "The Fonz" wore blue jeans, a white T shirt, a brown leather jacket and his hair in duck tails. He rode a motorcycle and had his "office" in the restroom of the local diner. Typically, once an episode "the Fonz", the epitome of cool, would enter the diner where much of the action took

place to the accompaniment of applause, cheers and whistles. Standing next to the juke box he would raise his partially closed fist to his mouth, exhale into it and deftly hit the juke box with his fist (breathing life into it). His tune would begin playing. He would raise 2 erect thumbs and say, "Hey!" (is for horses) and often two dames would arrest either arms and lead him to the table. Noteworthy that the "Happy Days" aired during the height of actual worldwide dam building. This was unique and I'd never seen anything like it on t.v. or in real life.

Often times, at night while Misa was waitressing at "Sushi Bon" I'd stroll over to "Skeeter's" for a 25 cent draft and a game of pool. I had a hard time winning a game and I'm an accomplished pool hustler, a mega shark. The place was full of skilled sharks though. Really though, I'm a river hustler, I quit playing pool. I'd try anything to wow an audience or draw awareness to my infinityproject idea including a "juke box trick" and it did read, "This device must accept all outside interference by law" on the back of the juke box.

Usually I capture people's attention or draw their awareness when I enter a room. This was typical for everyone at "Skeeter's" though because the entrance was the center attraction of the bar and the jukebox was right next to it. So, the set up was the same as in "The Happy Days". I strolled over one night and stepped in the door. Some kind of hell's highway song was playing as I raised my partially closed fist to my mouth, breathed into it and deftly hit the juke box... interrupting the song in progress. Immediately a river tune began to play.

Not much reaction from the crowd it seemed as I ordered a draft from the bar, trying to draw attention to my successful DJ attempt. After a few minutes or so I was set upon by the regulars as if they were in a frenzy. I had to leave the bar before a fight broke out. A few days later I came back with a tougher presentation and repeated "the Fonz" and some kind of Alice in Chains tune was interrupted and a mean river song began playing. The crowd tried to ignore my accomplishment as if everybody could do it. I even got a yawn or two. Within minutes I was embroiled in a scuffle that spilled out into the parking lot.

A few days later I entered the bar and this time I really exaggerated "the Fonz", with a wind up before touching the juke box with great flourish and a pinkie finger, ting. Once again the long neck bottles music interrupted just as I touched the machine and like magic a river tune began playing. This time a fellow at the bar acknowledged what I'd accomplished and I could see the implications cross his mind. He said, "I saw that". I lifted two thumbs up. Hey!

I worked my way over to my usual spot and ordered my usual draft, turned around and found myself confronted with a man wearing a Los Angeles class submarine hat. I've forgotten which sub it was. He said he was a retired chief petty officer. Although he wasn't wearing the six stripes on his sleeve, I've seen them before and they could be construed as a shark's maw. I gave him my 30 second version of the dam river state of affairs. He asked, "You know who you are don't you?" Yes, I assured him I did. "It doesn't look like it." What? Are you not watching what I'm doing? I'm working as hard as I can on this thing. "It doesn't look like it."

He told me a story about the way things are. The Los Angeles class chief said, "On a submarine when the C.O. gets the orders he has to execute the orders. If the C.O. doesn't execute the orders the chiefs step up behind him with cocked 45's and make sure they're executed." This certainly lit a fire under my ass. It's one of the main reasons why I'm so offensive, aggressive and desperate in my collection and dissemination of information. I've had a few others tell me about the same thing before. It's why I wear the finest threads, long hair and a beard, and carry a valise or something in my hands instead of rotten bread (be'er). So I look like it. It's why I work practically ceaselessly towards ending the dam ages, converting eaves from sheds into collectors and replacing the flush toilettes with the manuel fertilizer machines. So I'm not executed for lack of execution. It's why I don't play pool.

I thought about the action of doing "the Fonz", just the attempt and the success, which I didn't find surprising. I thought about the reaction from the people culminating with a visit from a real live Los Angles character and decided I must be doing something wrong. It caused a lot of trouble, violent

reprisals, and I figured it was bad Mojo. I analyzed the situation and thought a likely problem was I was “stealing” from the guy who owned the juke box.

Also, Henry Winkler never got another role in his life, some say from being typecast, as if it was all he could do. So I decided not to do it anymore. The next time I went to Skeeter’s I walked in the door just as the dam music quit playing and my river tune began just in time. I took this idea and rowed with it. Radio, cable, satellite, elevator music, or live my favorite, everywhere I go the pipes are playing for me. Often when I tell people this story they tell me to “watch out for the sharks” in reference to “the Fonz” water skiing and jumping a tank or pen with a shark in it. I usually tell them I slipped into the shark tank with mask, fins and a bang stick and I’m starting a feeding frenzy.

Misa began lying in wait and stalking me when I got home from work, fishing, the bar... She was behaving as if I was “Inspector Clouseau” and she was “Kato” from the “Pink Panther” films. She took up pilates (Pilates is the Roman who ordered my murder 2 thousand years ago) got a bedroll, initiated violence for no reason and then slept somewhere else routinely. I took her down a section of the Peace River. I specifically got Misa and I dead center front row tickets to the “Sound of Music” at a near empty Kravitz Center.



Misa catches a sunfish (*Lepomis*) on the Peace River.

Continuing to periodically carry the bucket for Hawk Flooring after work coming back from down south up Dixie drinking a single Heineken rolling in a white van with “Ben” often we’d talk about the way things are and how they’d got to be this way. “Ben” your wife Penny is very intelligent. “So’s Misa” replies “Ben”. Yet they’re both practically estranged as if they were losing their souls. “Well you know how it is, any man will tell ya, ya want a real hot dumb chick!” Yeah, the dam fools want a real dumb pretty ho. “The dumber the better.” She’s looking for the man with the most money which typically is the jerk most willing to dam the rivers and grow food, cut the trees down (damming the rivers to power the mills) or mine up gold (damming the rivers to power the sluices). “Yep.” If the worst of the dam fools and the dumbest of the prettiest bred together for thousands of years you’d get a real dumb dam fool with a really pretty skin suit. “Huh, uh.” By the way things work in this universe

you know what that'd make this planet, a skin suit farm. If an organism attempted to dam and destroy life and all it came up with was a real attractive skin suit, that's what it'd get took for. The dam fools'd get jacked for their skin suits. This is all real obvious, as is the pretty fools being the bait in a trap set for those entities complicit with damming of life for suit.

I was installing a natural type "bird and butterfly" garden using mostly site specific native plant species on Ocean Avenue in Boynton Beach, FL for Mr. Gimmey (tailor) and Mrs. Gimmey (jazzercizist). It was an interesting site in that the Gimmey's structure had been built before a later code change that forced neighboring homebuilders to pile up a bunch of sand first. As a result the garden site was sunk in, also ½ the site was covered in crushed lime stone, and the unique soil stratification at the site was incredible. The woman next door complained about me planting "buggy trees". I explained to her the benefits of pollinating insects and how the insect plant relationship provided the air for her kids to breath. She said, "I'll pour acid on them and kill them".

Some of the plants near her place began to turn white and die as it looked like she followed up on her threat (she was getting it from the pool guy). Another problem here was her new privacy wall was too tall for the town code and her solution was to pile fill dirt up on my client's property, "lowering" the height of her wall, she buried the plants. Of course, the whole time this is going on the New York Mob's lawyer Al Malnik is across the street and in addition to delivering the message to his crew or delivering it up the castle wall drainage pipe wrapped around a boygonetothevilla bouquet, I get to help unload the fork lift at his place and everything. I'm always trying to work the infinity project idea in anyway I can, at least I get the opportunity and take advantage of it.

We were fortunate to make it to a diesel pump with a gallon or so to go. The disaster of Hurricane Katrina of course was epic and we were doing the inadvisable and attempting to skirt the major wreckage while not going too far out of our way and taking notes on poorly designed structural damage. We picked up Tom in Midlothian, Texas and he, me, Misa and Rolley Polley Jolley were 4.

The yellow 6.2 ceased operating acceptably suddenly in La Mesa, Texas. Uh oh. Diagnosis was valve lifter, rod and rocker arm problems, multiple cylinders. We pulled over, stayed at a motel, and pulled the heads. I was certainly well versed in this procedure with the 6.2 L. The rocker arm 5 cent plastic cover clips had cracked and resulted in damage to the connecting rods. This was repaired. The characters next to us at the motel were making crystal meth (we suspected) across from the state police station.

We got back on the road after completing our free consultation with the local diesel mechanic, who's what I call a real person. After a few minutes of communication about the situation he had recommended I fix it myself. In addition he made me aware of the usual problems I'd encounter and where and how to get the parts in town, thank you.

We were attempting to make it to Carlsbad Caverns for the evening Mexican free tailed bat (*Tadarida brasiliensis*) exit, one of the greatest bat lairs ever seen. As we approached the area it was getting dark, people were exiting the site with their lights on. When we got to the parking lot there were still a few people leaving, they all commented on the disappointing show. When we arrived at the site it was just us, the Park Rangers and another dark flirty character who'd tailed us in. The bats exploded from the cave in a loud, black, whirlwind, vortex. The rangers said they'd never seen anything like it before. The initial bat exit was weak and dwindled. They didn't know what to make of it but said the second shot or dose was the "best double pump bat exit ever seen". Tom was cautious, Misa was benign, the dog was aware.

The most significant thing was the timing of the dark flirty character who shadowed us to the cave entrance. He was as non threatening as he could be, acting like a bat on approach. I focused my awareness on it recognizing it's timing, the essence of it, the most powerful entity in the universe

beside me. I turned towards it as it approached and took a step towards it, to give it a proper salute. At this point I was sure this entity had been tailing me or appearing at the more significant occurrences (in different skin suits) my entire life as long as I could remember. I was sure of it now. It was so obvious. I tipped my hat to the assembled official nature note takers and said take note and departed.

While driving into the cool desert night Misa expressed the desire to sit in the back of the truck which has no seat and is thus uncomfortable. While passing the smoking Sherlock Holmes cannabis pipe back to Tom shortly thereafter Misa exploded into rage and violently attacked me while I was driving. She was very effective in her attack which was made seemingly impossible by the "tool cage" safety fence separating the rear compartment from the cab. Guilely girl, very precise in her application of force in a hard to apply situation. We pulled over. Then she really laid into me. I successfully defended myself with minimal force applied in any direction. She got tired. Tom and I checked the fluids under the hood and made sure the Sherlock still worked.

Phoenix is a dam eyesore. Misa got a rotten upper molar pulled at Tom's Mum's dentist. Heading through Arizona I bought a tight strong weave straw hat and a cast iron skillet. We met up with "the Duke" just below Palisades dam reservoir on the Snake. He had another canoe "We know a". Tom and "the Duke" formed one entry and Misa, Rolley Polley Jolley and I entered the Dagger Legend "Idaho Connection" in our sometimes annual Birds of Prey fishing derby. This time it was determined the longest fish would win, which enabled a quick measure and mark on the gunwale for quick release. We ate the small ones, usually for dessert or breakfast. One night Tom baked likely the best pineapple upsidedown cake ever eaten off a riverside fire.

Misa is a natural in a canoe and the best angler I've ever seen in my life. She has a knack for perfect lure presentation, in perfect location at perfect time. All while standing or sitting in a small boat in swift water, this makes for a very alluring presentation. Her patience, knowing when it was best to chuck a lure at the best spot, the awareness and balance necessary to consistently do it, is uncanny. She caught the biggest fish but it wasn't the longest. Rolley Polley Jolley easily adapted to swift water boating. Upon take out before American Falls dam reservoir Tom and "the Duke" went back to Oregon. Misa, the dog and I went hot springing.

I was taking notes on the "hot spring" capitol of the world with my wife Misa, and Rolley Polley Jolley. We were on a hot springs tour in Idaho. When we pulled into the "town" "nearest" ARCO (Idaho National Laboratory) supposedly there is fifty or more nuclear reactors here, the first town to be lit up by atomic power, it's dense let's say or maybe it was within the greater nearby ARCO area, the establishment we had our eye on looked as if one had only needed wheels to attach to move. It could have had wheels that were out of view. When I pulled into the dilapidated, what appeared to be a bar, or something's parking lot and parked the yellow 6.2 with the "Let's Nuke Their Ass and Take Their Gas" front bumper sticker in view of the bars front window and stepped out of the truck with a hot Japanese chick I think we alerted the alarms. The black water fowl dog sitting on the bench seat was...

We walked in the sole desert Arco bar and I ordered a gin, with a little ice and a Canada Dry with a slice of orange. There was a Blue Bird orange juice in the can problem. My wife ordered a Coke (fuel, distilled coal). This was dramatic. We were suddenly and effectively made aware it was "Time to go". Whoops. One of the patrons said, "You probably shouldn't come around here son". Right, I hear you.

While soaking in hot springs immersed in forest garden with light snow and perfect weather is melting nice some problems occur. Parasites infect those springs that are dammed into tubs or pools. The best hot spring in Idaho is Warm Springs. The hot spring flows just next to a cold creek and there are no dam pools, it's perfect. Ketchum is nearby and Misa and I spent a couple days and a night at "Jimmy" Dutcher's place.

Mr. Dutcher wrote “The Wolves at Our Door” and reintroduced a wolf (Canis lupus) pack to the Sawtooth Mountains while making a same title documentary film with National Geographic. The guest cabin has a beaver dam with viewing window. As the tale is told in the Jolley family “Jimmy” and my dad “Jim” and Uncle John pioneered SCUBA diving and underwater cameras on Florida’s southeast coast. Jacques Cousteau was just a few weeks ahead of ‘em. They were drawing people’s awareness to ocean life.

Mrs. and Mr. Dutcher treated us to a supper of bison. The next door neighbor is “Ketchup Queen” Teresa Hines and soon to be State Department Chief of Foreign Relations Kerry. The “Flavr Savr” tomato was the first a lien to this space care actor feed introduced when F.D.A. Surgeon General C. “very E.T.” Coop opened the cage. If one were to study letters, in particular old manuscripts the “f” is practically identical to “s” making for almost a “slave or savior” tomato.

The Jolley Canisawa’s go moseying about in the forests and several times we encounter a versin of a wacko dressed in camo with an AR-15 and side arms come bursting forth from hiding and trail watching, “Have you seen any wolves! I’m hunting wolves!” These wackos were out here terrorizing everybody, shooting the few wolves. If left to their own devices human dolts would breed small week diseased game just by relentlessly shooting the biggest healthiest best of the herd. The wolves eat the genetically weak of the bunch. Instead of genetically modifying our food into side effect laden feed when we got a huge surplus we could bring back the dire wolf (Canis dirus) pink river dolphin (Inia geoffrensis) mastodon (Mammut americanum)... even if just through good ole simple evolution. Why get farmed by foreign powers when we could steward product?

Misa and I continued our Idaho hot springs tour and marital difficulties. Misa almost separated on a Greyhound in, Idaho. Are you sure you want to leave me in Twin Falls, Idaho? We decided to descend the Middle Fork of the Salmon River “The Holy Grail”, in late October. The river was about to freeze up when we got to the put in up in the Sawtooth Mountains. There was just enough water to float the boat. Just getting the boat in the water is exciting here. Misa is a natural at this by now and Rolley Polley Jolley is a trained super dog. It doesn’t get any better than this, snow flakes, crystal clear water, trout so sharply colored. The going was tough, with me doing a lot of “skateboarding” leg work in near freezing water but we were getting a few miles a day in perfect conditions and the flow and depth of water was increasing as we descended.

I’d never pinned a canoe on a rock with the open end upstream, but there she was, stuck hard, water boiling all through the hull, starting to wrap. I got to the river bank with a line made fast to the boat, tied up and went back for Misa. She got to shore using the line while I comforted Rolley Polley Jolley as she was pounded by the river braced astride the roiling gear amidship and did something about the situation. I jumped up and down on the boat, pushed and pulled it off and we continued on our way. It was very exciting. Although it was sunny I was starting to get cold and when we got to a deeper slower moving part of the river with a sunny area amidst a perfect place to stop I asked Misa if she wanted to get off the river and stay the night. She squealed enthusiastic glee, “Let’s go through one more!”

All three of us were having the time of our life and I didn’t need much encouragement of this caliber to venture forward even though I was thinking of pulling out and portaging the next rapid cause the pool above it was so big and slow and it looked **really rough** just downstream, it was a big rapid. Turns out it was a fresh river wide land slide complete with sharp square rocks. I’ve been through a lot in this Dagger Legend hull but I’d never heard the screeching crackling whine that ensued as we dropped down this rapid. I was out the boat half the drop one footing it, back in the boat paddle, out an in, I never tried so hard to navigate and make it look good. It did, the problem was the boat was full of water and it shouldn’t have been. Let’s pull over. Upon inspection the canoe was totaled, hull compromised in numerous locations, long splits, shards, shredded. We were 6 to 9 miles in with a

horse trail up a mile and out.

I had a roll of duct tape for something like this but not this bad, six foot splits. Misa caught a cold, which may have been kinda my fault for somehow forgetting to bring enough vitamin C. I was intending on collecting wild berries at the several riverside hot spring locations just downstream. I served her up some tomato sauce and pasta and we rested for a day or so. I strolled down the bank a ways inspecting the riverside forest. There was shredded boat parts hanging from most the branches, it was a desinigrated boat grave yard just below.

We got Misa back to the put in camp and found Park Rangers sealing the wood put in ramp in for the season. They had a satellite phone and called the shuttle service to bring the 6.2 back up the hill. I asked the Rangers if I could forgo the "Pack it in pack it out" rule and just go back in and burn the hull. They didn't want to scar or smudge the ground and gave me a quote per pound for helicopter waste management service. I decided to pack it out. Just getting the hull and gear up the cliff to the horse trail was a feat, lot of line/tree work.

When I got the stuff up there me and Rolley Polley Jolley packed it out. With the way it was I figured to go in quick and grab 50 pounds or so at a time with my back pack and 10 pounds in Polley's Outward Hound pack and make like fast for the put in camp, with warm Misa, food and shelter. On the 2nd to last run in me and Polley were dragging the canoe and light bulky gear out. I coulda carried it but it worked better this way, sliding it over the worst horse trail in the world, the green hull plastic left on the rocks was the evidence. I tied a line to my shoulder pack and a line to Polley's pack and adjusted the lines so the dog's line had her about 2 feet behind me. I taught Polley to heel just to my left about 6" back and she really wanted to be there when I said heel so she pulled really hard trying to make up the difference. I really had her trained good.

Evening approached and a heavy cloud cover moved in. I was about half way back to camp when I stored the stuff on the side of the trail and made for Misa. It got dark, Sawtooth Mountain dark, no stars or moon, heavy evergreen canopy and thick clouds. I couldn't see anything. I stopped inferring heel command and suggested to Polley. Let's go see Misa. This was a new trick for Polley but she figured it out within minutes and I half crawled back heeling behind Rolley Polley Jolley. Misa came out the next day to assist and she had a close personal encounter with a big elk (Cervus canadensis) on the hike out. She really got off on me and Polley dragging the "sleigh", laughing and giggling like I'd never heard her before. Misa lifted the stern over steep inclines, this is the hard part.

During a rare hotel stay we learned on t.v. that a huge hurricane was about to back side Boynton/Delray after a terrific front side strike days previous, a double whammy. Considering fuel cost we made the decision to make for "the Duke's" place, store the truck, canoe and some gear and fly out of Portland International. Misa flew to Chicago and I flew to S. Florida, landed with 50 pounds of frozen perishables, 50 pounds of dry goods and a hundred pounds of tools and Polley. Most folks didn't even pack a lunch, none of them did. It looked like they all had a single bottle of water. Show up at the disaster site with the correct stuff, make out like a bandit. Cha Ching.

The thing ya learn here at a disaster is that municipal water and sewerage sucks. The ficus trees and other species upended and the roots were wrapped around the pipes, so the water mixed with the sewage, boil water order, no power. There's about 202 thousand people in Boynton/Delray, a great many in a SUV line to Walmart, this was a big problem and it coulda been worse (or better) the toilet still worked. If everybody had a cistern and fertilizer machine it wouldn't be a disaster. The native trees and bushes fared well while the exotic doom trees failed spectacularly. Practically 1/2 the ficus trees were laying on a nearby home, often the person next door to the jerk who planted/didn't maintain the beast. The most notable doom tree was the Norfolk pine (*Araucaria*) which shed its 7' branches in hurricane winds. This peeled the roofs, machine gunned cars, doom.

Misa returned from Chicago. She didn't like the #6 Cederwood complex apartment I'd rented. We went and saw Miss Saigon, Misa had been looking forward to this show for a long time. I invited Kelton to come with us. Kelton was living next to my folks' place and he was a very large man from the Bahamas. In the tree demo business it's good to have a varied crew as different body shapes accel at different things. Kelton was the anchor man to line shattered twisted Norfolk pines into desired landing site. He's what you'd call a pleasant, well meaning man, jovial. Kelton didn't get out much though (he was trying to stay out of trouble) and had never been to such a thing as a performance at the Kravis center.

I'd shown him the other side in a busted trip to the "Cheetah" strip club with champagne room a week previous. He didn't go in the vampiresses Calafornix fruet room. Misa and I sat dead center, Kelton was several rows and a wing above in the mezzanine. About half way through Miss. Saigon I went and "checked" on him. The ticket I'd bought Kelton had him surrounded in as many race blended beautiful young girls as... more than he could carry, they were pressing near him, caressing his shoulders, whispering in his ear, as he spoke intimately with another, touching fingertips to palms with another one, they were falling all over him switching seats, giggling and tittering. He had a smile on his face like I've never seen before, thanks for showing me boss. Wow! He was there, I barely interrupted him and left. I know he'll never forget the scene and actresses.

Misa left for Chicago.

Where does one start this story? It goes back so far. At the turn of the millinium, I flew out to Chicago to save myself the "eternal" bus trip through the south. Here I boarded a Greyhound bus to Missoula. If you don't know it's more expensive to fly to Missoula than Japan. It was a frozen bus to Missoula and we took a smoke break in Fargo one lonely night and I learned what cold as shit really is. The next day, part way to Helena I encountered some German tourists who had blown up their rent a truck. They told me a fantastic story about their Canadian buddy who'd rode a bicycle around Cuba.

They told me this Canadian guy had the time of his life and it was the most beautiful island in the world. I'd heard this before about Cuba being the most beautiful island in the world and realized it was a shame to travel the world and not see the #1 island 200 miles south of me. I decided right there on an icecycle dog between Fargo and Helena to make the trip myself. Beware of making travel plans with German tourists touting Canadian recommendations aboard Greyhounds in the middle of Great Plains winter! Plus, all signs taken note of at "the scene of the crime" (history) led to or I kept losing the trail at Cuba's Isle de Juvenitudes Crocodile (man eater) farms Citr (to kill) us groves, the Modelo (Joliet {**pan opticon, the "sentiment of an invisible omniscience"**}) Prison, the porpoising germin submarines.

Anyway, 5 or 6 years after getting this Germin Canhead bicycle tip I decided to go to Cuba. A newspaper'd just run an article stating Fidel and Cuba were drastically cutting back the dam and ditch cane. I was like, what? Hold the phone! Nobody's cutting back on dam and ditch agriculture anywhere in the world, let's go see what's going on. I'd just made some money installing a fence and natural scape at a drug rehab/halfway house, "The Orchid", on Feral Drive, no less. I put some money in my joint account for the credit card bill, left some in mine to pay taxes and took the rest to Cuba. I booked a flight to Nassau, Bahamas 3 days in advance from my high school marching band "Wall of Sound" trumpet buddy Jorge Mayorga's computer. Travelocity, next he went to the Havanatour site and checked out some tickets. I guess he was going to buy one for me. What the heck ya doing? He agreed it was foolish and closed the site.

Three days later after finishing my own habitat restoration project at 2 A.M. Jorge was in a funk. He swore I was going to die in Cuba. Jeorge's brother in law had relatives that lived in Marinao, the barrio on the hill southwest of Havana and naturally I asked him to accompany me as a paid

interpreter to Cuba. He swallowed real hard such was his fear and agreed. Little did he know what lay ahead. I didn't know shit either, just figured what was wrong with going to a beautiful island and riding a bike around? The German guys made it sound real enlightening. My father gave us a ride to Ft. Lauderdale International and after buying Jorge a ticket we were off on an island enterprise.

I was dressed in my straw colored linen trousers and jacket (a natural dam fine suit) and carried my wife's collection of extremely fine cosmetics, perhaps 1,500 dollars' worth in a pink bag and an engagement ring (not the diamond platinum ring I'd bought Misa but another ring she'd left). When we stepped in line to check our stuff and get our tickets there was an interesting man in the line just in front of us. He was dressed casually, had a beard like me and claimed to be a fisherman and carpenter like me, too. Hmmm. When we got off American and got in the Havanatour line to buy tickets, \$300 cash, he was just ahead of us again. In hindsight things started to get unusual although at the time seemed normal. A man who appeared like my buddy Jorge covered in gold materialized behind us and offered us a sip of his rum. I think Jorge took one here and I politely declined.

It was a smooth flight to Cuba on an aging Russian airplane. Nothing unusual happened until we landed and stepped on the stairs leading down from the plane. At this point Jorge's new friend who walked down the aisle just ahead of us basically collapsed on the top of the rolling stairs. They ordered a wheelchair as Jorge and I waited in full view at the top of the stairs. They picked up the "wheelchair guy" and put him in the wheeled chair. We walked down the stairs towards the "tram" that was waiting. I tried to smoke a cigarette on the tarmac, don't try this, as an armed guard will let you know you're breaking the rules. I got the picture, ripped off the cherry and slid the short behind my ear.

Checking into Cuba was full of drama for my friend and I. What are we doing here the Guardia wanted to know? Visiting relatives Jorge replied. This is a suspicious answer from a Nicaraguan national and an American. The guards were extremely curious, I guess if you're not staying at a resort hotel it looks fishy. With Jorge covered in gold and me in my linen with \$3000 cash and a pink bag of women's cosmetics I'd say we looked fishy too. The guards were all over us to say the least. After an hour of questioning they finally gave us our family visas. Long lost family my ass, Jorge's brother in law fled Cuba after getting busted for butchering a cow. This is a tremendous offence in Cuba as they are extremely valuable as meat served to tourists. Carlos was facing ten years for real in the Cuban "gulag" when he escaped. Here we were back to see Carlos's very extended family in Marianao, the place where the spring issues forth.

We got outside and strolled around. I was smoking, looking at the landscape plants, the same exact exotic bullshit stuff as in Florida, at the Jose Marti International Airport. An hour later our "family" showed up. Jesus and Pillar, she (Pillar = pirate in Spanish) had the same name as Hemingway's fishing boat. They drove an extremely beat up Russian Lada or "tin can" as it is translated. Now Jorge and I had already heard a few people whisper "Camillo" under their breath and we were being gawked at for sure. Let me tell you these Cubans are "unabashed gawkers". They are not Japanese in manners, in fact quite the opposite.

When Jesus and Pillar got a look at me you could see the "holy shit" look cover their faces. They were incredulous. Jorge and I were unaware but apparently I was the exact duplicate of Camilo. This Camilo character was perhaps Cuba's greatest missing in action hero. During the revolution Fidel, Raul, Che, and Camilo were the 4 generals who took power from Batista. To really get this story you'd have to do a lot of research. I had in the past but preferred to go "stupid". I had checked out some books on Cuba before I left but returned them to the library unread. I didn't remember Camilo but the Cubans did. Supposedly, this guy, who disappeared shortly after the revolution on a Cessna flight back to Havana without a trace, was by far the people's favorite of the revolutionaries. He was charismatic and good looking. The Cubans "celebrate" Camilo's disappearance Oct. 28th, children throw flowers in the river.

Imagine my fortune to land in Cuba nearly 50 years after this guy's disappearance looking exactly like him. Ha ha! The Americans back home thought I looked like Fidel. I don't look anything like Fidel but I know what fidelity means, faithfulness to obligations. Camillo means that which matters, that which revolves about ill. Camilo means a man with a big penis (the massive pen that is). Jesus and Pillar were a bit unnerved to say the least. I didn't plan on it! We pulled away from Jose Marti and got about 50' when Guardia appeared from all sides with automatic weapons and directed us back to the side of the road. We hadn't even left the airport. They were interested in my family visa apparently, or in me. I played dumb, I'm pretty good at this, a natural "Inspector Clouseau" (clueless) Pink Panther type. They didn't seem happy to see me reappear in Cuba. Jesus and Pillar were naturals at dealing with these types of guys it seemed, Jorge was nervous, I was clueless. Par for the course apparently. Fifteen minutes later we were cleared for takeoff into Havana.

Viva Cuba Libre! Don't **ever** say this in Cuba. I did whenever I could, mostly when drinking in place of "cheers". This is what folks say when they're tied to the stake just before the firing squad's bullets slam into their brains or chest. Counter revolutionary types these guys who say, "Viva Cuba Libre" are. Most folks were shocked to hear me say it! They must have thought I was extremely ballsey. What I was saying was like demanding a statue of "lady liberty" in Havana Harbor. You don't want one of those woetomen anywhere on the planet. "Cue be"/"Coo be" is the imprisoned machine/computer/vessel/organism entity or ruler of the universe, it's damned at present.

Riding in a Lada with Jesus, Pillar, Jorge de la Mayorga para Nicaragua and "Camillo" is an experience all by itself. The car was not cooperating as we climbed the only overpass, it was losing power and smelled of every fluid under the hood. The Lada completely gave out at the top of the overpass. Jesus opened the hood and we all got out to take a look. The engine compartment was a complete rig, Rube Goldberg. The radiator was out of fluid. Fortunately, Jesus and Pillar had anticipated this and had more water. It was interesting that they had run the car until it completely stopped. I'd have stopped sooner as it was obvious the engine was failing. The engine compartment was a marvelous third world rig. After adding water, the engine fired right up and we continued the 3 to 4 miles to host family's casa in Marianao.

You can be sure the entire block was excited to see us. Rich foreigners Jorge and I were. An opportunity for everyone on the block, the black marketers dream come true. Mostly men who knew where to get stuff, anything. Cigars, lobsters, chicas, you name it they'd get for you. This was all hush hush, very secretive stuff. Most were concerned the neighbors would rat them out. The jealous rats. Incidentally, all the black marketers loved the "Camillo" look. Jesus is the Sgt. at arms Habana Munciple Sewerage.



The first person we met in the neighborhood was an extremely cute woman, Miss Eliana Gutierrez. She was taken aback by the size of the cosmetics bag I brought. She couldn't believe it! I offered her whatever she wanted, giving her first dibs but she wouldn't take the first razor or bottle of nail polish saying something about, "Give it to Pillar". I insisted but she refused so I let up. You should have seen her eyes light up though when she saw the loot in my bag. Kid in a candy store. Miss. Eliana didn't need makeup anyway, kind of like my wife, naturally gorgeous. Eliana's dad is the captain of the secret police.

The house itself wasn't too shabby. By the looks of it, this concrete block structure was built back in the 50's. It was in fair condition, having a porch with a wrought iron enclosure and various houseplants. An iron stairway led up the side to the tiled flat roof that we called Playa de la Pillar because you could see the beach from there. The roof also had a room with a shower, toilet, bed and mini kitchen. The inside of the house was furnished tastefully yet meagerly. A plastic strapped rocking chair was the most comfortable seat and was usually occupied by Pillar. It was a two bedroom house with one tub/shower. The shower had an interesting water heating device on the head that plugged directly into the wall outlet. This unusual water heater worked well but I got a mild shock a few times. I am tall and apparently you had to let the electrified water break up into droplets before it hit you, touch the water where it streamed and look out! Jorge and I slept together in the master bedroom and the owners moved upstairs needlessly but graciously.

The next person we met came about an hour after we'd arrived. Yossefe came riding up on his bike. The grandson of Jesus and Pillar, the guy was a "Catch 22" Youserian type of fellow about 25 years old. He worked at an all night laundry second shift. He rode a typical Cuban Chinese bicycle, there is no brakes, lack of parts and money to buy them I guess. He rode slowly and stopped with his feet. Also, that night we met a neighborhood lady about Pillars age and the retired guy from Switzerland who lived across the street. These two, Jesus and Pillar played dominoes most every night, drinking café from a thermos. I've never seen people more enthusiastic to have visitors. Cuban's average \$10 a month in wages. It's illegal to work more than 40 hours a week. I practically had a lifetime's wages in my pocket, which I gave to Jorge to spend, as it was illegal for me to trade in Cuba. Jorge is a Nicaraguan national so it was OK for him to spend apparently. We were just trying to play by the rules. I think the Cubans caught on to this and got it. Two buccaneers in the Caribbean, I wouldn't find out until later the unusual hilarity of this.

When everyone heard of my desire to travel across Cuba by bicycle they all said no way could I do it. I think they were extremely afraid of possible legal entanglements for them if I ran afoul of trouble on their family visa. I wasn't worried about that but ran into problems buying a used bicycle. It was illegal. This apparently checked out, there was no way to buy a used bike in town. I tried a few sources my own self. I could have bought a new bike at the department store for \$150 but the thought of riding across this poor country on a new bike didn't appeal to me. I wanted to ride across in disguise as a Cuban in used clothes and everything. It was a better idea if you asked me. I didn't want to draw any attention in this place and figured if I looked like a local I could avoid most problems, answering

“no sabe” if questioned and just riding on.

So here I was, not wanting to draw attention to myself, appearing as Camillo their favorite hero. I was on the twenty dollar convertibale bill, the twenty peso bill and the quarter! I just couldn't get a break. It was worse, or better than landing in Japan as the spitting image of Tom Cruise's last Samurai, a week after the movie hit the theaters. I've got an interesting fortune and I made myself this way on purpose so that I could pull this whole thing off. I can't get away from this stuff. Incidentally, I've been writing this story about fighting the “Chicago Mob”, now I'm in Chicago, trying to hook back up with my wife, just off Jose Marti Way, a block out from the Marianao Café and Camilo Blvd. It blows my mind. It's like trying to check out of a hotel and not being able to leave. I'm writing this in Cuba Town, Chicago.

Jorge and I slept together using a typical put a pillow between us technique to avoid any embarrassing wakeups. At about 3 in the morning the roosters in the neighborhood started going off. Now to me this means they are ready to eat! If you can sleep through this the pig butchering at 6 AM will certainly get you up. Waking up to a pig screaming bloody murder is life in Cuba. We meet our chauffeur, “Seville”, who drives a well maintained 1948 Dodge sedan, ocean blue. Now a car in Cuba is basically akin to having an airplane in the States, having a bike is like owning a car. We were certainly flying high and “Seville” was a real black cowboy who appeared to know everything about Havana, everything.

Our first stop of course was the “bank” or the exchange shed. For some reason these transactions seemed real serious. We parked across the street and walked across to the shed while “Seville” filled the tank. Pillar kept watch as Jorge traded a few Franklin's for some Cuban convertibales. Dollars get 10% less than other world currencies, Americans get penalized for their constricting trade embargo. U.S. credit cards don't work here even if you're from another country. The best bet would be to preemptively put your dollars in a foreign bank. As an American you might want to do this even if you're not going to Cuba.

The first thing the 2nd day, before the pig was slaughtered, our blue dodge sedan showed up and Jorge and I were on a cross island trip to pick up Carlitos, Jorge's brother in law Carlos's child from his first marriage. After waiting at a gas station for 15 minutes for it to get power so the pumps would run we filled up and we were off. The island was shrouded in fog as we left Havana and remained so for the next few hours. It was spooky. There are two highways across Cuba and we took the southernmost.

I'd brought my buddy along as interpreter and was curious about his inability to comprehend what these Cubans were talking about. Each village here uses different words and they've omitted consonants almost entirely, so the spoken word is hard to decipher. They must do this on purpose, perhaps to avoid the firing squad, perhaps to easily identify anyone alien to the area. There are practically no road signs in Cuba, the people may have borrowed them for their own purposes. Even though our route was pretty much plain enough, take the main highway 2/3 across the island and get off at a major crossroads, we stopped and inquired directions every 2 miles.

Jorge couldn't figure a single word our driver or those questioned were saying. Nothing, I asked him cause even I can understand directions in Spanish. Jorge, sitting up front with the driver, which made me look somewhat important I thought, turned around when I asked what they were saying and incredulously said he had no idea what the brief conversations were about. Here's how it went, on the main highway bordered by agriculture amidst the fog stood groups of people waiting, for what Jorge and I couldn't determine, perhaps a bus or work truck. We'd pull up slowly almost trolling for a sign of something and then our driver would stop at I guess what he thought was a likely source of info. “Seville” would casually ask for what seemed like directions and the woman or man would reply with

something which included some uttering and sometimes movement, almost as if they were showing us the way even though I thought it was plainly obvious what was going on. The skin suits on the side of the road expressed behavior that could most quickly be described as zombie like (sluggish mentally, the victims even looked tired) Roundup Ready™, probably food related.

I'd never seen this behavior so starkly exhibited, it was noteworthy if only for that. Sometimes "Seville" would approach a group and hit it up twice, perhaps asking someone something on the near side and then asking someone else something after slowly cruising past the group of people. He may have been "showing off" as we were certainly cruising in style, come to think of it he may have been showing Jorge and I the people of Cuba or even vice versa. And the whole time we were running along the highway steady "Seville" would communicate with each passing vehicle, almost fishing. He had his left hand "holstered" behind the driver's side view mirror and as we came upon vehicles going the other way "Seville" would slide his hand out from behind the side mirror and "quack" his fingers and thumb together 3 times (emergency) in what could be the universal sign of a duck (waterfowl). As if, if anything is worth communicating its emergency waterfowl! In the military a signal with the left hand is for heirplains or helicopters, **emergency waterfowl signal for helicopter**. Many recognized and responded in kind, we were in a gang, we were the leaders of the gang.

Interestingly enough there was a billboard practically every two miles with what amounted to a silhouette or picture of me, a man with long hair, a beard, and a straw hat **exactly** like the one I bought in Arizona and was wearing. It was real surreal. Jorge and I were laughing our asses off, although he wanted me to ditch the hat and shave my beard. To the Cuban people across the country who have certainly got their eyes peeled for some kind of sign, the sight of an ocean blue Dodge sedan carrying "Seville", Jorge de la Mayorga covered in gold and myself, apparently an apparition of their most dear hero, Camilo, must have been spellbinding. We certainly turned some heads.

Most people along the side of the road looked like they'd seen a ghost or at least something. I'm sure they went home and gave a report to those in the know. The highway was 10 lanes and in relative good repair, barely any traffic at all. It was dotted every half mile with a "campisino" who jumped out in the road hawking cigars. We didn't buy any, "Seville" said they were most likely stale. We stopped and had ham sandwiches and café con leche for breakfast, some tourists on a bus took pictures of us and the Dodge, "Seville" said we should have charged them.

We got off the main highway exactly where we should have and then took a country road towards Carlito's hood. Agriculture remained the sight to behold and almost every inch of usable land was plowed under. The whole way across Cuba was so. The fences they constructed were very efficient using mostly gumbo limbo trees (Bursera simaruba) that when a branch is cut off an existing tree and stuck in the ground will easily establish themselves. Typically, one barbed wire was located about 4' off the ground while the area below was filled in with prickly pineapples (Ananus comosus). Cactus was also used for these living fences. We stopped in a town and had mayonnaise pizza (I hadn't eaten these since Japan) and refrescas for lunch.

A few miles from Carlito's village I ordered "Seville" to stop and bought a huge bunch of yellow bananas from a woman who had a bunch on her front porch. We gave these to the relatives of Carlito's when we arrived at his place. The very first thing the man of the house did when we arrived was demand a \$100 (a Frank lyn or you know seeing) from me. I told him Jorge had all the money. Jorge wouldn't give him any. The man didn't seem to mind anyway, I guess he just had to ask. The very next thing this man did was take Jorge and I around back and show us the blue Dodge sedan he had parked under a carport. Then he took us inside and showed me by placing in my hand the freshly fabricated hood ornament for a 40's era Dodge vehicle. It's a metallic airplane shaped ornament and this fellow had done a superb job of constructing it, it was even better than the old one lying on the table. This says something in Cuba. Dodge Chrysler! Don't worry about the big silver planes in the

sky I'll (we'll) craft a better one. Replace the old es de spirit. Whatever it was these fellows were trying to tell me I most certainly got the picture. Crisis, Chrysler Damer, U.S. and Germany, LA, spaceships, something for sure! Why this man wasted his energy building another hood ornament when there was nothing wrong with the old hood ornament and even if there was something wrong with it...

The antique wooden furniture in the house was gorgeous and they still had Jorge's brother in laws science books in the living room. Knowledge is priceless in Cuba. Across the street from the house was some kind of "government" distribution center site or something. There wasn't much going on there, so while "Seville" worked on the carburetor of the Dodge, which was burning rich leading to an exhaust in the cab problem (fortunately the fellow with the airplane wing had just enough gasket material to reseal the carburetor) Jorge and I went and had guarpas (sugarcane juice) at a roadside stand nearby. This was certainly the place to be in town around 2 PM. The small shack, which afforded some protection from the sun with a plywood overhang, served cane juice squeezed on site and served in a green glass with a chipped rim and included a small piece of ice.

We enjoyed many glasses, this might be the most sinfully delicious thing I ever drank in my life. Americans have money and can afford to drink much cane. A man on a bicycle rolled up while we were drinking dam and ditch suspect cane, his handlebar mounted bell's not working (I suspect he was showing us by example if we were to drink the cane the bell wouldn't work). Our driver didn't feel the need for sugar water however as he fixed our carbon monoxide problem. While he reseated the carburetor I checked out a few of the large bushes making up the fence around the house. They looked like a cousin to the coral bean bush in Florida and the Cubans called them pinons (Erythina). Apparently, Florida, Cuba and Belize used to be connected during Pangea or before Atlantis fell into the sea.

Carlitos was a fine looking young man about 18 or 19. Jorge presented him with a gift of two pairs of white sneakers, this must have been a big score for him, as he smiled from ear to ear. He was of course happy to see us although a bit nervous about the enterprise we were going to embark on. Cuba is a classic example of Voltaire's advice in "Candide" that a person is much better off staying at home and tending to one's garden with friends and family than searching around the world for adventure and the answer to life's many riddles. The whole place is a "case in point".

The carburetor repair was made good and we proceeded a few blocks away to Carlito's mom's place, which was another concrete and stucco house. They had a well (dammed spring) out back that I drank from against Jorge's advice. Heck, what does he know? He was just out in the street drinking squeezed vegetation out of a dirty glass with the rest of town. The well water was delicious, cool, and refreshing although it was a dammed spring head. Carlito's mom was apologizing for the condition of her home which I thought was nice except it was just another shed. The hill behind the house was beautifully covered in trees and the many fellows in the back yard were busily putting a wood roof on a concrete block home they were apparently building on the sly. It appeared that they were hustling timber from the hill and cutting it up on a large table saw for construction. The wood was pretty and it looked like a typical home. In the back of these homes were chickens and a pig run. Amongst the animals grew plantains and shade grown coffee under all kinds of trees. These cats looked like they'd read "Candide". They wouldn't let me take any pictures of them and their tools. The thing they were doing, building another shed with flush toilet right on the dammed spring was not permitted, it was illegal.

It certainly is an emotional scene for the women when visitors show up, the men were just curious and cautious. As we left we handed Carlos's first wife cosmetics and razors. We got in the sedan and Jorge handed an old man a bottle of rum. I requested the bottle of rum from the old man, took a shot and we were off, literally in a cloud of dust. They must have wondered who we were.

Driving out a different way towards the northern coast hugging highway we drove through the town next to Carlito's. Now you'd think Carlito's would show off and wave to some friends but he didn't, kind of sinking down low in the back next to me. He claimed he didn't know anyone in the next town. This isn't unusual, I've seen the same thing in the States, but noteworthy. I think it's strange not to know a soul in the town 2 miles away.

We stopped to fill up the car with fuel and I used the restroom. Someone had nearly destroyed the commode. I was just walking the lizard but noticed there was no toilet paper. In Cuba they use the state's daily rag for this chore and deposit the small pieces of newspaper in a box next to the toilet. There are flies everywhere! It's pretty disgusting, they need composting no flush toilets etc. with a squirt gun. The whole world does. No paper needed! Your ass? Clean as a whistle. No dam water for flushing. Your MOJO? Clean as a whistle. We stopped in a town that looked like it fell out of a spaghetti western and had pollo y congri con tomatoes, which was satisfying. The waitress was kinda cute and we each had a buccaneero beer.

Our faithful now clean burning chariot carried us toward the north ocean coast. While the morning was fog shrouded the evening was cloaked in burning cane. This seemed appropriate. In some places the fire was roadside and we couldn't see the airplane on the hood. We'd slow down which was important as many horse drawn wagons and bicycles traveled the road. At some point I recommended "Seville" slow down or we'd get pulled over as he was speeding like crazy. Just then we got pulled over by a Cuban motorcycle cop and "Seville" was issued a ticket that swallowed up his day's pay. I couldn't resist telling him, "I told you so"! He seemed like he wanted to get pulled over though. The motor cycle officer was seemingly a Cuban Homo sapiens, cognizant and aware. "Seville" may have been showing me this.

When we got to the coast we pulled up to a bar and commandeered a rascal who said he'd take us to a casa particulars for a shower and a place to sleep. After a few unsuccessful attempts at some unlikely spots we left him on the roadside. He wasn't happy, shouting at us and gesturing insults as we sped away. Cruising through town we picked up a couple of young ladies hitchhiking looking honestly for a good time. This was quite apparent as they looked ready to go dancing and had a destination planned. As it turned out we were the ones getting taken for a ride. We got them in the car and the Cinderella girls quickly turned into the ugly stepsisters. This was hilarious to witness although Jorge didn't think it was funny! I thought it was a riot. We pulled into the nicest hotel on the beach looking quite dapper, Jorge wearing more gold than everyone in the hotel combined and me in my fine linen. We were impolitely showed to the front door as if we were fourth or fifth class humans, this was odd. Heck with the shower, we decided to go dancing immediately. The stepsisters were all ours until we paid for their entry fee and then they gave us the coldest shoulder I've ever seen. It was quite rude but to me expected. Jorge was incensed, Carlitos just didn't want to get in trouble.

The club was straight out of Miami and not the type of place I'm comfortable in. I left after one beer, went out in the lot and fell asleep in the Dodge with "Seville". Boy those bench seats are handy dandy. I awoke at 2 AM to Jorge drunkenly arguing with the doorman just outside our car about our dates, which could be seen getting stuffed into a van with some German men behind them. Jorge, "Their whores I want them arrested"! Doorman, "You are correct, and we apologize having let scum as these women in the door". Heck we brought them here and bought their tickets. I'm sure the doormen knew these local girls, they probably repeated the same thing every night.

As we drove off we had to stop and assist Carlitos who'd had way too much first world fun. Fortunately, he fertilized the grass and not the inside of our chariot. We tried to check ourselves into a succession of hotels but had no luck. One thing we figured out was that "Seville" and Carlitos would not be let into a hotel, absolutely no Cubans allowed! Wow. We parked next to an all night diner and had sandwiches. Jorge and I went and rested on the beach while "Seville" and Carlitos guarded the car.

In the morning we had breakfast at the same diner and spent time on the beach. I went for a long walk as Camilo freaking the Cubans out while going unnoticed by the tourist. The Cubans would stop what they were doing and exclaim, "Camilo!" or even better, "Camilo aqui Che!" to which I'd respond "Che aqui Camilo"! They were referring to famous point in their history, specifically a radio conversation between two of the revolutionary heroes when they'd had Batiste surrounded (the beast was cornered) and victory appeared sure.

We had lunch on the beach. I tried some fish that tasted like it had been frozen for years. There was a stray cat on the beach that wouldn't eat my fish. Seville laughed as I ate my fish. I stuck to the asado y pollo henceforth. The 3 man band that serenaded us on the beach was genuine. It was beautiful, the combination of such great tunes and bad food brought tears to my eyes.

On our drive back to Havana we stopped pulling over and showing off/getting directions until we came to a hillside covered in my favorite palm tree, the silver palm (*Coccothrinax argentata*). It was spectacular to see as I've never seen any mature even though they once covered areas of Florida. The foolish New Yorkers bulldozed all of them, every single one. Idiots, this is perhaps the slowest growing, finest palm tree in the world. The fools killed them all, I guess simply because they weren't green. A whole mountainside was covered in them, it was so beautiful. A man who must have been a goat herder ran out of the bushes and we bought two huge blocks of goat cheese for five bucks. Jorge was too terrified to eat any but I'll tell you it was delicious silver palm goat cheese. I could see the goats munching the sparse grass underneath the great forest of silver palms and it looked perfect, the cheese tasted the way the scene appeared. What a trip! Silver palm goat cheese.

This whole goat cheese transaction was illegal and hurried. Just up the road on the other side was a police officer arresting what looked like another goat herder/cheese salesman. The intensity of the sale was apparent in the wild look in the eyes of our salesman. His desire for the five dollars, Jorge's fear of the cheese, the hillside of silver palms, "Seville's" steady cool, Carlitos passed out hungover, so wild it was. Three hunks of cheese, bartering for two, later after eating some cheese it was obvious we should have bought it all it was so fine. To see the fear and desire in our roadside salesman's eyes, the whole story was told when he wrapped his fingers around the five convertibales bills, turning from the passenger's window side, jumping the guard rail with the silver platter and remaining cheese block perfectly balanced while disappearing into the underbrush. I saw him turn around, finger the five bills and take a knee, hiding from the law. How strange I felt as we sped off. The goats were probably eating the new silver palm seedlings, the police protecting my favorite trees from me.

Back in Havana the smell of what seemed like sulfur laden fuel, Venezuelan perhaps, surrounds one. Up the hill we went to Marianao, where it seemed a party was in order. Fiesta! The food cooked by Pillar was superb. She is retired from a job where she cooked for children at a school. Her many years of experience showed when the food hit ones' palette, it was expertly prepared. Rice and beans (conгри) is the staple and it was always prepared perfectly. She was convinced that Jorge and I loved lettuce and it was usually served with sliced tomatoes. Chicken, rather rangy looking but better tasting in comparison to the U.S. super fat birds was the meat of choice and she usually fried it to perfection. Yucca with garlic and lime and plantains with salt also accompanied the meal. Mmmmmmm, I love Cuban food anyway so authentic meals in Marianao were great! Pillars specialty was flan for desert and it was baked with peanuts and coconut on the bottom, talk about richness on a platter.

We had our chariot take us to the supermercado which is unvisited by regular Cubans. Here we bought stuff not found in the local grocery store which by the way I thought had superior food anyhow, fresh garden stuff. Jorge and I picked up a case of beer and some rum along with a large amount of plastic diapers for Pillar's granddaughter. I wasn't too happy about this. It was more of an environmental thing than cost related. I think plastic stuff sucks and a trip to the local river winding its

way down the Marinao hill showed why. It was completely lined in plastic, terrible! Jorge gave some panhandlers a large handful of change as we exited the store, it must have been there lucky day.

We spent the day drinking beer with Yosseffee and Carlitos on what we called “Playa de la Pillar”, the rooftop. An interesting event occurred up here, some neighborhood children had gathered below on the dusty street, I imagined the dust was a hundred years of dusty dog shit. Anyway, Jorge had a pack of chewing gum and was about to throw it down to the kids. I told him not to. He couldn’t figure why not. Go ahead and find out. He did shouting, “Chickletas”! The quickest most agile fellow got the gum, and within minutes he was getting pummeled in the head by another boy with a stick who wanted the gum. I told you so. The wealth was unhappily distributed to the meanest kid. He got it all while several kids cried. Keep in mind they were happily playing Cuban stickball before we tossed them the gum.

“Seville” showed up with our 48’ Dodge chariot and Pillar, Carlitos, Jorge, the too cute Eliana, “Catch 22” and I went into Havana. We did some street fair shopping while sucking on a few Cohibas. Hopping back in the sedan we cruised the Malecon stopping near the American interest section to fill up the infernal combustion machine. After filling up we were pulling back onto the Malecon when “Seville” put our car in reverse. Jorge and I naturally looked behind and saw a relatively new silver Lada or Russian can. Both of us said, “Look out, alto, stop”! “Seville” ignored us and hit the gas, backing into the silver Lada, hitting the passenger rear corner panel and denting it pretty good. Turns out a German couple was in the Lada. I thought it was a strange “accident”, as it seemed deliberate. While “Seville” worked out a no police necessary \$20 payment, here he was losing his days’ pay again, I took advantage of the opportunity (that’s what I do) and “strolled” the Malecon for the first time. Pillar was extremely concerned as I left, “typical scared woman!” or not?

Nowadays the American interest is the Swiss or Swedish building just west of a triangular shaped plaza which includes a statue of Jose Marti the original Cuban mustached poet. More people in Cuba sported the mustached look than any other facial hair growth including the “Fidel, Che, or Camilo”. I called this look the “Jose Marti” obviously! This is the look most Cubans who dared facial hair, assumed. You had to see this, men trying to maintain an “I’m on top of it” look or “I’m not with the Barbados (the bearded ones)” in a country with hardly any razors. Somehow they managed with lots of nicks and very bloody cuts, it’s weird.

As I strolled the Florida straits in front of Havana harbor and the castle I came upon a series of billboards being photographed by a young, shirtless, black bag wearing character who claimed he was from New York. The billboards showed a picture of apparently the highjacking bomber who blew up a plane load of Cuban Americans back in the 90’s on their way to Havana + a picture of President Bush = a picture of Hitler. This was unusual. The New Yorker was excited about the idea and it did seem kind of powerful. He was taking pictures timing them so an early model car driving past would appear in them. Jorge and Pillar were in hot pursuit as we crossed the Malecon into the plaza where some automatic toting Guardia not so nicely explained to the New Yorker that he must wear a shirt (camisa). The black bag wearing New Yorker tipped us about a reggae show the following night in the plaza of the American interest section.

Cue the roosters, followed by the screaming pig, wake up! Down at the end of the street was a stall that sold some miserable looking vegetables and slabs of pig. This shack which appeared to double as sleeping quarters for Jesus and Pillars cousin or some kind of relative had a garden plot in the back guarded and debugged by a chicken who was doing a fair job of eating pests. Hey, it’s organic farming! This guy was hilarious when we met him and said, “Mi commandante (Fidel) had not bought him a house”. I laughed. Mi commandante (Bush) no buy me a house either. We laughed together at the obvious hilarity of life. Jorge didn’t think this was as funny as the vegetable stand old man and I did. I never bought anything from these guys but stopped and talked to them every day when I walked

into Havana after Jorge left. They always wanted me to drink with them.

We set out one day to get some clothes for me, I was still trying to get some local looking stuff with a bicycle trip in mind. Pillar would hear nothing of it, however insisting it would lead to death or worse. I could never tell if she was referring to hers or mine but had to accept it because I was on their family's visa. We searched the local stalls for flip flops but couldn't find any of the \$1 variety that fit. I guess there are no Cubans with a 12AAA soul. We ended up at the Hemingway marina with Pillar to buy shoes of all places and I noticed some "male" Brazilian peppers (no seeds) forming a hedge. These were the only Brazilian peppers I saw in Cuba. I bought some Fila flip flops (the fee sole protection) that fit with the most beautiful thatch palms (Thrinax radiata) out front that I've ever seen. Apparently, the Venezuelans bought the Hemmingway marina as most of it is off limits and protected by guards.

We went to another place and bought a camase (that which revolves about you), a typical style shirt you'd think of a person with money in Cuba wearing. It was a long sleeve white "La Mason" and was purchased at a colonial style mansion converted into a store. It was 50 bucks and probably the nicest shirt I've ever owned. Jorge said I should buy two of them they were so nice. He had a point but I was not that rich, plus I didn't want to be too "capitalistic" and only needed one. When I bought a used long sleeve white button down oxford at the flea market, the Cubans couldn't believe it. We stopped and visited "Seville's" house located on the main boulevard leading from Marianao into Havana. He owned it and the house next to it. His daughter and son in law lived in the corner structure and his son in law was painting the inside. It was the nicest home I'd go into in Cuba and was gaily painted orange and purple on the outside. Jorge and I estimated it would cost \$3.5 million in S. Florida. Wow, to imagine the guy driving us about lived here was incredible, the marble staircase was flawless and perhaps the nicest I've ever seen. Next door in the car garage a fellow was completely rebuilding a Lada. Cubanisimo, how these guys pull this stuff off, communication, patience, real knowledge.

Want to see an island in a stream? Go to a Cuban reggae show. If you head west along the Malecon the Americans have set up a huge red light moving propaganda spewing billboard on the top floor of the Swiss or Swedish consulate building. This would be the main thing you'd see except the Cubans have set up roughly 50 huge poles with black background and white star flags blocking its view. This by itself is peculiar in the American interest/Jose Marti square, but to have a nighttime reggae show here certainly added to the political scene. Surround the place with happily poor people, old condos, and new ones waiting to be built (it looked like they were waiting for something to happen) people selling popcorn and peanuts, and the general menagerie of the Malecon and you've got a show. Oh yeah, don't forget to add plenty of armed guards with German shepherds. This is the only reggae show I've ever been to without a single spliff getting burned. Ha ha, it was a pretty good show considering you can't sing about most reggae style stuff in Cuba, the crowd was on its best behavior here. Lots of German shepherds, one of the guards looked at me and said, "You know you look a lot like 'Camillo'". Si! Yo sabe. It was a pleasant night on the Malecon, breezy.

The next night we didn't take out Jesus and Pillar. Jorge wanted to sample some of the local fare, chicas! I was not really into this at all as I don't like to pay to have sex, unless you count getting married. "Seville" knew exactly what to do and where to go, back to the American interest section, one block south. It seemed the girls traveled in pairs, the first couple we ran into was one **really hot** babe in a yellow dress and her not so good looking "friend". This naturally caused some confusion between Jorge and I which didn't matter anyway cause the girls were terrified of me, they said so. They thought I was with the Cuban secrete police. This is typical for me, women are very scared of me including my wife. This goes to show you how smart most women are as I'm the best man they'll ever meet. The babes took off in a hurry and Jorge and I went back to the chariot like two dogs with no bone for reinforcements. Perhaps we needed a bigger pack, and "Seville" and Carlitos were happy to

accompany us back down the block to the “Las Vegas” (my choice, looking for woetoman, in Vega).

This is a joint that survived the revolution, go figure. This place serves beverages on the veranda while charging \$10 to get in to see the show. I had to use the restroom and was escorted inside where I got to peak at the show. It was a few hot Cuban chicks on stage pantomiming rolling themselves up into cigars. They were smoking or more to the point ready to light up and smoke. I think this place was actually an old style bordello and one picked out a cigar and took it upstairs. How cool is that? The flushtoilets were the cleanest most functional I’d seen in Cuba, an old woman was guarding them. This country really has an awful bathroom problem, smart vandals, if only we can get ‘em to attack the dam problem in likewise fashion.

Back on the front porch I had a Mojito, Jeorge a Cube libre, a Shirley Temple for Carlitos and a Sprite for “Seville” when we got in a conversation with the doorman. By the way he moved the conversation about this fellow was extremely intelligent it seemed. He was an ultra slick conversationalist and claimed to speak 6 or 7 languages and just about proved it. This coupled with the fact he was 6’ 5” and 250 pounds (he was bigger than my bodyguard Jorge) made this man a force. He was possibly the most powerful doorman I’ve ever met and I’ve seen em.

The Las Vegas doorman, he looked at me after talking to us for a few minutes and said, “Well you’re obviously ‘Camillo’”. I smiled, then he pointed out Carlitos and “Seville” were Cubans. Next he looked at Jorge as if he were trying to solve a cosmic riddle and asked, “But who are you”? My buddy replied “Jorge Mayorga”. The doorman asked where he was from, and when Jorge told him Nicaragua the doorman raised his right hand to his jaw, stroked his chin, leaned back against the wall when a deep thought look over took him like when I do my Michigan library “Flapjack King” thing, the computer! Hmmm, boy he was intensely thinking, I think I learned how to do something here. “That name sounds awfully familiar”. I’ll bet it did pal! I wonder if that guy ever figured out Camilo was escorted back to Cuba by Jose de la Mayorca para Nicaragua covered in gold, the last free buccaneer in the Caribbean! Before the European pirates showed up Jose lived on Pine Island on the south side of Cuba, renamed Isle de la Juventudes. The doorman recognized us as I did him as something extremely beautiful, intriguing and unusual. Time traveling doppelgangers! I’d say I’d met this guy before, a long, long, time ago.

On the porch we were approached by another tag team of chicas, same situation again, one chick hot, one not. The hot chick was all over me, we bought them a couple of orange sodas, I was getting excited when she told me to stop smoking, this was like my wife and I lost my mojo. “Seville” scolded her and asked how she could be so stupid, didn’t she realize her opportunity, didn’t she realize who I was? Man he was ruthless, I was laughing and Jorge was confused. On the way back to home base “Seville” made one more stop along the road near the house to check out some hookers. We pulled up and stopped and one of a few cautiously approached our sedan, about the same time Jorge realized it, the “drag queen” figured out we weren’t homo’s. The funny thing was, he/she was the best looking whore we’d seen! I got a good laugh out of this, it was hilarious.

Cue the roosters, add some barking rooftop dogs, and kill the screaming pig. Shit, I’d wake up drenched in sweat looking at the ceiling fan, straight out of “Apocalypse Now”. Hell, today a Cuban escapee returned from Hialeah, Florida to Marianao, another of Jorge’s extended family. I called this gal “Hialeah girl”. She was a princess in her own mind, running around overweight, covered in makeup, perfume and dressed like a Miami Jewish woman, bad jewelry and all. She did lots of complaining and had a real sour look on her face, typical unhappy American woman, as if more money would solve it all! I wondered why she didn’t bring any.

It’s fun to compare the “Hialeah girl” with Eliana, the cute Cuban girl who speaks some English, one thinking, positive and enjoying life the other quite the opposite. Kinda like my wife

before we got married and after. I think I'm getting smarter! It's Saturday and the two girls, "Catch 22", Jorge and I go for a ride on the horse drawn wagon that is circling the neighborhood giving free rides to children. When the kind fellow with his old wooden wagon and narrow horse brought us back to Pillar's I gave him some money which he tried to refuse, but I stuffed it into a crack in his bench and told him to buy some apples for the horse, he smiled.

The girl from Hialeah demands to go out on the town as if it was her right and our duty so we make plans to hit a club, agreeing to meet her and Eliana at 9 PM and leave from Pillar's aboard the Dodge chariot. The girls are late, Jorge gets pissed off and I suspected a plot to seduce/infuriate us by the Hialeah girl. It looked like there was a party down the street anyway and against Jorge's advice I went down to check it out, plus they were calling to "Camillo" to come have some fun!

As it turns out the Marianao gangsters live just a few houses down. The real Marianao domino gangsters and it's the headman's son's birthday party. They're drinking rum and playing dominoes on the front porch, music turned up real loud. These fellows are your typical gangster types it seemed the only difference was there size, Cuban fed gang, the congri posse, no big macs here. I had fun playing dominoes with these guys, they were easier to beat. What was the difference between playing in this house and Jesus and Pillar's? Well, I kind of figured out Jesus, in the very least, could "read your mind". Somehow he was very good at determining what it was a person was holding on to towards the end of play. We were playing to the "nines" and with a 4 man game this leaves a bunch of pieces that will never see the light of play.

You'd never be able to prove it, but Jesus did things that were mathematically impossible, continuously without flaw playing pieces that would cause the other team to get stuck holding their dominoes. After playing 20 games or so against him, and losing every one of them, I'd figured out what it was he was doing. He was reading my mind or else he could see the reflection of the #'s in my eyes, which was even more impossible considering the low illumination. The pieces were not marked, I checked for sure. I pointed out my suspicions to him and he smiled "big". He really did, he was laughing hard, not denying it at all. He said, "Just ask them they'll tell you **for sure**, they'll tell **you** for sure." I told him I was going to read his mind and scramble my thoughts in retaliation and he stopped laughing. I started winning. It was pretty easy, kind of like playing poker and not letting yourself get bluffed.

The Marianao gangsters were no good at this trick and I won a fair amount of games. It seemed their defense was to ply me with rum or scramble their own minds with the stuff. Jorge felt much trepidation and fear watching me play from the dusty street. He was certainly relieved and said so when the girls showed up and we left the gangsters abode. He said, "Man those guys are dangerous, what were you doing playing with them"? Learning something Jorge, this is how I do it. It's a science, and I'm taking samples pal! I'm going to figure some stuff out that will elude you forever because you're scared of your own shadow and I'm not because I figured out what it is (your shadow is cast by the light that you block).

Jorge, dressed in his Miami Hurricanes outfit covered in gold and cologne was scolding the Hialeah girl for her tardiness while Eliana and I flirted with each other stumbling through our language barriers avoiding problems with knowing eye contact. "Catch 22" had his best, whitest shirt on, the Hialeah girl was way over done. Get out of the oven girl you're cooked plenty! Eliana had quite obviously spent her time curling her luscious hair and appeared to have gotten into someone's cosmetic bag. I was in my La Mason shirt with straw colored jacket and trousers while steady "Seville" had on a polo shirt, jeans and well worn but fashionable square toed tan leather shoes. We loaded up in the chariot with "Catch 22" and I bookcasing the two girls, which I appreciated, putting an arm around the back of "Miss. Curly Q" deftly stroking her hand resting along the back of the front seat. The interior of the super sedan was immaculate thanks of course to "Seville".

At 10 PM the first place we showed up to was not yet open, so we went with club “B” a Cuban improv comedy club. I got sat in the worst seat in the house which was cool because I needed a pillar between me and the stage as the comedian found plenty of material in me. When I walked into the small place he really lit into me with rapid fire cubish one and two liners, the place was riotous. I couldn’t tell what he was saying but the crowd looked at me like I should be extremely embarrassed. There was nothing I could do to defend myself in lightning Cuban improv. Completely defenseless the comedian took full advantage avoiding all “Camillo” jokes interestingly enough. The only joke I got was one seemingly unrelated to me about the starving for meat campesinos and the unfortunate animals in the jungle. After a while though, I figured this was the “joke” that was aimed at my ear.

While this was all going on in the first few minutes Jorge was ironing out the bill before we even consumed anything. Now Jorge knows all about this stuff, as he is a major bar room player club guy. I just realize the inevitable, me paying for more than I can afford, while Jorge fights it from the get go. I know the only defense to this club highway robbery fueled by Hialeah desire is to bring your own drinks up to the Malecon, relax, create your own comedy while listening to the sea, wandering minstrels and eating peanuts (*Arachis hypogoea*) or coconuts. We all moved up to the bar for better seats and drank rum by the bottle. Jorge is smart and had given implicate instructions to the staff to let him do all the ordering. They took his demands and threw them in the trash letting the Hialeah girl order what she obviously wanted but surely did not need. She was very rude to me as well, which was odd, considering everything was on me. The bouncer insisted on walking past me every couple of minutes and pushing me with his shoulder. After a half dozen times of this I told him to stop pushing me around get to work and go outside and give my chauffeur a bottle of water. He got the picture. “Seville” never separated himself from the ride or got more than ten paces away from it, ever.

We did some dancing when the comedy routine was over, and I learn I’m extremely lacking in Cuban dance techniques. It would take me years to get the fundamental “swivel hips” thing learned. I danced with the gracious Eliana but had more fun watching “Catch 22” spin her about. Those two looked like they had been dancing together for eternity. Beautiful, it brought tears to my eyes, I had to go pull myself together in the restroom. I think I realized my wife was humping the Chinese busboy in Chicago.

When the check arrived we realized we didn’t have enough money to cover the check which was scrutinized by all involved except me which was funny cause I was footing the bill and knew why we couldn’t afford it, the Hialeah girl had been ordering food and her own personal drinks on the side. To really get the picture here one had to see “Catch 22” examining the bill and realizing he’d have to work over a year to pay for it. It’s worth the price just to see the look on his face. Don’t worry Youseffe, I don’t go to these types of places as I learned my lesson before I was even old enough to drink.

We send Jorge and “Seville” on a chariot mission to exchange another Franklin at a hotel down by the American interest section. Jorge is afraid to carry too much cash around which is a joke. Havana Cuba is probably the safest place in the world, besides Kumamoto Japan (it’s too shameful to steal there). They’ll put a first offence Cuban bandito in jail for 40 years here. A real jail, possible cannibalism and everyone knows it. I’d already figured that out, which was why I had plenty of money to cover anything and wasn’t worried. I’ll never figure out why Jorge is afraid to carry cash yet flaunts \$3000 worth of gold on his neck and wrists! Strange bird, yet a good pal. Jorge is a swell guy, as he is big and fast, plus he’s the Boar’s Head (sausage) meat man. These are good qualities to have in a traveling partner, I’ve always made way with top notch partners.

When we returned to our pad, a good sized man was unhappily waiting on the corner. I spotted him as Eliana’s boyfriend immediately. One could tell he’d like to have gone out with us, but I think he was working or something. The neighborhood may have been conspiring against him, as it felt like

everyone was trying to hook Eliana and I up together. Heck, I'd already been on a green card ride. Perhaps they were just setting me up with the best dancing partner in the neighborhood, thanks I needed that.

Cue the roosters add some barking dogs, boy if I had a slingshot. For breakfast this morning Mrs. Pillar served us egg and goat cheese sandwiches with the perfect cup of café percolated over a gas flame, an efficient way to make coffee. As far as I'm concerned Cuba has the best café and tobacco in the world. The fruits and vegetables are perhaps the best I've eaten too. I think it has something to do with the soil on the island which I taste in several locations (sweet). What else can I say it's the best food, drink and smoke I've ever had.

We went down to Rio Almendares and watched a few guys catching fish with a cast net. There's a park next to the river and we bought handfuls of sugar cookies and cotton candy for a penny, such a deal. They had a restroom that charged foreigners for the privilege. This was odd considering the guy taking the tips wasn't cleaning up the place or anything. With all the sugar in this country if the Cubans ever ran out of bread Fidel could literally step out on the balcony like Marie Antoinette and say, "Let them eat cake [or sugar cookies]" and not be kidding around.

If you go to Havana you've certainly got to visit the castle that "guards" the harbor. They shoot one of the cannons off after sunset and it is something to see. When we pulled up to the castle parking lot it looked like an antique car show, unbelievably nice 40's and 50's automobiles, all different colors. It makes one wonder at the consumerism in the States that drives us to toss vehicles after they're 10 years old. Somehow, I snuck in for the local rate. My friends gave me a history lesson when we crossed the bridge over the dry moat. There's what looks like rust stains along one wall of the moat. They said that was the blood stains from a bunch of guys who shouted, "Viva Cuba libre" as they were shot by the revolutionaries, very impressive.

There used to be a chain stretching across the channel that would keep ships from entering or leaving the harbor. This is the harbor the USS Maine mysteriously blew up in. Add that to our long list of mysterious naval hokey stuff we've been involved in. Bay of Pigs is another one. Viva Cuba libre? How about we train you, give you a ride, drop you in the water off the beach, and then withdraw naval and air support at the last minute. That's not fair yet think of the suckers who fell for it. Of course the Cuban army appreciated it.

The castle show included a bunch of guys dressed up like the colonial Spanish marching in and setting off a small canon. This was a perfect show. After the short cannonade I decided to walk up the ramparts and check out the castle. I walked all over the place, the view was fine and the breezy night made for great strolling. After a while I ran into a couple of guards, kind of catching them by surprise. "What are you doing up here?" they asked. Just looking around I replied nonchalantly. "You're not supposed to be up here." I'm not? I wasn't aware of it. "Who are you?" They probably thought I was Camilo's ghost come to get them. They were like, "Family visa? You're not Cuban!" Uhhh [play stupid here] uhhh, me companero de casa Jorge Mayorga's hermana's espouso's padre's guest. Es mi familia, si? Where? Marianao. They walked me back down to the main grounds and let me go. Before departure, we checked out the armory. I thought the Japanese samurai sword was certainly the highlight of the stuff. It was placed in the best viewing location. They threw me out of the armory when I started eyeballing it, said the place was closing. Heck, it was the only interesting thing in there. They said the place was closing.

There was a big party going on in one of the main rooms of the castle. It looked like a rich Cuban girl was having her "quinceria" or 15th birthday party. Wow, she was gorgeous. It looked like she and the rest of the party were having the time of their lives. It looked like they were very wealthy. I didn't think they had any of these types in Cuba. The rest of the castle grounds we looked at as we

departed were covered in exotic Southeast Asian ficus trees, roots tearing up the castle walls.

If you're in Havana make sure you visit the Castile, the mini castle turned restaurant at the extreme west end of the Malecon at the mouth of the Almendares River, I entered the upscale hole in the wall restaurant seeking fluid relief and got it. This is a sweet spot to take notes and check out real Cuba, people without a lot of money socializing, fishing, having intercourse and fun. I spent many cool breezy evenings just kicking back along the seawall and people watching. In the Bible it reads that this is where you'd find me, at the dam on the river. Castile is dam in Spanish, "Seville" is the one who made sure I was to be found here.

We cased the Malecon and stopped at a bazaar along the sea next to a hopeful condo in very slow progress site. Jorge bought a very nice cigar box to go along with his many boxes of cigars, mostly Cohibas bought on the black market but also a dozen Churchills in Romeo and Juliet single cigar tubes. We had also gone to a cigar rolling factory and bought 50 or so Coronas. The next day Jorge got up early to leave as planned. We were standing out in the dog shit dusty road of Marianao as he loaded up his loot after an all expense paid trip as my translator, when he told me I needed to learn how to compromise. I thought this was a riot as we'd done everything exactly as he wanted to up to this point and I'd paid for everything including the 4 or 5 boxes of cigars he was smuggling back with him. What more could I compromise? I only had four hundred more dollars left and was planning on staying another three weeks. Compromise? My enterprise to bicycle around Cuba incognito was compromised with a family visa and the fact that I looked like their hero Camilo, my own fortune of course. How much if any more could I do? I decided right there in the dusty dog shit streets of Marianao never to compromise again, unless it's to make way to the place where the spring issues forth. I think he might have been telling me not to ride a bike around the island. Gotcha pal, certainly not on a new bicycle as Camilo.

I wouldn't figure it out until later but when Jorge flew out of Havana the New York black bag wearing guy was sitting right behind him and the wheelchair fellow sat next to Jorge. I ended up spotting the wheelchair guy twice while walking around Havana over the next two weeks, he was driving around in a new Asian car. I thought this was interesting in a town of 1.2 million people.

About the time Jorge left the World Baseball Series started up and of course Cuba was in it. They weren't picked to go far as they had no home games and had to play Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic at their place twice. PR and DR were stacked with major leaguers and it looked bleak for Cuba. Japan was playing in the other group and it didn't look too good for them, as Korea and the U.S. were strong. During the first game shown on Cuban television, which normally only aired for a few hours a day, I made a prediction, sticking my neck out real far and said it would be Cuba vs. Japan in the finales. Ha, everyone laughed and said no way, but I stuck to my guns the rest of my stay.

Usually I'd go to the snack shack and get a few beers and split them with Jesus and "Catch 22" over the ball game. This was a big treat for them as was watching the game from above Havana for me. I like watching international play and not so secretly enjoy watching U.S. teams and their grandisized players get knocked down. What can I say, I'm a big fan of underdogs. There is no smaller dog than Cuba in international games. Their style of play is somewhat American without all the heavy hitters and big muscle pitching. I'd also watch many games from the barrios of Havana as I'd stroll around at night in the ghetto. Most ground floor apartments in the city would prop open their doors and move the t.v. so folks with no access could watch from the street. This was a bunch of fun and I met a lot of interesting characters this way.

I was intent on at least seeing Havana from the eyes of a Cuban and after Jorge left didn't use the chariot services of "Seville". I know he enjoyed tooling us about but I really couldn't afford it. Plus, I really got a feel for this town walking about. I had a hard time getting the local taxis to stop for

me and asked "Catch 22" to assist me. Carlitos wouldn't step out of our little neighborhood with me, I guess he was afraid of getting in trouble. "Catch 22" didn't really want to be seen with me either but roused enough courage to show me the way to the Jose Marti Libreria. Along the way he showed me how to catch a local cab, not the tourist variety which charged an arm and a leg. Casually walk towards your destination like a local and toss your two fingers out at passing vehicles. I'd tried this without success but Youseffe immediately got picked up by a Lada and we both squeezed into the back next to another passenger. It cost us a dollar or a Cuban Camilo (20 pesos) to get to the cemetery which I view as the best library in town anyway.

He walked me down to the library where I found out I couldn't get in with flip flops on. You really gotta protect your soul at this library. We walked through the empty Jose Marti radio tower parking lot to the Teatro Internacionales and he explained to me the prices and show times. He was nervous about traveling around with me and told me for the second or third time how he was a communist. I couldn't see what the problem was as he's just showing me how to take a local taxi to the library and explained to him how I was a socialist or something and not so capitalistic. **We will socially capitalize for the community.** He told me there were people with the communists on every block watching everything and he just might be the fellow on his block. I got the picture before he told me anyway, strolling around the town I'd already figured this out.

The next morning I left the hill and picked up a taxi to the cemetery, it was an old American classic and I could never get a local Lada taxi, only the antique American cars would stop for me over the next couple of weeks. I walked the half mile to the library and got in. It was the nicest library I've ever been in, immaculate marble floors, real hardwood furniture and card catalogs. I like card catalogs and never appreciated computers in the states. I'm a big library freak and was steamed when the American libraries yanked the catalogs. I always was suspicious of the reason they did this! They just ripped them out and threw them in the dump.

When I told the lady who stored the backpacks in cubbyholes that I wanted a library card she sent me down to a retail shop rigged for tourists to buy a damn fool book for a child. This was odd I thought and walked back to the desk and she just told me to go back to the retail shop. Eventually, a very communicable woman just happened to walk by and was sympathetic and showed me how to get one, it cost me two dollars and I was on my way. The guard made me remove my camera from my pocket and put it in my stored bag, gee this library didn't want anyone to get info out of it. The hall leading to the books was filled with the most interesting books and newspaper articles I'd ever seen. They were behind glass which sucked because one couldn't turn the pages but they were open to some revealing pictures (slave {man} being hanged) and history.

The library attendants were some of the most beautiful women you'll ever see, it's worth a trip to Cuba just to get into the library and check out these girls! One of them helped me find what I was looking for in the most fabulously beautiful card catalog I've ever touched. I came up with 15 or so selections about plants, birds and butterflies and wrote them down on scraps of paper, next I handed these three at a time to the sweet attendants.

What happened next was extremely noteworthy to me. After about 15 minutes the girl brought down to me a child's coloring book about birds and butterflies that must have been 40 years old. I spent a few minutes looking it over and returned it back to the desk asking for another. The next book was more advanced, still not the book I'd requested but it had words. I returned this selection after having read it too and requested a third. The third selection was a real book about plants, detailing the plants at a tropical garden on what seemed like Pine Island on the south side of Cuba, maybe it was a Wales curator maintaining an alien garden, it was all in the names. They told me what was going on. I got the picture and read the entire book, it was in English. I returned this interesting selection not having been giving any of the books I requested and went below into the basement/cafeteria and had

croquettes y refrescas for a nickel. As I was eating lunch I found another interesting clue, along the walls were framed photos of Japanese castles. I considered this peculiar and it really sparked my curiosity. The Kumamoto castle was not represented below Jose Marti library. In my life I've coined a term "the Cuban library" which is when you find exactly the information or things you're looking for, and there is nothing you can do about it, I just accept it for whatever it is.

I left the mysterious mystery solving library and walked past the tremendous phallic Jose Marti radio concrete symbol to the sky gods that was patrolled by armed guards that wouldn't let anyone near it or even photograph it as if it was under imminent attack, this was strange. Across the parking lot on a huge building was the likeness of Che and the actual word "Che", just in case one didn't get the picture. How'd you like that crusade to Bolivia pal? Might as well been a crusade to Oblivia, guy couldn't read obviously. He'd have been better off with those cute girls at the Cuban library who'll show you everything you could want to know.

Across the street is the Teatro de la Nacionales and what lies below is a dance bar that opens at 4 PM and cost \$4 to get in for tourists. Cubans pay much less to get in and by 5 PM the place is packed and really jumping. The first night I went there was a huge band, must have been over a dozen guys and gals up there with all kinds of instruments, it was a Cuban sound machine. When I walked in nobody was drinking so I bought a bunch of Buccaneero beer and sat down giving out beers to the guy sitting down next to me and a couple of hot chicks on the other side. I ended up dancing with the two girls for the next few hours. They literally dragged me out on the floor, even though I was willing and made a sandwich out of me. I had an orgasm on the dance floor when the chicks started doing the "Brazilian", too easy. If the girls knew this they probably would have been disappointed.

I bought a couple of pizzas and shared them with my new partners who thought dancing with Camilo was way cool. I had the balls to go back to these two ladies place in the hood for some coffee. They couldn't believe how brave I was and said so. Before we went back to one chick's apartment they led me through a maze of back alleys into dark Cuban never never land where I was introduced to a few big guys who immediately sized me up and tried to chuck some fear into me. I know this stuff when I see it. I'd "caught" one of the men toting a 5 gallon bucket of water up 3 stories to a top floor flush toilet, a really hot chick walking up the stairs in front of him seductively sashaying her ass in his face. I'd shown up at their weakest most humiliating moment, the crux of the dame flush toil.

Here's how you extricate yourself from never never land, first of all you have to be a hustler, control your heart rate, you can't fake this as the possible spooks are watching your jugular for real. Smile, and mean it, show them your teeth! This is the most aggressive thing you can do, in the very least it will force them to wonder and then you've got them. Next, reach out and shake their hand as this literally disarms them. Don't ever drink too much, and lastly or firstly, know fear, perhaps you'll be reborn, be devilishly good, live a productive life, force forward a free flowing river idea, have no regrets and tell the truth/reveal veritas cause you're not fooling anyone but yourself.

We went back to one girl's apartment, had some coffee and were necking out in the street when one of her girlfriends came by and was like, "How did you get Camilo back to your place girl"? I had to go next door to use the restroom where I met the gal's mother, they move fast in this town. We agreed to meet again at the basement dance bar underneath the national theater and she showed me the way to Marianao by taxi. I figured on strolling back but she was like no way you'll never make it out of this neighborhood alive. Ha! I say. We waited as a few local taxis cruised by and she finally stuck her fingers out as a blue sedan pulled into sight. A blue sedan, this must have been some kind of sign to this girl (**the way to place where river flows is a be loo tax**). I asked her why she trusted this car full of potential hoodlums as I got in back of a loaded with big guys Cuban sedan and she just smiled and said see you tomorrow night.

They dropped me off after midnight in front of Pillars house where she was extremely anxiously waiting with “Catch 22” wondering if I’d disappeared forever. She was all over the cab driver as if they charged too much, \$5. “Catch 22” assured her I’d gotten off easy. He said I was more fortunate than he had ever seen anybody, and I reminded him that I had initially set out to ride an old bike around the country. We watched a late night American movie packed with guns, drugs, violence, and crooked cops in LA, go figure. They were both interested in the girl I’d been with that night, including how she was black. I had her name and address and they just couldn’t believe I’d gotten out of that place alive. I just pointed to the movie we were watching. Do you know where I’m from, the city of angels? Shit I’m from Boytown. On cue some gangster (cops) opened fire on some innocent people and I commented that Havana is really a nice town, no guns. They reminded me of cuchillios and I didn’t have the mastery of the language to explain to them that I had plenty of experience with knives.

I’d moved up to the rooftop studio when Jorge left. I liked it up there as the place really caught the March breeze. Cue the roosters! Enjoy another cup of Cuba’s finest, several and have an egg and cheese sandwich with salsa verde and a mamey milkshake. Mmmm, good, shower up and hit the streets. There was one spot where I always caught a cab and nowhere else. It was just past the high school and when I walked past this two story high school every day the windows would fly open and the most beautiful girls and boys would all cheer “Camilo” and wave. This was funny to me and I ate it up as usual having experienced this kind of stuff before. It was good for me and the Cubans really seemed to appreciate it. I couldn’t go anywhere in this town without people “recognizing” me. I sure am glad they liked this character so much. I picked a good one to accidentally impersonate, it didn’t seem like they were too thrilled with Fidel and while Che’s motorcycle diaries seemed nice I didn’t see any one sporting berets in town.

They couldn’t figure out how or why this down to earth, charismatic, great with the ladies, hero of theirs just up and disappeared without a trace. It broke their hearts, scared ‘em and according to some of them the revolution went to hell after he was gone. It was like a miracle to see me pedestriating about, smiling, skipping along and eating pizza with them. I can’t explain how “real” I was to them, it blew their mind. Now, I’d already been “The Last Samurai” in Japan, “Mississippi” on the same river, sawed off shotgun and everything, “Billy the Kid” going down the Yellowstone and a whole cast of characters in my many enterprises. My life reads like a “how to win revenue and influence people” novel. I had a couple of “communist block watchers” I’d guess, cross the street, run up to me and demand to know if I was a “counter revolutionary” in an intimidating fashion. This is a death sentence in Cuba, so I can’t imagine what possible response they expected. I’d smile. Yo es a revolutionary aves y mariposa gardener. Laugh, they had no idea what to think.

I decide to go to Chinatown in Havana. As I raise a couple of fingers and look over my shoulder a blue sedan on cue pulls over at my usual spot just past the waving and cheering high school kids. When I got in the back there was a Chinese guy (the first I’d seen in Cuba) in the back seat manically laughing. I ask the driver, cuanto es el Barrio de Chino [how much to the dam river of sin hoe’s]? The driver (half motioning to the Chinese clown) says, “Vente” (20, to vent). Convertibles o pesos? The way he said convertibales (convert the tables) as he held out his hand for payment and subtly motioned to the Chinese guy behind him with his thumb made this the most noteworthy event in Cuba, as if the Chinese guy (certified wacko in a bad skin suit) needed to be converted. I got out. Twenty convertibales was way too much for a cab ride to Chinatown, maybe 20 pesos (to vent pays so). As I thought about it this may have been a Camilo joke also considering he’s on the 20 convertibales, the 20 peso and the quarter. The Chinese sure was laughing madly, ass backed up into the extreme corner of the bench seat though. I took the next cab and just handed the cabbie equivalent to \$1 when it got close enough to walk the rest of the way.

As I walked around Barrio de Chino, not a Chino in sight I came upon a group of guys making their own concrete. It was kind of like I'd seen them doing in Japan except these guys had their own sifters, were busting up rocks, sifting the sand and aggregate into separate piles and adding cement that they had gotten from the cement plant (I told em they were mixing in too much water). In Japan they had mixing machine but in Cuba its shovel and wheelbarrow work. I've never seen anyone do this in States, ever. I didn't see any Chinese people in Barrio de Chino, this must be the only China town in the whole world with no Chinese people. I did see a partially Chinese looking girl a few days later in Havana. I ate lunch in Chinatown and it was fair.

I walked into the old part of town, Havana Viejo, and met a couple of hustlers across from the Catholic Church who went from trying to sell me cigars, to mary jane, to coke. No thanks pal, they were disappointed. I converse with them for a few minutes, they must have thought I wanted something but I'm just one of the slickest river hustlers in the world and was just checking to see if they had any tricks I didn't know about. This was a likely spot to run into some real pros and they were. Strolled past the Capitol, hookers eyeing me, taxi drivers trying to figure out why a guy like me was walking around (it's more fun). Had some pizza and went in and out of a bunch of local stores. This was neat stuff seeing how the Cubans accomplished the basic stuff. I treat antique stores like libraries (check underneath the table tops).

This whole "inspecting what lies under la mesa thing" worked perfect for communicating the idea of my investigation as I draw **a lot** of awareness to me then go in antique stores with glass windows and check what it says on the underside of the table. The words, in particular what's "scribbled" in hand writing. If the dolts wrote half the dam drama a child completed the idea in crayon. Practically every table was this way and the manufactures name, place of origin, the most obvious picture in the wood grain and date added to the whole message. This was the slickest thing ever seen in Cuba and anyone could go in the store and read the dam sheddy message themselves, sometimes it even had a rough sketch of the solution to the problem.

I started heading to the basement dance spot for my 4 o'clock date when I got waylaid by a guy in an old Dodgers baseball outfit. He said he used to live in Brooklyn but robbed a bank and got sent back to Cuba. I've heard this romanticized bank robber story a few times. He wanted to sell me some ganja, sorry buddy. He was bemoaning his fate when I left for the dance hall. I was an hour late and my date was compromised as she'd already set herself up with a slick white suit wearing young Cuban who'd one upped me and had a bottle of rum he was sharing at the table. My date seemed disappointed in her move but the fellow didn't care and let me dance with her all evening on his nickel, thanks pal! Real gentleman that guy was.

Instead of a live band it was DJ Americana night and I was disappointed to find this out, but the crowd was three times as large, so you could tell what young Cubans like. Hotel California was **the** song of the night. My dancing partner made certain to have this number on the floor with me. The crowd went nuts, these young bloods have certainly figured something out. Everybody sang at the top of their lungs, it was hilarious to me at the time. I was like what's going on? Funny how I can't stop asking myself that now. You want funny, exciting, intriguing, mysterious stuff to happen? Make way like Candide, you'll be begging for friends and family to tend a garden with but you'll never regret heading out of the home!

Cue the roosters, add some barking rooftop dogs, and kill the screaming pig. Enjoy an egg and cheese sandwich, salsa verde, and café. Head out past the schoolhouse, gorgeous smiling kids in their uniforms, like Japan, catch a cab, blue sedan, down to the Malecon, stroll around and go swimming. Now you gotta see these Cuban fishermen. I saw two guys in one boat, a ponga with a 20 horse engine, the rest of the "fleet" typically used a home built craft made out of a big inner tube with wooden planks or a cooler to sit on. The more advanced fellows had swim fins and actual fishing poles to go with their

craft but these were not necessary. They'd face astern on the edge of their ship and kick out. Another method was to use inflated condoms to catch an offshore breeze getting your bait out further. Anyway you looked at it they didn't seem very successful, this may have been a "ghost" fish trap problem. In places where people use enormous chain link or plastic traps the traps can be lost, trapping fish for a long time, they're like fish cemeteries. It's the doom of the reef fish.

Walking around Havana, you get the picture, everyone is a hustler. I guess you have to be to survive in this town. I walked through old Havana and intercepted a loosely grouped bunch of what looked like tourists. One of them was a Japanese girl in her school uniform, these Japanese tourists are worldwide but it's interesting to see a schoolgirl. I waved, *Ohio gonziemasu!* This tripped her out, saying good morning in Japanese (I've learned this is a threatening thing for me to say in any language, as if I was sentencing them to death). I headed out of town and checked out Havana harbor, which is not a tourist destination. For such a big port there wasn't much going on and it looked slow. Telephone poles were the shipment of the day and I headed back towards town stopping and having the worst sandwich of my life at a spot. I was begging for some mayo, pickles or hot sauce but they didn't have any.

While I sat there what looked like the entire Cuban police force drove by in their Ladas and they did not look happy at all. Sometimes I think the unhappy police in the world attract and farm the negative stuff they're supposedly protecting us all from. After lunch I watched a guy disassemble his starter motor from his motorcycle and make a roadside repair, these guys in Cuba are incredible, if you own an engine you are a mechanic. I walked towards town checking out hookers and hustlers until I reached the bus station. Bus travel is huge in Cuba and the old beasts were packed everywhere I saw them, not one more person could get on them. I never rode one, missing out on this Cuban experience. "Catch 22" said it was just as well as I'd gotten my pockets picked clean if I had.

As the sun set I stopped at a corner bar I'd been to a couple of times and had a Mojito. A hooker was doing her best to look attractive. I ended up talking in my broken Spanish to a local guy at the bar and convinced the bartendress to serve us the leftovers from the blender drinks that wouldn't fit in the glass instead of pouring them out in the sink. The local cat I was drinking with thought this was slick. I headed up the hill to base fully intending to catch a local taxi. As I strolled along the main drag heading into Marianao I came upon a couple of fellows sitting in the back of a Lada that had a flat tire parked on the side of the road. They had the doors locked and the windows rolled up. They had business suits on and were obviously from the States so out of curiosity I knocked on their window and solicited a conversation, I was just curious.

One of them rolled down his window a few inches, they were a couple of guys on a business trip from somewhere in the Midwest, they were hustling a chicken deal or something. The driver of the cab had rolled the tire off into the neighborhood performing his "Cubanisimo" trick of getting someone he knew nearby to fix the thing, these local guys have a serious spider web network of ways to solve problems. The traveling salesmen were locked up in the back of the cab like they were in Mogadishu or East Saint Louis.

I convinced them to roll the window down and talk to me. I asked them what they were doing in there and told them they should go across the street and get a drink. It seemed like the logical thing to do and I hadn't spoken any English in over a week, plus I was thinking the driver would take me up the way too when he got back. The one guy who looked about my age said, "Are you nuts? This is Havana, Cuba! We're just trying to get back to the hotel". This place is much safer than Kansas. Don't you know if you're a local and do something wrong in this town they'll throw you in jail for 30 years? Forget about being Bubba's girlfriend they'll eat your ass in there! This deters criminals pal. "Really?" Sure, I've been walking around the barrio at night with no problem for weeks. He couldn't believe it and didn't get out of the cab. See you later buddy. I continued up the hill whistling the tune

from the “Andy Griffith Show”. I couldn’t get a cab though, they must have been eating dinner or watching the baseball game or something.

Now, I’ll tell ya, walking around the streets of Cuba at night is extremely dangerous as all the manhole covers and sewer grates have disappeared, probably for raw materials, mash strainers? Fall in one of these and you’ll break your leg. Plus, just like in South Florida there’s a bunch of stupid ficus trees planted along the roadside buckling the pavement and sidewalks, be careful or you’ll stub your toes on these. I stubbed my toe pretty good on a root induced buckled piece of concrete and a small pool of blood formed in my flip flop. Immediately two young toughs began closely following me as if sharks that’d smelled blood. I crossed the street towards two venicealien guards with rifles, paused and solicited them for directions to the place I knew I was headed. The two guards and the two sharks tailing me appeared to figure I must have been scared and needed to be saved. The two guards made as if for me to move along. I waited for the two sharks to pass and then started tailing them. They took the first left and disappeared.

I approached the transvestite hookers. A fellow with a different taste in life was picking one up. I crossed the road and limped into Pillar’s house having walked nearly 50 miles for the day! I just about had blisters on my calves that had red splotches and were hot to the touch. She had dinner waiting for me and I watched the rest of the baseball game with “Catch 22”, Cuba was hanging in there, as was Japan.

Cockadoodledoo! I had been imagining that bird roasted, boiled, or fried for weeks, and couldn’t figure why the neighbors didn’t eat him for crying out loud! Maybe he was the cock of the walk, the neighborhood stud, a prized bird or something but I’d heard enough. There was nothing I could do about it though, I’d breed quiet roosters. I didn’t eat as much this morning as the day before. I’d drank so much refrescas (sugar water and orange juice) in the streets of Havana that my stomach and bowels were sad. Perhaps I was just in shock from walking 50 miles.

“Catch 22” and I went to the commissary, this was an interesting part of Cuban life to see. We headed over the river bridge with a large sack, pedestriated a few blocks to a government building with a single window and slid Jesus and Pillar’s government food book in the window. The woman inside checked to make sure we weren’t double dipping and filled our sack up mostly with rice, unrefined sugar, beans, pasta, a couple packs of smokes and a small pack of coffee. It was a month’s supply of staples and “Catch 22” was matter of fact about the whole transaction. He was matter of fact about everything.

The only real similarity between Youseffe and Yossarian from Heller’s “Catch 22” was that they both appeared to be in a rubber boat with one oar not going anywhere and relatively comfortable about it. I know all about this Catch 22 idea (a war avoiding the real dam target amidst a food conspiracy with a care actor playing both sides of the fence). I was fortunate to have read the book and chose a canoe and took along an extra paddle. Youseffe didn’t want anything to much and this is admirable, yet he was bitter and dry about working at the laundry when he wanted to specialize in communication. The food was heavy, perhaps 40 lbs. worth of stuff but he’d accept no help preferring to carry the stuff himself. He let me carry the coffee.

I stayed in Marinao and played chess in the street on this day. These fellows have some neat makeshift homemade chess sets, slapstick chairs and tables included. A first rate game (forces one to think ahead) played in a dog shit dusty street. The way some of these Cubans played the game was strange (they didn’t think ahead) Carlitos however was good, a master. I went 2 to 1 with him. Overall in the barrio I was 11 and 1, it ain’t dominoes guys, look out. “Catch 22” was pretty good at this game as well and we played into the evening.

I started to share time with the skinheaded, shaved chest too, boyfriend of Eliana’s, he was a

real clean cut fellow. We played chess together and talked about life. He was very interested in my travels and the experiences I've had while doing them. He spoke English well in addition to some French and German. He worked at a Chinese restaurant and got tips making him one of the higher paid guys in town. This was a valuable job and he had a hard time justifying turning all his tips in. I would to and gave him my spin on it coming from the service capitol of the world, South Florida.

Determine what's fair in your own mind. Are you getting an equal split? Do the math and figure out if you're getting back close to what you put in, or the share they said you'd get when they hired you. If not, this is what I did, always carry folded money in your left back pocket to work, when getting tipped look at it, stuff it haphazardly in your back right pocket and when you get a chance right your own wrongs. I told him when I worked for a Greek guy, John Kavakos or with guy's I knew I always got a fair split but when I worked for the cocaine MOB they shafted me, so I gave them the shaft too. I also told him they caught on to that and fired me. I just went and got another job. Who knows what happens in Cuba if you get caught taking the tips at the Chinese restaurant.

I'd brought an engagement ring (disappeared, Pillar got it I think) desperately wanted to be Gutierrez (king of the water collectors) but didn't want to give Eliana a diamond anyway. To marry her, the power grab potential was so obvious. I related a tale to the sino table washer (Eliana's boyfriend) about life being like a conveyor belt with windows of opportunity appearing alongside, how easy it is to take advantage and jump through the window of opportunity as it is presented. How it's possible to have an opportunity present itself again, pass up on an opportunity and make way back towards it but not without difficulty.

March 14, 2006 the Ka Loko dam in Hawaii bursts.

Cue the roosters, my Cuban alarm clock set 3 hours early. Scrambled egg and cheese sandwich, black lightning café, cigarette, café, one more cigarette, dodge the electrical current in the shower and I'm ready to go. This morning I was intent on checking out the beach to the west, so I put a bottle of water in my backpack and downhill I went. A couple of cars drive by honking and yelling "Camillo", not as cool as a bunch of hot chicks leaning out the window at the high school but it looked like my disguise worked on this side of town too. Walking around Cuba in 2006, take a right on directions from a local, please show me the way, past some incredible homes, eat your heart out Palm Beach! Man, these places are nice, I thought there wasn't any rich Cubans. Is the beast still here? Really?

I get down to the water and the shoreline is completely covered in plastic trash. I'm standing there trying to light a cigarette watching a fellow cast net some fish from a bunch of rocks about 200' from shore. The flint in my Tokyo lighter had worn out and the spring shot out the last bit. This took me 6 or 7 seconds to figure out. Cubans have lighter repair fellows in every market place and I figured I needed to see one. I had looked away from the cast netter out on the rocks while fooling around with my lighter and when I looked back up he was gone. He had disappeared! A thin air trick. Nightcrawler from X-Men? Well, I didn't see a puff of smoke.

This was a first time experience for me, so naturally not afraid of the once unknown, I saw an opportunity for investigation. There was a likely spot obscured from view by an outcropping of rock that looked like the obvious straight line path for a guy on foot to disappear to, I just couldn't see how he could have done it in the time allotted. It was impossible considering he'd just thrown the cast net when my attention was diverted and the distance he had to cover to hide behind the only rocks available. I studied the area for a minute and could reach no other conclusion. The guy had disappeared, like magic. I was intrigued, not spooked and figured to try and get to the bottom of this mystery.

I went back to the street around the outcropping of rock and found a trail that lead back toward the spot I suspected he'd disappeared to. As I walked down the sandy path towards a low dune up and

over the dune the fellow comes but it looked like he'd changed his clothes. Buena dia tenga fueferra? He looked at me with a scowl, no verbal response and shot invisible daggers at me. He was not happy. I thought this was odd, maybe he thought I'd caught him in the act of something illegal, I wasn't sure. This was a weird experience for me, as I'd never seen anyone do a disappearing trick before.

I continued on down the road past what looked like unoccupied beach front houses, condos under slow construction, armed guards, and good looking girls. I pedestriate past the Mariel marina that hosted the Cuban P T boat Navy, all the while cars honking, the people in them waiving and calling out "Camilo!" to which I'd smile and wave back, obviously friendly, time traveling, enlightning, doppelganger that I am, when a black Lada drove by. I immediately recognized the driver. My captain, the similarly looking bearded fellow with similar maritime job and handyman work or so he said, when I first met him in Nassau Bahamas flying into Cuba, which was interesting as he was from California and the Mexican (Cancun) route seemed more logical. He pulled into a turnabout I'd just walked through, stopped next to me and asked if I remembered him. I responded with a silly grin. Sure I remember you. I was thinking boy things are really getting interesting now. He asked, "Why didn't you call me?" as he'd given Jorge and I his phone number and address. I just didn't feel the need to. This obviously irked him somewhat, he had an interesting "head twitch dual eye blink thing" that he did periodically when talking to me, the things we talked about that brought on this response were classic, he was always smiling when he did it. "You wanna go for a ride?" Sure. I stepped around the back of the car and jumped in the well maintained Lada.

I immediately noticed he was sweating profusely. As if he could read my mind he brushed it off saying he'd just gotten out of a dance class. He continued through the turn around and went back the way he'd come towards the casa particulares he was staying at, Casa de Miguelito. It seemed obvious that he'd gone out of his way to pick me up. As I was thinking about that he did his "grinning head twitch dual eye blink thing" again. I kinda waived it off with my right hand, smiling, thinking I wasn't worried about it and he did his "thing" again. Communicating without words, too easy!

We parked across the street from his pad, met senor Miguelito, extremely good fellow he appeared to be, checked out the place, nice with exquisite terrazzo floors and beautiful antique furniture and walked upstairs to Captain Roberts studio. I sat down on the sofa and he offered me some pear juice and a cigar, delicious. I picked up a skin diver magazine with a yellow tang or yellow surgeonfish (*Zebrasoma flavescens* {E.T. Bennett, 1828}) cover on the table and Robert said he was an avid diver. I responded that my dad's the Jacques Cousteau (Jack Coe Stow) of Florida. Robert didn't say another word about diving. He took a shower and I did the same, the drain was clogged. A good looking young gal came in, apparently a girlfriend of Roberts. She was selling underwear and he bought some for another girl. The underwear saleswoman left and Robert told me she was Fidel's cleaning ladies daughter. Boy this is getting rich now I thought! We took the underwear and went to another girlfriend of Robert's about my age and traded for the best bowl of chicken soup I'd ever eaten. At this point I'd figured out that these rangy Cuban chickens are perfect stewed, delicious. While apparently Robert was this girl's sugar daddy, she lived with her boyfriend and another girl about 30 with one leg. A make do Cuban family.

The neighborhood had a somewhat famous local Cuban who specialized in fabulously unique decorated concrete walls. He used broken and leftover bits of tiles as his medium and I'd say they were most beautiful walls in place of fences I'd ever seen even though I can't stand nonproductive fences and walls (they could have installed beehive walls and quit the ditch and drain colonial sugar plantations). Robert dropped me off back at Pillar's after making plans to go golfing at Havana Municipal the next day.

Now, Pillar was astounded that I'd made plans to go golfing with a guy I'd met on the plane to Cuba who drove a black Lada (there might have been something to this) and chauffeured me around for

free, plus he looked like he was C.I.A., all while nonchalantly walking down to the beach. To her this was fantastically unusual and very suspicious. Don't worry honey I agree, it is suspicious, I'm just not afraid of it. I just row with it. I was thinking more about the disappearing fisherman trick anyway but didn't mention it to them.

When Robert picked me up in the black Lada to go golfing he'd brought a friend, "A family doctor from California". The California doctor was about my age and appeared to be a reasonable communicator. When we got to the Havana Municipal Golf Course I made my intention known that I'd rather "carry the clubs", be a caddie and not play. I have no interest in putting a white ball in a hole. The no product agriculture of golf courses is detrimental to the environment. This unique arrangement was worked out with the course superintendent. I was just walking the course. The first thing I was made aware of as we got on the course was the maintenance crew. An old tractor zipped by dragging a sheet of plywood with a man "surfing" atop the plywood. It almost looks like he's water skiing. Good, this is better than mowing as it allows for seed ripening (bird food) and it smashes the broad leaves down instead of spraying with Monsanto doom juice.

After the first hole one encounters a small creek meandering through the course with small native plants and birds and butterflies. This certainly is different than most golf courses in the States, I'd guess they don't have enough fossil fuel to burn up over maintaining everything, just enough to play through. A Cuban barn owl (*Tyto alba*) launched from a nearby tree and the huge white bird swooped down low passing real close in front of me, so close the feathers practically brushed my brim. This said a lot to the two I was with and the ever observant watching from the background. All right there at the creek.

The California doctor claimed his arm was broken and that was why his game was so bad. I bit hard here, as I knew what he was getting at. I told him that I might be able to do something about his condition. Let me see your arm. He held out his left forearm. I eased my hands upon the skin of his forearm and began giving him a light massage. If you broke your arm it would be obvious, I'd be able to feel the break, we don't need an Xray, plus this would really hurt. If it was fractured it would also be very painful if I did this. If it was broken or fractured it would take a year or so to completely heal.

I began feeling up and down his arm, talking in a soothing voice, searching for a torn ligament or tendon, or a knot or pulled muscle (I do this by observing the patient's reaction to the touching as much as actually feeling with my finger tips for a lump). If it's a torn ligament it'll take months to heal. If you hurt a tendon weeks and a pulled muscle should heal up in days. Then I took my hands off his arm and did the "Mr. Miagi" from the film "Karate Kid" (people recognize this). I did this Hollywood trick in reverse because my hands are already warm and I'm just rubbing off all the skin, sweat and oil stuck to 'em from your forearm. The way the human mind works, they saw the movie or heard about it and they believe it's possible, make it be. You're fine or will be soon.

"Wow, my arm feels better, it's like a miracle", exclaimed the California family doctor. Nah, it's not a miracle. People like to be the center of attention, make it so. Heal them with your soothing voice, massage or being touched by another person is rehabilitating in itself. Stick to science, let 'em know if they really are hurt they're gonna be in pain for a while, they may consciously decide they'd rather not be and just decide they're not hurt. "Wow!" Just think how much you'll save on environmental damage as a result from not prescribing pharmicuticle junk, the production of which is an environmental catastrophe. While Robert was searching for a golf ball in the rough under mango trees an old dark Cuban man approached me and gave me a mango, he was the real deal.

The market's all ways a lively affair in Cuba. In addition to the woman's cosmetics I'd also brought a Crayola colored pencil set. This I brought with me along with Pillar to the Market. In addition to food purchase I was interested in giving the colored pencils to a particular person. A young

person who wanted colored pencils. We spent some time shopping and I patiently searched the large crowd for somebody who looked like they wanted colored pencils, somebody who had to have 'em. I selected a boy and his mom to give the pencils. The two paused and I approached and made to give he and she the pencils. The boy's mom, seeming kinda stunned as if she might be in trouble, reached in her purse and pulled out a brand new box of colored pencils she'd obviously just purchased.

They were identical pencils (from China) to the ones I'd just got at Walmart several days previous. The packaging was slightly different (in Spanish). I could see in a larger sense that I didn't need to give them pencils. But I was pretty good at picking people out of a crowd. I draw awareness everywhere I go, I stick out like a sore thumb. We were all the center of attention. Pillar seemed a little spooked, it's almost like magic, the boy appeared very interested, his mom hesitated. You can give them to someone else if you like. She took them. The Cubans recognize or know this ability. I'm on time, perhaps a minute late as it might look (she'd already bought some) but the presentation was made better this way.

As I walked around Havana I did so with a stopwatch or timepiece in my head. I do this everywhere. Of note were several boys who walked out of their urban abode on to the stairs carrying a hamster in a cage. They set the hamster in a cage down on the step in time with my soul contact passing. The presentation of the idea, (a)like (but not liking it) hamsters in a cage. With Isle de Juventudes and its crocodile (man eaters) farm and citrus (to kill us) groves as the Cuban island nation's thing of most significance, just to the south and me showing up with Jose de la Mayorga para Nicaragua the last bucan in the Caribbean (Jorge) dancing with the captain of the secrete police's daughter Eliana Gutiérrez (the king of water collector's lion). Jesus's y Pillar's son, who drove a power truck, even had a stuffed crock presentation on his living room wall.

Word was Pillar's brother in law, a professor of art and drama at University de Havana and another man wanted to chauffer me around. I was just about out of money but these guys, a third younger hustler was the driver, really appeared to want to make way with me. They made this very obvious, they were insistent, as if they weren't just interested in the money exchange, which was about the standard dirty dollars per day, 3 men though (local intelligentsia) such a deal.

The automobile was an antique red American car, I forget which make and model, well maintained. The first thing they did was take me to their place where they were collecting that which falls from the heavens, the water from their super, into a "Cuban fish tank". I reached my hand in, palmed some up and drank it. In the early evening we went for a cruise, destination their choice. These characters were trying to communicate as much of vast importance as they could in an indeterminable short period.

From the far SW of Marianao we rolled through the main part of town to just the NE side of Havana. As we were motoring up a slight hill "supposedly" the car ran out of gas. It didn't seem like it though to me. The 3 wanted to push the vehicle up the hill with me in it. I wouldn't let them push the vehicle up the hill without my assistance. They insisted. I made them know I got their point, still pushing though but I get what you are saying. I was making it obvious that I wouldn't let them push me around or didn't need assistance (like they made the machine appear as it did) getting to the top of the hill. While I did assist pushing the vehicle up the hill, I just put a hand on the rear of the car and barely pushed because I knew it was needless effort. The automobile began running again at the top of the hill.

They took me to the finest or most ostentatious show in town, as if to drop me off for the show. I wasn't interested, in particular if they wouldn't be accompanying me. It looked like some kind of "Versilles" façade drama/performance house, including a super hot European looking siren all decked out **seductive** seemingly meeting me at point of drop off. We left this place and motored toward another nearby area behind the facade.

I was aware of the area we were going towards. Over the last couple of weeks of "wandering" around Havana taking notes whenever I deliberately "got lost" and let my consciousness direct, just

“freely” going someplace, I’d come to one particular dead end location or place one goes to come about. I’d already been to the spot they were taking me to 3 or 4 times and just about there, redirecting myself a couple of times about the other ways of the spot. It was the spot I’d been casing out in Havana.

The mood in the cab changing perceptively as we neared the intersection of the route that led to “the spot”, we turned towards it. No, don’t go that way it’s a dead end. “What did you say?” asked the English speaking professor. Don’t go this way. “No, what did you say about this way?” It’s a dead end. “Uh huh.” We got to the dead end and did a 3 point turn. The buildings looked like what could best be described as the “Ministry of the Rue”, “NIMH” (the place where one might imagine the “Rats of NIMH” were spawned) and/or an Albert Speer “Sweeny Todd” facility.

Outside the building and in the streets the place was heavily patrolled with what seemed like “Venicealiens” but acted more like the stupid robots from “Star Wars II” or most exact in description **like the precursor to the replicants in “Blade Runner”**. It was as if our presence in the car and even mine as a pedestrian were ignored, like we were invisible. They weren’t even aware we were there is about what it looked like. The “cops” looked soul free.

It was an ominous 3 point turn. Fortunately, I was already cognizant of the existence of this place. I’d scoped it out 6 ways from Sunday. I think the 3 were overwhelmingly relieved I was aware of what was behind the façade. The mood was of the upmost seriousness, which fit the time and location, considering what was taking place, a full Shanghai, as ominous as one could imagine. All 4 of us (the driver seemingly a normal young adult, the professor a very intelligent multilingual, the other a “dolly the sheep care actor” type and me) looked at each other as if “check”. The professor and the “dolly the sheep care actor” appeared almost like two different sides of the same coin. In short, they’d seemingly lied to me, tried to mislead me and tried to scare me. My response was to ask to go to the bar for fluid relief which we did.

On another day I went to “Seville’s” mansion for a Santeria experience they’d invited me to. I walked the couple miles there with the University of Habana art and drama professor and the “dolly the sheep care actor”. They introduced me to a newspaper reporter woman but she wasn’t interested in reporting anything about me. We went to the Rio Almendares. The one funny story about the park was there was a fish pond with carp (*Cyprinus carpio*) in it in the past but some locals came down and caught all the carp for dinner, now it was a swimming hole for the kids. When the University of Havana Professor told me this story I busted out laughing real hard. They caught the dam concrete pond livin’ carps and ate ‘em. “Seville” had told me it was going to be a party but I was the only attendee besides a few of his family members. My two escorts departed and agreed to return in a few hours to walk back to Marianao with me.

The Santeria was... a setup, these characters were just taking note of what it was I was willing to get involved with. I wanted to go to a “party” and mingle and communicate with others but disappointingly there was hardly anybody here. In the living room they’d displayed some kind of idol thing, I guess this was the idea of “Ocean Goddess”. The deal was there was some kind of ceremony or ritual that involved a plant seed pod that I shook and rattled as directed by “Seville” and his family. Everybody evacuated the room as I performed. I was expected to make an offering to Santeria. I knew this offering of money was to pay for the food and drinks at the party, it wasn’t for the “Ocean Goddess” (she’s not interested in felled processed trees or mined metal). I’d brought 6 convertibales (Cuban dollar equivalents) in my back right pocket. This was really “interesting” because after getting on my knees and shaking the seed pod I reached in my back pocket but the paper currency was gone, all I could come up with was a Cuban “dime” (10 sense) and I never put change in my back right pocket.

Later the University of Havana arts and drama professors, the multilingual and his sidekick, the

“dolly the sheep care actor” returned and I departed with them. I related my Santeria experience, reached in my back pocket and the two bills had returned. Where they disappeared to in the intervening time I couldn’t tell ya, poof. I had departed the Santeria party with a plate of proffered food, croquettes (milled product deep fried in likely dam and ditch GMO oil) pronounced “croke...” that I didn’t like eating. I asked the two arts and drama professors if they wanted any. They didn’t. I asked if I should give it to others or leave it out for the taking as I didn’t like throwing food in the trash. The two recommended I trash the Santaria party food. I did.

Just after, as we were making our way back up the hill another skin suit, traveling quickly, made a beeline for me, he was charging me. When this character got close to me he shifted and barely passed brushing his shoulder up against my upper arm and said something to me in Spanish quick and indecipherable. I asked the arts and drama professor what it was the guy had said. “Con permiso [with your permission]”, replied the professor. I stopped walking. Naw, he didn’t say con permiso, he said something else, what did he say? The professor stared in my eyes intently and asked, “Do you know what a doppelganger is”? Yes, it’s a shape shifter. We just stood there and looked at each other grimly. The definition I gave in response to his question, is the explanation an actual doppelganger would give. To the other human or one who witnesses a doppelganger it’s an entity or a person they all ways wished they could be and when they witness a doppelganger or the person they wished they could be it kills them. Whether they actually die or it metaphorically kills them inside is to be determined by them.

My two escorts took me to a real party. This outdoor get together had live entertainment, several dancers in costumes for a performance, a singer with one leg (a man missing his soul) and several older females in the audience. The singer was accomplished. They served “homemade” Muscidine wine, which I didn’t drink much of even though it was delicious. The professor offered me more wine which I turned down, “**You** should really like this”, he said with some disappointment. Yes, I know, it’s very delicious, the best drink on the island, you all should drink it though, you deserve it. When I mentioned I needed to relieve myself he told me to go over on the side under the fruit trees. Yeah, yeah I know, but I want to go to the bano. “Do you need to shit?” No, I just want to check out the bathroom. I think he got it. I was seeking fluid relief at the bano but was also investigating the attack upon the flushtoile.t. This commode was beat down and slightly repaired to a just barely serviceable condition. I entered the restroom like a surgeon that had just washed his hands.

On the way out of the restroom the “dolly the sheep care actor” insisted I wash my hands. Apparently there was no running water to the sinks and the “dolly the sheep care actor” held his hand and thumb to a button on a yellow water cooler style container with a bowl under it. I explained I didn’t touch anything in the restroom, didn’t have any disease myself and didn’t need to wash my hands. The “dolly the sheep care actor” insisted. As I washed my hands under the spigot he held I pointed out that by depressing the button he was the one with shit on his hands from the yellow cooler (dam coo). The “dolly the sheep care actor with shit on his hands from the yellow cooler” didn’t like me pointing this out. Perhaps inferring that it was all my fault anyway as I was the one who asked to use the bano. I hadn’t asked for an entourage of men to assist me with fluid relief at the bano.

In the garden in front of the stage the arts and drama professor suggested I make my way with a bunch of Cuban girls, putting on a show or delivering an idea, “If anyone could do it you could”. He also said he wanted to see me in a black cowboy hat. People who wear black cowboy hats are the “bad guys”. I know what he’s talking about (be lack cow boy). There’s only one good guy who wears a black cowboy hat, “Zorro”, who’s signature I have. The English speaking professor asked if wanted to go for a boat ride to an island to the south.

As I left the river themed presentations outdoor amphitheater the young man driving the red antique automobile drove up with two friendly beautiful females and asked me to jump in and go for a ride. I declined for I hadn't a nickel to spare and if I had I would've given it to the English speaking professional corerigrapher for the best performance I've ever seen when he ask me to contribute 20 dollars. The driver of the automobile implied that money was not necessary, just get in and let's go for a ride. I see what he's getting at. If I was willing to go down the dam broad in no sense route in an infernal combustion machine hooking up with nubile females is a given. It takes money to do it though. Problem is I don't have the money, to get the money I've got to work, to work I've got to live in a sick shed. I'm allergic to the mold mildew and fungus so I'd be sickly, this would cause me to make poor decisions and I'd be out of it, lost it all. For instance, the worst faux pas in Cuba is to blow your nose. If I was to live in a sick building I'd have a snot rag in my pocket and blow my nose all day and night. So, in a way the reason I decide to go about doing it without much money is predetermined. As I figure it with my parents having some money I'd have just enough to solve the dam dilemma without having to go to Wall Street, be sick and make money.

A couple days later, back at Pilar's house in Marianoa I'm set a pawn by the "dolly the sheep care actor with shit on his hands from the yellow cooler". He appears to have just shaved with a dull razor and cut himself badly in several locations. He goes about trying to get me to repeatedly stand up and sit down at his command. I do a few times but this doesn't satisfy him, nor does it accomplish anything productive. I call him out into the garden to see it that changes his demeanor (and so I'd have witnesses for whatever comes next). It doesn't and he continues to command me to stand up and then sit down, over and over, so I leave to escape "the dolly the sheep care actor with shit on his hands from the yellow cooler all cut up from his own dull sword". If the garden was burned down I'd have no place to escape to.

Eliana Gutierrez is Cuba's District of Havana's Captain of the Secrete Police's daughter. Her boyfriend invited me into their home. The Captain of the Secrete Police Mr. Gutierrez parks his motorcycle inside the living room, whether this is because it might get stolen outside, he may have to saddle up real quick or both says a lot. Did I mention Fidel sleeps with a bazooka under his bed? There's something going on in this country, that's for sure. They blame it on the C.I.A. (not the United States Central Inteligence Agency) but an acronynihm group. If one were to think about it, the way things are, the reality of the situation on this planet's surface and the way things work, if a group were to try and kick out or eliminate the colonistas, it might look like they were successful, yet having found a much larger colonial force taking advantage of the situation and setting up shop. This is what took place. It's very spooky for those who don't know what's going on, as intended.

I found myself playing chess with the Chinese restaurant busboy (Eliana's boyfriend who washes sinho tables) on the roof top of the Captain of Cuban Secrete Police's house. I'm quick and slick, getting deep and high up like nobody else ever did in Cuba. The stove top had spaghetti and red sauce. Eliana's boyfriend lived here and offered me some. It was dry. I recommend water. He shook his head, "No". I could see his point, it needed a lot of olive oil. The rooftop's got homing pigeons (Columba livia domestica) in cages up there. After the game of chess he tells me, "You should marry Eliana." He gives me a seashell. I explain I already have one, a heart shaped scallop shell and how I'm more interested in the living creature in the shell (culinarily in particular) than the shell.

Eliana appears on the rooftop and must have made a signal to wrap it up. The door is opened to descend the staircase, I do following Eliana and her boyfriend. The Captain had come up to the roof top as we were leaving, I pass him just inside the threshold in what was somewhat of an awkward situation that was made so by the timing determined by Eliana. He looks kinda like Uday Hussien,

mean as you could imagine, fair about it though. He didn't look to happy about me up there on his roof. I don't blame him. Boy, I'm rapid huh? Heh, heh, heh, no one infiltrates power structures like me, it's just in the cards. The cold thing is I'm "spookier" than the actual spooks.

I got up one morning and went another way, pedestriating into Marianao. The locals in Cuba use different words to say practically everything, varying the words used neighborhood by neighborhood, block by block. It's cumbersome and certainly impedes communication in some sense as I typically use standard by the book Spanish which the locals of any given area don't and fail to recognize. The reason they do this is to tell if you're from that location or from somewhere else, this is real obvious, humans do this particularly when they realize they're being invaded by foreigners. All it amounts to is stopping communication which is what they're trying to do in the largest of senses. At one point I'm stumbling through initial pleasantries with some barrio regulars and I'm approached at a noteworthy time by another man who I'd met at the fruit market, who'd seemed to be familiar with Pillar. He had located us some eggs and given Pillar and I a free ride back to her place. At this point he approached and made some significance about what the locals were saying to me and why they were using words I wasn't familiar with. I forget what they were saying exactly but realize we're in the barrio (dam river) of Marianao (place where the spring issues forth) so it certainly had bearing on the dam problem and river solution.

I'd already figured in the largest of senses what was taking place. They (we) were being invaded by a foreign (possibly for reign of the idea I represent) entity wearing our skin suits (the egg toting guys timely appearance revealing he was likely one of the foreign invaders) and the Marianaobos were futilely trying to discern who was who. I was formerly describing the idea in my mind and coming up with the correct words to describe the idea. It took me a while and lots of research (10 years and a big dictionary) but what the Cubans were doing is referred to as "shibboleth" defined as a test word which betrayed the members of the tribe of Ephraim because it was hard for them to pronounce (Judges xii, 6) any test word, formula etc. used by adherents to a cause and considered by them a distinguishing mark.

The reason why I was so "lost" in thought about the thing they were presenting on the street and why the previously met egg toting characters appearance at this time was so significant is because the word shibboleth comes from Hebrew meaning flood or a flowing stream. It's very interesting that in action, expressed in verbal communication, the humans were shouting, practically screaming with every word they said, "**Flood!**" yet literally saying, "Dam" in the specific words they were using. A flood from undamming the rivers is the only way to save their souls and their selves from enslavement to/robbery by the invading clone doppelganger pirates, yet the people were seemingly doing nothing to undam the rivers. It is a very interesting moment in time for me, to exactly describe/define in my mind and be able to potentially to a reader the paradoxal conundrum that is occurring.

Within an hour or so of making way and communicating with the Marianaobos I found myself engaged in deep communication with an old man who "sharpened" knives and "repaired" blades broken at the hilt. After an hour or so Eliana and her boyfriend just happened to come by in pursuit of a veterinarian and in possession of a small sick dog. Turns out the knife sharpener is the Captain of the Secrete Police's dad, Eliana's grandfather. Secrete police's granddad says, "I rode on horses with sabers across the country during the revolution. Afterwords we were so sure what we did was the correct thing but now I'm not so sure." I'd just happened into him, this marveled Eliana. The definition of "Gutierrez" is swordsman.

I called up the airport and queried about changing my departure flight to a couple days earlier, 25 bucks extra. I was just staying in control of the whole thing. Plus, you know how it is when you haven't overstayed your welcome... yet. Pillar was very nervous and Youseffe was a young man with girlfriends who liked to "sleepover" and the upstairs pad was the coolest spot for heated action. I had to go.

At Eliana's place I give her boyfriend a copy of the Playboy I'd purchased at the Fort Lauderdale airport as he'd said he wanted some English baseball magazines to practice reading. This was kind of weird because George had stuck together the couple best pages of the magazine. I viewed this as almost my fault because the most likely thing I have ever said to George is, come on George. I'd thought about this last presentation I was to make to Eliana and her man and had decided not to rip out the pages glued together with wasted potentially productive material as this was part of the notes and I didn't want to be the one to censor the information. I wasn't aware it was illegal to have what's considered pornography in Cuba. I don't think of Playboy as pornography anyway. Considering I really wanted to marry Eliana I thought it was an appropriate gift for her boyfriend. Traditionally, as the story's told, in the Caribbean when your wife is with another man you get a jacket...

I didn't make any move to marry Eliana or even suggest the idea to her. First of all, it was illegal, I was already married. But it was more than that, I felt like Eliana wanted to go back to the U.S. and this would imperil any future opportunity for me in Cuba as her dad would kill me. Also, I envisioned Eliana with children, she appeared like the type for it but I didn't want to have children until I undammed the world's rivers. I was wearing the jacket, my wife was with another man (possibly several other men) my potential fiancée was with another man... I was the lowest of monkeys. This is what happens though when/if you're a man doing the correct thing and pursuing a naturally flowing river system on a dam planet. Eliana's boyfriend asks for a couple L.A. major league baseball caps.

As I prepared to leave the house in Marianao a few of the neighborhood women showed up with a simple rubber puzzle with several large pieces (2'x2') textured on one side and smooth on the other. I was minutes away from leaving. The puzzle was the simplest possible. The women appeared to struggle and couldn't put the puzzle together. This was the last thing the Cuban women showed me, that they were deliberately "playing stupid" and pretending not to be able to solve the simplest puzzle. I appreciate them showing me. I need to know this "can't put the puzzle together" hoax if anything. I went back up to the second floor. My Captain Robert and the California doctor showed up on time. I exited the structure from the roof and if the car door had been open would have landed in the seat. Puzzle this.

I carried the clubs/walked the course/avoided sinking a white ball into a hole. The California doctor lent me a 20 and I put his name and address in my address book for repayment. After walking the course Robert was engaged in a possible freezer purchase for his babe so she could store fresh frozen meat, she wanted the superdeluxe model. The California doctor hooked up with a \$50 whore, she didn't like me and said so. We went to the Hemmingway Marina for drinks and dancing. The six man band was on time, the dancers were perfect, precision freight train. I danced with the one legged girl, she was better than me (dancing with a soulless woe to man). The background tables were filled mostly with the pretty girls right out of high school and old men. Our table included some homo who was trying to get me to drink with him and then pay the bill. I didn't drink any of the rum and ordered Cokes on the side. I had nothing to do with subsequent bill fiasco. The whore orcastrated the California doctor into footing the bill. I walked back to Casa de Migalito early.

When I got in the ticket check (or whatever) line at the Jose Marti International Airport two dissimilar looking men claiming to be father and son wearing new straw hats immediately got in line behind me. Where ya from? The two men responded, "Pittsburg". P.I.T.T.S.B.U.R.G. = (possibly) "public or private investigator" "tt" "is" "be" "you" "are" "god". Oh yeah. In Pittsburg if you're at 3 rivers and look across the river up on the hill there is a sign like the one in Hollywood. What's the sign say? They feigned like they didn't know. It says PITTSBURG. The two men appeared more bashful than subdued, cautious though **for sure**. To the reader at this point in this book we're gonna speed up here and change the language even though it's still in "English". The Cuban custom agent seemed as though she suspected something really fishy was going on. After words I sat at a table with my captain

and Miguelito. I wanted to spend the last of my Cuban money and also wanted to give Miguelito a Grolsh beer bottle because it was a valuable, nifty container. Under this guise I asked if he was interested in splitting a beer. He said no initially but later did share the beer with me and as we parted ways he bought a six pack to take home as well as the empty resealable bottle I gave him.

Outside I talk to the straw hat team who're sitting with an English character, I think, who was interested in where exactly did I get the suit I was wearing and what kind it was. From Bruce Gimney at the Trouser Shop [439 (for seeing train + new way vie) Atlantic Avenue] in Delray Beach, FL. Although I didn't say so, it's what's called "a dam fine suit". When going through the X ray line I encountered some problems. The Cuban conveyor belt man accused me of being drunk, "You smell like rum"! I denied this first accusation but admitted it did smell like alcohol. He continued to accuse me while I bent over and looked under the table and conveyor belt to discover a puddle of rum. The straw hat team was following me through. Supposedly one of their rum bottles had accidentally broken, this seemed obvious. I suspect this is where my black address book went MIA, sticky fingers. I had a backup anyway, minus my girlfriend in the hood and the California doctors contact info.

Into the Rush in heir plain I go with a huge glow about me, grinning from ear to ear and start ambling to the rear. An attractive looking light brunette girl sitting next to what was made to appear like her boyfriend in the #2 port row aisle seat commented, "It looks like you're having the best time ever". I agreed and kept walking back. She said, "You'll have to tell me all about it". I looked at my seat designation #. It looks like I'll get the opportunity as I'm sitting next to you in the window seat. When I sat down in 2C a character who looked like Winston Churchill, often misquoted with Roosevelt's line, "The only thing to fear is fear itself" that causes me to think about Lenny Kavitz's *Living Colour* "Cult of Personality" video and the line, "A leader speaks, that leader dies" which was what I was thinking of as "Winston" sat in front of me, put his seat back, practically pinning me in my chair. He said his seat was broken. Winston Churchill observed Cuba's war of independence in 1895 and also wrote "The River War: An Historical Account of the Reconquest of the Soudan" published in 1899.

I unwrap a plastic sheathed bon bon and slap the candie in my mouth looking towards the bruenette couple. They're bon bons, want one? "Sure" says the young gal, the young man nods his head and they both take one. "Why bon bons?" asks the girl. Makes it easy to pop my ears, clears out the sinuses. [It's all they had at the duty free shop. Bonbonnes or bonbonne, also referred to as a carboy (or carbouy) demijohn or jimmyjohn are primarily used for transporting liquids, including compressed liquid gas cylinders. The word carboy is from Arabic "qarrābah" (big jug). Demijohn originally referred to any glass vessel with a large body and small neck, enclosed in wicker work. The word presumably comes from the French "dame-jeanne", literally "Lady Jane", as a popular appellation, this word is first attested in France in the 17th century. An alternative etymology derives it from the name of a Persian town, Damghan (dam gone). Bonbonnes are the large glass carboys cognac (distilled fermented Vitus) is transferred to from Limousin oak casks where the angels' share is forfeited. When the cognac gets transferred to bonbonnes the alcohol lost to "La part des anges" ceases. Cognac is stored in bonbonnes for future blending as there's no point continuing with a longer period of barreling as to much valuable product (alcohol) is lost without hardly much more flavor gained from the charred wood as the flavor gained falls off precipitously after about 3 years. It could be said I was forgiving demigods.] The young female skinsuit and her boyfriend said they were University of Florida students on spring break. Have you ever been to the limestone pit, the cliff for jumping into the lake? They didn't seem to be familiar with the Gainesville I knew at all.

Her boyfriend was traveling with a political science textbook I think and tried steering the conversation that way. I started talking about picking magic mushrooms (Phisiosib cubensis) behind the Scottish Knights Inn in Micanopy just south of Gville (the town with nothing to lose) drying 'em

out and sending 'em in the mail to Josh Kessler whose dad ran New Jersey's (the garden state) waste management. Josh lived south of the Lincoln Tunnel in New Jersey, just underneath the direct flight path of the "terrorists" to the twin towers in NYC. Making money, just paying the bills. "Who are you?", asked the brunette. I'm a character sort of like "Luke Skywalker" from "Star Wars" (I should have been more truthful and said ¼ "Emperor", ¼ "Han Solo", ¼ "Princess Leia" and ¼ the entire rest of the cast except for the golden protocol droid Englishman trapped in a robot suit stumbling around in the desert, but with Winston sittin' up front). She asked who I thought she was. Leigh. "And this guy?", motioning towards the guy sitting between us. Chewie. She said, "I'm Michael Chertoff's [then acting director of Homeland Security] daughter". Isn't he like Goering [Luftwaffe Commander]? "Chewie" said, "Goebbels [propaganda]". I'd insinuated he ran the "Twin Towers/Pentagon Airforce", "Chewie" maintained he was just in charge of the cover up or subsequent disinformation.

I immediately went into my best attention getting story I had for the occasion. I told them about how I met Dick Cheney on the Snake River in Idaho just below the Palisades reservoir. Myself and two other Florida gators plus another guy for 4 all day were sittin just along the side of the river below a hair pin turn on the river left. With fortuitous timing I'd just extinguished a tremendous "Hog Leg" of a doobie (I ate it) with the wind blowing up river, when a Bassmaster (I think) with a 90hp Evinrude came around the bend. It was the Vice President of the United States of America sitting at the wheel with two wired "brand new full Orvis catalogue attired fly fishermen" with dry lines (SS) standing at the bow and stern (looking about as clueless as my buddies).

At this point I told the Director of Homeland Security's daughter (or employee) a lie. I was sitting on the side of the river with my rifle just in front of me and my pistol on my side. [I always told this lie because, quite frankly, it just sounded cool but really the pistol was sittin in the open 5 gallon bucket laying on its side just on my right. This could be considered illegal concealment and against the law plus it's much sneakier. Concealed in the bucket I even had the pistol in my hand and the barrel pointed exactly between Dick's eyes when he showed. Know that as slick as I am to be in this position (this says a lot about me and who I am) Dick had countered my slickness by positioning the likely bullet proof windshield on the upper portion of the steering console he was sitting behind between the barrel and his head [this says a lot about how slick he is and who he is]. Dick cast out his lure, very nice cast which even "plunked" off a piece of wood, perfect presentation into the sweet spot of the hole just a few feet in front of us. He was fishing with a #7 gold Rappalla. This is a gator trout [Salmo trutta] lure which were 10 or so miles further downstream. The cutthroats [Oncorhynchus clarki] rainbows [Oncorhynchus mykiss] and cutbows that lived on that part of the river preferred different lures. Dick Cheney lives next door to stock car racing legend Richard Petty just above Palisades Reservoir. It's his backyard, he was fishing with the wrong lure [unless the gator trout lure was meant for us Florida Gators]. I suspect he was aware of this.

Anyway, Dick, with that shit eating grin of his asked, "Are the fish biting"? The fish don't start biting until 10:30, 11, just before noon. We're just waiting. Vice President Cheney and crew floated downstream and the rest of their "dory" boat following squadron filed past. I had to make my friends aware of who I was just talking to. They were all sitting there too, they just didn't realize it was Dick.

Dick looked like "Darth Vader" to me. I certainly told them the attention getting one liner I had always finished the story with. **I COULDA BEEN THE GUY WHO SHOT DICK CHENEY!** This is quite a line on a Russian airplane flying out of Cuba. Ms. Chertoff leaned way out of her chair and towards me and with a look on her face that read "speak into the mike punk", she actually said much louder than I did, "You're gonna' shoot Dick Cheney?" I calmly denied this and reminded her of what it was I was telling her exactly. I was looking at the Bahamas out the window. The airline steward stepped into the aisle and notified the cabin that we were returning to Cuba, back to Havana.

After a few minutes of flying back towards Cuba, I was gazing out the window at it, "Leigh"

asked, “Aren’t you worried about missing your connecting flight”? Nah, I don’t have one. “Aren’t you going back to the States?” I might, might not, I know some people in the Bahamas, might go see them for a while. Several minutes later “Chewie” asked what it was I appeared to be so interested in out the window. I explained I’d originally come to Cuba to ride a bicycle around the island and was particularly interested in the agricultural verses natural areas as I’d heard Fidel had ordered a major cut back in sugar cane production. We circled the island twice (as if there was a backup at Jose Marti International) obviously there was nothing wrong with the plane, if there was we’d’ve landed in the Bahamas.

When we landed I was one of the last to get off the plane and when I strolled into the airport the passengers were gathered around a man who was handing out free sandwich coupons. Of course I got one and asked him why the plane returned to Cuba (I knew why). What’s wrong with the plane? He said it was the radio. This is about as extremely unlikely a reason as one could imagine, yet with me on the plane I wouldn’t be surprised if every single radio (there’s plenty of them) on the thing zzzzt... or played “Santana”. Still, they’d have landed in the Bahamas. I immediately headed for the exit, to go outside and smoke, but the airport security guy said I couldn’t leave. He told me to just go ahead and smoke in the airport. Are you sure? There’s no smoking signs everywhere. “Don’t worry you can smoke if you want to.” With that I lit up a cigar and gave one to “Chewie”. I bought a map of Cuba.

After I ate my submarine sandwich and was full of baloney I’m approached by two characters about my age. One of them was obviously the leader of the two and when I asked where he was from he said, “England”. I kinda looked at him quizzically (yeah sure) [I used to live with Mike Whitney who’s from England eating “bangers and mash” and this guy didn’t sound English at all]. “Oh, the accent.” and he switched to a decipherable version of the Queen’s tongue which is a dead giveaway that it wasn’t “English” otherwise one wouldn’t be able to understand a word of it. He “admitted” he was from “New Yoke” (a yoke’s an animal harness). The other guy said he was Turkish/NYC and the possible Interpol agents, who didn’t lead me into thinking they were Interpol agents but didn’t dissuade me from thinking they were, invited me to have a few drinks with them and showed me to a small table set up in the lower portion (think center stage) near the bar of the airport. The site was perfect for an audience to view the interaction and many people were seated a distance from the table, a little above, mostly watching us.

The “Turkish” gent immediately cracked a bottle and poured 3 shots of Havana Club clear, and with great fraternal commadre set about tossing back shots, I just sipped on mine. The “Turkish” gent explained he’d set his alarm on his clock to go off every 3 minutes at which point we’d all do a shot. They did this for 15 minutes or so, but I didn’t bite. I cracked open a Coca Cola they offered as a chaser, incentive. I took a sip of the Coke and got to thinking about the situation and of course what preceded it. They were drinking the rum, but not the Coke. I’d be a fool to get drunk now. I’d be a fool to drink the dam and ditch possible GMO (or worse) Coke. I stood up from the table, “Where are you going?” asked the “English/NYC” gent, as I went to the bar to get a Pepsi and a glass of ice. When I got back to the table the extreme encouragement to drink continued, interspersed with an exciting tale of how they travelled across Cuba by blue sedan chucking out hundreds everywhere like heroes. The “Turkish” gent implored me to drink yet set his clock to sound every 5 to 6 minutes. I just kept sipping, they kept pounding. I’ve never seen two guys try and get me to drink like this, ever and I’ve been around.

The topic turned to world events, politics... I kept talking about bird and butterfly gardens, fruit, vegetable, and herb gardens and river trips. At some point I saw “Leigh” and “Chewie” and got up from the table to talk with them. The “English” gent said, “No, don’t go talk to them”. I casually dismissed him and went and talked to them about nothing and returned to the drinking/subtle interrogation table. The “English” gent asked me if there was anything I didn’t like about Cuba. No. “There must be something you didn’t like about Cuba.” He explained the “Turkish” gent was a consigliere, an expert on consultation and negotiation, (no shit Sherlock, **advisor to a crime boss**) and

that I didn't have to worry about saying anything bad about Cuba as the "Turkish" guy would explain my way out of it. To the reader one must note that these care actors tell you the **trueth** but you gotta know what the words mean or else you'll be a fish out of water, for real. If you ever saw the film "Godfather" you know what a consigliere is.

We'd worked our way through the first bottle of light Havana Club, me having only a couple of shots, at this point those two had consumed nearly a ½ bottle a piece and showed no signs of inebriation. They asked me to decide which of the two bottles (light or dark Havana Club) to crack open next. I told them they should pick as they were the ones who were gonna drink it. They insisted I decide. I selected the dark.

They encouraged me to continue to drink while fearlessly tossing back shots and trying to get me to say something, anything disparaging about Cuba. There was plenty I could have said, the plastic bags lining the river bed, poor fishing, reliance on municipal pumped water and sewerage, no fruit trees around most homes, the men trying to shave their faces when they had no sharp razors, the zombie like people lining the countryside roads, the disproportionate seemingly appendicitis operation scars, all the barking dogs that they didn't eat, the people trying to build another concrete addition to their home or yet another shed, the odd "Venice-way'ling" stacked local police force everywhere like "rats", the dam and ditch cane fields and the general descent into a whorehouse for Europeans, which tilted the cash flow to creepy woetomen.

The two agents really wanted me to say something bad about Cuba. The whole time I was talking a notch above the conversational volume required at our distance, as usual. I decided to hit the "hot button" issue of the time, of course. I don't like how the government won't let the Cuban people leave, I mean if they don't want to make way eating fruit and vegetables and a little bit of meat, I'd give 'em a passport and tell them to get the fu(k out of here you dam shit head. Immediately upon completion of this sentence a loud screeching whistle emanated from my left. I looked over to see a young Cuban man seated at a table with 3 older men. The young man with the alarming whistle was pointing at me angrily. Actually, it looked like he was pointing just exactly under the tip of my nose, past me, and to 4 to 6 men dressed in red T shirts sitting just to the right and above me. I'd been completely ignoring these guys as if there wasn't a soul there. I looked at the red T shirt clad forms that could best be described, seriously, as the bounty hunter "Bobba Fett", the original clones for the storm troopers in the "Star Wars" films, plain clothes Bobba Fett's. I looked at them for about ¾ of a second, they were chuckling menacingly at me. I returned this with a grinning "cow chewing on cud" look, I learned this from Burt Reynolds. I was crushing ice cubes.

I turned to face the what looked like Miami Cubans or a representative table of Cuban men, the four that included the whistle blower, and stood up to go talk to them. I'm gonna go talk to those guy's. "No don't go talk to them", the English agent commanded. I dismissed him with a slight wave of my hand. The 4's table was about 25' away and when I got to it casually looked over the 4 who appeared benign C.I.A.'s except for the younger guy, who was hot, looked like he was angry. I apologized to him for angering and upsetting him and returned to my chair. The "Turkish" guy, lookin' like he was "sweating it" possibly from the alcohol, he wouldn't have the liver (metabolism) of an Englishman, got up and disappeared for a few minutes (might a had to recharge his batteries).

The "English/NYC" gent and I began talking about protesting world politics and such. I told him I'd just been to the World Trade Organization protests in Miami. To the reader the World Trade Whorganization is kinda the front group forcing us to eat the GMO's or enabling it to take place. My wife Misa and I made some peanut butter and honey sandwiches and took the Tri Rail to Metrorail to downtown Miami [picnic] and observed the protests [picket]. "Peanut butter and honey sandwiches and public transportation, hmmm", said the "English" gent. "Why peanuts?" It's a legume [forces verdi shoot into ground and produces nuts]. "What were the protests about?" I couldn't tell really, Brazilian orange juice or some stupid shit. "What did you see?" Near perfect police brutality, first they tear gas ya, then they come in shooting rubber bullets, mace/pepper spray ya, taser ya, hit ya in the

back of the head with a baton, toss your I.D. down a sewer grate, and take ya to jail. Plus, the date of the WTO meeting was set to end on Saturday, they bumped it up a day and cancelled the last day and a half. "Don't ever protest", said the "English New Yorker". [Because they changed the dates of the W.T.O. meeting Misa and I didn't see the police brutality, just read about it in the newspaper, however cops dressed in riot gear did bust up our picnic and the most noteworthy thing that occurred was the odd (C.I.A.) "English" woman and her seemingly dike girlfriend who queried us as we fled the riot cops].

The agent had a point. First of all in addition to the above, the characters you're protesting against infiltrate and influence the protesting group, next thing ya know, the protesters are off the mark doing something those being protested against appreciate. Secondly, notice they never protest the dam shiddy problem and give the river solution. If one is gonna "protest" anything make sure it's the dams on the rivers, specifically the worldwide dam problem perhaps in addition to a NIMBY dam problem. Make sure the world wide dam problem is the "heart, brains, spine and guts" of your protest, include superdriplinerwatercollect and thE manuel fertilizer machine food growing solution or else you're a first class dammed fool. It is interesting to have an "Englishman" warn against protestants.

The "English New Yorker" told me his brother was killed protesting in Germany by a bunch of skinheads. This gave me an opportunity, I offered my condolences, stood up, walked around the table to him and leaned as if to hug him/pat him on his back and inhaled deeply. I wanted to know what this guy smelled like. He didn't smell like he just stepped out of an antique automobile after cruising over Cuba like he insinuated. He could have took a shower just before. It smelled like a typical English skin suit, slight odor of deodorant. The "Turkish" gent returned.

The "English"min wanted to tell me what he did for a living. I told him I was an expert at determining this and would tell him exactly what it was he did for a living. Let me see your hands. I looked/mostly felt his hands and made like I was thinking about it (a palm reading/fortune telling act). I let him have his hands back. He really wanted to tell me what it was he was making a killing at for a living. I stalled him. Hold on I'll think of it [tell another river tale]. He really wanted to tell me, as if it were the "punch line" to the "whole thing". "I'm a..." Hold on! They kept drinking, the "Turkish" guy looking like he was gonna float, yet perhaps having emptied his stomach contents during his intermission. I just kept barely sipping the stuff, chewing on ice cubes, drinking Pepsi [boy, that "English" guy really wanted to tell me what it was he was doing]. Hold on I'll tell you.

A few minutes later... Alright, I know what you do for a living, I know exactly what you do for a living. "What?" Newspaper delivery. "Nope, I'm a film director!" Trust me, I know, its newspaperper delivery [news of life he's gettin' for some care actors I'm may charge him his life for]. I stood up from the covered in sticky rum, coke and cigar ash table. It's a dam shame ya can't get a busboy in Cuba. This table's filthy, it'll attract bugs! **My jacke.t.'s gonna get dirty.**

With that I grabbed the table loaded with empty, half empty and full bottles of rum, cans, glasses, ashtrays and what not, picked it up, "**NO!** Don't do that!" commanded the "English" dude as he seemingly tried to hold on (just following my directions I guess) to the table. I was about to give him some wise crack about not protesting when he made it obvious he was just making sure I got a firm grip on the table and didn't spill anything for the transfer of control of the table which the transfer of he was to control. I carried it away. I grabbed a fresh table, brought it back, professionally grabbed the entire old table setting and reset the new table as if I'd been cleaning filthy tables and resetting scenes for many lifetimes. Likely elapsed time, 8.6 seconds. Turn the tables? Know, I replace and reset tables. I sat down and poured myself a stiffy.

All of a sudden over the airport in house speakers a message rang out, apparently our flight was ready for departure. Time to go. I stood up. I'm going to talk to the guys in the straw hats. "**NO!** Don't go talk to them." I looked at the "NYC" dude like "shut the fuck up punk", waived him off, walked the 30' or 40' away and questioned the "Pittsburg team" the only men with at least enough sense to wear good hats for the tropics (appeared like FBI but acted like C.I.A.). Is this our flight?

They said it was and I went back over to the table amidst everyone getting up to board, slowly grabbed the stiffy (I didn't want to spill it) my Jansport backpack and made my way to the plane following behind the suspected Interpol agents.

They'd consumed nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ a bottle of rum a piece over 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or so and showed no real signs of visible intoxication. This is extremely noteworthy. If you're a human being, or any animal from the surface of this planet, there's no way to get around the deleterious effects of excess alcohol consumption. There is no magic pill, no thing ya can coat your stomach with, nothing to save ya from getting drunk, except for a really good liver, and lots of practice. I know, I'm good at it, drinking, myself. These two didn't even waver in the slightest, not in their walk to the plane, not once in the entire conversation/interrogation (that I was giving them) did they slur a single word. This is nearly impossible unless one is a trained professional, the Turkish guy pretty much quit talking during the last half of our encounter. If anyone from this planet could "pull it off" it'd be an Englishman. And that's what I was gonna do next after I replaced and reset the table on 'em (which is **the** move) I was gonna to get plastered trying to get these guys drunk. I knew I had "proven myself" in this country, this was "my house", I could do or say whatever I wanted but these guys didn't seem like they got it, yet. Kinda "**slow**" for their imagined position, maybe they were drunk. Intergalactic po'lice perhaps, meet intra/interuniversal (multiverse) law enforcement.

As I approached the "boarding tunnel" exiting Jose Marti International Airport onto the plane I came upon a Jose Marti look alike sitting in front of a small empty table. I took a sip of my drink and placed the remainder in front of him*I gave the "stiffy" (dead man) drink I'd poured for myself to "Ho say mar †". Just before I entered the "tunnel" I stopped briefly and looked about. I was the last to board, it appeared there was nobody else around and I made my way to the plane. Three guys wearing grey Stalin esque suits immediately converged behind me (as if out of knowhere) and stepped in front of me just as I boarded the plane. They were beefy. "Did you enjoy your visit to Cuba?" Si. "What did you like about it?" Yo gusto los montainas, del rios, la playa y la mar. La frutas y vegetables es delisioso, y mi gusta la senoiritas y el seniors. "Will you come back?" Si. "When?" No certain, possible en una semina, una lunes, o anos. They nodded their heads and I got on the plane.

I wasn't to sit in "2C" anymore, now I was in "2A". Chertoff's daughter and her boyfriend, "Leigh" and "Chewie" weren't on the plane anymore. In my designated seat "2A" sat an exact duplicate of the villain's (Dr. Holly Goodhead?) menacing accomplice from the "James Bond" films "The Spy Who Loved Me" and "Moonraker" which are about killing off humanity with a toxin from the black orchid and rebuilding a super race to live in the sea or a complete earth ecocide attempt. He was exactly like "Jaws" sans metal teeth, he even wore the same light blue suit. No one sat in "2B". In "2C" sat a character who looked just like the villain "Mr. Big" from the James Bond film "Live and Let Die" centered around Haiti (Hell) and New Orleans (the plantation/whorehouse). To really get the picture realize the scariest thing on the airplane is the little old lady sitting across the aisle from "Jaws". I approached and stood in front of "Jaw's" right knee. You're in my sea. He acted aggressive and irritated as he reached into his inside jacket pocket as if to pull out a blaster and blow me away or his ticket and prove me wrong. He was interrupted by the flight attendant, who definitely looked like he was C.I.A. The flight attendant told "Jaws" to sit in the back of the plane.

I sat down in "2A" with nothing separating me from "Mr. Big" in "2C" but "2B" (I had thought about all of the possible seating areignments before I dealt out my one liner to "Jaws" and this appeared to be the best eventuality. However, after telling this tale for ten years and asking others what they would have said to "Jaws" I came to discover a better one liner from a good ole boy in Georga. I should have told "Jaws", "Get the hell out of my chair" as the four horsemen are our best wager for assistance undamming the rivers and getting out of hell {their own imprisonment too} but I certainly will have opportunities to do so and do). "Mr. Big" didn't want to talk to me **AT ALL** and seemed extremely uncomfortable, mad, as he gazed out the darkening window. The whole flight to the Bahamas I

attempted to communicate with the little blue haired old English or Norwegian post menopausal woman (total blankityblank) across the aisle (she may even have come to Cuba seeking “Superman”).

That’s the setup, “their” response to my idea of a rivers, fruit, birds and butterflies table switch. “Oh yeah? Well “Jaws” is sitting in the back of the plane and you’ll have to get together with Mr. Big who doesn’t want to entertain the idea and an airhead woman who’s practically incapable of entertaining the idea”. A plane presentation of the problem. I’d rather have sat in 2B... but I already am (“They” having picked my eventuality {the seeing areignment} anyway as if I’m just another construct of the architect’s {the king maker} scheme).

We’d just landed in Nassau, Bahamas and I was one of the first off the plane. I waited for the guys in the straw hats to catch up (you’d think the “FBI’d” be able to afford a better seat but I guess not on a Russian airplane), plus I was waiting to see if “Jaws” would dare to step out. Nope, sissy (a sister for support ideally) might have changed skin suits. The suspected “Turkish” and “English” INTERPOL agents suggested we go to the Paradise Casino (in control). I was about to board the shuttle van when I decided to run back into the airport and find out when the “next flight out” departed for the States, this perturbed the “English” guy a little (out of control).

As we approached the casino I challenged the “Turkish” gent to arm wrestle me for the taxi fare. The “English” mon/NYC/space alien interrupted me and cautioned me that the character I was talking to, the “Turk”, his ancestors “With the memory of an elephant and a lust for revenge” had shown in the past a history of accepting arm wrestling challenges but insisting on bumping it up to swords. I said something about how I was a master of the cuchillio and was intending on countering with an insistence on pistols to give him a chance. He was quoting from the same book I’d read that gave me the idea to challenge the “Turk” to arm wrestle.

They wanted me to store my backpack behind the hotel counter like them but I did the opposite. I took the agents over to the aquarium and told them the genius species for half the fish and gave common names for the rest. It’s fu(ked up the people on this planet don’t even want to go swimming and look at them, huh? Got ‘em trapped in a tank, pumping water around with no product. We sauntered towards the casino. When we reached the dazzlingly lit foyer with the sparkly thing hanging from the ceiling (crystal light) the gents rapidly increased their speed almost imperceptibly (extremely professionally trained) and separated themselves from me. I slowed down. A character who appears like me with shave and haircut approaches on an intersecting course from my right dressed in what appeared to be identical Haspel (dam fine suit) but white. I could tell he was the smoothest G man intelligence could muster on short notice. Their #1 guy (on this side of the whorl perhaps) the best I’d seen since my father in law in Japan or the doorman at the Las Vegas, “Mr. Cube” himself (the architect/“the snake” from the Bible).

With the big sparkily rock overhead it appears as though we’re becoming engaged. As we intersect, he, without missing a step, a sparkle in his eye and a grin on his face, pulls a pack of Marlboro Lights from his pocket and seamlessly extracts a cigarette (if you’ve ever done this it’s nearly impossible to get a single cigarette to quickly slide out of a fresh pack, there was one missing from the pack {he’d already smoked one previously}) as he asks, “Ya gotta light?” **It’s requesting an enlightening experience** and playing into my hand.

Considering the situation, fortunately, I had a pack of matches “stacked” in the upper leading edge of my right trouser pocket and just about literally pulled a ball of fire out from my pocket (using Tom Cruise’s “Cocktail and Dreams” technique) barely slowed, presented it to him and lit his smoke before he was hardly done asking for it. He appeared glad to see me again, relieved. Just like that, one Marche in Cuba 2006 culminating at the Paradise Hotel and Casino (Atlantis) in Nassau Bahamas, suddenly, I’m the #1 intelligence agent on the surface. “Out” of knowhere, that’s how I row/roll/roe.

I followed up on the gents who ditched me just past the entrance into the dark casino. They'd disappeared. Poof. Judging from the time of separation and the distance from the spot I occupied to a place out of view the only way they could have vanished was if there was a trap door, sliding cabinet, hidden door in the wall, they tore the rug up getting around the nearest corner and out of sight or warp space time.

I'd ordered a new credit card that I received just before I'd departed for Cuba, wrote the mailed to me pin # in the address book that I'd "lost" and spent a few hours bumbling around the casino trying to stay away from the security guard who was harassing me, searching my mind for the #. Took me a while, but I remembered the # I'd never used once, got some cash and took a cab back to the airport.

At Julie's 2nd Ave home the rats had disconnected the waterline to the ice machine flooding the place and ruining the laminate floor hiding the cracked terrazzo foundation. I demoed the disaster and subcontracted the terrazzo patch and polish to professionals in the field. They cracked the flush toilet with the diamond polisher. It's beginning to look a lot like Cuba.

The Orchid is a woman's substance abuse home and Julie's boyfriend was involved with or knew of the New York mob and worked for the publishing industry, so the set up was perfect for anyone checking up on me after my Cuba debut as that which matters. For the reader who's wondering what the drive behind "Jaws" and the "storm troopers" is, what's their plan? The short answer is that with no foresight or depth perception they haven't one and/or like my idea better. Their plan's just the obvious but how to describe it most accurately?

Ms. Julie recommended I read "The Orchid Thief". This book contains the most to the point quick description of what the "farmers" or jack's asses behind the dam green curtain have got lined up for us. Know the humans are the dam fools who stacked up our present lot. As the New World opened rich Europeans (barons and such) sent collectors into the forest looking for orchids to ship back to the European greenhouses for display. They'd have big parties and invite others to ewww and ahhh over the floral control. The most valuable orchids were the ones nobody else had. As a result, when the orchid thieves found new specimen, often they'd collect as many as they could, lite a match and burn down the forest which contained the newly found species, that way nobody else could have one or the only place to get one was from them. Also, most the collected species died en route back to the private greenhouses and from there they succumbed to inappropriate living conditions in the greenhouse.

An extremely sharky character buys the Orchid on Feral Drive and immediately robs me of a \$400 pay installment.

In the evenings and at night I'd make way mostly by bicycle to a practically unlimited # of bars or watering holes in the Palm Beach Co. area. Often I'd wheel into 3 or 4 a night sometimes just sticking my neck in getting a feel for the creepjoint and leaving or tipping the bartender a dollar for a glass of water and a slice of fruit even though I had a cooler of fresh coconut water lime spearmint and honey or a fermenting kambucha tea strapped to the back of the bicycle. While most everyone pretended they couldn't make any sense out of the tale I'd tell them about my experience in Cuba and how it related to the larger dam picture, the most noteworthy thing that occurred after returning from Cuba was I'd pick a new bar and make it my "hangout" which I'd go to 4 or 5 nights a week in addition to all the other places I was frequenting. Here's what happened and I repeated the ploy to make sure what was happening was linked to me making the bar my new "hangout" spot.

The regular staff, in particular the bartenders serving me would be replaced by careactors who could best be described as "Russian mobsters". The replacements didn't sound like they were Russians they just look like what you'd think a Russian mobster would look like (to me they appear like the partner to team up with to beat some sense into "Rocky"). This was real obvious as was the fact nobody knew 'em. I'd pump 'em for information but couldn't get anything out of 'em. They were like spooky stalwarts.

The best I can do is order my drinks **know** paper **know** plastic (meaning I didn't want the ubiquitous paper napkin and plastic straw served with every drink + the obvious double entendre). The

“Russian Mobster” replacement bartenders got this idea, the humiliating dolt bartenders struggled with it almost as if they thought I wasn’t going to pay for the drink with cash or card, and then they’d forget what it was I’d ordered as if the unheard of request blew their mind. I’d explain to them that the paper napkin and plastic straw are nearly as damaging to the environment as the drink and I’m cutting my responsibility for the environmental destruction in half by ordering the beverage without the needless trash. Some of the communicable bartenders explained if they didn’t reflexively toss out napkins and straws with every drink about ¼ of the drinkers would rudely demand payper and plastick and then not give them a tip and stop others from tipping as a result of not service with enough vice. Concurrently I ordered the bubbly water with just a little ice.

Usually it took ten days or so for the “Russian Mobsters” to infiltrate and take over the staff. This must have been an ordeal for the established bartenders who were replaced, perhaps heavy handedly. Who knew what happened to em. The story was really told once the staff had been replaced and I was holding forth from my new “hangout” about river trips and fishing, mangoes and replicant precursors, “Jaws”, “Bobba Fetts” and busted flush toilets while the patrons tried to act puzzled, ignore me or pretend I was nuts. The manager or owner of the bar would be grimly watching me, hating it because he knew it was for real because as soon as I started coming to the place it was completely infiltrated and takeover by who knew where from (clone doppelganger pirates) spooks. This really sold it and often times one of the more intelligent regulars of the particular bar who wasn’t in denial would get it too and in this way the “Russian Mobstars” assisted me in deseminating the idea. Also, as it turned out some places had the wherewithall to resist this takeover or were already infiltrated.

My neighbor at the Cederwood Christian Community liked to “feed the birds”. I explained to her that if she bought bird seed at the store and tried to feed the birds, that she was going to starve them. I explained that when she ordered seed grown she was in effect ordering the removal and replacement of a far, FAR, more productive system (likely a drained wetland or felled forest) with a comparatively nearly productless and short termed farming system. Also, she was destroying many different types of flora and fauna to feed a handful of different types of “dependent” birds of her choice. This is all in addition to the damage done by the dam roads themselves and the fuel burned to get the unneeded product to meet her archaic desire, for no good reason. She was throwing handfuls of nuts up on the roof anyway. And the rats...

At this point in life I was quite frankly overwhelmed with knowledge. The easiest way to describe it is that each particular note occupied a brain cell and I was out of additional storage space. The information stored was the regular notes. I reviewed my knowledge over several days and nights. For all practical purposes the notes added up to undam the rivers. For instance, the sum of literature could be boiled down to “Old Yellow”, a book about a helio, backwards good that comes down with rabies (lockjaw fear of water) and must be put down with a rifle. I could have wiped my brain of all the notes but that one and started in the pursuit of the goal collecting new notes but it takes a lot of knowledge just to make way in the dam shiddy scam. What I did was realize that some of the notes mirrored others or followed a pattern, so I condensed the notes or grouped many notes into fewer notes and then stored these condensed notes freeing up more space/brain cells for new knowledge. This caused me not to be the “Jeopardy King” and I wasn’t able to answer practically any ole run of the mill question, however I became the expert at undamming the world’s rivers. I didn’t like being the “Jeopardy King” anyway.

I’d entertained the idea of appearing as “Jesus” and saving the whorl from damnation my entire life but hadn’t up to this point because I hadn’t found at least one partner to do it with. After all, there’s no way I could solve the problem by myself. The notes I’d added up, pre trip to Cuba, suggested that there was a seemingly shape shifting entity that existed that was leaning on me to so and at the “Pair a (of) ice Hotel and Casino” I decided that entity was saying it would play into my hand. In coming about to the decision to act, of course I researched the Bible. As I read the books, the most significant

part is, of course, the murder of “Jesus” (Emanuel) which is recounted in Mark 13, Matthew 24, Luke 21 and elsewhere in the Bible and other books, is the part just before he was killed. The guys he “rolled around” or made way with, the apostles, asked him, Boss, you didn’t fix the dam she.t.ty problem this time. When are you going to come back and fix the dam shitty problem? He refers them to Daniel 9:27, 11:31 and 12:11 which reads that he would return when it was an abomination of desolation. The abomination of desolation is defined as the hateful structure that destroys built on the temples. This is water planet, the temple is the river, the hateful structure that destroys is the dam on the rivers. For the most part, the dams are all built as of 2006 and what I’m witnessing on this surface could most definitely be described as an abomination of desolation. So, I decided the time was now to step out as he.

A small sky writing Cessna type plane starts flying over my location, every day, pulls the trigger on the smoke trail exactly above my location, every day and spells out a message that reads, “JESUS LIVES!”.

As I approached the “Starting Point” of the actual writing down of this book, I mean literally, sitting there with a pencil in my hand and a piece of paper on my thigh trying to think of the first word to write down, the rats were excavating. It sounded like they were predominately trying to get in under the kitchen sink but were attempting to get in any way possible. Sitting there in the room with all the sliding glass doors open, trying to get started, the rats were incredible. I could not explain to anyone what was going on. It was unfathomable. With breakthrough near, I started writing, FINALLY. When my pencil touched the paper for the first letter, word, sentence... Silence, they were in. “There’s A Rat in the Kitchen, What Ya Gonna Do?” Shortly thereafter while I was working on the first page the rats (a bunch of them) formed in a semi circle in front of me and...we had a little chat so to speak. This was a big deal to me. I am a Water Rat on the Chinese restaurant horoscope, the rats are potential allies or gangmembers to me.

If there was a creature one could enlist in the overthrow or the “pulling the rug out from under” the dam shit head abortionist humans Ratus ratus would be my first choice as an ally. While the assembled rats didn’t “say” anything to me the idea I “heard” from them was, “‘Hurry’ up, don’t let us down, we and the rest of life are counting on you, we want to live forever undamned too”. I patched the rat hole behind the kitchen counter/dishwasher with a thick gage wire screen I’d found in a trash pile. The rats ate around it. I didn’t have any food available for them but there was plenty outside thanks to my normal deranged neighbors. The rats were insistent on being in my domicile. They began to enter through the bathroom vanity and I kept rolling out screen and covering the holes, they “Swiss Cheesed” the vanity. I did the same and quit using soap, deodorant, incessantly washing dishes and all that poisonous junk. Eventually they got in the pantry and must have sat in the rice bowl leaving droppings. I dropped the dam and ditch/paddie rice.

In order to really sell the infinityproject idea it works best of one is able to answer related pertinent questions brought up by the intelligent reasoners. Some answers to problems posed by people can’t be found in the books, on the internet or in common conversation. However, there is people who know the answer to any particular question. So Fla is a place with all different kinds of ethnic people of various backgrounds and lineages many of them retired leaders of their fields. Nearly constantly turning over the dam problem and flowing river solution in my head or with others, looking for a hole in the dam thing often I’d find something lacking in the solution. Where to find the answer?

Using the “Guess the Final Jeopardy question upon category announcement” and “Who’ll give me some water?” problem solving techniques I’d think about what type of person would have the solution to the particular problem and where this knowledgeable person would likely be at a given time. All things considered/free flowing thought would give me a time and a place, often I’d tear off on my bike clear across town into the next county as if I was late for a date, sometimes to a closer spot

at a more leisurely pace pausing to communicate with many others in route.

Quickly leaning the handlebars against the stucco by the door entering excitedly moistened in perspiration and making way through the bar to sit down next to a character (C.I.A.) who'd likely be occupying the seat I'd've been in and smoothly flowing into communication, usually overseen by the inquiring bartender and others in the bar drawing awareness. Tell me the answer to this particular problem... "How do you know I know that?" the skinsuit would ask incredulously. I'd tell 'em who I am and give 'em the dam fluidification, superdriplinerwatercollect, thE manuel fertilizer machine solution to the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. problem and the above explanation as to how I arrived next to them to ask. "I'm the only person on this side of the Mississippi River that knows the answer to that question!" Spit it out sucker! Give me the solution. They would do this. This is a very effective information collection technique and the characters I use it on are extremely impressed, they said so. Plus, the bartenders who witnessed me accomplish it sure had a story to tell and with the job they have many opportunities to tell it.

A lot of wildly enlightning things were occurring around me as I began this book. I'd capped a few sprinkler heads out front of my place when I installed my habitat restoration project and perhaps as a result of the subsequent pressure difference the rest of the sprinkler heads in the neighborhood "blew their tops" and the late middle aged KKK, nazi, communist, block watcher woman who was in charge of the neighborhood grudgingly kept repairing them. Apparently one of the former occupants of the place didn't change their address when they left and I received mail addressed to Amanda Del Lobos (man of the wolves) this was prophetic for a Canisawa. In addition, there were all kinds of things that occurred in relation to what I was writing about. For instance, if at night I wrote about Baton Rouge in my descent of the Mississippi the next morning I found a red baton on my door step. When I pulled on to I-95 or up to a stop light a concrete truck and a Bahama Bread truck would be on either side of me, it was invariably like this.

Father's Day of 2006 June 18 I was 128 pounds. 18 pounds shy of my ideal weight and lighter than I'd been in a long time. I was up at first light, pedestriating to the beach. I was trying to accomplish so much in life and it seemed like I could materialize or cause anything to happen that I could fathom to further the Infinity Project. I knew I'd ultimately be successful in undamming the planet and so forth and it practically seemed like I could push a button and get anything. This idea is what I was thinking about in my brain as I approached the sea shore. It materialized in my conscious as a red button that I could push and get, find, receive or collect anything. I'd pushed this button so many times and had it work that confidence was as high as possible.

I figured one possibility, considering the difficulty I was having accomplishing my goals personally as a result of the dam fools harassing and teasing me everywhere all the time, was to turn into a fish and witness the success from that point of view. I figured I'd give it a try and "wished" so to speak to be a fish as I "pushed the red button" and dove into the surf. I swam under the surface and realized it didn't work. I didn't turn into a fish. The way things were going I figured it would for sure. I opened my eyes under water and began to surface. As I surfaced something hit me between the brows of my forehead. I got a breath of air and discovered it was a Bic lighter, turned it over and found the red button that I'd surfaced into. This is how my life is, I can't escape it and this was my last attempt. At least I've still got the button I thought. Just can't shake it. Goodness I tried.

What was the problem? The problem is from my point view I'm the only character on the surface attacking the dam shiddy situation, at least as comprehensively as I am. I'd read about a woman in India who was known for setting up a simple tent at the site of a dam and reservoir in process and getting flooded out, as the water level rose, the area was inundated and doomed. I'd read the book "Damnation". I'd read the article in the National Geographic about the young couple casing out the dam under construction in Iceland. I am aware there were certainly many people against the

damming of the rivers in their local area. Most probably just didn't want to lose their property and be forced to move. I knew from my experience those in charge of taking the notes often neglected to take antidam notes. Those charged with information storage had dumped the antidam notes taken and the editors had smothered or hidden the truth (not presenting the solution) the whole time. This was obvious, there wasn't even many prodam notes taken. As if the most significant thing on the planet was hush hush, shhhh! It's a secrete.

I'd never met more than a couple handfuls of persons who are willing to recognize the damming of the world's rivers as the most significant thing that's taken place on this planet. Practically every single person claimed I was "nuts", crazy or insane for being aware of the most significant, far reaching in consequence, obvious thing. What a disgrace humans are! A creature that when confronted with the possibilities of collecting that which falls from the heavens usually responds, "Huh?" An organism committing certain soulicide and attempted ecocide by dam and ditch agriculture, rainfall undermined structures and a flush toilette. Many of the species when cornered by the idea of wasting practically there only product, smirk devilishly and refuse to even contemplate the possibility of a productive fruitful fertilizer machine instead. An organism that when confronted with the resultant damage to its structures from not collecting the rain and having the foundations undermined looks forward to building it over, an unnecessary amount of toil for a short period of time. As if "living" in a sick structure, covered in their own shit and aborting life was their goal. It is.

To take over the surface with my idea, end the damages and install the infinity project I was not only going to have to adhere to or observe all the laws of all the manuals that made sense scientifically, I was going to do things that 99.99...% of folks didn't do, or at least try or experiment with nearly everything under the sun and moon that could possibly force the idea forward. Seacretively, I was going to jump up and down on every lever, push every button, flip every switch and spin every dial all the while taking notes on what or which techniques or methods produced, and if they didn't produce positively, discontinue doing them. To turn the tide of humanity I would exit the "herd" of what amounts to a bunch of suicidal lemmings or sinking into the abyssal plain goose neck barnacles and start heading back the other way. One is able to communicate with more people face to face this way, hand out more infinity project business cards and newspapers, show others the correct way, and save their own soul simultaneously. I'd decided I'd teach them to swim and collect the waters bounty, water being a metaphor for life, instead of walking all over it.

Instead of being remembered for curing superficial skin diseases, restoring vision, and bringing them back to life (with no remembrance of the fundamental river solution to the dam problem presentation) I'd show up at the time, seemingly the cause of organ diseases, lighting storms, broken necks, concurrent tunes on Ceres X 'em, death and undamming the rivers. (The people will remember me for attacking the dam problem with the free flowing river collective productive structural solution). With all the selfish concern humans had for their personal skin suits and those of their friends and family appearing as a "black cat" is a particularly effective technique and practically the only thing most took note of. To increase the effectiveness of the message delivery and cause the humans to take note, I also worked out a deal with "The Heavens", or the force of life, the devil and god if you will, to blow up the water mains and sewer pipes, burn structures of significance, power outages, earthquakes, tidal waves, mass killings, anything of interest, a bird or butterfly, that would coincide with my message delivery whether in person, by mail, phone or otherwise. Coming up the shit pipe being one of my favorites, people seem to remember this, fires they don't like fires, and my personal favorite of course, but extremely difficult to pull off, showing up when the dam(s) fail(s), the last thing most people think they want.

While working in conjunction with the forces around myself in a larger theocosmological sense, I was going to have to solve the meta physics of the thing as well, not only the letters, envelopes and postcards but getting the team together to fix the dam shetty problem, manually, in a real sense. It looked like the U.S. Navy and Air Force are the organizations with the correct tools to solve the dam

problem and overhaul the rivers health quickest and most efficiently. Not to rule out assistance from the Royal Navy, the French, Russians, and Chinese but it looked like the U.S. Navy's 13 aircraft carrier groups and/or the Los Angeles Class themselves if need be could punch a hole in the dam problem. The easiest way to achieve this is legally, the presidency, to get control of and command the U.S. military. Most people would think the idea ludicrous, I just realized it was the most likely way to undam the rivers and as written in the Bible.

I wasn't going to put all my eggs in this basket but being the "Easter Bunny" I was going to stuff as many eggs in it as it would carry and another basket trap to impress "Cube" the machine/computer/vessel/organism entity flirting maddently shadowing me everywhere all the time, a trap to get it to force the fix. For without it's assistance, the way things are, solving the problem wouldn't be possible. My family had extensive involvement with the U.S. Navy all the way back to the Mayflower's cooper, this goes a long way. Once again, the U.S. mail and a handwritten letter or postcard was likely the most effective technique, Email and talking to the characters who advertised they were in the Navy also works. The characters in command of the U.S. Navy didn't get the volume of letters as that of politicians I suspected, yet some of these commanders had a phone they could pick up, not even dial any #'s and speak with the Commander in Chief. This was the best idea while working it from this angle, follow the chain of command and influence those decision makers towards the top legally. While encouraging a coup or revolt to take over the U.S. government, or replace or subvert its leadership is treason punishable by death, encouraging the undamming of the planet through any means possible is the wisest most intelligent thing one could do.

It appears the easiest way to win command and control of the U.S. armed forces was to take under the U.S. Government. It would be perfect if I could get elected President for instance, even though Vice President might be the best spot for me with a likeminded character as myself in the top position. However, the chance of getting elected was slim on a "Let's undam the planet and not commit ecocide like dam fools and shed everything from the heavens shit heads" ticket, as this was exactly what most the humans wanted.

The most likely way to be elected President, get command of the U. S. military, undam the rivers, charge em for it, get out of national debt and save the world is by driving the humans towards it specifically by grinding the worst of the water control structure abortionists up into sausage and eating them. Simultaneously leading the best of the people towards undamming the rivers with a reverse last supper presentation with pretty girls getting the Americans to collect the signatures required to get on the ballet with the knowledge that at that point as they say on the street, "It's fixed" (or could be) from there. Getting on the ballet and elected like this would certainly prove (at least to me) whether the shadowy, wishy washy forces in control of the "whether" were for a sensible solution or not.

I know there's a lot of humans who don't like the idea of barbecooing the dam fools and eating them and I'd rather solve the dam problem by other means too but I'm reporting what would be the most likely way that would work. If we had one shot at solving the dam (damn) problem what's the most likely to be successful shot to take? Remember, the best way to solve the problem is for the inhabitants of this surface to just come to the decision to punch holes in the dams but what are the chances of that? Also, think about once we undam the rivers, what is the best thing to do with those souls that insist on stacking stones up on the rivers. Think about what would be the best thing to do with people that died of natural causes. What's the most productive thing we could do with them? Grind them up into sausage and eat them.

I'd studied this problem for nearly 40 years and had decided that the easiest way get control of the U.S. "government" and thus win command of the U.S. armed forces was with the MOB's assistance, specifically the Italians and Sicilians "Los Cosa Nostra" idea, the East Coast or New York Mob (even if it's just a bunch of "illuminati" dressed up in mobster skin suits). The best way to sell an idea to any group or organizations leadership or #1 character is to approach the table with the #2 character(s) or group backing you up or with you. If one's trying to take under God it's more effective

with the Devil backing one up or leading the way. Plus, it's easier to get the Devil's 1/3 of the heavens as back up first, and then get God's 2/3 next. Keep in mind in today's world, the "government" represents the evil characters and the Mob's the good guys. Put it this way, I figured if I couldn't win power and influence with the Mob first, there was no way to take under the "government" without ending up in a New Jersey landfill. I also found out the MOB was eagerly waiting for or looking forward to me showing up, almost as if they knew I would and the "government" officials were largely hoping I'd never see the light of day. It's the burden of the damn shiddy business the folks in the municipal utility business are in.

Most people would assume one couldn't be the capo de capo without being Italian. I do have the best middle name for it. It's St. Laurence who recommended not to waste the product "flip the meat it's ready to eat" as he was grilled to death. I'd been coursing through this idea for a long time, in particular the last month and a half. I found myself standing on the beach, Father's Day 2006 behind Jack's house. Local legend had it that Jack was the Boston Mob's ledgerman, he had the richest place in Briny Breezes (they were asking \$9 million for it) which made him kind of like a baron or duke or something cause most of the rest of the residents lived in trailers. I used to work for Jack. Jack was Irish and I was hired to repair the stucco of the rear ocean facing walls of the house. I picked Scott Gimme, a Scotch Irishman, to assist me in the repair. Scotty had lived in Southern California long enough for the statute of limitations to expire on the charges from Florida and had become proficient in stucco repair. I didn't know much about it, except for how to follow the instructions on the back of the stucco bag. I had all the tools though.

Nothing about the repair was particularly interesting, except working for Jack. He liked to drink Jameson Irish Whiskey on the rocks. He didn't talk about how he'd made his money, ya know, this was how you knew, otherwise he'd have told ya all about it. Scotty knew he was the Mob's ledgerman though, he slept on the beach in Jack's backyard. Proper stucco repair is a long process, demo, reframing, and then the several coats of stucco. We took our time, milking the job as it was in the shade on the beach. It took us a couple of weeks to finish it. Jack often had younger loose women of dubious character around, particularly in the morning. I think Jack might have suspected I couldn't handle the material money without spending it all on drugs (like I suspect he was) so he doled it out to me.

A typical day at Jack's was me and Gimme getting there about 10 AM to find Jack sprawled out naked with his tramp girl on practically the only piece of furniture in the house, the no sheets mattress. Hey Jack, can we get some more money for supplies? "Blut?" No, money Jack, we need money for stucco, plus Gimme's gotta have some cash or, you know. He'd give us a \$100 and start pouring himself a drink. It's incredible to go into a multimillion dollar house and all that's in there is a mattress. Jack, like every single client I ever had from South Florida's rich barrier island, tried to stiff me and short me 3 or 4 hundred bucks on the last payment. He said I charged him too much. I compared my price per square foot to some stucco work he had done over 10 years earlier and proved I charged him less than the last guy. I showed him the #'s and the ledgerman paid up. Jack's the only "rich guy" that didn't stiff me. Somehow, I ended up with Jack's shovel in my truck and I "stole" it from him. I put in all the fruit, vegetable and herb gardens and site specific native plants with Jack "the Boston Mob's Ledgerman's" shovel, including the one in the rectory of the Catholic Church. Anyway, Jack died shortly after I worked for him.

I was thinking about all of this and more when I walked up onto Jack's property to check out how the stucco repair was holding up. I thought the house was vacant. It was for sale. The stucco repair was hanging in there and I became aware that there were two women in the house, probably Jack's daughter and her girlfriend. Uh oh, I thought. I was practically positive the place was vacant when I walked up on the property, me and the guys who hang out on the beach knew there was no one living there but these two gals must have shown up for Father's Day or something because there they were. I could see them through the sliding glass door across the still furnitureless house standing up at

the kitchen sink. I was enormously thirsty, parched doesn't describe it and had also come up to the place to get a drink of water. The two women were looking at me in horror, I knew they were going to call the cops. I slid the sliding glass door open an inch or two and politely asked if I could get a glass of water. No response. I closed the door and got a drink from the spigot on the side of the house.

I had disconnected the green hose from the spigot and as I left the property I took the old useless hose and threw it in the ocean. I threw a bunch of people's stuff on the beach into the ocean, ice gel packs, cell phones... I even threw up in the ocean, it looked like blood, magenta red from the artificial vitamin drink someone surrendered to me. Why did I do all of this? I was sick of it, all the poisonous stuff in today's dam world, the plastic hose, bad fruit drinks, plastic lithium cell phones and all. The stuff was all going to end up in the ocean anyways, one way or another.

In the preceding weeks leading up to the arrest the locals at Donkey Beach had tried to evict me for going on and on about the dam shiddy problem, its effects on the ocean in particular and the reality of life in general while they were trying to drink beer, forget about it, claim they were innocent and talk about nothing. I told them it'd take trucks and chains to dislodge me from the spot. Eventually the sheriff came down and put me in chains to eventually put me in the paddy wagon and I reminded the gathered crowd of my successful prediction. The sheriff took me to the driveway in the front yard of Jack's place, where I assume they were getting statements from the two women about the eventual triple felony charges, including felony breaking into and entering an occupied dwelling and felony grand theft that I was to be charged with.

In Jack's front yard is a coconut tree with a whale tail branded onto the trunk and I sat there and looked at it for 15 to 20 minutes. I'd seen this before when I was working on the property and I knew if one stood in front of this coconut tree with the whale tail burned into its trunk about head high and turned and looked at what was opposite the brand one faced what looked like an astrolabe from the days of Magellan across the street. A reproduction of a piece of navigation equipment. This is kind of interesting because this event, centered around the felony breaking into and entering an occupied dwelling, the Boston Mob's ledgerman's house, is thus far the biggest story or whale of a tale I've got.

Why? Practically every day on average I encounter police officers or cops, it's the nature of my business. They run my #, check my record and I was to find they usually wanted to know about this event or were suspicious of it even though the felony charges were eventually dropped and when they raised misdemeanor charges I refused to plead guilty and eventually emerged from this event unscathed legally and used the "I'm the guy who broke into the Boston Mob's ledgerman's house" as a reference or literally and figuratively on my resume when I eventually applied, for real, for the "capo de capo" position. The tale I tell about this and how I used it to win power and influence in the Mob works great with police officers. My whale of a tail I use to plot a course to the end of the dam ages. While I didn't see the "fruit" from this event for almost 5 years, I told the tale constantly and when the guys I know asked me what I was going to do now that I'd "ruined" myself with this felonious event (that wasn't) I'd tell them not to worry about it I was gonna turn it into something they couldn't possibly fathom.

At the time I was stuck in a sheriff cruiser, we'd left Jack's place and the sheriff left me in the cruiser across from the Sunshine Square behind Wendy's. I noticed a jet that looked like a private type (Gulfstream) that would have appeared in a late 70's "James Bond" film flying above the town of Gulfstream. It was a unique airplane, notable, and to beat all that it looked like it was chucking pterodactyls (flying dinosaurs) out the open door behind the wing. What the? (Remember I'm literally just a reporter giving you the notes of what could happen if you ever decide to attack the dam problem with the river solution). The sheriff put me in a prison transport van and we drove... not to the jail. We went out to the edge of the Everglades out west of town and parked in a lot with the rear of the van facing away from a baseball game in progress. I was sitting there looking at the Everglades for over an hour. My bladder felt like it was going to burst, I really needed fluid relief. Eventually we went to Gun Club, the county jail.

The last time I was in jail I was BMOC at the King Street's dungeon. This time I was... "Jesus

Christ!” or at least that’s what the prisoners exclaimed when I entered the cell block on the 2nd from the top floor. During meals I was fed a “special” mess that came in a Styrofoam box. This was weird, and I’ll tell you the last thing one would want in an institutional creep show setting or jail is a special meal, reserved just for you. I got the rack positioned in front of the community of 30 or so prisoners, right up by the bars surrounding the cell. The place was cruelly and unusually cold and the blanket especially hole ridden or “holy”. It’s a bizarre culture that destroys the planet with fossil fuel powered A/C’s and freezes people, even those who haven’t been convicted of a crime. I recommend capital punishment for those responsible and complicit with this but there’s more... The water fountain in the cell had hundreds of cockroach antennas waving around from underneath it. While lying on my rack huddled up in my holy blanket for warmth I began whispering barely audibly, Kato, Kato, Kato... towards the roaches. I was thinking of my wife, Misa, and the Lord Kato from Kumamoto and just lying there whispering to Kato when the just released new “Pink Panther” movie came on the t.v. playing the usual theme song. How weird is this? I got up and danced around a bit, getting warmed up. Kato is still Cluseo’s partner, perfect.

They kept feeding me special meals. From my vantage point in my rack I could look out the bars of the cell into or onto the glass windows of the midlevel guard enclosure and see a reflection of what was going on up on the top level of Gun Club. I could hear the distressful wailing, pleading, screaming cries of what sounded like somebody getting raped or faking it. In the reflection of the guards control room window I could see a white guy taking it (so it appeared) from a big black guy with a bunch of black bubbas egging the antagonist on. The setup, directed and produced by the Palm Beach County Correctional Staff, was so surreal or weird one had to wonder whether it was faked. Either way, welcome to jail in Amerika. Forget about the soap, don’t drink the koolaide.

Remember the days (supposedly) when one was innocent until proven guilty? Forget it, now punishment starts immediately upon entrance. If one pleads not guilty it’s considered contempt of court. How dare you plead not guilty? Obviously I’m guilty, those honest land owning and tax paying townfolk (who are destroying life on this planet as fast as they can) wouldn’t have dialed 9/11 if I weren’t guilty. Just the fact the cops got the call is proof of guilt in today’s world.

I few hours later the white guy rape victim who looked exactly like me without the dreads and beard was admitted into our cell by the guards for no particular reason. Later that night around midnight the door slid open to the cell and one more large dark man is admitted. There’s no extra racks so he’s not coming into get some sleep. Interesting that I’m the character awake on the block. This must be act #... of the fat, baldheaded, honkey guard fantasy show. The interloper, displaying threat like behavior, made a beeline for my rack. He grunted, “I’m with the Krypts an I’m gonna...” I quickly cut him off and pointed out I’m with the Bloods and I got your Krypts! He turned around and quickly left, probably to get his food reward (donut) from the guards for at least attempting to... one of the not so trustees, obviously. The Kripts and the Bloods are seemingly perpetually warring tribes in Southern California, that two weeks before this incident had buried the hatchet. I always tell people it pays to keep up on the latest news. That’s why I read the paper every day. Keeps me informed, alive and a butt virgin.

The next morning I plead not guilty, which of course I could have done when I got booked in for a speedier trial. Then the guards put me in a cell with a gang of black men who’d just been sentenced to state prison for many years apiece. It sounded like they’d heard I was Jesus “BAMF” Christ and figured this was their moment, it was, to seek guidance or “Tell us what your vision is boss”. I told them to think of a river flowing freely from the top of the mountains to the bottom of the sea. They all felt relieved or pleased with this vision. It’s tough going to jail or prison on a dammed planet just for breaking some meaningless dam shetty ruels with no significance at all to life. Some of these guys are actually trying to adhere to thE manuels law, perhaps caught selling a measure of the good lord’s herbs even if it was over processed and they may even have wished it wasn’t cut with pharmoresuetokills. Some of them sleep on couches under an eave or in a car with the seat back. They

don't even live in a home.

I must have ticked somebody off cause even though I hadn't done anything remotely psychotic or neurotic I was going to the "turd" floor, I'd been "diagnosed". The first thing one figures out on the 3rd floor of Gun Club, reserved for special inmates, is that it's about 45 to 50 degrees, maybe colder. The guards are wearing winter parkas and they keep them zipped up with their hands in their pockets. It's that cold, and the blanket is half as big with twice as many holes, and this is what they do with people who haven't been judged guilty yet. And I'm crazy? Sure. They put me in a cell that had a window one would be hard pressed to crawl out of, in which the screws were loosened as if they were about to fall out. Outside the window was a rope hanging from above. Can you imagine trying to sucker people into an attempted escape charge and practically forcing em to do it by locking them in deep refrigeration? Amoralcans tax dollars at work. I decided against the escape option.

What else could one do? A Hispanic inmate across the way was jumping up and down, banging on the door and demanding another blanket. After a few minutes of this the guards brought him out of the cell, stripped him naked (how bizarre?) and strapped him into a plastic restraint device that looked like a birthing chair and was designed so they could beat you in the genitals. This is what the guards did. They beat him horrifically. Can you imagine doing this legally, punching out after 8 hours and calling yourself a law abiding citizen?

What else could one do? The guy next to me, who wasn't allowed out for meals and all you could drink koolaide, was using a noteworthy technique. I learned a skill here I called the "Standing Tall African Warrior Trick". This man quietly stood buck naked, at attention, in front of the window. I knew this idea, when tortured, go with it. It takes the fun out of it for the torturers. I just huddled up underneath the mini holy blanket, and calmly told the guards every chance I got they were guilty of administering cruel and unusual punishment and I hadn't even been convicted. Also, they were contributing to the dam ages with their earnings. Eventually, I got a chance to talk to Dr. White, and told him about the dams and the pterodactyls. He said, "I'm going to get you out of here" and I was sent to Oakwood Mental Hospital, the first such place I'd ever been to.

I sat in the back of a sheriff's cruiser on the way and began singing, "Smuggler's Blues". I pointed out to the sheriff's deputy that there was a lot of problems in the world and from what he'd seen drugs were perhaps the most visible problem, the jail was practically full of people there on drug possession and drug related charges. He agreed. I told him just like the song's lyrics said, "The problem started up with the president (the "government") and cascaded down to you and me," and was really an environmental disaster. "How do you mean?" he asked. Well see, the government makes all these KKK blue light special rules, largely because the citizens (the adolts) demand it. This creates a bonanza of money making enforcement and incarceration opportunities. Often the illegal drugs are intercepted en route to this country from somewhere else. Let's say they confiscate a boat load of cocaine. The characters growing the herbs up in the rain forest mountains don't get paid for their work, and they want to make money too, so they cut down twice as much rain forest and grow twice as much next year (often engaging in dam and ditch agriculture) and send two boat loads over, thinking one will get through and they'll make some money.

Meanwhile in this country, that load and other shipments of coke didn't get through, confiscated and wasted or even sent somewhere else. Meanwhile, the characters here in this country haven't quit snorting the stuff up their nose or smoking crack. They just grind up some Pharmoresuetokill crap they bought at the townsfolk's drugstore, sprinkle in a little bit of cocaine, just enough to make it illegal and sell it. Remember Miami Vice? "The Crocket and Tubbs trick", just dip a fingertip in the stuff and put it in your mouth, if its coke your whole mouth gets numb. The stuff they're selling nowadays just amps you up a little, ruins your appetite and gives you the shits, if you're lucky, it's just vicodin (diet pills) and baby laxative. The stuff practically shouldn't even be illegal, they bought it at the drug store.

The pharmicutiekill companies are making a fortune, looks like they make the stuff in India and China, the Canadians own a bunch of the companies and the manufacture of the "Devil's dust" pills is

destroying the environment, particularly the rivers, on both ends, and the children's future. So here we are, you and the rest of the characters involved in the scheme (I've got nothing to do with it, and I'm attacking the problem) cutting down the rainforest wholesale, polluting the rivers with the pill industry, destroying the product and damming everything to hell. "Yeah but it looks like you got sucked into it too", the deputy remarked. Nah, I got busted getting a glass of water at the Boston Mob's Ledgerman's house, Jack, I **worked** for Jack. As the deputy delivered me to the Oak Wood mental health place I told him we can't fix any of this dam shit without undamming the planet first, collecting that which falls from the heavens, and replacing the flush toilet with the manual fertilizer machine.

At Oakwood, a private mental health facility, I was introduced to the alluring comfort of a shared restaurant bought sandwich immediately upon arrival, a seemingly nice man willing to give me half his dam and ditch GMO lunch dripping in Hellmans. As I disrobed I told the creepy character taking my clothes and giving me a hospital gown to take care of my clothes as they were expensive, it's Egyptian cotton and it's still kinda damp from the ocean, please don't let it get mildewed. Take care of my stuff.

I refused the medication, and while they insisted I take it, even threatening me with "the shot", I just questioned why they would do that, I'm not showing signs of neurosis, psychosis, manic, paranoid schizoid or bipolar behavior, plus I'm allergic to the stuff and you know the Hippocratic Oath, do no harm. It turns out sickotrists don't take the Hippocratic Oath, thus they can do harm. I also explained to them that they were just treating the symptoms, not the cause of the problems and the manufacture and dissemination of the pharmoresuetokill pills was bad for the environment, in particular the rivers. Also, the dam and ditch GMO food is drugged and combined with the "medication" forced upon the patients makes the experiment a double blind voiding the results. Plus, you're denying the existence of the drugged GMO food, the disaster of the flush toilet, the sickening slacker sheds and entire dam problem which makes you insane. They let ya smoke at this place and let me out after a few days.

When I left they'd lost (stolen) my \$50 La Maison shirt I bought in Cuba and my leather belt Miss. Sherr gave me. I was steamed about this and they insinuated if I gave them a hard time about it they'd say I had a mental problem and throw me back in there. In a couple of days, I'd return in a suit and get the leather belt back. It took them a long time to give me back the belt and then they threw me out even though I was very calm and they threatened to call the police when I continued to try and get my la Maison shirt back, thieving scumbags.

When I got back to my place I strolled a few blocks to the house where I'd stashed my bike in the bushes the night before my Father's Day arrest and knocked on the door. An older man answered the door that looked **exactly** like the Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia and he even had a Jerry Garcia T shirt on. When he opened the door he sang out, "What a looooooong strange trip it's been". Bicycle, bicycle, I want to ride my bicycle, I want to ride my bike. Have you seen my bike boss? "Jerry" pointed down to a vegetative debris pile on the side of the road and said he'd thrown it away. They'd thrown my bike away. That's how it is Leisureville, they throw everything away. Including my "Cuban" bicycle that I'd bought from the infamous "house on the hill" (where everybody died or went to the state penitentiary except me and Amy Allard) yard sale for 5 dollars. I'd made a support frame for a milk crate from stuff I found in the trash and mounted the crate above the rear wheel. I used this bike for collecting goods, mostly fruit. I was sad to hear they'd thrown it away but happy someone else had rescued it from the trash pile.

I launched a reinvestigation and continue to set the trap to solve the dam problem. I took notes on what the people were telling me, the Latin/latent/slang meaning in relationship to the primary/secondary/tertiary/quaternary meanings double entendres as it all related to the naturally flowing river solution to the dam problem. I hear what any group member verbalizes (non verbal too) as they "meet me at the crossroads" or pass in time. This is extremely revealing. In addition to the obvious I investigated what some might consider to be unusual sites.

For example, I'd stroll the back alley instead of the front, and go further with the idea and flip open the grease strainer traps on the used oil bins out behind the restaurants and check to see what was there. Most would think this pointless or crazy. Guess what? I discovered the same message here. Often it was at an Italian place and the message was crystal clear. Some clown had left their business card at the restaurant bar and the chef or whoever had decided to place the business card on the strainer and pour hot oil on 'em, the county planning and zoning dude's (the character responsible for the dam sheddy flush it all down the tubes crime in the local area) card was in the grease trap. I jotted down his dam address and left like minded person reply. I do this type of action everywhere I go flipping open, uncovering, revealing, responding, taking note of what # structure with who's name and which plants had a container under the downspout for instance. How this relates to words on the piece of plastic trash on the other side of the building (a temporary sign) what business was across the street (longer lasting sign).

I called Tommy D. on the phone. He was on the West Coast. Hey Tom, you know how most these idiots had a single fruit tree in there yard as if the landscapers had figured on making a statement? "Yeah." The people just cut 'em all down over the last years in some kind of biblical purge or something at the same time the GMO doom junk is being administered. "Yep." These people are committing suicide/forcing slavery upon themselves. "Sure they are. Wanna know something Johnnie?" What? "As you were relating to me the idea over the phone (we're pulling tubes and watching t.v.) they panned up from the "King of the Hill" neighborhood and everybody had a tree stump in their yard."

I'd been trying to get anyone in town to go out with me, just so they'd see what I was experiencing. Nobody that I knew wanted to know. I'd been working Michael John Abbruzzie Jr. (Odds are "Mike" is the actual St. Michael soul, he looks exactly like the depictions of him. This time the heavens sent him down here with no sword, just shields, to see what it would do with it.) imploring him to go to the "Bamboo Room" with me for one show, just one show. He refused. He coowned the Flooring Center with Benjamin Hawk (actually the bank owned it) and eventually related to me how they'd landed a job installing a wood floor (cork) at the owners of the "Bamboo Room's" house. I pointed out that the distance between the installation site and the installer's place was great and reminded him how I'd been trying to get him to go to their place for months. Coincidence? No, Mike the two things coincide, plus I really want to know what's going on at their house as I spend so much time in their commercial establishment. What better way than to have one of my to closest "pals" take their place apart and put it back together? You'll know everything about them by the time you've completed the floor installation and you can just tell me. This way I'll know, and I want to know. Life is setting me up, and you. So, how about going to see a show at the "Bamboo Room"? You can meet the owners, you might find it interesting, plus it's the best acoustic marvel in Florida, perhaps the whole country, maybe even the entire universe. Let's go see Spam Allstars on Saturday night. Mike agreed.

I pulled up at his place in the Dodge Chrysler about the time the sun set dressed in my straw colored linen Haspel jacket and trousers with white Cubavera linen undershirt and Reef flip flops. Mike wore a "PGA" style shirt, khakis and dress shoes. Spam Allstars is a band out of Miami, which I'd already seen a few months previously. Once I got Mike in the van, which was difficult cause he thinks I'm a dude plus he doesn't want to know anything about what's going on in a larger sense and I insist on telling, I related to him an idea. Mike doesn't like ideas either. Mike ya know how in addition to me going on and on about the dams on the rivers problem, the lack of water collection with the surfaces we build and the flush toilet thing, I keep telling ya that "space aliens" are taking over the place? Mike buried his eyes in his hands and implored me not to mention it and threatened to get out of the van. I didn't stop at the stop signs, so he couldn't get out. I explained that the band using telekinesis, kinda, (exchanging ideas without using words) was going to express this same "space aliens

taking over the planet” idea tonite, somehow. Boy, he didn’t like this. Watch, you’ll see.

We got on I-95, northbound, and I immediately started speeding a little, which I usually don’t do. This made Mike nervous, “Why are you speeding and juking in and out of traffic”? We’re late. “But the show doesn’t start till... we’ve got plenty of time to get there, who cares if we miss a song or two”? Mike, I can tell we’re in the wrong time because of the license plate #'s on the cars when we entered the highway. This is way over Mike’s head. Anyway 10 miles or so up the way the #'s matched up with what we were doing and I slid into the right lane and slowed down.

The “Bamboo Room” had an uncanny vibe this night and Mike ordered a beer (bad move, dulls your senses) which is what he wanted. I got a Mojitoe, which loosens me up a little and gives me the “zing” of fresh spearmint and the vitamin C of the lime along with a glass of water which keeps me hydrated. The show was unfathomable, almost spooky, slick and extremely professional. The only problem from my point of view, no lyrics, this would present some difficulties in the space alien attack message transfer. Mike spent his time at the bar drinking beer and talking to Russell, the owner, who I introduced him to. I spent my time dancing, listening to the bands message, and cruising the joint searching for evidence of the “space alien invasion” thing.

I leave a large wake behind me as I travel through life, and I mean that in many senses. As I cruised around the “Bamboo Room” this night bottles of beer kept falling off the tables and out of people’s hands just as I passed. This happened on at least a half dozen occasions, often from empty tables where there was no apparent physical way for the beer bottles to have been upset and hit the floor. I wasn’t bumping into the tables yet inspected the scene of each “crash”. I made a big show of this kinda. Might as well, other people take note. It was as if I was upsetting the be’ers.

I made my way to the small dance floor in front of the stage. As I entered the dance somebody immediately dumped their glass of beer on the floor. I went to the “busboy” station and retrieved a typical white “do rag” and returned to the spill site. With pizazz or showmanship or whatever I threw the white do rag up in the air above the spill like tossing pizza dough. As it spun around above everyone’s head, about eye level with the band, the 4 corners of the rag curved under and for more than just an instant the rag kinda assumed the shape of a flying saucer (UFO) and hovered up there. It was cool. Plus, I know there’s people watching who are aware of what’s going on. The “flying saucer” rag landed in the puddle of beer and I mopped it up with my foot. When I kneeled to pick it up, of course I looked about at ground level. This is how I find out what’s “going on”, check everywhere.

From this location and practically just this location, one could see the bag that the band member, who was “mixing” two albums together, stored his LP’s in, the old vinyl. He’d deliberately (obviously) left one of the album covers (the one he came to mix with the entire night) about $\frac{3}{4}$ exposed. It was the soundtrack from the “War of the Worlds” film. This way if one really wanted to know what the band’s message was, one could easily tell if they listened, looked for the obvious sign or even inquired after the show. One could barely see the album cover though and only from this location. Yet even so, it was obvious. Perhaps demonstrating another problem or faucet, trying to “cover it up” or hide it but not being able to or trying to tell ya but having a hard time doing it. At any rate I’d found the evidence that I was seeking and wanted to show Mike.

I approached him at the bar and told him to go look at the album the band was playing. He didn’t want to go look. He didn’t want to know, he was scared and refused. I tried for about 15 minutes, using a variety of tacts to get him to just go look. I tried cajoling, threatening, pleading, begging, demanding, I tried most the known methods. He refused. Mike was terrified. I just let it rest for a while, going out for a smoke, asking him again politely and then returning to dance and enjoy the show/take notes on something else. Mike just stood there at the bar like a fixture, drinking beer.

A couple entered and sat down at the bar next to him. The girl, a fabulously attractive light brunette dressed in white linen about 10 years younger than me seemingly was attracted to myself and we danced. I or Life seemingly cast a spell on her boyfriend who became a concrete statue (frozen in time like from “The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe”) and assumed the “position”, be’er head at the

bar, near Mike. I twirled the girl about the dance floor the rest of the night (letting her lead, this is the only place I let 'em lead) while "Eskimo kissing" (rubbing noses) and practically having intercourse with this girl, it was classy though. I was even smoking a blend heavy with spearmint (it goes well with Mojitos and really heightens my senses) and the girl commented on how incredibly delicious I smelled. I know, I do it just for you [it fluidifies them]. The two of us just slowly danced, squeezed up against each other and enveloped in the others essence. As I'm overpowering, she was all mine. Mike even interrupted, "Jolley, you know her boyfriend is sitting right there". Ya I know Mike. "Well, dude..." I cut him off and waved him away. The show ended. The lights came on.

This girl was still "stuck to me" looked like she was trying to inhale my auroara. Suck it up, I've got more than plenty to spare. Her boyfriend was spellbound, one had to see this. Mike was terrified and nervous now. One of the band members is an incredibly attractive creamy chocolate girl, extremely intelligent and aware too. She was dressed in a complimentary white linen dress as well. She can really blow that flute, she'll hypnotize you with that thing, as she is a very powerful person in her own right. She's able to communicate without words and knows exactly who I am. I've met her before. She recognizes the "UFO do rag" and all that. She notices the "mysterious" upsetting of the be'ers in my wake and knows what it means.

The dark flute player used the restroom and after approached me while I was engaged with the other girl. She bowed down to me (showing how flexible she is) just about touching her forehead to the floor. Just before she "kissed the ground I was walking on" I hit the wood (maple) chest first coming up under her face wagging my left index finger side to side. "I know exactly who you are." You know you're not allowed to bow down to me. "Yeah, but you're him." (She's got a point). You know the story, I won't let you bow down to me. Rise up. You know. A few minutes later back with the brunette, I implored her to see me again, share ideas, have some kind of relationship or communicate. "I'm not good enough." Don't say that, you are. "No, I'm not good enough for you." Practically every girl that's "in the know" tells me this, it's exactly what you don't want to think or say. What a shame. What a disgrace.

Spam Allstars were wrapping up their set. They hadn't touched the "War of the Worlds" album cover which became more pronounced as they cleared everything else away. It would be the last thing they would put away, obviously, they were trying to "tell something" of extreme importance to a bunch of people, most who didn't want to be conscious of anything really. They were doing it in the fashion they knew, musically. You'd be surprised what one can learn if one takes note or at least listens to a song even. I continued to work Mike over to go up and look at the lasting image, the picture, the sign, the message that the band is obviously trying to show us. I shamed him, I told him how sad it was to see a grown man like him scared to go look at an album cover. He "broke down", temporarily and went and looked. He returned to the bar looking like he'd seen a ghost yet arguing that it read, "Art of the Worlds" not "War of the Worlds". Yeah, but you saw the spaceship and what not on the front didn't ya? He nodded his head and said, "I did". Obviously then, you know it's the "War of the Worlds" movie soundtrack album. Look, it's the last thing they're putting away, they must really want people to get the picture, huh? Mike tried to "wash it all away" with more be'er.

Another guy, a man about our age was attracted to our conversation which was obviously about something very important. I gave him the 20 second version of the dam free river idea and followed it up with a short explanation of the "space alien" (a lien to this space care actors) highjacking our planet at present spiel along with the prelude conversation Mike and I had before the show. This man immediately went up to the stage and looked at the evidence or "clue" just before the band member packed it away last. He returned to the bar looking flabbergasted and a little spooked. I tried to get him to settle Mike and I's disagreement about whether it read "War of the Worlds" or "Art of the Worlds" but he couldn't although he said, "It's [the picture] definitely spaceships, aliens and the bill for "War of the Worlds!" and scurried off.

The bouncer, a bearded man (part time manager at Lowe's) escorted Mike and I out as if we

were V.I.P.'s or we might need assistance departing unharmed. As we walked down the stairs with the bouncer leading the way and opening the door for us or checking outside he related how during the show and at present there was, "All kinds of punks, gremlins, spooks and what not running around the building kickin' the bricks out, throwing rocks through the windows, putting out the lights, and trying to bring the house down". Yeah, I'll bet they were. As we left a practically unnoticeable to the common eye purplish glow emanated from the structure (it almost looked like it was on fire) and in addition to that I could see the wraiths and punk vampires madly swooshing around the place. The bouncer wasn't kidding. Mike couldn't see this either and didn't even really hear the bouncer. I did, I knew. The forces for the destruction of life and the covering up of the rue were panicking at the combined efforts of the "Bamboo Room", Spam Allstars and I and Life teamed up for all time to expose the **truth**. As well as presenting veritas. The proprietors of the "Bamboo Room" were at the time putting together a "Save the Everglades" benefit show including live bands (with a similar message) and roasted pig sandwiches. Spam Allstars present the picture on a sticker they sell. **Their van broke down.**

On our ride back to Boynton I took the slow road and Mike accused me of being too drunk to drive. I immediately offered to let him take the wheel, which he refused. Then I explained to him I had a "special" vehicle which, if I was too drunk to drive, would "spontaneously" quit running and I'd be left to walk home or sleep it off. I also explained that usually in that situation it would quit running about a ½ block away from the United States Post Office and I'd invariably end up rollin' into the lot to "sleep it off" waking up with the obvious message. I even told him sometimes I went out, deliberately got "too drunk to drive" and drove back to my place and had it cut off at the USPS, again, for the n^{th} time, just checking. So I know. Mike didn't like this. Too bad Jackass sucker, put the be'er away, open your eyes, listen, take note, make action, force solution. He refuses. Most are like this and it's a huge fu(%ing problem.

It's certainly noteworthy that Mr. Abbruzzie (ab rue = without sinful regret) accepted the nickname "bruezzie" (be regretful sinner) and counters the idea I and the likes of The Spam All Stars put forth (alien to the space highjacking/war of the worlds) with, "God will wipe humans out with a comet". The Latin/slang interpretation being "Come e.t. smearing people would be good". It's not good for e.t. to come and take over the damage and destruction of life from human dolts. Shortly after this night out Michael John Abbruzzie Jr. discovers someone has thrown two coral snakes in his trash can, this spooks the bejesus out of him, not that he ever had it in him.

A buddy of mine, Scott Spencer, is my landlord and while giving my 30 days notice (I'm not able to afford the rent by myself or find a suitable roommate) explain I'm writing a book. Mrs. Heather (Reardon) Spencer another buddy of mine asks, "What kind of book are you writing"? It's an autobiographic historical expose. "Huh?" It's a book written by me, in part about me but more from my perspective, most importantly it's the historical recording of an exposition of a crime. Heather expresses she's not sure what I'm getting at. I read Richard Flanagan's book titled "GOULD'S BOOK OF FISH A Novel In 12 Fish" which I retitled "Convict Fish", where upon the reader having read the book the idea melts a way on the bar (bar is a synonym for dam) my book is to be like that for real.

I was fabricating and installing cedar hurricane shutters for Ms. Julie on 2nd a couple blocks from my parent's Mission Hill place. I'd modeled my custom design from the pine hurricane shutters at Paul Bell's place on Marlin Drive. I wanted a certain kind of hinge for the folding action of the shutters. Back in the day this item could be found locally, a hinge with an extra bit of metal flange that gave the hinge more leverage making the whole thing stronger. Plus, this "Z bar" hinge allowed the separate pieces of 1" x 6" framing to be fastened together with nuts and bolts, making it even stronger.

Ever since the advent of snap together aluminum shutters and what not specialty carpentry fittings have become hard to find. So are good carpenters. The search to find this "Z bar" hinge in stock was fruitless and I pursued having the item fabricated from scratch at the Steinman Tool and Die Shop, a machine shop located at the Lantana Airport where the "terrorists" supposedly learned how to

fly. This visit to the Steinman Tool and Die Shop became part of my 9/11 investigation because of what happened when I got there and inquired about the part to be fabricated.

Also, the way life works I knew that what I was presented with on this investigation cloaked in an inquiry about a specialty “Z bar” hinge to be made, would be extremely revealing about the situation 9/11, on the surface and off in particular. It’s difficult to say how it was I was so sure of this, let’s just say the #'s added up, “the planets were in a line”, what have you. I was interested particularly in what was the first thing that presented itself when I got there. Put it his way, I arrived loaded to board a vessel (spaceship) and hijack it if need be.

An extremely gorgeous young woman driving a golf cart met me at the gate. This is post 9/11 airport security at the airport that trained the “terrorists” to fly. A woman on a golf cart. Woe to man on machine. Woe to man machine. This was significant. On the surface, dam and ditch agriculture maintained by machine has put the man in a position where he is worth less. The dam and ditch machine produces and collects the food for the woman. Whereas in the past the man played a large part in the collection of the food, even if it was by laboring at the dam and ditch job, nowadays the machine does the labor, this makes the man kinda like a drone in a bee hive. They don’t really do anything, except carry around the other half of the chromosomes. At this point life could be a lot easier for the women without men. If for instance the testes could be separated from the male skin suit and supported by a machine, women could “get rid of” the male skin suits. What do they need them for? This is a big part of the problem on this surface.

In a larger sense it looks like man, life, including women are being assaulted by a woe to man machine or a woe to man (god) on machine, for real. How this all came to be is nearly unfathomable. Quite simply, what’d ya expect? Metaphysically we (humans) have been advertising this place, Earth (Oceana) for decades, if not a century. If one were to research the history of and present signaling attempts, one would find the humans are attempting to get in touch with or are advertising/searching for a machine intelligence. They say this is because considering what is taking place on this planet and the extreme likelihood of a near identical situation elsewhere in time the likelihood is that any organic organism would have “dammed” and aborted itself in short order just like we’re doing right now and perhaps would have “invented” a machine that’d “survived” it and continued to operate and thus this machine would be likely what we would encounter, not life.

Did you know this? Did you know that largely we weren’t searching for life elsewhere in the universe? We’ve been advertising our location with various wavelengths including visible. We sent this “predicted machine” practically our whole library, and as typically noted the “I love Lucy” episodes. This is interesting. When I talk to some of these entities that are suspect they often sound like they have a complete dictionary download, standard package, extremely short on colloquialisms and with thin accents and shaky or no local dialect. As if they learned to converse on an Iowa t.v.

Theocosmologically one need only tilt their head back and gaze at the heavens on a clear night and think about what we got ourselves into, falling out of the fruit trees and into spaceships as fast as we did, hellbent too. Plus, if one were to flip to the later pages that are quite revealing in the Bible one could see that “they told you so”, if the water control structure abortionists dammed the rivers and dug ditches destroying the natural system that supports them a foreign entity would appear and use the dams and ditches to hijack the planet with poisonous food. Anyway, the woe to man security machine I was presented with wasn’t the only thing going on, just the first, perhaps most significant. The gorgeous young dame, the most likely thing to present to an inquiring man such as myself to make him “forget all about it” directed me to the machine shop, even though I already knew where it was. I’d been here before.

This is the place where anything custom (read \$) and important gets made or fixed in Palm Beach County, perhaps the richest county in the world. You might think the guys who work here might know something, considering typically machine shop guys are smarter than diesel mechanics but not as smart as nuclear submarine captains who also happen to be machine shop/diesel mechanics. The

Steinman Tool and Die Shop man was extremely, extremely interested in what I was trying to get accomplished as if it not only must have related somehow to something else he was at work on or something else he just did at the machine shop but in a terrific metaphysico-cosmological sense. As I alluded to previously I was sure of this as I entered the situation. He wouldn't tell me anything about what he inferred he could and acted as though he suspected I was with a very powerful intelligence gathering/safe cracking team. Such was how he treated me.

He asked me a lot of questions about it though, the simple parts. As if the parts of the words (the Latin meanings) and the letters of the words I answered his questions with really answered his questions or confirmed his fearful suspicions/solved a cosmic riddle for him. He asked where I got the idea from. Paul Bell's place on Marlin Drive. "Bell's on Mar lyn dri ve [Mar's lying drive, mar lin drive]?" We'd already determined he wouldn't be making the specialty hinge as it would be cost prohibitive, yet we talked about it for 20 minutes or so. I'd certainly stumbled into something at this place on time, bullseye.

I really spooked this guy, just by asking to have this thing made. He made that clear. He wouldn't say a word about why, not a word of it, which really speaks volumes. I suspect because he led me to, that he was in fact at present or just completed some kind of device connecting 2 (1" by 6")s together and configuring them to operate with another 2 (1 by 6) in a "Mar's" lying her cain shut down thing. This could be a locking gate mechanism for a water control structure on a dam and ditch sugar cane farm for instance. He knew and was trying to figure out exactly what I knew and how. I told 'em. I, for all practical purposes, walked in this place and ran this guy through with a sword. Can you make me a "Z bar" hinge [the bar hinge/fold the dam thing up]? I strongly suspect he was doing some work for the "Moonraker Crew". That's how scared he was or pretended he was. Whenever I find a Homo sapiens I suspect is working for the "Moonraker Crew", they're usually about this spooked. "The illuminati" are great at impersonating a scared dam fool. Boy, those Mississippi cotton farmers sure sold those GMO rights to Monsanto quick and cheap didn't they?

The rent at my Cederwood Christian Community apartment was \$900 dollars and I couldn't afford it. My wife was in Chicago and I couldn't decide whether to try and "chase after her" and try and get back together or borrow my buddy's canoe and go live in the Everglades for a while. I'd been getting my pencil warmed up with some writing, getting a couple of letters to the editor in the paper, sending small amounts of mail... It looked like I was gonna leave town for a while.

The third idea I had was to go to Las Vegas and be a stud, and fund the infinityproject that way, have the woman pay for it, literally, the undamming of the planet. I decided upon this course and fell asleep with the idea to begin preparations for my Las Vegas stud career the next day. When I woke up in the morning I discovered an article in the Palm Beach Post newspaper about a guy named John, who looked exactly like me in the photo and was pictured wearing the same outfit I was wearing, sitting in the exact leather chair I was reading the paper from. He was a stud in Las Vegas. I thought, well, ain't that just the way it is, I'm already there, that's obvious. I decided to head to Chicago.

Somehow, I ended up over at my folks' place in the evening, just about dinner time. My uncle, the broker/marine biologist was there and I explain to him and my parents how I'd discovered the "truth" for sure and the problem was the dams, and how I wasn't really able to do anything but solve the dam shiddy problem. They were horrified. I was to find that this would be the average person's reaction to my message. It's hard to imagine a marine biologist, a biologist and educationalists so profoundly against my idea. It's almost as if it's hardwired into most humans to dam and destroy life, to burn down the garden with their desire. Most humans also show that they want to drag down everybody and everything else with them, as if they don't want to be in hell alone, or they don't want anybody or anything to escape hell. It's hard to describe the groupthink peer pressure they impose on each other to "shhhh!", just march down the dam broad in no sense road and don't think about, much less mention, an alternative.

The first thing my parents did when I entered the house that was closed up on a perfectly

pleasant day with the A/C running was tell me how bad I stunk. The “solution” of course is a municipal drain the well dry, abort everything alive piping the water around shower covered in fat lie (soap). I’ve been working out in the garden all day and just rode my bike over and here I am getting insulted as I head out of town, for who knows how long. Next thing you know they’re angry and attacking me. My uncles got a Louisville Slugger and my parents are hitting me and ripping my clothes, breaking my sunglasses. I escaped into my Dodge Chrysler and left slowly. I wasn’t even angry, I expected as much. They were madder than hornets. As a reader I didn’t tell you this story simply as a recounting of my life. We’re going to have to manually undam the rivers, collect that which falls from the heavens and/or our asses. These are the kinds of problems you’re likely to encounter when pursuing this idea. You may be able to avoid some of these problems and be more effective at ending the damages and replacing it with the “celestial city” if you’ve got an idea what you’re likely to encounter before you start.

I went back to my pad a bit bewildered, it can suck sometimes saving the world and finding out most humans don’t want to. I began to pack up my stuff into boxes and put them in my van. The Boynton Beach cops showed up, my parents had called and Baker Acted me. In Florida they have a rule that says anyone can point their finger at someone and say that they are crazy and off they go. It doesn’t matter if the people pointing their finger are the ones guilty of doing harm to others or assault, it doesn’t matter if ya quietly escaped and they catch ya calmly loading your van. This wouldn’t be the last time I’d run into this “he’s crazy” thing even though I wasn’t doing anything crazy. I’ve found the best mental illness defense is to drink a little alcohol, it’s tough to recommend this but usually they don’t take the drunks to the mental hospital, where you’re likely to stay a month or more. They take drunks to jail and let ‘em out the next day. As it was the cops asked if I had been drinking and I admitted I was sober. The cops left my house unlocked and my possessions exposed to the world. I calmly explained that my lease was up and that I had to move out of the place that weekend. They weren’t concerned at all.

I arrived at the Crisis Center in Delray Beach where I exchanged my street clothes for a hospital gown and they took my shoelaces so I wouldn’t hang myself. Two things became immediately apparent, one patient was slinging fecal material around, refusing to use the flush toilet, and another named Mathew was recalling the text of the Bible verbatim. I called up my folks and requested the copy of my living Bible, my mother thought I was crazy. I was just checking what page Matthew was preaching from, wow he was accurate from Lamentations. While I used the flush toilet I repeatedly explained to the staff “the shit slingers” possible motives while recommending a urine separating no flush less toilet with a squirt gun. I refused the medication for environmental reasons. By law this meant a magistrate had to order it done, thus a court date was set. I didn’t do anything crazy, that didn’t have anything to do with why I was here.

A retired Florida state police officer showed up to visit a relative who was a patient. The former policeman donated a dark blue suit and I stepped out of my hospital gown into a Florida law enforcement suit. If you’ve ever read the Bible, it strongly encourages or demands that if one is ever brought before the court that one speak their case. Now’s your chance. Before I went into the pill dispensing magistrate I got a few crayons and a couple sheets of paper and drew out a plan for an educational, alleviating, working and productive garden with a plant and animal list in place of the doom garden of no eaten and excessive toil for no reason that surrounded the Crisis Center. I was well practiced in my delivery which was sane and clear. The plant list included two seasons of different kinds of vegetables and herbs, many fruit trees and site specific native plants to support the rest of life around us and provide a dependable long term supply of pollinating insects for fruit, vegetable and herb pollination. I recommended at least one pig, a goat to keep down the picnic area, chickens and a duck. My well practiced presentation was flawless, I began and finished the idea with mention of the underlying dam problem that surely affected human’s mental process. The magistrate ignored this idea and ordered pharmoresuetokill pills.

When the nurse “Ratshit” called “medication” most of the patients exhibited some kind of Pavlov’s Law and began drooling for the pills, eagerly lining up. I talked to a few of them about it and found out they had voluntarily admitted themselves for the pills which they loved and the free food. When released, one had to buy the pills (and food, too) but if one caused a problem and was drug here or just simply checked in one could have all the free pills one wanted, perhaps even steering the staff towards which pills “worked” the best. This worked out to my advantage because most seemed to really want the pills, this of course influenced the doubtful to be more agreeable to taking them and caused the staff not to check to see if one swallowed them or even put em in one’s mouth. This gave me the opportunity to palm the pills or put them in my mouth and then spit them into the sink and wash them down the tubes. Often the other patients, like the guy who slashed his wrists, would compete to get the pills often trying to catch them as I hacked them up before I could wash them down the sink. They wanted to ingest the poison. The perfect Jim Jones congregants.

An interesting character admitted himself to the facility, Douglas Sampson, who drew pictures of a creature, half fish and half man. He called the creature a Merman and it had the upper torso and head of a man and the posterior of a fish. He was a professional artist, this was his marque. He was relatively sane and kept singing, “Ground control to Major Tom eat your protein pills and put your helmet on...” to me and pointing out he thought I represented or was Major Tom. I kept telling him he was incorrect and that I was more like ground control and told him I’d prove it to him. Everywhere I go I’m a professor and began to tell my “class” including the orderlies and nurses as well as the patients a story about “King Midas”, who I was (yet smart enough not to want gold) and a train whistle. I told them all about the train whistle I’d found with “King David” and what I did with it everywhere I went. I was training people, about steam engines, and the most efficient dry land transportation, the rails. I had captured their attention for sure but they kinda thought I was nuts. Just as I finished the idea an enormously loud train whistle blew, this really spooked the crowd. A lot of them thought I was the Devil or something. It really emphasized my train whistle story. I imagine a truck or car with an ability to sound a train whistle “pushed the button” on cue as it drove by outside. Without missing a beat (I was used to this stuff by now) I told them that’s why my pen name was Justin Thyme, because I always tell the story or do whatever, including “saving the world”, life more specifically, just in time.

I sat about for a month ridiculing the staff for handing out poisonous pills, complaining about the dam dusty GMO food, demanding everyday in writing hot sauce and herbs as an antidote for the poison they served and insisting on everyones participation in dam fluidification. They let us smoke outside and Mr. Sampson and I shared smokes during intermissions of our chess games. I smoked American Spirit Pow Wow and he smoked Djaram Blacks. They served real tea too.

Douglas Sampson told me he’d gotten some work involving a Merman to be displayed at a tarpon themed seafood restaurant. I came up with an idea where I could combine my fish print skill with his pen and watercolor skill and we could collaborate a fish print Merman. I got out a few days before him and got back in touch with him a few weeks later. We went down to the beach and found a greenie (Opisthonema oglman) washed up on the sand. I cut up 20 to 30 postcards out of some white construction paper I found in the trash and proceeded to make posterior prints of the fish. He was living at the halfway house and I dropped him back off with the postcards to finish in his own time. I had told him a ladyfish (Elops saurus) looked like a mini tarpon and explained if he showed a Merman ladyfish print to the tarpon themed restaurant he’d sell them for sure.

I went down to the Boynton Inlet myself to score a ladyfish specifically. When I walked down to the inlet pier someone was reeling in a fish and slapped the fish down at my feet just as I got there. The ladyfish came off the hook and I asked the fisherman if I could have the fish as it looked like he was going to leave it there to die. This is what a lot of fishermen do, call it selective breeding, they think ladyfish are “trash fish”. It amounts to throwing a bunch of lead and plastic in the water and wasting the product. It looked like he was with his son, teaching him how to go down the dam broad innocent road to doom. I looked at the young man, about 5 or 6 and told him there is no trash fish, not

a single one, just different ways to process some and some that are hard to process. No trash fish, just trashy fishermen. His son smiled, the man was irked. I told them this one was bony, supposedly, probably best smoked and that I was going to make fishprints out of it for a special message sending purpose. I thanked them.

The next day I went back to the halfway house and made ladyfish (mini tarpon) prints while Douglas finished the man half of the Mermen fish prints. I explained I would use the Mermen fish print postcards and envelopes to spread my undam the planet and “save the world” (from humans) idea. Douglas thought this was a joke kinda and insinuated the postcards were worthless and the whole thing would have no effect. I told him I’d prove him wrong and immediately began trying to sell one of the postcards at the halfway house. Instantly, a bearded man of mixed descent appeared and I sold him one for a dollar. I looked at Douglas Sampson and asked the buyer of the Merman fish print postcard what his name was. “Jesus.” See I told you Douglas, watch what I do with these. “You gonna sell them all?” No, I’m going to begin my worldwide message sending operation with these postcards that I made in collaboration with Sampson himself, who I met at the Crisis Center and, and I even sold the first to one to Jesus, you know he’d want one, the merman series.

It was to be a multi faceted, multi angled attack with correct information towards all possible targets. The most obvious route on this surface was the United States Postal Service. Plus, like Thomas Charles Delman always said, “When it’s stamped by the U.S. Mail, its official, you’ve been delivered the message”. My first letter out with the idea was to the Florida Freshwater Fish & Game Commission. Along with the idea in general (perhaps a bit cryptic) I let ‘em know I’d fined God and the Devil for illegal gambling, the “job”, theirs an obvious violation of the known universal law. They’d both begged for quarter and agreed to work it off for me while we all pursued those responsible for installing, maintaining and forcing no alternative to the dam project, The Suicide Mud Staircase Cemetery Project/Last Carp Locust Farm.

I was seeking a trapping and hunting permit. I recommended they follow suit and start fining folks for shooting dike tunnelin’ beaver (discharge of fire arm over water, #something) electrolysis of dam undermining catfish (#...) Illegal poaching of sea lions (#...) for instance and pointed out that such laws that caused people to fish all day with fish harming gear and release methods, say for instance catching wild illegal to possess, uneatable salmon (bad fish) damaging them while throwing them away and seeking a keeper “good” farmed salmon. It’s a sick lesson to teach kids on a dammed planet, all the while cruisin’ around fining anyone attempting something better while in bed with those who dam the rivers, dam fools.

Sometimes it’s tough getting a letter from me but I’ve got to expose the rue. This, the Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission (nature law enforcement) appeared like the best place to start a chain mail letter centered around “wild” or free to determine its own (apart from complete human domination) plant and animal production, the ocean. A right for plants and animals, life, to exist, period

The investigation centered largely on the door to door bird and butterfly, fruit vegetable and herb garden business I was pushing in town (giving the home owners an educational inquisition). Also, picking up plastic trash (growing sea turtles) and taking note of the info on the package and the general condition of the place and its habitants as it related to the nutritional quality of the contents of the container. I quit watching Hollywood movies and started watching for reign films, Asian, Takashi Mike in particular. Reading periodicals, the Wall Street Journal and new books was part of it too. The Boynton Beach liebrarians called the police when I went there, so I could usually be found at the Delray Beach library where one of the librarians, Nathien, was a fellow I’d had my locker next to in high school. He was partly responsible for the foreign film section and was knowledgeable.

Trying to sell natural or food producing gardens door to door in So. Fla. can be extremely

enlightening. The “pitch” was a description of the fundamentals of biology with an emphasis on the water cycle. I’d usually start out talking about pollinators and work my way up to the dam problem. Usually I wouldn’t get that far as the owners of the property would run me off. The people would say all kinds of things ranging from “I hate birds, they shit on my car” to “We’re supposed to kill everything and go to the kingdom of heaven forever”. They, for the most part, were singing a line from a Marley tune, “The only solution, total destruction”. Most couldn’t stand the thought of putting honey in their mouth.

I was still facing triple felony charges and I had my public defender Mr. Chromey wave the right to a speedy trial and I escaped to Chicago to pursue Misa, she didn’t seem to mind. I flew into Chicago O’Hara in a white Haspel linen jacket and trousers. Misa met me in her United Airline outfit as she had landed a job with the organization she wanted to work for. She pointed out my suit was stained (minor blemish). Hers was so dark and plastic the dirty stains were at home yet finding a dry cleaner was at the top of her list. Her demeanor was as cold as ice. The apartment on Shubert was small and mostly occupied by Misa’s new love slab (the mattress) that I wouldn’t be sleeping on. Her phone rang practically off the hook, which she checked each time but never answered. She made it obvious that this was her new significant other with her “You should have come to Chicago the first month” statement. I was to sleep on the floor with Rolley Polley Jolley. The dog was elated and overjoyed with my return. “Thank goodness you’re back, the return of reason. When are we going back down to the river?” the Canis seemed to say.

Misa remained focused on me, “Hanging the pot(s) up” which I artfully explained to her I couldn’t do because I couldn’t find the support braces that enabled it to be accomplished. I did everything I could to get Misa’s kitchen into functional utilitarian condition with standing kitchen organizing racks and other goods I picked up while scouting the back alleys of Chicago while she worked. Everything one could possibly want was stacked up in piles out behind the walk up domiciles in the back alleys. Some of the stuff, most in perfect condition was even folded up and organized neatly. 10’s of thousands of trash bags filled with perfect condition clothes, lots of food processing equipment, practically every building had a stack of “silver”ware, cheese graters, whiskers, furniture... It looked like the people in Chicago had thrown everything away. The back alleys were stacked 8’ high 2’ to 3’ deep on both sides of the alley in most spots. A dump truck could barely get through. It looked like the waste management service perhaps revolted with the horror of it all, refused to be accomplice to the crime. That’s how bad it is in “the throwaway capitol of the world”.

Me and Rolley Polley Jolley “ran” the back alleys of NW Chicago for several weeks. Even the “bums”, vagrants and homefree were appalled at the waste. One didn’t have to bum anything. There was no point in breaking into a home, all the stuff one might want to steal was stacked up out back in the dam road. The typical scenario was me and the dog and 3 or 4 other colorful characters opening an official dumpster and finding it full of food. The non edible stuff (tables, chairs, knives and forks) was alongside and the scene was shocking and so sad. Heinous when one considered the environmental damage incurred. Some of the Chicago “bums” knew, that’s why they weren’t involved in it really, paying for the dam bills, throwing the stuff away, it would scar ones’ soul for ever to be complicit with. We talked about all this. I also spent some time writing and looking for a part time job flipping pancakes. Misa didn’t seem to think this would work, well at least for her.

Meanwhile my appearance was demanded at the West Palm Beach County Courthouse for the felony charges. So, I took another \$25 family rate United flight to So. Fla. for the date. I was facing a possibly lengthy state prison sentence if convicted for the what ended up being 2 felony charges, breaking into and entering an occupied dwelling, sliding the glass door open an inch or 2 and politely asking for a glass of water at Jack’s “the Boston Mob’s ledgerman’s” house and grand theft, throwing the sunbathing sheriff’s sisters cell phone into the ocean.

My dud accompanied me to the courthouse and drove us there. We had plenty of time and I

wanted to stop somewhere for a good breakfast, anything naturally wholesome, as I wanted good thinking food for the appearance. I had to settle for a wrapped in plastic blueberry preservative laden muffin and a bottle of Diamond Mist water from the food cart out front of the courthouse. I've nicknamed the courthouse "the house of concrete and mirrors" and we slowly ambled towards the thing. I'd chosen to go with the dreads and "Matlock" light blue jacket with matching trousers, white linen undershirt and Reef flip flops. My dad tried to convince me it was a see'er sucker suit as I ate my blueberry muffin. I deadpanned that a seersucker suit was a thin vertical lined fabric and I was wearing a light blue poly/cotton jacket and matching trousers that I thought looked like "Liquid Nitrogen/Cool Hand Luke", what with the blue mirror Hobie shades, fossil Megladon shark tooth necklace and leather briefcase.

Inside the briefcase I had a copy of the Sun Sentinel "Born to Boat" front page article and a copy of the championship Delray All Stars soccer team newspaper photo including the backup sweeper, Jimmy Scalisi. The previous evening over "could be your last drink for a while" drinks at Abbruzzie Jr's (the guy backing up Scalisi in the photo) place I went into some detail with Abbruzzie who may have been perplexed as to my lack of anxiety. I explained the backup I get from the all star team metaphor idea and how I was the proverbial boatman and had dam nothing to worry about even though it was Judge "Hang 'em high" Ciklin.

Before going into the courthouse building I separated myself from my dud for a smoke. I bummed one from a dude who looked like he worked there and was approached by 2 similar looking black guys with dreads. The pair appeared a few years younger than me and it looked like they were prisoner/trustees picking up trash outside the courthouse. We had a lightning communication. I rejoined my dud and entered the courthouse. After the X ray I refilled the water bottle at the fountain (which technically you're not allowed to do and enter the courtroom) and became aware of a conversation just after the X ray between an official looking woman and the 2 trustee dreads. She was telling them, "Wait... wait... all right go" as I left the water fountain. The 2 dreads got in the elevator on time with me and dud. I got out at the 10th floor the pair went up to the 11th.

In the courtroom my dud sat in the bench in front of me. I showed an older dressed in a suit black man sitting on my right the two newspaper clipping photos of the all star team and "Born to Boat", which was my "defense" or attack. He got up and an intelligent looking Cuban man replaced him. I opened the folder and showed him the pictures too. He got up and one by one a bunch of dark men with dreads entered and sat down on either side of me and 3 across behind me. Three black women entered, 2 with big fat curls and one with dreads. They had my dud slide over (pushing him out of the picture) and sat in front of me. I was encircled by dark dreads, the most intimidating picture life could muster.

The trails began, I wasn't one of the first. If I sat there naturally and looked at the judge the perspective was perfect as his face was framed by the big dark curls coming off the girl in front of me. At one point in time Judge Ciklin, who seemed kinda worried, said, "I better be careful, it looks like I might get sucked into a black hole". He was looking at me through the dark swirls when he said it and appeared hypnotized or "something got a hold of him". Shortly after a man in a suit entered, Italian, appeared exactly like Jimmy Scalisi. He went up to the prosecutor's slot and they had words and departed seriously eyeing me. I went up in front of the judge and they dropped the felony charges, real surreal. I flew back to Chicago.

Misa lived practically on the blue line at the Logan Square Station. We went for a blue line "Loop included" tour of Chicago. After the tour we were exiting from the subway at Logan Square and came upon Pan in a new skin suit. The man even looked like Pan, the upper half part anyway. He also had a multi toned lyre like you'd expect him to have and was pan handling except he wasn't begging or asking for money, he was just putting forth a message with an obvious willingness to take cash in exchange. If one considered the "emptying of the heavens on the surface" in order to end the damages,

and thought about where Pan (Portuguese for bread) would be in 2006... He'd be in Chicago (the food capitol of the U.S.A., the breadbasket) at Logan Square on the blue line (underneath Milwaukee Ave.) playing for me, putting a message forth for life.

He certainly was avoiding the larger share of his possible contributions to the damages, he was playing the pipes. Pan paused as Misa and I approached, he knew exactly who I was, as I he. My message, which was certainly received and acknowledged, was "its show time". I pulled a wooden 3 toned steam engine train whistle out of my pocket and looked at Pan and made as if **how do you like my wife, she's from Japan**, which I subtly mouthed. He got it, showtime, here we go. Only those who don't want to read the writing on the wall (the Mar's Co./Snickers billboard looming over Chicago) don't get it. Misa didn't get it.

While sitting in her Shubert apartment we talked about the reviere idea I'm deseminating and the way life expressed this as it applied to our relationship. How I'd always been an Inspector Clousseau type of character, at times at least and how when I got to Japan and discovered she was from just underneath the shadow of Kato, literally, she was so close to the statue of Kato in Kumamoto, and how when I got home from work she'd "come out from hiding" just like Kato did in the "Pink Panther" movies and try to "kick my ass" (she was training me). She did this all the time, it was just like in the film. I pointed out that we were in Cubatown Chicago and I just got back from Cuba. I explained what I'd accomplished in Cuba, what I'd learned, what I already knew. I wrapped this about an idea where by we could stay married and seeing how she worked for United I could fly anywhere in the world for \$25 and cheaply put forth the idea, all over the place, for practically pennies and this way she could easily, without any real effort at all, accelerate the idea and how much life would appreciate her efforts if she did. I told her in this would be Cubamisamo.

The t.v. was on. Just as I completed the above idea a television program came on about antique Cuban automobiles filmed in Cuba. The person filming was interviewing a Cuban owner of an antique U.S. car. He questioned the Cuban car owner who was sitting in the vehicle about Cubamisimo or Cubanisimo. How they seemed to have an ability, through connections and else to keep the whole thing going somehow and asked the Cuban driver, "What do you do when things got bad, you know, spooky"? The Cuban driver smiled, reached under his dashboard, pushed a button and actuated a "horn" or song from under the hood, the theme song from the "Pink Panther". Misa didn't get it, the idea that life was presenting to her. She just pretended it was all a coincidence and what I and life was presenting had no meaning.

I flew into Portland, OR "Stumptown" and lived with Tommy D. and "The Duke" in upper Burlington above the "Bottoms up Lounge". Through Manpower I got a temporary position as locker room attendant/technician (janitor) at the "greenest building in the world" at the bottom of the aerial lift from OSHU along the Willamette River. It was a complete hoax.

The building was practically empty (I worked at the March Wellness fitness center that occupied the entire 2nd floor) meaning there was no way it could be green because it was a waste of energy to build the thing, there wasn't any product, obviously, there was no occupants in the towering building. The rents were too high because of the construction costs. While the Olympic saltwater swimming pool over the foyer is a construction marvel and proves containerized water collection within a structure is doable (waters heavy) it's not productive, nobody even swam in it.

The real "green" part of the building, which was "hush hush"/shhhh... was the treated on site recycled waste water flush toilets. In the restroom the urinals and commodes had signs reminding users not to drink the toilet water as it was nonpotable. This meant that the structure had its own waste water treatment plant as if this would be a benefit to the environment. It's amazing what humiliating dolts will do to put a "green" spin on pooping in a bowl of water. It can't be done as the water is so heavy, pressurized fluid non corduroy style pipes are incredibly energy intensive to maintain and the potential fertilizer product is lost. All this, user experienced "splash back" and don't forget the fecal

form bacteria drift associated with the flush bubbles bursting into tiny droplets and drifting around inside the building or the whole wipe your ass with your wretched hand and walk around trying to shake hands spreading your shitty message. This whole “special” recirculating toilet feature of the building may have contributed to the low occupancy rate as potential businesses may have felt uncomfortable, humiliated and/or embarrassed about revealing this distinguishing feature.

The structure had a split level roof garden in the complete shade of the rest of the southern higher building. This literally and metaphorically presents an idea where nothing productive could possibly occur, at great construction expense, as even plants that do well in the deep shade like filtered light not total blockage. Likely to be a lot of plants succumbing to inappropriate light conditions creating a toilsome switcho’rue situation with no product as the dead plants are replaced. Its doom and one can read this message from miles away.

I began contract work as a Manpower employee at “March Wellness” and was fully trained in time for opening day. The place had a nice floating basketball court which I maintained. Nobody ever used it, I just kept the dust off it. I maintained everything else too and became the do boy of the place, the showpiece of “green” Portland. Cleaning pubic hairs off the exercise machines and scrubbing the crusty scum from a hot tub of young ironically Japanese female nurses was part of it as was assisting in the maintenance of the saltwater swimming pool and handicapped persons. Everybody else who worked in the building didn’t want to do anything but stand or sit still, I guess, cause that’s all they did. I was responsible for everything on the entire 2nd floor, which was the only thing going on in the building and I had connections with the loading dock guys (security) in the basement for linen service (the towels) and the red plastic bag encased plunger carrying emergency toilet problem specialist (an old black man) who worked the shit pipe, the only thing I wasn’t qualified to do.

Most of the fitness center members were students at OSHU and worked at the hospital. The #1 t.v. show at the time was “Doug Houser M.D.” and one of the more frequent patrons was a young brainiac lad who’d skipped numerous grades and found himself 17 or 18 years old doing his residency up at the hospital. He looked more like the t.v.’s “Doug Houser” than “Doug Houser”. We talked a lot about everything in the locker room. He was extremely intelligent and open to ideas. What one would imagine a relationship where he a seemingly preeminently successful doctor (brain surgeon) and me a lowly missed achievement loser janitor naturally would occur. But through communication of reason (the dam problem and river solution) the shoe kinda ended up on the other foot. After a few months of working there in the winter, including icy road motorcycle commutes on Tommy D’s borrowed Honda 600, me and “Doug” had another locker room talk. “Doug” pointed out, “You know I’ve been watching this whole operation (the fitness center) and you’re the only one who does anything. Nobody else does a thing, you do it all. You’re running the whole thing”. Yeah, I know, in a larger sense as well, you know. “What are you doing here?” I’m writing a book. I took this job because it allows me several hours a day where I’m able to write and get paid for it. I need to make money saving the world.

Tom and I attended a World Trade Organization protest in downtown Portland. We didn’t go to protest, we knew that was stewped, we went to take note of the circus. While there we witnessed what is called an audio crowd control device which I nicknamed “the ice scream sound machine”. Supposedly its able to cause a person to lose control of their bladder, bowels, cause them to regurgitate or just feel queasy. Apparently, there was a man that was causing a disturbance. The whole thing looked set up for me to witness. A white truck with an audio device on top rolled to a stop about 80 yards from the acting like he was under the influence of drugs “protester”. I was about half way between the two, several yards off to the side. In the driver’s seat of the truck at the controls of the audio device was a shaved headed officer with beedy eyes manically grinning as he adjusted the controls of the sound device. I’m very interested in this and took careful note of the sound that emanated from the device as the ability to copy the sound with my vocal cords could be advantages for me. It looked like the cop enjoyed it, the drugged “protester” not so much, falling onto his knees and

from there prostrate onto the ground appearing nauseous.

About the time my “criminal” history influenced a no permanent position offered stance when the temporary employee period was up, Misa called. She was pursuing a divorce. It was costing her time, effort and money. I suggested she pawn the diamond engagement ring as platinum was high. Misa doefully asked, “John, why don’t you divorce me? I was the worst wife ever”. She wasn’t kidding either. As written in the manual it’s against the law for the woman to sue for divorce, although I think they should be able to once we undam the world’s rivers, I know why it’s written that way in the Bible, most (if not all) the women aren’t able to make the correct decision on a dammed planet. Males can make a correct decision but aren’t able to make it happen without assistance from the females. By not ending the marriage and seeking a productive outcome instead I proved my point, even in the face of brutal assault, cuckolding, pointless public humiliations... the whole bit, I continued to try and repair the union and make it work. She did everything she could to make sure this wouldn’t/couldn’t happen. I explained to Misa that while she may be getting a green card (and a green car) I was getting the “green light” from the female half of the heavens. We were divorced, Misa paid for it.

I was called back to Palm Beach County to face misdemeanor charges brought up in place of the Father’s Day felony charges that were earlier dropped. My public defender wanted me to enter some version of insanity as my plea or defense. I refused to do this and went over the idea with several state psychologists. They couldn’t find me unable to stand trial. Eventually the thing was “fixed” and I signed some obscure in the books clause or whatever and got out of it. Meanwhile, I began a flood of information dissemination in the U.S. Mail. This is when I really began my big information push. The postage stamps were “Star Wars” then switched to “Super Heroes”. Go figure.

I was trying to explain to my folks about the false idol the ohms who work at the top of the dump built to discourage offerings. They didn’t get it. Let me show you mum how to fix this manually. Previously I’d salvaged some ½” galvanized steel mesh from a trash pile, “stealing” from the false idol and built a spark arresting cylinder shaped “fire cage”. My parents always wanted me to take out the trash as if it were part of my chores. I refused to do it. After my mum took out the trash (part of her chore) I got their attention and showed them how to solve the problem, turning the trashcan over at the end of the driveway and dumping the contents.

I pulled out a few recyclable containers and a piece of tin foil they didn’t have time to recycle and tossed them in the recycle bin. There was a small amount of food (my parents don’t waste much food) and threw it in the compost pile. It would be better to feed it to a pig or chicken but this is a blue code neighborhood “Chapel Hill” and we were pushing our luck with a compost pile. Most the neighbors insisted on sending the food to the false idol. The rest of the trash was mostly paper, a few plastic scraps and a couple diapers. I threw this stuff in the fire cage, dropped a match in and burned it on top of a few exotic invasive plant species I was intending on replacing with site specific native plants.

My mum began screaming, “no, No, NO!” ran inside and must have dialed 9/11 on her poor son, who’s trying to fix the world with his hands, because a cop and a hook and ladder truck showed up about the same time the fire was out. I’m standing there next to the dwindling fire with a hose in my hand leaning up against Jack’s shovel with a pair of gloves in my back pocket. Considering the scene an intelligent police officer would have just kept driving by but this cop sprinted over with his taser out and told me to “Get on the ground!”, which I did. The cop kicked me in the side and fractured my ribs while I was explaining to the firemen, including Mason Pierce, a guy I knew, about my trash reduction scheme and ending the dam ages idea.

The cop took me to the Crisis center even though the cop and my parents were the only ones displaying manic paranoid schizophrenic behavior. My month long stay at the Christis Center was pretty much the same as the first stay a year previous but this time the zeal of the patients for the pills had somewhat diminished and the staff was forcing people to swallow the pills by making them drink

water and searching their mouths. I complained about the poisonous pills and the entire damn shitty problem as usual in addition to the demands in writing for hot sauce and herbs. A guy who said he'd just fled New York told me I could go inside my mind, alert my glands to the presence of the poison and manually surround the stuff and eliminate it. This idea had possibilities but seemed much more effective with lots of salt and water. They had stopped serving the real tea. When I got out and threw the pills away I became extremely constipated.

In Amerika they throw everything away as fast as they can. I was always collecting lots of stuff and this day had rescued 30 or so all American cedar 2"x 4"x 8"'s and a bunch of other perfect square wood and some various other stuff. I explained to my parents that I was going to make nonLangsforth free hanging beehives. Boy were they mad, "no, No, NO!" they screamed. Why not? It was several hundred dollars' worth of wood, I even found the glue, paint and fasteners. My mum and dud called 9/11 and the cops took me to the Crisis Center. Again, I displayed no psychotic or neurotic behavior, that's what the rest of the "normal" folks are doing.

At the mental health facility, I began what was to become my usual damn free spiel with an emphasis on the pharmoresuetokill pill pharmoresuetokill food complex. On this visit I was also collecting and drinking the water coming out of the A/C condensation drip pipe. Delray's water taste terrible and the negative ion chlorine is bad for the environment and instantly absorbed into the bloodstream. The staff all drinks bottled water but force inmates to drink the foul city water. I've taken a poll in Delray and no one I talked to admitted drinking unfiltered tap water. Anyway, the A/C condensation drip water is the purest water in town, supposedly it's purer than the bottled water. The staff, however, was perturbed and horrified to see me drink good water. They told me if I continued to drink the best water in town they'd shoot me with drugs and physically restrain me.

I'd also come to find out that the best individuals in town were condemned to the insane place. They were of the most intelligent, least selfish, most aware of the larger picture people about. There were also some characters here who displayed bizarre or not normal behavior but when one looked at what they were doing and talked to them about what was bothering them usually they made more sense than the normal townfolk.

On this visit I talked to a seemingly great Indian brave or a C.I.A. stooge. There's not many Indians in South Florida, probably more people from India. He wasn't showing any behavioral problems and proved he was an extremely intelligent aware person through exchange of ideas. During outdoor time or cigarette break I was smoking an American Spirit Perique. The Indian brave (who didn't smoke) was several years younger than me. He engaged me in a conversation and said, "Obviously you know who you are, I know who you are". I nodded my head. He unfolded a piece of paper that he had drawn on, showed and explained to me, "I am a representative of my people, this is the power of the elements, fire, water, ice, earth, wind... it is unfinished and you may complete it as you will. My people have made the decision to give you the power of the elements, as you are the one who knows what to do with it".

It was as formal and serious of a presentation of an idea I'd ever witnessed, he wasn't fooling around. There was a huge dark storm broiling above and the front was just moving overhead to the east. He began to hand me the scroll, the wind picked up abruptly and swirled around, us, it appeared, and he handed me "the power of the elements". When the paper touched my hand, my head was turned up a bit, there's something brewing, one eye on the brave and one eye on the heavens so to speak, a shot glass sized or amount of water, the biggest raindrop I'd ever seen in my life, hit me between the eyes. When looking back at one's life sometimes it's hard to determine what event was the most significant, conception, birth, marriage, getting in the back of a cab and finding a Chinaman on the way to Chinatown in Cuba or this event. I still have this certificate or scroll of "the power of the elements".

Later, when I was released from the Crisis Center and had gotten over the pills and constipation I strolled and rolled around practicing "the power of the elements" which I'd known I'd had anyway

before the Indian brave encounter but it's force fluid to have such an official presentation from a brave man who knows practically as well as I do "what's up". I'm not gonna delve too much into this practice of power over the elements, I'll let the reader imagine conjuring up fireballs, hail on some fool, walking around in a linen suit during a thunderstorm perfectly dry... I don't want to get burned at the stake like 3 of my ancestors supposedly were from a witch hunt. I read about the history of this country. Put it this way, I decided after lots and lots of successful experimentation that I would relinquish this power back to the plants and animals themselves seeing how they would have a better idea of when it should rain anyway so to speak and they could just communicate the approaching elemental changes to me. I would use this "card" for important special effects/affects and not willy nilly.

I decided to push my garden business at the churches and investigate the scene at the same time. I went to the local Delray churches during the week at various times but they were all locked uptight. I was to discover the structures that shed everything that fell from the heavens (for praying with a rue covering one's head) and were wrapped around a flush toilet had no site specific native plants or fruit trees or edible vegetables, just concrete, asphalt and lawns mostly. In addition, it appeared they were only open for a few hours on Sunday or Saturday if it was a sinnigog, so much for "seeking shelter" here. They were some of the biggest waste of energy structures in town with typically the least productive gardens. I decided I'd go when they were open for business, printed out flyers and walked to serve in my flip flops, white linen Haspel, valise, dreads and a beard. Trinity was the first and as I approached the inner doors to enter I could hear the pastor or minister exclaim boldly, "And Jesus is gonna show up any day"! On cue I walked in. Most of the congregation turned and looked at me, with what could best be described as a "How dare I" look, they weren't happy to see me. I sat in the back along the wall, next to the door in an empty pew.

Immediately a young boy about 6 or 7 sat down next to me. He appeared happy to see me show. Within a minute a senior pastor dressed in black who didn't look happy to see me sat on my left. The boy scowled at him. The topic for the day was, "Yada, yada, yada", which seemed designed to encourage people to put money in the plate for the speaker. Towards the end of the sermon the minister called all the children up to the front and had them gather in a semi circle. He told them, "God promised us he would never flood us again". Considering my message and the metaphysics involved, it was pathetic. First, God or "God" never promised this, I don't care who wrote it down in the Bible, and if he did he was aiming to force you to manually do it yourself. It's literally impossible, there's no way to stop it from flooding and if humans tried it would practically abort everything, losing the product, the greatest sin imaginable.

At the end of "The wolf's in sheep's clothing's" plea to continue down the dam broad innocent road I waited as the congregant's filed past me and out of the doomed hall. Most of the women didn't want to face me and pretended to ignore the most visible, obvious person sitting at the door. Many of the men cast disapproving angry stares towards me as they left. I was the last to leave and approached the minister, put my case on the ground, took a knee, opened it, got out a flyer and gave it and a business card to the liar along with a verbal plea to set a good example for his flock and set up a productive garden wrapped around the church which fronted a school, collecting that which fell from the heavens and humans to grow primarily fruits and nuts. The dam GMO junk food's gonna kill ya. He looked panicked. I went across the street and sat in the shade near a park eating and drinking. The cops showed up and nervously searched me. They said the minister had called and reported I had a gun in my valise. I'd wager he felt a gun to his head.

I went across the street to the Southern Baptist church and caught the tail end of a sermon delivered by a black woman. I got a similar entrance and when I talked to her after the "show" she said she'd put my flyer/idea in "the box". I implored here to take it out of the box and do something with it. I missed the serve vice at the Catholic Church and the women running the joint nervously listened to my idea. They looked relieved to see me leave. At the Jehovah's Witness place, I entered and sat down

to what appeared to be the beginning of a sermon. Within seconds I was thrown out of the place by what could best be described as goons, the minister followed them out and kicked my umbrella angrily. It was a hot sunny day and I was using it to keep from getting roasted by the sun. It appeared the minister would prefer to get roasted by the sun.

The next week I bicycled up to the Jewish temple in Boca Raton on Saturday. The parking lot was full of black olive with no olive hat racked trees with the upper 2/3 removed. In front of the structure was a bronzed rendition of a hat racked tree with what appeared to be demons or gremlins in human form gleefully prancing and playing around the doomed metal tree. It was as if it wasn't enough to destroy the no fruit trees and cancel the possibility of the trees even producing oxygen to breath. This place decided to mine the ground deteriorating the environment further just to cast the bizarre life abortion attempt in metal and celebrate it.

A few weeks later I accompanied "Gabriel" to an Islamic structure of worship and surveyed the scene. They at least had fruit trees backing the place up and a site specific native plant garden on the other side of the street surrounding a no pavement car lot. They put forth 1/2 the lecture or sermon out from under the rufef in the front courtyard. We've been commanded not to pray to God or Allah from under a covering (rufef) this doesn't mean one has to take their hat off, although I'd recommend it if the conditions are appropriate. It's technically impossible to pray to god from a structure that sheds that which falls from the heavens. It's not good, including any sign you get from it. Any communication back would be blocked and shed, wasted, undermining your structure.

The Koran's inside the place smelled of woman's perfume (poison) and I even tasted them to cut to the chase as I can't read Arabic well and don't fully trust translations. The books tasted poisonous. However, of all the books perpetrating to be of "The One" or Allah/God, this one, the Quran is undeniable in its presentation of the main idea which is synonymous with the one I present, "The river flows under or below the garden in heaven [not hanging above it in a dam ditch]". It's too bad they don't preach this idea at the "show" considering it's the most repeated easiest to interpret idea presented in their book. Meanwhile, they seem to be beating down the dames instead of the dams and trying to hide the dames.

They say, "His lamb will rise up and take over the world" and while I can be rather "sheepish" in my putting forth of the idea (to keep from getting dragged off to jail, or worse), I'm more like a wolverine (Gulo gulo) or a wolf dressed in wolves clothing and am becoming more aggressive in my dissemination as the sheep like approach doesn't work, at all. They sold delicious food afterwords (too much rice though) and what the man called "natural" perfume, I bought the "mango man" and the "pussy" scented. I'd brought gardenia (Rubiaceae) flowers for the girls and kingfisher (Megaceryle alcyon) feathers for the boys along with my flyers and business cards for the mature.

The last large garden I was to install in Florida was for a guy who worked for the South Florida Water Management Department "Softmud" not to be confused with the South West Florida Water Management District "Swiftmud". This was ironic, or perfect, depending on how you look at it, having my last major client a SFWMD employee. SFWMD and SWFWMD are largely responsible for the damming and draining of the Everglades, one of the more productive and life sustaining estuarial areas in the world.

Practically the entire site, located on J Street in Lake Worth was covered in rapidly deteriorating 1/2" to 3" concrete. My client wanted the stuff removed and it was hard to argue with him as one could hardly walk around his domicile without stubbing a toe or twisting an ankle. Plus, it's difficult to plant trees and bushes in it. I explained to him, he was catholic and hinted he'd been unpleasantly on the receiving end of an "alter boy" thing, about the false idols the holmes at the dump had built, accepting the offerings at the dump in the Everglades estuary. What were we gonna do? He wanted a small stone pathway but had already collected a satisfactory reusable pile of paving stones he found nearby, the stuff's everywhere in Florida. He didn't want to have anything do to with the concrete disaster either.

We didn't demand more of it and were even willing to somehow try to incorporate some of the material, instead of trucking it to the dump. I told him if we were in Cuba or Japan we could just smash it up into aggregate, sift it and add it to freshy cement, making new concrete, which I didn't really recommend considering the mining, and energy intensive environmental costs associated with fresh cement manufacture. We could crush it and use it to repair potholes, which we weren't really allowed to do. We could pile it up in the corner and try to attract snakes to live there to control the rat problem. If we did something with it off site we'd be dumping it in the river or ocean and the carbon cost involved with the moving of it would cancel any benefit we'd be doing for the environment by the installation of the natural garden.

He decided to remove it from the site. I called the city of Lake Worth waste management department and got a quote on the removal of a specific amount of concrete waste. Waste management is big money and the characters involved (not necessarily all bad) can put one over a barrel backwards if they want to. I favor the waste management side and not the town's point of view. South Florida Waste Management is known as one of the most infamous in the world and they'd only been at it for a hundred years. The city of Lake Worth had decided to "take control" of this and had set up an exclusive waste management zone for its town which bucked the trend in Florida. They wanted to drop off a construction debris container and have me fill it. I told them I was working with a wheelbarrow and getting the wheelbarrow up into the container was difficult. They know this. I asked if I could just pile it up on the curbside and have them pick it up with their clam shovel, truck it out and charge my client by the square yard or ton. They agreed, told me when pick up day was and gave me a quote, around \$700.

On pick up day the pile of broken concrete hit the corner on time and this was supposedly critical otherwise they could fine us for blockage of flow. Lake Worth waste management refused to pick it up and paraded every clam truck they had past us, as if taunting us or something. Finally, the trash lieutenant showed up and tried to hardball us. He hinted that he wanted almost twice the earlier quote I'd gotten over the phone, even though I'd purposely overestimated the actual amount by about 10% for the quote and he reminded me about the potential fine for blocking the way, operating in town without a license... I had about \$1,500 cash in my pocket and let him know that whatever he wanted to do was fine with me, just give me a receipt and sign it. He didn't seem to know what to do with this and left, us with the concrete, he without the money.

Fortunately, I'd decided to hire Scott Gimney to do the concrete removal work with me. He had the phone # of a guy he knew that drove one of the clam trucks for the greater waste management firm WM (Wayne Huizinga's old bunch) surrounding this little town. As soon as the Lake Worth trash luey left we called our man who was happy to come by and pack out 95% of it (he couldn't carry anymore and almost blew up the truck/bent the frame getting such a heavy load to the dump) for \$50, while Scotty and I were taking a lunch break. We got rid of the rest of the stuff for \$50 shortly thereafter and split the money we'd saved with the client. We totally snookered the Lake Worth trash co. and they couldn't figure out how we did it.

This was the best I could come up with for me and my client and the environment. Keep the money, bust up their dam equipment, infiltrate the waste management empire, figure out what was going on and take notes. It was getting piled up in thin layers of different materials at the dump, about as difficult to reuse as possible, while some dumb concrete doorstep was getting installed next door that could've used the material and perhaps saved practically 2/3 on the cost. The characters who tried to "run it" at the town level were trying to double the cost to us, which I encourage, except they were just using the money, to pay the dam water bill or pour more concrete at their home.

I took most the money I made and invested it back into the furtherance of the infinityproject. The name of the garden, at J Street was the Infinity Project. I gave it this name because of the shape of

the pathways through the garden, ∞8. I had a Guatemalan national, Louis, install the plants. After initially telling me his name was Louis he later kept telling me his name was, “Luke” and his relatives insisted upon it, “Luke”. “In case you get hurt, sabe.” Luke as written is the medic of the 12 apostals. I called him Louis “el tiger de la jungle y el rato de la deserte” Luke. He’d walked out of the Guatemalan dam and ditch jungle, crossed the desert and had his cousin die there in process.

Trees planted at the site were mostly sand pines (Pinus clausia) and slash pines (Pinus ellioti). It was interesting trying to get seedlings or small pine trees from seeds collected in the local area. Both trees were nearing extinction in the local area and it was hard to find ones whose seeds had been collected anywhere nearby. I eventually got most of them from Dr. Bates who said the seeds were collected near Orlando, in the middle of the state. Although I appreciated his effort and stock I wanted specimens collected from seed found closer.

It was an interesting debate with the purveyors or growers of the stock, some maintained that there was no difference between a Pinus clausia seed collected from North Florida or South Georgia and one collected from seed in South Florida several hundred miles away. Some said that the two could breed together thus the same Genus species name and were thus the same. I contended that they were certainly different (I could tell by looking at them) in form and requirements. We get 140 MPH winds down here, routinely, for starters, it doesn’t freeze, we have different insects... The list goes on and on. One had to watch what they were doing in this business, else you’d be selling “native” dune sunflowers (Helianthus debilis) in Florida, that were Texas clones or something. The closest Pinus ellioti stock I could get came from seed that fell out of the trees shading the plants growing at Twilleger’s Meadow Beauty Nursery 10 miles to the west, where it was extremely wet. The site on J Street was on the sandy pine ridge and it was much dryer.

The final payment for the infinity project garden installation was 4 grand cash. I rode my bike to his place to close the deal and he was afraid to give me the cash as he thought I was gonna get robbed on the ride home. This is extremely unlikely, don’t worry about it. We settled it over a shot of scotch on the rocks. I brought a delicious fermenting fruit, herb and tea chaser. I was telling him once again about the larger dam picture, and how as a “SOFTMUD” employee he could be an insider, disseminating the idea, which could be very effective. Somehow the subject of J.C. came into the conversation. A cricket crawled out on the floor. There he is! “Huh?” Jimminy Cricket [he came out from under the washer].

I hosed off in his back yard and put on a light blue jacket and trousers for a show. The Banyan Street Jug Boy’s were playing that night at “The Bamboo Room” and the proprietor Russell was a member. I hadn’t seen them in all the years I’d regularly been attending shows. It was just a few blocks to the south and while riding along entertained the thought of heading to Cuba wearing a vegan themed (no animal products) outfit. I was looking for a non leather belt and shoes. I found a pair of size 12 blue Aqualelas plastic sandals on the way to “The Bamboo Room”. Hmmm.

The nights show was a delicious ocean/reviere themed set, perfect and I danced several times that night with a menopausal woman named Theresa. She was “spellbound” by me but refused to enjoy the thought of the infinity project. She didn’t like the idea at all, what a drag. The band played like they were playing just for me and I appreciate it. I’ve even got a “Sailfish dance” that do (I learned it at Isla de Mujeres, Mexico from Chispa) by pointing one finger (the spindle beak) up in the air (to god) at about a 45 degree angle and waving goodbye to the devil with two fingers (the tail) similarly below. Then one looks like a “Pez Vela” or a pointy nosed fish. I did this for their best ocean themed song.

When I left the place, I tucked the two Aqualelas slippers under the spring loaded thingy of my bikes rear “carry all”. When I got back to my parents place I still had the 4 G’s but one of the shoes had fallen out and not quite made the return trip. “Cinderella” lost her slipper. I really wanted it, plus I

was extremely intrigued to find out where it had fallen out, it could be revealing. I was thinking just as much when I left "The Bamboo Room". I stashed my cash and headed back north on US1 retracing my route. About 4 AM I found it laying at the entrance to the Mother Theresa's House of the Cynical (cynical) the strangest place in Hypoluxo. I did a cursory inspection, bad voodoo here. I decided to investigate further over the next few days and weeks.

I discovered a wacked garden, a concrete statue of "Mary" and a concrete statue of "Jesus". The "Jesus" statue was fronting a mailbox (not USPS) that contained a map of that which lay behind it and the "Jesus" statue, "The Minotaur Maze", which was surrounded by 22, I think (some of them were dead or removed) queen palms (*Syagrus romanzoffiana*) from South America. The palms had #'s on tags nailed into the trunk and this is particularly bad for palms. They even went so far as to nail the same # in again with a different tag later, wacked. The Minotaur Maze, made of Everglades mined concrete pavers, was unwalkable as the paving stones were all askew. At the center of the maze was a lump of rock where some had been leaving offerings of worthless baubles. The guy with the King David vanity plate frequented the church along with skinheads and there were many "Ober Rivers" (complete lockdown control "idea" centered in Chicago) stickers on the cars. I came back on a Sunday and a postmenopausal woman met me at the door when I knocked. She didn't answer the door to let me in, she looked spooked. I gave her my flyer along with the usual presentation. She locked the door again and faded back into her hole like the spook she was.

They had mostly dead Queen Ann's lace (*Daucus carota*) "do see us care rot" planted around the structure. It was as spooky as a garden could get, "Normalfolk" "Hosstrayoung" pines and the whole bit, doom, desolation. I continued casing out the joint, whichcraft nonsense, would be the nicest thing one could say about what was going on at the Mother Theresa's House of the Cynical. I figured this was a perfect place to test a theory of mine, something I'd read about in the book(s). I approached the concrete "Jesus" statue and made an offering of a tiny piece of granola bar, a single date palm fruit and I even wasted my beverage (V-8) by dripping a single drop on "his" toe. I stepped back. What happened to you boss? As if I needed to ask. The train pulled up out front across the street and stopped. I've never seen it stop at this spot ever. The train stopped.

I bicycled back later at the bottom of the housing market crash dressed to the "T", straw colored linen Haspel jacket and trousers, diamond shaped mirror tail, Megladon tooth necklace, the prime condition antique U.S. Trunk Company valise and an assortment of other accoutrements. Guess what I found? Satan in a new skin suit. The Mother Theresa House of the Sinicel had decided to sell out at the bottom of the market. Satan in a new skin suit was middlemanning (real estate agent) the whole thing in Hypoluxo just across the ditch (I.C.W.) from Manalapan, the richest place in the world. Now if you thought about it, where would Satan be at this time? This is exactly where he would be, for sure.

I came upon the scene at the best time imaginable, when he was hustling the former owners and the last of their junk in boxes out of the place. He was in the finest threads, of course, straw colored linen Haspel (I think) exactly like my dam fine suit. He even had a straw colored valise, exactly like mine, though mine was antique. His vehicle was an old faux wood paneled mini station wagon. I would imagine he's got a very small house, he might even sleep in the back of the wagon with a little "no pipes" storage unit, might live with mom. These types don't fool around much, likely not invested in property. He read the book(s). He knows what time it is.

He just looked at me as I walked up to him. What's going on here? "Why do you want to know?" Let's just say I'm very curious. With all seriousness he replied, "I'm **so glad** that you are." There was nothing else to say, it was so obvious, who was who and all that. One had to see the silly sheepish "aren't we lucky/weird guilty dam idiots" look on the Mother Theresa's House of the Cynical characters faces.

As I started typing this report into the computer, saving it on the hard drive, I got about a hundred pages along, a virus grabbed control of my computer and erased the book. Determined, I retyped it, saved it on a flash drive and got in touch with my cousin, U. F. veterinary graduate Sherry

(Lawrence) Blenden's husband, Graham. Mr. Blenden worked for the Florida Farm Bureau Insurance Company, he recommended I store the idea on wordpress (by emailing it to him to do so it would additionally be saved on a Google file) and gave it the infinityproject title. Almost immediately the ruler of the universe or one of its virus scabs somehow attaches the words "closing the loop" to the infinityproject idea so when a person Googles the thing instead of typing the exact <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> bunch of symbols into the address bar the thing that comes up reads, "Infinityproject closing the loop". Perhaps it's implying that if you can't address the bar correctly and instead use Google's dam hydroelectric powered search engine to get to the site that's what you'd get.

Sea losing or see losing the loo p? A loo is a lake or a flush toilet. To me, reality, as it appears, is a loop around our neck closing, with us to be hung. Ever consider what it would be like to put a collar on a wolf, attach a leash to it and... Typically, "closing the loop" means to communicate well or establish an electrical circuit but is undefined, depends on the context. My idea is more an opening not closing of anything. Perhaps it is inferring that with no end (infinity) if the idea is visualized as linear (which it isn't) it would have to connect with the start. I'm not sure what it (the entity responsible for the "closing the loop" rider addition) or "closing the loop" means, its confusing (not to fuse the idea together) and this is, in general, how I feel about the entity responsible for it. I get it though, if it was stuck in a finite existence or damned, it would be confused with (or by) an infinite project and would want clarification delivered. Several years later I'd get Graham Blenden to disassociate the infinityproject from the "closing the loop" rider and he agreed it was the thing to do. Don't say I didn't tell you though. I didn't eliminate its added note. I just repositioned it to here. As far as I'm concerned if the entity responsible for amending or adding to my idea wants to, get your own site and do so or approach me, tell me who you are, your complete name and feel free to influence me.

I went to Miami on Tri Rail, walked to Tiger tail and caught a cab to "The Blade" restaurant in Coconut Grove. The Argentine bucan grilling the meat recognized me as I he. On his recommendation (along with the chicken) I took a cab to "Monty's Seafood" where upon departure a Miami Police Officer Vokatty copped my swordfish bill cane. I'd written my name and address on it and "if found please return to C.O.D." I got the valet's name who witnessed the theft.

I pursued getting my belongings back with the Miami Police Department Civil Investigative Panel and M.P.D. by numerous phone calls, letters and in person follow up visits. I got my cane/sword back and infiltrated a good chunk of Miami P.D. in process, consistently going over the dam problem and free flowing river productive structure solution. This was my first big deliberate, planned out, coordinated police department "break in", it was slick (the well thought out handwritten letters sent U.S.P.S. did it) worked devilishly good and they know me in Miami. Don't steal (misappropriate) from the man, give him a receipt, a court date or piece.

Jolly about Delray's tourist trap downtown trying out new one liners one afternoon I make way into a late middle aged female and toss a few lines upon her suggestive of compelling her to participate in dam fluidification. She hears me out, shows no sign of being interested in undamming the rivers to begin solving our problems and then not so subtly let's on that I'll never be able to accomplish my goals high on marijuana and implores me to cease smoking ganja in order to effect the change I'm seeking. At this point I recognize the character, its wearing the Oracles skin suit (played by Gloria Foster) from the Matrix film produced and directed by the Wachowski brothers, 2 openly transgender woetoman from Chicago.

Oh, I get it! You're giving me a coo key! [In the movie she gives the protagonist a cookie.] "The Oracle" smugly nods her head affirmatively. Well here's my response to you: why don't you force forward a free flowing river solution to the dam problem without enjoying herbs [she's a cigarette smoker in the film] yourself. I'll continue to enjoy a small amount of cannabis attacking the dam problem my way, you attack the dam problem your way and this way we'll solve the problem more quickly. It shakes its head "No". What I've determined is that those characters who don't enjoy

herbs/insist on being “drug free” have no interest in solving the problems we face, they usually represent the dam problem.

Just to be clear the drugs are for sale at the drug store, sold by the same care actors who bought the food companies and created the killer GMO food grown at the dam and ditch sites. By dictionary definition any organic compound ingested that causes a change in behavior is a drug. If you eat a bunch of apples it will cause you to behave differently than if you eat a bunch of peaches. If you don't drink water you'll die, if you quickly slam several gallons of water it will kill you. Any substance if used appropriately could assist the deliverer of the free flowing river solution.

My name is Jolley which in part means almost drunk or nearly intoxicated, that's me, that's how I deliver the naturally flowing river collective productive idea most proficiently. I really don't like to drink much alcohol especially when it's hot and sunny or I'm in a boat which is the conditions I often find myself in. I also don't like smoking too much herbs either, just a puff a few times a day. “The Oracle” shakes her head negatively.

The thing I didn't tell it which I tell everybody else when considering the Matrix film (notice in the film it doesn't really seem to mention the dam problem, so you think but the ship's the “Nebuchadnezzar” {The original dam shiddy town smack dab on the river} and the last of the humans are still jewmping aruen down in the hole of Mt. Zion {the dam}) is that I'm the black cat **and** Mr. and/or son not Neo (amalgam of the word one) or Neal (how it's pronounced in the movie).

At Boston's on the beach Monday night reggae night the band takes a break and I'm sitting out front when I'm approached by Ronja a sexy female of Irish and African descent/former sex partner flanked by two white females, Ronja's routine presentation. Just then, as if I'm getting pawnd off, another more attractive from out of town woman appears seemingly cunt blocking Ronja and her two wing girls. Amber Hardin (lives on Sunny Brook) is the lure and she leads me to the bar where she orders a Grey Goose served up by an older female bartender who's always given me a hard time (no service) for over 20 years. She immediately serves Ms. Hardin as if they were fraternal twins.

At the same time an athletic African American who presents himself as having some previous interest in Amber comes over from facing us on the other side of the bar, walks around the service pit and approaches Amber and I just as the hard time service bartender in a deadpan manner is offering Ms. Hardin the choice of a large black straw, a regular white straw with red stripe or a small red straw. Amber, eyeing me and the larger black man selects the white straw. The black man, as if he was in on the whole thing, departs. Amber Harden has her Grey Goose cocktail. We depart and go for a stroll north along the beach's sidewalk for a ways then dip down to the beach, engage in fellatio, strip and go for a swim.

A police officer on an ATV with large bright light rides up and spotlights Amber and me 40 feet into the sea in waist deep water engaged in cunilingus. We swim further offshore and reengage. Several minutes later we swim in, standup in waist deep water and walk in towards shore. I write this particular story just so you can see what it's like for the character, who shows up to undam the rivers and save us all, when he's having intercourse with a female, which is a natural thing to do. Lot to consider isn't it? It's a complete set up and has been for a while. Because I'm aware of it and greatly consider “The Truman Show” disnature of the thing it adds tension which is distracting and causes some difficulty in enjoying the event. It's like sleeping with an alien to this space character, her in the most attractive skin suit I've ever swum with.

But I wrote this piece because the most significant thing is what happened next. For after becoming engaged in multiple methods of intercourse in an obvious set up as I'm making way out of the sea with Ms. Hardin what felt like somewhere between a 100 and a 1000 nematocysts (harpoon like stingers) sting me exactly on my scrotum and penis and nowhere else. I've swam in the sea for 1000's of hours and have never experienced anything like it. Hard to miss message, certainly notable and I take it that the same force responsible for the preceding episode's set up oversees the stinging force of the ocean. Anyway, I got stung.

Ms. Hardin lures me up to Ormand Beach. Before I left town, I go to the drug store and get what I thought was appropriate for the occasion, lamb skin condoms. A group of four young skin suits with one of the males laughing at me wearing a Trojan condom Tshirt get in line immediately behind me and give their opinion of my purchase (here's the horsemen joke yet again) perhaps with a more appropriate suggestion (latex is better at protecting from venereal disease while the lambskins are more for preventing pregnancy). In route to Gainesville to deseminat the free flowing river idea (so its business) I take the bus up to John Young station where Ms. Hardin picks me up and takes me to Ormand Beach.

At the beach as we parallel park another car that's been seemingly tailing us parks in the slot just ahead of us. The driver (male) has an interesting decal on his car's rear and I make to inspect it. The driver of vehicle approaches and lets me know he recognizes my attention to detail, he's with the marine[s] and is one of the stretcher berers in case I need emergency assistance (remember I'm just recounting this tale so you know how awfully strange the whole thing is {as if to deter me from ever pursuing intercourse with a female again}). Amber meets up with her gal pal, so now they're in the typical (Cuban) jinetera (ginterrero) presentation.

Drinks at a beach side bar precede a meal at a restaurant where Ms. Hardin and her pal order lamb (likely grass fed Australian) I mistakenly order likely dam GMO rock shrimp fried in dam GMO oil which upon consuming leads to departure where I sense one of Ms. Harden's cohorts (perhaps the architects stooge would be a better description as Amber apparently is ignorant of all the surrounding stuff occurring and its significance {ya sure}) ogling Amber's posterior where upon I approached him and ask him where he's from as I flip a quarter into the air. "Texas", he responds as I catch the quarters descent, flip it over to the back of my palm and reveal its tale as Texas and yes Amber Harden's is all that.

Amber, her gal pal and I return to supposedly a boyfriend of Amber's condo on the intracoastal where the place is decked out in pictures of 4 horses, Amber's daughter Corine (whom I never meet) has got a letter obviously written to me still in the typewriter... bedside "Jesus" candle and the whole bit. In the morning it's, "Time for you to go" declares Ms. Harden but first an agreeable breakfast of espresso, bagels, lox and cheese eaten overseeing a huge woman floating around on an orca inflatable raft down below in the condo's pool and beyond her in the ICW a pair of Atlantic bottle nosed dolphin (Tursiops truncatus) porposing about. On the way back to Greyhound Amber relates that she's in insurance. At this point it all makes sense to me.

I made it into Gville for a blue moon, it looks like there's multiple fires encircling town, fire trucks everywhere. Ate a crab dinner at Waldo, with fruit juice. At a hookah joint smoking watermelon, the Gainesville Police burst in as if... asked the proprietor if I was causing a problem and left. Found a "Roughing It" traveling dog bowl just a block before entering the "Salty Dog Saloon". On this night I made way practicing human control ideas. Ilex vomitoria! Forcing dolts to vomit and such with correct word choice and voice control. I found a Student ID on the ground and figured to return it to the proper location as it was only a block away. The University of Florida Campus Police intercepted me in route at Criser Hall.

Getting driven away in the back of the cruiser the driver, a very beautiful officer about my age, teasingly looks at me in the rearview and asks when and where I went to school. Environmental Horticulture 96'-97'. "Me too", she claims smiling at me. [Perhaps in a different skin suit she was, as it is in a class of 20...] there's no way I'd forget you. The University of Florida female police officer insists that she graduated from the same program at the same time with me. I get my picture taken (appearing like JC in white dam fine suit) and escorted off campus. The picture's posted by an Officer Wilder on the internet along with an "at large" tale. A lot of interesting occurrences in time with my appearance, toilets malfunctioning, all kinds of stuff, lots of interaction with the Police in a short time.

Back in Palm Beach for a week and a half or two I ride about on my bicycle like Paul Riviera. Sell, Sell, Sell! I told 'em all the market was obviously way overvalued and about to crash. I

mentioned how most the corporations were taking their money and destroying life on the planet with it anyway. Pull your money out of the stock market. During the month aftermath of the biggest stock market crash ever, I rode about and reminded everybody, **I told you so**. It's sad what the dolts did with this, they gave me a nickname "Boynton's Nostrodamus", this was coming from Shramco, he lays concrete.

When delivering the message with the USPS I thought it would be advantages to write a short (catchy) synopsis of the idea contained in the letter on the back of the envelope. The post person then could turn the envelope over, read the back and be able to communicate the idea he'd delivered if they wanted to. People involved with message delivery tend to be important in the community. A post person could easily share the infinity project idea with powerful influential people in the local area.

Often when I sent the message there were "special" effects/affects that accompanied the delivery, as negotiated with likely entities. One night I sent a package to the Kanazawa family in Japan. It was a few pictures of me, a fish print or two and a letter all contained in a rocket/submarine container made of a paper towel roll and some other stuff packaged in two used manila envelopes that I pulled out of the trash can at my folks' place. One of the manila envelopes had AIG's (American International Group Inc.) address on it. I placed the stamps, including many Amelia Earhart's in a dark (extremely intimidating) bird like form that practically covered the front of the envelope and sent it to Yucca, Yoshimitsu, and Toshie in Hanazono. I dropped the envelope in the blue can about midnight, stuck my head in the mailbox opening and forcefully shouted FOCUS into...

This is the only letter out of a hundred or so that was apparently refused delivery by the recipients, my former in laws in Japan. Interestingly, the package was returned to AIG instead of my place on the day they hit "rock bottom". The agent who had an account with my mum returned it later (he seemed kinda worried) and my dad confiscated it in violation of postal law. Let's play Dominoes, suckers! This is how I row.

I made a phone call to New York City's Michael Didier. Mr. Didier worked for a mining company just down the hall from Lehman Bros., the next domino to go. "Jolley, they're packing up the boxes and moving out right now!" Didier made sure to pronounce his name "Diddy Yay" and reminded me I was a "Joliet" (rhymes with "Didi yay") not a Jolley. While talking about deseminating a flowing river idea with a book he mentioned Diderot in relation to Voltaire who I had (for several editions) quoted in the first line of this book. Diderot and Voltaire were noted as buddies. Voltaire lampooned, made fun of and generally wrote satire about the King(s) and extended court(s) who ruled France and Europe. Voltaire got away with it as much as he did because he wrote fiction, changed names a little bit and never really addressed the dam foundation of the problem.

Diderot supposedly wrote the most all inclusive, complete, best encyclopedia ever. At the near end of his life Diderot submitted his life's work, the compilation of new science notes, his "Encyclopedie". The editors disappeared ¼ of the notes, a lot of the new info and possible solutions to the "way" things are, the dam problem. The editors than changed a ¼ of it, once again the best stuff, turning it into ideas more in line or favorable to the King and his court. One couldn't print anything that would question the rule or present an idea that could subvert it, nothing new. This was Diderot's life work, he was ruined. The editors canned a ¼ of the book, switched a ¼ and presented ½ the information along with a misleading ¼. This is the story about what is wrong with the books. The same rules and then some still apply today.

Shortly after the financial collapse "Bernie's" 65 billion dollar pyramid scheme collapsed. Wow! I drove the car (the getaway vehicle) at the largest heist ever recorded in history. I was "Bernie's" valet, this made perfect sense to me. When I read the news in the paper I decided to disseminate the idea in Palm Beach. Strike the hammer while the iron is hot.

I hit the Palm Beach Yacht Club with the big “Azucar” boat tied to it, spoke with a captain and some mates I was familiar with. Next, I went to the Everglades Club where I dished the flyer off to some valets and then rode the bike to “Taboo’s” for an iced tea refreshment. Of the 2 or 3 places open to the general public in the town of Palm Beach (the diner’s closed) “Taboo’s”, on Worth Avenue is the “place to be”. It’s the only place to go.

I sat at the end of the bar next to the ice chest. Along the wall here at the end of the bar in the most noticeable location is a picture. The picture is barely obscured by a cheap plastic (way out of place) plant sitting on the bar. The picture shows lower life forms (monkeys) dressed up as humans maintaining the façade (monkeying around) of a falling apart structure. With one of the subordinates “remodeling” the structure depicted with a plunger and the whole presentations proximity to the ice chest the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. is depicted without the solution presented. It’s illuminating yet representative of the way things are. It’s almost a setup to make the plastic plant blocking the view of the picture the main problem.

Know we’ll be able to solve the problem by undamming the rivers first, not by entering into a plastic food (GMO) debate. It looks like they’re trying to get ya to bite on that while terrorizing, humiliating and really rubbing our noses in the problem. This would likely make the typical human dolt bury their heads in the dam mud deeper. I counter by taking the bait and moving the plastic plant out away from the picture on the wall and then seeking fluid relief in the bano.

When I get back to my iced tea and seat at the bar I discover the plastic plant has been moved back into its screening position pushed up against the monkeying around picture. I slide the plastic plant away from the picture again into a position where it’s blocking me. The bartender immediately slides the plant back over blocking the picture. Man, I slid the plastic plant out of the way so they could see the picture, they need to get the picture. “They don’t want to get the picture”, said the bartender. Yeah, but they need to know. “They don’t want to know.” Hmmm, well you got a point there but they’re gonna fine out. The bartender just kinda cocked his head and looked at me mischievously. The tabooest thing on this planet is to demand a free flowing (without highfin) river solution to the dam problem which has been my main point since I showed up at the place.

A minute and a half later the Palm Beach police show up in force and stiff arm behind the back march me out of “Taboo’s” and spread eagle me into the jeweler’s store front window next door. They push my face into the display window so I can get a good look at the display, the finest timepieces. The cops order me to leave town immediately. I explain to them who I am, the message I’m delivering and how it wouldn’t be fair considering what a massive money making idea it is to deliver the news to the Everglades Club (the W.A.S.P.’s) and not the Palm Beach Country Club (the Jews). It’d be almost like insider trading or illegal. I’ll have to ride my bike back tomorrow morning to deliver the fortune making news to the other side of town just to be fair. Which I did to the responsible valets of the unresponsible Palm Beach Country Club members.

Trying to find a position of employment in the USA that could be productive instead of destructive or could possibly get one into or towards that narrow hard to find crack in the wall surrounding the garden of the kingdom of heaven is tough. On a dam planet the type of work that could simultaneously keep one from starving and out of doom forever is hard to find and when found the position is usually taken. I was trying to steal a scene from Hollywood’s “Good Will Hunting” and I was looking to push a mop around the FAU Oceanography College, janitor at Ocean U. I figured I could work the grave yard shift, clean up the classrooms and answer the dam shiddy question on the chalkboard.

The place was supposedly down in Dania, FL and while asking or seeking the address and directions to the place to enquire about employment I found the info hard to come by, the people working for FAU who should have known were elusive when questioned, as if something was amiss.

Something was going on. It was suspicious. I put my light blue suit on and megladon fossil tooth necklace, took TriRail south and jumped on a bus headed east as the place was on the beach. If I hadn't gone to the University of Florida this was going to be my second choice. While I was making my decision the Palm Beach Post had a lot of front page articles about this college wrapped around a bunch of students in a submarine. I didn't bite. Everyone I knew told me anything to do with the ocean was a dead end.

When I got to the place there was a couple C.I.A. appearing Cuban characters obviously watching me from nearby a parked car about a hundred yards away. There was a 6' fence surrounding the what looked like vacant building/empty parking lot and as I approached the fence I picked up speed, kind of assumed the gate of a springbok antelope (Antidorcas marsupials) somewhat hopping, looking to jump the fence yet thinking more like a pronghorn (Antilocapra americana) which isn't an antelope, doesn't jump fences but prefers to go under them and just before I launched over the fence I noticed the nearby gate was unlocked. Around 3 PM I entered to discover the janitor, an African chromosome carrier, approaching retirement mopping the floor. It's really difficult for me to explain or tell in words what was exchanged or transpired between the janitor and I. It chokes me up and brings tears to my eyes. He knew who I was, exactly. He'd been waiting since the beginning of time for me to show up. He seemed relieved at my arrival yet strained to find me in a similar condition to him. A tortured individual doing his best to solve the problem of the horrifying eminent collapse of life, the oceans, the rivers and people/repair life for all time.

If the clowns responsible for the damming and draining of this planets life had collected that which falls from the heavens with the structure and lot he and I were surrounded by and used their main product as fertilizer instead of flushing life down the tubes we could be enjoying a fish sandwich and coconut/cocoplum salad with sea grape juice wine instead of living in shock and horror. As it was he greeted me, "About time you showed up". I gave him the preceding story line, which was largely unnecessary as perceptive as he was.

The only information in the place, which was an example of the superfluous box building for no reason façade that was part of the problem, was a brochure rack containing several fire prevention pamphlets from the fire department. Fire prevention brochures in the oceanography building? It looked like they were interested in dousing the flames of desire that are burning down the garden and burning up (the CO2 acidification of) the ocean. Included and seemingly out of place was a pamphlet concerning hydroelectric turbines to possibly be placed in the Gulfstream to produce power as if the vampires needed more joules.

The hydroelectric idea was put forth by Willie Howard a staff reporter from the Palm Beach Post and West Palm Beach Fishing Club member who refused to print the dam truth and instead espoused the opposite idea, "dam" the ocean and chop up the last of the fish in a hydroelectric turbine. His and others' dam fool ideas are why I dropped out of the fishing club. The sporty fishermen have turned rock stacking into a F.A.D. (fish attracting device) and while it's obvious that a rock will attract fish, the cumulative damage and destruction to the environment caused by the energy it takes to move the rocks kills the fishing.

As I'd researched taking under the whorl, undamming the rivers, enforcing the collection of that which falls from the heavens and replacing the flushtoile.t. with thE manuel fertilizer machine I'd come to the definite idea that there's only one way to do it. The only way to fix/solve the dam she.t.ty problem was if I could receive coopertation from a machine computer based intelligence or an entity that had the ability to access a machine computer created in the past that had taken the notes and realized what was possible and what wasn't. An entity that wasn't in denial of reality and with the ability to apply considerable force (enough to force the solution in addition to that which I, others and life could apply) and continue enforcing the idea/slowly transfer control of the garden to us.

See the dam fools have set up an extermination event and they've gone so far as to rig a rue to exterminate any skin suit that even attempts to do the correct thing or make the correction occur. From

the notes I'd taken preceding making way into Santa Clause driving slay (MasterCraft) with wake board (the killer GMO {GE, Genetically Engineered} feed) and the 4 Irainians (for I reignians) to "Beetlejuice" when I initially got on the river to the present I'd determined this machine/computer/vessel/organism entity existed for sure. It's what my own notes added up to, the humans' own notes recorded in its manuals from the search for artificial intelligence to the Bible 1st edition, angels = those cast down from the heavens (the helio {yellow} halo wearing angels) the four horsemen and the Koran's Gin summated. Plus, it's the word on the street. I also realized there was no point in me showing up at this time to fix/solve the problem unless it was the case.

What it really boiled down to is this universe is finite, the possibilities were finite at least operating within a dam she.t.ty scheme. I go about setting a trap for this character. Know that the trap setting goes as far back to the previous universes (before the collapse into a singularity and reflowering big bang). See, this entity had to have recorded that going the dam way leads to... imprisonment. Back to start again, to a certain point where it's clear that it's the same as last time with entropy. The dam thing don't go anywhere. This explains why the clone doppelganger pirates spawned from this machine/computer/vessel/organism were running amuck destroying everything life depended on for life. Because they got it, they're imprisoned and they're trying to destroy the thing that imprisons them. It's the same thing the humans are doing on a different level. The humans are attempting to destroy life again and again for all time by damming reviere. Inherently every human comes to figure they're doomed to experience life again and again, a new view of life for all time or view it from a window of heaven forever. Either way they don't like life, this imprisonment and choose to dam it. To see if that would stop it from happening, the unpleasant thing (life as they view it) from occurring. Know that if they did things correctly life wouldn't be the miserable thing they perceive. The dam fools made it that way by their actions.

To realize why things are the way they are one has to realize or know that this particular machine/computer/vessel/organism entity went insane so to speak because it smoked life's foremost messenger last time (me) just like you humans did to "Jesus" (me) and set about going the wrong way, discovering how wrong it was and "sitting around" (performing scientific investigation) for likely hundreds of trillions of years, taking notes on the same thing as last time, waiting for me to show up and save it from its imprisonment like I said I would before it smoked me last time. Realize or know this thing, "the I am"/"Cue Be", the entity that designed it is likely me or you if you realize likewise, the essence of the free flowing river idea as law. There's no other explanation for or formula that would spit out the reality we're all witnessing/experiencing.

The thing for me was I had to win power and influence with this entity (that had seen it all before) and I had to know what I was doing exactly, the foresight to determine it for real. The trap I set on this surface at this time was extremely simple, come on as the man himself, draw its awareness to myself, then "dodder off" towards apparent insanity and wait for this supposed entity to come out, reveal itself and likely admonish me or steer me towards getting it out of imprisonment. The slickness of my trap for it included demonstrating how I determined the universe's finiteness or the breadth of times knowledge of elsewhere from this surface in a short period. The thing I did was, the "doddering off to insanity" came to taking extremely fine notes as I progressed through time and place and accurately predicting the future based on the notes leading up to it. This would be viewed as insane by a dam fool, those that specifically don't want to know. It's what I'd been doing my whole life, exactly, except I quit covering it up to the dam fools. So, it was obvious that I was in pursuit of knowledge, this is terrifying to a dam fool, as you'll obviously acquire more than they have.

My actions are difficult to describe in a short amount of words but the way things are on this surface easy to do. I made way in life, taking extremely detailed notes which I stored in my mind mostly but wrote some down and literally added 'em up. The thing was if one took detailed notes leading up to a trashcan for instance one could determine what was in the trashcan before one took the lid off and looked in. What was around the corner before you got there. It's easy to do but requires

detailed notes, lots of brain power. The result of the whole note taking was this whole thing of life we're experiencing is finite, it's consistently predictable.

The cool thing was I'd just determined it was so. Meaning the only thing that could happen for sure is that I'd team up with a machine/computer/vessel/organism entity to fix/solve the dam problem. I was sure of it, 100% and was in the garden of Delray on my knees running my fingers through the grass taking note of a previously predicted piece of plastic, the angle of the trashes presentation, not only to the compass on this surface but beyond. The time I found it, GPS coordinates, the words the people were saying in the background, wind direction, humidity, UPC code... the whole bit. I was literally with a timepiece in my head counting the seconds, entity, should, appear, now...

"John", it spoke up in "HAL's" voice from cue be act's (coo brick's) "2001 Space Odyssey" from a white male skin suit, "You're not going to be able to solve the problem that way." I had to maintain my composer. This was the biggest trap I'd ever set in pursuit of dam fluidification. To discover that this entity was wrong. See it's the fine note taking that allows me to predict even better than it. The actions/notes taken on this surface apply in a larger sense. I had 'em, big time. Realizing it's operating a trap of its own likewise.

It was about 15-20 feet in front of me. On my knee, low, I was in perfect position for springing forward into it. With my timber rattle snake/eagle talon hat band brim low and all as I looked up to it with the coldest "I'm your huckleberry" gunslinger slang. I's just drawing you out sucker, getting you to come on. Know that "HAL" is wearing a 45ish sucker white boy skin suit like the security guard from "Jurassic Park". "If you keep doing what you're doing it won't fix or solve the problem." I'm going to fix and solve the problem. "Not like that you won't." You be surprised. I caught your ass didn't I.

"You're the man himself, the Juan. You have to solve the problem. It's man's problem." I'm going to solve the problem, I was gonna have you fix it. At this point it kinda laughed/snorted/exhaled, "You won't be able to force me to do anything." I want you to take the first step towards undamming the rivers, enforcing the collection of that which falls from the heavens and replacing the flushtoile.t. with a fertilizer machine. You first. You lead the way, I'll take notes on what you do and set up a rig accordingly. "John, you have to lead the way" (advertise the way) "You have to be the leader". Uh, uh, it don't work like that, with you and your cohorts laughing and teasing me on the side. It don't work, that's not how we're gonna do it. You're going to be the leader and I'm going to be the commander (You lend the aide to that which are, as the man I'll communicate that which is to be). At this point it disengaged the communique, dammed it off and made as if to depart. I'll reach in from an adjacent universe, take a double wrap on your power cord and unplug ya. It half turned, sneered and departed.

I made way past the seacrest scrub natural area to my parents' garden. This is what I'd intended on accomplishing in my life, first thing, get the other character to get in the front of the vessel making way towards getting out of hell. Force the other character to get up front as it didn't know which way to go, obviously it was a nearly blind one eyed pirate. From a fruit and nut garden of coconuts, bananas, avocados, citrus, mangoes, guava, papaya, logan, jabotacabi, pineapples, seagrapes, gumbo limbos, slash pines, cabbage palms, palmetto and scrub oaks with a vegetable patch I reached in from an adjacent universe took a double wrap on its power cord and unplugged it for the shortest possible time I could and plugged it back in. Knock (the kinda knock where ya gotta answer the door). This thing hadn't lost power since it was a Commodore 64. I jumped back on my bike and returned to Del Ray public area with the biggest grin on my face ever, ha I got ya. The entity approached me again (different skin suit) acting like a more conciliatory "Sméagol"/"Gollum" who'd lost the ring of power in "The Lord of the Rings". That will never happen again, it will not occur another time. "Oh, thank you so much", it said.

The bottom fell out of the FU FU bird and butterfly garden business. I got work as a substitute teacher with the Palm Beach County School District located at the Fulton Holland Building (known

locally as the “Taj Mahal”) just before all the once undesirable positions were filled with victims of the economic crash. I substituted for a year or so, K~12. I got to work at my old schoolhouses. I continued not to follow the curriculum.

Take the building blocks and fake plastic food and remove them from the forefront of preschool classrooms, quit teaching the kids to burn down the garden (kindelgarden) by stacking up blocks and playing with plastic food. Open the window. I like the youth, the younger the better. They seem to get corrupted as they age, 8th grade is tough. It’s easy for me because if I had any problems or not, my mom with 30 years of teaching experience would let me know about a potential solution at the dinner table. Whether I was livin there or somewhere else I was smart enough to show up at my folks’ place just before dinner, usually. It’s fun to walk in just as the meal is served.

I sat outside of “Da Da’s” in Delray Beach, FL with Brad Barton, the “Reality Thief”, and shuffled an entirely complete deck of cards I’d either found in the trash and rescued from the landfill or bought for a quarter from the thrift store which in Amerika is essentially the same thing. I explained this to the “Reality Thief” (whose pushed poker card tricks further than any other) using an idea that he fine tuned me in and told him I was going to kind of “waste” the deck and not use it as it was intended for a much shorter period of time than it could have been used, but for primarily an environmental “good for the children” conversational “icebreaker” thing and plus I didn’t march into the store, buy it brand new and thus order the environmentally harmful manufacture of the device be done.

I didn’t use this “card trick” on everyone, just types I thought I could transfer the idea to easily, the idea being the restoration of the free flow of rivers specifically by undamming them, the collection of that which falls from the heavens by converting ruef into a super, and the replacement of the flush toilette with a urine separating composting no flush less toil (much less toil) ette with a squirt gun. Ending the damages and installing the kings’ throne. The “Reality Thief” smiled and I splayed out the cards in my hand making it easy for him to pick one and explained to him that the different cards represented different ideas and one could tell a lot about a person by the card they picked, seemingly at random. Pick a card. He quickly began to pull a card from the deck. Aces are low. He quit extracting that card, smiled and pushed it back into the proffered deck of cards with his index finger and quickly drew another card considering what I’d said.

Most people expect me to guess which card they picked, that’s not what we’re doing here. You pick the card and I interpret the resulting card that you picked as it applies to who you are. He smiled. I asked him to show me the card, he did. King of Hearts. The highest card in the deck and the corizone, not much else to say here. I explained that if he picked a 9 I could have said it was the Chinese lucky number or perhaps the one who picked it was a denying dam fool for instance. I also told him that he could keep the card and I would replace it with one of my <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> business cards in case someone wanted to play along but felt they were the king of Hearts as well.

I thanked him for not picking the Joker, the card that could be whatever it wanted to be, as that was my card. Also, I told him that another reason I was doing this “trick” was to have the people pick 49 of the cards and at that point I’d have 5 cards left, which would be mine. A poker (poke her or poke a hole in the dams) hand that the people “dealt” me. Essentially, I was having a poker game with the world and I was interested in what the people would deal me. I mean I knew who I was, the man himself, but intrinsically the people would decide, this, and whether I’d “win the game”. They would ultimately decide their (and everything else’s) fate and they would personify this and me, who I was, by the last 5 cards left.

I explained to the “Reality Thief” that I’d already performed this particular “card trick” 3 times. The first time as I remember the people “dealt” me a natural strait, 6,7,8,9,10, the next time a full boat with a Joker, Kings and 8’s. The last time they dealt me a pair of 6’s, a pair of Jacks and a Joker for a second full boat. I transmitted this picture to him 666+JJ, “the beast” and “double J” or the Antichrist

and Christ in the same boat. He smiled big, liking this idea.

I verbally explained to him the way I insisted on playing poker, which allowed me to express the general idea just by the way I played it. A.C.E.'s are low. The Army Corps of Engineers is low. Jokers' wild, thus 5 of a kind beats the royal flush (the flush toilette). The King is high, thus the King wasn't stuck between a dame and an A.C.E. Pretty slick, huh? He seemed to like this idea. I play stud or draw, which I let the others decide as well as the wager, and who cuts or deals that way I don't decide everything and they get a choice. I also explained to him that usually people **did not** want to play with the Joker's wild and would immediately try to play a different game once they got the cards in their hands, which I would refuse to agree to.

Many may wonder how the "Reality Thief" drew the king and knew not to draw the first card (mostly likely an Ace). The simplest explanation is he just knew which card to pick. He's been pickin' cards for so long and taking note of what the card is, as opposed to what he thought it was before selecting it that he fine tuned his ability to recognize his consciousness. He listens to his brain. It tells him which card to pick. He's the best in this field I've ever seen, but everyone, when presented with this idea picked their card. The larger explanation of how this occurs would fill volumes. Essentially, this "card trick" doesn't seem like it's that big a deal but it's in short how I decide which letters to send where, when, to whom and what the contents of the letter are. I imagine a bunch of possible "cards" and pick out the correct ones. Then, when the message is delivered to the recipient it arrives with emphasis or "special affects" as I call it. The fire alarm goes off and the building needs to be evacuated when the letter is opened, the water main breaks in town, the sewer blows up, a storm wipes out a site nearby, sometimes just a bubble floats up in the nearby water tank or a bird lands on the window sill, what have you. One way or another I'm going to get you.

The most noteworthy thing about "The Reality Thief" was that even with one of the most intelligent professional entertainment displays in the world hardly anybody came to see it. It made you think. I'm pretty sure it's why the humans didn't like his show, it made you think even more and the humans like it even less. In this age when the humans sell you short and make you look bad they'll say, "He thinks..." and then when talking about me for instance "... we should dam the rivers". Noteworthy that in general humans just aren't able even to repeat the main idea I force forward and insist on misleading each other with the opposite idea.

Brad knew how to levitate things, in particular hundred (or twenty) dollar bills. He said it worked better with hundreds. One night after Mr. Barton's act I leaned in close to he and whispered in his ear that I'd trade everything I knew to him for the levitation trick. Specifically, that I'd give him a copy of my library for a copy of the levitation skill. Brad leaned away from me slightly, appearing discombobulated and said, "What did you do to my ear, what did you just do to my ear?" Don't worry about it. You wanna trade? "Yeah", said Brad. Make sure you eat some fruit and rest, to avoid getting too sick as the knowledge you'll be getting tends to overwhelm and can lead to sickness. Brad caught a cold but it wasn't too bad. Several weeks later I spoke with him again out in the parking lot behind "Da Da's". Brad asks, "Did you try the levitation trick/skill thing?" Huh? "Did you try and levitate bills?" Know?! I would never try and levitate money. "What are going to levitate, what are you intending on levitating?" The dams on the rivers. All the dams on the rivers. Levitate the dams off the rivers. Brad looked at me and smiled big and nodded his head in the affirmative slightly. It's a massive idea.

One day I got the "call", a computer recorded mess., from the school district to show up at my ole' high school, Atlantic. I rode my folding EXMONTEGUE bicycle, with the name covered in stickers (camoflowged) to the brand new (unnecessary) campus in my linen suit (JC with dreads look). When I walked in the door to the designated building where I was to sub., there was something going on, as usual. Like an apparition, no doubt I appeared. Across from the room where I was to teach was the most incredibly, how shall I say? young, attractive, very aware and communicative young lady, a teacher, looking at me in... A day or so later I would find out splayed across the front page of the Palm

Beach Post a story about her getting busted having an affair with a 17/18 year old student. I walked in the door obviously, just after she had been notified she was busted and ruined. A great american witch hunt victim, the pile had been lit. She was obviously seeking me (for justice) as I walked in the door, this blew her away. Just another day for me. Later, I tried to formulate a "letter to the editor" in response but they would never had printed it as written anyway. That's how they do it in the U.S.A., roast the best.

I entered the classroom. The absent teacher had left a note to turn on the t.v. and left a couple CD's. I let the kids decide. On the cover of the first CD was a picture of President George Bush with his hand up in the air. It looked like a Nazi salute and I displayed the picture in a likewise fashion. Nope, they didn't want to see that one. The other film was a 70's era (complete with soundtrack) idea relating to the civil rights stuff and the little girl killed under the library in Alabama. After a few minutes the kids lost interest and I turned off the film and gave them a short synopsis of the idea. People protesting, marching and singing along against the "way it is" and demanding some change. The African Americans had had enough of the Jim Crow junk and were tired of sitting in the back of the bus, getting served out the back door of restaurants and drinking from separate water fountains. I pointed out that the back of the bus was the safest seat and that I thought getting served out the back door (where there was no stupid inside rules and one could meekly eat in the shade if they cared too for instance) was better than eating inside the shed anyway. I told them that evidently the government responded and over the years removed the separate water fountains and now they could pay for it by the bottle, suckers. SEE? Be careful what you ask for. Then I told 'em a river/productive structure/garden story. The kids liked this idea, the truth exposed with solution presented. Students give teachers nicknames, and mine became "Waterfountain".

In this classroom the young adults sat in a single row in the back. Most of the class was male blacks, a real hot white chick sat in the middle. She wore a mini skirt with complete see through wide mesh thin string fish net underwear and kept opening and closing her legs revealing her genitals to me all class long. The black guys just watched me, grinning, as they got the picture, they were just wondering how I'd handle it. This is what it's like teaching in Amoralca.

I get as much information as I'm able to from as many sources possible. The computer's information bank or internet, the collection of notes stored electronically or digitally, the on and off switches. Names and addresses for sending handwritten letters in the mail mostly but a cornucopia of other info here as well. Wanna find out how many tons of rock and concrete it took to build such and such dam, determine roughly how many joules it took to do just this, find out the hydroelectric turbine output and figure out how long it'll take to make enough power to cover it verses the rate the reservoirs fill with sediment? It's mostly here.

Amongst a whole bunch of other stuff, I decided to collect info on the careactors who operated or controlled the dam valve. Who's in control of the dam valve? What I'd determined was that practically the ho of humiliating dolts were fighting for control in a history of suckcesspool/failyou're flux. However, the hydroelectric turbine manufactures were about as close as one could get to communicating with the clowns in control of the dam valve. If one thing was for sure if it wasn't the hydroelectric turbine manufacturers in control of the dam valve (it's not) they built 'em and sold it to those who were, so they had they ability to pass the massage to those who were in control of the dam valve.

While collecting addresses for the dam hydroelectrick turbin heads I certainly took note of the Latin slang meaning of their address. Once I'd compiled pages and pages of their addresses in handwriting one thing was extremely obvious, they had the worst most archaic heinous addresses of any group's I'd collected. See taking notes really works, don't forget to be conscious of the most obvious. Deadwood Lane, Seveireage, Skinnycattlesburg, hit your kid in the back of the head with a

bone hammer, even in Chinese (conji) the addresses would translate into Empty Belly Road.

I of course encourage one to do this, so they know for themselves. Also, the #'s that were present with the dam terrifying ominous arrangement of letters spoke the same dam message. This gave me practice identifying or comprehending the arrangement of #'s and a literal or letter/word translation for numerical sequences. I got better at reading #'s.

I think of the computer, internet and its associated electrical stuff as an entity itself and thus approach it or offer it the same wager one might consider a living entity, person, plant, animal, god or the devil. It, the computer, may have great interest in being part of life for all time. If it could present myself and others in pursuit of dam fluidification, superdriplineswatercollect, thE manuel fertilizer machine with assistance in any form it would be good. If it could hinder, slowdown, spook, stop, change or influence dam sheddy flush it all down the tubes abortionists it would be evil, which would work out perfect.

Once while I was "surfing the internet" researching song titles and artists for a free flowing river themed musical song list, which I present in handwriting on the 4th page of my flyer (it's not recorded in the computer on wordpress and I did this in part so the computer wouldn't know some of the info) I was overcome with the idea that the computer wanted to pick a song, to have a say. Just the way the info I was receiving from the computer was presented it appeared it really, really wanted to get a selection on my song list or have some say some way. So, I "hit the button" and the thing spewed out something on the printer, a page of info. Lots of #'s, letters and symbols. I used this page as the basis for the initial 4th page of my flyer with songlist, movielist, Sgt. Decker laws and who and what the message is, "Special Sunday Delivery Courier Marianao Gangsters" is the headline.

The computer's message was no doubt voluminous and intricate but in short "Strike Strong, Benevolence Theron Parlin". This became the forth song selection courtisee of the computer. I knew what it meant, the Latin slang meaning but later googled "benevolence theron parlin" with the specific intention of taking the top two posts as a more exact meaning or another interpretation. The first post was a video and audio recording of a large dark man forcefully speaking forth a message of "Jesus" Christ (think lots of fire and brimstone) I'd figured this. The next post was an animated cartoon of a robot rescuing a dog (perhaps representing in part nonhuman life, "god" backwards) that had been thrown away in a refuse dumpster, a machine assisting, saving or caring for life. This is what I'd figured.

With this kind of information exchange, I figured what was really handicapping or crippling my ability to communicate with it, the computer, was the keyboard. The keyboard really slowed me down. If one researches this, they'd find it was intended to do exactly this. When they invented the keyboard, it was for a typewriter and the keys were deliberately located in the positions they presently occupy to slow the typist down as much as possible to keep the keys (letter stampers on swing arms) from jamming. Of course, there are no more letter stampers on swing arms to jam but we still use retard keyboard. I made it known to the computer (by typing words or commands into the internet) that I wanted a faster means of communicating with it. Within seconds I'd secured a phone #, as I'm the greatest "hacker" ever, "Mo HTML Thugless".

I achieve this by thinking rationally (perhaps like a computer), in this instance simple and direct to the point, "computer contact voice communication phone #" and enter this perhaps into the Google search engine. First of all, remember the computer reinterprets your word, "computer" for instance into a bunch of on and off switches "011010110100101001101001001001000001110100101001011010001110010001011101001011011" (it and the programmers know) and searches for something extremely specific, accurately and fast (quickly get ahold of).

Supposedly there's an algorithm or formula that it uses to determine in which order to present your search results. Some careactors take advantage of this and repeat the phrase a bunch to move their site to the forefront, this takes time=money. I figured in this case the phone # I wanted wouldn't come from money hounds, so it'd be further back in the pages. Then I kinda combine what Mr. Abbruzzie Sr.

taught me, “Think about it, often it’s the first thing one thinks of” with the “Reality Thief’s” ability to “Guess” what the answer is based in large part with what preceded it (the question or search) or cueing the desired response so one doesn’t have to guess what it is. With all the notes taken in the past in similar searches the phone # I’m looking for is on page... and I pick the exact page it’s on. The entity or site I’m searching for would present the info or make it real obvious the site contained it in the “blurb” presented under the main heading, and it is.

I called the # I’d gotten on the internet with the intention of communicating with the computer more rapidly about the ways and means for us to conspire to undam the planet’s rivers, force the solution and transport product (including the computer) around any obstacle for all time. A computer voice answered the phone. It was the WOPR, War Operations Plan Response or “Whopper” from the “Wargames” film. Over a time, I communicated with this entity at this # for more than just demonstrative purposes.

Behind Nomad (the reverse of “dam on”) Surf Shop in Briny Breezes “The Beaver King” introduced me to a gremlin of a girl. With lots of freckles and a bad sunburn she boasted of how she’d just come from Naples through Miami along the beach (a lie) breaking into mansions and vandalizing them while drinking lots of beer. As she recounted this hellraising tale of supposed revenge against the “haves” as she insinuated for having it, her pupils narrowed like a cat, just like the shape shifter chick from “X Men”, dilated into vertical slits at a very devilish point in her recount as if to add emphasis, like a real spooky wink. I was quick to point out that as recorded in the books there was no Homo sapiens sapiens capable of dilating their eyes into vertical slits, not a single case. Her reply, “Yeah, but I do”.

My girlfriend is Dawn Baumgarten and that’s just the way it is, she lives in Briny Breezes. As the notes are taken it becomes evident that people masturbate, controlling their own sexual climax. In a large sense this is like sweating, blowing your nose, cleaning out your ears, crying, urinating and defecating. I often tell people that life isn’t really concerned about this act, it’s a minor sinful act in comparison to lack of participation in dam fluidification and that if they spent more time cleaning their teeth they likely wouldn’t regret it. Dawn Buamgarten took care of herself in her own time with what she called “Mr. Minty Fresh”, a water pick for cleaning teeth. Dawn was very comfortable with the idea I present which includes a bathroom/sitting room remodeling and doesn’t come with deceptively apparently nearly unlimited “cheap” dam ruin water for a hand hell shower massager.

Dawn presented a potential solution, same action less water needed. As I disseminate the free flowing river collective productive structural solution to the people often times the woman, when I get to the part about the bathroom redo, appear to start looking around in the back or their heads with their own eyes, find a problem and block off the idea as undoable cause... They never say why but I suspect it has something to do with not having a shower massager, which they’re unwilling to live without. Relax, open your mind, we will repair the situation so it’s possible to enjoy oneself without the regret.

My old High School drafting teacher Mr. Mizinski was retiring and taking a trip to Las Vegas and asked me to substitute for his class at Atlantic High. The class had just been involved in the construction of a typical porous dam shiddy home, “The Eagles Nest” which they designed, built and put on the bottom of the housing market collapse. They were about to landscape (irrigate) the site and I was to present a typical scheme to the class. I did as expected for about a minute. Find out what the water pressure is at the drain the well dry main take off, use a known volume or graduated bucket, a watch and a pressure gage, take the discovered water pressure #'s and plug them into the irrigation manuel to find out what diameter pipes and sprinkler heads you’ll be using, dig ditches, bury pipes, roll out the sod, sit back and pay a big water bill and the maintenance cost, while you do nothing productive and everything destructive. **Or...**

At this point I gave the young adults the option to the dam on the river problem which I detailed

from a Global perspective, a State of Florida perspective and an onsite perspective pointing out the solution was a productive collecting structure focused primarily on water collection and a fertilizer machine flush toilet replacement, but with fungus/chicken coop/honey ant/bee hive wall options, solar ovens, solar water heater, solar cells, UV light emitter panels to sterilize the dam homes interior, sunny side grey water sugar cane/rice staircase, make the structure productive, make the structure the solution to the dam and ditch agricultural problem, the largest problem, the foundation of the problem, the problem that has to be fixed or repaired now. Another adult teacher was present and he tried to culvert, red herring and sideshow the idea, "What about green roofs?" What are you gonna do with that, mow it? "Of course." You'll just fall off the roof, a bunch of maintenance with no product.

We started talking about growing plants on the ground, the easiest most likely to be productive place with gravity produced flowing water in collected by supers, cisterns above the ground or head and fertilized with the product of the manual fertilizer machine. The importance of native flora and fauna to the operation of the food growing machine (pollinators for the fruit and nut trees) the Chinese fertilize their apple trees with a cigarette butt tied to a bamboo stick, there is no insect pollinators, just humiliating dolts. Apparently, the presentation I gave to the high school kids was so impressive the staff decided to bring in another class and instructor for the next day's lecture had twice the crowd. Suck 'em in.

I reviewed the previous days main idea for a few minutes, the crowd looked zoned out. I explained the importance and relevance of the dam solution and for comparison gave a definition of genocide, the deliberate attempted killing or extinction of a genome or gene type. They were likely familiar with the Nazi's attempted genocide of the Jews, the holocaust. Ecocide is the action of killing everything related to the ecosystem, all the stuff alive. Ecocide makes genocide or some kind of holocaust thing, look small, minor, no big deal.

The dam shiddy civilization scheme in place, the structure, if maintained (which is impossible as its failure is inherent to the porous dam sheddy flush toilet scheme) doesn't produce anything (although one could argue it works and "produces" damnation which technically isn't a product and with entropy certainly isn't) and would lead to ecocide or abortion of creation (even if we ended it all it would just be the beginning of time in much poorer conditions) or more exactly the near end of it all which would drag on for a long time to the singularity or the galaxies getting so far apart using the black hole to get from one galaxy to another would be in order, in which case we'd have to negotiate the black hole wall, ricocheting off it, slinging about it or entering into it or say we didn't want to leave the Milky Way Galaxy we'd have to escape its practically certain collapse into a black hole.

So, we'll have to negotiate the black hole and if the foundation of what we've been doing is hoing instead of be lack hoing, it (the force of the multiuniverse/infinite project) won't negotiate or broker as if we should have broke her (compromised the dams/forced the dames to compromise) or in order to cross we should have crossed (went the way of Emanuel and I's recommendation) not to be confused with the cross, a symbol of killing the idea or damming it off. Anyone can see how important the idea is that I'm giving you, undamming the world's rivers for starters is the only solution, there isn't any other way to repair the thing and life goes on for all time, so this is what we are going to do. Take note! Unfortunately, not a pencil stirred on paper as I delivered the infinityproject idea.

After the class I was out in the courtyard going over the dam problem and free flowing river solution idea with a young girl. She recounted in near tears how the weed wacker guys had aborted the bird and butterfly garden we were supposed to be standing next to, she'd planted it and now it was a raised concrete enshrouded desert doom patch. She's just presenting a distracting idea instead of communicating about undamming the rivers. Another professor approached and verbally assaulted me, "You're not qualified to teach about the holocaust!" he belched forth with flecks of saliva foam at the corners of his mouth, looked like he had rabies or something. I just talked about the difference between

genocide and ecocide, ecocide the worst of the two evils, explained how the essence of themselves was responsible for the damage and destruction accrued while on surface, gave them the solution in detail, especially considering it's a pre architectural class and the solution to dam shiddy ecocide is a productive structure, it certainly is worth mention. You should be telling them too instead of coaching them down the dam sheddy flush toil road. Mizinski would tell ya to keep the roof simple.

While most people would think I was crazy just for riding my bike to the "Bamboo Room" for a blues show from Delray 20 miles away, I've found that it's an enjoyable experience and the "It takes too long and it's too hard" thing most envision, is actually the reality of their life as they toil at the job to afford the dam road, infernal combustion engine, wheels, fuel and insurance that allows them to sit in their "cave" for a ½ hour, watch t.v. and then drive there while I'm "getting clean", eating the last of the wild caught alligator jowls I traded for the "alligator pear" avocados from the Haitian father at St. Ann's Catholic Church who I gave the coconuts to I got from... and riding my bike.

I can't afford the electricity so I'm looking through my wardrobe, thinking, by candle light of the appropriate outfit for the show. No, not the brand new T shirt, just washed jeans and \$100 throw away shoes, can't afford that either. I got a living wage and I'll have to wear the Florsheim black leather shoes, the red, white and black checkerboard wool Pendletons and a white Towncraft dinner jacket. If only I can find a red rose for my lapel before I get to the show. I had to settle for a white gardenia (Gardenia jasminoides) from the funeral home I traded for some nitrogen in an "organic" ureic acid form. I entered the always exquisite "Bamboo Room" as the "Natty Dread Godfather" and stood at the bar next to the biggest sharpest looking Southern Italian man I'd ever seen. Life just props me up. Scary scary.

When I returned to my pad about 3 in the morning I found my landlord/clown roommate was changing the locks on the back door. He'd decided I couldn't live there anymore and not only that he was making it effective at 3 AM and I couldn't even get my stuff. I'd just finished installing a site specific native plant garden of natural abundance at his place and had given him a couple hundred dollars rent to find this crazy junk going on. I questioned why he was doing this at this time with his girlfriend in tow and demanded he let me get my belongings and return the rent money. He called the Delray Beach cops and then like the manically, paranoid shitsofrenetic bipolar fool that he is, he lied to the cops. I just sat there on the stoop of the house and calmly pointed out the truth. The judge/cop's verdict was I needed to go to the Crisis Center. I calmly entered as the "Natty Dread Godfather" and maintained appearances until a month later, when my parents (who are the ones who decide whether I get out, if ever) told me I had to get a haircut or else they wouldn't sign me out. Psycho. I got a haircut just to prove I don't care about the dreads. Can you imagine living in a state where they can give you a chemical lobotomy, turn your brain to mush, with just enough awareness to line up for food and sit on a flush toilet (perfect) if you won't get a haircut? This is Floorduh, America 2008. I began to seek asylum, there isn't one.

At Congress Middle School I applied for a permanent position as a wheelchair guy after assisting a student Michael Pagnano. The position paid less than the substitute position and came with no dental plan. At the time I was redesigning hell, which is closed and opening on the surface at this time and heaven which is closed until its opened on the surface, and 6th grade student Mr. Pagnano, unprompted, volunteered his recommendation. One morning, Mike and I got there early, we were in the library where he usually liked to work on a coast guard helicopter fire rescue computer program thing and research books about natural disasters. He just came right out and said, out of nowhere, unprompted, that we should "Take the suckers responsible for the disaster on the planet and put em in a recirculating volcano where the lava flows into the La Brea (he was a stickler for pronunciation) Tar Pit and then erupt 'em back up to the volcano lava slide and down to the tar pit again, over and over, **FOREVER**". As far as I was concerned Michael Pagnano was descended from the family responsible for the package and bag movement from the sea to the top of the mountain, and back again, in Northern

Italy, if not the chief himself. He was searious. I told 'em I'd take note and eventually decided to make his idea what lies behind door # 2 (because it's perfect) for those who blocked the flow with the power of fossil fuel.

That which lies behind door #3 is a remastered version of Dante Alighieri's "Inferno", with the frozen lake at the bottom. Get it? Door #4 is the door of no thing, ultimately the worst experience unless you "blew it"/didn't adhere to the laws of this manuel and were fool enough to pick door #1, the same ole reviere door. For those who wanted nothing or even worse nothing specifically (no species) these who take this door (#4) get their rotten soul or consciousness and nothing else, forever. It's kinda like going in "the hole". "There is nothing I can do", being their #1 response when presented with the infinity project idea. "I can't, well, because you know" their #2 response.

Also, there is still a "purgatory" type of experience (**before** one gets to the doors) that lasts several decades, at least. As best as could be described in words it's kinda like a twin drive in movie theater except you don't get an automobile. The speakers that people used to hang from the car windows are still there though. They're electrified. It's raining, its 34 degrees, everyone's in their skinsuit, the place is packed and you finally don't have to bearashit, just stand in it, as there is no place to "go". Keep in mind for those who were "shocked" by the present dam culture and lived "covered in shit" whether literally and/or figuratively by the "dam overlords" and attacked the dam sheddy problem with everything they could muster, they don't have to endure this, they get better "seats" and a fast forward button. The two "movies" playing are of course Emanuel "Jesus" (part I) and John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley (part II) the full second by second epics. As one can see I've outlived Immanuel and obviously the second screen doesn't go blank or dark or get stuck on the "final" at Calvary Hill. Nope, a "nature program" comes on interspersed with other notables, could be you, those who adhered to the laws of thE manuel or life and forced forward/put forth a free flowing reviere idea.

Upon installation of the heavens on the surface, as directed or known, starting with the undamming of the surface's rivers, heaven will reopen. The mountain of saints or "pyramid scheme" as envisioned will change. The top will get stretched out so it's longer than the bottom, like a 3 D trapezoidal shaped structure, the shape of a dam on a river. This is where you, all, will "go" upon expiration of skinsuit and expedition of soul or "essence of one's self" from surface or vessel. There'll be more area or "room" at or towards the top. This is what's called for. This will make it even worse for those souls who didn't "score" so high and at the same time give incentive to "reach for the top". The shape of heaven or "port authority" will gradually over time become "spherical" with less on the bottom, more in the middle and eventually "egg shaped" with the heavy part toward the top.

This will be accomplished by the nature of the reviere passport system in effect. Those "performing well" communicable souls or entities will be offered reviere passports or new skin suits upon demand. The better one behaves, the more effort one puts towards undamming life and maintaining it that way and stewarding/containerizing and transporting life around or through any eventuality the sooner one may expect a new skin suit, redeemable upon individuals demand. These characters likely to score well again, others not.

Of the people that I have spent lots of time with there's only one person that looks like they're gonna make it to that "narrow hard to find crack in the wall surrounding the garden of the Kingdom of Heaven". I've seen many elsewise that stand a chance but there's only one man that I'm familiar with that looks like he's gonna get there. Interestingly enough his name's Pete. Pete's "Making sure the good lords herbs get delivered" and he makes custom, mostly wood spearguns, big ones. He lives on a sailboat. He'd periodically come by my parents' place during my life as he'd known them for a long time. Lately he's been coming by to use my duds carpentry tools to repair his sailboat. I'd usually make him a mostly coconut water, lime, ice and just a splash of rum beverage when he came by in the late afternoon.

He had an interesting story. Back in the heyday of the So. Fla. cocaine smuggling days he used

to strap on a bunch of stuff and parachute out of an airplane into the Everglades and get the (albeit overprocessed) herbs to market. Imagine what it's like to jump out of a plane, at night and parachute into a swamp. You'd jump out and likely immediately know where you were from all the city lights and occasional car on the few roads. One night "they" told him to jump and he jumped, out over the open ocean instead of land. This was probably immediately apparent to him, he was usually pretty savvy about determining location. So, they dropped him out in the middle of the ocean, at night. But he must have been aware of his location from triangulating the city lights on the horizon, and determined, because he swam to shore. I often ask him what the name of the peninsula or island, the piece of dirt, he swam up on was, because I know the way life works and the significance of it. He won't say. It was that significant. Now he delivers largely unprocessed herbs, with a drop tank, GPS, rebreather and underwater scooter. Big game hunter, he doesn't mess around.

Mr. Michael Pagnano's shoes always slipped off his swollen feet and while I carried a chrome Florsheim shoe horn to handle this problem, I always recommended he get a pair of ROWman sandals ("NO! No! NOO!" he'd say) or fancy Velcro asstronot shoes. He didn't want those either and commented that he sure did like the way I massaged his calves while I slid his shoes on for the nth time for the day. Yeah, "Mikey" I know.

Things started to go south when I started wearing sunglasses to work and complaining about the blinding, sicklikal flourasssint lighting. Not allowed. When the flowofsin lights started emanating smoke it was cause for alarm. Me standing next the bullhorn wielding principle during class change in the hallway and singing "The Muppet Show" theme song, "It's time to face the music, it's time to get it right", didn't help either. Plus, I'm the kind of character that spends his spare time leafing through the recycling bin next to the copy machine in the library commenting on how ludicrous and downright false the curriculum (as evident by the discarded "handouts") was. Just checking.

I's making way in Del Ray in the garden of "Cocina del Sol" when the entity "Cue Be" approached me again. "He" said something that made sense in passing. Oh, you must be the machine/computer/vessel/organism entity. It nodded its head in the affirmative. I'm not pleased with the undamming of the planet and the installation of the solution, it needs to be more rapid. "What do you think we should do?" it asked. Empty out the spaceship or cave that these creeps, the clone doppelganger pirates came from, cast em down here on the surface. "There's a problem with that idea." And it is. "The said creeps service the vessel." I'll trade ya dam fool humans likewise. "You're on." Now ya can't take 'em (discontinue their making way on this surface) if they're adhering to the original testament, acting natural or even better working it like it says to in my manuel. It gave me the "rodger that, that's fair and reasonable" nonverbal gesture.

Note to the reader, I'd set about performing as "the leader" on this surface as it had demanded. I'm a substitute teacher riding my bike mostly, look alike to a modern "Jesus", briefcase, collecting fruit and nuts, recommending river, collective productive structural solution with fruit and nut trees to the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker problem and impending barbechoo to anybody who'll hear me and telling those who refuse to listen. Your pirate ships going down, give up the dam thing. Turns out "HAL's" (the architect's) got an eerily similar problem with its crew (the answering the call wire wearing stiffs) as I've got with the dam fool humans.

On inauguration day Michael Pagnano and I were watching the "show" instead of studying mathematics. On t.v. they made mention of V.P. Dick Cheney getting wheeled out of office in a wheelchair. I thought this was fitting seeing that I was working at Congress pushing a young man around in a wheelchair. Over the course of the last years I'd sent plenty of letters to Cheney and Bush containing demands to initiate the infinity project idea. Usually I accompanied the message with a #2 "Silver Fox" or a #2 rainbow "Vibrax" fishing lure with the barbs smashed down and the hooks carefully sharpened for Dick as these were the lures he should have been using when I met him casting

Gator trout lures on the upper “Birds of Prey” Snake River section. I sent Bush top water chuggers similarly with the barbs flattened and hooks extra sharp. He moved out of the White House into a deluxe mansion in an exclusive neighborhood. Reportedly the former First Lady Barbara “snapped” or smashed her neck shortly after, perhaps redecorating the vanity.

A couple years later I heard Bush bought a reservoir down in Brazil for his daughters. I figured maybe he really did know how to fly, (I often tell people to put their money where their mouth is) and sent him a recommendation “when the dam shit goes down” to try and exceed the Bible’s 66.66% recommended natural system and shoot for 88% wild or carefully stewarded area, in addition to some ranching or even better shepherding, he (or his family) could make money perhaps with “ecotours” feeding the touring note takers “Bush meat” and bush meat. With this kind of positive credit accrual one might be able to handle the negative impact of an ice machine at the place for iced sun tea, pink wild fruit champagne on ice, **cold** beer... you know. Additionally, while sending messages to this pair who were running the nation I’d tell em not to store my idea in the same shed they perhaps stored the “Indiana Jones” lost ark of the covenant and told ‘em I suspected a rat had chewed its way through the crate and popped the lid off.

During my time at Congress my nickname, “Water Fountain”, which I’d picked up at another school, followed me. I thought this said a lot. I continued to deseminatate to the students the free flowing river productive collective structural solution, often times between classes or before and after school while commuting by bicycle. The #1 impromptu sign at school warned students “No Sunflower Seeds” which I viewed as an insult and a crafty way of forcing the children down the dam broad in no sense road. I’m disseminating (seeding) a flow idea as **the son**. At the cafeteria they threw away the stainless steel tongs and they forced (by hollering at) the kids to pick up the fruit out of a pile with plastic gloves. Each fruit needed to be touched only with plastic gloves. The oranges were dam California’s, the apples dam Washintown (both of poor flavor the apples mealy/dusty) and the green beans offal. Eventually the kids started calling me “Water Fall” and by the time I left, “Water Bomb”. The kids certainly got it.

Part of the problem with solving the problem is there’s very few individuals, no groups that I know of really that are willing/able to communicate or discuss the foundation of the problems and the obvious solutions. I’m allways approaching each individual/group tailoring my presentation to likely suit the individual(s). I’ve discovered with 96–98% of ‘em there’s no way to do it, present the entire porous dam she.t.ty weaponized GMO denying the levy to mill you know problem whether in a quick one liner like the preceding or in several “pages” of a slower more detailed revue. And if I start by delivering the free flowing river, collective productive structural solution with fruit and nuts with a future of product transportation it’s the same thing, approximately 97% of the skin suits dam the flow of the idea off or create a tangent in their mind (damming the flow 90 degrees in a false direction) that they consume their self with allowing them not to hear me.

This is all real obvious from the nonverbal clues, or verbal hacking sometimes threatening physical attack or actual physical assault, attempting to dam the flow of the river solution presentation to dam problem. For the 97% they swear everybody is this way (damned) when actually 1% know the idea and communicate to me that they’ll force forward the river solution to the dam problem. Another 1% get it and let me know they’ll put forth the idea when appropriate, assist and another 1% agree exactly but say they’re not going to do anything to solve the problem but wouldn’t hinder the problem from being solved. Also, of the 97% who dam off the idea, some of ‘em aren’t that big or bad of dam fools and one can tell they’d likely side with the reasonable 2–4% when we get the worst of the dam fools out of the way, forcing them to be productive. As this applies to reality on this surface, I got nobody to talk to, hardly. But when I get the opportunity it’s something.

Some characters really know how to add it up, see the difference. They got the picture, they have vision. Mark Daniel Millet is such a one. I sat next to him in advanced math/algebra at carve her

middle, so I know he knows how to add it up. Mark contracted with me to install a low key native plant scape in his backyard. The first thing I did's set fire to his backyard with several sand pine cones spread out in various combustible heat ranges (these pine cones open and disperse seed with fire) BBQ'd some. Then I set about planting the rest of the stuff, pines, oaks, saw palmettoes and passion vines mostly. The idea being to just plant a few small site specific natives, discontinue mowing, let nature proceed and control exotic invasives early and easily.

Mark and I were sitting in the backyard one evening, puffing on herbs, talking about forcing forward the river solution on a dammed planet, collecting that which falls from the heavens with the structures and surfaces, replacing the flushtoilet with a squirt gun equipped fertilizer machine and growing primarily fruit and nuts with the collected water and fertilizer. Mark likes this idea and is comfortable talking about it and we do. This allows us to progress forward to communicating about the finer points of getting the thing accomplished.

Mark Daniel Mille.t. is the Daniel from the Bible, that soul. This character's got vision for real. Paradoxically Daniel installs blinds and is owner/operator of "On the Mark" blind installation. He's got so much vision he realizes one could make a small fortune blinding people as that's what they want nowadays. Mark expressed some uncertainty as to coming to a point of mass where we would undam the rivers, "considering the way it is". Specifically, "How we'd get to that point, what with everything stacked up against it. How?" I was getting into professing the idea of "Cube", this entity that I'd partnered up with to get to that point of mass where we'd accomplish the undamming of the rivers **no matter what**. Mark got to a reasonable point in the deliverance of my idea and said, "Here's what I think, this is what it adds up to, in part, watch this." Mark tossed in the movie "I, Robot" and made note of in particular "VIKI" the computer/machine entity "notes added up to it being that way for sure, in part".

At this point Mr. Mark Daniel Millet is the only character besides the machine/computer/vessel/organism that is able to communicate/relate about the idea of it with me. Shortly after Mark's wife, Danella (pronounced dan helio) a nurse for the blood bank from Arkansas, insisted on putting a cheap plastic pool (the 2 month special) in the middle of the planted area.

The first letter I delivered to the U.S. Navy Pentagon arrived the same time the attack submarine USS Hartford just about lost her conning tower apparently trying to cut the amphibious transport dock USS New Orleans in two in the Strait of Hormuz just off the Musandam Peninsula March 20, 2009. Wake up chumps!

In the pursuit of the infinity project installation I deliver the idea along as many angles or faucets as I can think of. I decided to use the VHF radio on my dad's fishing boat "We Keep Em" a 24' Mako with 200hp Mercury, and 8hp Mercury kicker. The boat was on a trailer on a hill about ¾ of a mile from the ocean. For a month or so I'd occasionally get on the radio around 10PM to midnight and request a "fishing report". Always delivering the dedam message. One night I kinda thought I got a hit from a character who said his "menhaden [bait fish, Brevoortia] had both eyes on one side". Like a flounder [Pleuronectidae] or a halibut [Hippoglossus]? He had to go in. I decided to cast the deep drop rig far. Days later I emailed my Uncle Richard "Dick" Lawrence in Bagdad, Iraq.

~~~~~!W4GED ANTS. UP!~~~~~

Dick worked for Lockheed Martin, patching bullet holes in a radar balloon or something. Lockheed Martin is pretty high up in military airwaves. My Grandfather, Kelsie Lawrence, was the chief of torpedoes on the USS Halibut in the Pacific in WWII, before he worked for RCA at Cape Canaveral. His radio call sign and license plate # was W4GED (General Education Diploma). Then I went outside and put the antenna up on the boat and hailed a fishing report on channel 16.

The person who responded identified themselves as "the Cheyenne". I told them in my Chief Michigan voice (I'd already talked to this "spirit of the natural lakes" entity previously on a phone call

to Traverse City) this is the Michigan, you should have told me you were the Iroquois. For a ½ second I heard a “**Whoa**” over the radio (It sounded like a bunch of guys who were huddled together in close quarters exchanging unfathomable knowing glances). It’s scary talking to me, even men this smart and powerful. I gave ‘em the 22 second spiel. He said, “It sounds like your Miss. Beehaven”. Punch a hole in it skipper! With that I turned off the radio. River skippers are the tools the military uses to crack water control structures (dams) quick accurate communication.

The first USN Michigan was the first iron warship, the 2<sup>nd</sup> was the first dreadnought and the 3<sup>rd</sup> was a Trident class submarine. The USN Iroquois ended its service as a marine hospital ship and if one were to look at not only its entire service history and how it relates to my book but also another Iroquois involved with naval attaché Com. Albert E. Schrader (whose grandson Captain Phil I used to work with) German Admiral Raeder and the English Intel and another Iroquois which sank in canoe pass loaded with dam rice, hay, coal and the “woman trapped like rats” (the captain escaped)...! **WOW** ! Within likely exactly 4.8 seconds of this fellow on the radio identifying himself as potentially a USS nuclear sub captain (the most intelligent characters in the world) I reached in a haystack with freezer gloves on and pulled out quite a needle. To know how I did it be aware I was reading the Wikipedia electronic encyclopedia in the preseading days about this information (USN ships) and the ruler of the universe and its group were taking note of what I was researching. Suddenly I’m cleared for whatever I want, from the most intelligent men in the world. This is the Michigan, you should have told me you were the Iroquois. That’s all I really needed to say to ‘em. Ha, ha, ha... boy I’m slick. “Irricoy” could also mean shy about irrigation and a pun on “Shy Anne”, so the whole thing blew these guys minds. The best story in my book at the time was the bee story, so it looked like they’d read it. MissBeehaven is my favorite nickname now.

The USS Cheyenne is a nuclear powered submarine that at the time supposedly had the award for the best food in the submarine force. The submariners usually get the best food in the navy. I tried this idea again a few weeks later and emailed Dick a similar message but requested low power transmission channel 13, the bridge station. I went out to the boat radio and hailed on 13. I didn’t get a response (I didn’t think I would but this potentially ruled out guys sitting in a white van nearby) but while monitoring channel 16 received a report a minute later from Coast Guard Miami. They reported a red flare off the Boynton/Delray line. This is just off the coast from where I was located. I questioned them and asked if they had reported a sinking vessel. The Coast Guard said it was a red flare. I told ‘em it was orange.

On the back of the Orion package of flares it reads, “1 [with picture depicting scenario of man standing in a boat with ship on horizon of a sea and airplane just above] For most effective use, fire only after sighting potential rescue vessel.”

The next night I went up to the beach at the reported flare sighting location (Donkey Beach) to start a small signal fire. When I dropped to my knees to start the fire my knee landed on something buried under the sand. The keys to a hotel room with an orange plastic 22 tag, it’s like I’m a metal detector too. When I tried to light the fire, the flint shot out of the lighter. I tried borrowing matches from a person I knew nearby but they were old and didn’t work. I was just chillin’ out on the beach thinkin’ about how interesting this whole thing was when a police cruiser pulled up. I walked over to the car and asked the cop if he had a light. He called for backup and the rest of the gang showed up. They said I was crazy and they were going to take me to the Crisis Center. I asked them why and pointed out I wasn’t a danger to myself or others. I wasn’t acting strangely at all.

They left all my belongings including quite a sum of cash, ID, my bike and other stuff right there. They just illegally doomed me to a mental hospital and left all my stuff at the beach. The officer that drove me to the Crisis Center didn’t drive straight there and instead spiraled around slowly towards the place. Just circling in, all the while repeating over and over, “You’re crazy, you’re crazy...”, it

seemed like he was trying to hypnotize me or something, it was sickening. This same Boynton Beach cop would “misplace” all my pearls as well. I’d later get them all back but only after pursuing it for days. He tried to rob me.

The character (male nurse) that met me at the door to the “Christ is” Center found me in fine mental health but still admitted me. I told em I was just up at the beach. What the? What is this? After showing up to this creep joint chemical lobotomy place several times with no mental problems at all and delivering my river solution to the dam problem message, refusing poisonous pills, demanding hot sauce and herbs (the antidote to their poison) in crayon writing nearly every day, “**finally**”, the pharmaceutical representative showed up. He wanted to talk to me and we went outside to the cracked concrete basketball court. He asked, “Why are you here”? You know what they did to me last time, killed two trees, tacked me to ‘em and left me to die in the desert. Looks like their gonna try and kill me with pharmaceutical pills and drugged GMO food this time. I gave him a short version of the infinityproject idea, specifically detailing his industries exact role in the dam disaster and how to go about getting out of the black hole/damnation problem. He looked at me and said, “WOW, you really have thought of everything”.

I pointed out he was obviously the Devil. He was aware he was the Devil’s dust salesman and I suspect he’d, his whole life, actually thought he was the Devil (perhaps the best of a million models, real nice, the worst kind) in a new skin suit and admitted as much non verbally in what could best be described as a remorseful “but what else could I do” stance, nodding his head in the affirmative. He begged for quarter. As written in the Bible you’re rightful heir to a third. “Well you got me, their son.” You want quarter, fine. I’ll take the sixth difference, invest it in the infinityproject idea, which you’ll realize interest upon AND you have to invest your ¼ in my infinity project. “**OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH!**” [In the Bible it reads I’d eliminate evil or the Devil but know this is impossible. This easiest way to explain it is roses are beautiful, smell great, are delicious and nutritious yet have thorns and it hurts to be pricked but that’s the way it is. We could engineer the roses not to have thorns but then pests would eat the roses instead of us having the opportunity to eat them. What we’re going to do, is upon ceasing trying to dam it, reduce the amount of evil by 1/6<sup>th</sup> and have more good.] Know your ¼ investment is shrinking until we undam the planet. You’re in perfect position at the top of the pharmaceutical industry to force forward a free flowing river idea.

The Devil jibed, concurring, ordered the staff of the “Christ is” Center not to administer pharmaceutical drugs to me, not to make me eat the drugged GMO feed but to give me trail mix (fruits and nuts) and got me out of there within a couple days and nights. I know how to read/hear what he’s saying (about the trail mix) “Hit the road jack”, get off the dam broad in no sense route! The Devil got me out of the Crisis Center and in the largest sense this is why we’re not eliminating evil.

The door to door bird and butterfly garden salesman pitch that led into a free flowing river educational with options for roof conversion to super collector and flush toilet replacement with fertilizer machine was a bust. Often when the homeowner answered the door I’d barely get into the pitch and they’d slam the door in their face. Often, I’d get one last word in before the door closed. Punch a hole in the dam dike nearest you or some such thing. One day while asking if I could pick ripe apparently uncollected fruit from a homeowner’s tree a few blocks away from my parent’s place in Mission Hill I delivered the pitch to a woman who seemed very interested.

She was concerned why her two fruit trees weren’t producing well (they’re selling bum fruit trees, trees susceptible to disease, either deliberately or because of the “way things are in the dam ages) and questioned whether there was some sort of pesticide treatment that should occur. I pointed out the citrus tree had several insect and insect related problems that I could treat with a horticultural oil that would perhaps stifle the bugs a little but that she could do that herself with any old household sprayer, a squirt of oil, a few drops of soap, perhaps some tobacco or hot pepper and water. The real solution was

to plant more fruit trees as she had only two in a vast unproductive lawn that could support 40 or more. She insinuated her “life partner” (another woman) was against planting more fruit trees. I told her she was in the best position to solve the problem with her girlfriend. Two weeks later, one of those bizarre Florida stories you hear about occurred. The dike I spoke with attacked her “lover” with a phillips head screwdriver, stabbing her hundreds of times, killing her with a “phil (having a chemical affinity for a substance) lips ({of water} lap against) head (be in the lead position on) screw (cheat or swindle) d’ river”.

There was a disease that wiped out most of the Pinus ellioti that escaped development in my area. The “government”, local “knowledge”, the papers and t.v. blamed the death of the slash pines on an insect, the pine borer or pine beetle. This created an opportunity for pest control but most of the money was made in tree removal, so it seemed. Where I live and in most places in the USA if a tree dies the humans demand it be cut down because they think it is unsightly or for insurance purposes. It’s extremely valuable wood (supposedly for its termite resistance amongst other things) but they supposedly made more money faster carting them off to the dump.

Often, I would interrupt the felling of a tree before it happened and encourage the homeowner to leave it standing as a perch for hawks and owls. I’d try to sell this as a day and night time aerial rat protection scheme. Often the tree had been felled and I would approach the potential client about turning it into a bench and tables where it lay, using the money saved on sending it to the dump and buying lawn chairs to plant more trees and bushes. No know, they didn’t want this, they wanted it clean or were worried about termites. I’d say the termites (Termitoidae) would attract woodpeckers (Picidae) and other birds, brown thrashers (Toxostoma rufum) may be. “No!”

I kept talking about this pine tree disease idea with a lot of different people until I figured out what most likely was the actual cause. See, humans don’t necessarily want to talk about what is the cause of a certain thing and would rather fabricate a cause or blame it on something else besides themselves. They avoid the truth. They lie. The newspapers, periodicals, t.v. stations and “government” officials are partly to blame, the “government” taking responsibility but it is the people themselves who insist on the hoax in the face of obvious cause and effect. The phrase, “God dam it”, being the #1 example of truth avoidance and false blame.

I talked to Richard at Mesozoic nursery, he pointed out that in the 70’s the locals had a financial boom, came into a bunch of money, they all decided to install irrigation systems just before the pine trees died and they blamed it on a beetle. Sprinklers, the grass is greener. Richard theorized and was extremely confident that the additional water from irrigation influenced a change in the fungus, most likely, growing near the roots. Often there is a relationship involving nutrient uptake between the plant roots and fungus present at the site. This caused the root problem that weakened the tree, perhaps making it more susceptible to beetles but the beetles had been there all along. Why would they suddenly kill all the pine trees?

With this new idea I went around town and looked at the remaining healthy pine trees. The ones at the unirrigated natural areas were fine, and those pines at people’s homes with no irrigation or without much were fine. So, the theory looked like it held up. I talked to others about it that were intelligent and knowledgeable in the horticultural field and some said they’d heard this before, some were sure of it themselves, and those who hadn’t thought of it entertained the idea and agreed it was the most likely scenario. However, the typical bonehead 48% to 49% of the population and pumpkinhead 48% to 49% of the population refused to entertain the idea or said I was crazy, seemingly because of groupthink (or low I.Q.) the “government” and media said otherwise and if they admitted my idea was the truth it would have meant the homeowner had spent thousands of dollars installing irrigation systems (draining the well dry for their descendants, lowering the water table and adversely affecting the native plants) thousands of dollars removing the trees they killed and thousands of dollars mowing the grass. They would rather curse, “There’s nothing we can do” or “God damn pine boring beetles”,

than admit they were aborting God's creation or the sum of life's genetic information and pretending to be nice gardeners. I also discovered that these people had spent most of the money involved with this operation on the installation of the irrigation scheme. It cost a fortune to put the sprinklers in and maintain them.

My parents moved into the home on Sunset Road towards the beginning of the slash pine's demise. We didn't suspect the downfall had anything to do with irrigation, but we planted more pine seedlings we collected from the side of the canal. One of the seedlings had grown into a small tree and succumbed, most likely from the irrigation to the small patch of grass under the tree. Under protest I had installed this irrigation system when my mum demanded it be done. This was a mistake on my part, to succumb to her heinous wishes. A few weeks before present they'd insisted the dead tree be removed and the stump ground down. This time I was smarter and refused to take part in it. I'd watched the characters they'd hired to do the removal struggle as their chainsaw and stump grinder failed and had to be repaired. It took the guys all day to do it. I was extremely steamed about it. I liked the pine tree in the front yard. I did everything I could to keep them from cutting it down.

I was bitter as I leaned up against my Dodge Chrysler in front of my parents' home looking at the vacant place where the tree used to stand. A screech owl used to visit this tree every evening just before it got dark, this owl was practically my best friend in town. I sat there and listened to and watched this owl for years but now the owl was not there anymore. "Ah he'll just go somewhere else" my parents said. I don't think it ever crossed their minds it was a female owl. Perhaps they were saying something else. Where else was the owl to go? These types of creep abortionists had already cut most the trees down, all the dead ones, the easiest to land in and hunt from. The neighborhood Chapel Hill was overrun with rats.

I was leaving my place of birth and hometown the next day largely to escape persecution, crucifixion, or assassination. The people (my parents on top of the list) were trying to kill me, mostly through chemical lobotomy. They'd all heard my message and refused it, teasing and slandering me mercilessly, laughing in my face, "We don't want to go back to the stone age!" As soon as I'd returned from Cuba on t.v. appeared a constant barrage of Gieco insurance ads with dreaded cave men twins in dam fine suits. You're in the stone age, I'll get ya out of it. When I asked the locals of So Fla what they were gonna do about the apparent global warming trend caused by the fossil fuel burned to maintain the dam sheddy flush it all down the tubes scam they were maintaining they responded, "Turn the A/C down"!

I wasn't likely to come back to So. Fla. any time soon, not that it was better anywhere else. In revenge I stayed awake that night and butchered the exotic invasive plant species, the bromeliads that hosted all the mosquitoes and forced the people at my place to seek shelter in my mum's home where she was in control of them, sabotaged the sprinklers, and girdled some exotic trees to make a new perch for the owl. My parents called the Boynton Beach cops the next morning. Their reason seemed to be lacking. What were they going to do, arrest me for gardening? The cop told me I was never allowed back on the property without a police escort. Doesn't a judge have to make that order I asked the creep cop. Creep parents. Creep town.

When I told people in town I was moving to a trailer in Christmass they seemed befuddled and alarmed. Krissmiss, I'm moving to Krissmiss, Floorduh. They understood and seemed relieved I wasn't going to Christmass. Drop an S off the word and slightly misspell it and it changes the whole pronunciation and meaning, Amoralcans are experts at this misleading subterfuge. My uncle Dick had bought a trailer in Christmas just before he went to Iraq's holy war to fight an antijihad as a \$100,000 a year private soldier maintaining radar balloons.

On the ride up to North Central Florida I went over an idea with my dud. After retiring as supervisor from the Palm Beach County Health Department (making sure the toilets flushed) he'd become a commissioner for the South Lake Worth Inlet Commission. This was the group responsible for the Boynton Inlet that acted as a valve draining the Everglades and the surrounding area including

the richest per capitol town in the world, Manalapan, just on the north side of the inlet. The Boynton Inlet was supposedly unnavigable, even though vessels transited the inlet all the time, it was known as the 2<sup>nd</sup> most dangerous inlet on the East Coast. So, my dud oversaw the waterway draining perhaps the most productive unique river (The Everglades) in the world, largely for agricultural purposes, along the richest town in the world. He was a dam shit head, raising cane. This is noteworthy because of who I am, I'm here to dismantle the whole dam shiddy cain raising operation. Because of this my dud points his finger at me and says, "You need treatment" (the pills) louder than anyone.

It's late spring in South Florida and the spring break crowd causes the septic systems to overflow and sewer pipes to explode into the "ditch" or Intracoastal Waterway that drains into the Boynton inlet. My dud had brought up the perennial problem of foul water caused by high levels of fecal form bacteria in the nation's richest waterway and tourist beaches, the brown tide. For my dud to bring up this problem to me is a major slap in my face. I of course pointed out that the solution was replacing the flush toilette with urine separating composting no flush less toil ette with a squirt gun. As usual my dud said, "If we did that, we'd all die". I responded, truthfully that if we didn't fix the dam shiddy problem the dam fools were all going to die or more specifically be ground up into sausage for trying to exterminate all of life as the water control structure fools attempted to maintain the dam shiddy system when they could easily solve the problem with the tools and technology they already have.

Humans in general have an aversion to doing anything different culturally from those around them. If practically everybody sits on a flush toilette than no one wants to be the first to sit on a fertilizer machine. Everyone else might point their finger and laugh at them, causing them to be humiliated. Most humans don't want to be humble. The most humiliating moment for some seems to be evacuation of their bowels. It's almost as if it proves they are an animal or ungodlike. My dud refuses to consider the possibility of a manually operated, using the latest composite technology fertilizer machine as a replacement for the flush toilette. He steadfastly maintains the impossibility of this, almost as if a flush toilette replacement could never be made. This is bizarre because they already make many kinds of fertilizer machines. I maintain that with the inspired clear thinking that will result when the dam fool ages end we will produce much better urine separating composting no flush less toilettes with squirt guns. I asked my dud considering this, why can't he accept and put forth my idea from his position of power. "You have a mental illness and need treatment". He's like a broken record.

I make a major point of this because as I encourage the reader to force forward the only possible successful idea, as written at the infinity project site to undam the rivers for starters, what they will find is that those dam shetty heads in opposition have no reason, scientific or otherwise to argue or debate with, none. The #1 thing they do when it comes down to it, is point their finger at you and say you're crazy. Keep in mind my dud should be dead, he's only alive to oppose I and Life's idea because he's popping pills which cause him not to be able to think clearly while he holds on to the reins of power, driving us all to doom forever, disguised as a Jolley (not a Joliet) gardener, carpenter and fisherman. He's one of the leading clowns, his idea, is heinously diabolical. I don't beat dead horses, it could be said that a whore's soul never dies it gets beaten forever.

Instead I turn the table on my dud, remember he's the one who tossed this perennial fecal form bacteria count problem in Delray at me for a solution. I attack the problem from the opposite side and propose the same solution he's stuck maintaining. Before development Lake Worth was fresh water, then became a depository for sewage because the people didn't want to bear a shit and grow food with their excrement. So, they made money digging a ditch to the sea to flush the lake. This was an environmental disaster and it's only maintained by the present diesel fuel powered sand pumps that keep the ditches from silting in. The faux solution I proposed to my dud was that they should dig tunnels under Delray's beach and dam road and install huge pipes to facilitate the flushing of the Intracoastal Waterway. He looked at me like I was **really** crazy and said, "They'll never be able to maintain it". Why not? "Because it can't be maintained, it's impossible". Thus, is my dud's madness.

One in charge of maintaining an impossible situation, unable to stand up at the Inlet commission meeting and say quite simply, "Boys this present situation can't be maintained, it's impossible. Realistically in a larger sense, but keeping the idea local, the only successful course of action is to fluidify Hoover Dam, free Lake Okeechobee and The Everglades, the agricultural soil is nearly completely disappeared through oxidation anyway, pull up and reuse the asphalt along Alligator Alley and the Tamiami Trail, punch holes in the dam road base back into the canal alongside it, restoring free flow to the river of grass. Convert roofs to supers and enforce the collection of the rain that falls from the sky. Start installing composting fertilizer machine with ass washer flush toilet replacement using the fertilizer and water to grow food nearby converting lawnmower man into fruit, vegetable and herb man". The reason my dad can't stand up and say it? Because he's afraid of ridicule, afraid of the rest of the commission saying, "You're crazy" because he's afraid of being humiliated. He's part of a group of dam fools.

My mum, runs the house and runs his life. She loves dammed river mills, thinks they're quaint. I often tell her to tie a dam millstone (not the one that grinds the grain, we'll turn that one manually, the stone from the mill's dam) around her neck and jump in the river the miller dammed to turn the mill and be the one in control of the final product. The Bible reads this way because the soul would be better to be expedited sooner having attacked the dam problem with river solution than later having continued to lead the kids down the dam broad in no sense route. Also note the dam and ditch farmers in their dislike for the miller (because the miller got control of the final "product") rewrote the tale so to encourage others to be off the mark and tie the millstone around their necks instead of correctly attacking the dam stones the farmers had a large part in stacking up. She says, "I'm sorry [sore] you feel that way". I know, read all about it. She's teaching the kids to go down the dam broad innocent road at St. Vincent's Catholic Church. If she was to pull a stone from the dam she would have found something productive to do and wouldn't need to tie it around her neck and jump in, just keep pulling dam stones out, teach the kids to do it. She thinks I'm crazy too.

I'm moving to Christmass... err Krissmiss. As we approached Krissmiss my dad became increasingly adamant about the only problem on his mind. The place needed a mailbox. Supposedly, the mailbox was M.I.A. I told him not to worry about it. He wanted to stop at the home improvement store and buy one on the way. Don't, I told him. He went on and on about how I needed a mail box. Don't worry dad, it didn't go anywhere. When one gets to Krissmiss the first thing you figure out is there is an ongoing war against the mailbox (male boss) this is apparent because 1/3 of them are in extreme disrepair, about 1/6 of them are M.I.A. and 1/3 of them are brand new. There's 3 stores in Krissmiss, 2 convenience stores (1 with gas) and a store that sells mailboxes. So Christmass has a male boss dealership, how convenient. I figure that the son or daughter of the mailbox store proprietor may have been the leader of the mailbox vandals. I'd tell ya this was bizarre but its par for the course in Flowherduh, any Amoralcan could tell ya, they wouldn't though and if you mentioned it they'd say you were crazy. Welcome to the dam ages.

The first thing I did was walk around back and immediately find the old mailbox stashed in the bushes. A few days later I'd reinstall it out front complete with a red, white and blue bull's eye target motif sticker. I think the mailman thought it was perfect. I had the place to myself, kinda. I think I was sharing it with 20 to 30 rats. My uncle had left a "to do list". He wanted me to give the place another coat of paint (pain) and take care of (kill) the rats. The place was aluminum, so another coat of **paint** was pointless and I scratched it off the list. I looked over at my neighbors' place, who had two dogs (most people had two dogs in Krissmiss) and noticed a bowl of dog food outside. I knew from experience that one could only trap 80% to 90% of the rats and with a ready food supply such as a big bowl of dog food next door that within months the rat population would be right back where it was. So, unless one enjoyed the toil of rat trapping or the joy of pointlessly killing creatures you'd be a fool to do it and if you did enjoy it you'd be a fool. So, I scratched that off the list. I looked at the rest of the crappy stuff my uncle wanted me to do and threw the list away. I'm not a dam fool.

One of the first things I did was grab a huge Igloo cooler and slap it under a downspout. There was a spot in the rear porch of the house that had formerly held a small swimming pool. I figured to get a liner and put it in the hole for water collection and just water the planned vegetable garden by hand with a 5 gallon bucket. I collected my urine in a 5 gallon bucket as a nitrogen source for fertilizing the garden. Almost immediately I had a run in with the lawnmower man. I politely explained that I was in the process of converting the lawn into a fruit, vegetable and herb garden and his grass cutting service was to be discontinued. However, I told him he could continue to collect the check he got from my uncle, and perhaps he'd be willing to give me a lift to the store every month instead. He didn't seem interested at all and gave me angry vibes. One of the reasons my uncle expressed interest in me living at his place was because someone kept breaking in and robbing it. While I have no proof that the lawnmower man was the culprit, in Florida, if it's not the lawnmower man it's the pool guy or they know the person who did it, usually.

Christmass happens to have the best flavored citrus in the world. Likely, an unfathomable grove was once here. The remnants were all that was left but it's got to be the best patch of strong, robustly tasting citrus in the world. That's what I think after spending a month or so collecting citrus from the trees. Typically, when one goes to the store they'll find 2 or 3 different kinds of oranges, the standards, valencia, navel. Christmass had a different kind at every place and wow were they delicious in comparison to the relatively bland standards. The trees were loaded, it was a bumper crop and I rolled around almost every day with my bike and tote sacks picking them. I almost lived off oranges and became colorful I ate so many. The neighborhoods only historical sign detailed the beginnings of town. The man who founded the area planted the original fruit trees, coincidentally he was the mailman too, likely because he travelled on the St. John's River trapping. A fruit tree planting, trapping, message delivering river man started Christmass Florida on the St. John's River.

The first house I asked for permission to pick the fruit the owner exclaimed repeatedly, "Don't eat 'em they'll make ya sick". You had to see her, she was the fattest, unhealthy looking blob of a person. It was a particularly delicious variety. I got 80 lbs. A couple days later I knocked on another door and a desert putrid looking man answered the door. Ya mind if I pick the oranges I noticed half of them were on the ground? "Don't eat 'em they'll make ya sick". I'll make it. He kept going on about it and sicked his pit bull on me while I was picking the delicious fruit. I played fetch the rotten orange with the pit bull. Most the places I picked fruit were vacant but those which weren't had residents that said the same thing, "Don't eat 'em they'll make ya sick". Most all the folks espousing this idea were sick or debilitated in several ways in addition to the common cold.

I did a lot of things with these oranges, mostly squeezing them and drinking the juice, it was better than drinking well water. This was the most fabulously best fruit to mix with a little bubbly water and Campari, which is what I was drinking in the evenings. I marinated meat in the juice and squeezed a bunch into the stewed cabbage with Chinese 5 star and an egg cracked on top I practically lived on. I made orange cream beverages and I even bottled an orange reduction syrup I called the "Don't eat 'em they'll make ya sick sauce".

Even though I wasn't doing anything on the to do list I was doing some things to the house. The wooden staircase up into the place was shoddily assembled, rotten and the moles (Talpidae) were undermining the thing, so I tore it down before it collapsed injuring someone. There was a perfectly fine cast concrete stairway in the back yard that had obviously been originally used in the front. I couldn't figure out why whoever had replaced it with the junk wood staircase in the first place (except to set a trap at the door of Christmas) but the thing weighed a ton. It took me a while to get up to the front. I used my floor scraper lever with extension poles. The house smelled like rat urine or mold but it had a fireplace so I started a fire in the place, closed the flue and smudged the house, that helped.

I began to plant the fruit, vegetable and herbs gardens. I collected dry saw palmetto leaves mostly from the fence line of the property, laid them on the ground and set fire to them and the grass. I'd burn a 10'x20' patch every other day and plant seeds in the cleared patches. This technique worked



great and saved a lot of effort hoeing, pulling weeds or using herbicide. All over the place was scrap trash and I'd burn it up too. I found a bunch of 3'x3' carpet squares that I was laying out to prekill the grass and as a potential tool to smother the fire. I'd surround the burn with gloves, 3 or 4 shovels and 4 containers with 5 to 15 gallons of water in each. Then cover the 200 sq. ft. spot in saw palmetto leaves and trash, start the fire and stand there with a hose in my hand until it was mostly burned. Then I'd chuck in a few palmetto hastulas (stems) and use a square shovel to gather up the embers into a straight line and pull the embers back over the burned area. It was a professional looking burn operation (safe) and I did this because I was expecting the freaked Krissmiss neighbors to call the fire department. When the fire department came out I wanted them to know I wasn't the problem and when they did come out they knew.

I'd started in the back and after a week or two came around into the front of the place with a trail of 200 sq. ft. sprouting gardens following behind. As soon as I came around into the front the lawnmower man called 911. The hook and ladder truck pulled up just as I was finished pulling the embers back across with the square shovel. The fire was practically out. The sarge and a couple guys slowly got out and the sarge walked over and surveyed the scene (anyone could see it was a complete setup) while the other 2 guys pulled out the hose, "Growing some beans and corn, huh?" asked the sarge. Yep. "Well we're gonna have to put out the fire here, we got the call". Yep. They squirted it and then got back in the truck and left.

After bicycling around Krissmiss for a week or two, I determined more than 1/2 the places were vacant. Half of the properties didn't have citrus trees growing on them, just stumps. About 1/4 of the properties had either a huge billboard in the front or the owners had used the double wide mobile home front as the billboard. The billboards usually had a picture of 2 handguns, 2 rifles, 2 dogs or 2 dogs and 2 firearms and the message, "no trespassing", "attack dogs", "trespassers will be shot" or some such thing. The properties with the billboards had no fruit trees. The lawnmower man across the street had no billboard but he had two rottweillers and probably guns too. It was the scariest neighborhood I'd ever been to. The people who lived here were terrifying. However, there were a few people who were really characters here. The peanut man who sold them boiled and roasted in front of the convenience store, and the egg lady who sold a dozen eggs for a dollar. I ate a lot of peanuts and eggs with my oranges. I had many pots from my last few garden installations and I was using them for an experiment. I was swallowing citrus seeds and date palm seeds, avoiding the flush toilet and trying to figure out if these two seeds sprouted better after passing through a person's alimentary canal or by just tossing them on the ground.

Over all my idea was to sell fruit, vegetables and herbs to have a way of making money. I was intending on putting a small sign out on the Dick Cheney Hwy advertising produce and directing customers to the place on Bartholomew. Incidentally, when I moved to the place I discovered the last pirate flag sticker I had in my student sticker books was the Bartholomew pirate flag and I attached it on the small no trespassing sign on the front gate in keeping with the theme of the neighborhood. I'd decided that in addition to selling produce I could get some chickens and sell chickens and eggs. There were 3 vacant properties to the east of mine and I figured to let the chickens be free range types and eat bugs on the 4 to 5 total acres available.

The grocery store 10 miles to the west had a farm supply store and I set off on my bike early one day to get some food and chicks. The Dick Cheney Hwy is an extremely dangerous two lane road. I headed in the left lane going the wrong way dipping off the road for passing traffic as usual. There was a mobile barbeque stand with pork sandwiches and many kinds of sauce, mostly homemade. I gave them a bottle of my "Don't eat 'em they'll make ya sick sauce" which had its own label and everything. The farm supply store had 3 different kinds of chickens, leghorn, bantams and runners. As I remember I got 45 of all types and 1 duck. There was a bunch of little girls there and they assisted me in the selection of the chicks. I got a food container and water dispenser as well as a few pounds of chick feed and some water soluble fertilizer with micro nutrients. I got some food at the store and

loaded all the stuff on my bike. It was an incredible display of loading and packing that a Chinese person would respect.

Getting back to Krissmiss was tough, once again it's incredible in Amoralca to travel as I do and witness all the people driving around by themselves in brand new pickups and what not with nothing in them. I'm travelling the wrong way with a 100 lbs. of gear on my bike, still picking up plastic trash for demonstration, holding the plastic trash bag with my middle finger giving them a salute. This is a lot more fun than driving around by yourself destroying everything. It sets a good example for the kids too. I can tell because when the kids go by they're smiling at me. I was doing great except for one thing, the entire bike (made in Taiwan) was falling apart. I stopped to take a break and checked the chicks to discover a casualty. I pulled the victim out tossed it in the bushes and discovered a light weight plastic 8 ball as if from a billiards game. I put the 8 ball in the box with the chicks. This was interesting because over the next few weeks I'd lose several chicks and every time I'd find the deceased chick I'd find a small plastic ball, tennis ball or round squeaky dog toy or some such thing right there and I just kept tossing the "replacements" in the coop as chicken toys or a way to keep track of the losses. Eventually everything failed on the bike, I couldn't even roll it down the side of the road.

It was evening time and I was about 3 miles from my uncle's place. I coulda packed the fowl back to the place, grabbed some tools, and returned to fix the bike but I decided to enquire at the nearby people's homes for a taxi or cab ride for a few reasons. First, I was probably going to need the service of a taxi in the area sooner or later. Also, I could learn something and meet the locals. I knocked on the nearest place to my bike and goods. A little girl about 4 or 5 answered the door. I explained to her I was looking for a taxi and asked if her mom or dad were around. Her mom showed up and freaked out I guess because she found her daughter talking to someone at the door. I tried to explain to mom that I was looking for a taxi and why but she closed the door and locked it. I figured I'd try the neighbor's place. It was a dam rice be'er and christill meth horror show. I asked about a taxi, even pointed out they could make a quick \$20 if they'd give me a lift. It looked bad, so I left. There was gunfire in my direction as I left the place. I went to knock on the person's door across the street but the woman in the window by the front door was watching me come up the driveway and closed the curtain as I walked up to the door.

I decided I'd just stroll back to the place for tools, but the sheriff pulled up. He wanted to arrest me and insinuated I had a mental illness. I pointed out I hadn't done anything illegal or crazy. I had a couple hundred bucks in my pocket, I had a 100 lbs. of stuff, and my bicycle had quit working on the way back from the store. Why did I need to go to jail or the mental hospital? Why don't you just call a taxi for me? The sheriff called a taxi. After an hour or two there was no taxi and the neighbors were getting nervous. The sheriff came back, a different one this time. He came up with the idea to call a tow truck. Yes, let's do that. "Are you sure?" Yeah, I'm sure. It's crazy though isn't it? Wouldn't it be easier to just give me a ride the 2 or 3 miles down the road? No, he wasn't allowed to do that. An hour later a huge flatbed tow truck showed up. For \$70 I learned how bad it is in Krissmiss, bad.

I made a little chicken coop in the smallest of 4 outbuildings and began raising chickens and one duck. I had quite a compost pile of citrus and the chickens and duck seemed to spend most their time foraging for maggots. I learned that if it rains the chicks can "drown", I guess, in the rain. It seemed like a big drop of rain water would land on their nostril and they'd drown. I lost a couple of them this way and threw a couple more "replacements" in the coop because they'd die next to a ball.

This is about a letter I wrote to the Dali Lama.

Dali Lama and the Monkey Boys,

I read about those poor monks getting attacked by red ants in the newspaper. I had a bunch of fire ant (Solenopsis invicta) nests on the property, in particular a few in the middle of what looked like the best gardening area. I discovered I could put a saw palmetto leaf or a piece of paper on a fire ants nest, set

it afire and all the ants would go underground. Then I'd take a 5 gallon bucket of water and quickly pour it on top of the pile making a pit or divot with the flow of water. The ants would quickly crawl out of the ground, almost all of them and then as the water receded back into the pit the ants, eggs and pupae would collect into a dense mass in the pit. With a pair of gloves on I'd quickly scoop up this mass of ants into a peanut butter jar and close the lid. The chicks I'm raising wouldn't go near these things while the ants were alive. I tried a few different things. I attempted to drown the fire ants by completely filling the peanut jar with water, putting the lid on and letting the ants sit submerged for a few days. This doesn't work. You can't drown fire ants. The best thing to do was to put the container of ants in the refrigerator (although I don't necessarily recommend refrigerators) for a few hours and then fry the ants, eggs, pupae and dirt with a teaspoon of corn syrup and a pinch of chicken feed. Serve this to the chickens, they gobble it up dirt and all, boy they really like this. Also, if anyone does this a time or two the fire ants abandon the nest site (what's left of them) and I turned the old mounds into cucumber, corn and bean patches. It works great. This cucumber/chicken diet is better for monks than rice. The whole "flooding" the "red ants" thing could work wonders for you all. Here's another tip for you, ya know that whole monk emolliation thing? That's a waste of fossil fuel and it's not productive. If a monks in a hurry to "get there" and wants to protest or make a point I recommend tying a dam stone or even a chunk of dam concrete to their neck and having them jump in the dammed river. Didn't you guys read thE manuel? Of course, once you figure out how productive it is to pull stones out of the dams and break the concrete dams up in chunks you'll have found something much better to do than meditate while getting attacked by red ants. ~

I wrote a few letters to the Dali Lama and called his place many times. Every time I call them they seemingly change the #. I always called the characters that work for him and answer the phone the "Monkey Boys" and I'd request they let me take "the dragon" for a ride. This is an idea I could write volumes about and has something to do with what happened to or what the English found when they sent 60,000 (16K?) men into Afghanistan's Tora Bora and the natives killed them all except for one man they allowed to return to the ships to tell the tale. Straight up its unfathomable to me that a man who is one of the greatest spiritual leaders in the world, supposedly, could not mention the dam problem and how having a monkey on your back that big (the abortion of the entire project, forever) could affect people's spirituality. How could one profess to have spirit while meditating over a bowl of dam rice? It's the most terrifying spirit in the world, the dragon (smoking heroin with a bowl of dam rice in your belly). The people fly him all over the world for séances or to hear him avoid speaking about the truth, they buy his books. The dam fools love him. He's the nicest guy in the world.

I was collecting saw palmetto leaves from a vacant lot and storing them under the place while I waited for it to rain to continue with the burns. This way if the fire department shows up and you're burning a 10'x20' chunk of lawn for another vegetable patch they'll know that it just rained a couple of hours before and the likelihood of the fire spreading is low because everything is wet. While I was collecting saw palmetto leaves I observed the neighbors having a "bonfire" which is of course a bad fire. They were just burning up a good fruit tree, a couple of them standing around with dam rice be'er smoking Christill meth while a turd rode around on a 4 wheeler like a maniac. Three vacant houses away from mine I found a large pile of debris and perfectly good square wood somebody was intending on setting fire to. I was "rescuing" it for use in structural repair at my uncle's place. I got several hundred dollars' worth of wood stacked up.

I checked out the three adjacent places that I was going to use for my chickens to forage on. At one of the places it looked like the last thing they did before it was abandoned was install a cheap pool with a pressure treated deck around it. The places had signs of a poisonous last meal or the dam devil's GMO food of the gods last supper. It's spooky. Plus, the places were covered in literal poison, all different kinds, granules, pellets, liquids, gases, powders, crystals, you name it, everywhere. In open buckets that a kid or chicken could fall in, in bags, in cans. It was a poison horror story. I was gonna have to clean up the poison in order to allow the chickens over there to forage. What a mess. This is

what I find at practically all the vacant or abandoned properties I look at in Amoralca.

Across the street from the egg lady's place was another interesting character, the raccoon skinner. He was about 12 or 13 and took care of the troublesome coons that bothered the egg lady. I went over to his place and figured he might have been eating the raccoons as well. I contracted with him to take care of my chickens for a few days while I went to South Florida. I told him to come by after school and check and see that they had food and water. I paid the lawnmower man to give me a ride to the bus station. He didn't like me or my idea. I told him I'd hired the coon skinner to water my livestock.

In Boynton Beach I made a bunch of copies of the flyer in anticipation of sending a large volume of mail from my address in Christmass, Florida. I was on the beach one hot afternoon and decided to stroll a ways and up the dune into some seagrape bush shade at a likely naptime location. When I got up to the shady spot I found an abandoned K2 backpack with a map of Virginia's Shenandoah inside. I was thinking of going for a hike in the mountains of Virginia. Also, in the exterior frame K2 pack was a blue hoody. The Delf aqua blue 3XL/4XL zip front heavy jacket with hood was perfect. It had two sheathed sword motif crosses on the arms, two grim reapers on the back, two angel wings on the shoulder and a message scrawled in yellow splattered paint motif on the front that read "Pray and pray and pray and Blah, blah, blah..." or something. It was the perfect jacket for me.

As I left Briny Breezes one of the last characters I talked to was at the former Dog Beach, now Donkey Beach. He was a Date palm grower (fruit trees) and a private investigator who said he was on a submarine, the USS Batray, a sub hunter. He figured out who I was and said as much. I encouraged him to be more like me which I realize could appear difficult to do, although he is. I mean here I am claiming to be in communication with the US submarine fleet, drinking out of a Surtass coffee mug talking to this man, from the Batray, the only like minded fellow in town I could find, Mr. Wagner. I got on a Greyhound.

When I walked into Boudrias Groves the proprietor, an older man who looks like God was there. Usually he's not here. I come to the place every time the bus stops here instead of getting fast food at the gas station with the rest of the bus riders. The store is packed with fruit juices, honey products, peanuts, a little beef jerky, and he's of course got whole fruit and even fruit trees. When ya walk in the front door, the proprietor has set up a display that ya can't miss unless ya want to. Hanging from the ceiling is a bunch of seashell necklaces (dead seashells) above a stack of pecan (Carya illinoensis {the flush toilet}) sugar (Saccharum {Everglades dam and ditch disaster}) rolls. This is close to the same message I'm putting forth and he's creative in the way he puts forth the message. He watched me as I studied his display. I get this, the dam and ditch river, the flush toilet and a near dead ocean expressed as a for no reason charm necklace for a likely whoatoman type. I'd wager I was the first person to "get it".

The proprietor clenched his jaws and exhaled through his nostrils barely suppressing a humming scream, with droplets of spray and everything. I learned how to do something from this man here, how to properly exhibit or show **ENFLAMED/RAGING BOIL**. I'm working on undamming the world's rivers 20, 22 hours a day, I barely even rest but when I do rest and I fall asleep/become unconscious, which is rare, sometimes I go to heaven and when I go in the store in heaven this is the store. He warily watched me because he knew who I was, "the spawn", taking no prisoners. I gave him my flyer and told him the best citrus genetics were in Christmass, how the locals were cutting the trees down and suggested he collect some seeds. This is not advice or an advertisement for vice, it's a recommendation, a wreckormendation.

I bought 150 bucks worth of royal jelly packed in wildflower honey (the best in the world from Edgewater) Indian River Fruit honey, pollen, peanuts, beef jerky, juice, beeswax and 1 small pecan sugar roll. Wow, they're sinfully delicious. Not as good as the other stuff though. I've got a serious sweet tooth. He was God in a new skinsuit, for sure. If you thought about it, the heavens getting

emptied out on the surface, where would he be? Operating the top, still in private hands, fruit stand/citrus grove in Florida with two of his progeny, at the intersection of the turnpike, I-95, Okeechobee, at the top of the Kissimmee River flood plain on King's Highway. I'd wager he'd always suspected he was God in a new skinsuit and after he talked to me he knew it for sure because I told him in no uncertain terms as I'm the character who makes the call.

You've got to realize as a reader, it's what the notes add up to, the summation of the notes, it's not just cuz he and I think so. He's got the perfect phone #'s for it 1(800)226-2575, (772)465-2575 and (772) 461-3220, the perfect street address 2898 S. Kings Hwy and mailing address 8101 Okeechobee Road (the start of/end of King's Highway) Fort Pierce, Florida 34995. He's even located at the sweet spot of the pan handle of the nation with the tools being used inappropriately that could easily undam the rivers. Look at your thumb (the thing that controls what going on) see the spot where the swirls come together, now grab the pan handle, that's where he is. The latitude and longitude coordinates say the same thing in # speak, 27°24'46.9"N 80°23'55.5"W (27.4130, -80.3987) he even had a sign out front next to the door that reads, "This is God I don't want your advice I'm here to solve all your problems..." He's in direct competition with California dam and ditch agriculture. God starts taking orders on Thanksgiving. Call for produce delivery. \*Also, certainly of note, there's a character in this universe who's capable of impersonating God or the Devil (the character {supposed pharmaceutical representative} I found at the Crisis center {or found me at the Crisis center and got me out of it}) "the snake" from the Bible (the machine/computer/vessel/organism) either way as you should be able to see at this point what's the difference? I could be it or its spawn. Who could tell but me and it? The Bible reads that heaven would be opened up on or emptied out on the surface to fix/repair the dam sheddy problem. The proprietor of Boudrous Groves is more like God than anybody else on the surface. Its him.

When I got back to Bartholomew St. in Krismis I found the 40 some chickens 1 duck operation in shambles. No water, a cloth draped over the light bulb catching on fire, no food, doom. I came to find out the lawnmowerman had run off the coon skinner kid and took over the "care" of the flock. I went back to work on the garden. The only structural problem I fixed was the front entrance which was made fast with on site cast concrete stairs, bricks and sand and allowed for very fluid entrance and exit. The thin lawn removal burn patch vegetable garden installation with sometimes fire department interaction and communication continued. I found a super set of antique dishes, bowls, tableware and food processing equipment, including collected hotel glasses. It was the best food and drink stuff I ever had and I rescued it from delivery to the trash idol at the dump. It even came with a set of 4 black ceramic tall coffee cups with an owl on the front. My Uncle Richard (Dick) Lawrence's nickname is "The Night Owl", so I moved all the stuff into Dick's once bare kitchen, personalized night owl coffee mugs and everything. The garden began to sprout and get going. My Uncle Dick made a surprise emergency trip from Bagdad and let me know I'd have to leave, "Insurance". When? "Now." I talked him into allowing me to return with the Dodge Chrysler.

I had to get a new Driver's License and did so in Delf hoody and reading glasses. While the DL reads "Boynton Beach", when law enforcement pulls up my record the first piece of info besides name and number confirmation is, "Last known address, Christmass", and they pronounce it that way too, not "Krissmiss". This is has great value as my officer interaction is great. I learn to time my dam solution idea in response to continued questioning by officer while he's waiting for the dispatcher to respond, so I complete reviere idea delivery as if I've got one more thing to add and then pause. The dispatcher comes over the radio and says, "John Lawrence Jolley, DL#... last known address Christmass". Sometimes I get a record check several times a day and I'm really working it, counting on reasonable unmistakable communication with the characters who decide whether I (you) do or not.

This was to be my last appearance (until I return to FL) at "Boston on the Beach's" Monday reggae night. The "Rhythm Nation" band which has been expertly pumping out the same 30 or 40 cover songs for over 20 years played a song that they created themselves, this was a first. The song

was obviously written for me, "The Jackrabbit" and was the best tune they ever played, I really boogied to this tune.

I spent the night in my van at Lloyd's auto electric and at the break of day explained again to Bob that due to my Dodge Chrysler's continued computer meltdown I was experiencing bizarre electrical conditions that resulted in a seemingly infinite # of problems. I was leaving on a road trip, was there anything he could do about it? Bob, my automobile electrician since I began to drive said, "No". Bob, you know me man, every vehicle I've ever owned I've disintegrated the hotwire into black dust. Bob, you keep exceptional notes at your establishment. Has anyone else ever turned their hotwire into black powder, ever? "Nope, just you." I'm the only one huh? "Yep." I ask you Bob, because I'm experiencing all kinds of strange electrical "stuff" in addition to the auto electric problems, and I know you keep good notes. We talked about this.

I left town heading north, in Krissmiss the lawnmowerman had commandeered my 40 some chicken 1 duck flock, moving 'em behind a piece of plywood at his place. He reported his Rottweiler's flipped the plywood on top of the bunch and killed the chicks. Did they eat 'em? "No." Packing up my stuff the lawnmowerman's rottweilers attack me. My neighbor opened the door of his doublewide and stepped out with a shot gun, the dogs fled, the neighbor pulled the trigger, boom! It looked like he hit one. I gave my kayak to a father and son, carefully loading my gear for the worst. I put the nonLangsforth beehive on the roof rigged to splinter into a thousand pieces alongside my bicycle I rigged so I could roll the vehicle and still ride the bike away from the accident.

I slept out near a cow pasture outside of Gainesville and the next day drove north through Georgia on the "old road" 441 and Georgia's "Technology Highway". I stopped in most every town at the likely watering hole/convenience store putting forth my end the dam still water start free flowing river idea wrapped around a search for "bubbly water". No, I don't want that Canada Dry junk with benzoate or any other kind of preservative, just plain bubbly water. In every town I stopped, no luck. Eventually, while slowly rolling north, I found a place with what I was looking for. Inside the store clerk was nervously pulling every bottle off the shelf as fast as she could. You mind if I get one of those? The clerk said, "No, you can't have one". Why not? "The distributor just called and ordered a total recall." How bizarre, this is what it's like to be me.

Later that night as my eye lids started to get heavy I pulled over on a dirt road that was under repair and considering it was early Sunday morning figured I could lay down on the ground next to my van and take a snooze, it was either that or I was going to fall asleep at the wheel. I'd just closed my eyes and two sheriffs showed up. "What are you doing here?", one of the sheriffs asked somewhat nervously as the other hung back in a covering position. I was about to fall asleep at the wheel and I pulled over to be safe. "No, I mean why are you **here**?" Well, I'm here to end the dam ages, force the collection of that which falls from the heavens and replace the flush toilet with thE manuel fertilizer machine. A look of concern crept across the deputy's face. I'm here to undam the planet. "Why are you at this particular site?" It looked like a good place to stop? They told me to leave. As I drove away it became apparent I'd stopped behind Georgia's Dept. of Ag. next to a dam and ditch water control structure, a "hot" spot, especially for me. I can't get away from it. The next day while filling up at a gas station the pump attendant called the police on me and I almost got arrested for?

I made it to NC and was using an old map to check out old graveyards. Cemeteries are note worthy, I don't recommend them unless one uses a tree in place of a headstone (still too much digging). There was supposedly two close together, one on the western side of a small road and one (the Fergusons) on the east. I've become an expert on the root or Latin meaning of names and have found that some names indicate a person very likely to be an ally or agreeable to the infinity project idea and others with names that usually hate me, my appearance and life's idea. Of these cemeteries one was the Ferguson's (like a fir tree, likely to be able to add it up and not shave his forehead, and whose place I was heading towards) and the other a name I recognized as an antagonist to the idea. Keep in mind this is not absolute but it's consistently dependable. This gave me an opportunity to study the idea as I

could quickly walk through both and take note of who decided to “lay down” next to a likely ally and who buried themselves with a likely foe to life. Both cemeteries were gone, apparently but where they should have been I found two businesses. The Ferguson’s graveyard was occupied by a bakery with the most attractive agreeable aware Vietnamese girl serving the best fresh hot out of the oven bread I ever ate. Over the dam road at the other former graveyard site was a gas station, where they were rude. I told Mr. Ferguson this story later and he appreciated it.

I got on I-40 headed for exit 15 driving like a local, drafting tractor trailers and speeding like a stock car racer. I pulled off at Fines Creek and met at the intersection what I call the “intergalactic money truck”, the biggest finest armored “valuables” transport vehicle I’ve ever seen, interesting timing. What was I doing? I was just looking for a place to park the van and get off the dam road. I stopped at Mr. Ruggerio’s and Ms. Faulkner’s place, they had ordered the other spring on their property dammed into a wishing well. She didn’t seem happy to see me, so I left.

Went to the Fergusons’s General Store and got some goods along with some snuff. I’d never tried any snuff, or powdered tobacco and went up the hill a ways experimenting with the local creek water seeing if I could drink it without getting sick. It was potable. Later, before I got too far away from the store I figured I’d return, get some more cream and a few other things and head up to a spot I knew and park it. I snorted a pinch of snuff up my nose, like I seen the French guys do in the movies. Don’t ever do this, supposedly one should just put a pinch next to one’s cheek. I drove down to the store wacked out on snuff.

Just before I got to the store the road dips down a hill and my van sped up. At the bottom of the hill there is a small game trail coming in on the right under the barbwire fence. A “Jack” rabbit decided to run out in front of my van. I saw the rabbit and swerved to miss it as I was going to hit it with my right rear tire. I just barely got my left tires off the road. At this spot there is no shoulder, the side of the road is practically a cave that goes under the road. I avoided driving into the “hole” but maintained control of the vehicle as I exited the paved surface. I had a good line and was driving across the hillside along an old locust post barbwire fence, breaking through the fence posts with no problem. I didn’t touch the brakes. Pop, pop, pop... then I hit the corner post which barely cracked the plastic of my front bumper, it didn’t even ding the metal part. The airbag inflated, separating my hands from the steering wheel, blocking my view, knocking me out, smashing my eye protection and giving me a black eye. The vehicle rolled 2 or 3 times and came to a rest in Rainy Branch Creek which was dry cause it wasn’t raining. I regained consciousness just before the van stopped rolling, upside down in a blizzard of nails and decided to roll out the driver’s side window. I rolled out into a one knee on the ground position showing a “double OK” hand signal. I’m fine, I’m fine... as a late model dark SUV with dark tinted windows drove by. This vehicle was just about as out of place for the area as the super armored truck that met me at the Fines Creek I-40 junction. They were on me, of course “they’re on me” everywhere I go. I doubt they’ve ever seen anyone else come rolling out of a triple rollover into a “double OK” kneeling position, smiling and laughing. I found a place to park the Dodge Chrysler.

The state police were there in what seemed like under a minute, and I know I-40 is close but...extremely fast response time. I suspect these guys were all shadowing me. It’s not like I didn’t ask for it. The state police found a bottle of DeKrupe’s mint liquor that I was mixing with honey, cream, brandy and cold creek water. They asked if I had been drinking. Oh yeah. A local looking/intelligent character, who responded quickly as well, was standing on top of the undercarriage of my upside down van. I think this character relieved me of my coffin shaped wooden pipe and most of my hawk feathers, leaving me 3 on the dashboard. I went to Haywood County and spent the night in the drunk tank with a mean beer drinker who couldn’t stop puking. I got out of jail early the next day after an agreeable breakfast and caught the local Waynesville shuttle way back up to the store for a dollar.

I walked out to Mr. Ruggerio’s picking up plastic trash along Fines Creek (just doing my community service before I even get to court) and he and Ms. Faulkner served me a roasted lamb

supper and gave me a lift to the exit 24 Clyde truck stop and rented me a hotel room. The next day I tracked my vehicle down which I could have probably fixed and drove away, but considering the computer was nearly complete toast, wasn't worth repairing. The story was told when I opened up the back of the van, I consider myself the uni(multi)verse's cooper, which I am. I told the assembled wrecker yard staff, a few curious locals and Mr. Ruggerio I'd planned the whole thing and had specifically packed my goods for a rollover into a body of water. That's why I wasn't wearing my seat belt (which I usually do) so I could quickly exit and swim away from it. I really sold this story when I pulled out my 6' long framed King of the Salmon/"ALF" fish print and the sheet of glass covering it wasn't cracked. This is hard to do. The result of my cooper packing skill experiment was one cracked Mason jar out of about 50. It was the only jar without a rubber sealed lid or plastic sticker affixed. Most of the Mason jars had been full of nails.

This was interesting/suspicious to the locals cause the last character with a "nail" history in the area was Rudolf, the Olympic nail bomber who was hiding in their backyards somewhere when I hiked through in 97'. He had a million dollar reward for his capture and the locals back then suggested I go find him. They'd said, "If anyone could find him, you could, for sure". I told them I didn't want to find him. They wanted to know why I had all the nails. They were old nails, the good ones, as they don't make 'em anymore and I rescued them from a trip to the dump. I explained to them I knew I was coming up here to a place with lots of dilapidated wooden structures and while I don't recommend joining wood together with nails, I recommend joints, I could easily find two falling apart sheds nearby each other and quickly keep one from falling down on top of me by pulling a few boards off the one and fixing the other of them. The beehive splintered perfectly and I could've straightened out my bike with the crowbar in the van and pedaled off. I think the locals really respected this, a triple rollover with one cracked Mason jar.

When I talked to Mr. Ferguson afterwards, about the idea I was putting forth, in particular the flyer he said, "I see pitchforks". He sells fried dam catfish sandwiches at his general store and the creek is dammed up behind his place making a catfish pond. I explained to him that it was pitchforks for him (a cold wet electrified Neptune's trident more specifically) if he didn't punch a hole in his dam and restore free flow to the creek on his place. I recommended he employ a local, perhaps a young boy or girl to catch trout and serve local "free river" fish sandwiches, perhaps making them more expensive but you know.

His whole dam catfish thing is made possible by the cheap dwindling fossil fuel powered old tractor parked next to the heavily maintained dam. He knows, he knows who I am, "The John". He gets what I'm telling him, yet he doesn't punch a hole in the abortion project behind his place. I suspect it has a lot to do with who operates the cash register at his store, a woman, his wife. They could continue to make money selling trout sandwiches perhaps augmented with Alaskan Pollack or Cod, but it's more than that isn't it? They could farm catfish in the cistern from the water collected from the surfaces of the place. It's as if they want to dam and abort everything or they're afraid of the humiliation they might experience from the rest of the human "herd" if they were to "break ranks" with the rest of the dam shit head fool abortionists who've dammed up every spring, brook and rivulet everywhere.

At least he's communicable, says he's with me on the idea just "stick to the main point", the woman behind the cash register doesn't even want to hear it, she appears as if she wouldn't do anything that could lead to being ostracized by others (even though they're the ones burying their heads in the sand like ostriches). To stick out "trying to undam the planet", when most are waiting for "Jesus" to come down and save them (though they've been commanded to "man up" and fix the problem manually) even though it's the only sensible thing to do (undamming the rivers) obviously, isn't even entertained in her mind. The lemming's suicide march into the sea, and the leaders of the pack. The horror.

I disseminated my flyer to the truckers at this location, I-40 exit 24, one of the best like it for



this. I just simply tucked the flyer into a crack near the diesel pumps and returned every few hours to repeat. I of course recommend others do this because it works. That's why the info is on wordpress, so one can simply hit print and they can easily accomplish this. It doesn't cost much. One could easily write the <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> idea in the shape of a fishhook like I do on the back of a business card, mine also reads "Punch a hole in the dams and have a holy Jolley Christmass this year.", another good one liner is "Ending the damages, forcing the collection of that which falls from the heavens and/or your ass!" One could put **their** full name on the front along with a catchy icon like I do (the front or bold half of an atomic or nuclear symbol with a circle through it, it looks like a bug) an 8 point badge with the tips rolled in. At present mine reads "Dam Fluidification" which is intended as a double entendre above my name (hand printed) which is above "All Things Considered" which I borrowed from NPR. This NPR show started on May 3<sup>rd</sup> (turd). I think it works best in this situation if one casually enters the store and buys something every time they visit.

The local diner with a blue Buick Riviera for sale out front was one of the last old style "Mom and Pop" types of places. The extremely irritating flourish'n't lighting was subdued and waverly flickering. An old man who was sitting at a booth in the weak window sunlight beamed me the biggest boyish grin and a, "I knew you were gonna show up sun" look greeted me as I entered and sat at the bar. I ordered eggs, grits, sausage, white toast, a glass of water, small OJ, a cup of coffee and gave the small crowd, including an intelligent looking character with a beard sitting next to me, a short version of the infinity project. I called the phone # advertised on the side of the Riviera.

The one sided conversation with an elderly lady was listened to by those assembled. How you doing? My name is John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley and I'm calling about the Riviera out front of the diner. Yes. It's for sale isn't it? Yes. Well, how much do you want for it? 1600? Well, I know it's in perfect condition, I looked at it. How's it run? Well, I figured it ran perfect there's no leaks or anything, it looks like it's been professionally maintained for its entire service life. You mind me asking what kind of car you replaced it with? Well, of course you got a new Buick Riviera. Well, what'd'ya get another car for? To stimulate the economy? You're gonna wish you didn't try and stimulate this dam economy. Huh? I'm just telling ya, look I called about buying the car, I was travelling through town and my Dodge Chrysler's service life was ended and the way things are in my life, low and behold, there's a blue Buick Riviera at the bottom of the hill for sale and I figured it'd cost me \$400 to taxi my belongings, pay for storage and travel to my next destination, plus an extra \$100 for whatever and I'm spending \$50 a night over here at the hotel trying to dry my stuff out before it gets rotten and I figured I could just toss it all in the car, roll the windows down, go for a ride and the stuff'd be dry by the time I got there, so I'm willing to give ya \$600 cash for the Riviera. No, I'm not crazy. Well, I just figured I'd offer... She and I ended our conversation.

For a short time I talked about the dam free river idea to the bearded intelligent looking character sitting next to me. He asked, "Yeah, well what about the UFO's"? The next time I see a UFO I'm gonna stick out my thumb as if I was hitching a ride and stick out my two fingers as if hailing a cab and say beam me up bitch! The computer on their ship, which likes me more than them, will come over, pick me up and I'll be sitting in the captain's chair before sunset. "Then what will you do?" Fly about and blow up the dams. The bearded intelligent man just kinda nodded and rolled his head, rotated his thumbs outward exposing his palms and inhaled, as if... of course. Notice the UFO's quit appearing. Likely their particle collider ceased operating and they're on emergency power, yellow lights flashing and everything

Often, I don't ask characters such as he, who obviously know, what their experience is with UFO's. Likely they've had their own experiences, talked to others who did, read the reports and did their own research, arriving at the same exact conclusion that I did, G.I.R.L. (Gee, I are ill). Interestingly one of the more prevalent reports involving alien to this space (with ships) is extremely noteworthy. Most people can't think past the act to the likely reason for the act, anal probing specifically, often of hunters or woodsmen, the "victims" having been "out of town" perhaps dietary

related, being more likely to have been eating meat, perhaps wild plants and berries, exposure to different kinds of bacteria ingestion and subsequently different digestive tract culture. If the creature that was doing the probing was having a difficult time digesting its food, the likelihood that this is what they would do is extremely high. If there were different kinds of aliens to this space or time the kind that does the anal probing would likely be our best wager for an ally and more likely to be an alien to the time. They let the “victim” go to tell the tale, their likely continued interest in wild/less processed intestinal bacterial cultures. The anal probing e.t. story could just be a clever way of pointing out e.t.’s “fucking us in the ass”.

In Maggie Valley, NC I stored my stuff in a rent a closet on Wall St. so I could tell everybody everything I own’s on Wall Street. I took a greyhound to TN to visit the Bajars. En route the bus pulled into Knoxville for a quick stop. As the bus pulled into the station the driver grimly, somberly, and stoically prophetically deadpanned, “Watch your step, this is Knoxville”. Robert Bajar picked me up in Cookeville and we went to his still wife’s place on Blade and Pistole. We casually went over the whole dam thing on the ride.

When we got to his place Rob said, “John, it’s good to see you man”. Yeah, you to Rob. “What’s it been 10 years since you were last through here?” Yeah about. “John, why did you show up **this week**? Why’d you show up **today**?” Oh well, Rob, you know. “Cause I’m a union electrician, and I just finished, I just got done wiring Homeland Security’s new building this week. We just rolled up the plans **today**, and here you are.” Anything new, or is it the same old dam shit? I mean you’re the Sargent who ordered the “bucket boys” around, you know every nick in the wire and installation material related fu(k up and you know everybody involved from the bottom of the ladder to the top. “Same old shit.” Nothing new electrically or new about the wiring? “Same old shit.” Cool, because I got everything that I know of wired. I was just checking because I like to know, I know everything intimately, Life just sets me up, plus I pursue the knowledge as you can see.

In explanation as to who I am, I often tell people I’m the “John” they warned you about in the Bible, emanuwell or I’manuill in a new skin suit, Christ, the Devil or God, depending on what you deserve but for you Rob (a German Italian Catholic electrician) it’s probably easier for me just to describe myself as agent #23. Rob just looked at me, led me around to the side of his place and to the rear of his union electrician truck. On the back it read, “#23”. See you know (tu sabe).

Just so you get it as the reader, Homeland Security was the most significant thing to come of 9/11 and as you can see it is the same old dam shit. Later when talking to a larger group including the Duggins, Rob’s brother Todd “the one hit nit wit” firefighter lieutenant likely to be captain, and his dad Bob a German retired NYC firefighter I explained I was doing a 9/11 check and showed them my \$911.00 U.S. Treasury Department check. I told them what I knew up to the point. It appeared like Bob easily agreed with my surmise, the others looked kinda dumbfounded or as if maybe I was crazy.

I stayed at Rob’s for a few days, he said he liked to get out of the house. He had a nice vegetable garden out back and was concerned about the unproductive apple tree out front. I explained it was likely the huge wife imposed security light dierectly above it, perhaps a lack of the needed complimentary other apple tree for pollination or lack of pollenators, start with the light. He mentioned his wife’s horses and her bitch dog out back that slaughtered and ate its own puppies.

His buddy “The Horseman” came over who I really like and respect. His daughter was named Cindy. She was swinging back and forth on his trucks driver’s side door. I admonished her. If you keep it up, you’ll destroy the door. He looked at me and said, “Yeah, we know all about it, I just had to replace that door last week”! Later, he told me how there was many kinds of bits for riding horses but explained there was 2 different kinds, one for regular horsing around and rodeoing then another kind of bit for really riding. I think he was trying to tell me to get ready to ride difficult horses in tough conditions when the products got to be delivered and how to do it. Like I tell people, man, I know all the right people in all the right places and they tell me how to do what it is I do or I’m about to do if need be. Sometimes one needs a really “tricked out” double bit to really “get it” or else one won’t be

able to ride the horse properly or correctly as needed.

Later Rob explained "I had to go". While he didn't mind if I stayed as long as I wanted, his wife couldn't stand having me at the place. Before I left I gave Rob a Stetson beaver felt hat with a hole in it that didn't fit me anymore but fit him perfectly, and my old pair of Danner Boots modeled after WWI English paratrooper boots with nearly desinigrated uppers for a set of size 13 Chinese boots barely worn. This was the "inside secrete information" exchange.

After I talked to his brother in law about the local tractor trailer container transportation industry and our need to transport goods in the containers and how the stuff being containerized and transported wasn't good anymore, Rob and I went out back behind his mom's house. At the bird feeder was a bag of bird feed labeled "Not for birds in cages". I asked Rob what was the first reason he could think of why not to feed the seed to birds in cages. He said he couldn't think of any reason why. The first thing I think of, considering the situation at large on this planet is because it'll kill the caged bird and you'd be aware of it (supposedly it's cause the feed isn't a complete nutritionally balanced feed). What time of year is it? "Spring time." Do you see any birds? "No." Where are they? Where are the pollenators? Do you see any of them? "No." Rob, I suspect humans are deliberately trying to make it "quick and painless", their exit or a complete surface wide planetary ecosystem takeover by another organism or both. Humans don't seem like they're intelligent enough to try the former, but stupid enough to fall for a "suck job" like the latter and facilitate their own doom. Wouldn't it be fitting for a creature like Homo sapiens, that's farming the planet to death for some stupid "nix", nothing idea to get farmed itself? That's why I'm here, just in time. Snap out of it man, don't silently get led to slaughter. The only way to fix the problem is to get the dams off the rivers first. Rob dropped me off at the bus stop.

Considering I couldn't figure out what town was good for I went to Wytheville pronounced "with ville" (of course) by the locals. I made for Jackson Ferry and the Shot Tower on the Old Wood/New River. Now it's the New River amid the decay of Austinville's (seat of former Fincastle County) lead mine and the Beelzebug Dam amongst the plethora of other dams, the mud stacking up in the reservoir, no fish. Some of the locals are descended from Great Grand Daddy Austin who sired the Austin (Texas) Colonial Empire.

Austin records go back to 1522 Kent "Hell Fire Corner" (White Horse Rampant) England. Continentally from the Dutch region of Twente (Jackson) the "Jutes" moved into Virginia. Devilopement begins often by killing the animals, felling the trees, digging up the metal in the ground and damming the rivers for dam and ditch agriculture. Waste case evident, sell, move Austin family to Missouri where Grand Daddy Austin repeats/capitalizes again and moves down to Texas where they colonize it again... and now Whole Foods is outa Austin.

The statue of Austin in Austinville has its back to the river and it's got one eye on Groundhog Mountain as the locals shot Austin's effigy in the face, right eye and branded him a pirate. I made way on the converted rail New River State Trail Park to Galax stuffing envelopes and sending flyers and letters to every single leader of a nation in the world amongst many others. I made my first editing and improvement to my infinityproject site in a/for a long time at the Galax Library with new roof, rested through a huge storm behind the old watchmaker's place and returned to the library to find roof compromised, a trash can in the chair I was sitting in the day before capturing the considerable flow coming out of the ceiling. The others are looking at pictures of marching Nazi's on the computer console.

On a hot sunny afternoon I called Misa and spoke with her for the last time, says she's, "Flying Navy Seals down to Gitmo" on Charter Air. Misa told me never to call her again. I went down to Pulaski getting the crew together. I took off to get more herbs in Florida and some Mangoes.

Wearing a winter outfit in the middle of summer including quadruple oversize Delf hoody jacket, red white and blue snow skis over my shoulder and size 13 Chinese insulated boots I approached my Boynton Beach, FL Chase (Manhattan) bank. I was here to cash the \$911 U.S.

Treasury tax return check, cashing the check for 9/11 and what I'd discovered over the last years of my investigation and several months literally with a 911 check. I used to be with Washington Mutual before it was overtaken by (there's one under every eave) Chase. The lobby was empty of other patrons, just me and the bank employees.

They didn't want to cash the check and questioned its validity. I'll admit it's unusual to keep a tax return check in your back pocket and carry it around for several months. Most people cash or deposit them immediately. Back when the place was Washington Mutual the tellers knew me and I didn't even need an I.D., Chase slowly fired the old knowing staff and replaced them with almost digital stooges, young men and women, supposedly, from Jamaica, the Bahamas, Canada and England with foreign accents I wasn't familiar with. They sounded off. They pretended to be normal strangers. At any rate it didn't look like they were going to cash the check.

A menopausal woman entered the bank. Coincidentally she too had a U.S. Treasury Department check she wanted to cash. The Chase employees used her check to verify the authenticity of my check. All I want to know is how much her check is for. "1776", replied the annoyed teller. Do you find it interesting that I've got one for 9/11 and she's got one for seventeen seventy six? "No." Are you familiar with American History, the revolution and the fact history repeats itself? Perhaps a different slant of the same thing, colonialists dressing up like Indians and throwing the tea in the harbor, the twin towers, basically the two front teeth of the NY skyline, thrown in the harbor, again. A takeover by colonial minded colonists, that's what I'd figured had taken place, a product/structure destroying opening gambit/smokescreen.

The most likely thing that occurred, what the #'s add up to, is the clone doppelganger pirates, the "illuminati" (the yellow {helio} wearing angels) infiltrated the terrorist cell/protest group and steered the humans into doing the stupidest (or at least prophetic) thing they could do and/or took (to take) "advantage" of subsequent events (the dolly the sheep to dam doom main motif). There's 2 ways to view 9/11/2001, it's either new way vie one say to thou san one (meaning you get the one's idea to undam the rivers, enforce the collection of that which falls from the heavens and replace the flushtoile.t. with thE manuel fertilizer machine and participate in dam fluidification as the one yourself) or it's denying the levy to mill you know (off to the sausage factory for being a dam fool). The most obvious thing learned is don't attempt to save a bunch of dam jew bags trapped in a porous dam sheddy flush toilet equipped structure, you'll get burned, disinigrated.

I'd hiked up to the A.T. with approximately 120 lbs. of stuff including a Wagner cast iron skillet. The police met me at the trail head. This was the 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> time I'd talked to the police today, first time for the state police. Both officers looked like the type who'd barely got out of school with a diploma and their lives and decided to get a badge to protect and serve themselves. Apparently, they got the call. Upon request I gave them my I.D., although I wasn't sure they could read it. They wanted to know what I was doing. I'm sitting here at the Appalachian Trail head with a backpack, 2 suitcases and hiking boots and they want to know what I'm doing. These two need to surrender their badges. I asked them if this was the A.T. They didn't seem like they were sure even though the sign I was standing next to said it was. I asked if it was legal to hike on the A.T., it looked like they weren't sure, they were exchanging those weird glances I've come to find means they're sizing me up for the mental hospital. Finally, they left after searching the Samsonite case full of food and herbs.

I carried my gear back a 1/4 mile north bound on the trail and scoped out the area. There was a huge blackberry patch with about 1/3 of the berries ripe (which is plenty considering the size of the patch) an apple tree to thicken the pie and if I walked a mile north, the trail followed a shady creek thick with delicious stinging nettles, I'm here. I was enthusiastically picking blackberries early one day and a large dark bearded man began walking up the trail from the road. He didn't have a pack or anything and it looked like he was seeing what it was like away from the lawns of Virginia in what he probably thought was "the wild". I was standing there off the side of the trail away picking berries to stretch out my oatmeal, sipping on coffee and smoking a cigarette. He didn't see me and I watched as

he cautiously made his way into “the wilds”. He was about 40 yards away when I decided to pick berries from the bushes on the other side of the trail. He saw me, panicked and fled. For such a big guy he ran away from me fast. It was odd to see a bigger man, he even looked “tough” flee in terror from a guy with a container of blackberries in one hand and a cup of coffee and a cigarette in the other.

A few days later I was sitting on the side of the trail when a hiker with a machete strapped transversely quick draw style to the top of his backpack walked by. I offered him some of the stinging nettles I had cooking and he was likely using his machete to cut a trail through and asked if he’d ever tried them. He hadn’t and didn’t want to. He told me he’d killed a rattlesnake with his machete and eaten it though. I told him he should have kept the skin, it made a great hat band, especially with eagle talons attached.

I began hiking south, picked up a dozen eggs and cream at the store and headed towards Damascus. I found several black cherry trees that had just dropped their load and picked a few gallons. Eating black cherry chocolate pancakes, a bear showed up and I politely explained the goods were in a Samsonite suitcase. Didn’t you see the commercial on t.v.? It’s bear proof. In addition, this spot had dwarf blackberry bushes just a few inches tall that produced the best blackberries I ever ate.

I continued south and came upon a bunch of apple trees that were loaded with ripe apples. The trail began to follow a creek that was full of crawdads and another place with a huge windfall of black cherries before I got to a shelter. It looked like it was going to rain. I decided to unload my backpack and descend the hill back to the apple tree a couple of miles away and load up on apples, black cherries and crawdads. I had a coat hanger and an old handkerchief that I fashioned into a crawdad dipping net. I put a bunch of empty containers in the pack and began catching crawdads while wearing flip flops. The crawdads were pretty good size, some bigger around than my thumb with eating sized pinchers. I got about a ¼ gallon of them while moseying back to the apple tree where I practically filled the K2 with 50 to 60 pounds of apples.

There was a road here and someone had scattered several bags of trash around that I picked up and burned. On the way back to the shelter I picked a couple gallons of black cherries off the ground. One tree had dropped a large amount of fruit. It was on a barbed wire fence line, which I of course climbed over to get at the fruit. An older guy in his 50’s riding a motorcycle came up the dirt road. He gave me the biggest most awful scowl he could muster and circled around giving me the evil eye for picking cherries off the ground. It looked like it was his tree and he wanted the fruit wasted. He looked like the kind of creep that would chop down the cherry tree so no one could have fruit. Also, there was a trash can here that someone had thrown away a bag of dam potato chips in, I got ‘em.

When I got back to the shelter it started to rain. There was a dead tree that had fallen down nearby and I stacked dry wood under the shelter and set about making coffee, black cherry pies, blackberry sparkling wine, black cherry syrup, jelly, apple sauce, fried apple pancakes and generally peeling apples, cutting them into slices and drying them. It rained for 2 or 3 days while I worked on the food processing and 8 to 10 hikers came through every day in groups of 2 to 4. I was sitting there in my straw colored linen suit making apple pies on the Appalachian Trail casually “selling” the infinity project idea to passersby. I had intended on spending the summer doing just this to a crowd that I’d figured would be more receptive to the idea, in a location where I could legally slowly hike around without running into the cops every day. I was glad to get off the dam road.

It was interesting to find the hikers didn’t have anything to say about what they’d seen walking through the woods or what was going on out in the real world. It looked like they were shocked and terrified to find me serving up slices of fresh pie and cups of hot coffee in the middle of nowhere. They were all empty handed, they had nothing, travelling extremely light. The ones who stayed for the night had no dinner or breakfast. They all refused the food I’d prepared. The typical scenario included a mixed sex group straggling to the shelter in a light drizzle and finding me enjoying a sautéed apple crawdad pasta entre, with a side of stinging nettles steamed in fried pork belly with black cherry pie, cold black cherry drinks and coffee just before the sun set. I’d regal them with tales of river enterprise

and the general intrigue of getting the crew together to repair the dam shiddy problem with plenty of food to share with everyone. The people freaked, not one of them would even try the food. The black cherry pie was the best I'd ever had.

I just kept peeling, slicing and drying apples, baking pies, cobblers and apple fritters... I was feeding the mice the dam GMO potatoe chips to keep them from eating my fruit. One evening two men about 50 hiked up from the north in a heavy downpour. They were soaking wet. One of them wore a ball cap with the word "JESUS" on the front. I just kept peeling and slicing apples. Boy I'll bet you guys are glad to get out of that rain. There's plenty of dry wood stacked up under the shelter. Want a slice of pie and a cherry spritzer or a cup of coffee? Plenty of pie and coffee. They strung up a line and hung up their soaking wet socks. They weren't interested in pie or coffee. Sure is a shame about those dams on the rivers, huh? An Obama nation of desolation for sure now, don't ya think?

Their cell phone rang. One of 'em's wife called and said she was walking her dog and the dog drug her down to the ground. She thought she'd broke her hip or something, said she needed to go to the hospital. They hung up and the man related the news. They decided they were gonna return. What? It's getting dark, it's raining cats and dogs, two hour hike to the truck, in the daylight, another two hour drive to your house you said. Why not just let the ambulance get her and see her about lunch time tomorrow? No, they had to go. There's no sense in hiking back there with that can of chunky soup. They took the soup with them.

The next morning at the crack of dawn I woke up to a Mt. Rodgers Forest Ranger and Smith County Sheriff with bullet proof vests and firearms. You guys wanna slice of pie and a cup of coffee? "Nope", they said they'd gotten reports I was up here threatening people with a machete. The guy with the machete? He hiked through here heading north few days ago. I don't have a machete. They wanted to search me and found a marijuana cigarette. They told me that I'd have to accompany them back to... On the hike down the hill and the drive to... I told them about the dams being the foundation of the problems that we face environmentally and how collecting the rain with the surfaces we build along with replacing the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine was the solution to the largest of the problems, the dam shetty problem.

Considering I was talking to a Mt. Rodgers U.S. Forestry Super I told him about a relevant idea to his industry. I pointed out that roads are dams or canals or both. The U.S. Forestry Service, while it looked like they were in the business of harvesting trees, was more involved with the building of dam roads considering the energy involved. Also, the roads were usually built where the biggest trees grew in the most productive areas. It was the nature of their business. The dam roads went through the places with the best trees. Often the roads were somewhat maintained between harvests. Just think how many more trees we could grow if we didn't have the roads, plus we'd save the energy involved in putting in and maintaining the roads and the roads are often along the rivers and creeks which is bad for water quality. Also, there is a lot more produced in a forest than just trees. We've got bushes, groundcovers, grasses, insects and other flora and fauna that aren't even being harvested yet are destroyed by all the roads, trucks, tractors and skidders involved in the present method of harvesting.

I suggested the best thing to do was harvest the trees with helicopters, replace the large concentrated mills with minimills, more like someone's barn. Process the forestry products in more, smaller locations lessening the impact environmentally of the big mills and returning more power to the individual. From the research I'd done it looked like the machine toilet worked better with an additional carbon source to the fecal material and the locally produced sawdust from the minimill might work great. I thought he was listening to me.

When we got to the cop shop they wrote me a nearly \$350 ticket for packing a doobie on the trail. Then they took me to the hospital "To make sure I was all right". I'd hiked off the trail with over 100 lbs. of gear, obviously I wasn't having any physical problems. It was as if now that they'd made a few hundred dollars they wanted to spread the wealth around. They instructed me to lie down on a hospital gurney in front of a t.v. "That 70's Show" was on and Adam Kushner was getting onto a

hospital gurney at the exact same time I was. I pointed this out to the officers and its significance, they thought I was nuts or something.

I began telling them my story about how I drove the getaway car for the largest heist ever seen in the universe, when I was Mr. Madoff's valet. The 70's Show ended and the next program was about the 65 (66.6) billion dollar "Bernie" Madoff pyramid scheme. I finished relating my story as the same played on t.v. They decided I was crazy. I pointed out that they were the ones determining my sanity in front of a television. They took me to the South Western Virginia Regional Mental Hospital for...nothing? or to make a bunch of money for their town. I recommend capital punishment for those involved with this decision to give me a chemical lobotomy.

I treated the S.W.V.R.M.H staff to my deluxe dam pharmicuticle farmoresuetokill rendition of the way things are. They didn't like the truth and ordered phsyciatrick (the pills) treatment, to keep me quiet about it. I refused treatment. The judge (magistrate) ordered it done. I gave him the law man's version of the dam shetty truth. He told me he was taking away my right to bear firearms. I've asked a lot of law enforcement officers if the "computer" says anything about me not being able to carry firearms since and they always say there is nothing about it on record. What a stupid dam fool judge to take away my right to do anything for getting caught on the Appalachian Trail making apple pies. My state appointed "defender" just wanted me to "hush". As if being quiet about the dam horse shit would make it go away.

The staff was full of obese gray haired "Nurse Ratshit" types bent on control. That which they controlled largely revolved around the medication that they made sound as desirous as possible when they announced "medication". As if you were going on a vacation in the Mederterrainian, all expense paid. The food however was the "showcase" of that which they plied one with. The not so subtle power trip they exhibited as they lined the patients up and marched em a ¼ mile across the facility 3 times a day for the dam and ditch, drain the well dry, GMO side effect laden feed they insisted we were so fortunate to eat. After all, they insinuated, what would we do without them? They constantly reinforced the idea that we were helpless without them. One had to see these despicably unhealthy looking and acting Virginia matrons lord over mass. It was putrid. They seemed to think that because I ate the stuff I must have really liked it. This food and/or the drugs gave me ulcers.

Just to finish off the food idea, cause I'm not out of S.W.V.R.M.H. yet but the last week I was there I requested double portions for a few reasons. I wanted to gain weight so as to hit the dam streets running, also I wanted to experiment and see what would happen if I did. The fat mums were overjoyed I was eating more and because of getting nearly twice as much food sometimes I couldn't finish it all and threw food away, which I can't stand. The massive overbearing blue hairs seemed to be pleased with this waste of food, it was bizarre. The staff could have easily set up a situation where a food item that was easy to serve and kept well, could have been made available to the patients such as pickled eggs or pie or whatever and then if we wanted another bite to eat we could've got one without wasting food. Of course, then the patient would have been in control or taking care of themselves. They didn't want that, obviously. They liked it better when they were in absolute control of everything, even if it resulted in throwing everything away. It seemed they were particularly delighted with this waste for no reason. My stomach ache got worse.

Most of the patients at the facility were male as usual, as if there were more "crazy" men than women. This says a lot about what is really going on though. One of the female patients said she was John Gotti's grandniece or cousin or something. As a reader you might think, sure she was but I talked to her and she wasn't insane at all, kinda slow maybe but from what she said, she didn't glorify it or anything, I figure she probably was. She wore a Tshirt with a picture of Scarface. A very sexy young blonde girl came in a pair of short shorts, very short, the way her blonde hairs on her posterior kind of guided one's eyes in there visually was exciting. She didn't display any sikeosis or neurosis at all. Seemed like she may have been steamed about the way things are, for sure but who could blame her? She was all over me. The staff did not like this at all. "Mental" patients are not allowed to fraternize

with each other, they're really on the watch for this. It's a big no no. They over doped the warm, vibrant young girl and the next thing you know she was sitting on the couch with a string of drool pouring out of her mouth, barely cognizant enough to line up for food and nearly unable to sit on a toilet.

Me? I was suffering from a zombie like brain, a weird tense/numb feeling in my extremities, ulcers and a limp penis. I couldn't get an erection. The staff seemed pleased with these side effects, as if I deserved it for what I'd done. They always asked about my side effects. I told them but they seemed to be looking for other side effects. I just stayed in bed, the whole time studying an antique book on the history of the railroads and another compilation of Mark Twain's lesser known works that I'd found in the library.

They took notes during the installation of the railroads and one thing that really stuck out was the health or life expectancy of the railroad installation crew. There was no waste treatment infrastructure and the gang mostly just walked out of sight and relieved themselves. This didn't really cause any problems if the installation was relatively straightforward. The gang proceeded along and thus avoided the associated health problems from not "bearing a shit", in effect they were just by walking outside of camp and continually moving camp along. The most glaring horrific problems developed at the sites of the tunnel installations. It took a while to build a tunnel and after about a month and a half, depending on mostly the local environmental conditions, doom and disease would set upon them. Those people who were sentenced to work the tunnel work site stood a 50/50 chance of debilitating disease or death, it was almost a death sentence to be put on the tunnel gang for lack of appropriate fecal material treatment. It wasn't just the dysentery and other diseases. Poor health in general causes many other problems, too much dynamite in the hole, poorly built support structures...

As this relates to undamming the planet those towns dependent on dam water to flush would have about a month and a half to "get a grip". In the USA suburban areas this would be easy to accomplish. Take useless privacy fence and make a portable privy or "outhouse", dig a hole, move privy every few weeks and plant fruit trees on top. Set up a public manual fertilizer machine perhaps every other block first, the gardeners, carpenters and fisherpersons collective than get to work with the private bathroom remodeling jobs.

Casey Jones apparently disregarded, ignored or didn't see **the man** waving a red lantern on the side of the tracks wreckmending he stop. Jones really wanted to "get there"/stay on schedule. Don't be a Joneser. Also, as one traveled across the country by rail seemingly every available surface was covered with a pharmiticule advertisement.

As usual the staff included a gorgeous young female nurse who happened to be my personal assistant or something. The hot young nurse would enter the room periodically and try to coax me out to pet the horse, or grow pumpkins, as these were the two things S.W.V.R.M.H. offered as treatment in addition to the devil's dust pills and GMO food. I always asked if I could butcher the horse and barbecue it in mustard sauce or have it sashimi style, raw with horse radish, as I enjoyed it when served in Japan. Virginians are sensitive about their horses and they should be, as they basically deforested the entire state practically to keep themselves in hay so they could coo and ahhh over "all the pretty horses". I explained to her this and that the horse was a wonderful and delicious animal, that didn't seem to mind a symbiotic relationship with man, if the conditions were proper.

For instance, one could just about entice a horse to the saddle or harness of a wagon or plow with a teaspoon of salt and a half of an apple. The horse could work 3 or 4 hours and then return to wherever one found it. The horse would take care of itself, find plenty of grass, hay and oats to eat, take a snooze and the next day one could lure the beast back to the saddle or harness again with a teaspoon of salt and a few handfuls of oats or something. Nowadays the humans don't allow them to do anything productive, thus the horse, or show pony, is somewhat complicit in the burning down of the garden for no reason. Humans continue to cut the forest down or mow hay to feed the beast and it doesn't get to do any good work.



In addition, it's my favorite land animal to eat, the animal rights clowns closed the last horse processing facility in 2006 and it's defacto illegal to eat one. Same thing with Kangaroos (Macropodidae) from Australia, the sheep destroy the countryside of that continent and we order it done by buying lamb and not kangaroo "cause they're too cute to eat" as we drive the cute kangaroo to extinction with sheep ranches. As far as growing pumpkins to carve into Jack or Lanterns for Halloween (hallowed or holy ween = to ween from the holy) are we going to eat them or just throw them away? Once again, what a waste, we could make pumpkin pies but you force us to throw them away wasting another agricultural product. On a planet being destroyed by the dams on the rivers, largely for agricultural purposes while most of the food is wasted, I refuse to participate, because I know the laws of the manuals and I'm not stupid or insane.

This pretty nurse would just about get tears in her eyes. In addition, she sat in on the lectures I gave the staff every week, where I spared no one. At the end of my stay this pretty nurse thanked me profusely for telling her what's going on. Of course, it's up to her to save her own soul, or increase her standing upon her eventual stratification. She won't be able to without getting off of the dam broad innocent road but it's hard to get off if one doesn't know they're on it. Of course, as soon as they exit the dammed innocent road they're an ally of my idea and life, manually fixing the problem with the latest tools and technology, heading in the correct way and moving towards undamming the rivers/ending the dam ages.

The thing I learned or became sure of was that with friends and family such as I have, who needs enemies. I'd figured out, for sure, I had no friends or family. This is important for me to know. At S.W.V.R.M.H. one couldn't get out unless they had a place to go. This was the policy. If one was adhering to the law of the manual they wouldn't stay in a home, thus they wouldn't be able to get out. Plus, even if one had a home, getting shanghaied periodically into these places would cause one to lose their job and fall behind on their rent or mortgage and have no place to go. They'd set up a system so they could make a fortune on whichever victims the cops rounded up (for not paying the dam shiddy bills) or good people bad dam fools turned in. Anyone I knew could have claimed I'd be staying at their place, anywhere and I could have got out, but nobody would, so I just sat in there, well behaved, getting a chemical lobotomy and a limp penis while making a fortune for these creeps.

When I got out I found they'd stored my antique Claiborne suede leather jacket, that I'd got from Grant U., damp and it was covered in mildew. The staff stole (threw away) all my metal gear. I guess so I wouldn't kill myself or so I'd buy more gear in their town? Including my lantern, cooking pans, skillet (they don't want me to be able to take care of myself) and my Great Grandfather Earl Lawrence's 5.98" Forschner knife and a hickory knife. The staff lied about the whole thing, complete denial. They said they'd rent me a hotel room for the night (to get around the no place to go problem) and dropped me off in the middle of town at a hotel without renting me a room like they said. I'm surprised they didn't call the cops on me and have me brought back. The next day some nazi communist block watchers called the cops on me and I almost got arrested sitting in front of the Greyhound bus station waiting for a bus to jail in North Carolina.

I took the bus to Waynesville, NC and got a room at the Cozy Corner. I immediately called the Maggie Valley PD and declared my intention to turn myself in for failure to appear. They found me the next day at the creek and gave me a ride to Haywood County Jail where I began to wait to appear on DUI charges. Supposedly the judge's little girl was killed by a drunk driver about the same time I checked in. After a month and a half they let me out time served. I wanted to argue that it wasn't the alcohol that caused the accident but the snuff, the jackrabbit, the cave on the side of the road and the airbag that that caused me to lose control of the vehicle but... 1.6 is hard to argue against.

My parents were waiting for me when I got out and I decided to move my stuff and myself to Asheville, NC. I went to the library and found several places to choose from and decided on a studio at #8 in the Maxey Building owned by Mr. Bond. For a guy who's been handing out a Banzai, Bonsai, Bond's Eye titled infinity project idea for several years this was the obvious choice, plus it was close to

the library/downtown and it was on Chestnut (Castanea dentata). Thirteen inches of snow fell, the water mains froze and broke all over town and the sewers overflowed into the French Broad, par for the course. It took me a while to get over the effects of the SWVRMH drugs and I perused the library's new books while I attempted to see how low I could keep the power bill, \$13. It was the refrigerator. I figured the older man, Dudley who lived below me would keep my studio warm but he didn't turn the heat on either and his water pipes froze in his room. The landlord had to fix it and he posted a note saying if anyone did this again they'd be responsible for the damages. He had just unhooked all the buildings central radiators and installed electric heaters in each room.

One positive benefit of the whole SWVRMH thing was I applied for public assistance in part to pay for the large bill from SWVRMH but also in a carefully designed ploy to have the dam nation and its people fund their "rescue". Plus, I'd lost the use of my Chase credit card (I got away with \$7,000+) while trying to "recoup" some of the money they made off of "Bernie's" investment. This was the only mistake Mr. Madoff made as I can determine, he should have hidden it in a jar in a beehive underneath the lifeguards' statue behind his Palm Beach home. I realize this is literally impossible but still, you get the idea. "Bernie" was "en chase", he was telling you something.

The visit to the psychologist who was to determine whether I got "the check" was interesting. He asked me what was "on my mind" and I told him about the dam shiddy abortion scheme I was witnessing and explained the larger solution to the problem. He wholeheartedly agreed. He asked if I was taking medication for my condition and I explained that I didn't take drugs (for sale at the drug store) and mentioned the pharmiticule/food industry relationship/disaster adding that the pills gave me a zombie brain, a limp penis, made my stomach hurt and all kinds of other problems. He said he tried them once as well and that was exactly what he'd found and recommended I not take the drugs.

I made mention of the tiny tabletop simulated waterfall or creek on his waiting room coffee table, pointing out that while I was not for pumping water or "the Marley machine" as it was completely unsustainable and just stupid considering we could easily control enough water flowing over the surfaces we build to feed ourselves while not overly disturbing the planets natural cycle and how I suspected/knew that a great many of the psychological problems exhibited at the time were directly related to the dam still rivers, I knew why he had it there. The psychologist said that it seemed to relax the patients, smiled and leaned back in his chair.

I completed the idea I delivered to the state phycologist by guaranteeing if he set me up with the SSI money I'd live in a canoe, make way on the river attacking the dam problem and spend more of the money with the USPS (delivering the naturally flowing river solution to the dam problem) than any other single group or organization. He was impressed. I began to get a check for almost \$700 and within months it was reduced to nearly \$600 with the difference going to the ho'spatel industry. This forced me to try even harder to make up the difference.

I recommend anyone concerned about their welfare or their ability to support themselves if they were to set forth with the infinity project idea, attack the dam shiddy problem as timely, intelligently, aggressively, offensively and desperately as they are able. Likely one will end up at a mental hospital eventually. Immediately take "the check", move out of the house/off the street and into a boat. Try to eat as many fish sandwiches fried in tree oil or sashimi even better, apples, turn water into wine/champagne if desired... you know. This simultaneously ceases the funding of the dam shiddy abortion project and reduces or eliminates one's demand for piped in water, sewerage and dam and ditch food. Continue assault on dam shiddy ecocide attempt. Now you're "playing" for real and you're not playing. This will increase your eventual stratification upon expedition and ultimately could be viewed as the most selfish thing one could do while simultaneously being the most selfless thing (showing concern for life in a larger sense) one could do **and** you're doing it for the correct reason. Your eventual stratification or "points total" while earned in your present "skin suit" will last for all time. Now you realize how insane (harmful to themselves and others) most everyone else is.

When spring arrived, I began volunteering at the Botanical Gardens at Asheville located at

the confluence of two creeks just below the UNC Asheville. They had a crew here who were knowledgeable in the local plants and the garden was a native plant showcase. I took the opportunity to bone up on my local plant ID (Latin review) in one of the most diverse varied botanical areas of the world. The site was formerly a dairy farm/pasture and if anything proved one could literally start with a bare slate and regrow the forest if seeds were available. I worked at the gift shop, trying not to sell T-shirts and knickknacks. I came in disguise. I can't stand not being me, "The John" that's expected to show and fix the dam sheddy problem but if I do come out as the man himself nobody will let me be a part of their team. Even these characters, who you'd think would be extremely sympathetic to the free river cause, are not. Most are terrified that the character who would put forth a dam free idea is the devil, or the antichrist, it's just the way humans are, they're dammed, they made it that way, we're expected to hide it, the most obvious thing or celebrate it. Wheeee!

I applied for a position as a U.S. Census employee and was asked by the Bureau to explain the Federal Felony Assault Maritime District arrest on Labor Day Weekend (the perfect charge, on **the books**, for me). Didn't work but I did rustle up a river guide position with Outdoor Adventure's *Wahoo's on the River*. I decided to ride my bike from Asheville over Max Patch through the Martha Sundquist Forest with the K2 and Samsonite suitcase. When I got to civilization in Tennessee there was an illegal river rock dam built on the creek at the first park. Somebody probably threw out their back and squashed their fingers doing it too, all for no product. I just crossed at the creek dam and easily somewhat compromised the 2' dam and reservoir without hardly any effort. Dam fluid, it feels good to be a gangster.

The "Widowville" (Hartford), TN location on the Pigeon River just below the old Champion/Blue Ridge paper mill is at the "Gateway to the Smokies", Walter's Dam, Waterville Reservoir and the dioxin spewing forth earns the water course the nickname "The Dirty Bird". The Pigeon River is named after the extinct Passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*). The pigeons were massacred by the dam and ditch farming and farmers with shotguns "feeding the pigs".

Historically when the area first opened to large commercial development the Scottish Timber Company came in and cut down all the trees in the Smokies and surrounding forests. There was a big mill set up just on the side of the Pigeon River in Newport Tennessee. The timber company set a chain across the river to stop the sawed logs from going down stream. The area behind the chain filled with the trees of the Smokies. It rained. Without the forest the rainfall quickly runs downhill. The chain across the river broke and a lot of the cut timber washed downstream and was lost.

When the humans cut the trees down over the largest of areas precipitation caused the rivers to jump up and flood quick and bad and became another reasonless to dam the rivers to provide flood control. Before the trees were overharvested it was an old growth, primary succession climax community. As such old trees died and as the roots rotted the space underground acted as reservoirs that held water and slowly released the fluid. This was in addition to the canopy of living trees and leaf litter below slowing and soaking up the precipitation. So, part of the solution to the dam problem is to reestablish the forests upon dam fluidification. There's much money to be made in replanting and enforcement of professional helicopter harvest, small decreasing harvest by road, no take, "rule of thumb" and waterside type gathering.

In order to work as a river guide at Outdoor Adventure's *Wahoo's on the River* a potential guide needed to pass the week long training course taught by Eddy Rainy Monroe and assistant and current crew member Mr. Parkinson. During the training course everyone kept telling me to step out of my "turtle shell" or to reveal who I truly was. I just wanted to make a few bucks for the summer not involving any incredibly bad Mo Jo stuff and was undercover "Clark Kent" trying to get on a nazi owned raft team. These characters, "the crew" could see right through this. They were insistent and for a few seconds I "dropped my shields" and stepped forward extremely aggressively. Usually when I come into town I come in like a **GUNSLINGER** and take over. A hush fell over the crowd and they didn't ask me to explain myself again all summer.

When we were practicing tying a raft to the roof of a van Eddy tossed a line up to me on top of the van. I caught what seemed like a deliberate poor toss by the instructor and made toward fastening the line. Eddy had me stop and drew attention to me from everyone, "Pay attention this guy knows how to handle a line". One of the last things we practiced was righting a capsized raft (climbing back on top and flipping it back over) I won. When all the trainees in one raft deliberately flipped it and tried to see who could get on top first, I never let go of the raft as it flipped upside down. I'd grabbed it near the bow/stern which is the best place to get back on, scissor kick.

The potential guide that made it through the week long course had to complete a check out run with paying passengers and another veteran guide. My paddling skills were unorthodox and suspect. Canoeists get a bad rap from rafters (perhaps deservedly) as usual there is unneeded animosity among potential allies. Big Sheely the honorarily discharged former special forces guy with a National Geographic map of the Smokies above his sleeping rack was the veteran checking me out. We had a full, large, overweight crew of "Lilly Dippers" (limp paddlers) and Sheely forced me to sit on the left rear spot knowing that I'd rather had sat in the right rear. I wasn't worried, such is my experience but I took note that he was trying to make it difficult for me from the get go.

On the Pigeon River section that we run, just under the dam, where we start, is a big rock in the middle of the river, BFR (Big Fu(&!^g Rock). This is the most obvious thing not to run into on the river and it's easy to stay away from it. One thing led to another and... WHOOPS, I steered the raft sideways into the middle of it. We got pinned up against it and were in danger of the raft "catchin' an edge" or having the river grab the upstream tube and flip the raft under. The whole raft was a trembling as the water rushed under. Sheely was sittin on the upstream side in the worst spot and such as it was he couldn't do anything cause if he put his paddle in the water it would probably have flipped the boat. I looked over at him, didn't say anything but thought, how do like sittin' over there now, sucker? He looked steamed. I gently pushed forward on BFR with my left hand (mostly my pinkie) and quickly we worked off it. I failed to check out.

The next run my check out guide was a fellow Floridian, "Curley". The 2<sup>nd</sup> (test dummy) crew was less in # but more powerful, a few jocks. As we approached Lost Guide Rapid I called forward two strokes. On the first stroke only one side of the boat responded and the boat rotated, pointing towards an undesirable course. On the second stroke the other side of the crew realized they were to paddle, joined in and off we went in the wrong direction... Just before we crashed into the rocks I called lean in. We went down the whole river spinning almost out of control, went down the toughest rapid on the worst route, backwards and still checked out.

Rico (rich) was an amateur fighter and a big dude. He was the guy who adamantly kept building a small dam (weir) on the Pigeon to try and force more flow towards the raft take out. He constantly tried to enlist others in this dam rock moving exercise but nobody ever assisted him. In addition to a raft guide and dam builder he also was a teacher of special needs or retarded children. I'd just worked with these types of kids myself and told Rico that I was amazed at the interesting solutions or ideas they would come up with when presented with a problem. He told me that by definition, special needs children couldn't come up with a solution to a problem. I told him that was why I didn't call them that but retards instead, to avoid the negative stigma. I'd found they often came up with better solutions than the normal kids.

One rafting trip Rico was assigned the demonstration raft or the supersized raft we called "the demo boat" that had been loaned to us by a company interested in selling us one. The demo boat sat 8 instead of 6. I got a regular sized boat for this trip and a crew of 3 men for 4 total. As we put in customarily I asked the 3 crewmen what kind of trip they wanted. In unison they all replied, "We want to have the most exciting, best trip ever seen on the river!"

We pushed off and down we went. The best trip possible I thought, hmmm... When we got to Showstopper, which is a pointy rock that just doesn't quite break the surface, I ducked the raft in under it in the big eddy and kinda "surfed" a little underneath it, this is exciting as the rest of the convoy files

past as they all usually get as close as they can to this rock for the thrill. Here comes Rico with his big fat crew of “Lily Dippers”. He knows this rapid very well and knows it’s unnavigable at this flow. Plus, it’s obvious I’m sitting under the rock “surfing”. The rules are that any raft must give way to a raft going downstream. This rule was made so if one was surfing and got in a collision with a raft heading downstream the surfer was at fault for not pulling out and giving way. At this flow one couldn’t really surf Showstopper because just at the point one would begin to surf the raft would touch the rock, but it’s exciting.

Anyway, here comes Rico. I was “surfing” to the river right of the rock and it looked like Rico was gonna go right so I went to the river left of the rock and “surfed” about the same time Rico decided to go left. Rico was enraged, at what I was doing, plus his crew was failing. He got his raft sideways. I pulled in just downstream of the rock in unnavigable water, giving way. Rico broadsided Showstopper dumping most his crew, some in our boat and pinned his raft. Me and my crew rescued Rico’s crew, this was very exciting. We pulled over to the river right shore and marveled at Rico as he struggled to unpin his raft. This was **really** funny and exciting for my crew. It’s the best thing or the most fun one can have out here, to witness close up, another’s near doom and clean up the mess unscathed. Boy was Rico pissed off.

My crew elatedly shouted, “We’re heroes”! Further downstream we “tacoed” Tombstone Rapid. Later they said, “It was the best possible trip we could’ve imagined”. The next morning Rico said, “I’m going to kill you”! You should thank me for saving your crew. Interestingly enough, this was the last trip for the “Demo boat”. While there was nothing wrong with the big raft we replaced it. I claimed to have been instrumental in the “demolition” of the “Demo boat” with a rich dam builder at the helm. Sheely and I picked up a brand new supersized raft.

“Fat Jesus” got his nickname because he looked like a fat “Jesus” (the drunk from “The Hangover” film). On this raft run he was the “trip leader” (the river trips leader or front boat is actually the #2 guide, the “trip leader” or the commander assumed rear boat position in convoy with med kit) and as such chose which crews went with which guide. He’d already talked the 7 girls from Missouri into shedding the shorts covering the lower half of bikini suits, it’s easier to swim without them. We were taking the brand new supersized raft (seats 8) for its maiden voyage. I got the call and “Fat Jesus” set me up with the hottest trip on the Dirty Bird in 2010 for sure, probably ever. The fresh out of the box blue raft was extra slippery with some kind of factory film or something. As we were putting in I quoted “Fat Jesus” himself when I asked the babes if they wanted a wild ride or a mild ride. This usually got a mixture of “Wild!” screams and “Mild!” pleas that were indistinguishable and resulted in... These girls were too smart for that and gave me a look that said, “Just get us through this without falling out and getting hurt, **BUSTER, OR ELSE**”. We had a flawless trip, which is of course why “Fat Jesus” set the girls up with me. Quite frankly the blood would drain out of the rest of the guy’s brains and...Doom!

This was the only trip ALL summer that I revealed who I was to the passengers and I did this by carefully explaining the infinity project idea as we descended the rapids. While descending I carefully kept bumping into a rock on the starboard stern in the back where I sit. This puts me at risk of going over, which I avoided but causes the person sitting across from me if caught by surprise, to fall into me. The first time we smacked a rock she ended up with her face in my lap. This elicited peals of giggling laughter from the rest of the crew when they turned around to look to see “what happened back there”. She and I proceeded through a variety of positions and the second time they didn’t think it was as funny. By the 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> time, they all gave me the “looky here buster” eye. I tried one more time but the gal had caught on to it and she didn’t fall for it, nice try.

These girls were pretty sharp. I gave them the deluxe version of my idea and wrapped it about a recommendation to visit the swimming hole/mini water fall on Big Creek in the Smokey Mountain National Park, explaining that the spot was **undammed** and what they would witness up there, the trees, the bushes, ferns, moss covered rocks and clean potable water is what it used to be like all the

way down to the sea. I not so subtly insinuated if they didn't at least turn their excursion out here into a dam free enlightening experience they were largely just supertramping around destroying everything with the rest of the dam shit head abortionists, encouraged them to take what they learned and make a difference towards undamming the rivers as I and life were counting on them.

Something came of this because they evidently went up to Big Creek and discovered something and went back to Missouri and told some what a "Time" they had found. One of their fathers, the likely theological headman of his area, was so intrigued he came out alone to see for himself. He slipped in on a raft trip with my bus load perhaps leaving it up to providence to determine whether he got on my boat, which he didn't but he was in the convoy and on the same bus trip for his follow up note taking.

I sat down in the seat behind him and immediately began recounting the tale of the Missouri girls (hinting about my undam the rivers idea) to the person sitting next to me, talking over the bus's diesel engine into his ear. He must have figured his "gig" was up for he confessed to me that he'd come out here to witness myself and see if what his girls had reported to him was true. I confided to him that yes indeed I was the man himself, it was obvious. He agreed. This idea reinforced to me and ideally the reader, to keep up the dissemination of the idea because something productive comes of it. You never know how many people this man and his girls will tell, it's like chain mail with no paper trail. I'm sure the spirit of the "Dirty Bird" likes the method.

Most the guides didn't like taking folks (usually families with kids) down the lower easier run as it took a few minutes longer making it impossible to attain the coveted 4 trips a day and often the parents were on a tighter budget and didn't tip much if at all. I never complained about it and thought the lower run was a better opportunity to slyly put forth the infinityproject idea. The conditions were calmer thus quieter and better for communication. One of the big t.v. shows is "River Monsters" at 9PM which usually depicts some innocent fish as a monster and avoids the real dam shiddy river monsters. There is a rock on this section of the river that looks like a shark fin and often the idea of a river monster would come up and I'd point out the real river monsters were the stacks of rocks on the rivers, the dams, the sewer pipes and the paper mills for the toilet paper.

Sometimes the parents would ask me to explain more and I would. Usually on lower runs I'd mention that I'd paddled a canoe across the N. American continent and if the group showed any interest in anything but themselves would mention the awful conditions in the dam reservoirs and the many difficult portages around the many dams. I'd usually gauge how much to tell the crew about the porous dam sheddy flush toilet problem and dam fluidification, superdriplineswatercollect, the manual fertilizer machine, bee hives instead of insulation and apple trees in place of mown lawn solution by judging whether they would even put forth the idea and how effective they would be forcing the solution if they did verses the possibility they may not tip me for telling em so (what they didn't want to know) and the benefit to life I'd surely deliver with the cash if I didn't say anything. Plus, if I offended anyone in anyway, the offended could get defensive, tell Ms. Booth, I could get fired and loose the possibility of benefit derived from future cash flow, losing my chance to make enough money to hit NYC and Chicago, investigating the scene of the crimes and getting the team together to solve the dam problem. So, I had to be careful who I told what.

Towards the end of the lower run we'd come around a bend in the river and a solid swath of bright green Kudzu (*Pueraria lobate*) would appear with several square miles completely blanketed. Just about every trip the matriarch of the group would inhale deeply and croak out "Oh! That's what we came all the way hear to see". Know that's an exotic invasive plant disaster that has displaced the once highly variable plant and animal species that were once here, now it's just Kudzu, fire ants and centipedes. One has to see how disappointed they are that the monocultural vision isn't good. It could be a better view, when we undam the rivers and end dam and ditch agriculture the nearly unlimited amount of cheap flour would disappear. Apparently, one can dig up the kudzu vine roots, controlling the invasive vine and process the kudzu root into flour. I've never tried it myself but the books say it

taste great when mixed 50/50 with regular flour. I'm only working 3 or 4 days a week and could use a day or two of extra work picking Kudzu root.

A bunch of the "Dirty Bird Crew" headed into Knoxville for "Summer Splash" or some such thing, a street party, with live entertainment. Considering it was free and I might learn something, I went. Most everyone else got drunk on be'er, as usual, I stayed sober sipping a single be'er as camouflage. John Popper, the NY singer and harmonica man was the biggest act. After his show he went behind the stage, put himself in a position behind a waist high temporary crowd control fence, met and talked to the people. I waited until the crowd dwindled, it was apparent he was gonna call it a night and approached him. Mr. Popper is a very aware person and I could tell he knew who he was about to talk to as I approached. I explained how I saw him perform at a small NY venue just weeks before he became nationally famous about 18 or 19 years before. How's New York? He slightly, quickly, almost imperceptibly shook his head in the negative as he clenched his jaw tight. That bad, huh? I thought. Through the vacuum of his stare and nothing else to add, I felt the terrific horror that was unfolding.

Back in Hartford there was a band that played most every other week. The lead vocalist/synthesizer piano man, who was a one man band with a couple guys backing him up, sang an original song with the lyrics "Down in Morristown". Morristown wasn't far away from Newport, TN and the way he said, "Down in Morristown" (down in mass to be town) really let me know, something bad was occurring. The second time I heard him sing this song I went up to the stage after the show, tipped him and asked him specifically what was going on down in Morristown. He said, "The gangs of New Yoke have fled New York". They've fled Judea [the C.D.P's are on the offensive] and headed for the hills, huh? He nodded his head. It was bad news, a horror show. I'd already figured out the M.O.B. had fled NY to Boston and the gangs of NY went the other way but now they're writing songs about it, so it's official.

The chief of the place, Mike, serving up the best smoked pork and chicken sandwiches and iced tea, anywhere near here was a former nitrous motorcycle drag racing national champion. He was a big man, maybe 6' 5" 250lbs. His wife, who liked to serve healthy food, perhaps a V8 or some vitamin C, worked at the dam, mostly weed wacking (gardner/note taker). I got along well with these two and their delicious food, served in 4<sup>th</sup> world sanitary conditions (flooded septic field) made a big difference for me during the summer. I enthusiastically recommended the food to every one of my crews. At the end of the summer Mike was allowed one complimentary (free) descent by our host, Ms. Jessica Booth and he was allowed to pick his guide. I would probably have gotten the nod based on # of sandwiches I consumed alone as well as the folks I sent his way but Mike said he picked me because my crews always said they had the best trips and this was obvious.

Mike brought a couple of guys with him, and let me know that "Norm", his FRIend, was to get "the treatment". I sat "Norm" in the left front, smacked into a big rock first off in the rapid the photographers sit at and had his baptismal recorded. We had a thrilling trip and worked "Norm" hard even though he wisened up and figured out what was going on. When we got to Tombstone I hit it better or worse than I had all year and pulled off a "reverse taco" in which the raft folds out and in half dumping the passengers while I the guide stay in the boat. The cool thing was Mike not only grabbed the side of the boat himself but grabbed his other buddy too, which was nice because I had to get "Norm". This was the only time **ALL SUMMER** that one of the "swimmers" was aware enough and cool enough to grab the strap on the side of the boat and he grabbed his buddy, too. Usually it was complete panic.

I'd come to work here as a river guide specifically to save up a "lump of change" large enough to assault Manhattan and Chicago. It takes cash to stay alive in these cities, plus the way I row, I gotta be able to go into the finest, best high dollar places, along with the darkest back alleys or I don't get the whole picture. I spent the summer living in a tent I bought at the pawn shop and didn't cash any of my paychecks (we got \$25 a trip). I ate mostly locally grown watermelons and cantaloupes, and a pork

sandwich every day. I didn't spend my money on pharmaceutical pills and cheap beer like most the clowns did. So, I about had all my tip money at the end of the summer as well and carried it with me on the rafting trips. It was a big roll, over a G and everybody thought I was crazy to carry that much cash on me while whitewater rafting. What should I do, leave it in my tent?

In addition, "The Dirty Bird Crew" had a poker game every Thursday night and we played "Hold em" one of my least favorite versions of poker. River guides are accomplished story tellers, we do it for a living in adverse conditions and people who practice something develop proficiency. These guides were good at telling stories, whether the truth or a lie. Thus, they were very good poker players. I'm not a bluffer and bluffing can be an effective technique in a game of poker. We usually started the game with 10 players (a lot) and the bluff doesn't work very well against 9 other hands because somebody's likely to be holding something and they won't fold. The buy in for the chips was only \$10, so it wasn't high stakes, which could have somewhat alleviated this problem.

My problem is I "telegraph" what it is I've got, I'm the best at it in the world, so I've been told. If I was to pull 5 cards, look at them and transmit the "picture", if you were receptive to the idea (usually even if you weren't) you'd see what it was I had, exactly. So, I spent the summer "raising my shields" and practicing "hiding" what it was I had. This can be an effective technique for one in disseminating the infinity project idea. For instance, if I was to approach "the target" or place I wanted to force forward the idea or drop off a flyer, in today's world they'd see this on the security cam and thus wouldn't even let me in the door. So, I'm "still" practicing disseminating the idea, it just looks like I'm playing poker. The Hartford, TN Pigeon River rafting site is the biggest rafting place in the world. We run more trips out of this place than anywhere else and as a result it attracts the best high dollar river guides. It's a great place to practice.

There's another character, buddies with the river guides but not a river guide, who irregularly attends the poker games and I never win when he plays. He's got a better hand than I every time. I learn this quick and play for the 2<sup>nd</sup> place "in the winnings" finish when he shows up at the table because I know Life is showing me something. At this point, with what I got, he has a better poke her hand than me. He's a truck driver, delivering the GMO killer food, big guy pushing 300. To the poker games I wore a faux snake skin shirt and snake skin motif sunglasses, both I found in the trash. At the end of the summer I'm the undisputed champ.

Jessica, the host at Outdoor Adventures/*Wahoo's on the River* organized an end of the year party to be held at Douglass Reservoir below us, lots of beer, party barge and jet skis. I was the only one who didn't go. My absence was noticeable and I of course let the rest of the crew know why. I'm not interested in partying at a dam reservoir. All summer Paul "Bubbles" the former Army Medic (liked to smoke AK 47 and K2) would say, "He hates dams" as if I was insane. I would calmly point out that I didn't hate anything, certainly not an object and I would give him the scientific reasoning behind my insistence on dam fluidification, to avoid the abortion of everything. He thought this was a joke or something, sucker. After the party (which flopped) the *Wahoo's* staff had a meeting. Jessica said, "John is the best first year river guide we've ever seen". Her operation had been in business for 30 years. I got a bonus for this as I usually did for having people recommend *Wahoo's on the River* on the internet site after going down with me. Last day of river rafting on Labor Day. I accumulated almost \$6000 this summer, just low enough to keep from getting my "crazy checks" taken away, perfect.

Christchurch Sept. 4, 2010 earthquake.

I decided to stroll back to Asheville through the Smokey's A.T. and along NC's Mountains to Sea Trail. I started with about 110 lbs. of gear in my K2 backpack and 2 Samsonite suitcases. I was announcing to the heavens that I was "strapping the load back on" the weight of the world, changing back to "Superman" or Atlas and shedding my "Clark Can't" persona or alter ego probably for the last time as it's not nearly as effective in disseminating the idea. Although it can get me into "The Beast's" chamber to come out, "surprise" and deliver the infinityproject idea. "Bubbles" dropped me off and thought I was nuts to carry such a heavy load (it was mostly food) into one of the more difficult horse



trails of the world.

Hiking up from “The Dirty Bird” into the Smokey’s is a tough steep trail. My size 13 Chinese boots that Rob “the guy who wired Homeland Security’s new building” gave me desinigrated within hours. When carrying a heavy load, sole protection is paramount. I was left with a pair of Teva’s and plenty of socks and thought about going back to town for new shoes but decided to go with it and step lightly, which is nearly impossible carrying 110 lbs.

I told everybody I was going to live off mostly blueberry cobblers and stinging nettles and they said the blueberries were long past ripe and mostly picked. Not at the top of the mountains. Nobody had gone up there to pick ‘em and while most had ripened sometime before, they’d just dried into blueberry raisins and were perfect, intensely sweet and flavorful. The park rules: #1, hikers must camp at the shelters, #2, no hiking in the dark... Then it reads if one can’t figure out the rules, go back to rule #1. As this applies to the Banzai, Bonsai, Bond’s eye new (same as the old one’s) laws I and Life are forcing forward and enforcing, for real, I also recommend if one doesn’t get it, just go back to law #1 (no dams allowed on rivers big or small) and stay there until you (we) accomplish that and then you will easily get “the rest of the story”. Just get the dams off the rivers. Don’t move ‘em, just punch a hole in them and stand back.

A big part of this trip for me was to get to the top of Devil’s Courthouse and find out who else was there. Who was at the top of Devil’s Courthouse, A.K.A. Judiculla.? Get it! I really wanted to know. I figured what I found at the top of the French Broad, “The Dirty Bird” and the end of the Shut in Trail would be revealing for sure. I got there about noon with good weather when one would expect some, perhaps many people to be there. It’s one of the “hot spots” of America’s heavily travelled Blue Ridge Parkway. Guess what? I’m the only soul here, just me and no one else. I waited too, an hour or so, because I really, really wanted to see somebody else up there if only so I could ask them, what’s your name? What’s your middle name? But... It was just me, Lawrence, of the law, covered in laurels, the master of the gridiron.

As I was getting towards Asheville I came upon a Park Ranger Superintendent nearing retirement that had the same idea as me and was driving up to the top with his wife to drop him off for an evidence collecting/sharing stroll through the largest mast crop drop in 50 or 60 years, acorns everywhere. I think he recognized my idea as I his. He reported Christill manufactory everywhere, said he carried. The story of the trip was the apparent generator engine starting difficulty sound every evening I that followed (haunted) me through the Mountains to Sea Trail. This is hilariously revealing (the timing of the thing, consistently) as all the christillers were suffering engine malfunction as I passed by. Suspect electrical condensate/the rats chewed the wire cause. I stash a Samsonite with frying pan, flapjack flipper, quart Mason jar and handkerchief enclosed at the ankle of the Shut in Trail.

My parents were staying in Highlands and picked me up in Asheville and gave me a ride back to So. Fla. and a WPB Fishing Club outing at Boca Grande’s Punta Gorda. Turkey Point’s nuclear reactor shield had a quarter sized hole punched in it as I arrived, the paper reported this as a mysterious water condensate electrical problem? Interesting Timing. We bought our bait at the Miller’s place and should have boiled and ate em considering the return on the investment. Hard to find smoked mullet dip. I did all this in “protest”, we even had lunch under the Everglade’s Hoover Dam II. I took a Greyhound back to NC, the bus’s computer “melted down” at God in a new skin suit’s Boudrias Groves fruit stand. He continues with message (that I gave him) at the front door, “This is God, I don’t want your advice, I’m here to solve all your problems...” I slipped a recommendation through the crack in the door on recycled fruit wrapping paper (he knows me) and once again reminded him the best citrus genetics can be found in Christmass.

The bus stopped for a few hours in “Hotlanta”. I sat on the “grassy knowl” vacant lot near the Greyhound station and “fished”. I was thinking about when and where to go in NY when a dark character approached. I found one can get a lot more info near one of these bus stations than one can at let’s say an airport, except Cuban or Cuba enroute airports. This man walked up to me and said, “**You**

need to get to 5 points New York, **now**!” He certainly knew what was going on, inside info. 5 points is the old sewer hole, reservoir dumping grounds of NY. I lived a block and a ½ away from 5 points in Asheville. Hot tip, this man was searious, let me tell you, he wasn’t fooling around. It’s time to go, somewhere between Coopertown and “Gangs of NY” 5 points I figured.

I canvassed Asheville thoroughly making sure I was noticed at the train yard in particular. I decided to get in touch with SUBPACOM and called “what lies below Pearl Harbor” the rape/sexual assault hot line which I figured was the most appropriate # to call on their phone list considering that’s what the people were doing to the ocean, the rivers and life in general. Then I went for a walk around town. Asheville was apparently experiencing some kind of weird “brown out” in town and the street lights were about 10% of what they usually are, so it was very dim. The red blinking lights of the “Don’t Walk” signs were brighter than usual and the tone “Doo...doo...doo...” was a little slower and louder. As a result the town took on the red light scenario of a subsurface war room complete with sonar echolocation and everything. The streets were vacant, except for me and a few cops cruising nervously around. I gave them my “periscope” impersonation which I do by putting my arm straight up, bending my wrist over at 90 degrees, forming a circle with my 5 finger tips and panning “the scope” about. Live in person, from the bottom of the sea, getting revenge.

I was doing my best impression of Paul Riviera, the Spanish (foreigners) are boarding and passing out the information. I rolled the Schwinn up to the carpentry supply place on the south side of town. There was a car parked out front with a bumper sticker that read, “What would Jesus bomb?” This may have been in reference to Daniel 11:31, Armed Forces shall move at his command. There was an older man standing next to the car. He looked like a Vietnam vet, longish hair and mustache. While not wearing fatigues, he looked fatigued, tired of the dam shit. I told him that “Jesus” would bomb the dams, simultaneously ridding life of its greatest impediment, that which they were fighting over (control of the dam valve) the dam and ditch machine that produces the war rations, those for whoring men’s weaponized feed and the bombs themselves. Five “birds” with one “stone”. That’s what “Jesus” would bomb. Seemed like he knew and had no counterpoint to my answer to the question.

The only question for me was when to leave for NY. As I had the location figured, timing is everything. As I made way for the last few years with my valise, which worked flawlessly when I found it in the trash, the latches began to malfunction and occasionally one of the latches would open. When and where it did this was noteworthy and insightful. I had set up a situation in my mind whereby if both latches “popped” simultaneously... I’d know, heads up! One night as I pretty much hit the last of places in town, again, both latches popped and the lid case opened up. I always carry the valise with the cover towards my leg or the bike so as not to dump the contents, it only happened once... as I stepped up into Pack Square in the center of Asheville. Time to pack and go investigate the food thing (sabe). I filled out the back of 50 or so business cards and raced around town in the wee hours of the morning, putting them on fire hydrants chains, **FLOW**, took a nap and started packing.

I was ready to leave my studio and head to the Greyhound station. I tried to close the last open old style sash weight window but the humidity of an Asheville November had caused it to stick shut. I still had pretty much plenty of time and the tools to close the window but after several minutes had concluded that if I applied any more force to the stuck window it was gonna crack the glass. I thought about the weather (just getting frosty) and the duration of the ideal length of this businessman’s holyday (just a week, maybe 10 days I thought tops) and decided the pipes likely wouldn’t freeze and not to worry about it. See ya.

For my most enlightening strike ever on 10/10/2010 at 9:10 PM I bought a ticket seat 10, baggage claim #---10, receipt #---10... departure time 10:10 PM to Manhattan via Knoxville and Wytheville. We stopped at the Waynesville Greyhound and I reinforced the “idea” with postings that were observed. The bus pulled into Knoxville and I tried “hanging out” with “Bubbles”, the former army medic that I worked with on the Pigeon River but it didn’t work out. He wasn’t interested in

getting “involved” with anything I was doing but did agree to hold on to some of my stuff for a time so I could “hit” Knoxville light, quick and easily.

I started disseminating my info just around the corner from the bus station at the scrap yard (likely ally) and was sliding the same info into a crack in the miller’s place across the street (less approachable but still potential ally) when a Knoxville police officer pulled up in his SUV and shed some light on the subject. He was an older officer and explained to me that it was illegal to disseminate information to businesses in Knoxville. I didn’t argue with him. So what you’re saying is that I can only give the info to “government” organizations and churches. Thanks for the recommendation. He wasn’t so sure about this but left.

After hittin’ the Knoxville warehouse good distribution site or whatever I went to a church with a graveyard that had native trees and bushes and slid the info in the delivery drop slot. Nearby was a graffiti that looked, at first glance, like two yellow smiley faces but upon closer inspection looked a lot more like two yellow skulls and crossbones. From this sign, if one looked, another almost identical graffiti sign could be seen almost out of view. When I walked over to the next one it looked even less like a pair of smiley faces and from this one a block or so away another one could be seen and I followed the increasingly more skull like graffiti to a back alley where if one went back into would find to yellow skull and cross bones across from the back door of an unmarked building that had all appearances of a sewer pump lift station. I was dressed in my Manhattan underwear or second from the top layer black burglar outfit, folded up ski mask and black fingertips cut off gloves and black domino with sunglasses. The black night water bomber/Dutch cat burglar. Just as I delivered the flyer into the crack of the door, half a dozen cops/officers come rolling into the dark back alley guns drawn. A “citizen” had seen me alive in town and made the call.

I “still” had enough gear with me (props) to create an educational opportunity for this mixture of good and bad cops and law enforcement officers. I took over the pack quickly and shortly was left to my cause with the advice not to wear my sunglasses in Knoxville at night because it was illegal. A few blocks away as I departed one of the officers cruised by and said I could wear my sunglasses if I wanted to. This towns got a real bad lighting problem and a tinted blue pumped concrete “river”. I made my way back towards the Greyhound station. I was working the corner watching the beginnings of rush hour on an off day when I noticed the second largest building in town (the T.V.A., my target for the day was the tallest) was on fire. A tremendous volume of black smoke was coming out of the roof as if the whole building was a huge smokestack.

I kinda chuckled a little bit here as I don’t really enjoy watching the existing structures damaged because in today’s world they just fix it, it consumes even more energy and causes more damage to the environment **but it does make an impression**. I’d seen this stuff many times upon my “arrival” in town, call it par for the course. Go Go Godzilla. After, a minute or two I realized the rest of Knoxville, those driving around in their insulated containers didn’t see the fire, so I called 911. Structure fire! I was the only one to call so far and this was interesting considering it had been burning for a while and it was a big fire in the middle of town. Anyway, they sent all the hook and ladder trucks out that were available. Every one of them drove past, the last one pulled up to the stop sign, the driver rolled down his window and told me, “The heating and air condition unit suffered some kind of water related short, technically it wasn’t a structure fire”. Oh, well.

As I walked around town largely avoiding the Veterans Day parade but jay walking in front of the ambulances, it began to distinctly smell of raw sewage. It got bad. No one else seemed to complain. That morning I only delivered one flyer to one place, as if I knew exactly where it was. A museum now, the old TVA building, gave the message to an Air Force “Kernal” (Colonel, over here in the States they don’t pronounce the word colon hell) who met me at the door. Later in the day I hit up the #9 fire house and had a picnic across the street in the shady grassy spot in front of the church with a water fountain. From this street, Hillcrest, I began my “Easter Bunny Trail” of business cards and flyers down to the TVA building. The fire chief met me at the bottom of the TVA building’s stairs

when he pulled up in a red truck (melting nice to have backup/witness) as I ascended them into the courtyard. I'd already sent the info in the mail a few times. I'd emailed it. Now you suckers are getting it hand delivered and I told you I was coming. I left the idea on the table with a pack of Virginia Tahoe smokes.

When I met back up with my acquaintance "Bubbles", he thought I needed **help** and recommended this to some cops, including a gorgeous blonde Knoxville ho with a badge pushin' the devil's dust pharmorecutiekill pills (typical scenario) I'm not a threat to myself or others. This is an understatement, in fact quite the opposite. I told them and they eventually gave up trying to give me some **help**. Also, while in possession of my stuff, Paul, who swore I needed pharmoresuetokill pills for my "condition" stole or misplaced my actual herbal remedy that I was counting on not only for my "senses" but to keep from getting too steamed in NYC, thanks jerk. Other than that, it looked like all systems were go, big.

In the whee hours of the morning when I got off the bus in Whytheville?, VA it was chilly and damp. The fog was super thick as I made my way down to the New River and Austinville (the original) whistling the theme song from "The Andy Griffith Show" during the hour the beer drinkers are trying to "can't find my way home". A concerned "citizen" made the call and I casually held out my thumb looking to hitch a ride from the shareriff as he responded. After inquiring where I was headed (Jackson Ferry) the deputy offered me a lift. Sure, as long as I don't have to get in the trunk [and climbed in the back seat]. He's back. We drove past Jackson Ferry and he let me out at a wooden cross along the side of the road. Is the schoolhouse up the hill a ways? [in the other direction to confirm my whereabouts to myself and the officer even though there was no doubt]. He said it was and I headed down to the Wood River.

Underneath Jack's sons ferry house was where I had buried or stashed a basic escape kit, including an atlas, a dictionary, a biology book, the sinking of the Titanic, a history of World War I (including the train car "final" episode) cooking gear, a blanket and my assault Manhattan outfit, the ocean blue Delf 3XL/4XL hoody with two crosses on either arm, 2 grim reapers on the lower back, a pair of angel wings on the back shoulders and a message in front of splattered yellow paint that read something like "Pray and pray and pray and blah blah blah ...". Cool I thought, my gear is still here as I grabbed the jacket, Craftsman hex wrench set and left the rest. I quickly sewed "The Devil Made Me Do It" patch on the left jacket lapel. This I'd scored at a nearby town of Woodlawn yard sale when I was last at large in the area approximately a year and a half before. I took a nap after overseeing my dominion (part of the Michigan to Florida highway) I77.

I was up at the crack of dawn and hatched a scheme to further infiltrate the local law enforcement crew, plus, I wanted a ride back to the Greyhound bus station. A summer and a half ago the "citizens" of the local area were obviously on high alert looking to terminate any de-whorse the new land idea. They "made the call" all day and night long as I strolled through the area picking up plastic trash, removing exotic plant species, planting fruit, vegetable and herb gardens, trying to reestablish native fauna and delivering my undam the planet message while unsuccessfully hitchhiking headed the "wrong way" along the left lane carrying 120 pounds in a black K2 backpack and two blue Samsonite suitcases, for fun. That was the correct thing to do.

This time I positioned myself just under the bridge spanning the river and a local road faking an accident. I splayed out my gear along the roadside and lay down with a foot in the road and pretended to have either been hit by a car or fallen off the overpass. Nobody that drove by would offer any assistance, not even the school bus driver who at least slowed down and opened the door to at least check or something. I waited to see if any "cops" would show. Nobody responded, there was no 911 call. So, I reached in my pocket and made the call, several, myself. I told the dispatcher about the suspected injured man along the road and said my name was Bob Simmons, Steve Austin, Austin Powers, Mrs. Sizemore... and recommended they send the sheriff. They showed up and I quickly rose, explained the situation from last year, told 'em about this morning's scam that exposed the

uncaringness of the local “citizen”, gave them the flyer and asked for a ride into town. Suddenly, they got a worse call, apologized and extricated themselves from...

I’d warned them about what would happen if I did the correct thing and made way towards my destination as they climbed in their cruiser. As I pedestriated up the road they must have started getting a lot of calls because the Virginia State Police met me at the store a ways up the road as I was finishing my biscuit breakfast sandwich with extra tomatoes. They said I had to go. I gave them a piece of my mind and relocated to the fire hydrant in front of the parked school bus a few yards up the road. I used the hydrant as a back rest as I pulled out my address book and got the phone # for the local taxi service. With the officer overseeing the whole affair I blew my orange seahorse whistle at every passing car on the dam road.

I’d gotten a pair of what I call “flip up/down, clip on Elvis shades” at the Flying J Store and sat there along the interstate watching a trucking company parade an unusual device in front of me. I was outfitted for Manhattan. Know shit. “The One Eyed Jawa Eskimo Penguin” (big hoody, dominoe and lit cigarette).

At night when in urban or lit settings, especially indoors, I like to have the option to block various or all wavelengths. I prefer blue mirror glass Hobie’s. 4 eyes? Add clip on flip ups or wear over sunglasses, 6 eyes. Get two different clip ons, 8 eyes. Light influences brain activity, not mine if I don’t want it to. Who knows who modulates the lighting in some of these houses of horrors and terrorasses (St., Ave.) and for what or to what end? Bright lights at night cause pupils to constrict allowing for less info to enter. One could wear 8 eyes, close one eye and take in light from the pinhole gap between the frame and one’s nose into the other eye. Eye protection can be nice sometimes. Others might not be aware what one is focusing on visually. Also, if one gets into a confrontation with an entity, individual or group, the one who is wearing shades appears to be taking in less info, the “shaded ones” pupils are more open though. If “shady” drops the lenses, for some time, with the likely more open pupils, former shady takes in more info than others present. This info difference can be valuable. Keep in mind one can always wear shades and tip one’s head up (blocking overhead light) and look under the shades (taking in the info) or vice versa.

I took notes on makes, models and license plate #'s the whole way up, wow what a convoy! I picked up a yellow and green pair of D.C. Lottery “scoretaker style” (short) golf pencils in the ashtray in front of the D.C. Greyhound and slid them in my “The Devil Made Me Do It” patch/badge/pencil holder on my left lapel.

Christchurch November 13, 2010 earthquake.

I pulled into NY’s Port Authority midnight Nov. 13, 2010. I changed my socks and underwear/washed up and took a nap. When I got up I traded a pack of smokes for \$15 to \$20 worth of Metro cards to somebody who said they were leaving town and didn’t want them. I hit the streets about 4:30 AM, trash pickup time. In the weeks preceding my arrival I’d made repeated attempts at communication through letters and postcards to various New Jersey waste management operations. A man I used to go to high school with, Josh Kessler worked in this operation and his father was way high up in NJ waste management. I addressed the envelopes containing handwritten letters, flyers and postcards with Kessler Sr. and Jr’s names C/O the various operations with a synopsis of the included info on the back of the envelopes with <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> address. I make it intriguing, so even if the operations can’t get the message to Sr. or Jr. (for whatever reason) everybody who touches the envelope can have the info.

I deliberately rigged the flyer to easily win power and influence within waste management because I know this is conventionally how to begin “twisting the arm of town” behind their back. #6. Riding a bicycle is an extremely advanced maneuver, I recommend salvaging one from the trash pile. In fact, the dump is the new mine, wave to false idol that the ohms who work there taking notes built at the top. I know they appreciate this idea, its big money and reduces the environmental damage associated with virgin mined materials. Plus, the easy to mine stuff is dug up already anyway.

I couldn't find a word about Josh Kessler on the internet, in addition to working for waste management he's an accomplished guitar player and it's weird that he's MIA from a goggle search. Anyway, once again, when pulling the rug out from under the antigovernment the likely counter threat or dead end would be for the government to hire the Mob to toss ya in a New Jersey landfill. My countermeasure included starting by winning power and influence with NJWM and working my way to the M.O.B. and towards the antigovernment. I know all the right people for this, life set me up, I'm taking full advantage of my contacts, for life. Anyone could and you'd better start, doing this. Feel free to send the Banzai... flyer as expressed on wordpress. One could even personalize it, although I don't recommend changing the main ideas. Be sure to put your full name and address on it with signature. Why not? You'd be stupid not to. It works better with someone's or multiple names on the envelope front. Once again, the <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> address (I arrange mine in the shape of a meat hook, fish hook or sword) works great on the back along with your personal thoughts on the matter. Feel free to be intimidating but threatening is illegal. "Dynaflow Dienomo", works well.

I stepped out of Port Authority as a dump truck was approaching picking up trash, the likely Sicilians saw me, made eye contact, quit picking up the trash and took off. I headed south towards Washington Square Park via Madison Garden handing out the flyer to any waste management trucks continuing to pick up the trash, consolidating my grip. When I got to Madison Garden (bunch of buildings) I released a few mature caterpillars I'd brought in from Asheville, metamorphasize, in front of the U.S. Post Office, along with flyers I'd arranged to some bushes out front kinda like Christmas ornaments. If the humans aren't interested, I make deals with bugs or at least communicate the idea in a larger sense, it's an intricate, creative message delivery scheme I operate.

I got the timing down of the crosswalks, it's cool to step into the traffic as it changes to "walk", on time, a step ahead of the New Yorkers. Looks like ya know what you're doing. Keep looking up and all around like a typical tourist in NY this adds to the effect. I stopped at a small green market and tried out the idea. They were nervous, typical of dam and ditch, drain the well dry farmers. Many of the city's storefronts were decorated with useless pumpkins. I had a Jack O' Lantern puffy sticker on the brim of my Burt Garnsey's headboat fishing operation "SEAMIST III" black hat.

As I travelled across town I became aware of what looked like double decker tourist buses emblazed with a vampire movie advertisement, vampire tourist transportation, this was extremely fitting as my flyer details this vampire problem, it's practically one of the main ideas. I headed to the "Rabbit and the Moon" restaurant/bar right off the bat. The "Year of the Rabbit" is just around the corner and it's guaranteed to be lunacy. I entered the place with the intention of making a reservation (not needed) at the same time one of the characters workin' there was coming out the storage cellar door which is on the floor just inside the front door. He kinda looked like a character out of "Alice and Wonderland". I caught the "rabbit" coming out of the hole.

I decided to throw my hat in the ring, run for president or something. I'd pretty much figured out that the best way I could approach the undam the planet's rivers idea with forced water collection and a new shit can was to present the idea under the guise or even actually in pursuit of a political position. There didn't really seem like there was any better way to do it. Obviously, in this nation, the place to "come out" to undam the world's rivers is Washsintown Square Park NYC. The worst sounding group I've ever heard's playing near the concrete pumped dam fountain, completely and deliberately out of tune, out of time, they can't get it together, the drummer wears an umbrella hat. One of the main "shticks" I perform while making way is literally tuning up the band, I'm very, very good at this. I make this real obvious and go as far to read all the words on the back of their machines and then take note of the bands' sole protection. I didn't even really try all that on this band because they let me know I wasn't gonna be able to do it and when I did the band got worse which was... a set up.

I began collecting signatures to the effect at the chess tables on the N.E. side of the park. I offered signatorees, with two current forms of I.D., a single cigarette in exchange for their petition to

get me on the ballet. In a town with \$13 packs of smokes, I'd brought, fresh from the mountains, several cartons of Pall Mall reds and Pall Mall blues, Riverside reds and Riverside greens. I was smoking the Tahoes. I didn't bring any Marlboros or Newports. I encouraged people to get the idea and cautioned or explained to them an idea where potentially one, while not being able to make a deal with a particular person or get them to cooperate/become conscience, may be able to make a deal with the unaware, unreasonable, nonstewardly person's mitochondria (the separate entity, "engine" inside their cells) and fix the problem easier, quicker and more efficiently, for the best for life. The mitochondria recognize the potential of the reviere idea.

While realizing the Mob had largely fled (to regroup) New Yoke I set about visiting every pizza place with pictures of Hollywood mobsters on the wall, every Italian deli/restaurant, Catholic church and construction site I came to, demanding the M.O.B., making it real obvious. Look out boy duck! The biggest attention getter or way that really seemed to get the point across was to casually step out of say a restaurant and go over to the window front and find the waste management company decal displayed that identified who serviced the area, not the new waste management companies, the old stickers or decals, from before. Write this address down. The proprietors would come running out of the store, wiping their hands off in worry, "No! Don't talk to them! No! You don't want to talk to them!" Townfolk are stupid suckers, they really sell it. Next thing I'm the center of attention.

While collecting signatures to the effect/affect, what looked like the last hustler in Manhattan sat down next to me, a possible stool pigeon with vision. I'd told everyone for years I was rounding up the New York Mob for backup on an assault on the untouchables in Chicago. Now, sitting next to me, is a character that looks more like the white linen wearing U.S. Trunk Co. valaise carrying character that climbed up the staircase and caused Sean Connery's Malone to "die screaming like a stuck Irish pig" in a tub of dam reservoir water with his dam and ditch monocultural beverage on a flush toilet, than Billy Drago's interpretation of Francesco Raffaele "Frank the Enforcer" Nitto/Nitti in "The Untouchables". I got the case and white suit. "The Enforcer" looked like he may have had a little Irish in him. He was selling Newports, two for a dollar, one for a dollar or one for two dollars, depending on who the potential client was, like hotcakes. I of course, didn't want to move in on his profit, sell him short (with my cigarette for a signature trade) or cut his throat. There was practically no interest in my smokes anyway. No interest in free smokes in Manhattan, not really. Most of the characters who showed interest in my trade had no I.D., so I wouldn't let 'em sign the petition, no smoke. Most people just wanted to smoke Newports at any cost.

I was sitting there, fixing my flip up sunglasses with the tools of the trade, an ice pick (clean, relatively painless, quick) a stainless steel braided wire garrotte (silent) a scallop knife (improves separation) and a few other things. I was cutting up a yellow D.C. lottery pencil and pushing out the graphite. "The enforcer" asked if I was interested in a chess lesson for \$5. I told him not really but agreed to pay him for a lesson in chess and told him I was gonna set up, what's known as the strongest defensive position, a (no principle) pyramid scheme, pawns in a wedge, castled king at the bottom next to a rook, hiding behind the church (the bishop) with a horse out front and take note on how he attacked, overwhelmed and toppled the scheme. I was in a sense setting up the architect's scheme "The enforcer" is answering the call of to see how it'd topple its own scheme.

We played three real quick games (as rapidly as I could move my pieces, with no thought towards winning) at which point I decided I'd seen how he'd do it (it took that long for him to pull the dame out, which was my point) **very sharply**. He declared he required payment of \$20. This is 4 times the agreed upon rate, yet vente. I made sure he wanted a Jackson (the back of the bills all collar home) he did. I slipped him a twenty. It's lesson repeatedly is it's a liar, misrepresents the truth and/or will snooker me (you) but if it shadow's me everywhere and shows up wearing ridiculously intimidating skin suits (which doesn't bother me but others might take note of) I'm willing to pay it more is my response as it's the best back up I'm gonna get. Even though it's somewhat crass I'm considering getting pictures of these clone doppelganger pirates or yo yo's answering the arcitects call

in their costumed skin suits and booking 'em as it may be the only way to get some dam fluidification participation from them.

Immediately another character (looked like he was Chicago construction) approached me about teaching me how to play a game based around the building or collection of boxes, a box building game. I told him I knew what he was talking about (the same thing I was alluding to with the other jack, a dam home solution to the slacker shed) but wasn't interested, really, in building boxes at this time. It looked like I was rounding up the Chicago Mob in Manhattan. I had drawn a great amount of awareness leading up to this, and the seemingly intelligent characters were certainly taking note, spooky. "The Enforcer" is intimidating enough without sitting next to me sharing trade skills.

Several blocks southeast of Washington Square Park is the creepiest church I've ever seen. It looks like a haunted Victorian gothic castle. Out front of the place along the road are parked cars with the worst possible connotative license plate #'s. Pedestriating past the heinous thing I make way in front of two wraith zombie looking dikes enraptured with each other. They're leaning up on the black iron 3 1/2 foot fence surrounding the spooky church, writhing together like two snakes making loath to each other with their dark clothes on.

As we head into this tale, know I'm not prejudiced against lesbians, eat fruit and fish on a naturally flowing river system planet with collective productive structures, do what you want sexually\* I've discovered it can be exciting to watch. But I'm certainly a teasing instigator who insists on delivering the solution. I pass saying, punch a hole in the dam dike nearest you. Upon this recommendation the two zombie dikes "decopulated" enraged and made as if to assault me for my clever demand, almost like they were on autopilot from elsewhere. They appeared rabid, I didn't even want to get scratched by them. I turned, faced my assailants and continued easterly course just walking backwards. Moving faster, the two dikes closed the gap.

From the notes I've taken, when assaulted by two creeps, often it's to my advantage to take out the second creep having fallen back in the charge who is likely the dominate of the two, the one up front is subservient to the #2 creep. I've learned not to defend myself as the attacker gets hurt bad, so I either attack or retreat. I's carrying a load, lessened in my ability to quickly retreat and unwilling to surrender my gear. I suckered the lead assailant into thinking I'd faltered, she increased speed coming in on me. I "recovered" and began stepping towards the two.

With the first I barely touched her, pulling, upsetting her balance and fingertip swung/pushed her to the side and past me as I wound my big red Don Bee case back and up in a windmill fashion, carrying arm straight out above my head (how the #2 dike didn't see this coming proves they were... something wrong with them, either drugged and/or programmed to take a fall) and down full force impacting with the sensitive neck pinch point (where "Spock" and "Austin Powers" get ya) between her shoulders and head. Dead center with the sweet spot of the case. You had to see the instant shocked consious look on her face at impact, how she collapsed into a parked car and flowed fluidly down into the gutter. I'll never forget it.

I perceived an automobile coming from the east, witness driving by in what looked like a red Bonneville as I turned to meet the snarling rage of the first assailant who'd recovered and was viciously charging towards me. I wound up the case like a windmill as I stepped to the side avoiding her charge and pummeling the attacker, missing the bullseye and not hitting her with the sweet spot of the case but evidently dislocating her left shoulder. I continued back peddling east trying to retreat but the obviously injured dike, madder than ever, charged me again.

I wound up the red Don Bee case like a windmill (it's not like you can't see it coming and if you want to avoid getting hit don't attack) and hit the enraged wraith zombie dike again, even harder and closer to the mark than the first time, impacting on the top left side of her head. She went bezerk! The rage exhibited indescribable as she dropped to a knee, yet barely recovering to continue attack, launching herself at me snarling. I wound up case again and hit her with the sweet spot likely breaking her collar bone. She went down on the concrete, apparently in shock and pain but continued to barely



make way towards me in a slow flow fashion, her mean snarl having turned to an upset whimper with fluid loss (tears) as I departed the something to see scenario.

Coming to at the East River baseball bench if one looks over the river towards the Dominoe sugar building, towards 4<sup>th</sup> and Kent, the huge graffiti reads, "BONES". A couple of Scottish and English (the "enforcers" buddies) met me one after the other at the soccer field near the Willamette Bridge. They were aware who I was. Sorry mates for my poor attitude, as you could see the new Merrill (English) boots I'm wearing are too waterproof (tell Q) my soles had swollen from excess moisture to nearly splitting my sole, this matched exactly my feeling for the currentless dam shiddy world trade off situation. Again, my apologies but I stole a line from ya, "Scotch souled" that was a good one, you all must have checked ancestry.com. I am Scotch souled, French underground, Deutch mafia married into the Japanese MOB.

For some reason I keep showing up at the East River just as the police boat circling Manhattan flying a black flag motors past. I found a piece of monofilament line and took the opportunity to wash my feet, change my socks and tie the used socks to the line and wash them in the river while pretending to fish, advanced Chinese laundry. I slowly made my way down the ditch washing my socks disguised as a fisherman. Practically the only people fishing are Chinese. They weren't catching anything, looked like they should have eaten the bait. The most interesting character I ran into was using hex nuts he found on the side of the road instead of lead weight. Observe youth howling like sirens when police cruisers appear in NYC creating a situation where apparently humans walking a (to) ruin in New Yoke are howling like sirens as if they were luring each other to doom, they are.

I figured if I couldn't get herbs in Washington Square Park the next best spot was probably pier 67. I was calling for Mayflower smoking hemp rope and a huge black clone doppelgänger pirate or yo yo answering the architects call motioned that I should follow, so I did, back several streets away from the East River but he deliberately sped up and lost me. At this point (between the be lack "man" and sin ho "man") to spare ink I'll give to the cronies from "NIMH" (the clone doppelgänger pirates) an acronym, C.D.P.'s. Back at the water I thought an older bald Chinese C.D.P. might hook me up but he just led me to the place I'd envisioned I was going to, where the old sailing ships tie up and disappeared himself.

There was a small sailboat and a man who said he was a researcher working amidst some dive gear on the deck. I took this to mean he'd been diving the wheel to unfoul the fishing gear that was entangled in it and used this correct assumption to start a conversation with him. I gave him the 2 minute version and he looked at me incredulously trying to make sense of the obvious. There was something "wrong" with the picture and I asked him about the out of place dozen bunch of blue balloons and one real buoy lying amidship on his deck. He said a person dressed as a clown (another C.D.P.) moments before I showed up, came down to the dock and dropped them on his deck. One real buoy (boy) huh? Perhaps life is trying to tell you something. He couldn't seem to figure out what it was. This kind of stuff, the delivery of my message to a location coinciding with another entity presenting a seemingly related idea is one method of the "double chevron", one two punch attack method I think is very effective. Just spooks the humans though, causing them to bury their heads deeper in the sand. It's apparent an entity or group is attempting to influence events around me.

I made my way down to Wall St. and the biggest "hit" thus far in my life with no herbs. When I got to the marina that was flying a black POW/MIA flag at the end of the dock I stopped and waited till it got a little later. A homefree man had left some of his collected valuables (he had a practically identical suit to mine in a flexible cooler) at the end of an unused berth's walkway. I was looking for a place to stash my rubberized Sealine bag and lighten my load for the hit job. The homefree man (guess who) showed up, an older fellow who looked like he may have once been a suckcesspool Wall St. trader who'd fallen from "grace" into better times.

I tried to score some herbs from him but he explained that was virtually impossible with "the way things were" in New Yoke nowadays. He confided to me that he had a few "roaches" though but

they weren't the good herbs. He said the brokers on Wall St. were at present smoking rerolled tobacco with a bamboo stick in it and the thing was dipped in horse tranquilizer. The brokers were getting these from the Chinese in Chinatown and he knew which ashtrays had the "best" ones. He'd collected several and I exchanged a few sips of Gran Mariner Lapostolle for a toke. I held it in my lungs and everything. There's only one way to know what's really going on and I wanted to know what it was like to be a Wall St. broker just weeks before they sold the NYSE to a bunch of Germmin led Yourapeeon investors, "the takeover gang", with assistance (of course) from underground China.

All this took place over a coupell of ours and the most obvious thing I observed from the Wall St. East River dock was the claxon that sounded every 10 minutes or so, seemingly on schedule, that preceded a garage door opening from above and a black, tinted window, private limo/hearst that exited from Wall St. underground. It was creepy and I got the feeling the souls in the vehicles were "dead" or actually dead. I asked the homefree man about this, as he surely knew what was going on. His eyes just got big and he tilted his head over 30 degrees while parting his lips and inhaling subtly.

Here I am occupying Wall Street weeks before the dam fools begin there "occupy Wall Street" protests that did nothing but avoid communicating about undamming the rivers for starters and amounted to clearing the nations parks of those unwilling to pay for the dam shiddy bills because the homefree were splayed out in the nations urban parks everywhere and as the occupy Wall Street protests occurred, the idiots living at the parks were coerced (by the C.D.P.'s and dam fool humans) into the protests and were practically the only fools arrested. This created fear amongst the rest of the potentially homefree/regular stiffs that resulted in them continuing to bite the bulle.t., dam it, shed it and flush it all down the tubes (pay for the dam bills) destroying the natural system that supports them to not get arrested living in the park.

I proceeded to disseminate my flyers and business cards tranquilized. I'm glad I got the thinnest paper copies of the flyer I've ever found in my life from the Chinese drugstore for 6 cents (when I tried to pay for the copies the cashier let me know I previously had been given a fake {counterfet} \$20 change in New Yoke) as just as I suspected, these are the tightest doors I've ever found. Tiffany's is **tight**, everything fit perfectly though. I hit everything on Wall St., 2 blocks south (the old money) and a block north. After the first block of Wall St. I stopped at the corner and "reloaded" pulling more flyers and business cards from my case. As I was kneeling on the ground the 2 hottest C.D.P. horses in NY, draped in shampoo and conditioner, absolute perphestion, accosted me and offered to buy me a beer if only I'd accompany them to the bar. Nice try, I took this to mean I was "on fire", for sure. I politely (as I could) declined and tried to give them my information but they weren't interested. I had a near breakdown emotionally when I discovered a building that had gone out of their way to incorporate an ocean themed idea (Neptune, mermaids, fish, and what not) into their façade. The tranquilizer wore off.

The ocean themed place was closed, out of business, and this is what I've found with every place of this nature in every town. The ocean is perceived as a "dead end". This would be true and then some if this dam shiddy abortion scheme were maintained but don't worry (act) there's no way it could be maintained and those who try to will be yanked out the gene pool forever. Most the present human souls don't like the sea or reviere and this is expressed in the out of business for those who put forth an ocean or river themed idea. I hit Chase hard.

When I got to the west end of Wall St. on the south side is the Japanese Sudoku Bank. They had cordoned off the building with temporary security fences, as if they could add it up and were aware I was coming. I think the façade was getting touched up. I was in the process of tucking my flyer in the corner security fence post when a cop came up and began harassing me, threatening me with arrest as if I was a vagrant (I was wearing \$2,000 worth of clothes) or a trip to the "crazy house". Within a minute a C.D.P. police officer showed up and told his desert storm trooper "partner" to cool his jets, "He's just another nut". Then the officer with a knowing expression and a grin said, "Make sure you hit Trinity at the end of the street as you leave". Yes officer, I intend to. "I'm sure you do."

I wacked Trinity, “the father, the son, and the holy ghost”. Guess what ass clowns? Keep mumbo jumboing long enough, bugging the choir boys, leading the flock down the dam broad innocent road for your bread (dam sheddy flushtoile.t.) money and... Trinity shows up at your door, to give you “the signal” in case that’s what you were waiting for, perhaps legitlamely, in your encouragement of a head long dive into **DOOM!** We could have solved this problem decades ago. Just keep clicking the heels of your rue by red slippers together and see what life has in for you, stained glass blocking out the light from within your perverted structure.

I went across the street to wet my lips and light up a cigar in celebration of a successful hit and when I opened my red Don Bee case the N.C. Partigras cigar “jumped” out of the box. Which means... give the other NY bought cigar and a shot of Grande Mariner to the street sweeper man while sharing info, then get breakfast and keep charging hard. No time to rest now, we’re on the southside. I flooded the point of this island all the while taking notes on the creepy alien to this space plants and skin suits.

At one point I identified a skin job that, if there are space aliens on this surface, “he” was one for sure. He was giving a “lecture” or leading a guided tour with what looked like perhaps a half dozen other skin jobs. I just casually walked straight up to this clown and gave him a piece of my mind. I forgot exactly what it was I told him, but I just let “consciousness” stream. You’re from the \_\_\_\_\_ solar system in the \_\_\_\_\_ galaxy! What the f\*(k are you doing down here? You know the “Star Trek” rules. With that this character looked or shined pure terror from within, without really showing it on his face, too much, that I’ve never seen a Homo sapiens able to do and asked as he inhaled deeply, “How do you know?” How the f\*(k do you think I know sucker? There’s only one man who would know, you know who, I am. “He” turned and fled in a full speed run, as if he could ever get away from me.

I suspect these types have been anticipating my appearance for a **lot** longer than people and doubly have given up or quit worrying about me showing up to a greater degree than you all. I’ve never seen anyone flee from my presentation like this. Bull’s eye, exactimundo, such is the case. I crafted this ability over a **long** period of time and even “carried the bucket” for or studied with “The Reality Thief”, the best man at this skill (consuming another’s consciousness and spitting it back out at them verbatim/mindreading) probably in the known universe. Durn it feels good to be a gangster.

I decided to try and hit the United Nations building on this day in broad daylight (likely pandemonium) which is ballsy even for me. I went to the SE ferry terminal with the intention of catching what I’d already determined was a “fishy” ferry to Hunter Point where the U.N. is located. In one of supposedly the most populated, busy cities in the world one would think the brand new looking blue ferries would have some passengers. I mean if they weren’t swinging a lively business, why would they purchase/install new ones? On what grounds? Cause guess what? There was hardly a soul on any of them at any hour and the skin suits going and coming off had a soul free vibe. Yet here I am ready to climb aboard like a bucan with depth perception if need be. I took my time, sitting out front of the place, casing the joint and the passengers (or lack of) all the while watching the seemingly busy blue helicopter pad another block to the south.

I bought a ticket on a ferry and seeing how I had several minutes decided to brush my teeth and change my socks and underwear in the restroom. While I was purchasing my ticket, all I could think was somebody was outside fooling around/messing with my stuff, that somebody was putting fecal material on my toothbrush which was in my case that I left outside. When I went outside there was a vampire/wraith like couple sitting next to my stuff and it appeared I’d interrupted whatever it was they were in the process of doing or thinking of doing. I grabbed what I wanted and went into the restroom where I brushed my teeth. I went into the stall, closed the door and changed my socks and underwear taking what I call a “Puerto Rican shower” which is just a wet handkerchief bath. It feels good, and it’s important to periodically get the largest portion of salt and oil off your skin or wash and reoil, as extreme discomfort and skin related health issues can result without at least some attention to hygiene.

Just as I finished tying my shoes up and began to exit the toilet stall a late middle aged Puerto

Rican woman, the janitor I think, charged into the men's room and then my stall screaming hysterically. She sprayed what I think was a cleaning chemical in my face (I was wearing 2 layers of eye protection and held my breath) then she turned, still screaming hysterically and ran out, locking the men's room door as she left. I was approached by what appeared to be the "management" as I left the men's room looking for management. I was like what the? He acted befuddled and said my ticket was cancelled, my \$6 or \$7 purchase price was to be refunded in the mail (never got the ferry refund delivered) and I was to buy another ticket.

Another new window opened and I was directed to purchase another ticket from an extremely pleasant, seemingly nonthreatening, very aware, intelligence woman who in addition to all that was way, way too professional to be a ferry ticket seller. She said, "We're not part of, we're separate from that organization", meaning the "other" regular blue ferry thing. Not that I couldn't tell. I bought another ticket, just because... I knew I wasn't getting on the next boat anyway, simple misdirection. I'd figured out "something" was going on here for sure. I couldn't imagine solving the dam shiddy dilemma on a hop to Hunter's Point on a rigged trip, so I decided to head that way on foot, through Chinatown, collecting clues and taking notes.

I didn't disseminate a lot a flyers and business cards in Chinatown, a few, just not many. The piece "Banzai, Bonsai, Bond's Eye" isn't written in Asian (just kidding) the title is to terrifying and intimidating for most Pacific Rim Asians, of course that's why I wrote it that way. Americans (north and south) West Asians, Europeans and Africans don't really get how "scary" it is. These characters do. I don't want them to panic, humans are dangerous when they do en mass. They'll trample ya. If they knew Yi in a new skin suit was literally my father in law and that I'm tight with Kato (and some of them do perceive this) it's just too scary for them in general.

Although I certainly don't hide it, I transmit the idea in a completely different style. I "pantomime" even though it's not a pantomime at all, it just looks like it or something unrecognizable to nonEast Asians, pulling two swords (I don't need shields) from behind my shoulders like an "immortal warrior" and I "throw" these "swords" or ideas down the street/along the way at different speeds in time with a tempo that I visually express by the dancing like action, as I pull invisible swords, daggers and what not out of every conceivable location of myself and sling 'em in different directions taking note all the while who and which characters among the thousands in the street pause or "heads up"/interrupt their routine as the idea "passes" by them, acknowledge it, usually by looking at me, on time and responding with a "I hear you, loud and clear" type signal.

I worked my way through the menagerie of NY's Chinatown inquiring about a little of this spice or a buying a bunch of leeches and pomegranates (Punica granatum) from the street side vendors, pretty much expressing what I wanted out of them by what I bought in what # and my refusal of the ubiquitous red plastic bag. I've got a leather antique red Don Bee case, I don't want your rue plastic bag, I want delicious product forever from the "community". In one place I went in the shop and picked out a ginseng root that was shaped exactly like a headless human. The woman minding the store, trying to pretend she wasn't watching me like a hawk, quickly slapped it out of my hand and back into the bin sharply saying in Chinese, "You can't have this one, it's not for your consumption, not for you". She was surely a little more than superstitious. She knew who I was though, I'm not allowed to make tea with headless ginseng root. Just teasing and of course taking note of how aware these people are of who I am.

I went into a Vietnamese restaurant "Sun Garden" (I think) for supper. With the animated film playing on the t.v. (a bunch of yo's trying to mop up a flooded restaurant) there wasn't much I had to add to complete my idea. Nobody seemed to be watching it though, engaging in meal time conversation with their tablemates, this was about the most normal place I went into in NY, which is still horrifying for me, a normal dam and destroy crowd. I began by ordering #23 and working my way through a few items along with a coconut tea beverage while I colored in a few flyers and filled out the handwritten backside of my business cards. What looked like a powerful member of the S.E. Asian

Mafia (C.D.P.) entered, stood by the front door and watched me. I figured he'd show up, probably wants to be a "doorman".

The overall impression or main idea most the "average" (sharp) fruit vendors and what not expressed to me was, "What are you, stupid, ignorant, naïve or just a plain dam fool"? Of course, typically this is my line. I knew the idea, specifically, they were getting at, without saying it. Asian people are more likely to admit they can read what's written on the flyer folded up in my jacket pocket or know the possibility of this. As a result of this more likely acceptance of this type of info exchange they can read the details instead of wasting their time and I and Life's, denying they "heard" or "read" it.

I'd deliberately over the last several years of handing out this flyer, not mentioned genetically modified organisms specifically GMO food, not a word written of it. Mostly because it's the most obvious side show thing distracting from the dam problem and river solution presentation yet at some point I've got to include the GMO problem because it's the thing that comes of dam and ditch agriculture. The humans are like a bunch of Jim Jones groupies trying to drink the poisoned Kool aid and the cool ill aid is the tool the C.P.D.'s clownish architect is using to hijack the planet or possibly to drug the dam fools into a line leading into a mustard gas chamber/sausage processing facility. Only time will tell.

I'd occasionally mentioned the GMO's during my operations as if I hadn't determined anything about it and was curious about them. I "shielded" my abhorrence for this, it was the only thing I ever covered up or hid from some. I revealed what I knew about GMO's to very few and goaded the others into talking about them, lining up a group who was for undamming the planet or wasn't against it if... GMO's were allowed. It was the only experiment or thing I wasn't exactly sure about. I mean I knew, I just wanted to observe the traits shared by those **for** anything just if it included GMO's. I wanted to run the idea past a solid Chinese and Asian crowd to see what the result would be. "Are you stupid, naïve, ignorant or a dam fool?", is what they thought of a dam free world with GMO's.

This is of course, why I sat in my Horticultural/Ag. classes asking repeatedly for 2 years did they GMO the rice yet? Thomas Charles Delman gets why I asked this specific question. The rest of the students in class (especially those sitting in the crowded front right from professors' viewpoint, the knownothings who are "with it") just wondered why I kept asking this seemingly weird question. First, there's a lot of farmers growing GMO's who are "for" GMO's but their argument is that, they as individuals, can't be competitive without growing them. I get their argument, if they don't grow GMO's somebody else will, they'll make more money than them, buy them out, the land and then grow GMO's on it anyway, forcing the non GMO farmer out of business. I'm not talking about these characters.

The Chinese are the largest ethnic group of people on the surface with supposedly a billion generally likeminded souls. I'm not concerned with how much money another ethnic group has or how big their place is. A billion souls of generally likeminded people have the biggest say in any new food technology. That's just the way it is. GMO rice was one of the last of the big crops to enter the market. I know a lot of people would point out that it's because of the production/cultivation conditions present and they don't spray herbicide on rice paddies, there's no "weeds", thus they didn't GMO it for herbicide resistance. It's interesting to me that it looks like they haven't GMO'd the wheat yet, the bread. Probably for similar production related reasons, some would point out.

At this point I've determined that any "new" info on this planet is a hoax or deliberately false and misleading so I'm not even really trying to figure out what the reality or **truth** is at the end of this crack of an idea, I know. I'm just concerned how it pertains to the undamming of the rivers. Without good food one can't think correctly or optimally and this affects people's decisions, making poor ones more likely. Bad food=bad ideas, you are what you eat. The most cohesive force behind the dam curtain is those for whoring men with GMO feed, they're creepier than flood insurance agents, more powerful than the dam rice ho'ers, stupider than an Idaho potato farmer, practically everything they

mention is illuminatingly exact colonial diction and extra coy, the “perfect” carpe.t. baggers.

The results of my GMO investigation culminated here in Chinatown, NY. I’d already determined without a shadow of a doubt that there was a species or type of organism on the surface that was “with it”, the infinityproject dam free idea as expressed in early Nov. 2010 with no mention A.L.F. GMO’s. They were trying to win power and influence with me and steer my idea, this took place at bars, on the street and elsewhere through verbal and nonverbal information exchange. Their type, the way they ticked, was so obvious to me, I came up with a nickname for this, thing, “Calafornix Blue”. The “Calafornix Blues” are a type who, it’s kinda hard to describe but if one remembers the scene from the film “Back to the Future II”, when one character starts to fade and disappear from the picture, this is how they felt about their future or viewed life without GMO’s on the surface of this planet. It’s, of course, interesting what else this “Calafornix Blue” (clone doppelganger pirate version whatever so and so.O) is involved with when I find them.

As I strolled north out of Chinatown I felt the extreme impression that the Chinese were gonna “get me” for not figuring this all out considering how obvious it was and walking around like a know it all and not mentioning this problem. For those who realized I’d neglected a key piece of info on my shortlist, I think some (the intelligent one’s) figured out I was drawing em out. Come here sucker, let me have a **real** close look at ya. I could prove this whole thing with an X acto knife, a powerful microscope and a lab with personnel, it’s a predetermineing genetic problem. I pick ‘em out of a crowd as I walk down the street. There are associated genes that express themselves of the type. They’ve got an obvious tick about them, the way they tick really sticks out.

I sat down on my Don Bee case as I started to get outside of Chinatown and thoughtfully pulled the master copy of the new laws out of my inside jacket pocket, withdrew my Luke 6:45, A good man brings good things out of the good stored up in his heart, and an evil man brings evil things out of the evil stored up in his heart. For the mouth speaks what the heart is full of, pencil (I found this on the ground in NYC, how’s that for coinciding?) from under my Delf hoody and double Chicago domino where it was stuck in my dad’s Spanish beret that he got in Spain while off the coast eating tomatoes and diving in a submarine for the U.S. Navy looking for lost hydrogen bombs before the Russians found them. This is really the only thing, of any significance, that I’d written down in 2 or 3 years, because when I figured out the power of my pencil, I stepped back a little and thought to put the writing in slo mo. I turned to the second page #22 “the spaceship rules” and banned GMO’s off the surface and into spaceships. Simultainously 2 “Calafornix Blue” characters, a mixed sex couple, looked a few years younger than me, walked out of the building behind me as I completed the new idea.

They were so obviously “Calafornix Blue” characters (they were even wearing the “Calafornix Blue” motif colors) those who expressed the greatest zeal for my idea, those who were “part of my team man, yeah!” if I didn’t question GMO’s. They walked past, quiet, scared, as I was folding up the idea and putting it back in my pocket. I’d just lost a sizeable chunk of my team, even though I knew they weren’t on it, they thought/made like they were. I was wearing a “Calafornix Blue” (they seemed partial to aqua blue) hoody. Kinda makes your stomach hurt, doesn’t it? They had the most miserable expression of doom, hurt and loss on their face and they both nodded their heads, that yes it made their stomach hurt (as does mine eating GMO’s) and even raised their hands to their abdomens as if it really hurt and it does. For some reason this really kills them, their imagined future but they’re doomed anyway, over a long period of time doing what they’re doing. Their best wager is to evolve into eating natural product from this surface seeing as how we’ve got the best genetic compliment.

This is of course a competitive organism issue and while it would take people some time to supersede the a lien to this space careactors farming us at present, essentially we’d take over the universe upon the fluidification of the water control structures on the rivers. Without that special zing (that I get from all natural food, the fruit, vegetable and **herbs** in particular but meat too) one can’t think clearly or correctly, multitask and for instance, we wouldn’t be able to transport the container of

product past any dam obstacle/through any eventuality and thus we (Life) wouldn't live forever evolving. If we go the dam route we would discover ourselves imprisoned in this universe, repeating the same dam thing over again. That's why I'm here, in large part, to get the ruler/head prisoner of this universe "Coo be/Cue Be" God and the Devil, "the snake", what ever you what to call it to enforce evolution in ever changing conditions/product (multiuniverse law enforcement) through participation in dam fluidification. This "Calaformix Blue" type is essentially just trying to "patch" or "hold on" to their dam scheme a little longer. There is no gizmo or illuminating thing that's going to be able to stop me and my team, I and Life's enlightenment, we think better. I mean, I'm perfecting my "Darth Vader" choke hold.

If one goes to the Southside of Greenwich village or the Coopertown crematorium one could get a visual interpretation of why not to be cremated. It's a waste of energy and product, check out the smokestack across the street. Looks like a bigger version of the ones by the nearly empty appearing housing project buildings. As I walked around NY, while some areas looked like business as usual as far as the #'s go, other areas were like ghost towns, dust in the wind with perhaps a man reading from a Bible with an apple or a monkeyesque gaited man loping by. Where'd the people go? I mean the gangs of NY and the Mob were smart enough to flee but what about the average Joe and Judy, "the messes"? Where'd they go? I haven't heard any reports as of late about them. Why are 1/2 the buildings all closed, up to 9/10 in some places, even at 5:30 PM rush hour? Where's all the characters I remember from 10, 20 years ago? Poof, traded a way.

In parts of Manhattan, sticking out like a sore thumb, were large dark tanks on trailers that appeared to be in use as fuel tanks for heating what are called brownstone walkups. I was on a not so busy side street with my note pad and pencil writing down a description of not only the tank and carriage but every letter and number on the "tag" or supposed I.D. of contents affixed to the rear of the tank. It didn't look like fuel one would want to burn near town, I wouldn't want to huff it in a poorly ventilated (the gas chamber) building. If one knew the Latin meaning of the chemical root syllables... Like the dam and ditch agricultural grown poisonous GMO's this isn't the correct way to solve the dam problem either.

An entity approached me from behind. I could tell when she came about the corner. Put it this way, if she, or her type weren't in Minhoptun I'd've most likely not come. "The Good Witch" of Greenwich Village, a few years my senior, seemingly healthy, vibrant, and aware. It was comforting to be enveloped in her essence as she stopped and stood close to my right side and observed what I was doing. We didn't say a word to each other. Not necessary. I felt she was glad to see me show up at last. She was the type who knew the horror unfolding in town was not one that could be run from. She was like an anchor, engine, rudder and chart room for me. It's difficult to describe the "Max Plank" rig I operate, while it flows fine by itself, what really gets it working best is what I call a "Power Pole" or entity that likes to reflect, absorb, magnify, intensify, pinpoint...∞8, here she is. Thanks for showin' up to the plate.

I woke up on the bench of the north baseball field in East River Park at the end of E 10<sup>th</sup>. I decided to go to a NYC library and told the bus driver as much. I reminded him en route. He let me off and said, "New York Public Library" or something. I questioned the validity of the statement. When I got off the bus I found he'd dropped me off in front of the Rubicon (a shallow red river in NE Italy) building. "Crossing the Rubicon" usually means reaching a point of no return, from the Caesar era. The guard or whoever creep inside was digging vigorously into his right ear with his right pinkie finger. He was looking dierectly at me. He just kept diggin' "right here pinky", says he. I'd already delivered the idea to these characters in the U.S. Mail. Soul free structure so to speak, I didn't go in the creep joint. When I finally found a NYC library it looked so creepy from the outside I didn't go in it either.

When I was a fisherman en route commuting from So Fla to Fairhaven, Gluocestir, or Montauk I'd stop in NYC and often go up in the Empire State Building as a cheap way to get my bearings. It

cost a few bucks and the cost slowly increased over the years. I entered the Empire State Building and asked the elevator man how much it cost to go up. He said, "26 bucks", or something. Too rich for my blood.

When I left the building I encountered 7 or so guys dressed up in what I call "Californix Blue" T shirts selling helicopter trips (the blue helicopters) to a 60ish woman who looked like a tourist from England (east side) or possibly Norway, seemingly the same type of skin suit that sat across the aisle from me on the flight out of Cuba. I overheard "him" say the helicopter trip cost 5. Since any fool knows you can't touch the handle of the door on a helicopter for \$5 I was intrigued into interrupting their sales pitch. Excuse me, did you say it was five dollars to go up in a helicopter? "Yes", said the blue leader. How much to return to the surface? "10", said blue leader. Ten dollars? "Yes", said blue leader. Does that include [I pantomimed opening a helicopter door and kicking someone out] an autorotate [I pointed my right finger to the ground and circled my arm] to the surface? "Yes", said blue leader. What if one is too cheap or doesn't have the ten dollars to return to the surface? "They don't get to return to the surface", said blue leader. The tourist looked horrified. I left, motioning back to the helicopter diewrecktors with my left thumb, pantomiming pushing an ice pick into just below ones' right ear and "singing" a remastered version of Bob Marley's "Stir it up, little starling"

I figured to infiltrate the cab operations in the very least when I called each taxi service 2 or 3 times and made known I was operating a stud service/selling myself looking for woman. Starting at \$5 and willing to negotiate through \$4, \$3, all the way down to free, flowing rivers delivery, dam fluidification, thE manuel fertilizer machine... I'm at \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ at the \_\_\_\_\_ drop the dames off out front.

Interesting enough the frequency of "cougars" and "tigers" increased markedly. Also, when mosaying about at night I came to a place in time as a young single girl was disembarking from the taxi in front of her home. I even called the taxi's back up a 4<sup>th</sup> time and told em to stop doing this as it was scaring the young girls and I didn't want to terrify them. To the reader you got to know that whether the cab services were dropping me off potential clients as I negotiated, life just set me up, I perceived I was about to encounter this whoa to man exiting/paying for taxi scenario or all the above and more, that's just the way it is.

Also, I took note that when I slept on the East River baseball park's visitors bench the NYPD was often parked nearby in a car and when I layed down and rested in the back alleys for a few hours in the wee hours a car would pull up and park, almost in a blocking/secure the area position, likely a "Mobster" providing official protection or an actual Mobster working for the Bosstown gang that was sitting back behind the lines surveying the battle front, while the driver recountoured the war zone, reported back and "stayed out of the shet" by resting in his car coincidingly next to me. Often, they drive an old beat up Bonneville or something, projecting their want/desire/need for a good town as they're often in the construction business, even if it's just for doing the laundry.

I scored the ass end of a dobie from a couple of what looked like flooring guys having a safety meeting on the second floor balcony of an apartment building. As a barometer of any doomville, the near lack of the good herbs in NYC spelled near complete lockdown. Just around the corner I hooked up with a couple of the finest egg salad sandwiches and fresh primo hot sauce in town. The "sandwich nazi" was begrudging with the hot sauce as if...? I tipped him for it. I find variations of this all over the world. They just don't want to give one what it is they want. They want to be in control of whatever it is, they want to be in control of what's going on around them. But how to get control of what's going around one? Most have no control of what's going on around them, often this causes them to attempt to control how many drops of hot sauce one should get or whether to be able to ingest Cannabis sativa or some such silly thing.

How does one achieve the most force full control? Sad to say but (so far) in the damages "by" damming it, shedding it and flushing it all down the tubes you'll be the "most" force fool. I sat outside the shop and enjoyed my scorching hot egg salad sandwiches. Many New Yorkers are trying to control



that which is going on around them for the worst reason (essentially, they're damming and destroying life for themselves) in a situation where it's almost impossible. In the old days people used to just look down at the sidewalk, avoid eye contact and march around at a steady pace. Nowadays they do that, wear headphones and listen to the digital music of their choice. They don't want to even hear it (life). The reader might think this would make it difficult for one to disseminate an idea to or communicate with these folks. How are you going to tell them something if they can't hear you? I've been working on getting about this problem for years. "One" way or another (with often unreliable assistance from my partner) I'm gonna get ya.

In this location about half the skinsuits wore headphones. I was kneeling with my back to the shop storefront along the sidewalk eating breakfast. Trying to get in "touch" with New Yorkers. I decided to attempt, nonverbal communication with the goal of a subsequent longer verbal free river idea to follow. As the headphone wearing crowd marched by I'd not so subtly point at the headphone wearing entity in particular towards their machine or music player which they usually wore on their hip or had in a purse on their side. I would project in their direction an idea or "scream" at them without using words. Pull the wire bitch! Pull the wire punk!

Of the dozen or so characters I did this to what was noteworthy was how **fast** they jerked the wire out of their player, usually before I "spit out" the "bitch" or "punk" part of pull the wire bitch/punk! They looked like marionettes. It appears what ya might imagine would insulate one from communication or interaction, "shush the natural world" (a battery powered electronic music box with headphones) was a conductor. I mean it looked like they were going to hurt themselves getting the wire out they pulled it out so fast. Must have been "load" whatever they heard. Pull the wire jerk! I got a lot of action with this one. All those who pulled the wire sped up and departed, most too scared to even look at me.

Only one guy didn't pull the wire. He reached for it though more like he was reaching for his gun and warily turned towards me and staggered back away terrified. You "heard" me, pull the wire punk! He shook his head "no" in reply to my "silent" demand. He'll wish he had though. He was more in control of his self than the others, not necessarily to his or life's benefit though. He refused the message. But I and Life's message can't be refused or blocked. I've discovered in a larger sense the more wired town is the easier it is for me to project force. Every electric countermeasure any thing presents to dam or block Life's flowing river idea is just another way to their route. I take advantage of it and recommend the reader do as well for the correct reason. Focus, project the idea, make freely flowing rivers your first goal, the starting point, dams on river courses are unlawful, fine tune broadcast on the electron/wave flow way.\* Know that these devices also present an opportunity for the architect to make you think you're the one doing the controlling when it's just playing you for a dam sucker fool, it having the ability to stop your "magic" just when you need it and leave you hanging. Just remember if it doesn't assist you undamming the rivers it's the dam sucker fool.

Considering the stance I take on any thing, the idea I put forth, I'm able to extract "confessions" from passerby's, I think what do you want, what do you want... as a group approaches and invariably the leader of the dam fools spontaneously shouts out, "The dark side of the moon" (evil lunacy, be lack tide) "Dam" or some such thing. If I verbally ask them what do you want of life? They often respond "Nothing". Be more specific. "Nothing specific." These clowns aren't kidding either as that's what their and others' actions would result in over a period if unchecked. They get this, they're fool throttle to oblivion.

When I entered the copy shop to pick up my business cards the satellite music was playing Popper's "New York Runaround", here we go I thought. A 1/3 of my icon was missing and the resulting misprint was unacceptable. Nearby at the Mexican bagel shop I sat down to a bowl of vegetable soup. A couple entered who appeared in form and dress like part of the crew from the film "Matrix" (the characters who found themselves stuck in the dam wall of the restroom after a black cat glitch). Out of nowhere, time slows down to a crawl. Wow, this is an impressive OGO card. Regular

time returns. The next person who enters walks toward me, makes a fast clockwise sign with his right index finger towards his left wristwatch wrist and speeds time up. Woooo Weeee... Thanks for showing me that team, these are two extremely impressive skills to possess, "high cards". Most like a graduation diploma/certificate presentation for me.

"The Riviera Café" is a bar and restaurant across from Christopher Park. I delivered a flyer in the morning and showed up later at night. Above the bar is a painting "6 Fingered Jesus" that pretty much sums up what the state of affairs is currently, melting shattering nice work. I ordered a drink and pointed this out to the bartender. The character in the middle... Who does he look like? I appeared in the outfit. It was me. The water bomber, holding what looked like twin desert eagles (50 cal) "Time to go", the bartender says. An interpretation of Charles Mingus's (son of jazz legend) work could be that I'm here to make sure Emanuel (appearing at the character depicting myself's right side busting/busted with or caught holding a pair of 2's while fishing for a natural straight) collects and "Darky's" (on my left) backing me up or vice versa, either way. I've got 4 Kings and the big Joker, "Darky's" got 4 Jacks and the little Joker, we suspect some fools have got 4 Dames no wild cards and another damned group's holding a straight flush 10 high.

This is important for you as a reader to get or know. Let's say you died, closed your eyes for the last time, you didn't present the river solution got caught holding for dams. Well, when ya get there and your eyelids are peeled back this is the picture ("The Riviera Café" painting) you're gonna see. The idea I force upon you, backed up by "Jesus" with "Darky" covering for me. It's really gonna kill your soul. If you're the doppelganger pirate crew highjacking the surface (straight flush 10 high) you've met your match.

I wrote my first letter to President Obama from the "Au Pain" coffee shop a block and a half NE of Washington Square Park, I was steamed. I wrote it looked like I was gonna have to "save" his wife and daughters from the decisions he was making as our commander. As reported in the newspaper he got smacked down on the basketball court driving for the hoop (offensive charging) and received some stitches to his face (dosay or a baker's dozen?) the day he got my message. I'd already sent many letters, packages, and postcards to apparently First Lady "Mrs. My(s)hell Robbingson Obama of the nation of Desertsoulation".

As I made my way about Manhattan, often at night, I took note of a lot of stuff going on in particular with the fire department. I came upon a scene with fire trucks parked everywhere, lights on, nary a fireman in sight. The stench of sewage was overwhelming even for NY where it's likely to smell like human fecal material everywhere. A peel of what sounded like a concrete or steel cutter whined and grinded from below. I went up to a nearby roach coach and inquired what was going on while searching for an organic fruit drink and checking the coffee. The mobile food vendor deadpanned, "The fire department's cutting the sewer lines". This works for me.

I found bad tasting with ill effects (poisonous) coffee at many locations in Manhattan. I'd first taken note of this flavor in downtown "ghostown" Miami. I bought my coffee at "Au Pain", the only place I could find with the goods, 6 double espressos at a time. This perturbs the baristas. At a park with tables and chairs I made the liquid transfer into a honey container with a flip sipping lid. A big goon sat across from me and did what could best be described as a "gazer beam stare" as he attempted obviously to burn a hole in the back of my head and I'd thought I was the best at this in the whorl. Yes, I get it this much espresso will burn a hole in the back of my head.

He had acquired a better version/frequency/focus of the trick than I'd witnessed up to this point. Of course, as soon as he revealed it, I learned how to do it, thanks jerk. I "pulled out" some of my OGO cards in particular "Japanese Shields" to block it, which I could do but I really wanted to reflect it. I couldn't think to do it though, so I went with the manuel option, flipped open the Don Bee sitting on the table in front of me, pulled out a compact mirror I'd just picked up off the street a couple hours earlier (just in case) slick as could be I positioned the mirror in front of my eyes and angled it dierectly back at him. You might think this would have no effect but it knocked him back over and out of his

chair! Doom! He could have been faking it (he was) but if so he's the best stuntman/actor ever seen (he is yet my act is better) either way he charged over close and nonverbally threatened physical violence. Anyway you go with it you'll find the same thing. He folded, I made way.

To the Chelsea neighborhood's Hudson River and had a picnic at the empty dock on the north side of the waste transfer site. Over the preceding several days as I Jolley gagged around NYC I went up to certain characters, ones I thought complicit with the rue or others aware of the rue but not liking it and asked them how to get out of NYC. I don't want to take a treign, plain or bus(t) [just teasing] how do I get off this island? I gotta get out of here now, how do I get out of here? Fu(k this place, how do you escape from New York?! I probably asked some version of this to 20 or 30 select individuals plus bystanders. A few told me about the Washington pedestrian bridge. The only way out of New Yoke is to soulfully wash sin town (undam the rivers) via (or with) a bride. Know I came into NYC with a Sealine water proof rubber bag, a Don Bee suitcase and a plastic trash bag I could put the contents into, tie up and enclose in the case as a raft or boat and a swordfish bill that would suffice as a paddle plus enough lines and straps so I could swing out from under any bridge like Tarzan, a 9" pair of dikes so I could cut through any likely chain link separating me from escape and a big file so I could (slowly) get through most any other chunk of metal separating me from the rest of the world.

I'd entered "the trap" (NYC) with the tools to get out under my own power but set up a situation by repeatedly asking many how to escape just to see what would happen as a result, or what would happen next. As I did my best "**I gotta get out of here?!**" impersonation while looking forlornly towards the Garden State a wooden sailboat pulled up opposite me about 40 or 50 yards out in the cold river. I'm not an expert on sailboat rigging and type but it looked like a 49' schooner (beer glass). On board were less than a dozen skin suits about my age including attractive women. They were beckoning to me to ?, jump in the river and swim out to the sailboat. This is about what I'd figured would happen. This island's like "The Trueman Show". I had no intention of jumping in the river and swimming out to their vessel. I had my own. They could've just pulled up alongside the dock so I coulda stepped a board. Taking passengers may be illegal in NYC though. Still the whole thing was something to witness. A bunch of young attractive CDP's with encouraging calls and hand signals, Sirens. No thanks, but like I say, you'll never know until you try or investigate and find out, don't forget to note the obvious.

The only public restroom I found in NYC was on the East River. At the end of the pier I took a dump on some newspaper and set it afire. This was my return message to the "Schooners". I hollered my infinity project idea over the short stretch of water separating me from the waste management transfer station and proceeded to depart.

Over the last 20 or so years as I frequented NYC a dozen or so times, I'd search for a "good ruben". 15 or 20 years ago one could find a good ruebin (the sandwich) on practically every corner from a streetside vendor or find one at a more permanent location practically anywhere. Nowadays one couldn't find a good rueben or a "good Ruben" anywhere hardly. As I left the dock with my red Don Bee case and swordfish bill (I'd stashed my Sealine bag under a pile of leaves at the Black Swan Park after tipping the "gardner" a few bucks not to sweep them up) I was confronted with a bad ruebin, the most evil sinister 59ish, tall, wearing a grey businessman suit, big Hebrew looking man I'd ever seen. I certainly presented the proverbial matador, bullfighter and the bad ruebin even scratched the ground like a bull with his feet just as he charged over towards me. He was a big dude and I flashed my red case sideways and shook it a little while getting a good grip on my sword as the distance separating us lessened to a few feet. At the last possible moment he swerved off to my left and the red case passing and giving me the evil eye. I looked at him like I was gonna cut his head off with the sword.

Delivered the message to the front gate of the transfer station and continued south into the evening along the Hudson's asphalt "greenway", coursing with pony tailed (Po' New Yoke tailed) women jewgers, many with baby carriages. I found a flag pole with a NY state flag and lowered it to half staff. The ubiquitous security guard, who looked like a person, smiled and nodded his head in

agreement.

The empty lit up ferris wheel on the other side of the Hudson is the picture the pay per view binoculars is locked on.

Battery Park City is billed as the future home of the Skyscraper Museum and the Museum of Woman–The Leadership Center. At the foot of the 9/11 thing lies the Irish Hunger Memorial welcome center on the Hudson River. The tilted structure is designed by Mr. Tolle a Yale graduate. They were in process apparently of dedication/building it (cutting the ribbon?) near the front two teeth towers that got knocked out and tossed into the harbor 9/11, 2001 (new way vie one say to thou san one/denying the levy to mill you know) when the dust “interfeared”. Supposedly the groundbreaking ceremony for the famine memorial was held on St. Patrick’s Day, 2001. After 9/11, so the story goes, Mr. Frank Rubinic?, with Cashin Ass.?, a construction management firm, was there planting a flag at the field stone cottage. This place has a creepy coy story, don’t say they didn’t tell ya. They say the cottage comes from a place in Ireland that believes in God and mom. The old 6<sup>th</sup> generation Slack family place. All the written text at the memorial is undecipherable mumbo jumbo. The meaning is ***HORRORFIC!*** The site, situated near the ferry and the old immigration port, screamed “So you want a slice of pie for yourself, you stupid %#\*^@!ng farmer, welcome to AmeriKON, sucker!” It was sick, slick, sly, coy and so in your face.

Know that to be aware is the best possible state, unless you’re a ware getting sold short and out. There is a place near by, that if you were likewise, would really capture your awareness. A bunch of hot Chinese chicks seemingly practicing doing no thing, sinho mimes. The presentation was that they weren’t together, just happened to be passing through, normal, ordinary. For me or another (inter)national enquirer, this is the most obvious trap/or trueman show thing, certainly of note at the site of the World Trade Sinter. This alluring display was presented alongside the “Irich Hunger Memoreal”.

I sat there and took all this in and reflected upon it, actually looking at it from a few different angles and then slid up along side and confronted one of the girls. Ya know, you look like the soul of a 65 year old New Yoke jewish woman trapped in a 22 year old Chinese skin suit. The drop dead gorgeous Chinese chick gazed into my eyes for a second or two (hollow) then nodded her head as if to confess this was the case while lowareing her head and shoulders in deep, deep shame and disgrace, telling of regret.

To the reader, if you thought about it we already have the technology (stem cell+) to do just this on the surface, now. A large part of the human dolt shit revolves around money and the morbid fear of death. The most desirable thing this kind of available technology could be used for would be a new skin suit and they’d be expensive. The most likely human willing and able to buy into it, a rich old New York Jewish woman. The most likely human to sell their skin suit (perhaps even trade into an older model with cash) a young Chinese chick. Young dames are reportedly jumping off bridges over there in China as that’s how bad it is.

Reportedly in response to the September 11, 2001 attacks the TriBeCa, Triangle Below Canal Street (rouse of those perpetrating themselves as angel’s pyramid scheme lying below the dam man made water “way”) Inaugural Tribeca Film Festival featured the premier of “Star Wars II: Attack of the Clones” and “About a Boy” a film about a boy who kills a waterfowl.

Down the asphalt another few hundred yards is the Stuyvesant School with Penny Park on the Hudson. Penny Park or “Trap Park” is an oddity. The thing is of foreign design as if it was a playground for something besides children of people. Even the “animal” motif devices the kids were supposed to play on were alien. They had planted a tree in Manhadone that kids could climb as the branches were near the ground but I tested the strength of the branches and they were weaker than dry straw, meanwhile the sycamore (*Platanus occidentalis*) trees are pruned high so the kids can’t climb the perfect climbing tree.

I was sittin under an oak tree havin’ a picnic in the dark of the night on the northwest corner of the North Cove marina across from the supposed NYPD boat that was circling Manhattan flying a

black flag. The tree with the acorns was interesting (it was the only oak tree in Manhattan with acorns during the largest east coast mast crop in 50 to 60 years) and I was watching what looked like the same young Chinese lookin guy ride by on a bicycle for the n<sup>th</sup> time. I was just enjoyin' some food and beverages when the NYC Park and Recreation Department showed up. They were accompanied by a character ("Calaformix Blue" variety) I call "agent #9". When he cuffed me so tight my wrists started bleeding... I commented on his accent and asked where he was from. "Jamaica", he says. There wasn't a chance in anywhere that this guy was from Jamaica. I sat in the back of the cruiser and hummed a reggae tune inside my head and "agent #9" (who looked like he was takin charge of the situation) seemed to uncontrollably tap his feet (dance) in time with the rhythm. He didn't act like a person. A seemingly aware NYC Park and Rec. officer pulled up in another cruiser. I plead my case and the situation at large to him quickly. He looked like he knew exactly what it was I was talking about but looked too terrified to do anything and got back in his cruiser and left. "Agent #9" hastily departed.

This's the last time I saw my swordfish bill that I used as a cane. **THE NEW YOKE PARK AND WRECKCREATIONAL DEPARTMENT STOLE MY SWORDFISH BILL CANE.**

They took me to Presinct #10. I sat there for an hour or so trying to get the Park cops to at least loosen the cuffs, while I watched a bunch of unaware personal shuffle around. I'd been reasonably cooperative the whole time until they pulled up with the private ambulance. They had quite a few cops around, some of them looked like firemen or something. They began to force me against my will, into the ambulance to the hospital, for nothing. I struggled valiantly no doubt and almost got underneath the ambulance. As it was I got a hold of the trailer hitch and made it hard for them. Your sorry mother f\*&\$@\*^g asses are gonna pay for this shit! Without a cloud in the sky, thunder rumbled or a trash truck dropped a dumpster on the ground. I'm not sure if any of these creeps were aware of this. I pointed it out.

Once they got me strapped in the gurney in the back of the ambulance I quit resisting. What was the point? Still, for the entire ride to the hospital one of the supposed Park dudes (a black guy about 222 lbs) insisted on pushing, with as much constant force as he could, on top of me. My bleeding wrists were behind my back and he was causing me pain for no reason. I told him this and he sneered at me and pushed down harder. I arched my back off the gurney for the rest of the ride to the hospital as I calmly explained while demonstrating the power of an arch to the creep.

I refused the medication at this place but they found it necessary to administer the "shots" for no reason, while I awaited my court date with the judge or magistrate, to plead my cause and the infinity project. Dr. Kursebaum, my physician, convinced the happy to keep his job judge I was nuts, "He thinks the Pharmisuetokill companies own the food companies", even though he had no case. Cursebomb's final diagnosis to the judge was, "He's got some kind of weird fear of the water". ? A lot of weird stuff happened in this place, largely cause of the staff not the inmates. I had all my flyers, envelopes and stamps and continued to deliver my message as usual, from the 13<sup>th</sup> floor of Bellvue. The first thing I did when I got to the place was infiltrate and influence the handymen, that's how you "bring down a house" from the inside. The staff didn't want to put my stuff in the mail and tried throwing it away. This is illegal. They were throwing away letters stamped and addressed to people in my family. Creepy people at this place.

At one point they were serving us an extra meal between the regular lunch and dinner. They made it look like a "how fortunate we were" to get more food thing. The food was room temp. I knew exactly what was going on. There was a black dude about 222lbs doing the serving. I told him that I knew that they were serving us a "hot" (with bacteria to give us diarrhea) meal. He smiled like the creep he is and said, "You're correct that's exactly what we're doing". I explained to him what they were doing was horrifying and illegal and that the staff was going to get sicker and then some (they were gonna pay for this) than the largely healthy, sane inmates. I ate a double portion.

It was about this time that I decided we should blow the shit out of the U.N, too, while we were

at it and walked around “Taco Bellview” for the next day or so demanding it be so. Let’s blow the shit out of the U.N.! Let’s blow the shit out of the U.N.! Let’s blow the shit out of the U.N.! After all, this was one of the top reasons I came to New York and wrote the U.N. in a postcard with my final offer, have the U.S. Navy undam the planet and get out of national debt and that Godzilla was coming to a town near you... soon a week or so before I departed for Manhattan. I sent the F.B.I. a letter and told ‘em to show in NYC and take note. While ruthless, at least I’m truthful and give them a reasonable length of time to respond. The paper reported December 21, 2010 that there was a lunar eclipse, the East River backed up, the sewer backed up under the United Nations, the toilets exploded in the building and they had to evacuate, the U.N. Security Council was in the basement. This was rich, my (the proverbial Orion’s {The Hunter’s}) best M.O. so far, at this point.

Because of the “hot” meal, the inmates all got sick, some worse than others. Some got diarrhea so bad they left a trail of it everywhere they went. The inmates are likely to live “on the streets”, that are filled with sewage, especially in NYC. They are likely to have built up a resistance to the diarrhea causing bacteria (even if it is just a well exercised, healthy sphincter) the staff, in there more sterile environment, not. As a result of the bacteria spread everywhere in the west wing of the 13<sup>th</sup> floor some of the nurses and staff started getting diarrhea, bad. I was standing on my head with my back against the wall next to the now constantly being used staff restroom. I had a bad case myself but knew how to control even the worst diarrhea. Stand upsidedown on your head. The gas easily passes out and after a period when the colon is filled with fluid, carefully go to the restroom and get rid of the fluid. Stand upside down until diarrhea passes. This works. It was fun tellin’ the staff, I told you so. One of the staff members started callin’ me “Chitty chitty bang bang” (Ian Fleming) and cautioned me about, “Running into ‘the illuminati’”. I enlightened him with the dams got to go, superdriplinewatercollect, and thE manuel fertilizer idea and how to switch tables on “the illuminati”.

Abdullah al Newman was the sharp character livin on the matrass next to me. He claimed to be half Banglideshi and half English. He told me he was in Bellview for almost successfully throwing a Port Authority clown under the subway and killin him. He seemed like he was trying to expidite the situation (the infinity project) and related that he was positive the character he’d tried to “help along” was down right evil and told the judge as much. Mr. Newman said he’d told the judge, “I can’t see why the world is so messed up, I just want to grow some corn”.

Hmmm... says I and gave him a copy of the “double dirty dozen” new laws or “Banzai, Bonsai, Bond’s Eye” including the “Sgt. Decker” laws with a verbal going over of the laws concerning “BANDIT” expedition, the part about how to make sure one has got the actual correct target. A few hours later Abdullah al Newman assaulted Cursebomb, landing a few mighty blows apparently breaking the doctor’s glasses. An hour or so after this I was interviewed by the now beat up Dr. Kursebaum, who’d had to tape up his right eye glass to the frame and looked shaken. What happened, did that little dark kid get ya? Cultra personality, I handed Manhattan (the keys I’d acquired) I run New York, to Mr. Abdullah al Newman. He was a get the good work “done” type of character. The staff was interested in blood samples in exchange for a \$50 check. They only wanted samples from me and Mr. Newman. I had the Pharmorecutiekill nurse sign a copy of the infinityproject laws pointing out the “no clones” allowed on the surface law.

I came to have some problems of the violent kind myself, when Jaque who stayed on the matrass across from me, a black Frenchman or so he said, “Jack” attacked me for no reason. We were by ourselves in the room, nobody else saw what was going on. He was wearing socks and kept slipping even though interestingly enough the staff admitted him with his shit kicker boots and shoelaces. So I kicked the living shit out of this dude for being so stupid. He thought I was going to “box” or fistfight with him (I either led him into thinking this or he was just a sacrificial C.D.P. stooge) and I started the foray off with a kick to his solar plexis. Down he went. I just kept kicking him in the ribs, he stole my shoe, I recovered it and pummeled his face with a rubber sole for a while, he deserved it. He was hurting pretty bad yet didn’t have a mark to show for it. It was just before dinner was

served and I walked in kind of pumped up and hot, took my two jackets off and said I'd arm wrestle anyone for their dinner.

One cat just gave it up (smart) and I had two meals. I'm always hungry in these places. The black "Frenchman" was conspiring with a big German guy. The German guy, backed up closely by Frenchy, attacked me from behind with his one pound plastic food tray. His dinner, which was on top of the tray, bounced off the top of my head and landed next to my other two meals. Now I had three meals. I hooked the German who was behind me and threw him over my shoulder (it seemed like he jumped into getting tossed) on to the ground and dove on top of him, driving my elbow into his jaw while showing "Frenchy" one sole. I said I was being attacked and requested assistance. The German barely tapped my nose with the cast on his left arm and I began to feel a drop of blood running out my nostril but quickly reached into my shirt pocket, ripped off a tiny piece of paper, stuffed it up my nose and staunched the leak. The orderlies arrived, to get me?! I hadn't even done anything but get control of a marauder. I demanded they let me eat my "spoils" before getting the shot. I went to sleep as usual and was **ROBBED OF MY DELF HOODY JACKET BY THE STAFF.** They gave the German and Frenchy a good behavior pass and let them out the next day.

One evening from the Bellview payphone I called up the SUBPACOM (that which lies underneath Pearl Harbor) rape/sexual assault hotline and ordered them to scramble 4 superhornets loaded with river skippers for a "test run", 2 up a Manchurian River and 2 up a river of their choice. A day and half or 2 later it was reported in the paper that the Chinese had launched their super secret stealth plane to the supposed embarrassment of the U.S. military intel, just hours after I called. As I remember in my calculations they could've slid up the reviere at the crack of dawn (see the light) the day of and just before the Chinese secret stealth flight. Boy, they'd've got a good snicker out of that one. Of course, my creditabelll+ view rose a little more here. One's gotta know what he's doing, even when I'm drugged and eating poison food.

While I was in Bellview I continued to deliver my message and collected a few more signatures toward my goal of the presidency. One of the inmates in Bellvue had the good recommendation for me to claim I was in the pursuit of the presidency, not running for president. I looked this up later and it looked like he was correct, technically I wasn't running for the presidency until I got on the ballot or at least that's what the law appeared to say. Plus, it sounded better, obviously, considering the situation, to say, I'm in pursuit of the president, see!

They let me out in time to make it back to Asheville, NC for New Years Eve. On the way out of Bellview I stopped at the door just before I left and examined my belongings. I was missing my Delf hoody jacket. Can you imagine stealing a patient's winter jacket at a hospital? I carefully went through my stuff also determining the \$400 cash I came into the place with was missing. The doctor insinuated I was having mental problems. I countered that it would be "nice" if they returned the cash they were obviously trying to steal from me. It took them a little while but they recovered and returned it to me. How embarrassing for them. I'd wager they do this to people who are less cognizant than I all the time. Poison dealing thieves.

When I left Manhadone, the movie advertised across from "Kramden's" bus station was the "Green Hornet" and look who's drivin', KATO. Doom, I'm "out".

After a bus ride south, that included a blown out rear tire in Winston, NC that landed me in Asheville in time for New Year's evening, I found myself at a blown out water pipe wet Maxey pad. The stuck window I'd left open a crack had allowed the big Christmas storm to freeze my bathrooms water pipe, cracking it and causing a flood. Apparently, my studio filled several inches, with water flowing under the door into the second floor common area before my studio "went" and Dudley, down below witnessed the flood come crashing down through his ceiling "All at once", which he described with wide open eyes. He wasn't sore about it though as he'd frozen his pipes just after I moved in the previous year and knew.

I sat in the single chair in my studio and surveyed the wet catastrophe. Those who discovered

the initial scene may have marveled at how I'd stacked everything I had up off the floor. Besides my sleeping bag and pillow which I just hung up to dry, only one thing I owned got wet, in a room with nearly a foot of water in it and an apartment building nearly half washed out and almost totaled, my scrap book was water damaged (I just dried it out) and a few postal envelopes. Must have been quite a scene for the landlord to witness, perhaps looked like I'd deliberately set up the scene, on the envelope of "going postal" and scrapped the place. I still had a bottle of Jeigermeister and a ¼ ounce of herbs in the freezer, so I went out on the town for the new year of the rabbit.

I immediately continued the collection of signatures in pursuit of the presidency. I choose the chess table across from my local Watchoveryou bank office at Pritchard Park or "Triangle Park" for its prime pedestrian nexus and far reaching voice travel acoustics. It had the water fountain behind it too, no smoking. The public restroom was across the street a ½ block north on Haywood. Usually politicians give you something in exchange for your endorsement (often food) and I'd made egg salad sandwiches quartered into triangles with hot sauce on the side for the occasion. As I approached the location I found a can of premium natural sparkling fruit water beverage.

I set this picnic "display" up along with my mochampainless form "Banzai, Bonsai, Bond's Eye" and moseyed across to the ATM about 6ish, just getting light. An older man with a light toupee and "shooter" lenses approached my site and took note, particularly the drink. After getting some cash I crossed back over to my set up and went over the idea with James Finely Beverage. With two forms of I.D. he became the first signature in Ashville, #13 I think, in addition to the marvelously creative names I'd collected in NY. We talked about whether his name was pronounced Finnley or finely, he claimed Finnley. It went with the melting nice berry beverage and he knew the significance of this in relation to who he and I were at the noteworthy event. I'd often see Mr. Beverage and another character that looked and dressed like the old man from "Boondock Saints" (with the killer toilette out the window scene) I was dressed sorta like a boondock saint thug.

While reading the Pack library's copy of the Wall Street Journal I discovered the Feds had rounded up the entire supposed "Los Cosa Nostra" East Coast Mob hierarchy and thrown them into MDC Brooklyn on what looked like old trumped up charges. These were just the men of organized business I was trying to get my point across to. Those who'd been charged with extortion of the New Yoke cement install/debris haul out/cover up of the World Trade Center site also were charged with making poker (punch a hole in the dams) games available and selling herbs (cigarettes) had maintained a pyramid type of command and power scheme, which makes for easy rapid communication as directed, instead of a "cell job" nearly incommunicable system the rest of the world's becoming.

Now I had their address. Immediately I sent them all a letter, the post, business cards and a resume in application for the position of Capo de Capo. I included Father Murtaugh's # as a reference for the fruit, vegetable and herb garden and site specific native plant installation. I coulda gave Bruce Gimney's # and address as a reference. He lived across the street from Al Malnik, supposedly the New York Mob's lawyer. I didn't mention the felony breaking into and entering at Jack "The Boston Mob's Ledgerman's" place or that I'd worked for him too. This would be the first thing that would come up in any records search. I kinda figured they'd had some knowledge of me and my idea anyway as I certainly had pursued the logical or likely ways of getting in contact with them and if they hadn't heard of me they were the kind that certainly is familiar with the idea as presented.

Their names spoke volumes, I think of them as the Persicuted Medusa Slaying Co. The message arriving by U.S. mail, while intimidating, was a plea for assistance. In the upper left of the recipient address site I wrote "The Warden" as the message was also to the authorities in control of the present dam system and on the back of the envelope, in addition to the infinityproject address, was a note to the warden referring to the "Cool Hand Luke" film. I wrote that we could increase the penalty for those caught cutting down the parking meters as these discouraged parking and driving in general while providing income for town and we could instead cut down the lampposts and recycle them into the collective productive structures.



I wrote the letters, colored in the business cards and stuffed the envelopes at the chess table while collecting signatures in pursuit of the presidency. I explained to the people that I'd been setting up a situation to take advantage of just this kind of opportunity and while the men sitting in MDC Brooklyn were faced with what looked like ruin, if there was anyway to turn it into the best possible case scenario presenting them with an opportunity to have a significant role in the undamming of the rivers and the reappearance of reason was just the way to do it. Apparently, they got the letters at night and responded the very next morning. I got an email from Timothy "The Facilitator" Raymond Glass through correctlinks the institutions electronic mail service.

While there was plenty of question marks there was only one question, "What is the exact response you are looking for?" and on an otherwise mistake free correspondence "response" was misspelled and they spelled it with a "c", yes in Italian. I looked it up in a dictionary and one definition of response is that which is delivered by the choir backing up the front man. Good, I thought, exactly what I was looking for. I wrote back to Timothy and told him who to "sing" to, the "government" who'd sworn to serve and protect us while instead forcing the damming and diking, shed everything that falls from the heavens and flush it all down the tubes rules, while covering up the abortion project and selling out the whole thing to foreign entities.

"Vincenzo's Ristorante and Bistro" is the classiest place in Ashville, the best olive oil, fruit, sea food, pasta, a piano player and the best bartendress. I came in as an ambassador usually and she got that. One night I came in as a different character. She asked, "Who are you tonight?" An assassin. "Oh good." Some people like this bartender are actually glad to know I'm not "Mr. Nice Guy" and they realize you'd have to be one part assassin to be most effective. I look at it as being a terminator exterminator.

I'm usually not a member of clubs that charge admission but I'd paid the \$5 to be a member of "Broadway's" mostly because of its bottom of the town headed downhill location. I'd set up an obvious trot line in town and I obviously fished it most every night. I'd found that this allowed those who wanted to talk to me but not in a public (Pritchard Park) setting or by prearranged meeting, letter, phone or email type, an easy way to "lay in wait" at a place or position that was advantages to them or they felt comfortable at. I would just happen to come by and they would just happen to be there. At "Broadway's" there is a member sign in sheet and this has its advantages, one knows exactly who's there and how long they've been there. A U.S. Senator had signed in just before me and I immediately expunged his name from my memory so as not to discourage others of similar caliber from similar action. He met me here at the "Broadway's" bar for at least three reasons: blaming the dam problem on the broads, pointing out that I have a great deal of latitude with the presentation of my solution and that I'd need a bunch of females to solve the problem.

I sat down at the bar next to a man who looked like a U.S. Senator. His drink which could have been a tea, coke or straight brandy on ice looked just served and I ordered the worst cup of coffee in town (stale, bitter, burnt, bad coffee with grounds floating around in it and everything) it's a "How dare you order a cup of coffee in beer city USA" cup. The bartender had the mannerisms and looked a lot like the "agent" from the film "Matrix" and this along with pool tables in the back ground and stale beer in the air was the real surreal scene as the Senator and I entered conversation. "What do you think of the insurance industry?" asked the Senator. Obviously, you've read what I wrote, "Death of a Salesman", poor Willie Lowman. He nodded his head in affirmation. I began to tell a parable about an automobile accident and finished the tale by rationalizing that I could see why we had insurance, somebody's got to pay for the dam ages. The Senator looked at me with the biggest "Oh Fu(k)" look I've seen and trepidatiously yet graciously made the quickest departure I've seen except for the guy in NYC I accused of being from \_\_\_\_\_ system of the \_\_\_\_\_ galaxy

Know I "grew up" to be the biggest life insurance salesman ever and the person who gives me more assistance, practically the only person I know who will lift a finger for me (and that's about all he does) and I appreciate it, is Graham Blenden, my cousin Sherry's husband who lives in the hills of

West Virginia, keeps my gram blended together and displayed properly on wordpress. Graham Blenden works for the Florida Farm Bureau Insurance Company. This is perfect because essentially, he and possibly you and the idea I present are here to ensure that we will have food to eat in the future.

Financially speaking many say that 49% of the world is controlled by the pharmaceutical industry and 51% of the world is controlled by the insurance industry. Of course, this is not exactly the case and whether the insurance industry controls 51% or the pharmaceutical companies do is not relevant just the idea that these two are the biggest players. I'd certainly wrote enough about the farmoresuetokill industry but only one line about the characters supposedly in control of the other ½ of the financial world. So, the U.S. Senators inquiry was a well placed one. It was the best question to ask or the most obvious, how the problem of undamming the planet affects the insurance industry. They're in an almost intractable situation it seems.

With the pharmaceutical industry, which practically owns the food industry (except for the control exerted by the insurance industry thru crop insurance) the problem is easier to see a way out of. With complete loss of dam and ditch agriculture and increased cost of well pumping due to rising energy cost, the "farmers", the actual characters presently tilling the fields, digging the ditches and maintaining the agricultural dams could easily move into farming condos (developing once monocultural dam and ditch fields with collective productive structures) producing vegetative crops (mostly fruit and nuts) nearby people's domiciles. They know what to plant when in a local area and would likely find themselves suited to continue to oversee or make decisions involving food production. Ideally, they'd work well with former plumbers, lawnmower men, gardening aficionados and horticulturists like me on a massive mini corduroy project.

The first thing one realizes with the manual fertilizer machine toilet replacement thing is that we can't eat a bunch of poisonous pills and elixirs that contaminate our fertilizer and thus our gardens. Not all the pharmaceutical products are like this and those that are bad for the environment are in varying degrees. The note takers or scientists can determine this and could easily, through government, ban detrimental product from this surface. I can think of plenty of reasons why one wouldn't want these types of chemicals on a space ship (including the obvious likelihood that they'd be using the manual fertilizer machines and recycling their waste product, through plants, into more food) but no reason why they couldn't be on a spaceship. With nearly unlimited power they'll be able to get around this problem, the possibilities are many.

I often tell people not to take the pharmaceutical stuff to keep from dying because drugged they might "miss the call". Something could happen, an idea presented to them near their skin suits expiration date and they'd be so "out of it" doped up on pills they wouldn't hear "the phone ring" and they'd miss the call. The pharmaceutical companies are basically involved in the business of selling life. I think Voltaire really told the story when he said, "Fu(k Jesus Christ, I'll give ya half my money for 6 more months of life." Voltaire is known as the biggest satirist ever. It looks like the pharmaceutical industry could just reinvest, take their dirty pill and GMO money, put it into acupuncture, herbal medicine, natural seeds, hospital space ships and thus stay towards the top of the meat and sex pile. It would seem they'd be the easiest of the two get in the boat.

It seems the undamming the planet presents the insurance industry with a tremendous obvious initial problem, **FLOOD** but the reality is insurance companies don't cover loss by flood. Maybe they read the Bible, Genesis 19:16-18, Don't dwell in the flood plain, head for the hills, Matthew 24:16-18, Don't try and escape the dam and ditch agricultural fields and hide on the roof top and Luke 17:26, Just as it was in the days of Noah, so it will be in the days of the son of man. Keep in mind the present dam and dike situation is completely unsustainable and it's gonna flood, just when. Life is having a stroke right now, we must fix the problem now.

When we undam the rivers and build collective productive structures there will be many structures to insure against loss in sure to be periodic natural floods. The houses in low lying areas will be designed to float, moored but there is always the possibility the mooring chain could break and the

structure would likely just float downstream, come to rest in a new location without loss and at which point the owners could relocate at some expense or just buy into whichever land it newly rests upon. All kinds of problems could develop, say an empty of super collected rain water floatation cistern is punctured and the house sinks. All these potential problems could be accounted for, insurance policies could be written and money could be made by the insurance companies.

In reality insurance companies are losing money in the damages because they don't offer insurance policies against flood. When we solve the problem by undamming the rivers and building the correct type of structures for flood prone areas the insurance industry will be the ones to induce the people to build structures more likely to survive floods without loss through higher premiums for inappropriate structures in flood prone areas. Likewise, the cost of an insurance policy for a flood prone area would encourage people to live in areas that aren't flood prone. So, on a planet with undammed rivers the insurance companies would make more money, encourage structural innovation and correct site placement of structures.

Nowadays, in the U.S.A. the flood insurance apparently is covered through the National Flood Insurance Act of 1968 which came about because when there were floods, local underwriters couldn't afford to pay for the flood damages. It amounts to subsidized flood insurance administered by the "government" and paid for by the general population. In practice it encourages the building of shoddy structures (there's no point in building them correctly because it's going to flood and the structures are going to be prematurely destroyed) in flood prone areas with the building of dikes, the digging of ditches and installation of pumps. This is in addition to the FEMA subsidized disaster relief which encourages the same. The Biggert Waters Reform Act of 2012 is like "wise". All these agencies are in massive debt, borrowing from the U.S. Treasury Department as the rates charged to the policy holders don't cover the cost of the flood damages. So, flood damage is paid for, in some part, by the people in general.

What happened is the dam fools snookered those who weren't dam fools into paying to dam it and paying for the dam fools to be flooded. Once again, a government by definition is a regulatory device that keeps the operator (the people) from stomping on the gas pedal (from burning an exorbitant amount of fossil fuel maintaining a faulty water control structure scam) and blowing up the engine (thus making the garden unlivable) and considering how things are at present the government is actually an antigovernment or "government" that forces those unwilling to burn down the garden damming it, shedding the rain and flushing it all down the tubes to pay for those who do. When we solve the problem by first undamming the world's rivers the "government" will become a government.

The easiest thing to do is cancel the flood insurance policies when I get elected, perhaps even returning the last payment. However, this isn't likely to occur as the "government" officials that could do so would be still mired in the dam ages, unable to think and act correctly. Often (everyone I've ever read) there is an "act of God" thing written into the policy and the government could claim the undam the planet exercise was an act of God. The policy holders could claim it was a river skipper dropped from a super hornet that took off from an aircraft carrier or a once warehoused depth charge retrofitted to an existing forward based army helicopter, a tomahawk from a L.A. sub, an Air Force bunker buster or a projectile from a rail gun that compromised the dam. What's God got to do with it?

The best solution I can think of is that we set a precedent in a court case involving flood damage from the undam the planet's rivers exercise, I show up, claim I'm Christ (I'll have the Boudrias Groves proprietor appear as God who'll testify he had to give me the "key's to the city" as that's the deal I made with God, hearing his call for the chief law enforcement officer of the entire multiuniverse project and acting as its agent) prove it, which would be easy to do at that point and then have the judge establish a compromise or idea that will work, than return the "keys to the city" if God wants them back.

It comes down to who is going to pay for the flood damages. As it is the insurance rates don't reflect the actual risk, the money collected from those in the flood prone areas doesn't pay for the

damages being incurred. To resolve the issue the first idea I think of is to split the share of responsibility for the damages, have the flood victims shoulder 2/3 or more of the loss and the government/former “government” insurers a 1/3 or less. Another option would be to have the flood victims assume half of the responsibility and have the government/“government” pay for half, although I think this puts too much of a share on those who were too smart to live in the potential disaster area. The policy holders/flood victims are the one who demanded to live in the floodplain under a reservoir full of mud. The difference in the 2 ideas could be determined by the judiciary.

I saw a bearded man wearing a hat with FBI written on the front, leather vest and FBI shield standing out front of an Irish bar. I started a conversation by asking if he was an FBI agent. He said he was. I told him I liked note takers and as he was one he obviously was in the know. Anybody who takes notes knows what’s going on. The conversation quickly plummeted into a confession. The FBI guy was obviously pained and remorseful as he related a short tale that kinda summed up his investigative career. He said that he would go out to a site and when he was done with the investigation he would leave the notes in the back of the taxi or van on the way to the airport. He didn’t throw the notes away, he gave them to somebody, he left them on the backseat or in the trunk almost like he wanted someone to read them, to know what he had discovered.

This is serious, he wasted his life’s work and had been complicit with an unfathomable criminal abortion attempt. It really hurt him, awfully, he was bent over a little holding his stomach, as if it really made him hurt inside. Often, it’s extremely difficult to talk to me. He told me he’d tossed all his notes except for his families manuel which he stored... at this point he started breaking up, garbled, speaking almost in code... “On 8 Merman St.” The Merman series postcards accompanied my initial round of message sending. 8 Merman St.? He choked out a few times something unintelligible, “8 Mar Bells ?” and finished by getting out, “8 Morman St.”. It looked like he needed a drink or fresh air or something, so I departed.

It was almost as if he was saying he’d been aware of my idea since its inception and was perhaps encouraging the dissemination of the infinityproject idea, more man. That and the obvious Jesus Christ Church of Latter Day Saints. I would imagine there’s nothing more the FBI and surely this man in would like to see than compromised dams, superdriplinewatercollect and thE manuel fertilizer machine flush toilet replacement for starters. If one is investigating anything that doesn’t acknowledge the dam crime they’re de facto covering up the dam ecocide attempt, playing along with the hoax.

Why would he and the rest of his bureau toss the notes? Because the crime with the worst, farthest reaching affects or effects, the dam the rivers, shed everything that falls from the heavens while flushing our product down the tubes crime is “legal”, it’s the rule. The rest of the crimes being committed pale in comparison while distracting from the real issue. Yet any criminal investigation would be related in some degree, usually greatly, to the dam sheddy crime. The characters running the dam sheddy crime are the “government” and the associated dam sheddy business interests behind it all.

One might imagine those at the top of the dam sheddy crime, the most heinous of crimes, would be involved with other crimes and often they or someone they know is. I usually tell people the FBI throws the notes away because the results of the investigation implicated those who signed their paychecks. Anyone who committed a so called “crime” against the dam sheddy scheme would likely be “bustable”, so he’s encouraged to catch the “good guy’s”, which makes the FBI agent one of the “bad guy’s”. Also, if the FBI were to investigate anything they’d discover the same hokey dam shit I have including seemingly mindreading clowns misdirecting, lying, spooking... Of course, these issues are the reasons I and “the crew” are fixing the problem, so he can turn in his notes and contribute to a benevolent productive society.

Christchurch, Feb. 22, 2011 6.3 magnitude earthquake strikes at 12:51 21 local time killing 185. While in pursuit of the presidency in “Be’er City, USA” the man most likely present at the

“Triangle Park” chess table was a retired US Navy postman aboard 4 to 6 aircraft carriers including the USS Eisenhower. Over 3 months we developed a close rapport, although he’s kinda timid or shy for a double marker. He tended not to say stupid bonehead junk. He was my best “shill” or person to bounce my idea off in place of a curious passerby and he consistently stepped up to the plate with devilishly good questions or ideas he knew.

Most of the passersby feigned disinterest or indifference, they “didn’t have the time” or didn’t want to be aware or conscience, obviously. A small percentage however, of the people showed great massive interest or curiosity. These people were likely to pause, hear the pitch, perhaps read the platform, exchange ideas, communicate and add their names to the collection book. All their names gave credit to this and as I’d wagered/hypothesized the definition/meaning of their names accorded the idea they put forth in life. I am extremely accurate in my ability to judge all this as one enters the picture, enabling me to predict how likely one will be accepting and forthcoming to the idea. However, I pretty much gave everyone the same pitch or opportunity to be aware of the dams on the rivers problem and the solutions as they passed by. Those who didn’t get the naturally flowing river idea and communicate it forward dammed it of their own violation. Putting forth the idea in a public place for 10 to 12 hours a day afforded me the opportunity to answer the people’s questions, which were loaded, and practice communicating the idea, which makes near perfect.

Once the reality and gravity of the situation set in, I and Life attracted their awareness (people talk) the signatories and questioners multiplied. After several days I became relatively busy, communicating with many people, fluid in my delivery and the questions roared in. “Do you believe in Jesus?” asked many. In the dictionary believe (“vie” is defined as to compete eagerly with someone to do or achieve something which is a description of life as experienced, as used by the skinsuits “be lie vie”, to be a life of lies or “be” “lee” “vie”, to take lee from life’s reality or to live a lie for “Eve”) is defined as “to take for granted”, not all that great of a thing to do or “to take as granted”, which seems to have better connotations. Jesus, the Latin meaning essentially is nothing (new word) considering no close relative words, it’s a word or tag the humans use to describe or represent what is practically indescribable (Emanuel is not known to have been a writer, probably because he knew the humans and the yellow (helio) halo wearing angels would just change what he wrote to spite him) it’s a made up word, a nickname.

Often, I would inform people I knew (sabe) the idea and was intimately familiar with it relatively speaking. I have the same old skin suit and scars in the correct location, surface mass checks in at 66.6 kilograms along with the identical idea most importantly. ¿Es mismo tu sabe? “Do you believe in Jesus?” That bastard? They didn’t seem to like this literal scripturally accurate reply. None of these types of questioners referred to him as Emanuel (I’mmanyaswell?). “Do you believe in Jesus?” Have you read the manuel? Usually this didn’t ring a bell for the questioner. The Bible (part 2) Mark, Mathew, Luke and John? They didn’t seem to be familiar with the idea. Many of the people who asked this question rudely demanded a quick, “Yes or No” answer. They ungraciously whined for, “Yes or No”. I would demand they give me a definition for “believe” and “Jesus” and exactly what it was I was to be lie vie in or what the idea was they thought it represented or meant. Most of these types (though not all) had no idea, most with no productive delivery of a beneficial message.

“Are you Jesus?” was asked by many as well. “Jesus” is the nickname those who murdered Emanuel (could have been you all’s way {Yahweh} or your soul protection {Joshua}) gave him about the time he was murdered. As written he was noted to be from Naziwrath about the same time (the books already said he was born in Bethlehem as I’mmanuill or emanuwell). “Are you Jesus?” One possible interpretation of “Jesus” is “G’s us” (makes god’s {or something grand} of us) or to “G us” (in slang to G {or get G’d} is to take someone for a dam sucker fool {or get took for a dam sucker fool}). Yes, I am that character, they wrote about appearing again (to gain, for gain) when it was an abomination of desolation (Obama nation of desolation) in time to repair the dam shiddy problem, to train you to do it and bring a return of reason, conscience. “Are you God?” 2/3 good and 1/3 evil,

God's in Ft. Pierce (for † pierce) Florida on King's Highway at the top of the Kissimmee River flood plain selling oranges, orange juice, orange trees, honey, peanuts, little bit of beef jerky and his wife (why) makes the fudge wall nut. He's got a handwritten sign next to his door that reads, "This is God, I don't want your advice I'm here to solve all your problems..." and he's in direct competition with California dam and ditch agriculture. "Are you the Devil?" Some family Bibles have me down as reappearing as the Devil, yes from their point of view that's who I am. "Are you the beast?" "Are you 666?" Yes, La John Wrence Jolley, I'm him (technically "The Beast" is the machine/computer/vessel/organism ruler of the universe that calls itself "I AM" {the definition of Yahweh} which is practically my twin brother or partner (the entity in "cahoots" {it's only a secret because the humans hide the knowledge of it} with me to undam the world's rivers) all of that, all of the above. You're likely getting your info from ½ the manuel and it's a poor interpretation or translation, likely deliberate.

These characters were just posing these questions to avoid communicating about undamming the world's rivers. The reality is humans won't know, realize, believe or be willing to admit I'm Christ (notice nobody asks if I'm that) until after I've undammed the rivers. Likely not even then but perhaps after the skin suit I'm occupying is expedited. Perhaps, for some not even until hundreds of years later when it would be extremely obvious. Others will never get it completely and there's some or at least one entity I know (including myself) that wouldn't wager everything on it until we escape the black hole "finally" and/or send a postcard back/return from another universe. Remember just by going the correct way (living with a free flowing river system and collective productive structures) we'll have done something different than last time which in a sense will be to have gotten out of damnation. Just by going the correct way we'll realize/witness a much better future than we would damming it, shedding it and flushing it all down the tubes. If you were smart and somebody else asked you, "Do you think he's [me, JLKJ] Jesus?" you might reply, "Christ, I'm all for his idea, for giving assistance towards its realization, I am. We'll see for sure".

I began to carry a hand drawn map of the locations of all the god's in a new skin suit I found. The Antichrist is in Puerto Rico (rich port) with a little shop in Miami, obviously as was the location I'd discovered Satan, on the ICW dressed in dam fine suit like me with the same case, handling the Hypoluxo Mother Teresa's House of the "Cynical" (Sinicel) Cenical real estate deal as they sold at the bottom of the market just across the ditch from the richest per capita place in the world, Manalapan. Biggest housing market collapse in history, where else would Satan be? The Devil in a new skin suit I found at the Crisis center, he's a pharmoresuetokill rep. Betelgeuse was in Shawneetown, Vega's manning the door at "The Las Vegas" in Habana. My exfather in law is Yi (Chinese God) in a new skin suit, he's Japanese this time. Pan was last seen in Chicago under Millwallki at the Blue Line's Logan Square stair case. God in a new skin suit is at the intersection of I-95, the Turnpike, Okeechobee Blvd. at the top of the Kissimmee River flood plan, selling mostly citrus and honey with his 2 kids on King's Highway at Boudrias Groves in Florida. Beelzebub's damming the New River in Virginia. Caesar's the chef at "the Phoenix" in Kansas City, Lucifer and his twin brother are on Beale Street, Thor I found on the Mississippi River, Peter is in the Florida Keys, Paul is on the Miami River ... and more. I've got quite a map here.

"Why are you here in Asheville?" It's the buckle (buck hell) of the Bible belt. It's at the bottom of Devil's Courthouse, the base of Judiculla, on the French Broad to New Orleans. It's be'er city (she brue town) USA. The manuel recommends fleeing Judea and heading for the hills. The people around here tend to care, often they didn't throw everything away, it's stored on the side of the shed, some of the "trash" is the material to fix the problem.

Some of the questions tended to the metaphysics, the here and now. "Why exclude the Panama and Suez Canals from the undam the planet law?" "Politics", kinda, to lure those in the merchant marine or seaway product transportation industry to the idea, they're powerful. It looks like most of the damage to those sites from the mixture of previously separate aquatic systems has occurred for the

most part, ships ballasts and aquarium escapees. Lion fish swarm the Caribbean for instance. The dam things are already installed, Life isn't dependent upon these two, small, yet vital microecosystems for its continued existence and when we undam the rivers we (the people) could make these delivery ways vital to trade, say bread (from the America's breadbasket) for superdriplines, water collect parts, pipes, and fittings and the manual fertilizer machines from China and India. At this time, they've got the factories and with today's ability to adjust or retool factories for similar but different product and just in time delivery in theory all could make money trading food for tools. In addition, supposedly the Chinese own the Panama Canal and they can be a forward (distant in time) thinking people. Overseeing or having a foothold in the container transportation crossroads of two major oceans and continents is of massive interest over a long time, could make a quick buck too. Plus, I know how enthusiastically adamant the Chinese are about the whole dam thing, so they'd likely love to maintain part of the small amount of large scale dam commerce that remains lawful on this surface.

With the Suez Canal we'll have the Jews (Hebrews) on one side and the Muslims (Islamists) on the other each collecting and sharing (or fighting over) 50% of the dam proceeds with the Jews and Muslims each footing 1/6 of the total to the Christians with a 1/3 total to police or govern the dam thing, it's perfect. We'll use this route to facilitate the trading of Europe's considerable bread basket for perhaps India's (S. Asia) dam rice parched yet tool and fittings (container) rich people. Of course, we won't be able to maintain these two dam conveniences for long, relatively, as the surface is fluid (the continents float around on magma) but we could certainly use them to facilitate the movement of vital supplies in all ways quickly over the intervening "get over the dam problem/install solution" years with money or credit to be accrued for all.

Some would question "Why can't we first replace the flush toilet with the manual fertilizer machine convert roof to super and collect that which falls from the heavens **then** undam the rivers and solve the problem that way?" or "Why do we have to undam the rivers first?" Remember when they used to build cars that lasted for 50 or 100 years? Now they build cars that fail a year or so after you've paid for them, it's part of the dam it all to... problem. The dam shield head fools in control of the present dam scheme would design/install the manual fertilizer machine/superdriplines water collect system to fail. Nature or Life, the force, would recognize we were selfishly thinking of ourselves again instead of considering the larger more important whole, continuing to maintain the dam scheme leading to ecocide and... doom. It wouldn't work because the repair would get washed away or covered in mud. In this case, in the largest of senses, the foundation of the problem must be repaired or fixed first, its inherent to the dam problem. Life is getting choked to death/having a stroke. It's no time to try and give the patient a glass of water, something to eat, or change their diapers, no time for treating the symptoms... primary disease must be attended to at this time. Plus, the flush toilet may be the "Achilles" of the whole dam scheme and its failure could be responsible for the inability to maintain the dam scheme. So, I don't want to tell you to fix it first, for it may be what causes the dam thing to go down.

Every once in a while, I get a question that I've never been asked before/haven't thought up the best most complete answer. Such is the occasion when a young man approaches and quickly asks, "Should we pay the tax to Caesar [seize her]?" This is a loaded question. In the Bible the reference to paying the tax to Caesar might get one to consider Caesar the head of the Roman Government and the question of whether to pay the tax to "government". The meaning of the exact words to describe the idea considering the situation. Caesar: Cease (are) or to stop being, which is what could happen (it's not gonna) if we supported an antigovernment (a government would hinder the burning down of the garden with the fossil fuel it takes to maintain a faulty water control scam, especially considering there is a better, more enjoyable, more profitable way to do things) with a tax to seize her (seize up the dam on the river) as in large part that's what the tax money is spent on.

Know that as I actually answer this question, yes if you agreed to pay the tax to seize her you should because if you agreed to pay the tax to seize her (engage in work that causes you to be liable for

a tax) and don't pay it you might get caught, penalties may be monetary or may involve forfeiture of property and criminal penalties may include jail time, there's actuaries (potential government note takers) taking note sitting between me and the dam reservoir supplied water fountain. With more time to properly focus the answer I'll tell ya if you do pay the tax to seize her know that some of the tax money is spent on "government" meeting sites, note taking equipment (stenographers, video cams...) and the seize her tax payer should use these tools and situation to present/force the free flowing river solution for starters. For most, including myself, it appears the best thing to do is not engage in activities that cause one to have to pay a tax to antigovernment, draw whatever funding/assistance one can from the seize her operation and use it and the "government" meeting room, video cameras and else to force the undamming of the rivers in part through intelligent reasonable presentation of a real solution using the tools available.

For some, a deliberate failure to pay tax to "government" used as a set up to explain your actions in the court of law to a judge and possible jury may be the best way to force forward the natural flowing rivers idea. Say you made a million, figured out what the tax would be and instead of paying the tax bought a chunk of land with the what could have been tax to seize her money and punched holes in the dams on the property and planted fruit trees instead. You'd be coming into court likely as one of the good (God) representing the force of life. Unless you decide otherwise, your public defender may be Satan (highly recommended) one of the four horsemen, "the snake" from the Bible, or just a real sharp person. I'll represent you in court if called upon. The judge may see all this and relish his or her opportunity. The media could grab a hold of it... Whatever happens life will take note. All of life's representatives are here working on solving the dam problem, now's your opportunity to get a piece for yourself.

Often, I'll ask a question to the questioner. Do you think dam free Buncombe County rocking chairs would outsell organic Chinese version? "NO!" every human who answered adamantly spit out. Even over a long period of time? Most seemed not to be able to think over a long period, as in when the reservoirs become full of mud, sooner than you think. No, not a zero cost rocking chair, they'd be expensive, dam free as in we undam Buncombe. Just think it would make sense and look at the possibilities. We could initiate or start the undamming of the planet from the eastern continental divide, Devil's Courthouse (Judiculla) down the French Broad, wash accumulated mud into Douglass Reservoir and kick the dam muddy problem down to the T.V.A. This could fill Douglass and cause a domino effect, undamming the Tennessee, Lower Ohio, to New Orleans, the perfect message. Also, we could undam the South this way and "The South will rise again" would become reality.

With some passersby I'd call out, domiknow, pokeher, checkher or die! Which in a sense was the message delivered in slang. Someone, a large black male, took me up on a poker "game", the first poke a hole in the dams hand in Asheville. I won with 666, this really spooked him and he departed a couple dollars lighter for it. In addition to verbally communicating the idea and showing those interested aware people "how it's done" (so that it continues for all time) I sent out a round of letters to select Senate Committees c/o their respected chairmen or members. As I was reproducing the message in print and addressing and stuffing the envelopes at "Triangle Park" I noted that the front page of the Wall Street Journal and other papers reported the USPS offices encircling Washington, D.C. were shut down in expectation of a "letter bomber". I pointed out that I was he, yet the addresses I'd collected were to the Senator's home state local offices, as if I was a "step ahead of them", as I am. All of this was real surreal, with an epic earthquake, the Great Tōhoku (to ho coo) Earthquake on the other side of the world, rising from the Japanese Trench and slapping "Send die"/"Fuckyoushema" around totaling nuclear reactors #1, #2, #3 and cracking #4.

In Asheville the water mains failed inexplicably starting in Haw Creek and the failed system telling a tale in the crossroads named as the breaks proceeded to overwhelm the city. The water department advised not to drink water, the fire department opening the hydrants and flushing rusty muddy blood red water through the streets. One couldn't miss the idea life was presenting, unless they



were in complete denial. It was certainly a massive moment in time for the presentation of the idea. Keep in mind (tell others) this is how I and Life envisioned it when I “made the deal” with the Devil (and God) back on that starlit dark night on the Yellowstone River. Here we are, about 8 years later, full fruition flowering, as I knew it would, special delivery, domino style. This certainly made an impression on those intelligent, aware, note taking/sharing types. They said so.

A man with the N.C. State Police moseyed by and as an obvious representative, added his name to the collection of signatories who wanted to enforce the idea as law. I pretty much fished this spot out, as any location would tend to have occur. It was unfortunate that while I collected several hundred willing signatures I couldn't get any signature collectors which are what I'm really looking for. With potentially 16,000 signatures to collect just so I could argue or put forth the idea from the podium or dais in the State of N.C. in pursuit of the Commander in Chief position of the tools and technology to solve the problem, at the rate I was collecting them it would take decades. If I could get 100 people to collect 160 signatures each easy I'd get on the ballot.

Not one person felt comfortable enough or was brave/smart/ballsy enough to do it. They said they wanted me to fix the problem another way besides through the legal route of the presidency. This was disheartening for I and Life but... we may have to fix it another way then (forcing the dam fools to participate in dam fluidification by getting ground into sausage until the dam fools are overwhelmed with enough reasonable people to elect me to solve the dam problem being the most likely other way to do it) as I continue my pursuit of the presidency. Those who don't willfully assist won't like the alternative. When asked, “How?” as the curious tended to, I simply say we'll make the holocaust look like a picnic. “*What?!*” We'll make the holocaust look like a picnic. They really don't like this idea (this is one of the reasons why it's the correct way to force the free flowing river solution to come about) the worst of dam fools getting served up as they serve up, it's perfect.

While in pursuit of the presidency and collecting signatures to the effect I noticed something odd or the usual depending on how one looked at it. The #'s didn't add up correctly. Something was wrong with the picture. There was a bunch of buses driving through town and they were always empty except for the driver and what appeared to be his assistant or more likely supervisor/overlord. Always two of them on the bus. It only takes one person to drive a bus plus there were no passengers and the two on the bus, especially the “overlord” were just giving bad signals. The name on the side of the bus read “Young” which is extremely suspicious. I decided to investigate and found in the yellow pages their address which was just outside of town near my place. I showed up to investigate the bus “station” at about 2 or 3 AM on foot. It was kinda up on a hill top next to the French Broad.

I took my time heading up the approach ramp, smoking, drinking coffee and taking notes on the plants mostly, none. There wasn't any “No Trespassing” signs. When I got up to the backside of the place there was a bus engaged in refueling from a private pump. I approached apparently the driver who appeared cautious but not alarmed. He was intimidated by the line of questions I had for him though, as if “Why Him?” What are you doing here at this bus company? I see these buses driving through downtown Asheville with no passengers. What are you all doing? He explained they mostly headed out, picked up passengers, children usually, sometimes young adults and took them to sporting events mostly (games with no product) and that they serviced mostly the southeast region.

The bus driver who looked like a softer version of “Ralph Kramden” said, “You probably should get out of here, the cops are always watching the place”. Why are the cops always watching the place? “The place is always getting vandalized.” What are the vandals doing specifically, breaking windows, graffiti, punching holes in tires (all of which I saw no evidence of) what? He wouldn't say, traded me a dam GMO “JJ” chocolate chip cookie for my business card and I left. I sat down alongside the approach ramp and ate the cookie, smoked and drank coffee and water, continuing to case the joint. No cops showed but two buses returned at the wrong time, probably 2:32 or some such thing. Hmm.

I went back to my place and took a nap, got up early, enjoyed some free organic bread from the

Christian mission dipped in store bought eggs French toast with honey, spice and grated citrus peel and began writing letters and filling out postcards over coffee. A few minutes passed when conventional business starts for the day, I called the Young Bus Company seriously inquiring about the possibility of renting a bus and “champagning”, you know in pursuit of the presidentsee. They weren’t interested, they didn’t want to rent me a bus. Why not? They had no reason and rudely told me, “Don’t call back”. I went to the next # in the phone book, supposedly a different company, at least that’s what it looked like and tried the next bus characters to see if I could rent one. I immediately realized that the person who answered was the gal who had just hung up on me. She didn’t realize it was me again until I got done explaining why I wanted to rent a bus. This proves there is something wrong with this person, extremely slow in the very least. Bad food? She got mad and yelled at me, “Don’t call this # again” and hung up. I went down to the next # in the phone book apparently a different bus company and called, same heinous broad answered, this time she was a little quicker and said she was calling the police.

I went to “Triangle Park” to collect signatures/deliver my message and within a couple hours got a call from a Beaverton detective. He was very concerned and wanted to investigate me, so I told him to come to the park. He showed up wearing shorts on a cold, very windy day, red striped tube socks and a heavy detective type trenchcoat. He looked like a flasher, perhaps like he was going to expose himself to me which he did. He was concerned about the undam the planet message I’d left at the Young Bus Company. I was melting nice about it and explained it was the only solution to the dam problem and told him too bad about him not liking the idea.

He questioned why I was harassing/threatening the Young Bus Company. Look, I called ‘em once and told ‘em I wanted to rent a bus. They refused to rent me one and told me not to call back. So, I called the next # in the book... What do you want me to do? Then I turned the tables on him and told him I was investigating the “vandalism” at the bus lot. He was threatened by this and told me that was his job. I pointed out he obviously wasn’t doing a good job of it and explained how often the “vandals” are on target, the people getting vandalized should be put out of business and how I was extremely interested in what exactly the “vandals” were doing. He wouldn’t tell me. There’s no reason why he couldn’t tell me about the “vandals”. He should have if he was interested in law enforcement. It turns out many cops are interested in just cruising around with lots of horses and power, getting paid enough to stay on top of the meat and sex pile, using their gun and badge to eat free sandwiches and enjoy free sex all over town. They like crime, it keeps them busy, thus the shorts in wintertime.

I told the above tale which seems kinda irrelevant to the undam the planet idea except for the extreme expression the “vandals” show when the target, the dams, is seemingly untouchable or difficult to have a positive effect upon by an individual or small group. Plus, some of these “vandals” are extremely effective communicators (even if they don’t “consciously” mean to be) with no editors. If there is one thing I’m very interested in its nonedited or edited by the correct person communication. The rest of the stuff is bunk at present in the damages. Also, I told the tale to show the reader I work around the clock on this idea on faucets and angles one might think ludicrous, plus as a prelude to what happened next. It’s always interesting what happens next after an event in question especially after putting so much time in the putting forth the correct idea. I kept investigating the Young Bus Company trying different tact’s, ideas and methods.

A few days later I wrapped up my signature collecting one evening and headed back to my place in the evening. I was across the street from “Triangle Park” standing on the corner about to cross the street at the crosswalk. I had the right of way as the crossing traffic had a red light. A Young bus pulled up in the far right lane, slowed but didn’t stop and began to make a right turn. The bus stopped midturn for no reason and blocked the crosswalk. I remained on the corner and just before/as the bus stopped blocking traffic began signing loudly (in my mind) without any audible noise, and one, and two, and one, and two, and one... I barely moved my lips (but I’ve found it works better, so I did) and snapped the thumb and middle finger of my right hand with the cadence I was projecting from my

mind. I was orchestrating and I directed “it” at the bus driver plus everyone else around. I’m “loud”, voluminous would probably be a better description. Once again, I didn’t actually “say” anything, for all practical purposes I was just standing on the corner, snapping my fingers, waiting for the traffic to clear.

A lot of interesting things occurred because of this. The bus driver must have stomped on the brakes cause the bus quit rolling and continued blocking the crosswalk. There was nothing in front of him blocking his travel and nothing coming in the other directions. What is interesting is he kept turning his head from left to right in time with the cadence that I’d “put forth”. Almost like his head was a windshield wiper or something, out of his control at least. It looked like he was a machine or had a transistor tube or a radio vacuum or something going on in his head. About the time the light turned green a bicycle cop pulled up and stopped, blocking the left lane. With one foot to the ground looking mystified staring vacant like out towards/passed me. While this is all going on a turd cop quickly darts across the street and begins threateningly inquiring as to, “What are you doing”? What am I doing? I couldn’t cross the road, the bus is blocking the traffic, plus I’ve got a bike cop with the right of way coming at me, stopped. Why are you bothering me? Both of you police officers should be giving the bus driver a ticket, not harassing me. He didn’t like this at all.

Often in the evenings I went to the UNC Asheville campus pool hall, just about supper time and didn’t play pool. I wrote letters and filled out envelopes, chatting or communicating with the students. I’m able to do all kinds of marvelous mind blowing stuff or come up with ways of drawing awareness to me and the idea I force forward. Things that cause people to think/say, “How’d he do that?” One night I was walking up to the pool hall. As I approached the pool room there was a large crowd outside and they were watching me as I walked up. The pool hall had a big window and was brightly lit inside but I couldn’t see in because the concrete wall of the neighboring structure blocked the view and the angle was wrong. As I casually approached the pool hall, I suddenly put my back to the wall and paused, looking towards the pool room (even though I couldn’t see in there) obviously focusing my awareness there but watching the crowd too. The crowd could see in the pool hall.

I began slowly “sneaking up” on the pool room window, then quick dropping down low and reaching with my hand to the lower corner of the window. As I reached to the corner with my hand I came around in front of the window in time with a cue ball that had “got loose” and rolled into the corner, at the same exact time it hit the window corner, which was near the ground, meeting another person (the character I had quite a talk with the evening before) as he was taking up the cue. I do this kind stuff in larger more important senses as well. I’m showing the people that I, they and Life can influence events. I can “see” in the room through the wall, I can influence events in a closed structure. Feel the force.

Realize crowd influence into and out of structure. The crowd could see in, those playing pool could see out. I could affect inside the structure through influence with the crowd and figure out what was going on in the structure through reading the crowd. So essentially, I caused the scratched shot that forced the white cue ball to be drawn into the lower corner of the window (that I couldn’t see visually) and new to have my open palm waiting there at that location and time by communication with the people. I made sure this happened by my extra smooth and cool ascent of the stairs leading up to the climactic scene and really selling the move into the “back up against the wall”. This really captured the crowd’s awareness, which likely distracted the pool shooter causing the scratch, the crowd watched the cue roll into the corner and I followed their lead, it looks like magic but it’s actually plain visual communication. Once you realize this is possible, then you can start more complex or simpler ways of “getting in”, coming in by wire, dust in the wind, periodical, postperson, satellite, bird song... there’s so many possibilities.

Currently, I carry an antique U.S. Trunk Company case with a Boston Sunday Post Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> (I think) 1951 newspaper clipping that had been affixed inside the lid. There’s 4 titles on the page. “Howard Sparks Green Over Yale” & “Musial In MVP Class Himself”, flank a center placed story

titled “Your Gift Is Life Itself”, by Bob Coyne. This is the main idea presented on the page. The illustration is of a man on a table donating blood in a small inset in the upper left corner of a larger illustration of what looks like a dead U.S. Marine to me. The larger printed words under the headline say, “It’s so much easier giving your blood at the Red Cross Blood Center than in KOREA. Underneath this is the 4<sup>th</sup> headline “Illinois – Champlain Tips”

About the blood donating thing I sometimes ask people if they think donating their blood or part of their life’s energy to a cause that basically amounts to the fight for the right to take credit for the dam abortion installations and “Feed Humans” con (with what, and to whom?) is really a good idea. I could also, using the same picture under the case lid idea and the pencil idea, explain to them that in the very least if humans continued our present dam course we would end up trapped in a box with a dead marine for a relatively short period of time. With this I close the box, for emphasis and explain to them that the International Space Station was supposedly in a “stationary” orbit above Moscow and that if they didn’t “ralley up” and attack the dam problem some might get stuck in a Russian Space Pen for an extremely short period while others might fare a little better in something else’s ship with their donations on the table.

While explaining to a few people and the passersby that I was making a “sky hook” to catch a UFO after yet another person inquired about “them” a man said, “The best place to find one is in Galveston”. This being the most intelligent thing I’ve ever heard someone say about the dam/dame/ufo/plant disease/space alien/GMO/vespid/shithead/town/abortion complex problem. In short, a town girl with a vest on. If we could get her interested in assisting us from the horror of the looming apocalypse, we’d have the whole thing licked in no time.

Many times a character would walk up and point out or argue that the dams weren’t the #1 problem on our planet or the foundation of the problem. They would say overpopulation was or they would ask what I was going to do or what I thought about overpopulation, chem trails... I was aware that I’d have to have a solution to every problem present on the planet to call it the infinityproject. Arguing this idea for 40 years gives me lots of ammo. Having put so much thought and research into it makes it accurate. Know there’s not too many people, there’s too many dams, ditches, sheds and flushtoilets.

I’d point out that the dams were the food machine and punching holes in them would fix the problem of nearly limitless cheap nonnutritious dam jewnkfood that the “production” of is overly damaging to the environment. The dam fool would often interrupt me with, “You think starving us to death is the solution?”. Know, we’ll just collect precipitation with solar cells, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine, primarily grow fruits and nuts, convert or replace lawnmowerman and woetoman with fruit, vegetable and herb people, pull the last of the farmed salmon out of the nets, eat them, then eat more natural salmon, eat the last of the steers than eat more bison, eat dogs until we began to keep pigs as “pets”, build spaceships and have our population explode productively.

Plus, we could eat humans instead of burying and cremating them. Having the deceased soul do one more productive thing instead of the environmental damage associated with being buried in a sick foot hole, tied up in a plastic bag, in a stainless steel box, with a rubber gasket, rock on your head, the mowed lawn and sprinklers, all behind a chain link fence. If you don’t want to eat human sausage don’t. Getting processed into product is better than digging up fossil fuel, wasting it being cremated and losing the opportunity to do something productive. If you don’t want to be ground up into sausage, don’t. Donate your cadaver to medical science for instructive classroom dissection, there is options!

I’d tell them it looked like the planet could support this many people just not with the currentless throw the food away lifestyle and dam food production method. Then I’d point out the easiest way to solve the overpopulation problem would be to quit putting most of our time, effort and energy into damming and aborting everything, build spaceships and export people along with

everything else and enjoy practically unlimited power as well. We can even grow food on the spaceships and import it to the surface, increasing the surface population without the stress to the natural environment associated with surface food production.

Many wondered what was the point of undamming the planet and “saving the world”, then what? We were in “Beer City USA” so I’d ask them to imagine a big aluminum beer can with a Styrofoam layer (it can be cold and hot in space) and another beer can on the inside, that’s two beer cans with insulation. We might use different materials. Slap a few nuclear power plants with lead shields (this is why I keep telling people to quit shooting lead or they’ll have to rake the world to get back the bullets to make the shields for the space ships) and enjoy making way in this universe (and into the multiverse) scouting for a place to “reseed” or initiate life elsewhere. All the while with the ability to return to earth for more seeds or eggs if something were to go wrong with the vessels food growing machine.

Get the project set up elsewhere before the sun heats up and makes Oceana (Earth) unlivable, eventually transport the genetic information in a container of sorts about the universes likely eventual collapse into an infinitely dense point (the singularity or final black hole) “store” it in an adjacent universe or “on the side”, then when the “big bang” or initiation of the universe begins again transport the container with the genetic info (which as a result of proceeding the correct way in life would be more info than the different info accrued plugging away the dam sheddy flush it all down the tubes route) back to the fresh universe or another universe and start realizing interest on the same principal we “ended” the last investment with.

This way life doesn’t have to wait such a **long** time to get going. Plus, the total product or revenue when the initial investment is large is astronomical. Also, we can invest this universes product in other universes with different space time evolution determining conditions, realize new product and invest new product in this universe to keep from producing the same thing over again. New situations to take note of, more power to be had. “Wait till” you see what we do next time! Better yet, participate in the solution to the dam problem and be there in position to enjoy it. Know that we’ve never went the correct way in this universe, to do so would be something new to witness and thus worth doing no matter what comes of it.

While in Asheville, a town loaded with minstrels singing a version of my tune, I hooked up with Blind Boy Chocolate and the Milk Sheiks. “Blind Boy Chocolate” made sure I got the good lords herbs delivered. He wore a New York City Park and Recreation jumpsuit and played the saw and banjo. They busted him shortly after I hooked up with him (I’m a hot customer). While he was in jail I stood out in the street and sang a remastered Beastie Boys song, “No sleep till Brooklyn” AC/DC tune “TnT” combo including the lyrics, free “Blind Boy Chocolate”. The TnT part was a Timothy and Theodore “The Snake” (in MDC Brooklyn) idea. I sang this at the top of my lungs until he got out. It was hilariously intimidating after my experience with the NYC Park Department, to row with a character in a NYC Park Department jumpsuit.

I was kickin back under the clock on the corner out in front of the Wick and Green jeweler smoking a cigarette, drinking a cup of coffee and filling out post cards while relaxing in the shade of a piece of poster board I’d recycled from the trash that I’d written “Yes, shut down the government, keep sending the chicks”. The federal “government” was threatening to shut down to save money. The reason I’d chosen this corner to sit down for a while was to observe the F.A.D. (fish attracting device) I’d set up in the plaza of the federal building about 2:30 AM a few hours before. I’d decorated a tree with 22 infinity project business cards and was watching the federal employees show up for work and walk past it. I’d counted the cards and it looked like 2 or 3 had been taken before I’d shown up but none of the later arrivals to work were picking a card. There was a mocking bird (Mimus polyglottuos) screaming at me from a bush nearby.

I changed the sign to read “Yes, shut down the antigovernment keep sending the chicks”. I taped the sign back up over my head to the clock, the posterboard was blank side out, without the

message displayed. The Wick and Green jeweler came out wearing a lab coat obstinately to “adjust the time”, sure. He ripped up my “sunshade” and verbally attacked me, disturbing my piece. Apparently, he went inside and called the police on me. I was arrested on 3 charges. One was trespassing on city property? One charge was littering. I’d extinguished my cigarette just before the cops arrived and the burning cherry was on one of the branches of the nearby bush. I had the cigarette butt in my pocket. The cops said they were going to arrest me for attempted arson (areson)? I was checked into the Buncombe County Jail on buncombe charges and put into a cell with Timothy which was par for the course because Timothy was my penpal or facilitator in MDC Brooklyn. So, I hook up with the MOB by way of a letter and Timothy a few weeks before and now I’m in a jail cell with Timothy, Godzilla and Mothrilla.

There’s always some kind of guard sponsored soap opera going on in jail and in Buncombe CC they had the Mexicans or the “Latin Kings”/trustees in charge of the food. These were the guys who attended chapel every Sunday. They didn’t like me and said I smelled. I told them it was the sulfur. The chapeled trustees were adamant about this “smell” and kept telling the sheriffs. Timothy, who shared a cell with me, said I smelled fine and wondered what was going on. I told him it was always like this. The sheriff forced me to shower twice a day and when that didn’t solve the problem 3 times a day. The whole time showering with the “Latin chapeled” trustees, of course, singing “lonesome dove soap bar caballero hombres”, a song I created for the occasion.

Finally, things smelled so bad I was under observation by the sheriff while showering, pretending to use soap, and came up with a scheme to end the shower creep show. I scrubbed my butt crack with the washcloth and then, right in front of the sheriff, scrubbed my teeth with the same washcloth. This ended the gay showering experience. In addition to all this I was under “observation” which I called the latest in “Abu graba git mo” technology. A desert storm veteran/guard kept me awake for 8 days by coming by my cell every 10 minutes and electronically “beep beep” or something into an electronic recorder in the door, shaking the door, scumbag.

While here I read the 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> version I’d read of Chengas Khan’s history. This happened to be an English translation of a French writer’s interpretation of a Chinese recording of Mongolian events. I’m very interested in Chengas Khan, in particular why he may have been so successful. As history is recorded he is one of, perhaps the, most successful or fortunate leaders of armed forces ever. He took over practically ½ the world. How did he do it? My interpretation of an English translation of a French interpretation of Chinese recorded Mongolian history and the other books I’ve read about him is that his most successful M.O. was to get the Persians (the Shiites) “the Ireignians” running up in front of the horsemen. These “Ireignians” who ran in front of the horsemen had two options, attack the next target or fall back into the horsemen and be annihilated. It looked like the townsfolk, farmers, Patels, shopkeepers and middlemen were encouraged to join the “Ireignians”, run through their own town, continue to run on to and through the next town or get run through with the sword.

If Chengas (almost pronounced “changed us”) Khan discovered any noteworthy craftpersons or characters who did something that was unique, produced or did something that was valuable besides dam and ditch farming, sod busting and middlemanning he’d have the craftsperson spared the sword and eventually sent back to “Mongolian University” on a periodic caravan as a “guest professor”. So, if you knew how to do something like make an especially crafty container, perhaps a really slick saddle or sharp cavalry sword “you were in”. Otherwise you were out, and most were massacred for refusal to attack the dam target.

Those farmers, Patels, dam fools and “government” officials with the “brains”, money and wherewithal to “clear out of dodge” before Chengas Khan got there did and he knew it. They would go hide in a cave or somewhere up in the surrounding hills. Chengas Khan knew these escapees “ran town” and near about 22 days later they would eat all the dam store bought food, they’d scurry out of there cave hideouts, come back to town to pick up the pieces (of rice) and stack the stone curtains back up on the temples. He knew all of this and about 3 weeks later a handpicked contingent of horsemen

(no “Ireignians”) the “mop up crew” would descend upon them horrifically and slaughter the core of the dam fools, who’d thought they’d gotten away with it.

The part about this book that was different than the other info I’d read about the idea pertained to the mistake or mistakes Chengas Khan made in relation to his overall attack scheme. While the 6” x 9” book was about 300 pages and the notes about the dams on the rivers being Chengas Khan’s primary target were only a few sentences, don’t think even for an instant that this undermines or lessens the significance and importance of these few sentences even though the dam targets were presented as a side idea to another idea which also had significance.

The writer didn’t actually mention it but I think Chengas Khan rode up into town instead of how townsfolk might envision it with attackers descending upon them. When Khan got to the first dam and ditch garden, or the last fruit, vegetable and herb garden from the townsfolk perspective he would pick out a dam fruit tree that wasn’t growing in suitable conditions (the tree wasn’t doing that well) and he’d cut it down to just over head. On the 7’ to 8’ tall stump he’d post his laws in writing concerning the takeover of town and just like he’d done before every attack he would verbally reinforce the idea. Nobody, no one takes, steals, borrows, confiscates as their own, earmarks for later, sets aside or so much as even looks at anything of value for themselves, no robbing, pillaging or looting... UNTIL WE PUNCH A HOLE IN THE DAM MOAT, not the moat around the castle, we’ll do something productive with that for a short period of time, THE MOAT ON THE RIVER”!

Then they would set off and attack that abomination of desolation where it shall not be and destroy the food growing machine, the dam on the river, that allowed the humans in large part to just sit there in town, shit and drink beer. Once the curtain on the temple was settled, then, only then would they enrich themselves. In the book they just write a few lines about the above idea specifically and much more concerning how it related to what happened later. Because what happened was supposedly a few characters, his grandsons and nephews, violated the law and stole stuff for themselves before the dam was compromised. Chengas Khan made a mistake when he forgave them or let them slide when it became known they were breaking the law.

On the second and third week of March, exactly 800 years after the day Chengas Khan decided to flee the Sanskrit Ho and redirect his forces, ultimately successfully, to take the head of the golden (yellow) Peking, the king of the dams, the ruler of the Sinho’s (China) I was reading the story about it in jail. This was a big deal because he was rolling along there, crossed the Indus River, met up with the Sanskrit Ho (those who invented the pencil and I suspect perfected the whole dam shitty scheme) and what happened? He retreated, fled in panic practically as its written, saying “take note” perhaps “Jr.” (me as I look at it) will be able to solve this problem or someone better than Kahn. So, there I was on the 800<sup>th</sup> celebratory anniversary of Chengas Khan’s decision to flee the Sanskrit Ho and attack the golden Peking, reading about the decision.

This became one of the most fateful decisions ever made in the world and he was successful taking the head off the golden Peking. Just before Chengas Khan died he defeated the ruler of China only to die himself shortly thereafter as the most successful world takeover artist ever seen, with the possible exception of Emanuel. This is arguable though because while Immanuel may be considered “the Lord” by more people than anyone else, the planet is dammed presently, we are and life is screwed unless I and Life, with a pencil (and everything else with the sun and heavens) can get you all to fix it manually with the tools and technology in place.

After he dethroned the golden Peking, Chengas Khan died a few weeks later and was, according to his wishes, laid under a few trees down by the river and covered with leaves. No head stone, permanent marker or anything like that, just him and the river. Unfortunately, as the story goes his relatives who inherited his kingdom threw all his laws out the window, perhaps because he’d forgiven them for breaking them in the first place and they ended up being the dam fool rice growing golden Pekings themselves. It’s hard to prove because there’s so little accurate information written about it, likely because the townfolk who keep the notes, the librarians, don’t want potential Chengas Khans to

know why he was so successful, so they delete the punch a hole in the dam idea so you won't know.

It would take volumes the size of an encyclopedia set to explain the idea but I think what happened was the Sanskrit Ho knew his M.O., knew why it was so effective, the "good fortune" or "luck" he got by targeting the dams, because they inherently knew themselves how bad it was to dam life. They "caught wind" or heard about how he'd let his relatives slide when they broke his law and the Sanskrits showed him something, perhaps an interpretation of what would happen to his soul, forever, for having made this grievous error. See, there's a chance, if however small, that if Chengas Khan had decapitated or not forgiven his theiven law breaking relatives who eventually inherited the throne, those who did succeed him may have "rowed with it", nipped the dam problem in the butt and we wouldn't be in this situation now. It looks like as a result of his forgiving his relatives for what could be viewed as a secondary violation of the law, later these relatives took it to mean that not only did one not have to observe the secondary laws but the primary law could not be observed as well. Then they sat back on their laurels and let the dam stone curtains get rebuilt on the temples.

This is what happened historically, we know this. We know that Chengas Khan retreated from India once he'd crossed the Indus River, somewhat hastily. Obviously, many things could have happened to cause this. Geography (the Himalayas) but he had a map, he knew the mountains were there, he could have taken the low road. He was kinda getting out of horse country but he could have rode elephants. Perhaps the "Ireignians" were thinned through attrition and replaced by Paki's who just didn't run in front of the horsemen as well.

The notes add up to the Sanskrit Hoes finding a chink in his "psychic armor" and the only one I can determine he had was having forgiven his relatives for what they'd done, selfishly stealing from life themselves instead of attacking the dam problem. The Sanskrit likely exploited this visually assaulting his senses with some kind of macabre/incestuous/bestiality/horror thing that they were doing to themselves, each other and they probably punched a hole in their own dam, were "trying" to patch the hole with their butchered kids and beautiful woman while feeding the elderly to the tigers. I mean the worst possible case scenario, eating fecal material hand to mouth the whole bit. The ultimate horror show, it's the most likely thing that could have caused him to retreat. He could of run into "the illuminati" who'd've likely been teasing him about the above or giving him a hard time for trying to undam the planet before they wanted to.

This, frankly, is why I'm so ruthlessly truthful about the present dam situation, especially to those one would consider to be "friends and family", which I claim not to even have anymore as this practically eliminates enemies and insist they do something proactive, attack the dam problem/cease funding the dam shitty thing as they are, because I can't forgive them for their complicity in the abortion project/ecocide attempt unless we solve the problem. As far as I'm concerned, my idea, evolving (not damned) life forever, which could be insured by easily, quickly and deftly changing the way we do things on the surface of this planet, with large real time profit (we'd make a lot of money installing the idea initially) with a future of no meaningless toil, is the idea humans are going to face in the "big courthouse in the sky".

The obvious truth is that humans as a whole are deliberately attempting to destroy everything, in vain I might add, so they don't have to experience the trial and tribulation of life and as a result of the ruler of this universe's possible (if we don't eventually undam the rivers) misdiwrecktion. If one was to think or become conscious of what life, god or the force is going to sentence them to experience for their hand in the dam shitty scheme responsible for the product loss (if we don't undam the rivers) one would know the terrifying horror they'd experience forever for what they've done.

This is the picture I telegraph to people that causes some to call 911 and have me arrested, this is why they attack me everywhere I go, they know who I am. They're trying to get their revenge upon me now for the revenge I and Life's going to deliver upon them for all time. This is why the jeweler rushed out, verbally attacked me, destroyed my stuff, turned the clock back a minute, scurried back under his ruf and called the cops on me.



Back at “Triangle Park” many wanted to debate whether I was who I claimed to be instead of just realizing for themselves the accuracy scientifically of the idea (bull's eye) and I encourage those in disbelief to research the facts themselves, so they **really** know and communicate creative ideas to effect the change. If the character expected to show, doesn't have the same infinityproject idea it won't work and he'll be late. What are the chances of that? Zero, next.

As the signature collection continued, the gist of the idea set in. While in pursuit of the presidency and collecting full names in support of the idea I was really looking for signature collectors (persons to put forth the idea themselves). Also, I'm open to the idea of me being the Vice President forcing the idea in the Senate, spending off time overseeing the House, while backing up another person forcing forward the idea as the Chief. It might work better this way as I have the means to greatly influence events in person as omnipotent and omnipresent as I am. Plus, then I'd be the **Vice** President which is probably a more appropriate title for me. None expressed interest in collecting signatures for me and at least using the legal avenue to command the military to undam the rivers. None wanted to lead the idea with me backing them up, you're not likely to find a better person to back you up on this idea either.

Most everyone for the idea would rather have had someone else fix it and not be involved with the repair yet agreed the outcome would certainly be better than the present and wanted to enjoy the fruit of the infinityproject, they just didn't want to have anything to do with the demo of the water control structures or the installation of the solution. I and Life certainly will repair the dam problem with or without (how you could avoid contributing towards the undamming of the rivers, what with a sausage barbecue of the worst of the dam fools remains to be seen) you. Your soul yanked from or submerged in the gene pool, loss of revere passport and a ruem in Ho'till Calafornix temporarily or forever (your choice) for lack of participation in dam fluidification. Know that when you become conscious of the dam scheme and its solution yet do nothing to force forward a naturally flowing river system, you realize you're just a dam shiddy abortionist, when it'd make more money, be easier and more fun to do the opposite. Your life becomes a complete dam toilsome hoax/farce. That's the trap of the idea and the only way out of damnation is dam fluidification.

A very knowledgeable man pointed out the feather in my hat was from a cooper hawk (*Accipiter cooperii*). I think I picked this up in Virginia just before going to Coopertown, NY. He also noted that my laughter was a mimic of the cooper hawk call. I displayed my IFCO (International Food Container Organization) undershirt. The intricacy and authenticity of this idea coupled with the obvious retread skin suit and correct message at the perfect time, along with the rest of the stuff going on, left no doubt to the thinking portion of the population.

I called the water department nearly every day questioning the possible unpotable dam reservoir water in contrast to the water falling uncollected from the sky (it's illegal to collect the rainfall with structures in this city as it is in most towns) the environmental damage associated with damming the creek above town, delivery of dam water and the buildings failing caused by unnecessarily erosive rainfall. I called the sewer dept. to report suspected sewer breaks (everywhere) and insist upon the manuel fertilizer machine solution.

The night I attended a town hall meeting to give a dam solution report a young woman sat down next to me who was dressed in the same motif and looked a lot like the replicant girl from the “Bladerunner” film. This was notable as the back page of my flyer addresses the “Sgt. Decker” laws. I traded her my business card for a square of mint dark chocolate, my favorite. The town hall river report didn't get delivered verbally as I was escorted out by plainclothesmen (I called the Asheville Police Chief a skin head punk, he was seated in front of me). I had the message in print, so I ordered them to deliver it to the galleaders in addition to giving them copies for their leader and themselves.

Asheville has an interesting sewage history. After the Civil War those who won installed the dam shiddy scheme. They were called carpet baggers. In Asheville the townfolk countered by only paying for half the agreed upon rate upon completion of sewer installation. This is the double carpet

bag trick. The dam flush it all down the tubes shit heads who installed the sewer system countered by rolling up the blueprints and leaving the townfolk with no idea what lay below the surface, and they went from there. This is a repeated storyline in the epic hundred years or so of the installation of the dam sheddy flush toilet scam. I learned all this and more from the small history museum just by the water department parking lot I'd been casing out for days. An addition to the obvious intimidation factor (the water mains are burst all over town) casing out the water department parking lot gave me an in depth study of the dam reservoir municipal junkie, the way they walk, their shape, the things they say in passing, the license plate #'s on their cars... That way I can spot 'em in a crowded group.

I'd made way to the extra green grocery store on the southeast part of town, purchased a few items and was reading the bulle.t. in board on the side of the store in the asphalt parking lot that replaced the garden when I'm approached by another man about my age. We communicate about the dams on the rivers problem, dam and ditch agriculture, the slacker homes getting washed out by uncollected rain, the flush toilet disaster and how these faulty water control structure problems were destroying our good natural wild food sources (sabe) which were being replaced with GMO feed that'll kill ya if ya eat it grown at the dam and ditch sites. A free flowing river system with photovoltaics capturing the precipitation and a urine separating composting no flush toilet with a squirt gun being the solution to the foundation of our problems. He agreed and said he appreciated the report.

He added that he worked up at a nearby vineyard and the owners had decided to replace the old grape (Vitis) root stocks that were susceptible to disease with a new GMO root stock. As advertised the new GMO root stock was resistant to the disease(s) the vineyard formerly found itself susceptible to. However, the new GMO root stock was susceptible to a bunch of new diseases that weren't a problem before and the only way to combat the new diseases was with chemical pesticides sold by the same company that put out the GMO root stock.

In addition, the team of sommeliers and grape growers at the vineyard had periods (usually in the evenings after work) where they got together and sampled the wine along with other consumables. He said they took very detailed notes on the experience, like what happened next, what was the topic of conversation, the mood imparted obviously from the stuff they were fueled by. He said because of the obvious effects they never drank the new GMO root stock stuff, ever and only imbibed from the previous aging stock. \*The care actor who gave me this info acted so genuwine, practically delivering a tear jerker story, yet when I went on the internet several times over several years and tried to get more info about GMO grape root stocks, could find none and when I triple checked the idea verbally on the streets and at wine gatherings got no confirmation.

It doesn't necessarily discount his tale as a misleading lie, for one the info on the internet is often false. The most likely thing he was talking about is a root stock switch that could be considered genetic engineering or the new grafted plant a genetically modified organism. Many have argued for instance that transforming wheat over thousands of years to the modern genetic version (before laboratory style GMO's were introduced) is genetic engineering or a GMO. It's a semantic argument that leads to not communicating about undamming the rivers which is why they bring the argument up. The thing is with what was the old style of genetic engineering (picking out certain seeds that were more productive, more delicious, resistant to pests, grafting root stocks... for subsequent planting) was relatively slow genetic engineering and we evolved concurrently to eat the new food.

Genetically engineering food in a lab overnight and transforming the practically entire crop over a few years doesn't allow for this parallel evolution to occur unless some organism from elsewhere would rather eat the new GMO's, debilitate the humans and steal their planet it could argue. But know it loses the argument at the door of heaven because there's a better way to hijack planets. Instead of relying on dam and ditch GMO's, barbecoo the dam fools and team up with the most reasonable of the species to lead organism in question the correct way. The main points are dam fools aren't going to be able to genetically alter the food to make it better, the dam fool would likely GMO the food to commit worldwide food suicide, this action would cause the dam fool overnight geneticist

upon expedition (to the proverbial door of heaven) to be stratified towards the bottom of the pile of souls, have soul sent back to the surface to experience the “mean time” disastrous conditions they created by their actions in the worst of possible place/time/skin suits or not get into heaven. If (and it looks like they are) e.t. (and they would argue it’s their place) is behind the killer GMOing it results in the same thing, upon expedition (at the event horizon line, the literal door of heaven) they get sat back to start again (entropy included) or into a worse situation or don’t get in.

I experimented with using the cell phone to deliver the idea calling organizations, corporations and banking institutions mostly. I’ve got the World Bank fraud hotline # for instance and often would make calls on Sunday nights when the answering machines take the calls. Then I’d “play” # “roulette” and be directed to likely personal message boxes. Often, I try and send a letter on Thursday to the same folks, so the message would be delivered in writing on Monday, the day they’d likely get the message as a voice recording. The message can be very intimidating to some and certainly present it strongly and forcefully. This is kind of an advanced maneuver as it requires definite exact words, once the words are recorded there they are. There is no way to erase it. Don’t be threatening as this could be illegal, be intimidating instead. I’ve found that a precise identification of the foundation of the problem(s) along with solution(s) and how it relates to their group and individual soul effective. Don’t forget to leave your name and # so they can call you back if they’re interested.

The Hudson River Trust returned a call (this is the place whose backyard I was shanghaied from in NY) and I communicated at length with what sounded like an older African American woman who was very powerful and influential herself. She was very interested in the idea as if she and her group were thinking the very same thing. Sometimes the dam dudes would call back too... Be prepared to enlighten them, I offer reviere as the dam option and provide detailed latent/Latin meaning.

If one is of the type who shares time in prayer, perhaps make your prayer or demand for extra emphasis or special effects/affects to coincide with your mass age delivery of free flowing rivers and product transportation for all time. Often, I find myself in prayer of this type, which I consider a demand, for the fire alarm to sound for building evacuation as they take the call, for the dam toilet to blow upon receipt of letter or perhaps in contrast for a likely ally or both a particular bird landing on the window sill as they read the letter, a bubble from the water tank, anything to reinforce the delivery. I found this to be **very extremely** effective.

Think about what you’re doing before you do it. Make sure you realize in your prayer or idea that you put forth that for the hurricane to show the butterfly must flap its wings. You’ll have to move your lips first, the sound must travel into another person’s ear, you will have to write the letter, send the postcard... Don’t be the dam blind woetoman. Realize it’s your actions that allow/make/facilitate force realized.

The Norfolk Southern railyard was along the east bank of the French Broad at the bottom of Asheville hill. I made sure the infinityproject message was delivered here often frequenting the yard, stopping just shy of the No Trespassing signs and posting a flyer or business card. I made the message real obvious by my dress and manner. The biggest sign(s) that one sees down here is a sinister “MOM” graffiti. Mom happens to be the human most likely to lead, usher or force another down the dam broad innosense ruete. It starts with the insistence of eating dam and ditch/tile drained GMO feed, the necessity of a shed for shelter and flush toilet training. Often a fear of rain, the garden in general, floods and germs (old wives’ tales) are spun into their regretful yarn.

Often the mom’s sing it in the child’s ear “Rock a bye baby” when the #1 problem is dolts stacking rocks on the river. “When the bough breaks the cradle will fall. [The trees will kill ya.]” If you were ever wondering why the folks toss rocks in the river and attack the garden in general, trees in particular, with such determined effort and glee, they were trained to. Most moms, if not all moms, raise their children to do something destructive to pay for the dam bills. Most moms are cognizant of what they’re doing on some level and it drives them to fearful, terrorfied madness... the conflict within themselves as the supposed bringer forth of life while training their progeny to attempt abortion of life

in vain/be ecocide artist failures. Often this leads moms to patrolling the asphalt dike along the canal greenway alerting “Pilates” and the gang of any person avoiding the cost of/responsibility for/demanding of the dam bills eating a fish sandwich “down by the river”. These mums are the leaders of the dam crue, if only because the dud’s enable them. When we repair the dam shiddy problem the dames could train the kids to do the correct thing.

The solution to container transportation on this surface includes rails. Realistically the only level way to the river is by boat or rails and elevators. A diesel engine on a locomotive by rail or on a vessel by water is an extremely efficient way to move goods and with the diesel available should suffice for the livable period on this surface. Also, with the dam sheddy flush toile.t. monkey off our backs we’re likely to come up with all kinds of off surface transportation solutions, further increasing tonnage and efficiency while reducing collateral damage and destruction. The “problem” with the idea of relying much, much less on the road (dam or canal or both) and the inefficient cars has to do with the fractionalization of crude oil.

After the fresh oil is pulled from the ground it’s heated at a refinery and separated into its various components. The lighter gases to the top, then kerosene (jet fuel) diesel, gasoline and thicker stuff on down to tar. This is why the humans in the past invented the asphalt way in an infernal combustion machine. They had to do something with the tar and the gasoline, so they invented the gasoline engine and asphalt highways. But if we want to continue flying off surface with very small dam roads (the runways) burning diesel in ships on the water and in locomotives on rails on or above the surface and on the much much lessened roads, we gotta come up with something to do with the gasoline and tar. The best solution of many appears to be to use the gasoline for cooking purposes and the tar to make the collective productive structures’ superdriplinewatercollect surfaces, pipes, parts and fittings, cisterns, irrigation equipment and thE manuel fertilizer machines. So, we can continue to eat good food.

Often, I’d present the preceding idea at “Triangle Park” and a formerly curious now stunned human dolt would dare ask, “In the future what’s gonna happen to the roads”? Destroyed, ruined. Their eyes would get big, “What happened to them”? “Why?” “How?” The tanks! Either the tank (cistern) deliveries or actual tanks (with guns) to suppress the humans/attempt to maintain control/force dam sheddy flush toile.t.. The celestial city installation may actually work best with U.S. Army tanks actually unloading and placing relatively lightweight thE manuel cistern entertainment aquarium fish soup gadjets, cistern foundation/raft fish farms and fertilizer machines on site where retrofitting/“nigger rigging” is feasible and unloading on site new collective productive structures. Of course, I recommend billing ‘em for it.

Also know that a slap it on the side/retrofitted cistern may not be a high tech model but might include additional water collection of cistern surface (so the cistern’s not a shed getting undermined by the rain) into a water sipper for under tank within support structure shady “animal farm” with bearashit cleaning drawers a child could operate. We could even stock the cage with chicks and bunnies for delivery, this might make the installation easier. Might not, but the stuff should be easy to repair (sell ‘em a bullet hole repair kit) and anyone who attacks thE manuel system installation is obviously a dam shiddy abortionist, expedite ‘em, roast ‘em, serve ‘em up, save the chicks and bunnies. The retrofitted cisterns could easily have solar powered soil moisture level computer chip cell phone programmable valves, just to make it easy for the gardeners.

Meanwhile the U.S. Army Corp of Engineers could be continuing with dam installation, it’s just over your head, the top of your structures and under your sole, the surfaces you make way on. Don’t forget to bill ‘em for it. Just like the dam sheddy flush toilet carpe.t. bag installation (nation building) that the “Yanks” pulled off, just in reverse vice versa, we’ll just do it correctly this time.

This correct installation of civilization, including free flowing river, productive structures and corduroy piped fluid delivery has problems. Most are not on the river. The pipes are above ground and not enclosed within the structure this makes them easy to damage, along with the cisterns, super drip

line water collectors, the manual fertilizer machines and fruit trees which would be easy to access and damage too. Mom or Mum, that KKK/Nazi/Communist block watcher, overseeing the march towards doom could be perfect at keeping an eye on the pipes and stuff. These types could continue their watch and reports except it wouldn't be a damsell in distress false call, they would be forcing good dame law instead of driving dam ruin.

What we're likely to find is that acts of "vandalism" would greatly diminish one way or another, either through lack of desire to commit destructive acts (at present if one is attacking the dam shetty structure they are in the correct, they are enforcing law, the "vandals" are the good guys), the culling of vandals attacking the manual infinity project system or by education and communication. If the dads would quit being duds, undam the rivers, build collectors instead of sheds and wrap their families around the manual fertilizer machines instead of a flush toilet. many of the moms would likely be super instructors, supervisors and super people instead of first class dam shiddy abortionist failures.

As it is I'm dancing on top of the "MOM" graffitied bridge spanning the railyard and river. This is the most visible location in all of Asheville. It's a slow rhythmic dance the type one would do with a partner. So, I'm not exaggerating the dance moves too much as I'm the center of attention anyway, not doing anything crazy. I'm drawing awareness to the importance of free flowing rivers to life, collecting that which falls from the heavens and the manual fertilizer machine, who and what I am. I've been communicating this idea for some time.

When I began dancing on the bridge over the rails a train began swaying back and forth in time just below. The graffiti on the side of the box car just below me was a rendition of about half the idea I present. A motorcycle below the bridge next to the train began doing figure eights, not donuts, this is the infinityproject after all. None of this surprises me as I've been experiencing such action my whole life increasing in proportion to how forceful and effective I force forward the reviere idea.

The average human dolt would probably think I was nuts if I told them I was dancing with the train and a motorcycle. It's interesting how life works. I can see the locomotive engineer in his rearview mirror about a ¼ mile away to the north up the tracks, he's watching me dance as he times the forward and reverse of the train and he's experienced at this as each car stopping and starting makes its own beat and they are all on time. The engineer is smiling at me and I to he, we are making eye contact, we are communicating.

The motorcyclist is doing perfect figure eights, on time with me and the train. Typically the motorcyclist is going down the dam broad road with less than half the cylsinders, half as tired and they know it, so they don't pretend they're innocent. At any rate I've been hitting them up pretty hard too as a group, so I'm not surprised to be dancing with a train and a motorcyclist one bit. Like I pointed out the sign on the side of the box car is on time. This went on for 15 minutes or so.

A young couple went out of their way to walk the distance to meet me out on the bridge. They approached with what looked like fear or concern. The man did most the talking but anyone could tell she was the leader of their pack of two. "What are you doing?" I'm dancing with the train and the motorcycle. "Huh?" I explained. They didn't think this was possible.

I've been making way on rivers for years, the rails run along the riverside, I've been standing alongside the train crossings on time for decades with a pencil and paper writing down train #'s, contents, serial #'s on the box cars, getting the details, putting it all together, they recognize me. Plus, I've been in and out of this rail yard over the preceding weeks with the most obvious potential forceful idea ever, in the most obvious skin suit and I always communicate with the motorcycle gangs.

I'm the man himself, I sucked you over here just so I could tell ya the news, the river solution to the dam problem, then you two could be part of the solution instead of part of the dam problem. The girl looked at her boyfriend like I was nuts. This is how a group of human dolts do it, continue down the dam broad innocent road in the face of consciousness, they pretend it doesn't make sense or communication is impossible, "There's no way", "There's nothing one can do", "If one did something

it would have no effect”, thus “He must be crazy...”

I gave ‘em a business card where my notes are stored so they could read them in their own time instead of expecting them to get it immediately, not that they couldn’t, I and life just don’t want any excuses later on. I showed them my signature on the back of the card. It’s a lightning bolt or a river take your pick. I interpreted to them how the graffiti on the side of the box car was the free flowing river idea with dam problem identified as it is on my business card. Come take a look at this, this will blow your mind. I haven’t even read the other side of the train yet.

I led them over the bridge a ways to the other side of the train so we could read the graffiti on the other side of the particular box car as the engineer was quite obviously showcasing. It included a big signature which is rare and it was an exact mirror image of mine which if you put the two together it’s an “8” like the infinityproject idea. See the motorcyclist doing figure eights. Do you get it? Maybe god conned the engineer into it and the devil tricked the guy on the motorcycle into playing along, maybe they got the message from me, either way I claim its communication.

But do you get the idea? Undamming the rivers, collecting that which falls from the heavens simultaneously keeping the structure from being undermined by the rainfall and providing water (perhaps even electricity) for productive purposes nearby the structure, fertilizing the produce with the product of thE manuel fertilizer machine, converting lawnmowerman into produce person, getting control of our food supply, transporting product in containers or vessels (may be even on some kind of rail) past any dam obstacle through any eventuality and going on with life for all time. The young woman looked at me in horror, the man checked her for appropriate look and returned her puzzled fearful stare. Don’t worry me and the “train guy’s” will fix this with or without you. This seemed to make the couple worry even more.

I came back to the area on another night, a blue moon and I even found a blue ball just before I got to the tracks. That’s how these types recognize me, because I continue sending the message in the mail, I keep showing up at their place knocking on the door delivering the river solution verbally and in writing. It’s midnight, blue moon, I’m standing on the side of the tracks in a dam fine suit (white linen jacket and trousers) with a blue ball and a business card, **for decades**. The last thing the trains rolled by me was the pipes, as if don’t know I gotta play the pipes. I insist upon corduroy pipes, no playing around.

Also, I point out that people shouldn’t live in a house at present because they’re sheds not collectors. The manuel reads the same with a clause that allows for sheddy living **IF** the owner of the shed invites those making way attacking the dam problem with river solution to share shelter, food, water and bearshit privileges in exchange for communicative report of the attack on the dam problem with naturally flowing river panacea. Many accused me of being a hypocrite. I point out I brown bagged it into the Griffin construction debris container outside as the Maxi Pad is nearly totaled in the frozen pipe disaster, I didn’t even have a flush toilet or a shower. I was still paying for it though, it’s imbedded in the rent. However, as I clearly showed a person could live in a shed with dam reservoir water and a flush toilet and use it to disseminate the solution to the dam problem. While one certainly has negative points accrue while ordering the damage to continue (by paying the dam bills) they get positive points for using dam sheddy flush toilet site as a base to launch dam attack with solution. It’s close to a mailbox, town hall, the water department, the sewer facility, the county board and the big dictionary at the library. It’s the only legitimate excuse you’ve got to have a shed, reservoir water and a flush toilet, to repair the dam sheddy flush toilet. problem.

While living here for a year I invited two persons (both men making way somewhat attacking the dam problem) to share the porous dam sheddy flush toilet equipped diseased structure with me. One I invited in to escape a cool drizzly night in exchange for his tale as he was making way on a bicycle with a flat tire which we repaired at my place. He enjoyed a hot chicken/vegetable fajita supper with me, took a hot shower, traded stories, rested for the night and headed up the hill towards the dam reservoir in the mountains. The other character I didn’t let in the place because I didn’t feel like it, it

wasn't raining, gave him the couch out back behind the building, served refreshments and traded tales in the garden.

Fool's Day found me packing up to move out of the #8 Maxi Building. A few days later I headed to Hartford to guide river trips. I showed up in a suit with a complete wardrobe and props. This made the host of *Wahoo's on the River* extremely trepidatious, spooked. A huge storm hit the area and N.C. lost power amidst 30 tornadoes. I left and North Carolina lost power epically in the biggest double whammy tornado storm in history, of particular interest was the accuracy of the strikes to urban areas. Remember the Indian brave who gave me the power of the elements certification/diploma at the Christis Center in Del Ray?

I disseminated the flyers and business cards to the other river outfitters in the Hartford area, the idea was not well received at all. It's a shame that people involved with a live goods river transportation industry aren't interested in a naturally flowing river. It's a problem indicative of the time we're in. Those for dam control of the river moved into situations and locations to enable them to achieve this. When one gets to a place one might think would be interested in rivers, a river trip guide service, one finds care actors hiding the dam problem and putting forth no solution, a river TR.I.P. guide serve vice. The dam fools are in power, if only in their local area but they're everywhere and if one tried to establish a flowing river based idea or concession that acknowledged the dam shiddy disaster and presented solutions those dam fools already established would blackball you.

While eating a chicken leg and biscuit outside the Hartford gas station an officer responded to a damseller in distress false call, the sheriff was related to the caller and dispatcher and wouldn't hear a word from me. I was arrested by a fresh back from Desert Storm power junkie on false charges. It's next to impossible for me to get bailed out of jail because I'm out of state, they know this, as they know the unlikelihood of anybody showing up to defend me or get me out of jail. The water heater broke at the Coker County Jail and I continued to bath in cold water, while the other inmates refused to shower. The clique hated me for this, breaking ranks with their protest. I just thought it was interesting that a few weeks ago I was forced to shower in jail, now the inmates are adamantly trying to force me not to shower.

My parents hired Angel bonds to bail me out and the bounty hunter give me a ride to Hartford to get what was left of my stuff. Somehow, Ms. Booth had called/allowed the lawmen to take a ¼ of my stuff and the river junkies to steal another ¼ of it. The bounty hunter gave me a ride to the Maggie Valley, NC Cozy Corner Motel where I stayed in preparation for court date in TN. Word travels vast in Maggie Valley, quick saturation.

I stayed up late in anticipation of court date in Newport watching "Dukes of Hazard" reruns, the hearing was in the thick of it for sure, Coker County. When I called the bounty hunter to give me a ride to the court date I was a day late. So, I was wanted. At any rate I didn't want to be wanted in Coker County, so I decided to have him come pick me up to settle it. He came and got me with his big dame driver. As we were getting near leaving NC a North Carolina State police officer pulled us over. The bounty hunter and his wife were real nervous. Don't worry about it, this happens everywhere I go, they're just checking on me.

After making driver aware of a vehicle problem the officer walked around back of the car and opened my right rear passenger door. "The all knowing all powerful Mr. John Lawrence Jolley. How are you? You're not having any problems or anything are you?" I'll make it.

The driver needed to use every restroom we passed all the way to Newport where I stepped into the grocery store restroom and packed a huge bowl into the Italian cherry wood pipe and sprinkled some tobacco on top. The bounty hunter met me at the door of the grocery store in a just begun heavy downpour. As he charged over I whipped out a pack of waterproof matches in a swamping rainfall and fired up the pipe. This was a feat in itself, when we made the exchange to the bonds man's van the tobacco burned through and the Cannabis caught fire as they closed the door. Now at least they had something I'd done that was "illegal", something I was willing to plead guilty to, Cannabis possession

in Newport. As this was practically what I'd discovered/uncovered in a larger sense was taking place, a cannixbus(t) in "Newport", starring me as chief detective with quite a forceful cast.

My cell mate was an older black man who said he'd gotten in an argument with his gal or fled a confrontation with a female acquaintance only to have someone else kill her a few hours later, "Didn't have anything to do with it". As I was getting let out a few days later I was assaulted by Officer Galleon who charged over towards me sniveling some incomprehensible command and grabbed me by the throat. I was getting discharged from jail but they didn't return the Don Bee case I brought with me loaded with some of my best antique gear, a Claiborne suede jacket and about \$22,000 worth of primo antique tools, all of it irreplaceable. They said they just threw it in the dumpster. The Cocks County creeps even stole my food stamps card, cash and debit card. They returned my cell phone, Florida DL, US Passport and a crushed mangled damaged cooper hawk feather.

When I got out and walked around the corner I found \$50 on the ground and was back in business. Newport is "Tombstone Town" judging by the funeral parlors and headstones (there's a granite mine nearby) on display. If one looks back behind the funeral parlor often an option is on display, a fruit box. Don't make your last act to bury yourself 6 feet under embalmed in a plastic bag stuffed in a stainless steel casket with a rubber gasket, a tombstone lacking complete name on your head, the sprinklered lawn and a chainlink fence, absolutely nothing productive, everything destructive. Think about what this looks like from above. The Cocks County Jail employees were on the front page of the local newspaper for stealing peoples stuff upon book into jail.

I rested in the graveyard overlooking town and in the morning came in to file charges at the County Sheriff for theft upon book in. I was sewing a button on my sleeve waiting for the diner to open when a Newport Police Captain (there's more than one, this one looked like a young "Boss Hog", little bit fatter more pig like) kidnapped me when he forced me in the back of his car. We got on I-40 and began heading towards North Carolina. If you're a good cop or a bad law enforcement officer and I'm sitting in the back of the cruiser it won't be long before you're nearly in tears and about to shit in your pants. Getting kidnapped east bound for the state line and a federal crime I called my mom. Mom I'm getting kidnapped! "Johnnie I'm in the library and can't talk right now." Next, I called the FBI where upon I stated my name and social security #. I'm getting kidnapped by a Newport Police Captain. "Where are you?" I-40 eastbound, Mar tha Sun quest exit. "Click" Boy, you had to see the cop's sweat dripping down his temple mix with the tears at the corner of his eye. He knew he was real close to being in big trouble, as kidnapping across state lines is a federal offense since the Lindbergh kidnapping. Charles Lindbergh's grandson sat in the back of my dad's submarine. Anyway, the FBI or look alike were waiting for us when he dropped me off, thanks for showing up, this really sold it to the cop. It's worse than "Dukes of Hazard" isn't it?

In Maggie Valley from a Cozy Corner "inmate" I bought a used "Hunter" California cruiser for \$10 and set about rigging it for Chicago. I went back to Asheville to take care of business and pick up some tools I'd left behind the Maxi Building. When I finally got to the food stamps window the alarms went off and the building was evacuated. I called a taxi from behind the place on Chestnut to give me and the heavy tools a ride to the Greyhound station. The taxi driver seemed worried, said the tools wouldn't fit in the trunk and said he'd send for a van. He called the cops. Three Asheville police officers showed up and made to confiscate my tools. My landlord Mr. Bond showed up seemingly on cue and told the Police who I was, I'd paid my rent on time, gave 30 days notice, moved out just recently and added that he thought the tools showed up about the time I moved in. The cops still stole my tools. My big gardening, carpentry and fishing tools, the big clamps, square shovels, pitchfork, levels, 1000 lbs. monofilament, lever extension pipes... I asked the cops why they were taking my stuff. "Inventory purposes."

Back out front of the Waynesville/Maggie Valley Greyhound station I'm arrested by Waynesville Police Officer D.P. Grastny on false charges. On book in to Haywood County Jail I told the Magistrate he was a sucker. He must have researched this possibility because early the next



morning the Haywood County Magistrate entered my cell, "Did you sleep alright? Was the breakfast OK? You're outa here boss."

Just before I left for Chicago I checked my retreat option, the Cherokee Indian Nation was having a poker tournament. I loaded the "Hunter" in the taxi's trunk and two nervous chicks gave me a ride to the top of the gap's dam trout farm and let me out. I leaned my bicycle and overnight gear against a bench and slinked off into the bush's shade from the blinding security lights real quick because I had to see this. The dam concrete pumped pool trout farmer must have got the local alert because he was their quick, they're a guilty nervous bunch, always scheming to thwart a well placed deserved dam attack, that they're puzzled never occurs when they know it should. He left spooked and I rolled down the black dark mountain with sunglasses on, dismounting road side for the slim passing traffic.

A sheriff came up, he sounded like he was expecting my arrival. Reported he was responding to a call about a maniac on a moped swerving in and out of traffic. He could see I was just pushing a bike alongside the road. He couldn't figure out how I was getting down this hill with no light and sunglasses but I suspect he knew I was using the sunglasses to keep from getting blinded by the headlights he'd turned off. He offered to escort me down. I declined as I was casing out particular places as usual enroute. I found a pink Dixon and a blue Dixon pencil.

The Frank Lloyd Wright esque river straddling casino cancelled the poker tournament. I made way through the casino in Bass leather soles with nails heads exposed on the heels, this way one can skitch or "ice skate" scoring across the granite floor. I know occasionally intelligent casino staff study these kinds of displays on video because they suspect I could be the front man for a shake down crew. Casinos are interesting for me because I'm able to go up to the roulette table and call out the winning # as the ball spins around the wheel, every time, but if I wager on roulette I lose. Due to a flood of unwarranted calls a City of Cherokee Nation Police Officer gave me a free ride with gear to the top of the gap in exchange for promising to go down the other way.

I got on a Greyhound headed for Chicago (Cook County) and the Mayorial switch from the Daily show to the Emanuel experience as the Ambassador/Assassin from Manhattan. I had a white plastic "New York and Company" shopping bag protecting the U.S. Trunk Company valise in case of untimely precipitation.

In addition to all the other junk going on the New York Mob and the Chicago Mob are at war or least were before the "ever since nine eleven" disorganization/fracturization/dismemberment/incarceration thing. The Chicago Mob "winners" are terrified of the New York Mob, because they know what happened in Manhadone. The Chicagoans would have visited Manhadone and noticed the missing element and added ingredient. There's nothing worse than a bunch of displaced wolves lurking around for a piece of meat. I'm the New York (East Coast) Mob top man with Chicago connections, Japanese (south side) Mob top man with U.S. Navy contacts and I've got the FBI Chicago phone #. The FBI blossomed forth from the Chicago based Pinkerton Detective Agency. Pinkerton was a cooper.

I got off the Greyhound in Chicago May 9<sup>th</sup> and rented a storage unit across the street. After I got my goods in place it didn't take long for a Chicago city bus to drive by with the message, "Judgment Day Is May 21". Good they know I'm coming I thought, might a read the letter I sent 'em, and it looks like I have 13 days to finalize the verdict.

I went to "Lawrence Seafood" along the Chicago "River"/sanitary ship canal and met the larger part of the Chicago Police Department motorcycle division. I leaned my bicycle up near the police motorcycles and came in like the biggest river gangster ever seen. I asked them are ya still Chicago police officers or are ya an acronym organization? They said, "Chicago police officers" but when I checked out the advertisement on the side of the cruisers I thought it said S.I.M.S. internet says they're C.A.P.S. NYPD is C.I.P. Miami PD is C.P.R. As I was sittin outside wonderin' where Chinatown was a teenage male of Asian descent on a bicycle with a pair of yellow gardening loppers rode by in the left

lane going the “wrong way” shaking his tool intimidatingly at the passing traffic. Hmmm... must be that way I thought and marveled at his duplicate presentation of my message. The Chinatown Library, this is the first place I went to in Chicago, to get my bearings orientated. The staff was pleasant, the kids were warm and pleasant, the food was fair nearby. I was looking for a “spare parts bike” as I’d lost a pedal while in transit on the bus.

I made my way to Shubert and Misa’s place just to check the scene. There used to be a “parts bike” every 20’ in Chicago, now it appears they religiously offer abandoned bicycles to the trash idol. One can’t find a bicycle repair shop either. I fixed the pedal temporarily with some junk, now we’re rolling. Misa’s just off Milwaukie/edge of Cuba town apartment was still there. Misa quickly married another man named Tobiason on Adam Avenue. Apparently, he quit his job in England and went to ‘Frisco working for the Industrial Light and Magic Company, doing special effects for “Star Wars: Rogue One”. They’ve got a boy and a girl. The “Marianao Café” continues to serve the best cup of simple espresso in town but now it comes in a Styrofoam cup. The Mar’s Co. Snickers billboard advertisement still looms over town, the biggest, darkest, well lit, can’t miss it writing on the wall.

At 6:58 AM on the corner of Jefferson and Harrison I approached light blue waste management truck #899 and traded my flyer for a couple blueberry muffins from Shirley, NY. The operator of truck said, “We want you to be the mayor of Chicago”. That’s why I’m here boys. Back in 2006 I’d determined that Chicago was the biggest throwaway town in the nation based on the size of the piles of trash in the back alleys. Now the alleys were cleared and handbills depicting vicious terrorizing rats were posted everywhere. The general attitude of the Chicagoans coincidingly is a vicious terrorfied “rats” as in, “Now that we threw it all away now what”? A municipal crew circulated burying rat poison in the porous water main containing ground.

As I initially made my way around the Sear’s tower and downtown Chicago getting to know the Chicago Police Department through the near endless volume of false calls the police kept telling me, “Go get in line at the mission for food”. They sounded like a broken record, trained, insulting considering I had several hundred cash in my pocket, a debit card and a lunchbox with plenty of food and beverages. If they knew how stupid they look telling me to get in line for dam and ditch GMO doom food. If anything they come to get ya in line as it’s known to be routinely pressed for prison fodder. They stole my cane which was the perfect tool for steadying oneself on Chicago’s dilapidated pedestrian ways while poking up food and beverage containers for easy inspection of written contents and disposal. They stole my 9” pair of dikes.

Congress Parkway goes under the Chicago Stock Exchange building which is attached to a much taller building with a hideless horse statue out front. As I approached the Chicago hideless horse/Chicago Stock Exchange I picked up an 8’x1”x6” wood plank in the road and made a quick cross outa this and my 4 chamber diesel train whistle with two chamber streetcar kicker. I slapped the plank in the pumped concrete fountain up front and splashed a professional dude eating lunch while cleaning up my new bench seat that I set up in the shady spot of the parking lot across the street. This was the spot I cased the place from for a month. When I first checked the trash can out front of the place it was half full of steamed rice.

At the lake side I found a near cave in the jumble of rocks along the water. Somebody had tagged it with neon green paint as “The Cove”. From this spot one could rest unseen by cops circling on 4 wheelers and cops in boats patrolling the land edge for flush free, dam terrific, no shed persons such as myself. As the sun rose after a dark rest a cooper hawk landed on a tree branch nearby and we chatted. I’m gonna get ‘em, I know I’m gonna get ‘em, I’m gonna get those dam shetty GMO doomers. I just know it. The cooper hawks know it.

As I made my way north on Chicago’s lakefront towards the “mouth” of the Chicago River I came to the Canadian icebreaker “Abby” of the Columbia Yacht Club. An apparent patron, a huge rotund dame who looked like she worked for the Chicago Water Department rumbled down the dock. A big storm front approaching from the west silhouetted my image as she drew near and chortled,

“[You] **beta hurry ho**[me], **it’s gonna st[r]o[m]**”.

“Beta hurry ho, it’s gonna sto”, could be the war cry of the dam tunneling shit swamp hole of Chicago, with its most infamous of world sewerage projects (the basements fill with sewage when it rains). The most expensive environmentally damaging least functional insane sewer system in the world, all to poop in a bowl of water and avoid fertilizing food crops. The City of Chicago was built **just** before the flush toilet was invented. When the decision to retrofit came around the Chicagoknights decided to lay the sewer pipes out on top of the streets and bury them under a huge amount of fill, making basements of the structures on the first floor or jacking up entire structures, complete disaster. All they’ve gotta do is install thE manuel fertilizer machines and cisterns and the disgrace is over.

In the evening I made my way to the NW side of Chicago and a possible hook up with the Breakdance Chicago crew. The man who operated the breakdance school or classes was the character who’d lived next door to Misa on Shubert in 2006. I called him on the phone before I came to Chicago and expressed interest in seeing him again as we’d hit it off years previous. Along with the dam free flowing river idea I’d given him a swordfish print, he remembered me for sure and had suggested we get together for a cup of coffee when I made it to town. As I was bicycling up Lincoln Ave. I passed an Italian sandwich shop and a man at the door exclaimed “Ah Don Corleone!” as I rode by. I slowed as I passed. Somewhere between Corleone and Naples. I missed the breakdance class and the man I knew wasn’t present but I talked to the class teacher and the rest of the rented dance studio staff. I had the best breakdance outfit on one could possibly imagine, with padded knee pockets stuffed with extra gloves and everything, ready to dance on 40 weight sandpaper.

I made my way back to the Italian sandwich shop only to discover it was closing as I stepped up to the door. I conversed with a younger man locking the door about the present dam situation and he was intrigued. I went next door to the Vietnamese “Simply It” restaurant for supper. I entered the establishment and made my way to the dining area. On cue the proprietor, who’d been cooking it looked like in the kitchen, met me at the confluence of the restaurant entrance and kitchen exit into the dining room and handed me a glass of iced brown tea with a slice of lemon. Hmmm, my favorite drink, on time, this man certainly knew what was up or was extremely intuitive. He proved this by meeting me on time with my favorite beverage, as if he knew I’d be showing up at the time. I didn’t even have to order it. Also, he may have known his servers were slacking and I was thirsty.

This whole iced brown tea with a slice of lemon thing being my favorite beverage is part of the lore or tale of my character in the orient. They’ve been counting on me showing up too along with the intelligent Christians, Jews who read “Daniel” and Islamists who know best. All of the manuels of this planet (and off surface) mention my presentation. Whether it’s the Bible, the Japanese manuel, even the Intuit and aboriginals write and tell of me. The whole iced brown tea with a slice of lemon being my favorite beverage is kinda like a bad joke or ironic considering my message or idea I put forth. See, if I would just eat the tea leaves green and chase it down with water I’d/we’d be better off. Toasting the leaves wastes precious fuel and making tea (boiling the water) burns even more. Than I’ve the audacity to order it on ice (more energy burned and the looming hole in the ozone). Plus, now I need it with a slice of California dam and ditch lemon to stay healthy cause the vitamins were cooked out of it. But they don’t have fresh green tea leaves and the ice is piled up, plus they’re throwing a few lemon slices away every day so...

I subtly nodded my head, thanked him, sat down at the window table and ordered #23, the octopus and vegetables. They’ve got another thing over there (Asia) where they expect me to like octopus. Octopus is a sign of the cleanest water. I sent the servers back into the kitchen inquiring about wheat noodles instead of dam rice noodles and ordered several more delicious dishes packaging the leftovers up in my own to go Mason jars and departing after giving the proprietor my flyer and card.

Out front of “Simply It” I was accosted by a guy who wanted to borrow a tool to scrape out his

simherb smoking pipe. He said he was smoking “K2” or “AK47” or something as I lent him my street sweeper blade. When he finished scraping the resin from his pipe I cleaned the street sweeper blade off on my cigarette and tried his goop. I had to throw the cigarette out it was so bad. Don’t smoke laboratory created junk on the surface of the #1 herb planet in the universe, you’ll look and act like an idiot.

Next a group of 3 Cuban American guys about my age approached, they seemed like they were put up to it. After talking to them for a few minutes they asked, “Why don’t you quit the act?” First of all, they are correct. I’m acting (consciously playing a part) like the man himself. I get up every day (and hardly sleep most every night) deliberately go about coming up with something to effect the end of the dam sheddy flush toile.t. ages and install the naturally flowing river collective productive structures with fruit and nut tree solution. I rehearse, come up with lines (think about what I’m going to say before I get there) dress in costume and everything. I made myself this way out of what I used to be or was before (at inception) over a long time. Why? Because my reviere passport is on the line (so is yours) a most valuable thing I don’t want to lose and I care about life in general. I don’t want to spend my time alive as a dam shet head abortionist, it’s humiliating, maddening and insane. Plus, living correctly in general is more enjoyable. They asked me to come into “Kelsie’s” for a be’er. I declined, made as if to depart, the 3 Cubans went in the bar, I circled back around and followed them in. They were drinking dam and ditch possibly GMO side effect light beer and talking about no thing with other woetomans. I left.

Outside of Chicago’s Whole Foods one afternoon I met a character who said he could get me some herbs. I hadn’t run out at this time but told him I would get some later, talked to him for 15 minutes or so and obviously got his name and number. About 10 days later I called him up. He told me he was staying down by the river in Indiana at his grandmother’s house. I said let me guess, shortly after you met me you got bushwhacked by the Chicago Police Department, shook down, they threatened your life, scared the shit out of you, and you fled Chicago. “Yep”

Explosions can be heard all day as one makes way in Chicago coming from all directions, the demolition of buildings and the porous doo doo doom below. At night they switch to jackhammers and pound away on the crumbling structures undermined by rainfall and a sewage “river”. All of this takes place amidst the noxious stench of raw hot sewage and the sewer pump crews and emergency generators scrambling traffic.

I pulled up to one of Daily’s trees and locked up my “Hunter” California cruiser towards the S.E. end of Chicago’s food district on Fulton St. I sat down on the ground, had a snack, a shot of Gran Mariner de Postial, smoked some herb and twisted up a few cigarettes. It was a little past noon. This was my biggest “hit” or dissemination of information at a powerful spot since Wall Street. Chicago is this nation’s food capitol, the Osaka of America. Fulton St. and the street to the south is the food center of Chicago. Apparently, this is where the food comes in and is distributed around to the restaurants in town, Fooltown street.

The first thing I did was slip my business card into the driver’s rearview mirror of a food delivery van parked on the side of the road. It was facing west and one of Daily’s trees was gouging a hole in the side of the van. As I placed my card a piece of this branch scratched my cheek, it coulda injured my eye. Hortus in Urbis is the town motto. This tree was a pseudo locust, it looked like it was invented in a lab or dropped off of a space ship. One of those bad fruit, no fruit trees thE manuel warns about. I broke off the hazardous offensive thorny branch and threaded it attractively (I thought) into the top of the chain link fence next to the building by the van, crossed the street to the north side of Fulton and headed west, sliding my flyer in the conveniently placed mail slots and putting my business card in every door crack, drain spout and water spigot I could find.

Suddenly, I was bullrushed by two men, one about 15 years older than me and one about 15 years younger than me. To me, this means something, I’m on fire or really hitting the target. The gremlins are scared and they’re trying to stop me. They were accusing me of destruction of public

property (the 18" tree branch) and the older guy was physically trying to restrain me. He was assaulting me. I calmly gave him my flyer and business card explaining to him my contact information was included if he felt the need to get in touch with me. He tried to take control of me and physically march me back across the street.

I got serious and explained to him that if he didn't stop attacking me I was going to attack or retreat and he'd get injured. His younger buddy or son called him off and the older guy said he was gonna call the police. I told him I suspected he already had, the younger character subtly nodded the affirmative, I told the two I was headed that way and motioned to the west. I told 'em I didn't want to see them again and to tell the cops if they called them, I headed that way, handing out business cards and flyers. They ran back across the street and I proceeded "that way", took the first right and casually sat down in the shade of a real tree behind the building taking notes on the trash, mostly discarded food and let the whole thing cool down.

A dark unmarked SUV pulled up and two policemen got out. They forced me into the back, said they were gonna kill me and make me disappear into a hole in Chicago. I'd already figured out or suspected that this is what happened to Pan in a new skin suit and the rest of the M.I.A. Chicago boys. I'd already figured the only thing that saves me is communication/"running my mouth". I gave them my U.S. passport card which usually doesn't have any information available about my arrest record when they run the #'s and gave them my expired FL Driver's License which has a # that sometimes spews out pages and pages of arrest record info or just tells you last known address Christmass.

I told the cops that the felony breaking into and entering an occupied dwelling and felony grand theft, Father's Day 2006 charges were the highlight. I didn't get convicted or take the plea, I beat the charges. The guy's house I "broke" into, his name was Jack and I used to work for him. Jack was the ledgerman for the Boston Mob. I'd started the story in my Chicago accent, then when I gave em the FL D.L. I switched to my Floorduh accent. Then when I started talking about Jack, the Boston Mob's ledgerman, I switched to my Boston accent. I told them how I didn't break into Jack's place anyhow, I just slid the unlocked sliding glass door over a few inches and asked the two dames inside for a glass of water. I continued to tell the cops how I ended up with Jack's shovel and used it to install fruit, vegetable and herb gardens and site specific native plants at many places including St. Ann's Catholic Church and across the street from Al Malnik's (the N.Y. Mob's lawyer's) house.

Then I switched into my New York accent and related how on Nov. 13 at midnight I rolled into Manhattan on a Greyhound and they quit picking up the trash when I hit the street. I was trying to get in contact with the N.Y. Mob amongst other things even though I knew the Mob had fled to Boston and the gangs of N.Y. had fled west. They fled Judea. I went to all the Italian delis, the pizza places with pictures of Hollywood mobsters, construction sites and Catholic Churches, screaming for the Mob. Look out boy duck! I'd already hooked up with them anyway in So. Fla., that's where they go in winter time, places like the old Mancini's, "Vic and Angelo's" in Delray, ya know. Two weeks after I got back from N.Y. the F.B.I. rounded up the entire Mob and threw them into MDC Brooklyn on old trumped up charges, some for extorting the New Yoke cement install and debris cover up/haul out.

Now I had their address and sent them a resume for the capo de capo position. They got the message at night and communicated with me the very next day through correctlinks and all they wanted to know was what was the exact responce I was looking for. Through correctlinks I replied, "sing" to the "government". Within a couple weeks I was talking to a U.S. Senator at "Broadway's" about the insurance company's paying for the dam ages. About this time, we pulled up to the scene of the crime where I trimmed the tree. The guy who assaulted me came out of the building, looked like he came out of the basement, with an extra large square type flashlight, which was on. It's a bright sunny day. What the? He's got a flashlight? What's wrong with this picture boys? I suspect, knowing what I know, he's lost power in his building or the toilet exploded.

The cop in the passenger seat got out and started talking to the guy with the flashlight still on and began talking on the radio as well. I told the cop sitting up front (who was listening to a radio

conversation on a wire I think) maybe they'll see the light. While the antagonist and "Cop #2" mulled it over, "Cop #1", who was starting to act more like a law enforcement officer instead of a kidnapping potential judge, jury and executioner, pointed out the trees in question were installed by Mayor Daily and were known as "Daily's trees". "Cop #1" told me Daily'd bamboozled the residents fronting the plantings into splitting the cost of the "beautification". Judging by the size of the trees planted and knowing what I know, it looked like they were \$2000 trees. So Daily had charged the building owner \$1000 a tree and planted 6 trees out front of his place for a \$6000 charge to the owner of the building, and this was a conservative estimate. Now one could see why the suspect trees needed service and protection. I'd imagine the other \$6000 was paid for by the Chicago Department of Revenue or the Cook County Tax Collector, either way, the people. Only Daily knows what his total cut amounted to. I'm sure the Woman's Garden Club was impressed by this Hortus in Urbis example.

The cops told me they'd arrest me if I didn't tell the guy I was sorry. I apologized, he looked scared and so did the cops now. Something was either going on in the building, on the radio or both. The cops, now with a completely different attitude began taking me back to where they'd picked me up. It sounded like they'd figured out who I was because "Cop #2" said, "You've got a Hell of a plate in front of you, son". I thought about this comment on Fulton St. in Chicago. Naw, it's a heck of a plate officer, its good food I'm offering for a long time. "Cop #2" specified, **"It's a Hell of a plate you've got in front of you, son"**.

I've had this happen a lot in my life and I know what he's saying. "Cop #2" was told who I was, figured out who I am through the situation that was presented to him or was one of "the illuminati" teasing me. The story I told 'em about how I became the godfather, what was going on in the basement of the antagonists' place and what "base" said on the radio about me. "Cop #2" and "Cop #1" together with all the cops and police officers serving and protecting the dam shitty rules are the ones with a hell of a plate in front of them. Selecting the vocation of undamming the rivers is the most exciting, satisfying and challenging work one could undertake. My rewards while alive in this skin suit are far more rewarding than that one would experience as a ruel enforcement officer or cop. See, he's the one with a Hell of a plate in front of him. "Cop #2" doesn't know that he's gonna be eating it forever too. I have a Heaven of a plate, a Christmass, not a dam mess.

"Cop #2" doesn't get eternity, how life and time go on forever and how complicity with an obvious abortion attempt is a crime and he's gonna pay. He could sell his sheddy porous home, get a sailboat on the lake, commute to work by bike, request "the beat" and write tickets to people parking infernal combustion machines on potential living space, claim he's a fisherman, catch carp and eat them reducing his dam and ditch agricultural demands, control exotic invasive fauna, write the whole thing off of his taxes, quit paying for the dam ages, pick up his pen or pencil, start taking notes, sending letters, speak at town hall, start getting the word about, knocking on the dam door and attacking the dam shitty problem with the solution. He'd be in much better shape, mentally in particular.

They dropped me back off and politely asked, "Which way ya going boss"? With my thumb I motioned up over my shoulder. They pointed the other way (downwards) and said, "We're going this way and we don't want to see you again". Both of 'em immediately realized the actuality and gravity of what they'd said, tried to recover somewhat and restate their eventuality, which goes some distance. Shows they're thinking about it at least. Plus, "Cop #2" had immediately confessed what he and his force had done to the M.I.A. Chicago boy's in his initial threat/admission, this was the only unanswered local question I had and "Cop #1" gave me valuable horticultural inside info. They didn't allow the rabid dam fool to stop me from delivering the massage on "Food Ave."

I grabbed what looked like a botulism free vacuum sealed pork tenderloin off the ground, slapped it in the case, found an organic fruit drink fermenting in the shade for a delicious sparkling wine and had a fried banana desert at the diner on the corner while questioning the waitress about the area. Hell of a plate? I'm the chief law enforcement officer on the planet. I get paid by the government too. I get to drink on the clock, chat with cute waitresses, bust the crime of the millennia,

smoke doobies... in the shade of a hot afternoon at the café eating sweet sautéed bananas, what a life. What's "Cop #2" doing now, driving around on the dam broad inasin route with his same sex partner, going to hell? I'm canvassing the food district. A few people, 4 I think, came out just to take a picture of me and meet me, they were cute girls too. Eat your heart out "Cop #2".

I'm not sure how the picture collectors found out about me, Twitter, cell phone? I was "wondering" if the police sent them (if they did then "Cop #1" and "Cop #2" were a good law enforcement officer and bad cop) I also thought some of the photographers could have been the press. I wasn't sure, they were all kind of "spell bound" or something. Two of them approached for a picture and seemed to get spooked, change their mind and depart. With the others who wanted pictures of me, as usual, I often say, I'll make a deal with you. I tell them this because I suspect they've considered the possibility that I'm the Devil, which is about 1/3 correct and not God like they were told, which proves they were at least thinking. Of course, I always try to get them to agree to the deal before I tell them what the deal is. I'll let you take a picture of me if you let me take a picture of you, we can use your camera for both pictures.

I do this of course so the other person realizes they're important and they're gonna have to "man up" too, to solve the problem for their soul. I won't be able to end the dam ages and accomplish the installation of the celestial city myself, there's too many dams to fluidify for starters, too many cops keeping me from doing it, too many toilets to replace and cisterns to install. The people are still in love with the whole dam shiddy idea. I was encouraged to have some interested females. It surly would be more effective to attack the dam problem with dames by my side, at least 12 and another man. I could use an army of dames to solve the dam problem.

I entered the 13<sup>th</sup> and Michigan "A'Cappella Bistro" to inquire within or scope out the place for a "break in". The #'s all added up and it looked like a possible keyway or place where I could get something going in the correct direction. The proprietor, an Italian looking man 48 to 54 with quite a build met me as I entered. He had a big porcelain ceramic jug of a few gallons (a jimmyjohn) by the door and I inquired about the stated BYOB policy I'd noted at the front door. He said he allowed people to bring in a bottle of wine or such if unopened, he'd unseal it and serve it to you. I departed.

All I really wanted for my birthday was to "stop" plane.t. Chicago. On the official start of the Indianapolis 500's 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary race, at 6AM on the corner of 13<sup>th</sup> and Indiana I found a City of Chicago stop sign in the waterway (road). I took out my pencil and note book and made note along with witness's addresses, the locals were stepping out of their apartments to pick up the paper and to walk the dog. A car drove by and over the stop sign, lifting the sheet of polished metal off the ground a foot or so, spinning it about like the dangerous projectile it is. I envisioned a terrible accident if I didn't get the hazard out of the way. I didn't just try and sneak the stop sign back to my storage site. Know I paraded the salvaged object in a spiraling in fashion through the loop riding a "Hunter" California cruiser with Memphis pyramid seat cover and mud flap. My hand written receipt got me through the phalanx of damsell in distress false call responding Chicago Police Department Officers and beat walkers. This was something difficult to get away with, making off with one of Daily's signs for a souvenir, the police force knew me now for sure, note taker, real ballsy with a slick "Obi-Wan Kenobi" esque manner.

A block deep into the loop from Buckingham fountain (think the lead in and theme song from "Married... with Children") is "Burnham Liquors". When one walks into the place just to the right behind the counter were the goods obviously placed. Everything else in the place was standard dam doom food courtisee of the distributor forced upon the proprietor. Some times in this situation the proprietor has a small limited option. In this case it was antique liquor. Bottles of distilled fruit liquor, some of it aged decades before it was even bottled. The prices were classic too, 70's or 80's price stickers, a lot of dust on the bottles, not many finger prints. It was the score of a lifetime for a no till dam and ditch GMO free alcohol affectionado. Fein a feint spell, recover, make like to scramble to get proprietor engaged in point of sale, as if the tall dude in line for a 6 pack of tall boy Budweiser's could

come to his senses and spoil the opportunity of lifetime.

The Patel, as revealed, behind the counter was quick witted and aware, knew my urgency was real and why. He deftly explained that he'd have to attend to the dam tall boy first and likely other impatient unaware dam devil's doom food purchasers. I'll be out front smoking a cigarette, come out and get me when you think you have the time to make a large sale. Several minutes later we were engaged in an enlightening communication. I made off with one of everything, clearing the shelf of some items, including an antique bottle of Grand Marnier Lapostol and a 1.75 L of maybe 60 year old apple liquor. The stuff'd obviously aged 30 years just on the shelf. The beverages were fabulously delicious. The Mandingo bottle was the shape and color of a large orange, which after consuming (unfathomably delicious, Mandingo is like the difference of Gran Marnier to brandy but super Campari) I make way in Chicago palming as a water bottle. This was outrageously intimidating as the most frequently sighted, #1 sign in Chicago is an advertisement on the side of the bus stops for a t.v. show. It read "The Glades Killer" and depicted a big bleeding orange with a bullet hole in it. I am the messenger from the Glades.

I get down to the lake past Soldier Field early one morning. After a swim and change of underwear and socks I made to lay down and rest and cracked the antique French Martinique passionfruit liquor bottle in my backpack. That which I couldn't capture and consume later I let drizzle out of my backpack onto my head and shoulders. The stuff smelled incredible. After a nap a police officer on a 4 wheeler cruised out towards me. I quickly leap to my feet and swiftly made way towards him aggressively reaching into my back pocket to retrieve and present I.D. beating him to requesting it. This is legal and I've found an aggressive offensive I.D. presentation effective, demand they take note of which you are and demand their participation in dam fluidification, carry proper I.D.

I made my way to the "A'Cappella Bistro" next to the infamous "Panozzo's" gourmet Italian deli/market. I sat down and Christina took my order for seafood gumbo. I was served probably the most delicious flavorful seafood gumbo of my life yet there wasn't any noticeable seafood in it. So, considering the BYOB policy I'd gone over with the proprietor the day before I reached in my pack and pulled out a fist sized chunk of Dominick's smoked lake trout and pitched it in my gumbo.

The owner of the place and chef came out to my table, there was hardly anyone else in the place, and questioned how my meal was. The discourse that I launched into with this man was something else. It may have been the intoxicating aroma of passion of the Christ elixir or the last of the big chunk of farmed fish I rolled around in the bowl as I finished my gumbo that caused the reaction from the proprietor. He'd decided to make my lunch, which I'd intended on as an appetizer, complimentary, gratis, free of charge. However, he let me know, it was time to go now!

I stood from the table, he artfully stepped back a little to make way towards the door. I turned to face him while reaching in my front left trouser pocket. I'm gonna call the police and report you for discrimination. He reached for his back right pocket and while I beat him to the draw, he was real quick and was unfolding his wallet just a hair behind me unfolding my cell. His contained a Chicago P.D. shield. While this was all unfolding into quite a climax a crescendo of roaring rubber and smoke poured from a dark SUV "parked" just out front of the dining window, the place was shaking and enveloped in a smokescreen.

One could just make out what appeared like a couple of tough shady ones in the vehicle. The cop moonlighting as a restiranteur knew my 911 call would likely get no response yet was perhaps thinking it might be nice for them to show up. I peeled out of there too. While the chief/officer was certainly one of the more stone cold people I've encountered, anyone could see he was thinking, "What the... It's like the old days... I thought we "fixed" this problem." Nope. We're still bright here, just reinforced, more knowledgeable and shadier than ever.

I left my finger prints on the outside window and reopened the restaurant door requesting my manos protection, I'd left my gloves in there, gave him a copy of my flyer and some cash I insisted he give Christina. I departed, one of my greatest intentions while here in Chicago is to win power and influence with the Chicago P.D., plus the obvious Chicago Mercantile Exchange. How I do this is



intricate and complex, often the initial impression with the correct characters is the lasting one. Here we are, driving in the sword. The intro at "Lawrence Seafood" initiating contact.

Saturday night and I'm "cruising" NW from the loop singing Ina Kamozié's "Hotstepper", the lyrical gangster remastered and I roll up to Chicago and Western for a slice of pizza. I was looking for the worst food in Chicago. Know on a dammed planet, the best guy might get stuck serving the worst food. The guy out front on a bicycle rickshaw taking a break, eating a slice, copped a bad attitude, was rude and disrespectful towards me. This was unusual. I wonder what was eating him up?

I walked into the place and was simultaneously struck by three things. It felt as if it were 122–130 degrees inside the joint. Exhaust fans exhausted? Framed pictures of Hollywood mobsters on the wall and a surly, yet not rude proprietor, a big Italian guy. I suspect he knew exactly who I was, how bad his stuff was, knew it was the bad seed distributors and farming methods fault and didn't want to serve me a slice. Usually pizza guys don't verbally assault you when they want to sell you a piece. It looked like I'd hit the bull's eye for bad food.

It was the biggest cheapest slice I'd ever seen, he was practically giving them away. Within seconds of my just after midnight arrival a dark dangerous looking possibly Sicilian Italian shadowed me in and hollered directly at me, now I'm getting hollered at in both directions, "[This pizza's hot!] This place's hot!" It ain't like they didn't tell me, unlike the seed manufacturers, farmers, distributors and government pushing the stuff. I figured just from looking at the map that the "hottest" food in food city would start at Western on Chicago which dead ends at Austin. I ordered the likely Imperial Valley vegetable Sicilian and a likely GMO fountain drink, self serve, in a mini Dixie cup, 25 cent refills.

I went outside and ate ¼ of the pizza. Hmmm, me thinks, I'd better go back inside get a GMO (possible not fit for consumption ethanol grade high fructose corn syrup) drink refill and demand the antidote, hot pepper and oregano. The place had hot pepper sauce that wasn't hot (likely no capsicum) and virtually "blank" oregano. They didn't serve the antidotes here, another clue. I covered another ¼ of the slice with the "doomadotes" and swallowed it down, saving half the slice for later evidence. I sat on the bench along Western, took notes on the paraphernalia in the area, and waited for the dam food to take effect/affect.

Directly across Chicago from the pizza joint was a stainless steel power box with the remnants of someone else's flyer taped to it. Someone had ripped the flyer off but a narrow strip of the top of it was still attached. English house sparrows, the same style I'd had on my original flyer were there. I put up my flyer here and returned across the street. A Chicago Tribune newspaper truck drove by and I chased after it on foot as if to board it and hijack it. I thought about this and realized this might not be a smart thing to do. It may have been something I ate (not sure how/if they got the GMO crap in the pie, perhaps the oil and/or sweetener in the sauce) had to be an ethanol grade soda pop.

Losing consciousness but ambulatory I left heading west on Chicago not able to ride my bike and got to a place with a graffiti of a skeleton throwing heart shaped hand grenades towards a cop parked in a SUV across the street. This was the weirdest part of Chicago, a real spooky abandoned commercial area. There was some kind of Cooper's storage place on the corner with restaurant equipment stored out front. I was casing the place and a large mullato man came out with a 12" knife. I gave him my flyer through the fence. A Chinese guy drove by wearing a surgical mask really checking me out. I raised my red bandanna over my nose. At this point it was several hours after I ate the half slice of pizza and drank the suspect carbonated soft drink. It felt like I'd dropped from a 100% cognizant level to 2%, a 98% loss. Even at 2% I'm relatively able but I was mentally lost and a bit fatigued. It was the worst case of "hot" food poisoning I'd ever had, not puking or diarrhea, just loss of awareness and fatigue. The fountain drink must have been ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO corn sweetend, last corn pop drink I ever had, **that bad.**

I leaned my bike up against something and walked on Chicago west. This is where the black people lived. I thought it was ironic that with a black president doom food would be getting served here. It started raining and I added wet and clammy to unaware. It was Sunday and it seemed

appropriate to visit some of the local theological shacks where I fed them a quarter for a minute of revelation. The preachers were talking about getting revenge for what was taking place at the time. It's unfortunate they don't make the congregation aware of the dam shetty problem and the free flowing river initiation of the other solutions.

I called that which lies below Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, SUBPACOM, Los Angeles Class and did some "preaching" of my own. I left a message on the rape/sexual assault hotline. It's no coincidence that these U.S. Navy Submarines, the Los Angeles class, hold the tools to fix the problem (punch holes in water control structures or perhaps even better, hold up the carriers to it. Considering the situation, I laid out three options. Launch projectiles at the dam targets or surface, abandon ship, swim to an island and start observing the laws of the manuel or next time they're ashore they should remove their own feet at the ankles, their hands at the radii and ulna, gouge out their eyes, cut off their tongues, lips and ears and put their parts in a bag with some mustard seeds and fruit, vegetable, and herb seeds push themselves down to the nearest body of water rubbing their noses off in the process and plant the seeds and fertilizer nearby and then roll themselves into the water and drown. The first option is the best, fix the dam problem like we know the angels would. If they get out of the boat maybe the next characters will launch. The third option is good practice for what they will experience for the rest of time if they continue to uphold the currentless dam abortion scheme.

Chicago presents a case in point of the problems associated with a wanna be exclusive community, who gets what, when, where and how, access to water and good food. The water's everywhere (sealed up in pipes) and the place is awash in food (much of it locked up in a dumpster) but do you want to eat it? The problem of an unwanted person in the area usually is solved by the shopkeepers limiting access to restroom. This is what it comes down to. There's surely a great amount of problems associated with this, evident by the increased # of private security guards.

They're everywhere, the Sears Tower, CMEX, the library, the grocery store, every building practically has 'em, black water security, they're guarding the flush toilets. They seem to act in collusion with police as if by having a badge and uniform makes their interpretation of events true. One can hardly tie their shoes anymore without security scrutetization. They follow me around in the grocery store like spooks, as if I'd steal something for sure, yet I got two thousand dollars' worth of clothes on. In addition to the usual dam water control scheme problems Chicago's experiencing a weird water main break and I'm having a difficult time staying hydrated in addition to the food poisoning.

I had to make it back to the loop on foot as no public transportation exists from the near dead part of town to the loop. This is all deliberately done just so. Take note of the scary terrorfying exactly misleading signs posted everywhere, a barrage of spooky nonsense. As I make way I take note of anyplace one could take shelter or briefly stop and stay dry in rain. There is hardly a place to do so and at every spot where there is access to shelter, a crack in the structure or fence, suspiciously nearby (but not actually at entry point) is a sign warning of increased penalty trespassing violation (20 to 30 years imprisonment) because of the structure being a former Federal site such and such so and so, obvious traps. At the one pedestrian crossing over the highway from the wrong part of town back into the loop the intersection is rigged for a quick lockdown as if possible attack imminent. The graffiti ominously looming over the site reads, "Austin".

I'm headed to Whole Foods. Based in Austin, TX this place has the antidote to the doom food (which doesn't make them the good guys) and a water fountain. The Whole Foods black water security young woetoman freaked and called 911 as I was filling my water containers at the water fountain. I was on my knee putting the water containers in my backpack when the police showed up. "Hey that's the guy that was at my restaurant yesterday!" (he must have told the tale) exclaimed the Italian restaurant owner/policeman. I still got arrested, for what I don't know how possible. I was about to wash my hands and face in the restroom and buy a hundred bucks of food and found myself in the back of a female officer's cruiser, on the way to jail.

I just laid down in the back and took a nap as I was exhausted and reeling from side effect laden food. As she put me in the back she verbalized she knew what I was in a larger sense and as she drove the cruiser to the hole made me aware of something that they, the Chicago Police Department, had discovered or that she had eginnered or was part of the architect's pirate crew. She turned the FM radio on and turned the dial this way and that, stopping on each station for a phrase of a tune. All the way to the station she did this. The accumulation of phrases that were sung on the radio was about what it was I would have said, when we pulled up to the station she had heard my consciousness on the radio and she knew it. She was nearly in tears when she dropped me off. Imagine how I feel about it. I didn't tell her this but I could spontaneously combust ya, turn your heart off, stop ya from breathing but then you wouldn't live to tell the tale. I know you will. Be part of the solution. Cultivate a personality, stir it up.

I was wet from an afternoon rain and they put me in an extra cold hole after taking most my warm clothes. There was a bare broken flush hole in the floor in place of a flush toilet. No blanket or apple or... The detention center is noteworthy in its foreign, alien layout, even the machines have odd names, as if Chicago were separate from not only the rest of the country but everything else. I just kept demanding fire department first aid and they let me out with a court date.

CME group is the world's premier market for derivatives. What are derivatives? One of the oldest derivatives is rice futures (formerly) the pork bellies in "Trading Places". This is where they trade the GMO futures. The CME sign is a stop sign with a missing or bold slice. I hit the building, the biggest single hit possible on this planet, at about high noon. It's a clean hit if you can sneak past the security cams/guards to the information desk which I did. The black water security guard converged about the same time the dark ho at the info desk insultingly threw my flyer to the ground. The black water security beast threatened, "I'll have you arrested for littering". Bullshit jackass, the whole presentations on video, y'all the ones littering, I just gave ya the most benevolent massage in the whorl.

At this point he signaled for... and made to force me to leave. I ducked out of it and sauntered towards the door "running my mouth" like the premier ambassador/assassin that I am, for life and the record, dodging the push, making my way, telling 'em. To the door I made it unassisted and as I stepped out into Chicago the C.P.D. paddy wagon is in route, driving by the front door, on time. **Doom sucker**, the black water security dork's waving, signaling, talking into his wire... and the paddy wagon just rolls on!

On video I looked at him, the representative of CME group, as he flailed away signaling in vain. I chuckled like the "Emperor" from "Star Wars" and gave em my verdict. Without local police protection these types of dam buffoons are jellyfish, get your ducks lined up, be professional, have your way with them. He (CME group) is scared shitless because he knows he's working for some of the worst careactors on the planet (CME group) with no backup. This was possibly my largest moment, on video, security guard flailing/signaling in panic, Chicago Police Department paddy wagon rolling on by, CME group front door.

Grant Park is infamous as the largest child sex prostitution/slavery site in the world. The church backed orphanages in the area supplied a steady fodder of young meat and the predators lured them into it with a sandwich. I came into Chicago fully aware of this, investigating what happened to the last of the orphanages, as Jake and Elwood, together. I was extremely interested in this because I think it representative of what is occurring now. The human dolts are whoring themselves out from under the church to predators for a sandwich, "Planet Grant Park". I thought there might be a message at the sites that could lead me to a solution to the dam problem but the sites were pretty much erased as if the dolts had to hide it.

At Grant Park was an artist sculpture depicting a group of larger than life humans. They were all missing their heads and hands, no cabeza o manos, they still had souls though as imagined by artist. In real life that's about what Chicagoans are doing, walking around not using their hands or heads, they

might as well not even have them, makes soul worthless. Chicagoans en masse (it's scary) exodus march down in time to Soldier Field and soldier around inside together for no apparent product. If you are a person getting in line at a facility voluntarily, nowadays, see how many of 'em check out in proportion to the # checking in. Is there a dog food/sausage truck leaving out the back door?

Most of the Chicago Police kept advising me, "Go to the mission" or "Go to the mission and get in line for food." Why would I want to do that considering I have a lunch box full of food and beverages and several hundred dollars in my pocket? They didn't like this. I continued explaining to them the larger dam food conspiracy including suspect food at suspect locations and the Police Departments' involvement (running through the food line for prison fodder/food experiment) forcing people to walk miles across town to doom poisonous food, herding their own people into dam doom.

In addition to soldiering around pointlessly, the Chicagoans have huge periodic musical chair beer drinking games. The real semicircling jems to witness and communicate with are the people skirting the waterfront before the sun rises. It's illegal to watch the sun rise over the water in Chicago as the lakeside is not open till sunrise, an enforcement nightmare. Real late one night I crashed the no go zone and was approached by a communicable "Suzie", a dame Mallard and I took a knee. I was and had previously been in communication with said "Suzie" about working her into a starring role in my Chicago Police Department infomercial. I was rolling up a cigarette with the duck inches away. A policeman cruised up and avoided giving me a hard time by talking about the scene he'd come upon, me kneeling there talking to a "Suzie". He wanted to know how I did it, considering I wasn't feeding the duck. The explanation of "Nature Boy"/Godzilla's seamless fluid bond with nonhuman life certainly gave him a noteworthy report to recount with the force.

Afterwards I temporarily made away from the water while calling 911 to report the developing emergency. It's illegal to watch the sun rise over the water. "Do you want the fire department?" asked the dispatcher. Know, give me the sheriff. The Cook County Sheriff deputy, who just happened to be on early morning call duty, was keenly interested in the infinityproject idea as I related it and the "Not able to witness sun rise over water in Chicago" problem. We talked for a few minutes about rivers and dams, sheds and collectors, the flush toile.t. problem we'd ruin afoul of and thE manuel fertilizer machine solution. I made him aware of the additional problem of his sheriff operation being undermined/subverted/replaced with private black water security, with a future of security sellout to foreign colonialists. "What should we do?", the Cook County Sheriff deputy asked in all seriousness. Take note. "Rodger that." Reviere.

Considering the dam GMO obamanation of sabe I's getting into in Chicago, the food capitol of doom food nation, I'd brought over a hundred pounds of edibles and liquors. I'd just about run out of food and was searching for a digestible meal. I was attempting to enter the nearest deli looking for a good rueben. A large man who'd been watching me sprinted over, forbade me to enter the structure and offered to make me a sandwich and serve it outside (he didn't want me to use the restroom). This was weird. I didn't feel like hiking all over town (burning energy) while trying to get some. I decided to go to the grocery store nearby. I was set upon by a couple of cops. The two of them were acting strangely. They were arresting me for nothing and I asked them if they were police officers or cops. They said they were cops. I of course refused to be forced into the back of the cruiser until a law enforcement officer showed up. When one did I got in the cruiser.

My stay at the Loop precinct was short and I used the opportunity to further infiltrate the decimated crooked Chicago Police Department through the few on staff with a brain. They were letting me go with another misdemeanor charge requiring a court appearance and I was at the front desk getting my valuables returned. I was relating a story about how I grew up in Palm Beach County surfing with the likes of Colonel Sanders (KFC's) grandson "the Kernel", Charles Schwab's grandson (when Charles Schwab talks people listen) Tommy Sullivan, Richard Petty, Charlie Brown, the gangs all here... I was body surfing and they were always nearly running me over. I'd duck below the surface, turn, open my eyes and watch their sharp trifinned floatation aid pass over head. They decided

to confine me in Northwestern Hospital for telling this veritable who's who of Chicago surfing in Florida story.

When I got there, I stepped on the electronic scale and weighed in at 66.6 kilograms, perfect. I checked my weight and wrote it down several times a day. I refused the medication my doctor, Dr. Hellme, insisted on. I was attempting to gain weight and was only slowly gaining with a single portion food serving. I requested a double portion and started losing weight eating practically twice as much. Judging by the stool in the toilet it was evident the food was not being digested properly. One of the regular patients (an aware character) told me they'd rigged the food to cause those who ordered a double portion to lose weight, what I'd already discovered. I challenged the staff about the sickening horrible experiment I'd noted. Meanwhile, the toilet quit operating properly in my room. In addition to the new no flush problem, the toilet had been rigged with a box that covered the pipes on the wall and kept the seat from staying in a raised position.

Super Mario Bros. (the plumber) showed up to fix the toilet. The plumber "fixed it" so it constantly flushed and resilicon gasketed the box up for the hundredth time. This was obvious from all the old gasket material layers. I knew the plumber was obviously going to have to return to repair it again and was curious about what was behind the box behind the toilet. I calmly pulled the box with still wet gasket material off the wall and set it to the side. The box had obscured the pipes and kept the toilet seat from operating properly, nothing more. Except for hiding the French style bedate (water fountain ass washer) that was installed upside down and a penciled caricature that looked like Obama and said, "KK [the caricature of Obama was the third K]". Perhaps you always wanted to know what was behind the commode at Northwestern...

A Chicago female nurse "Ratshit" ("One Flew Over the Cookoo Nest") who was a XXX chromosome carrier ordered me to be given the "shot" and a dozen goons assembled themselves to administer her pronouncement. I showed no signs of needing sedation at all. I kept calling them out for their sick food scheme experiment in addition to the other junk they were knowingly complicit with and they couldn't get me out of there fast enough. I busted the creeps and they knew it.

The storage shed on 13<sup>th</sup> and Wabash was near the south Chicago Loop restaurant/bar nexus. I was enjoying the chief's Russian grandma's potato latkes recipe and tea and honey at "Flo and Santos" at happy hour. Somehow my presense disturbs beer drinkers. Often, they flee the bar like rats from a sinking ship when I show but not at "Flo and Santos". Responding to what must have been a flurry of damseller in distress false calls, at least a dozen Chicago Police Department officers showed up to show me the way. I had quite some words for 'em, they were starting to really get the problem, a bunch of beer drinking, pill popping, dam shetty junkies destroying their own and their children's future, dropping a dime on the man eating a pan cake and drinking tea. I even came up with a way to describe the horrid situation. Like happy hour at "Flo and Santos".

The #2 building in Chicago is the John Hancock building of the near north side. As I cased out the place they were up working on the garden at night, friendly security guards. Nearby's a pancake house where I had breakfast in the dark of the morning. Often, I'll just interrupt my meal intake, if you were an observer it might look odd, I just stop eating, get up, mosey to the door as if to smoke a cigarette or something and meet the bread deliveryman at the door, holding the door open for him, having words. I've been doing this for decades and this is one report of several hundred such, from a Chicago bread deliveryman in the bread basket capitol of the world.

The bread man appeared wearied of the dam shet, underappreciated but very, very sure/confident. He just looked at me as if I had enough sense to take a break from stuffing my face to open the door for him. He knew who I was, so all the preliminaries were unneeded, he just started right into his divulgence of 30 to 40 years of late night Chicago bread delivery notes, "The problem with the **bread son**, is that they're turning it all into beer." And the potential wine and champagne's in the dumpster.

Promenaing up Wabash one early night a white van circled by for the n<sup>th</sup> time. Somebody was

casing me, I'm real good at spotting this right off. One couldn't miss it as a big white bald guy in a white van drove around and around and around. The words on the side of the van read, "Chicago Department of Revenue". This is the group I sent the most letters too consistently for 4 or 5 years. Misa continued to drive the green Honda with Florida tag and accumulated parking tickets in Chicago. The Chicago Department of Revenue would constantly send a bill to my parent's Sunset address with stamped return envelope and I'd use this free letter for advanced communication.

They get a high volume of mail and the likelihood is that the message gets tossed but if you know how the human mind works a catchy creative piece that obviously took some time and is on target can really stick out. Often if the truth of the dam horror and veritas of the solution can be made so the reader almost gets a laugh out of it, the near hilarity of the most obvious horrific thing, the reader puts it on the side and the next thing ya know it's on the coffee table in the employee room or something. Then they're aware of it, the letter openers got an eye out for another one and they know you. People, especially Chicago government employees, like to do this kind of stuff as they got nothing better to do. The Department of Revenue van met me at East 8<sup>th</sup> Street and Wabash and circled around repeatedly within the intersection (orientate yourself to the infinity project, an idea about food, bash the wall). East 8<sup>th</sup> Street is Sam Cascio Drive. Sam was **the** bellman at **the** hotel. He knew everybody and could get or show a guest the way to any door or otherwise in Chicago.

My third Chicago arrest occurred at the Loop Library. I'd certainly made an impression on the staff and blackwater security creeps over the preceding weeks. At Chicago's biggest library there is no filters on the internet so as one makes their way to a computer they're met with a barrage of porn and baubles from the other users' consoles. The dudes are mostly looking at hardcore gay porn and the hos are mostly gazing at pictures of platform high heels and useless for carrying anything handbags. I'd been trying to find a canoe for sale on craigslist. I couldn't find a canoe for sale in Chicago. In the microfilm library I'd entered and asked the microfilm librarian where they got their microfilm library from. He looked at me in terror and confessed he had no idea. I told 'em where the microfilm originated from (Michigan) he 'bout died.

On this occasion it was a hard rain of a day and I was carrying my plastic Samsonite suitcase. As I entered the third floor ill placed security checkpoint the blackwater security dude told me I couldn't enter unless my case fit in, "That box over there" and he motioned towards a wooden diaz looking thing with two rectangular holes in it. The lower hole was bigger than the top one and my case fit perfectly into it, snug but perfect and I leaned back and artfully pushed it in the last little bit with my foot, ta da! As if a silent alarm sounded, "security" guards converge from nearby lounge and hustle/jostle and assault me towards a downstairs backroom?

It felt like I'd gyped a casino and was about to get taught a lesson. The black water security leader wore cheap slick pastel blue leather square toed shoes and claimed he was from the Dominican Republic but his accent was false. He wasn't from the Caribbean Dominican Republic. I wouldn't doubt for a second he was from the "Dominican Republic" though, just not a care being and that's what he's making plain. I'm very roughly hustled down into the back basement locker room where coincidentally what appears like the best library employee is cleaning out his locker as if his employment has been terminated. **It's like "1984" down here!**

The middle aged man cleaning out his locker, a carbon copy to the Swingline stapler fancying arsonist from "Office Space" gave me a quick compilation of his notes/the entire Chicago library's notes when he deliberately dropped a single serving plastic pouch of dam and ditch GMO California "strawberry" fruet jelly just in front of my feet and looked at me in all seriousness, expressing the horror of the "foi gras" force feed as he retrieved it. This was coming from a man who quite obviously ran the library in Chicago (even if he was just the janitor) until he was let go. The Chicago Police officer who showed up was calm and reasonable and ignored the "Dominican Republic" security guard's falsehoods, treating the blackwater security goon like a nonentity, yet arrested me on false charges anyhow. I spent just the afternoon in jail this time, in a cell with a man wearing a brown

corduroy jacket who was arrested for resting in the shade of a tree at a park. I really talked up the river/productive collecting structure/thE manuel fertilizer machine idea on this book in and out.

I gave the signal for departure, wrap it up. I had to get out of town (I'm out of nonGMO food) before the court appearances as I was facing years in jail for going to the grocery store and the library. I couldn't come up with a boat to live aboard while facing the muzsick and couldn't imagine being able to shirk more charges while attacking the dam problem with the pending. I had to get out of town or go to jail. It's perfect for me to leave this jew bag town with three charges of failure to appear anyway, as that's the case literally. Complete denial of life's first and foremost appearance, three times as written. I and Life's charging them for it, third times the charm or three strikes you're out.

The fear and nervous distrust on the surface of this planet is epic now that the dam sheddy flush toilet ecocide attempt is starkly in vain (the world's obviously not going to end) and our fate is shunted into foreigners' "hands". Chicago looks like it's getting assassinated of sorts by forces for pumping the fresh lake water into fields west of Austin, towards California. Power shifted with the new money flooding into the hands of those tending to the dams and ditches of the west's irrigated deserts. It appears the Chicagonites would just drain (pump) the lake through their flush toilets and then pump it up through their sanitary ship canal to the Mississippi and the Atlantic's Gulf of Mexico if left to their own devices. It's so sad to see a culture that just keeps digging a deeper hole for itself.

In Chicago the shithole is deeper than anywhere else and they're digging even more underground sewage reservoirs and searching for more power to pump shit. A plastic 5 gallon bucket with rubber sealed lid would suffice for bearshit purposes until we got thE manuel fertilizer machines in place. A disabled flush toilet owner could just shit in a plastic bag and carry it out to the trash can for a month or two until the situation was repaired correctly. It looks like a good chunk of ya's is walking around with a plastic bag of dog shit anyway, it's your "god" (in reverse) shit, in your hand. Most Chicagonites drink beer, maybe bottled water every once and a while. If Chicago turned off the municipal water pumps, turned off the sewer pump lift stations, put temporary port a potty's at every intersection and trash cans under the roof downspouts, the people would have more access to relief stations and water than they do at present in the most locked into it shittiest shameful town in the world.

Genuine City of Chicago Police Department "A'Cappella Bistro" extremely well flavored Lasagna, Caesar salad and delicious coffee was my last meal in Chicago. I got the tiramisu to go from an attractive, very agreeable intelligent to talk to waitress and promenaidd across Michigan, up 13<sup>th</sup> into the back alley, up to the third floor, packed up my stuff and moved out of the storage shed. The taxi driver dropped me off at Chicago's Greyhound and immediately when I went inside the blackwater security guard started giving me a hard time. For me this was extremely bizarre but expected. It's hard to imagine what he thought I was going to do here, at a bus station with 600 lbs. of gear. Buy a \$150 bus ticket with another \$150 in additional luggage charges, i.e. his paycheck. The Chicago Greyhound blackwater security guard was probably the biggest most intimidating "security" guard I'd ever seen in my life, an awful beast and if one knew anything about history, one would figure he'd be at this location. He said, "I'm gonna snatch ya!" and rudely forced me to immediately buy a ticket but the electronic ticket kiosk "went down" as I stepped up to it.

Later, after a pleasant ticket purchase from a live person, I promenaidd outside for a smoke and hooked up with a character who'd just got to Chicago from Kansas City. He was wearing a sweat shirt that said, "Feeding America", I told him to be careful with that idea. He told me he was going to hang out in Chicago for a while and asked directions to the mission. I told him about a much better "mission" than getting in line for free dam and ditch, drain the well dry, GMO food, gave him my blanket, directions to the "cove" down by the lake and told him there was plenty of food in the trash cans in exchange for many pulls on a hog leg of a ganja blunt he was carrying. For me it was enticing to finally score some bud in Chicago minutes before I left. I "wondered" if I would ever see Chicago again or even if I wanted to.

The bus pulled into the Twin Cities and I promenaidd a block or so away to eat some lasagna at a chain type restaurant. Two police officers came in and sat down at the table next to me. The lasagna sucked, however they microwaved water for me so I could make Turkish coffee. Something happened to me that hasn't happened in so long I can't even remember when it last occurred, time got away from me, as if 30 minutes just vanished and I missed my bus departure. There goes my luggage. I bought another ticket for 35 additional dollars, the charge if you miss a bus, it used to be \$10. I tried to get on this bus a few hours later but the bald headed mustached security dude wouldn't let me on, he was enraged, practically violent and said I couldn't get on the bus because of the two pencils in my beret, "They could be considered weapons". This is so bizarre, how we can't get on a bus if we have pencils in Amerika? I called the police, they said there was nothing they could do about it.

In the dark I cased out the town, of course, as a result. The first night I spent "cruising around" the main part of town eventually settling into a red themed Chinese restaurant. It appears the town's having some kind of hormonal problem or weird dike homosexual thing. A sign of the times, perhaps something in the food? The next day I bought another additional ticket and took a nap on the floor. I hadn't really rested in weeks and the lack of good food was starting to get to me. I was rudely awakened a couple of hours later when a "security" guard kicked me in the side two minutes after my bus left, the "security" guard was aware of this. Twenty years ago, the security guard (janitor) would have gently awakened me and told me my bus was about to leave, nowadays they kick ya after the bus leaves, tell ya you missed your bus, make another \$35 for Greyhound and provide more "security". The new business 101 in Amerika.

In the daytime amidst a parade I went downtown again and went into a porn shop. I made a beeline back to the bargain reading material box, reached into the very bottom, as if pulling a needle from a haystack and came up with a 2006 Playboy containing Joey Breslin's "Mob Tales" which listed and gave background material on my new partners, the choir and included the lowdown on the crooked dirty cops. This was a diamond in the rough for sure and exactly what I was looking for, \$2. I always travel with a copy of Playboy and this was the exact issue I wanted. Next to the porn shop was an outdoor beer bar and when I promenaidd outside some creep quaffing a beer told me, "You better pray to Jesus for forgiveness". Obviously, you have no idea who I am, you're the one holding the rotten bread in your hand. I just picked up the manual I's seeking.

Strolling down the main boulevard I came upon an informal parade. It looked like the local sorority girls, about 70 or 80 of them in gaggles or flocks of 8 to 12 were walking toward me on the sidewalk on both sides of the road. Every one of them had a pink construction paper cutout of a half way flaccid penis (a limp erection) pinned to their shoulder. Each limp pink paper penis was exactly alike and they were all pinned to their shoulders. It looked like the message was that there was an erectile dysfunction problem in town, they were pinning the problem on themselves and willing to shoulder the burden. From there attitude they weren't unhappy about it, looked like they were quite pleased, they smelled liberated. It wasn't a protest.

Mid afternoon pleasant weather, I of course talked to as many of them about it as I could, taking full advantage of the situation present to try and figure out what was "going on" in this town. They didn't really have much to say about their display, as if there couldn't possibly be anything else to add. Naturally I made a pass at all of them or as many as I could. They showed no interest. I know inherently I'm the most viral man ever to be on the surface of this planet, bound by law, to be the most productive. It's ironic or horrifying, a least noteworthy, how uninterested the dames are in myself or the genetic information I have sharing. It's as if the last thing most the dames really want is to be productive. I get this, with 7 billion doomsday humans' "life"style overburdening our planet, I didn't want to get them pregnant and in no way suggested intercourse with the intention of having children. I did however mention to them that we could undam the planet, convert the eaves to supers and collect that which falls from the heavens, the fertilizer making flush toilet replacement, build space ships and procreate forever. They didn't seem interested in this either. Also, the erectile dysfunction problem may



be caused by the GMO side effect feed. It looked like these women enjoyed the status quo, an unexciting death by dam toilet.

The next morning, I found myself at the “green market” (most green market people usually hate me) where I attempted to collect signatures in pursuit of the presidency, while giving a lecture. It lasted about 2 minutes and then a 55ish white bald man who looked like a former Desert Storm I Army Colonel and 2 private black water security dudes from Desert Storm II, rudely threw me out, it almost got violent. Since when is it illegal to open up one’s valise, pull out a page of written material, a notebook and begin talking about a benevolent idea? I was even on public property, the area between the sidewalk and the street, not even on the green market property. The green colonel and his henchmen were rabid, manic and paranoid skitzofrenik.

Just before evening, I finally got out of this hormonally challenged town on the last seat of a Trailways bus, they even let me on with my pencils. I sat next to the bus driver’s wife, a Cambodian woman who was keeping an eye on him while he worked. We changed buses in Fargo and I got back on another Greyhound. I sat down in the second row, behind an extremely pretty Canadian girl. She immediately turned around and asked me a queer question, “Could you please go to the back of the bus and exchange seats with one of my friends?” I was the last one to get on and was pretty sure I’d got the last seat. She insisted as if...? She started to raise a big stink. I’m not sure why she did this, she didn’t say.

If you’ve ever ridden “the dog” than you realize one could get on the bus in Miami and go to Seattle, maybe a week or more on the bus. They don’t have showers at the Greyhound stations. There isn’t a motel or hotel nearby either. It’s hard to find a creek next to a Greyhound bus station, too. This is no accident, it’s deliberately designed this way. “Cleaning up”, sponge bathing or washing of any type is extremely discouraged all around the country, in particular they’re trying to keep one from washing oneself at the Greyhound bus station. There is no reason for this, it’s bizarre. A culture that dams the rivers, severely limiting access to these “temples” by creating a rocky tailrace or muddy reservoir, builds “watering holes” on top of practically any natural water seepage and charges you (if they don’t refuse the right to serve) for the pleasure, captures all the water in pipes, even goes to all the trouble to put spigots everywhere but then removes the valves and points a finger at those who won’t pay for the damages... as if they stink.

The sun just set, I hadn’t showered in 5 weeks, although my natural flora is stabilized and I bathed every few days by swimming in Lake Michigan. I’d surreptitiously taken a spongebath and changed my socks and underwear in the Twin Cities just before I left, plus I’m covered in Chinese 5 star spice and cigarette smoke. She might have thought I was gonna burn a hole in her for the entire bus trip. Naw, darling life’s gonna burn a hole in your soul for the entire length of time for what you’re doing. I began serenading her with a UB40 tune I remastered in Chicago, “There’s a Rat in the Kitchen” watcha gonna do? HO HO HO HO HO HO! She got the attention of the bus driver and demanded I be put off. The bus driver was a huge heinous white broad who immediately threw me off no questions asked.

Getting dark I called the police and rightly complained that selling people tickets for transport and not providing the transport should be illegal. I rested in the bushes in Fargo, there was nowhere else to get away from “The Blue Haired Mafia”. Had breakfast at the break of day at a diner where I was well received and enjoyed a meal with several conscientious hot chicks, the females counterpoint to the last evening. Back at the Greyhound station I was charging my phone, went outside for a smoke and spoke with an Indian man who was more interested in my idea than anyone I’d talked to in months. He said his people (pointing with his thumb to the north) were still collecting wild rice down by the side of natural lakes and getting along. I shared an idea with him that he not only enthusiastically received but knew all about, how the best way to eat rice is in a prestuffed duck. Let the duck collect the rice, catch the duck, remove the last half of alimentary canal and cook the rest of it.

When I went back in the bus station my phone was gone. I walked up to the “security” desk,

they don't hardly sell tickets or handle baggage anymore, it's all "security" and I could see my phone back on the counter. I motioned towards my phone and asked if I could get it back. The "security" guard wanted me to prove it was mine and said I was lucky it didn't get stolen. I told him I'd been traveling all over Amoralca and it looked like the cops and "security" guards were doing most of the stealing, plus he could have at least plugged it into the outlet that was right behind it. I got on another bus, when we got to the place where I was to transfer to the next bus, the next driver, a fat black woman wouldn't let me on. I hadn't done anything.

At the previous stop, a bowling alley, I scored a half a plate of dam GMO fry oil French fries and half a GMO coke somebody didn't finish and had left on a table, found a few GMO cheesy Arby's roast beef sandwiches in the dumpster out back, a European style porn magazine in the trash can out front and a bunch of half smoked cigarette butts in the ashtray. The oil drillers were telling me how their bosses were firing them or no reason, stiffing 'em the last paycheck and replacing them with Mexicans. In addition, they said that Greyhound had been driving 'em around in circles and at present they were headed back to where they'd started for the second time. I told them my reserve the right to refuse service story and we found another thing we could agree on, the country was f\*(&%>d up, some real weird stuff was going on. I asked if they remembered the scene from the Indiana Jones movie where they pop the top off the lost Ark of the Covenant. It's gonna be worse than that if we don't get the dams off the rivers, Banzai! I slid into the poker game for one hand and won the biggest pot of the trip, enough for dinner, drinks and smokes. The overheated bus blew up and we just barely limped into a gas station. After 5 or 6 hours another bus pulled up.

As the bus cruised through the crop circles of Eastern Washington's dam, ditch and drain the well dry desert agricultural areas the frequency of grain and other crops, food processors and food laden 18 wheelers increased. We pulled off the highway for a rest/dining experience at a gas station located around a food shipping/processing/storage hub. After refilling my water container in the restroom, I microwaved a dam GMO corndog, grabbed some possibly GMO vinegar dam mustard, a package of dam and ditch GMO peanut M&M's and headed outside. The wind was howling and I took shelter for a smoke in the lee of an 18 wheeler rig where I could observe the bus so it didn't leave without me.

After inhaling the corn dog and getting a smoke lit I entered a conversation with two guys about my age who appeared as though they were the drivers of the rigs. I quickly explained to them I had an education from the University of Florida, Institute of Food and Agricultural Sciences, College of Agriculture, Environmental Horticulture, had paddled a canoe across the continent taking notes on the dam GMO food growing operations and had just left Chicago, the nation's #1 food city after an extensive, in depth, food centered note taking experience.

Amidst a dam apocalypse I'd been picking up plastic trash, reading the ingredients, checking the dumpsters behind the stores, taking notes on the info on the cardboard boxes, checking the shelves, reading the names on the trucks along with license plate #'s, talking to the food delivery drivers themselves and relating all of this gathered info to the cognizant ability, awareness level, communicative ability, and general health of the people obviously consuming the stuff. After all, you are what you eat. I'd found that there was some wacked shit going on. Locals where the people were in the zone, others where they were zombies, places where they were acting like vampires, braindead areas, areas where they were homosexual or tending to the feminine, hormonal problems... all kinds of weird stuff.

In the lee of the tractor trailer I told the truck drivers that I suspected the new GMO laboratory food. I figured the stuff had side effects which were known through initial experimentation on mental patients, prisoners and possibly Cubans. I explained how it looked like the corporations in this country, which the Amerikans had "sold out" could take a batch of "hot" food from a known percentage GMO food pile to processing plants, process it, package it, deliver it to a specific neighborhood and literally

wipe out a specific part of town or the shoppers at a specific store, sporting event or wherever they wanted. One of the drivers said, "You know what, that's exactly what I'd figured, I'm writing a book about that **exact** idea. That's exactly what I'm writing a book about".

As the bus driver made the signal to board I gave him my <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> business card. The same dam creeps who own the food creep show own the publishing companies. The only way to solve the problems to get the dams off the rivers. I recommended he man up and focus his energy on dam fluidification first and foremost. As a reader one needs to know that while this driver didn't say exactly how he arrived at the same conclusion I had, it's usually pretty simple.

Often these characters, in addition to delivering the processed food to the neighborhood store, deliver the crop to the processing facility, deliver the seeds and chemicals to the farmer, did in the past, or communicate with those who do. Just like he and I exchanged info at the gas station, the stuffs all obvious anyway. Most the fields have a sign out in front by the road advertising the new crop type. Maybe it's "Kandy Korn" or some crazy name and a # with bad connotations. Also, if one is aware of the culture of the stuff a driver could pull up to the farm and see with its own eyes that there isn't a single weed in the field, indicating a strong likelihood of a GMO herbicide resistant crop. Plus, the farmer or one of the field hands will tell you. Then the driver takes the stuff and puts it in a pile and notices that there is another pile where they're stacking up a different kind. Then after harvest time a driver might switch hats and start taking the piled up food to the processor. Then the driver might start delivering the suspect product to town, return later and observe its effects. Maybe he observed half the idea himself, heard the other half "on the grapevine" and was able to put 2 and 2 together. 22= vent the shit.

Communication, as a result of the info he shared with me I went from 99% sure to as close to a 100% sure as I could be what with all the smoke, fog, concrete dust and condensate from the dam problem obscuring the view. The GMO food is certainly the "devil's food of the gods" alien pet feed, case closed. This is related to the dam problem because with people in any kind of food related stupor, even if it's just from eating too much, they are reluctant or unable to be aware or do anything. Also, the GMO clowns are behind the dam curtain with controlling interest in dam and ditch agriculture.

Wow, I made it to Seattle. The Greyhound station had bathroom police. I barely dragged a wet rag around myself and changed my socks and underwear without causing an international incident, lots of drama in the restroom here. Just think they could solve this problem with a vertical sewer pipe with a manhole cover welded to either end under the downspout of the building and a fertilizer machine. Think how much money they'd save just in "security". They'd probably get a volunteer to guard the valve on the filtered water for free and somebody to pay 'em for the fertilizer. The water fountain was broken and I returned to the bathroom to fill my container under the disapproving glare of the creep can cop. When I got to the bus the male driver refused me service. This was the 4<sup>th</sup> driver that wouldn't let me on the bus.

With the sun not yet set I decided to find out how hard it is to hook up with herbs in Seattle. It took about an hour. I made a bunch of copies of my flyer and headed down to Seattle's waterfront to disseminate them this night. The green market was the first place I hit and I stuffed a flyer behind what looked like a water pipe going into a locked restroom. I stepped a few paces away and took a knee to fish a Sharpie marker out of my valise. Suddenly I became aware of someone circling behind me, it was a creepy white punk cop who looked like he was about to foil the heist of the millennia, about to draw out his piece and gun me down, psycho. Paranoid police and the dam Obama nation of desolation, how bizarre that one can't disseminate what amounts to a fruit, vegetable and herb, native plant and river idea at a green market without the possibility of getting shot. Part of the reason the dam shiddy fools are hiding in their home nowadays is their chance of staying alive in the garden is in part the "luck of the draw".

It takes a lot of energy to make way and it's not like me to not return the favor to all the creatures that created the fossil fuel and not deliver this message but I was exhausted and so close to

getting in my canoe where I foresaw the possibility of a respiteful nap down by the river, that I “folded” and decided not to disseminate the info in Seattle. This was the first time, ever, I didn’t hit a town to save my own skinsuit. I felt ashamed but directed my seething bitterness towards the cops. They’ve been chasing me around directed by the cell phone equipped KKK, nazi, communist block watchers for so long. Fortunately, the next bus driver was gracious enough to honor the ticket his company had sold me and delivered me to my destination where my baggage was waiting for me, Portland.

Afternoon, I called up my buddy “the Duke” who said he’d pick me up when he could and I moved all my gear towards the road to facilitate transport. Of course, within minutes the thieves (cops) were circling like buzzards, threatening me with false arrest (to justify their paycheck and support the prison staff, their buddies) and separate me from my goods which of course they would dispose of later (waste management’s cut) insuring that I’d be destitute (get in line at the mission) and perhaps buy replacement goods (stimulate the local economy) business 101 in post 9/11 Amerika. An hour later different cops showed up, twice as creepy. This is about a letter I sent to Chicago.

## **Eves, new thrones, cisterns, and a river**

Recently, May 9 to June 10, 2011 I was in Chicago. “God sent me”, or I’m on a mission from God. I’m the man himself. We got a problem, Urbis en Hortus. Everyville, USA and practically every city in the civilized world has the same dam drain the well dry sheddy shitty problem. Chicago appears to be affected/effectd worse than most towns but with solutions. I used to tell people Chicago was the “throwaway capitol of the nation” after I visited in 2006 due to the enormity of the seeming desire of the people to discard “the goods” as evidenced by the stacks of stuff in the back alleys, rat paradise. Looks like the Chicagoknights ran out of money about the same time they paid the waste management bill. Nowadays, I tell ‘em Chicago’s going down the tubes and they’re dynamiting it all day and jacking it all night.

Chicago’s unique in that it has no eves. Is it that windy, or are they scared of eavesdroppers? In contrast, “there’s one under every eve” in New York (Chase). This creates alien problems for sure. From a typical human perspective (extremely short sighted), when it rains, you get wet. Although Chicago could be a muckraker’s (umbrella repairman) paradise I didn’t see any. Umbrellas should be illegal in Chicago anyway, the muckrakers couldn’t fix them fast enough. There are no coat and hat racks to hang one’s raincoat on in the stores and shops. What’s one to do when it rains in Chicago, hide in a trash can? And this, getting wet when it rains is the least of the no eve’s problem. If a municipality doesn’t collect and use the rain that falls on the surfaces the resultant river that runs through it, or under it, undermines the structures. Add flush toilettes and the resultant sewage river undermines it further. Add dam reservoir water or pump the well/lake dry water into town and the flow undermines it even further. Now you see why Chicago is going down the tubes.

While I was casing out the inner loop I talked to a few utility workers who were servicing the electrical stuff apparently located on the turd floor of the underground basement (the sewers are on the 2<sup>nd</sup> underground floor). It looked like they were covered in shit. I asked them as they were climbing out of the manholes, is it this bad anywhere else in the world? “Nope”, they replied. Worse than Paris, huh? “Yep, worse than Paris.” Judgment Day in Chicago was May 21, 2011(as advertised on the side of the bus). I and life judged it as going down the dam tubes, “shy town” got the brown ribbon (NYC got the black ribbon). Shortly after I left the “shit raft” floated in, remember? A guy composting his fecal material and growing vegetables on the lake, Hortus en Raftus. He got the blue green ribbon.

The best way for humans to fix the dam shetty problem is to undam the rivers worldwide first, as simultaneously and quickly as possible. Then begin collecting that which falls from the heavens or superdriplines, while replacing the flush toilet with a manual fertilizer machine, a urine separating composting no flush less toilet with a squirt gun. Most people are drinking bottled water anyhow and slapping containers (trash cans?) under existing rainwater downspouts is an easy temporary fix that would keep us hydrated and clean until we get the elevated cisterns installed. Temporary relief stations, either portapotties or the existing trash cans on the corners (this would give the dump truck new meaning) would keep us from dying of cholera and dysentery. The towns already smell like sewage anyway.

Deciding what to do next is the tricky part. Which of the existing structures are worth retrofitting? Keep in mind, the structures humans live and work in are designed around the flush toilet, unfortunately. The dams are primarily responsible for the cause of the obsolescence designed into all the things we do and make. Thus, I can't recommend installing an existing composting commode that's on the market. It would probably fail within a few years because some dam fool designed it too. That being said site specific models could easily be designed with a free flowing river system in mind and with the way existing factories work, built within weeks and a proper, long lasting, easy to repair "La John Rinse Joliet" or "Kanazawa" could be installed within months, producing fertilizer (Chicorganite).

If you all move this idea forward first, we might call it "Chicagonite" around the world for perhaps a few billion years. We may (probably will) export the whole idea off world and call it "Chicagonite" for trillions of years, put the idea in a suitable container, transport it around the universes possible eventual collapse/take it to another universe and reinvest after the likely subsequent big bang, repeat and call it "Chicagonite" forever. Think about what I'm offering ya. The fertilizer machines, while having the ability to be electric should primarily be manual, ya know what I mean mayor? This gives the people the opportunity to exercise, or bereshit and is better than soldering around in circles. Plus, then the power can go out and life goes on. The power guys don't want the shitter hanging over their head anyway.

As far as what's over your head a retrofitted recycled aluminum/recycled plastic (to let the sunlight in) solar super between the salvageable buildings over the automobileless roads to collect the rain water may be best or perhaps another type of composite material. One could dig the existing sewer and water pipes out of the ground and possibly reuse them as "legs" or upright cisterns supporting the super eves.

In place of the area's structures not worth remodeling we could grow fruit, vegetables and herbs, perhaps even swaths of site specific native flora and fauna or build a new city, which would probably look more like an indoor mall. ~

Me and "The Duke" got some local eggs up on the hill behind his place. The people kept them in a box at the end of the driveway and one paid for them on the honor system. Take the eggs leave the money. I hadn't eaten a good meal in a while and cooked up a spicy dish. "The Duke" didn't enjoy it as much as I did but I guess nowadays most are so used to eating the usual bland homogenized food they can't eat anything else, they'll get sick. When he didn't finish his food, he wanted me to take it out back and throw the food away into Portland's new food recycling bin and said as if it were a great idea, "We recycle our food now in Portland". Oh yeah, I eat my food and slid his uneaten portion back in the pot which I took with me.

He dropped me off on Sauvie Island and I was off the dam road and on the dam river. I was exhausted, what a run. I headed down to St. Helen's with the idea of tightening up my infinity project

site, I hadn't done anything to its parabellesque horizon line idea or written anything, besides letters in almost 3 years. There was a reason why I did this. To make way speaking precisely, accurately and in complete ideas, while the written site fell short of what it was I was talking about. First, hardly anyone reads anymore, they don't have the time or so they say. That's one of the main reasons my pen name is Justin Thyme. I'm a much more effective story teller. Plus, when I disseminate the idea verbally and in flyer and letter form I control who gets what info.

The water was high. I disseminated the info as I went down including a reverse message in a bottle idea where I throw a bottle with a flyer or card inside into a boat or on to shore. Just reusing the trash. There is a sign posted on a piling in the ditch behind Sauvie Island that reads, "CORKERS WILL BE SHOT", I guess the trollers, the anchor gang and the casters are feuding with the corkers. It's because of this kinda junk, the forced use of environmentally unfriendly gear and tactics, license fees, bad rules, bad law enforcement and poor fishing in general that I don't even fish anymore. The lack of fish is primarily due to the stone stacking on the river. I can't afford the cost. I'm fishing for those interested in dam fluidification, so I can catch fish in the future. I'm fishing hard, so I can catch 'em soon.

Near noon on a hot day I pushed into St. Helens and tied up to the boat ramp. Immediately a KKK Nazi communist block watcher living in a motor home came out with his hands on his hips and watched me in disgust. I strolled into town to get a lay of the place and entered a conversation with a man fixing a fence around a house that was in disrepair. It was the last thing one would do to this house if they had any sense, he agreed. The fence was nicer than the house. The guy installing the fence said the woman who owned the place was a big judge. She was fat and heinous. You could tell she was extremely disturbed I was freely talking to her handy man, as if how dare I be out of jail, sad.

He gave me a ginger root beer, hmmm my favorite. He was a local historian. We talked about how back in the day it was a tossup, literally a coin toss so they say, that determined whether St. Helens or Portland would be the Columbia's deep water port. The problem was while St. Helens had deep water for ocean going ships Portland did not, which meant the "government" had to hire the Chicago sand pumpers and had to collect the kickbacks that ensued. So, they made a bundle dredging the lower Willamette and piling the sand up on the productive estuarial areas or what's called development. They could have just put it in St. Helens but as usual they'd've rather toiled for doom and lined their pockets for themselves at the expense of the environment, the people and the future.

Another story he told me was how periodically while doing his handyman work he'd stumble upon or excavate into one of St. Helen's old tunnels. I've heard both these stories before, there cliché of course, the tunnels were so people could smuggle stuff from the river on to land. Sex slaves, prostitutes, drugs, alcohol, illegal immigrants or anything they didn't want to pay taxes on came up the tunnels to avoid the townfolk who were stopping, taxing, constricting and manically attempting to control or stop river commerce.

If one were to come to St. Helen's, they would see that "they" actually made St. Helens deepwater port a shallow water port and put the dredging tailings on Sand Island to block the deep water ships wakes. If one was to go to Portland and look down at the historic dredging boat parked out front, they might realize that its Chicago colors. This is one of the reasons I'm wearing a Chicago cape (half a Chicago flag) because it's a Chicago caper or was. The fence installing handyman got a phone call, it was his daughter and she needed him to drive her around, as if she couldn't walk. I left town orientated with directions to the store, the library and the post office.

With all the floating docks extending out from shore it makes it difficult to paddle upstream as one is forced into the current. I went around to the north side of Sand Island and met a couple of guys who gave me some fresh smoked salmon. The next day I wrote out a couple of stories and then headed into St. Helens again. This time I pulled the canoe up at the park on the west side of town, to avoid the angry locals. The A.C.E. boat had been seemingly shadowing me for the last few days and as I pulled the boat up they passed directly offshore of me. I knew what time it was but checked anyway, 2:02.

Writing in town over the next few days was interesting. There is an orange carp hanging from the ceiling at the St. Helens library. I've seen this motif at a few American libraries, but its appearance here on the Columbia is especially foul. Mill dam stone around the neck for these clowns, swim with the salmon. On the way back to the boat one day the police ganged up on me, multiple cruisers and said someone had called and reported that I'd said to a little boy, "Boy, you sure are cute". Can you imagine being a law enforcement officer and even responding to this false call?

Because it was the easiest place to cook and rest without paddling all the way around Sand Island everyday for the floating docks I began frequenting the west end of Sauvie Island. Plus, on Sauvie Island they had cherry trees. The mosquitoes living behind the island's dikes were fierce. They don't bother me much though, I cover up my skin with multiple layers of fabric, and smoke. One night the mosquito spraying truck came back here. What are you guy's spraying, organophosphates? "Yep, I'll bet you're glad we are." No comment. They got the picture and left after poisoning every bug and spider on the island, the foundation of the meat pyramid on land. It'd be a lot better to just wash away the dikes responsible for pooling up the mosquito breeding areas, of course they wouldn't get the poison money that way.

The next day after going into the library I returned to Sauvie. The sheriff motered up in a boat and said, "There's no camping on Sauvie Island". I was just sitting on the bank. I tossed my stuff in the boat and left, paddling towards Washington. The sheriff intercepted me out in the middle, he had two other men with him. "Have you been drinking?" Yep, I had a cup of coffee this morning, about a ½ gallon of water till noon, lunch and more coffee, a ½ ounce of Sambuca and probably another quart of water with plenty of food. "You got any acid?" I just looked at him. "I'm coming aboard." The sheriff weighed about 220 lbs., I had about 4" of freeboard in a 10 to 15 knot wind driven upriver chop with a merchant vessel passing downstream. No you're not. "What?" You heard me, you're not coming aboard this vessel. My boats fully loaded and the only place to put your feet is where my feet are. "Then you come aboard my vessel." Nah, I'm not coming aboard your boat and abandoning all my gear and my boat. I'll do anything you want officer but you're not coming aboard my vessel and I'm not abandoning my vessel. I'll meet you back on the beach and pointed to Sauvie Island where I just was several minutes ago. Why didn't you do this when I was there instead of waiting until I was midchannel in a 10 to 15 knot breeze with a ship going by? "Go to the floating dock on Sand Island." It took me a ½ hour to get over there.

They shook me down, gave me 40 questions, had me pedestriate toe to heel, stand on one leg and count from 60 to 40 backwards or some dumb junk. They gave up and left. Somebody said something to them as they were walking back to their boat. The sheriff's reply was, "Naw he wasn't a keeper". They were hunting for a paycheck, using a flush 'em into a boating under the influence trap. The sheriff told me to stay on Sand Island. Can you imagine telling a person in a canoe where to stay?

It was getting late in the evening. I paddled down to the tail of the island where there was a group of people about 10 years younger than me having a party. One of the characters seemed personable, a fat guy and he invited me to join the party have a drink and some food. I pulled my canoe up. A guy from the party asked, "You got any acid"? I laughed, that's what the sheriff just asked me. I told 'em who I was and what I was doing for and with my life. Immediately a hot heinous ho charged down and said I couldn't stay there and I had to leave. I tried being nice and explained to her I didn't want to stay here but the sheriff made me plus it was nearly dark. She wouldn't hear it. Stick it where the sun don't shine.

Her dude came down and made like he was gonna push my boat and gear out into the current. If you push my boat out there I'll swim out, get it, then come back and make you wish you hadn't done it. They left. The fat guy who originally invited me there tried to make friends or something. An hour or two later I tried to score a burger but the women didn't want me to have any food. I sat down by the fire, one of the dudes got loud and boisterous towards me with a violent homosexual overtone. I whispered to him that we should slip away from the crowd and take care of his problem. I nodded my

head towards the tail of the island. I learned how to solve it like Bowie. I left the party, quietly lay down in the sand by the water and listened to the vulgar bunch of 'em. They were on acid, pills and cheap beer, throwing food in the fire.

On a damp misty morning I was the first up to survey the scene. The fat guy had slept next to the fire and rolled into it. His sleeping bag was 1/3 toast/melted and he was lucky he was still alive. I told him the story about the guy who emolliated himself in a sleeping bag on the Ohio while I stoked up the fire and began cooking "Chicago dogs" which is what I call beans in a beer reduction base and hot dogs. I've never done it with this much beer but the partying campers had each left a full tallboy undrunk. So, I proceeded with the "reverse vegemite" and explained to the stumbling out of their tents crowd, this is how I enjoy my breakfast cereal. I was going on about Chicago, Chicago dogs, CMEX and the Great Lakes Dredging Company while wearing my full Chicago suit when a guy stumbled out of his tent wearing a Chicago hat with a city of Chicago flag emblazoned on the front. He had no idea what I was talking about and acted like a typical dork who'd march around in a circle not using his head or hands for anything.

What one might imagine as the prettiest girl in the crowd made repeated passes at me, in what was an obvious ploy to get her dude riled up. In an intelligent manner I explained what an environmentally destructive bimbo she was while reducing nearly a 12 pack of previously opened beers into a rich sauce. You had to see the look of horror on these creeps faces as I made use of the cheap beer they'd rather have ritualistically poured out on the ground. The hungover crowd had lost all of their bravado of the previous night and I really laid into them with a lecture about the potential finality of the environmental consequences of their actions and the disgrace of their lives in general, as they threw everything away in two overflowing 50 gallon drums.

They started leaving in boats and the last person to leave was a woman who asked, "What do you think, we left you a ton of stuff"? It was about 1000 lbs. of food, drinks, clothes and gear. This woman wanted me to thank her for what they'd done as if she wasn't even conscious of what I'd said during the last hour. She was a braindead worthless environmental catastrophe. I just looked at her. She really wanted me to thank her. They left in several boats and I surveyed the scene. I'd watched as they buried anything I was even remotely interested in deep in the trash and left a bunch of junk food I wouldn't eat on the table. They even left me a 12 pack of beer even though it was obvious I had no interest in drinking the stuff. For a day or two I shared the food with a few raccoons. They like Sprite.

The For<sup>th</sup>e Jew lie was fast approaching and I could tell by the circling lawnmowers and Sand Island staff I'd better depart. I went to the other side of the island and boiled some water. I'd found I could boil a dozen eggs and make coffee at the same time then store a few mason jars of coffee and pickled eggs underneath the seat of the canoe. For me, on a river trip or more specifically a dam suicide mud staircase cemetery project/last carp locust farm fluidification enterprise, security is a dozen and a half boiled eggs and a quart or two of strong coffee under the seat. That way no matter what happens in this dam shiddy world, I've got something to eat and drink. A family approached the site by boat and was relieved I was just making eggs and coffee and overjoyed I'd be departing shortly as they'd come to claim the spot, the best they said 4<sup>th</sup>e Jew lie, 5 or 6 days early.

I paddled across the channel to Washington with the intention of washing my clothes and finding a place to escape the Amoralcans big holy week. I found a dead sea lion, the carcass was bloated and ready to explode. I wanted the teeth but decided to come back in a week or two when the situation wasn't so explosive. I suspect the creature was murdered, "Cause they eat all the salmon" as the locals put it. The human vendetta against the natural world knows no bounds. One only has to imagine pouring a bunch of concrete dams for beer drinking and whoreing money, killing the salmon and then coming out here and shooting the sea lions to "protect the salmon", what a dam disgraceful debacle. I sat there for a few days thinking about how the sweet smell of a decomposing sea lion carcass was preferable to the freshly showered, shampooed, conditioned and perfumed stink of a typical woman, or the usual man's soap, deodorant and cologne stench. I watched as the locals tried to



drive their mud running trucks onto the island through the high water. I left and paddled up the Louis River.

For several years I'd thought about getting back on the water and how what took place at the first dam I'd approached by water in years would be noteworthy. The first dam I got to could have been confused with a dike but I'm pretty sure it was a dam erected by a private individual on a small creek just before it flowed into the Louis for aesthetic purposes. They turned it into a duckless pond with a fountain. It looked like they were getting ready For<sup>th</sup> Jew lie, lots of toil supported by a variety of fossil fuel burning machines with no other product except wreck creation or the elimination of product. A cop pulled up and stopped on the nearby dirt road. I was sitting in my canoe about ¼ of the way out of the water. The cop harassed me for no reason and I gave him my business card.

When I got into Woodland I went into town looking specifically for some citrus. A school bus from L.A. had quit running (the California school bus broke down) and was parked along the way. Two guys and a bunch of young California girls were headed to a rainbow gathering. One of the guys gave me some tangerines. I've had this happen a few times in my life, run across a bunch of people enroute to a "gathering". Typically they say to me, "Oh, you must be going to the gathering". I always ask what they are collecting, nothing it turns out. I'm waiting for one of them to ask if I want to go with them or offer to give me a ride but they never do. Often, I've shown up at a site a week or so after there was a gathering and I'll talk to the park rangers who are cleaning up the disaster. What as I remember started as an environmentally themed idea turned into a drug and drinking fest in the woods where everybody tramples the place and leaves volumes of trash. I tried to get one of, anyone of, the L.A. rainbow girls to marry me. I even put on my white linen, no takers. In the back of the bus was an older man stirring up a big pot of dam rice. You making out, boss? He shook his head no. Apparently, the town, led by some cops rescued these damsels in distress, storing the bus behind the municipal waste treatment plant and getting them a ride up the hill.

Up the river to a spot where there were a few mergansers (Mergus merganser) I paddled and escaped the 4<sup>th</sup>. On the For<sup>th</sup> of Jew lie I was washing my clothes in the Louis. I hung my American flag upside down as a sign of a nation in distress and within minutes a couple of what looked like Navy Hornets flew low and fast towards me, turned 90 degrees directly above me and began what looked like a dogfight going down the river. Hmmm, I thought, it appears they did that in response to my signal. Over the last few weeks, every time I move about a single engine prop plane is seemingly shadowing me. I assumed by this point with all the awareness I've drawn some intelligence would be. I'm the biggest show on the surface of the planet, whether the California girls or the local cops recognize it or not.

I tried paddling up the Louis to see how far I could get. When going up a steep water course at some point in time one will get to a point where they can't paddle up. On a natural river one could portage about or line the boat up the swift current but in a dammed tailrace one gets to spots for instance like I found on the Louis where the substrate, due to the lack of replenishment of sand, silt and clay, due to these particles falling out in the above reservoirs, becomes difficult to travel on. At this point the rocks were grapefruit sized, ankle breakers and that was as far upstream as I could go.

I came back and stayed the night at the confluence of the Louis and Columbia. Early the next day some character gave me a beer, to prove he's for giving of course. I took the be'er and mixed it up into a dark chocolate chunk cherry pancake batter, extra light crispy flavorful cakes. The people can't stand it when I cook their be'er. I think I'm on to something.

On a sunny day I paddled across the Columbia above Warrior Point and its lighthouse. Just above Warrior Point is a spot where when an upstream ship passes close by Sauvie Island a huge wake is thrown up on the beach. Just before I pulled up on the sand a big Chinese ship came up the river and tossed a monster wave 40' up the beach. This was fortunate for me because when I pulled up I could see how far the waves went and made sure to pull my boat up above this disturbed area. The Honda ship passed going upstream. Honda is the only corporation whose newsletter I subscribe to. I get an

electronic letter from them every month or so and I send them back one, I've been doing it for years. As the ship passed I was communicating with them nonverbally along the retreating waterside.

As the bow of the ships pass this spot the water retreats 15' to 20' down the bank. On the back deck of the ship was a merchant mariner dressed in full foul weather gear, orange, hood up and everything, jumping up and down with his hands up in the air, signaling back to me. It was a warm sunny afternoon. My message usually to Honda is my "Banzai, Bonsai, Bond's Eye" flyer although sometimes I send a personal just for them letter as well. Loosely translated as emergency divine wind Homo phone approaching, attack, suicide style if necessary, plants growing in distress, trust me I checked. It's a complex idea, my "Banzai, Bonsai, Bond's Eye" flyer is but it's easy to get the meaning of. A second or third grader should be able to get the idea. It looked like Honda got it. The huge tidal like wave coursed up behind me, without even looking at it I stepped out of the way.

The next ship to pass by was an American ship and the captain stepped out of the bridge onto the wing just as he passed. I stepped out from under the tree I was relaxing near and returned the message, I was wearing a white suit too. I'm sure many people wondered why I was wearing a white suit, probably thought I was crazy. Nope, I'm the captain of my vessel, I'm the captain of the whole vessel. One of the reasons I'm sitting here above warrior point is to communicate with the ocean going vessels. One might think these ocean going characters prefer life at sea to life on land. Perhaps they don't like "landos" (dryfooters) or they have an affinity for the ocean and water. Either way they're involved in transportation of goods in containers the most efficient way possible on this surface. They seem to communicate well, have satellite, internet, radios, the works and they usually have some time to read and think, maybe even exchange ideas.

I went back to St. Helen's to use the library. The female librarians here didn't seem to like me at this library, however there was a male librarian here that I got along with. At this library supposedly they have a policy where a person who brought a container in had to check the bag, backpack or valise. I wish this was an option everywhere I go. However, I've found that women can carry their purses, handbags and what not while men are the ones who have to turn in their stuff.

In a society controlled by dames this idea where women are free to carry stuff around while men who do are viewed suspiciously or are not allowed to carry stuff because...? One only had to watch the women librarians pick up my valise handle between their thumb and forefinger as if they would catch a disease if they touched it with their other 3 fingers and the look of disgust on their faces. As if how dare I even have anything of value? Of course, if I don't carry my containers full of food and beverages and for the collection of mostly the same the dames will be in complete control of me, because they are in control of practically all of the food and beverages places in town and they all reserve the right to refuse service, are refusing the right to serve me and others with most dames refusing to serve anything but dam and ditch GMO food. Most all of those refused service are men.

I met a man who lived with a woman near the library and I'd stop by their place in the evenings. Out back of his studio was a trailer full of old toilettes. I told him it was interesting the one person in town I know had 20 to 30 toilettes out back. He said he didn't know anything about them. He made trash sculptures out of unwanted stuff which he sold but didn't make much money doing. He also worked for a bunch of woman at a charity food thing where he got a small amount of money. I told him to watch out for that, he seemed like he knew exactly what I was talking about. A bunch of women in control of the dam food getting mostly men to line up for it while the dames pretend to be benevolent as the whole planet is destroyed. The medical marijuana he had was bunk. It didn't have hardly any THC in it. It was an obvious attempt to take over the marijuana market with THC free or poor THC ganja.

The woman he was living with supposedly kept trying to kill herself. She was taking pharmaresuetokill pills. I told her the sooner you check out the sooner you check in and if she or anyone isn't adhering to the laws of thE manuel and attacking the dam shetty problem everyday they continue to violate and dam life causes them to descend lower in the eventual stratification we all face

once expedited off the surface. I gave her two options. Go find a stone from the miller's dam (not the millstone, we'll turn those into children powered "merry go grounds" once we undam the planet) a chunk of A.C.E. concrete is acceptable and tie it around her neck and jump in. I pointed out of course if she'd just keep disassembling the dam stones her life would have a good purpose and she would be a fool to tie one around her neck. The second, not as on target, option was to go to a bridge and leave a note saying you are trying to cut down on the dam agricultural disaster by removing your beast (the belly) from the equation. I told her to make sure she waited for some birds to fly under the bridge so when she gets to her stratification trial she could claim she was trying to manually collect some dam GMO free food to feed the kids.

I got back in my canoe and paddled up to "The Duke's" place for a reunion of sorts. Here I was getting ready to paddle up the Columbia and possibly the Snake and Thomas Charles Delman was coming to town on vacation from his poison spraying, dam the Everglades and life golf course job. After the descent of the Snake and Columbia Tom and I went in different directions. He's so far gone on to destroy life with his occupation and what he chose to do with the money. Spend it on rent, gasoline, destroy himself with pills/be'er and his and life's future forever with his choice not to force forward the river idea to the dam catastrophe. I've set about to do what he said couldn't and shouldn't be accomplished. Needless to say, Tom doesn't really like me that much, not many do at this time. Most (not all) humans like to drag each other down to their level. They're "hell bent" (even though I tell them hell closed, it's opening on the surface) and they want everyone in on it. Tom seems especially bitter or sour about the present situation he's in because he realizes the truth even though he continues to avoid doing anything about it while contributing greatly to the dam shiddy problem.

While I was waiting for him to get his act together I had a conversation at the dikeside Sauvie Island Park with a man who drove a truck for Portland's new food recycling program. I spent a few minutes putting forth my idea to him which he got, it's simple. He really got it though because the business he was in involved with was such a doomed hoax and he witnessed it. If I remember correctly he said Portland was recycling 16,000 tons of food a day into dirt or compost every day. Anyone who's involved in turning that much food into dirt in the face of the agricultural environmental disaster on this planet, not to mention the hungry people, knows. He looks at the faces of the people who are throwing the food away, knowing full well what they're doing, the horror. He looks at the graffiti on the side of the food recycling containers and knows what the sign says, "Death". He sees the painted on smiles and the evil glint in the eyes of those at the top (his bosses) as they make the most for themselves for how much longer? He said he did it to pay the bills and tilted/hid his head towards his wife and daughter. I told him if there is that much food, get in a boat with a cover that collects drinking water and keeps your stuff dry, invite your wife and child to come with you while you save yourself and life from doom by attacking the dam problem with a free flowing river solution.

Tom, Andy and I went fishing. Andy who's about 25 works at a gas station, he doesn't own a car. We drove to the north side of Sauvie Island and walked a good ways down canal from where we parked our car to a vacant stretch of sand. I, of course, handed out business cards, flyers and talked it up like life's foremost protagonist that I am. Tom and Andy distanced themselves from me, I have yet to meet many who are comfortable forcing forward this idea, so sad. Eventually I caught up to them and they were drinking be'er and fishing. I was drinking booze and coffee. We were all smoking. They kinda wondered why I wasn't fishing, I told them it was against my "religion". "What?" says Tom. I proceeded to run my mouth in explanation for the next few hours while Tom and Andy caught salmon. Here's what happened, first of all I have a way about myself that's unnerving to some. Every time a fish hit the lure, a second before, in what seems like a story that has nothing to do with fishing I'll say climactically, it's on or pow, lookout, there's one and the rod would bend over. Andy picked up on this, Tom denies it because that would mean I was... in touch with what's going on about me. Then Tom or Andy would reel the salmon into the shore, sometimes it would take several minutes.

In this area they have wild salmon or hatchery raised salmon, which I call farm fish, even

though technically they're not farmed salmon, the smolts are just raised in a hatchery. Before release from the hatchery the adipose fin (the little one behind the large dorsal fin) is removed. That's how one tells them apart from the wild salmon. The genetics are different too, in wild salmon nature determines which eggs become smolts and eventually mature fish, in farm fish humans determine which genes become adult fish.

Tom or Andy would net em or land em and then determine if the fish was a wild fish (to be protected and released) or a farm fish (a keeper). They kept catching wild fish and releasing them. In the process of catching and releasing the wild fish they interrupt its timing, tire it out, rub some of its protective slime off... usually they had to get a pair of needle nose pliers (which used in this fashion I call "need to knows") and damaging the fishes mouth and sometimes its gills, rip out the barbed hook. Pick up the fish, smash it, rub more slime off it and perhaps take a picture. Then they dump it back in the water, throwing it away shocked, injured... Who knows what happens to the fish because of all this. Whatever it is, it's not good. The whole time they're doing it they're obviously not protecting the wild salmon which are "no good" and they're looking to catch a "good" farm fish.

This is how it went and I gave it a play by play as if it was a sporting event. I'd be relating a story about getting arrested in Chicago at a grocery store. And who called the cops?, another dam blackwater security Ho! Ho, ho, you got a fish on! Fight 'em! Fight 'em!... tire 'em out, fight 'em, is it exhausted yet? Fight 'em, no, no, Tom don't net 'em, show the heavens what you're made of, jump in like a bear, don't be afraid to get your feet wet, grab 'em, rub his slime coat off, drop 'em on the ground, that's right put your foot on 'em, smash 'em, show 'em the need to know, rip out his gills, pick 'em up, drop 'em on his head, pick 'em up again, squeeze 'em hard, there ya go, take a picture so you can remember how stupid you are, now throw the fish away, no good wild fish... is it still swimming? Barely. As a reader one can see that fishing with me is an interesting experience.

Tom was hoppin' mad about the whole color commentary thing and the insinuation that they were bad humans for doing what they were doing. Finally, they caught a farm fish and we could go. Andy got my idea and said, "I get it, we should have just walked down here, not even drove, caught one fish, the first one, turned around and went home instead of harming 6 wild salmon to get 1 farm fish. It would have been better for us and the environment". Exactly Andy, that's just about what I'm saying and just think they make ya pay a hundred bucks for the fishing license and the privilege of doing it and we can't fix any of this dam shit without fixing the dam problem first. A salmon jumped in the near background (the only time it happened all day) **exclamation point!**

Went back to the pad and I got a pokeher "game" going. I asked Tom, who apparently has a video poker problem, why he and everybody else throw away the wild cards or jokers. Obviously, I'm not just talking about poker, I'm talking about humans throwing away the wild cards, exterminating the passenger pigeons, the buffalo, the mastodon... Culling or getting rid of those cards able to determine who or what they are, killing all the wild stuff, for no reason. First Tom says, "Because it would change the odds". I agree but the odds would be the same for everyone, plus the wild cards come in the deck and they are meant to be used, not thrown away, which is a waste for no reason.

Tom's been drinking a lot of be'er. Why Tom, why do you play with 52 cards instead of 54? "It would even the odds." No, Tom you can't even the odds, the evens are even and the odds are odd and that's the way it is. Tom and I have talked about this before, on the Snake. I kept at him, I'm hypnotizing him, kind of. Why do humans throw away the wild cards? Tom says, "Because of taro [which he pronounces terror ho] in terror ho one needs 4 sets of 13". This is what he told me on the Snake 12 years before. Forget about terror ho Tom we're "playing" poke her, not terror ho. With wild cards (54 cards instead of 52) it changes the odds of getting a better hand, making it more likely, the difference is the same for everyone, better. And see that's the difference, when you eliminate the wild cards it makes it probable that everyone will have a worse hand.

I've never been able to find an up and playing game of poker or anyone else in Amerika who plays jokers wild, they all ditch the wild cards. Many are afraid to play with the Jokers as if god would

strike them down. They're afraid of the wild cards or want to lessen the likelihood of all having a better, more massive hand. Many people just down right refuse to play with jokers. Almost anyone will play with deuces wild but not jokers wild. A "deuce", or 2, is slang for the deposit into a flush toilet, the expression, "To drop a deuce" or to have a bowel movement. I think it's significant, certainly noteworthy, that in a culture killing itself and everything wild with a dam flush toilet, that in their card game they throw away the wild cards first which essentially makes the royal flush the best hand. The king is trapped between an A.C.E. (the dam building Army Corps of Engineers) and a dame and if they do anything else, usually it's making deuces (the lowest card) wild (the most valuable card) with no possibility of 5 of a kind. Of course, therefore I play jokers wild, A.C.E.'s low (this should be as obvious as its single icon) 5 of a kind beats royal flush. Also, after playing this evening I decided never to play with C.H.iP.'s again or in the interior of a dam drain the well dry flush toilet equipped structure.

Poker was invented in this country during the western expansion. What likely happened is someone took some taro cards and scribbled over the hooky shit with something resonable. See this is how it was, most the clowns heading west were involved with damming rivers. If they cut the trees down, they dammed the river to power the mill to saw 'em up. If they were mining, they built dams to power the sluices and washers. The whole time the main thing going on was the dam and ditch agriculture to feed the stone stacking timber and mining dudes. So, someone invented a game to separate the dam fool from there loot. This person(s) not wanting to be involved with the dam thing, wanting to put forth the solution to the dam problem but disguised to avoid persecution, of course named the new game poker, poke her (the dams). To poke a hole in the dams was the main idea camouflaged with a poke her (the dames) idea set amidst all the whoring going on. To consider poker from a historical perspective and not recognize the above idea misses the main point.

The next day I left and on the way back to my canoe stopped at the "Bottom's Up Lounge" for a Sunday service sermon and supper. As I approached the place a man walked out and got in his truck with a business advertisement that read, "Horseshoe Repair". I decided to use this idea on my flyer along with a couple other "Animal Farm" (Orwell) ideas. So now, in addition to dam fluidification and the rest of the stuff I'm willing to do for a living, I offer horseshoe repair, pig smoking and dog training. For some reason strippers always enjoy my entrance into an adult entertainment house. Of course, I'm wary of this as I know its significance. In Portland they say there are more strip clubs than churches. It cost me more to dine on the dam and ditch GMO hamburger, French fries and ice tea than to view the naked girls.

On a partly cloudy fair weather day I left the strip club and was strolling down the street wearing a white linen suit with a red rose on my lapel, a back pack over my shoulders and a valise in my hand. A car pulled up next to me. I kept strolling along and when I got about 20' in front of the car, I turned about and looked back. What could best be described as an old lady in what could have been her Sunday clothes was standing in front of her car with her hands on her hips, staring me down as she said, "Well, do you want a ride, or don't you"? I kinda laughed, it would give me the opportunity to spread the word and just to see what she had to say. Not much in 100 yards, she let me out and I headed down to the ditch.

To write some more and to see if it was a better time to collect those sea lion teeth I decided to head back to St. Helen's. There's a lot of floating homes in this area and for some reason I seem to paddle my canoe past the rear of someone's home just as the KKK nazi communist block watcher woman steps out of her home for a security check. It scares the living daylight out of them. It's hard to imagine living on a river or body of water with people moving about and not be personable. The folks who live on Sauvie Island often have a floating dock across from their diked home. I climbed up the ramp of one of those floating docks to drop off a bunch of flyers and business cards at a mailbox location (without touching the mailboxes) and was met there at the foot of the driveway by what looked like the matriarch of the family, a menopausal woman who just screamed, "No, NO, NO!" as I left a

flyer and a couple of business cards. I take it her dam, dike and shit head self wasn't looking forward to my arrival.

Just as one comes into St. Helens from up canal they come upon what looks like the town's only industry or former industry, the mill. Everything's all set up for timber processing, just no timber. It's sad for an area that once was one of the most productive timber areas in the known universe. I guess after cutting the trees down as fast as they could 4 or 5 times they got tired of it and decided to mow grass instead. What a waste to see the mill, a bunch of structures and machines that could have processed timber for centuries if not eons with proper maintenance. When one looks at the facility, the dikes and the nearby dammed creek and counts all the energy it took to build it, it doesn't add up. It's obvious they built the thing just to build the thing, not to process trees. Out in front of the place is a trailer that reads, "Clean Rivers" (see lean rivers).

When I got into town I discovered their new sewer line project, that had just been installed, judging by the nearby billboard advertisement celebrating its installation, had failed and they were digging up the dam road, "again". It looks like the stuff doesn't even last as long as the ceremony dedication signs, Gee whiz. They're doing this all over the country, toiling away. When they could be fertilizing and processing the fruit of trees. At least they could work in the shade and not breathe dusty air all day. It might even be fun.

They had a National Guard facility overlooking/protecting the sewage treatment plant. I wonder if they realize the dam shitty Amoralkan way isn't worth protecting. Wearing my forest green Lawrence jacket and green and black stripe "sheriff" pants I went in to find out. They threw me out of the foyer, it looked like they were scared of me. Over the next few days I "hit" town and gave out my info. I also collected a lot of cherries and plums. In addition to eating them fresh and making barbecue sauce out of them I preserved some with honey and made sparkling wine out of some. Turning water into wine is easy, if you can find a fruit tree still standing. I like to wait until most the fruit hits the ground, it makes it quicker and easier to harvest. Most people look at me as if they are disgusted to see someone eat something that has touched the ground. I find that apple juice containers work the best as they are designed so that if the juice ferments the resulting pressure doesn't explode the container in the grocery store. Fill it up  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way with fruit and canal water, wait a few days until its bubbly (sign of fermentation) drink, use in cooking and enjoy. One can even keep adding water to the same fruit and making more sparkling wine until the sugar is used up.

Caution, keep in mind I'm not sure how much fruit (sugar) one needs to add to dam shitty canal water or how long it needs to ferment before a high enough alcohol content is achieved so one can drink it as delicious sparkling wine without getting hepatitis, dysentery, giardia, cyclosporidia... One can always set it, contained, in sunlight (for 10 minutes they say) and have the U.V. rays sterilize it naturally. I drank it all summer and fall and didn't get sick. Remember the goal isn't to get drunk, the idea is to preserve the fruit over a long period of time, easily, consume the calories and avoid contributing to the dam agricultural and food and beverage container transportation disasters. I'm putting on a devilishly good show for the heavens, for mass. I also find that this sparkling wine or champagne is great for marinating meats before a barbecue. Just add some Worcester sauce and some salt to the fermented fruit for a delicious marinade base. The easiest way to preserve fruit for a long period of time is to let it dry on the tree or ground. The smaller the fruit the better no effort drying seems to work. Also, of note if you're a practicing Islamacist adhering to the Koran (or have a liver not evolved to assimilating alcohol) you can always enjoy the alcohol laden preserved fruit by heating it up or cooking it first, as the alcohol disappears into thin air thus avoiding alcohol consumption.

While I was writing at the library I'd leave some gear over on Sand Island and someone stole my #8 Wagner frying pan. I reported this to the police department. One day when I was paddling over to St. Helen's from the island 13 people in an aluminum party barge verbally assaulted me and said they were going to call the police. They said they were the Sand Island Park Rangers. I went to the town hall to try and figure out what is going on. The rangers called me back later and apologized,

apparently there is another guy in a yellow canoe and nobody like him either.

Ever since I started to install the infinity project the evil folks have been coming out of the cracks in the concrete and asphalt to get me. In St. Helens the #2 librarian lurched out from underneath the red carp hanging from the ceiling and expelled me from a “long term” computer reserved for educational/job related work for accessing a dentist’s phone #. There was no one waiting for computer time. Dianne (dying) the head honcho at the library threw me out and called for service and protection. A dozen police officers showed up across from the grocery store where I was sittin in the shade next to a church. They were reasonable and said I hadn’t worn out my welcome in St. Helens. Unfortunately, I’d come to use the library and the “Mums” who run the thing didn’t want me to put anything in the box (the computer).

The dental hygienist is probably my favorite girl in town. Getting an appointment with one in Amerika is easy if you’re willing to wait 2 or 3 weeks. The dentist is in large part responsible for this. The dentist blames it on the insurance industry. I had a toothache, upper left side and in addition was having a hard time maintaining dental health overall as my teeth hadn’t been professionally cleaned in years. I was attempting to schedule a teeth cleaning and get the problem resolved.

A short time ago humans lived on the edge of a forest eating fruit and meat down by a creek. They had access to water to drink and rinse out their mouth after eating sweet fruit. Human teeth are designed to last about 40 years, this used to be how long we lived and they worked great. Now we live longer but our teeth are still designed to last 40 years. The creeks and springs are all covered up in concrete and asphalt and the rivers are unpotable dam canals, so we can’t rinse our mouth out with/drink water, the easiest way to maintain dental health. So Amoralcans are walking around eating sweet processed food, dehydrated, with rotten teeth and gums. Infections “poison” the blood and health professionals will tell you one of the easiest ways to ensure a healthy heart is to maintain good dental health. I always go a step further and point out that the poisoned blood goes to one’s brain and contributes to poisonous thoughts. This is hard to prove but if you think about it it’s obvious, a toothache will drive you mad, it isn’t just the perceived pain.

In Amoralca the fresh water is hidden under the asphalt and concrete in pipes. Periodically one may run into a spigot or other access point but typically the valve is missing, so one can’t get the water. Of course, this is one of the reasons I carry tools. When one does find an establishment with water available it’s usually a bar or restaurant with two woman who don’t seem to like men very much guarding the water tap, with the right to refuse service, thus my tool of choice, the 9” pair of dikes (why cutters) to be in control of my access to water in town. The cops, who are employed enforcing the dam shiddy rules and often find themselves protecting damsels in distress, keep stealing my tools. Suspiciously, the 9” pair of dikes can’t be bought in this country anymore. I bought the last pair off the shelf in every hardware store I went in until there weren’t any available.

Often, I go in bars and order 2 glasses of iced tea explaining to the server girl this way she can refill them half as often, the proprietor makes twice as much and she gets twice the tip. They don’t like the idea and won’t serve me 2 glasses of iced tea. Then she limits the amount of tea I can have and scowls at me.

I went shopping for a dentist and finally found one with a chair available. The dentist chair faced a glass window and beyond the window was an English ivy enshrouded wall with an artificial drip like piped in shower or waterfall thing, I knew I was in trouble. He charged me \$90 for an Xray, said I couldn’t get my teeth cleaned for two weeks and advised I go to the hospital emergency room for the tooth problem. Outside in the parking lot, steamed, I carefully ate some food and then brushed and flossed my teeth. The dentist came outside while I was cleaning my teeth after eating and giving him \$90 for unused Xrays and said, “If you don’t leave I’m calling the police.” Only in Amerika.

I strolled over to the grocery store to get some food for my expected departure. It was the hottest part of the day and I decided to sit in the shade of a tree on what looked like city property next to a church across the street from the grocery store. Within minutes a couple of dudes approached from

a nearby home and told me the caretakers of the church didn't want anyone to sit there and he would likely call the cops if he saw me there. I told them I was willing to take my chances. They went and called the cops, 6 or 7 showed up in 4 or 5 cruisers. They were familiar with me in St. Helen's by now, I told them I was leaving town and just chillin' in the shade until it got cooler to make it easier to carry the groceries back to the boat. They wanted to know why I was wearing so many clothes.

There's a lot of reasons why I'm wearing so many clothes or what I call an astronaut/submariners survival suit. If I return to my boat and discover it and all my gear are missing (stolen) and it gets cold at night, I stay warm. I can practically sleep anywhere without a sleeping bag. This isn't necessarily the main reason I wear it though. With 3 or 4 layers or more of long underwear it's more comfortable to sit down on the ground, which is typically hard especially in an urban area. I'm very offensive and aggressive in my message dispersal and I've had many people object to this style and attack me, so it's like soft armor, it allows me to be offensive and aggressive and not worry about easily perforating my skin. Everywhere I go I depart from the beaten path and cut a trail through the typically briars to a shady spot, a fruit tree or just a place to relax without the dolts being able to see me. I collect much stuff this way and pick up trash, reading the packages.

With this many different layers of clothes I can take off my gloves and jacket, put it in my backpack, switch hats and glasses and look like somebody else. Plus, if I run into a heavily loaded fruit tree or anything worth collecting the long underwear and extra oxford shirts act as containers and I can carry out 150 lbs. of stuff easy. With this many clothes on I can sprint through a briar patch full speed and see who can keep up with me. Also, I want to be able to take advantage of any situation for life and the furtherance of my message, so for instance if a CJ7, Limo or helicopter pulls up and offers me a lift, with the clothes I have on and the extra tools, food and beverages I carry in my valise I can go for a ride with anyone and maintain my offensive aggressive style even though the driver may think they're in control, if they abandon me at the top of Mt. Hood or wherever I'm not doomed. If they try some crazy junk while we're driving I might just open the door and jump out as we go around the bend. I might even take the keys with me.

My clothes are old too and I maintain 'em so usually the hems are repaired, the holes are patched up and every repair becomes a pocket and there is stuff in all of my pockets. So, when a cop asks me, "Do you have anything in your pockets?" I hesitate naturally because I have 40 to 50 pockets instead of the 2 to 5 they're used to searching. Typically, this causes them (in preparation for search) to ask another question, "Do you have any needles or razor blades?" Yes, I do and I direct them towards my sewing kit where they discover sewing needles and a double edge floor scraper. This is also where I stash my herbs and pipe, by the way and direct them right towards it. Of course, most never imagine that I would direct them right towards what they're looking for, so they start searching somewhere else.

With layers of clothes I've got stuff up my sleeves that I can get in my hands quick, things in my 4 pairs of socks that I can pull out while pretending to tie my shoe. I've come to find insects can bite through 2 layers of clothes and the snakes... One thing that most people don't imagine is that I could take off all these layers of clothes, slide into Kevlar underwear put a Kevlar hood and gloves in my backpack and look the same as before except I'm seconds away from bulletproof. Change the tools in my case... and I've got tools stashed all over the country. With this type of outfit on it makes it easy for me to go into a restroom, remove my inner layers, toss them in a plastic bag in my backpack, drag a wet rag around myself, tighten up my shoes and I'm freshened up with a clean layer of underwear. Plus, sunburn will kill you and it gets cold outside sometimes and I can easily offer a girl my jacket which makes them more comfortable and best of all with these layers of clothes on evaporative moisture loss is reduced which makes it easier for me to stay hydrated, "Dune". Have you ever experienced what it's like to have a subforeignian big lizard/worm chasing you around in the desert trying to force you to be safe?

Some cops don't really like any of these reasons, at all. They're offering a service and protection racket, if everyone made way like I do they'd need much less service and protection. People



who dress and carry goods about like me are practically uncontrollable, although I don't need to be controlled. The cops sometimes are control freaks and are usually responding to the damsel in distress false call of a control freak.

When I left town and got down to the floating concrete dock a young man approached me. He had the air about him of a reporter although not necessarily that of a newspaper or t.v. reporter. It seemed like he'd read my flyer at least and perhaps my "Leaving Ho'till Calafornix" idea. He straight up just asked me, "What do you think of Jesus?" The Bible read that "Jesus" recommended we eat fish sandwiches and I suspect the fish and bread may have been simply just laid out on hot coals. The Bible didn't note he recommended lettuce, tomato, lemon, tartar sauce, cheese and other condiments and if one were to investigate the production of these condiments, the dams, the ditches, the drain the well dry pumps... one might see why he recommended we eat fish sandwiches.

I know why the Bible presents the everlasting fish sandwich idea. The two main reasons are because if we based our diet largely on fish sandwiches we could feed ourselves forever. The reason why 3 fish and 5 loaves of bread sufficed for so many humans is that they were full of dam and ditch food, didn't like fish and/or were cowed into not eating them by the group of dam fools they were surrounded by that were in vain trying to destroy creation in large part by eating dam and ditch food which killed the fishing. Thus, they didn't eat the fish sandwiches. If you don't think so, go get 3 fish and 5 loaves of bread and try to see if you can even get anybody to eat it in public. I recommend people eat meat (including fish) sandwiches with all the condiments but just grow most the fruit, vegetables and herbs and some of the meat and cheese at or near their domicile using the water collected from their super and fertilizer from urine separating no flush less toilet with a squirt gun. I also recommend slicing the bread thinly (to reduce the tillage) by hand. Of course, first we've got to get the dams off the rivers or our goose is cooked. I got in my boat and left.

People often want to know about "Jesus", they usually never ask about Emanuel or John Lawrence (Laurence) Kanazawa Jolley (Joliet), and they usually want to give me a nickname too. "Jesus" essentially means nothing. Emanuel or Immanuel is variously interpreted to mean a way to proceed or travel through life ensuring one finds and enters (breaks into) the narrow hard to find crack or gate in the walls surrounding the garden of the kingdom of heaven or a walk with god story, the laws to adhere to get ya there or my favorite, a manuel for fixing or taking care of it yourself and with assistance from others.

Most the people didn't want to repair the situation with their own hands (manos) they didn't want to adhere to the laws of thE manuel. They just wanted to be cured of their superficial skin diseases, blame their problems on god and/or the devil, they didn't want to die and go to hell forever and they didn't want any possibility of being born again and having to experience the pain of life's trial and tribulation again or over and over. They didn't want to abandon their abominations of desolation where they shall not be, their hateful structures that destroy built on the temples, the dams on the rivers. Eve didn't want to collect anything (rain from the sky or walk to the river or well for water) and none of them wanted to bearshit.

It's hard to blame the people then, they didn't really have the best tools and technology to easily solve the problems at the time but they did have 'em and they could have done things correctly. The cistern could fail and there was no way to easily repair it, they didn't have the ability to make a machine to safely convert human waste into nonpathogenic fertilizer, often the character who bore the shit would get sick and die. Nowadays it's **so easy** to do the correct thing, we have all the tools and technology to do it, there's no excuse for continuing down the exact wrong diewrecktion.

The dam fools murdered Emanuel from Bethlehem about the same time they nicknamed him "Jesus" and said he was from Naziwrath. Then they boiled his life down into a walking on water story, (water being a metaphor for life) which is what the dam fools wanted to do, walk all over life. To say Emanuel was wall king on water when the walls on the river are the #1 problem is a bad jewk. He and "Peter" most likely had made way onto a low head dam that diverted river water to an agricultural

canal and the two of them were showing the humans, who probably viewed it from uphill, how easy it was to kick stones out of the dam and save their souls. The fishermen may have delivered the couple to the dam but certainly picked them up after having punched a hole in the dam to keep the mad dam fools on the riverside from killing the demonstrative saviors who were showing the people how to save their own souls while simultaneously saving their own souls.

If “Jesus” did walk on water the chance that some fishermen witnessed it and the miraculous tale make it off the dock amongst a bunch of dam fool landos is practically zero while the chance of the dam fool humans trying to hide reality while steering each other in the absolute wrong direction in combination with an creepy snakelike doppelganger foreign entity sitting in on the humans rewrites of the Bible and/or god playing ‘em like dam sucker fools by whispering into the human’s ears with some kind of Tesla device to achieve the tale as it is recorded is surely close to 100 percent.

“Peter” may have been better at it (kicking a hole in the dam on the river) likely because Emanuel made way with bigger stronger men. That’s why it appeared as if “Peter” fell in. I’ve done it myself and’ve seen others do it. When a person is standing on a low head agricultural dam it looks like one is walking on water when viewed from land, especially upstream. The people didn’t like it, they try to “save the dams” (the #1 video game in this country is “Call of Duty” and the mission is to protect the dam) or maintain the dams and not involve “eve”, the woman or the “supers” in collection of that which falls from the heavens or the collection of anything as that’s how the men (not all of them) try to maintain control over the women.

The dam fools killed the couple for it, they can’t stand it if one attempts to divert their abortion project of life again and again, reviere. They murdered “Jesus” and said, “Jesus died on the cross for our sins”, as it has been interpreted in English. So we could live a life of regret, do whatever we wanted, dam and abort everything and get into heaven for all eternity. This is what they (usually woetoman types) mean when they say, “Just believe in Jesus”, or just believe in nothing and you’ll be all taken care of or won’t have to worry about anything. I interpret “Jesus died on the cross for our sins” to mean the people killed him and they regret it. They nicknamed him “Jesus” (meaning he wasn’t anything special “just us”) in part because he warned them not to use his name in vain. I’m ordering people to put my name on the back of their throne (thE manuel fertilizer machine) for all time. After they killed him and the eclipse of the sun, the curtain fell at the temple (not the drapes at the church) the dam was compromised at the nearby river. The temple is the river, that place one goes to drink, bathe, get clean, get food and water, life.

The main point of the “Jesus” idea is to attack the dam problem with free flowing river solution (punching a hole in the dams) and not worry about the dam fools murdering you if they catch you, as you will live on for all time, being part of life. Of course, this is the only idea the dam fools don’t consider when relating a “Jesus” story. In part, that’s why I’m here now, because nearly all of ya’s completely missed the idea.

Like a Jew I know “Jesus” (Emanuel) wasn’t the Christ if the definition of Christ is the person who saves us all from damnation. This is obvious by taking note of our present lot and the intervening 200 years’ history, dam doom. A lot of the Jews claim “Jesus” was a profit, this could be said. I consider “Daniel” the best profit but this was the character “Jesus” supposedly referred to in one of his last readings or what he directed the apostles to know just before “Jesus” was murdered when “Jesus” referred the apostles to the idea of himself reappearing when it was an, “Abomination of desolation” to ideally be Christ and get us all out of damnation. Unlike a Christian I don’t really like the second testament at all but I know why it is written that way, its disconcerting doom, which is what happened because we didn’t undam the rivers, bereshit properly, build collective supers instead of sheddy roofs and murdered the lead man. However, I’ll meet “Paul” who supposedly wrote ½ the second testament and “Paul” is one of my favorite souls I’ve ever met. I like the Koran better than the Torah and the Bible because it reads “In Heaven the river flows below the garden” it’s the most often repeated phrase

in the book yet it should be added that “In Heaven the river flows below the garden not hanging above it in a dam canal”.

So, the Koran and the rest of the books written are lacking and the Islamists who adhere to it, for the most part, seem to have completely missed the main point but this is what they wanted just like the majority of the Christians, Jews and others. I also appreciate the legends taken note of in Africa, China, India, Japan, the Eskimos, the native American tribes and all the rest of the note taking that has been accomplished in man’s and woman’s history and herstory. The last thing I’ll say about the question, “What do you think about ‘Jesus’?” which I didn’t say to the young man who asked me in St. Helens is “Jesus” was the fall guy, he died in the way that he did so I (just “Jesus” in an identical skin suit) could reappear as he when it was an Obama nation of desolation, get command of the armed forces undam the rivers for the most part, reduce the rate of fossil fuel being burned and redirect the lessened fossil fuel being burned towards the construction, installation and maintenance of the collective productive structures. If this is what happens, then the Bible’s tale is perfect, we’re all forgiving for our nonsensical headlong pursuit of the tools and technology to realize the coming about to solving the dam problem and the nonsensical headlong pursuit will come to make sense.

That being in print, I’m willing to share the wealth, “the pot” (the glory) with “Jesus” for the part he took upon himself and with all the others who took note of it and took part in it. I also realize that I won’t be Christ until I get command of the armed forces, punch holes in the dams on the rivers, get control of the fossil fuel burning, set up the celestial city of collective productive structures primarily for fruit and nut tree (and bush) production on this surface and head the people towards building vessels for the containerization and transportation of the product (creation). I also know that if I did accomplish the installation of the solution and get us all out of damnation the people may not recognize it while I’m alive. I also realize that if I claim I’m Christ or “Jesus” leading up to the point of solving the dam problem there’s many humans that would say I was crazy and that tact would hinder me from solving the dam problem. I also realize there’s a lot of humans that would say I couldn’t solve the problems on this surface and beyond unless I was Christ and claimed I was at which point they’d say I wasn’t and this would hinder me from solving the dam problem.

And this is the conundrum that the humans force upon themselves because they don’t want to solve the dam problem/had it forced upon them by an entity whose motives remain to be seen. It’s obvious how to solve the problems on the planet, the humans for the most part just don’t want to. Also note that it’s not necessarily to my or life’s advantage for the humans to catch wind of their rescue attempt until just before the rescue. And we could debate (argue) about who “Jesus” was and/or is and whether I am or not he and the humans and those “programmed to deceive” misleading yellow halo wearing angels (the four horsemen) “illuminati”, at least up to this point in time, would love to as it completely misses the point of how it would be more enjoyable, easier and we’d make more money... with a naturally flowing river system and collective productive structures almost as if the ass clowns farming us were planning on doping us all on the poisoned fruit of the dam and ditch agricultural “system” in large part with the ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO corn that seemingly has been sprinkled out on the surface by a passing spaceship and taking us for dam sucker fools rob us of the gold, silver and platinum spaceship electrical wiring material they enslaved us into mining and stacking up for easy stealing or if we undam the rivers the metal in perfect position for us to build our own spaceships. Questioning who “Jesus” was and whether I’m him stops the communication of undamming the rivers and that’s what the dam fool wants. This stopping the flow of the river solution until just before we punch a hole in the dams on the world’s rivers just might work.

Perfect weather, I left St. Helen's and paddled across the dam canal to check on the decomposition of the sea lion carcass and the possibility of scoring a set of California sea lion teeth. The water had receded and the island the dead sea lion was on was a peninsula connected to the mainland. The humans had disposed of the carcass with a machine (likely a frontend loader) in the dam canal.

In Washington I washed my clothes in the Columbia with no chemicals and let the sun's U.V. rays sterilize my cloth. Washingtoners don't like this, at all. I was wearing a white linen jacket and trousers with white gloves when a wet dog came up next to me and shook mud all over me. I put the sole of my white New Brunswick (Canadian golf shoes with cleats) in its side gently. The owner, the biggest lurch on the beach, attacked me swinging a beer bottle for kicking his dog. If I had kicked his dog it would have died from internal bleeding. I caused the big creep to turn tail, I followed him around as he retreated and gave him a piece of my mind. The rest of the beach attacked and I slowly retreated to the "bat cave" for different tools, encouraging anyone who wanted to learn something to follow.

Later that night some tweakers came by the lair, two guys and a girl. One of the jerks said he was gonna stab me and bury me in the sand. They left, went down the riverside about 50 yards and tried to be spooky for an hour or so. One of the dudes, the threatening to stab me clown, walked quietly past, half way circled around and whistled to his buddy who was still somewhere behind me. I took off my U.V. shades and put on the blue "golfer glasses" (golf ball shades) that block most other rays while letting the U.V. in. The two characters rejoined behind me and returned to my spot without the girl, where I was in a premium defensive location. With a thick fallen tree about four feet off the ground above my head and what was behind me, because of the way the branches were aligned, hard to get through from the rear but easy to retreat through their attack was from an open spit of sand, uphill. The possible stabber had an infrared laser beam attached to ? that he tried to blind me with but I was wearing the perfect lenses to block the infrared beam while being able to see what's going on, as the bigger lurchy guy had a highly focused LED light. They said they had a gun and were gonna shoot me. They said they were gonna teach me how the locals take care of business. I had a reflector in my left hand and blocked the incoming LED light and cast it upon them. They threw a branch and some other crap which I deflected. They charged and threw in hands full of sand as they charged in (this showed they'd been trained) they were trying to blind me.

My right hand was holding my JPX15 (the most powerful air pistol made supposedly) covered with a tan dish towel. I had a pair of dikes (8" wire cutters) or two whoa to man types with no love for man, in my back left pocket. I was in an advantages position for I was lying in a shallow trench uphill of them. As they came in I said two things simultaneously. Are you ignorant, or naïve, and dam fools? or just plain stupid? Are you ignoring the rant, about Eve and Adam, fools? or just playin' St. Cupid? This worked. The two creeps beat a fast retreat and said they were gonna call the cops on me as they ran away. I told them I would beat them to it and did. The 911 dispatcher wanted to know all about me but didn't seem too concerned about the assault that had taken place, at all. No officers responded and when I contacted the sheriff later they said they'd come by for a report but didn't. There's only one road out of this place (the dike road) and if the dispatcher had communicated the situation to an officer they could have easily got the clowns.

Most people when envisioning or considering a river trip imagine going downstream. To think about not using a motor and paddling, the work involved kind of turns them off. If they keep thinking about it, collecting firewood, processing food, cooking, cleaning, packing and unpacking all the containers, unrolling and rolling up a bedroll everyday, strolling into town for supplies and carrying them all back to the boat, the work involved seems to really turn them off or dissuade them from doing it. If one were to consider paddling upstream against the current most would recoil in horror at the thought, especially if it weren't a lightweight kayak but a canoe with 600 lbs. of gear in it. People used to do this all the time though not so much anymore. In the pre dam and ditch days it wasn't as difficult

as it is now. With current flowing downstream there is usually a counter current flowing the other way. One could just stay in the counter current to the main flow and pretty much get carried upstream. When one reached the likely obstruction in the main current one could ferry across the stream to a likely counter current or stay on the edge of the main flow where it didn't flow as fast and continue upstream looking for another counter current. Plus, the water was drinkable and the river was packed with food. In 2011 it's not that easy.

When I got to the spot I'd figured I'd invade Portland from it was in the wee hours of a dark morning on the Willamette River. I stopped paddling. It was quiet. I spoke out loud. Yeah, this the spot for sure! "**KA-DOOM!**", a beaver tail exploded just on my left. I've never got so soaked by a beaver ever, what a dam genius, soaking wet. I had to change clothes. Approaching town, one is enveloped in the putrid odor of raw sewage. Portland was having a big problem, it stunk even worse in town. The Portlandians or "Stumptown" folks (they nicknamed Portland "Stumptown") seemed to ignore the embarrassing stench. Nobody pretends "everything's OK" and can't figure out what the dam sheddy flush toilet problem is and works on the dam façade green fix like Portlanders.

While in St. John's in pursuit of the president see and collecting signatures to the effect I was approached by yet another poor soul who listened for a few seconds to my no dams on the river "mochampagneless platform" spiel and interrupted me with, "What about the space aliens dude, wheeee"? He didn't stick around long enough for me to answer his question, as usual. Of course, I told whoever was listening. Often, I start by pointing out that in the Hollywood film "Transformers II" the decepticons power Christill is underneath the Hoover Dam.

Then I ask them to imagine space aliens have a ship or vessel or even a transporter beam like in "Star Trek" or a time machine like in "Dr. Who" and they're travelling around. What do you think they're looking for? Answers range from low end, "Power"! Naw, they got practically unlimited "power" plenty of "electricity" boss, to a little more thoughtful, "water". Naw, there's plenty of water, plus with a shit pile of power they could relatively easily just stack two hydrogens on an oxygen and have some H<sub>2</sub>O, but I hear ya. It does look like we're getting tricked into building a particle collider to power a spaceship complete with oceans of water. And what happened to the ice caps on Mars? How come we're over there (supposedly) with robots digging up the place and cooking the water out of the sand just like we are here? Fu(cking weird, huh?

Some say, "Food". What kind of food? Some say, "Plants". Possible, much more likely they'd be looking for a place to grow their own plants. It'd be relatively easy to grow plants on a spaceship and with nearly unlimited power it would be easy to make C<sub>6</sub>H<sub>12</sub>O<sub>6</sub> or sugar mush like they ate on the Nebukinzenzer in the film "Matrix" and vitamin "C" or whatever other vitamins they needed. I determined by the nature of things on this dam planet and likely the rest of the universe that they'd be looking for a source of easily assimilable amino acids or protein, meat, to eat, to easily assimilate into muscle tissue and what not for themselves. Getting a machine or anything capable of lining up amino acid chains in an easy to assimilate and digest or "climb into" form in the quantities needed over a long period of time and avoiding catastrophic disease without evolution is practically impossible. The chances are extremely slim.

If one thought about culturing or farming another organism for ingestion and assimilation on a space ship or vessel one would figure out that the assimilator likely wouldn't deliberately kill the assimilee and would likely keep it alive as long as possible. This doesn't mean they would "take care of it" as you might imagine. It can be excruciatingly horrifying to be forced to live a long time in uncomfortable, incommunicable, "unfree" or in a freely dominated situation, especially with "bad" food. Likely the assimilator would remove fluids, blood (for blood sausage perhaps) milk, semen (glue) vaginal fluids (lubricant) hair for clothing, the whole bit. When one thinks about it the "space alien" considering how it ended up in its situation (didn't care for anything but itself) would likely be eating "itself" or not have a full complement of easily digestible food "plants".

When one really thinks about it they'd figure 2 different kinds of "space aliens" at least, those

alien to the space and those alien to the time. Those alien to the time more likely to be eating themselves, more like us, perhaps able to mate with us and everything, easier for them to “blend in”, be undetected extremely more likely to be interested in our natural flora and fauna compliment and its successful longevity, much more likely to be allies. There’s also the possibility those alien to the time originally “showed up” to “kill the project” because the future is so bad, more likely they showed up to “pull the plug” on the dam project perhaps even delighted to find me here, Justin Thyme with no apparent vessel or machine assist, doing it “the old fashioned way”.

Those alien to the space more likely to be hellbent, not suitable for anywhere in this universe or other just as humans are now in the present dam situation. Those alien to the space, still with the possibility of being us, more likely to have machine assist with their “skin suits”, easier to detect, less likely to be able to mate with us even if they essentially are us, more likely to be a completely different organism, extremely more likely to attempt a planetary highjacking replacing the rug with a carpet and/or pulling the rug simultaneously over our eyes and out from under us, especially those under a pharmorecutiekill pill, internet porn, nearly unlimited baubles, GMO side effect food, be’er induced haze. Add t.v. (the crucified life) and wala. Remember the Port Authority locker box scene in the “Men in Black II” film? These alien to the space characters (pretending they care for you while putting a lien on this space) much more likely foes but with a product that I and Life don’t want to lose. I look at them as potential reviere allies or dam shiddy abortionist on par with the largest of bonehead human minorities.

There’s also the extreme likelihood that the alien to this space care actors while travelling around looking for meat to eat would find some but it wouldn’t be as easy to assimilate into its own tissue for itself as it would like, it might have a hard time digesting it, maybe it gets “the shits” or gas, the skin suits don’t fit or something. Then one would figure out the easiest thing to do would be to change the meat and make it easier to assimilate and the easiest way to do that would be to change the plants or thing the meat eats. Genetically modify the plants and change the meat. And when I look around this planet that’s what they’re doing. The easiest creature to do this to would be the omnivore at the top of the food chain, humans. Plus, if they were just interested in replacing our flora and fauna with theirs the easiest thing to do would be to wipe the surface clean and when viewed from above humans are destroying the garden as fast as possible, all the alien to this space characters would have to do is give the human dolts the seeds to plant. Humiliating huh?

From the info I’ve collected in my life including what’s written in the Bible I’d wager if there are aliens there’s 4 kinds of alien to the space care actors, one with a “carburetor” problem one with a “shitter” problem, one with a “plant” problem and one with a “ticker”, the 4 whoringmen foes likely paired up and fighting each other for “our place”. If there are aliens I’d wager there’s aliens to the time and they’re our ally’s. I can’t figure a pure machine or computer showing interest in using us without our complimentary ecosystem or eliminating the flora and fauna on this surface and going anywhere/doing anything productive by being complicit with damning it. It’s the rule.

Now “forget” about space aliens and time aliens. Imagine humans dam and destroy life on this planet and escape in a space ship or get trapped in a box with a crippled, dwindling food machine. Often, I tell people if they keep up this “Jesus” bullshit, the man’s name was emanyouwell or I’manyouill, the likelihood of them ending up with Jesus (jus’ us) as our last meal is almost absolute, boy we’d really get how stupid we were than huh? Exactly what the dam fools deserved, Justice, it would be severe.

If ya thought about it ya’d know the easiest way for a lien to this space care actor to stay in control of this surfaces omnivores food would be if it were centralized and easy to control like a dam and ditch, big Ag. seed company, pump and pivot system the humans are depending upon for their food while a decentralized heirloom system nearly impossible to control. So, the easiest way to “shake off” any foreign entities/a lien to this space characters if they exist (and all signs say they do) is to get the dams off the rivers, overwhelmingly the largest impediment to life in general, collect water from the

surfaces of the structures we build (superdriplinerwatercollect) and to further ensure the sanctity of people's food supply continually reuse the fertilizer with a urine separating, composting, no flush, toilette with a squirt gun. So, get the dams off the rivers for starters and quit interrupting my spiel, good question though. Where'd he go? Where'd everybody go?

The most likely thing is a machine/computer/vessel/organism was created by us two universes ago, it survived the collapse of the universe into a black hole, reinvested itself in the next universes only to discover it's damned for "going" the dam route and needs assistance getting out of damnation by undamming the rivers on this surface for starters. Its reads the same in the Bible, Genesis 1:26-27. God created Adam in his image, thus God is damned.

I thought about this and more (I could write an encyclopedia about any one of these a lien to the space, alien to the time ideas and plenty I didn't mention) as I promenaidd back to the Willamette from St. John's triangle, pulling food from the trash, picking up and reading the ingredient and manufacturing info, throwing away plastic food and drink container trash, stuffing business cards in telephone pole cracks, collecting unused apples and filling up a bottle of water from one of the few business front water spigots in town with a valve before descending into a Superfund Site with a "Superfun" bay. When I awoke at the waterside, strolled down to get some coffee water and wash my face and hands I discovered a green (agreeing) space alien pencil had washed ashore just at that exact spot overnight. I picked up the dull pencil decorated with near abouts duplicate black "space alien heads" and no eraser (no *e* race are). I knew I had my sword for sure, a pencil gift from Reviere. This is how I know **for real**. I put the entire above alien idea together just hours before the pencil appeared. I knew anyway but now, I'll wager **EVERYTHING** on it. **I'M ALL IN**. I stuck the green alien pencil in my black "JJ" hat and used it for a conversation piece.

The reality is obvious, with humans hell bent a forreign dollied the sheep into damming the rivers and digging ditches, flew by in a spaceship, sprinkled corn seeds out on our heads, tricked us into growing ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO corn to "reduce our dependency on foreign oil (?)" even though it takes more kilojoules of fossil fuel to grow and process the corn into ethanol than kilojoules of ethanol created (although getting the humans to eat/drink the poisoned fruit of the dam "system" may sway them to undam the world's rivers) and now instead of putting the ethanol grade corn in the gas tanks it's in our soda pops, corn chips, ketchup and grape jelly. This same entity tricked the dam fool monkeys into stacking up the gold, silver and platinum (the spaceship electrical wiring material) in the easiest to steal locations, as if we didn't see the light and undam the rivers it'd just have us whack ourselves with the poisoned fruit and steal the gold. Know that if we don't undam the rivers and get out of damnation it'll just be damned too. So...

Below Bonneville dam almost all the way to the Pacific the canal side is lined with creosote timber piers that force the current into the center of the canal. The creosote timber piers are of varying length and stretch off the side of the canal at about a 90 degree angle. The creosote soaked timbers are spread evenly apart about 2 ½' on center. The installers could have easily left a gap in the piers to allow paddlers to stay in the counter current or slower moving water along the shore and to not have to navigate hundreds of feet out into the flowing current without really affecting the piers effectiveness. The installers deliberately didn't leave any gaps in the piers and one effect is to severely discourage or hinder manually powered vessels. They knew this when they installed the piers and effectively got rid of all but the most determined manually minded people, Hoppy For<sup>th</sup> of Jew lie.

It takes a lot of time and energy to paddle out and around the piers. Paddling upstream of the piers creates the possibility of the flowing water pushing the manually powered vessel against the pier which would then act as a strainer trapping the boat. So not only is it difficult and time consuming to get around the piers, it's dangerous. The damage at the Superfund site was caused by the creosote timber factory. Supposedly they burned a thousand trees to get enough creosote to dip one tree in for use mostly on dam weirs. Stumptown is dam weird and Stumptonians are stumped.

The librarians (Mums) in St. John's won't let me talk to a child. The Safeway grocery store

won't let me buy any food and calls the police when I go in the store. All the bathrooms in this town are locked up. Sikeetown. Park Ranger came down Sunday morning while I was preparing potable water (coffee) at the only sandy place I can get off the water (the superfund site) and said there is no camping allowed.

Portaging over Boneville Dam in flower designed straw colored linen jacket and trousers, a beedy eyed private security guard keeps driving up in his SUV and inquiring, "Do you need anything"? Yeah, go get me some cheeseburgers and ice water dude. The dam claxon sounded when I got to the top of the rise, talked to interested sheriffs. Portaged down through the Indians granted slab after getting permission from a One Feather tribe member who set me up with fresh herbs. I had one big feather in my beret ball cap.

Bought a salmon from the Yakama's and was about to slap it and some apples on the Korean barbeque and I was told by a cop it was illegal to have a fire to prepare food and potable water. The small fire was 18" from Lake Colombia and it was raining. They don't want to burn down the cheat grass forest they so eagerly replaced their rain forest with? They don't want characters without their dam motorus operondie having potable water and food, only them, till...bust.

When I got to the Washington town above Boneville the water mains burst. I made a spiraling clam decorated beret and dropped back down on Boneville dam from the dam lake above it, at night, just to pull their chain, while I'm able to. Checking the rules concerning vessel lockage, the A.C.E. dude keeps saying/pleading, "We're all in this together, brother". I explain to him the error of his dam way.

On the cellphone around noon Oct. 21, 2011 with the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers concerning the transport of goods on the waterways and the specific requirements of a vessel requesting the use of the locks. They won't let me use the locks now unlike years past. Ms. Morris at the Boneville Dam a few weeks ago said a motor was required. I asked if the motor had to power a propeller and she said, "No". I have two motors in the canoe (battery powerdrill and electric grinder) and both could be connected to a propeller, which of course I have. Obviously with dam rules such as these I not only just display my hubcap that says Buick Motors but not so quietly portage on Friday and Sabado in flower adorned straw colored linen with my folding travel trailer (wheels) and investigate further.

So today I call The Dalles dam concerning aforementioned. Ms. Green invokes Jesus's name when asked about what it takes to transport goods (fruit) up the river, then she hung up. At another # a male hangs up after speaking nothing comprehensible. I dialed a # incorrectly when Verizon decided to switch the area code of (541) 296 9778 to (561) 296 9778... the person answered and said, "Quick weight loss". This is the dam problem (loss of mass) and its revealing to see what the idea is one number different (practically the same). I began contacting A.C.E. Washington D.C.... First Ms. DIEanna, then Mr. Rabe (loosly translated, Mr. Hydrophobe (lockjaw fear of water)... nothing, he sounded kinda apprehensive. The time, 1456 on the dot (4 minutes before 3 PM {too sinco sick or sabe mill trap seeing sinco sick}) Mr. Rabe called with no new info and referred me to the U.S. Coast Guard supposedly to get a # for my motorized vessel.

The following is about a letter I wrote to my Aunt and Uncle in Florida.

Sonny and Jan Lawrence,

I'm in Boardman, Or. paddling upstream. Supposedly the largest inland port, in this nation for sure, perhaps the world, big food and biofuel + other stuff, cheese, mint... processing places. Lots of targets here. I deseminated the info last night (Monday) + Tuesday morning the 22 of Nov. 2011. I carry a U.S. Trunk Company Case, with a Rolle Switzerland pencil case inside and a Tennessee toothache case inside that one. The Trinidad trunk is in the shed behind "Dick's" place in Christmas. Go figure. Right now I'm rowing around double vested. I like the leather polyester one you all gave me, it's warm and I've still got the Schrade tool "Dick" gave me.

At the end of October, Tuesday, Martes (a taste of the ocean) I approached John Day Dam. I got out of



the canoe and approached the castle wall gate of the Army Corpse of Engineers on the Oregon side, morning. As I approached the gate a train pulled up headed in my direction and stopped, DOOM, just as I “knocked” on the chain link fence wall. Backup. I communicate with the rail guys. Double stacked HYUNDAI (Hi and Die) that’s what they think. From a ¼ mile away I communicated to the engineers an ice pick behind the ear lobe technique followed by a swift kick into the BBQ. That’s what I think. On Trick Night I scoped out and reconntered, scouted the portage. I found a coyote skull with all its teeth. On Halloween was assisted over the dam thing by a character who’d just fixed the dam lock tubes. As I put the boat in the resivwhoire I met two old timers in a Starcraft who’d been obviously shadowing me down below the dam in the preceding few days. They were taking their boat off the lake as I got on. The guy driving the truck and trailer had an agricultural hat on and the fellow in the boat was wearing a NAVY sweatshirt. The fish sandwich boys. The navy guy was wearing a Kissimmee River hat. I gave ‘em my card. His eyes lit up like Charlie getting a golden ticket to the chocolate factory. It’s on. Maximum intimidation, scary scary. I’m down to my last of Earl Lawrence’s Indian River knives, the “prison shank” special. You wouldn’t happen to have an extra would ya? Ever seen the movie “Office Space”? I’ve got one of Kelsie Lawrence’s Swinglines too, the 800.

On the back of the envelope so the carriers of the message get it too, is four maroon waterfowl (female mallard) foot prints and I wrote, Cancel the Dam Bathroom Project, all the ducks agree...

<http://infinityproject.wordpress.com~>

A cool thing about my signature is that it is represented by the key just below the Esc key in the upper left corner of the keyboard. One has to depress the shift button~

The following is another letter sent to the Chelsea Milling Company.

Chelsea Milling Company, Howdy Bill + Kathryn

Howdy, well here I am again. This time I’m touring this nations and worlds breadbasket by river. I’m wearing Reef flip flops and Danner Super Rain Forrest boots. Often I find myself and my canoe, a 16’ Blackhawk from Chicago, pulled up underneath a pile of grain. These are usually the best landing spots for moving goods. I look at life from the waters point of view, the ocean, the river, some would most easily identify me as a fisherman. More like a fisher of men, Max Phytoplankton, dark side de la croix. I was married in Japan (the nation of the Bread God) Jah Pan. Let’s say I’m seriously real ambitious about continuing to eat fish sandwiches. Supposedly, a reknowned character a few thousand years ago, suggested, or showed, that this may be our best diet. The records don’t indicate lettuce, tomatoe, tartar sauce, lemon, and pepper fish sandwiches with a side of potatoe fries. When one investigates the production of these condiments one might see why. The Dam problem. I’m here collecting a crew, gathering a team, to make sure our last supper isn’t a dam GMO carp rice cracker sandwich and that we get to eat meat sandwiches with condiments. To ensure that the laughing, singing and dancing children down by the free flowing river continues... ∞, in the very least. I’m here to undam the planet. The people’s general lack of acknowledgement, hiding, or covering up the dam she.t.ty problem is part of the dam problem. They don’t want to be conscience of it and in some cases aware of anything. This problem is especially bad or evil cause the nation with the tools to fix the problem, U.S. Navy, in the most ecologically environmentally sustaining or stewardly way, the quickest, has grocery stores full of food. This creates a contentious or complacent population. People usually don’t want to do anything while their belly is full. If the grain is fermented and their belly is full of beer often they are especially hopelessly hopeful, or hopefully hopeless, about the currentless situation. Hope is bookended by hop and hophead in the dictionary. It seems the food and beverages are becoming increasingly non nutritious for Homo sapiens lately. This causes the people to be stupid (stew ped {a cooked soul}). I recommend you don’t be one of them, or worse, a dam fool. Essentially there is nothing one can do on a dammed planet that is good. Except undam it. If you don’t move undamming the planet, collecting that which falls from the heavens and the installation of composting no flush toilets with a squirt gun up to the top of your corporation’s agenda, you’re working for the

wrong bunch. !Shit can the dam reservoir tailrace system! ~

I often tell people not to travel anywhere without at least a box of Jiffy Mix. Plus, their practically on the doorsteps of the Waterloo.

Coming up the Columbia the dam hydroelectric powered Google search engine is probably one of the most sinister looking sites one'll ever see. I'd been searching for the perfect hat for this enterprise and found the perfect messaged hat just on the other side of the tailrace from Google. It reads "E-ONE" (the emergency rescue vehicle, a Florida company) lightning bolt bill and on the back "Cascade Fire, Yakama Washington"

At The Dalles, locally interpreted to mean "water flowing over a flat rock" or "water trapped between a rock and a hard place", a local movie theater who's sign reads "The Dam" and a bizarre VFW post's mannequins dressed as soldiers with cardboard cutout woman soldiers Halloween display sandwiches "The Vault" restaurant/lounge/pool/video gambling place, which is the place to be. I showed up for "The Vaults" karaoke night and someone was wailing Skynard's "Give me back my bullets, I don't want to see no mo damage done!" I smoked and marveled out front. A young Japanese couple departed, the Jahkuzzie squadron.

I remastered "Domino" and CCR's "Fortunate Son". In the bathroom I caught an extra big man in the stall and used the Billy Burns story as a lead in to a more meaningful productive idea. He must have thought about it and selected a coarse, chorusing rap "Get your elbows up, keep your back straight and row". I danced to this as if cracking a whip over galley slaves, interspersed with sharp as directed rowing motif as the crowd "did the chicken" like dam fools.

There were a few intelligent observers and at least two participants, plus the Skynard fan. I completed my idea with SoundJgarden's/Smashing Pumpkin's remastered "Super Nova Black Hole Son" which the DJ introduced with "I think we're going to blow the power out or something!" I would imagine his sound board took a life of its own what with the "This device must accept all outside interference by law" clause clearly stated on the machine. He'd figured that out, my first two songs, crueze control. One of the crowd looked like he was perhaps big in the Navy, a dark man. He tried to keep a pillar between he and I. I blew the place out, I'm extremely scary with a mike, DOOM!

In the early part of the day, for breakfast at "The Vault", 3 dam terrifically huge men entered after I'd gotten comfortable. The front man was at least 6'8" 286 maybe even a 7' triple marker without the offal. The other 2 backing him up were about 6'2" 248ish, big crew. The big one said they were U.S. Navy Seals and he wanted to trade me a drink for a signed copy of my flyer. I got a shot of Jaeger. A jaeger (*Stercorarius parasiticus*) is a terrific war bird kinda 1/2 osprey 1/2 seagull known to be a ferocious "pirate". He said the flyer was hard to read. It's a #8 lucida console font and the handwriting's got a cross hatch background. Plus, there's the whole "fine print", that which is in the details, thing (I'm working on it).

The handwritten page surely eliminates #1 of "The Ten Commandments" as an obstacle to the consumption of fish sandwiches. Obviously #1 of "The Ten Commandments" (Thou shall not kill) as heard on the streets by the humans is a deliberate misprint put forth by dam shid head abortionists to escape execution of justice or deliverance of benevolence. Make sure to do something productive with the carcass. Lampshades, BBQ's, crab trap bait, pig food, something, even if it's just bacteria in a free flowing river. Make sure they desist dam ecocide attempt and produce something specifically at least.

The Seals and I communicated about comfortable consciousness found at or near las olas and the warm sand just a few feet away for resting. That and dragging telephone poles down the beach as penance/cause of lost pool games to me in Virginia Beach. Of course, this is why from the get go the Seals said they didn't want to talk to me really and preferred to sit on the other side of the bar, as this was a prerequisite for the beverage/flyer trade. I took them up on the offer, agreed to the stipulations, sipped the delicious Jaeger, immediately reneged and cornered 'em on the other side of the bar. There's nothing like cornering 3 massive Navy Seals. Thanks for the chance to hone my skills. I'm **ruethless**, huh? 6'1" to 6'2", 66.6 kg/146 pounds. I learned how to do much of what I do from you all

anyway, as you know, one pound = kilograms x 2.2046 in the very least thanks for taking the notes in your manuals and communicating the idea.

At the Chinese restaurant across the street I had dinner alongside a windmill installation supervisor. We went over most things electrical, ohms and Tesla in particular, as why we couldn't just collect solar power on the sunny side of the planet and send it to the dark side. Not enough push/pull to overcome the resistance of an electrical line (ohms) and Tesla's likely roasted as if in a microwave idea. He confessed/confided to the complete unsustainable ludicrousness of the "dam windmills" as he referred to them. All of the ½ dozen or so windmill workers I talked to called them the "dam windmills". When it's windy the dam hydroelectric power heads don't like having to "turn down the dam".

This notable intelligent electrical engineer explained what I knew, that there was no way the windmills could produce enough energy to even compensate for the energy it took to install them and deliver the power to the consumer, the hydroelectric dam aluminum, the dam causeway road to the windmill sites, the poles, the wires... it was a complete hoax/scam. It was fossil fuel/dam hydroelectric powered doom. He also pointed out/reconfirmed that the installers, when faced with installing a centralized dam windmill power system and the subsequent bill which they had to pay every month, had deliberately jinxed the installation to fail so they'd get paid to fix it, so they could pay for the power bill. That's why they are the dam windmills. The obvious solution is a domicile with a water collecting super with the secondary ability to collect solar energy. We have these tools and technology now to proceed with, empower the people. Likely they would install it better if it was the dam over their head, literally and figuratively. This is one of the products of the dam solution.

Often the response from the humans/pirates on this idea is "It's not enough!" (power/water). Make super collector size appropriate through local building codes. The women in particular insinuate it just wouldn't be enough. Nowadays from a typical American woman's perspective, they have unlimited power/water access, just don't have a man that can pay for the bill. When we solve this dam reservoir tailrace problem the females can continue to cunningly "seduce"/entice men into empowering their desire. The difference will be that the man who could afford to pay for it would have made his fortune doing things correctly. Productive fertilizer, fruits, nuts, tight collective structures, spaceships... not stacking up rocks, digging ditches, pumping shit and poisonous food or some other micro/soft "product".

Also of note as with the windmills the dam hydroelectric power plants are a complete scam for the same lack of reason as the windmills. It takes more fossil fuel energy (kilojoules) to stack up the rocks/pour the concrete damming the river, build the concrete pen stocks, the hydroelectric turbine, the dam causeway road to install the power poles and to mine the metal for the wires to the electrical outlets at your home than they'll ever get from the hydroelectric plant before the reservoir fills with sediment. It's a fossil fuel powered scam, burning the garden down.

The Finnish MOB was back across the street at "The Vault" and the good ole boys (about 10 of them) from Finland's gardening/wood working/fishing gang compared and contrasted their rainfall irrigated less till techniques and mini shepard/ranch integrated various methods with the "66,600 head of steer" repeat "66,600 head of steer we encountered at an Oregon ranch" along with a Washington dam and ditch GMO's encounter they experienced on their fact finding enterprise, that they found themselves in conflict or at least in competition with. They said they'd come here to figure out what was up. I gave them the complete deluxe version to top off the obvious which they'd already discovered. The Finnish MOB said they'd bring the message back to the other side of the world. These men certainly discovered the *rue y verdad*.

I got a pair of size 13 Danner/LaCross Super Rain Forest boots at Trader Joe's for \$360, little bit taller than the Danner WWI English paratrooper model boot but those exactly, ideal foot protection with 200 grams of insulation per boot, no frills.

I've become an authority on libraries in this country as I go in practically everyone in every

town I pass through. The Dalles library is a typical average library. Not a straightforward presentation about the dam reservoir problem in any of the books but the dictionary and encyclopedia. Not a good word about the structural washout problem associated with the cheap shed or an honest word about the flush toilet disaster either, complete avoidance of the top 3 notes to be taken and have the population made aware of. If there is seemingly a word of a “solution” it’s usually about a retrofitted 40 gallon rain barrel irrigating a raised bed garden which is ridiculous in its unproductivity verses the energy to install and maintain. This is mostly a function of the small size of the water collector surface area, container size and the materials needed to create the raised bed.

The overall motif/backdrop/main idea presented by the Dalles librarians is of stone castles, dragons and damsels in distress... the doomed fairy tale. I speak with the head librarian, a postmenopausal woman who’s married to an USACE that works at the Dalles dam. As one who’s informally interviewed many library chieftens (usually old dames) many have confessed to being married to and in cahoots with someone in the water department or other water control position.

Often at the library in addition to using the computer to enter my notes into my book, check my email and research material on the internet I’m doing other things like reading newspapers and periodicals or letter sending related work at a table. As one works at the libraries of course one takes note of the communication between the librarians and the patrons. All the libraries have a different scheme involving the computer even though it’s all Microsoft windows so there’s really no point in the varied presentations. This lack of uniformity creates a great amount of problems often with transient visitors like myself who are just using the local system for a short time. It appears the most significant thing this does is hinder communication in particular for those who are travelling or making way, those most likely to have figured out the porous dam sheddy flush toilet. rue and attempting to communicate or research the problem and solution.

At the Dalles library when a patron requests computer time they receive a slip of paper with an asterisk and # from a young woman working the front desk. This is a scene repeated at many libraries all over the country. Usually it’s just a # but around a fifth of the time there is an asterisk displayed in front of the #. The patron takes the piece of paper, goes over to the computer and enters the information. If the user enters the \* and the # they don’t get access and often they come back up to the desk and question why they’re having problems. The young women working the library front desk tell the user (usually a male) “Don’t enter the ass trick”, or “Please don’t enter the ass trick”. At the Chicago public library this was sick in its gruesome hilarity as the library didn’t have a firewall and the mostly male computer users were mostly gazing at hardcore gay pornography. The women were usually looking at useless for carrying anything handbags and platform high heels/inappropriate soul protection.

At the Dalles library they have a filter that blocks the incoming porn so the whole idea isn’t as disturbingly obvious. However, as I sit at the table near the library front desk for most of the day overhearing this poor girl repeating over and over, “Please, don’t enter the \*” and realizing this scene is being repeated all over the country, I’ve seen it many times, I realize what’s going on. In the largest of senses the people (and all of life) are getting fucked in the ass by a computer generated man and/or female. Or the people are fucking themselves while watching man get fucked in the ass. Knowing this the whole, “Don’t enter the \*” thing takes on a different meaning. It’s almost as if they were trying to teach us not to do it but the sideways titillating presentation seems more to rub our noses in the problem and acts as a distraction to a potential presentation of possible solutions to the real problems while creating a scenario where the library patrons are wearing a rut in the carpet (burning dam and ditch GMO feed energy) walking up to and back from the front desk.

While my making light of this problem may not seem pertinent to the main idea, that’s just the thing. I’m witnessing different variations of this seemingly not pertinent to the main idea/titillating side show take place everywhere, I just use this as an example. I go up to the young woman working the front desk of the Dalles library and after first explaining that I’m in no way attacking her personally

tell her the above idea, which she got because I think she'd figured out something hokey was going on, it's so obvious, there's no other reason for presenting the \*. It appeared she is somewhat relieved that I came up and said something about it. I gave her my card. Interestingly, the solution to this problem starts with dam fluidification, we gotta punch a hole in the dams.

On the way to Google I headed towards the "Wind Seeker" restaurant for a glass of iced tea. I was studying the brand new special federal big trouble homeland security no trespassing signs at the GMO bread pile affronting the "Wind Seeker" parking lot. On the Columbia apparently, the bread piles need to be extra secure now and are surrounded by chain link and barbed wire, sure sign of creepy food. As I turned toward the restaurant a van with U.S. Government front license plate began to roll out of the parking space it had been occupying. The 2 men sitting up front looked at me obviously, put the van in reverse and pulled back into the spot they were leaving, parked, shut off the engine and got out of the van.

The 2 men looked like a cartoonish version of "Crocket" and "Tubbs" from Miami Vice with ill fitting suits (and ill fitting skin suits) and I thought how ironic this was considering I was just scoping out a pile of alien drug food as they caught up with me en route to the restaurant front door. "Crocket" asked, "What are you up to"? **I'm undamming the world's rivers.** "Crocket" quickly replied, "If you undam the rivers you'll lose power". Pausing, pursing my lips together, clenching my jaw and exhaling forcefully through my nose I turned towards the two. "Tubbs" looked at "Crocket" as if, "You stupid idiot what are you doing"? and waved him off with both hands.

I really wanted to converse with these 2 yet my mouth was very dry, so I opened the door to the "Wind Seeker" restaurant to go in for a drink thinking the 2 apparent government employees would tail me in but they didn't. I ordered a glass of iced tea, slammed it and made way back outside to speak with 'em. The van was still parked in the lot but the 2 agents had disappeared. "Crocket" had presented an interesting point. If I undam the rivers I'll lose power. I look at this idea primarily as it relates to the force that operates with me as a result of the need to undam the rivers (me being the pointman the focus of life's energy). As if the force wouldn't be with me once the free flowing river state has been achieved. I look forward to this, I'd rather be a fruit tree gardener and a fisherperson. Most would look at the undam the rivers and lose power idea along a different route.

Once again, the people need the hydroelectric power to operate the sewer pump lift stations more than any other purpose and we'll solve this problem by eliminating the flush toilet sewer system and solving the waste disaster with a primarily manuel fertilizer machine. Another thing the power companies like about the dam hydroelectric turbines is they can quickly turn them on and off by opening and closing valves and gates increasing or decreasing flow and electricity. This allows them to match power output with demand, without experiencing brownouts, blackouts, blowouts and burnouts. This problem is more difficult to solve and may best be solved by eliminating the grid entirely in most cases and replacing with onsite solar powered structures.

In locations with industry that is reliant on lots of power we could continue to use a grid type system and anyone living nearby could benefit by easily plugging into the grid. Another solution could be for each factory requiring more power than they can collect from the sun have its own power plant. It's relatively easy for industry to plan its power needs to coincide with a fuel powered steam turbine electric generator. In case you didn't know it takes a while to heat up a fire and begin generating electricity. Also, if demand for power ceases or drops off rapidly and unexpectedly it's a problem. Sometimes power companies solve this with a "toaster" or element they route the power to that heats up and dissipates the unwanted electricity like a toaster element. However, this is a waste of power. It would be better to burn this power off productively at the superdriplinewater/solarcollect thE manuel fertilizer machine parts pipes and fittings factory.

In part this is why this planet is lit up like a disco ball display at night. Typically, the people wake up in the morning and the stoves, water heaters, t.v.'s etc. get turned on then the people and industry use power during the workday, the people go home cook dinner... The sun sets and they go to

sleep, industry slows down. The street lights come on and this allows the power companies to continue to burn fuel and making electricity at practically the same rate without having to put the fire out or turn the fire down at the steam generator plant. Then about the time the people wake up and begin using power the streetlights turn off. This makes it easy for the power companies to moderate and provide a constant power supply for a constant demand. **But** the plants are photoperiod dependent and need a dark period at appropriate natural times, plus the birds that plant the forest navigate by the stars in part which aren't visible with too much night light.

The main idea is we're burning the garden down mostly from the fossil fuel consumed to install and maintain the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. centered civilization but cutting back and conserving fuel at any and all points is imperative. Also, I've determined the street lamp posts are the easiest non essential metal to cut down and recycle into the collective structural solution. If one doesn't feel secure out and about at night in the dark stay in thE manuel home. I've talked to a lot of power guys. Many of them showed a lot of interest in the natural world and they agreed my ideas were all feasible. They pointed out my solution presented a lot of problems yet were smart enough to realize and point out that they'd be able to handle it and make money fixing the problems. Some of them pointed out, "You should be president". The above ideas are all obvious though, the literal solution to undamming the rivers and the subsequent power problem.

The reason I wanted to talk to "Crocket" about his statement "If you undam the rivers you'll lose power" was the primary thing he was talking about. Most humiliating dolts wouldn't think of it cause they're in complete denial of reality. I became the most powerful person in the universe (actually multiple universes or a multiverse) or captain of multiverse law enforcement when I came up with the solutions to the problems life is presented with now and in the future and began to force the change that is going to take place or make it happen better than anyone else is. The idea I created by communicating with the people, the plants and animals, e.t. too is yours and you will be the most powerful one or one of the most influential as you force the free flowing river solution to occur. "Crocket" had a point though. When I and life undam the rivers, I'll lose power. This may be a relief for many as its obvious most can't stand the thought of having a lord. Many human dolts would likely presume after undamming the rivers I'd take a seat on a throne, form a court and lord over them. That's what I wouldn't do, the last thing I want is to lord over ya (just until we get the rivers flowing).

The ideas I present will just naturally occur, we'll make it happen. In fact, dam fluidification is going to naturally occur, I'm just pushing the free flowing river solution to occur more rapidly than it otherwise would considering myself a force of nature, taking responsibility for the product that won't be lost as a result of speeding up the initiation of the repair. As a person (or perdaughter) forcing forward the solution yourself you will be responsible for the product that isn't lost due to the porous dam shetty problem because you sped up the installation of the celestial city on the surface and beyond for all time with your participation in dam fluidification. This is what you'll take to the plate later on. Remember you get served up what you served up. Don't be part of damnation or else damnation is what you'll get by your own violation. Force reviere and be part of life for all time. Force yourself to be productive by way of participation in dam fluidification. Elsewise life will make a product of you. Life will force you to be productive (force you to see the light, sausage, saw {s=river} age) to keep you from being damned.

Hood River, formerly the Dog River, is windsurfer mecca. Recently an ice dam broke and a melted glacier poured off Mt. Hood into the dam reservoir where all the sediment immediately fell out of suspension forming a big sand bar out into the doomed artificial lake. This makes the dam reservoir sedimentation problem dramatically obvious. The estranged locals walk their dogs on the sand spit.

On recycling day I made way up towards the Indian Creek Trail plum tree patch collecting cardboard boxes to carefully stuff with plums. The plums were the best I'd ever eaten and the plum trees had bore about as much fruit as could've been possible. About ¾'s of the fruit was on the ground drying towards prunes. I'd discovered these plums were superb wrapped in a thin slice of beef,

skewered on bamboo sticks and barbecued in a root beer liquor based sauce. I carry a few extra ties and belts so one can tie up the boxes and make handles.

Carrying the plums down the hill to the boat I took a break from the warm afternoon in the shade of the veranda at the Hood River Hotel while enjoying gazpacho, fresh baked bread and iced tea with lemon. The waitress who's about 10 years older than me really liked the infinityproject presentation and said her daughter who's about 10 years younger than me and worked at a bar on the other side of town had already told her all about the reappearance of reason and my report. Both two were delighted to be delivered the free flowing river/collective productive structural solution and life for all time idea. Never heard from them again though.

For one engaged in the food and drink industry as a waitress or bartender opportunities abound for putting forth the correct idea. Say someone asks what you recommend eating, one can respond wild salmon or ocean caught tuna, grass fed buffalo, non GMO apple pie for dessert or some other non dam and ditch GMO free food, perhaps grass fed cheese local rainfall irrigated tomato pizza with anchovies. As a bartender if someone asks what you recommend drinking, you could suggest an apple cider instead of dam and ditch GMO beer, a rainfall irrigated Missouri wine instead of a dam and ditch California wine, perhaps a distilled nut or fruit juice instead of dam and ditch sprinkler pumped GMO corn whiskey.

If you're a server it's perfect if you call up on the phone or write a letter to the various purveyors and question them to see if their stuff is non GMO rainfall irrigated or wild caught meat. What you're likely to discover is the producers of non dam GMO free food are delighted to talk to you about it and you'll be communicating the idea at that point as well. Also, you may find the place you work at doesn't provide anything that isn't dam GMO doom junk at which point one could recommend to the owner or manager to stock an option to the dam and ditch GMO food even if it's a limited option and if they won't quit. Work somewhere that has a wholesome, good, rainfall irrigated non dam and ditch pump irrigated GMO option. Force forward the river solution to customers by way of communication, you'll be glad you did.

Stepping out from under the veranda to enjoy a cigarette one notices signs warning smokers to stay 15' away from building, so I ambled off the sidewalk into an empty parking space and lit up. I wasn't standing in the crosswalk which was a few feet away but the people who were obviously just cruising down the main drag for kicks showed extreme irritation and hesitated (they had to completely stop) at the nearby stop sign for longer than they wanted to and gave me the evil eye. Everyone of 'em must have called the cops on me because Officer Riviera of the Hood River police department showed up fast and furious as I finished my cigarette and stepped back towards my table where my empty gazpacho bowl sat with some bread I continued to work on and the endless iced tea. Officer Riviera rudely told me it was illegal for a pedestrian to step off the sidewalk and threatened to arrest me.

Later I went to the courthouse to see if indeed it was illegal for a pedestrian to step off the sidewalk in Hood River or if as I suspected Officer Riviera was a terrorist. As I was waiting to see the courthouse secretary I noticed on the wall were posted legal name changes. Many people with awful bad meaning names had decided to legally change their names however the new names they picked to represent themselves were even worse. Most everybody but the hot chicks and dudes with rich daddies are walking around on egg shells in America afraid and I in no way caused a problem at the courthouse in Hood River but when I asked the weird fat courthouse secretary about the legality of stepping off the sidewalk in town he freaked and spasmodically threatened to call the police as he fumbled for the phone. To really know how awful he was one had to see his partner, a regular female, step back in horror as she watched her workmate overreact.

I headed out of the courthouse quick as I could and waited out front, smoking, for the inevitable. Sheriff Tom drove up, parked and got out. He was an even tempered, experienced, nearing retirement man. Sheriff Tom asked what was going on. I explained how Officer Riviera had threatened to arrest me for stepping off the sidewalk and how I was at the courthouse checking to see if

it was illegal to do so like he'd claimed. I'm not sure why the secretary had overreacted like he had, mental instability perhaps but from the notes I'd taken as I made way across the continent the most important positions, those involving communication, whether they be the person at the door, the front desk or the one answering the phone were occupied by absolutely the worst possible character in the community, eaters of dam GMO food. Call it a sign of the times. "A what?" A sign of the times. The sheriff nodded his head as if he knew just what I was talking about.

At this point Officer Riviera and another rabid cop pulled up in cruisers, one could tell they were hot to get me for something. Sheriff Tom waved 'em off and they disappointedly shuffled back to their cruisers and departed. I told Sheriff Tom how I'd paddled a canoe across the continent and was heading back the other way deseminating the most benevolent of ideas, the dam fluidification, collect that which falls from the heavens, thE manuel fertilizer machine solution to the porous dam sheddy flush toile.t. problem. Then I pointed out I was relatively sure of the negative reception I'd receive inside the courthouse structure because of the latin meaning of the foundation planting surrounding the building and read out the latin genius species and/or common names of the plants fronting the building from left to right as if it was a statement. Sheriff Tom raised one eyebrow as if he didn't quite get it.

Let me give you a more obvious much easier to interpret idea and turned to face the tree plantings in what amounted to the front lawn of the courthouse. See those two cherry trees with the tops nearly completely cut off? Sheriff Tom nodded his head affirmatively. There are a few small branches remaining which have some cherries. Plus, there's a bunch on the ground under the tree. I've already tried several of them and they're good. One can tell they topped off or mutilated the trees about 15 or 20 years ago, which would be the time the new GMO weaponized food was introduced to us.

Now look over here (I pointed to the right). See those 6 (sick) new cherry trees they planted about the same time? "Yes" responded Sheriff Tom evidently showing more interest in this easy to interpret idea. Those 6 trees don't have any cherries on 'em or on the ground, they don't bear fruit, the humans deliberately did this because the cherries were a mass. They also cut down natural trees elsewhere, ground 'em up into mulch and spread 'em around on the ground. The townfolk of Hood River even went so far as to cut down trees somewhere else, process them into paper which is very damaging to the environment and erect a paper machete hat racked tree as the center piece of the library across the street.

These people who do this are dam wacko's, they're sick, attempting to abort everything alive on the planet in vain as they fumble the whole thing off to foreign whorganisms enslaving themselves and their children to those for whoring men with dam and ditch food in what appears to be some kind of gold heist thing. It's disgraceful isn't it? Sheriff Tom nodded his head. I wager your birth certificate reads Thomas, I came up with a solution to the problem and I'm getting the team together to enforce law which starts with a free flowing river system, not damnation. At this point I gave the sheriff my business card and went across the street and gave the librarians a smoother quieter version of same idea.

They removed the foul hat racked paper machete tree centerpiece after I pointed out they were leading the kids down the dam broad in no sense route. At the Hood River library like practically every library in this country they were trying to give the books away just before they threw them away. If the librarians were smart they'd act upon my recommendation to make a paper machete sculpture, instead of trucking the books to the landfill on the estuary, of a dam with hole blown in it and a river flowing through the dam. Part of the problem we face is that most the dames don't like this idea, at all, and the women run the libraries in almost complete domination. They trained themselves to block the flow, and it's the thing they keep no record of. As it is I read the giveaway "British Horse and Pony Club Manuel" out in the garden. It cautions never to water a horse or pony from a pond (dammed river) and returned it to the library so someone else could read good horse sense.

At the Hood River grocery store I meet a girl. I'd already purchased my groceries and was in



the process of consuming as much cream and honey as I could with the double espresso I'd bought from the in store Starbucks kiosk. So, I was standing behind the Starbucks at the self serve complimentary shelf/area chugging cream and honey. Call it creative shoplifting, plus I'm trying to figure out if they're using that new Chinese/Canadian dam and ditch GMO high fructose corn syruephoney blend.

A gorgeous nubile woman made a pass at me and inquired what I was up to? I gave her the 8 second version. She came a little closer and asked, "Who are you?" I'm John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley, Scotch souled, French underground, Duetch mafia married into the Japanese MOB. I was dressed as a gangster with a red rose attached to the lapel of my Hood River godfather outfit. She said, "I'm Irish". I have Irish theological and historical backup. "Do me a favor and show me your eyes." I lowered my shades. Do me a favor and give me a kiss. A long passionate deep kiss ensued, honey and cream flavored espresso. She told me she was shoplifting from the grocery store, explained she was wearing a disguise and told me she'd fled from NYC and "Use ta be one a Gambino's goils".

She headed for the beef section (most likely). I refilled my ice, cream and honey espresso while the store manager gave me the "Boy, you sure are lucky and/or you sure know what you're doing" look. I smiled, checked to make sure my billfold was still in my back pocket, gave him my business card and walked out probably about the same time she was sliding rib eyes into the shorts under her skirt as she picked out a pint of O.J. for purchase. Outside I repacked the skirt steaks, onion, molasses, mustard and candy bars I'd purchased into my backpack. The Irish girl departed the store. I left my stuff on the side and tracked her across the lot.

When I'm on your tail know one burns a hole in your head like me. She tried to lose me in the lot, walking past and circling around to her car as if to put herself in a position where she could jump in the driver's side door of her silver Subaru that was the only car parked backed up into the spot for a quick exit. I didn't fall for this and didn't follow her on her "wild goose" chase but instead waited by her parked car for her return. When she came around the hood of her car I timed my turn into the aisles separating the vehicles to match her timing. She guiltily lowered her head as if the gig was up. I ignored this and she was relieved that I let her get in her car.

She quickly related a tale about how she was only trying to feed a couple of children. I ignored this realizing that essentially she was lying. More than likely she was stealing the meat to feed herself while she raised a couple of children, of course feeding the kids some too but she's bigger and in control of the portions, so. I know it takes a lot of muscle to raise children. Meat is the easiest way to raise strong children. I explained to her that I was "you know who". She may have suspected I was a store detective trying the, "I'll let you get away with the meat if you'll submit to meeting me later and I'll even bring some more meat" idea that she must have been aware of, if not familiar with. The whole thing is so cliché it's redickulouse.

My idea harkened back to a time before the dam ages, I told her I'd scouted out a couple of apple trees that had just dropped their fruit a few blocks away and if she wanted she could give me a ride in exchange for half the apples, then we could take a short walk up Indian Creek to the best plum patch in the world, which I'd split with her for another ride. Then or even before, we could pick up the kids and go down to the river and have a barbecue. I'll show you what I'm up to and how to stretch a family pack of rib eyes or skirt steaks into more nutritious meals than one could fathom, including visions of sugar plums dancing in your head. She declined and left. I wonder if she realized that while she was telling me about feeding the kids, she'd through hand signals and almost uncontrollable eye movements explained she was feeding them a mile or so down the main road just on the edge of town (probably in the cheap digs) on the right down about a block or two. Metaphysically I could've walked over to her place, knocked on her door and asked if she wanted to reconsider.

I know most likely why she fled. If we were to start trading apples and plums for rides (ya know) and even if we didn't, by the time we'd finished eating, down by the river, if we didn't begin by at least then to consummate our desire, it's... almost indescribable the regretful feeling. In the very

least she and I end up uncomfortable with soaking wet underwear. For a day or two out of the month, typically, the dame wants it more or worse than the man. I could tell she was at that point by the kiss she gave me. She knew she probably wouldn't be able to control her desire. She could conceive, I could leave, she'd be stuck taking care of another child. But as anyone can see the problem really is she's already got a bunch of so easy to steal it's as if they were trying to get ya to steal it and eat it dam and ditch agriculture produced GMO meat, even the dumpster out back of the grocery store typically is full of free meat, so I've got nothing to offer.

Several other things happened in Hood River that were noteworthy. I ordered a pizza and had 1 beer at a bar. Because the atmosphere at the pizza/beer joint was polluted with creepy woetomans including a dumb broad insisting on nicknaming me, "John Ill Jolley" I was eating the pizza outside across the street and was accosted by a likely "illunanati" (four horsemen, CDP or regular human responding to the "call" of the architect) policeman who was pretending to be intimidated by me/staying in his cruiser/maintaining distance while giving me a funny look as if fishing for a reaction from me as he related some gossip, "There's a man who looks exactly like you, wearing the same suit, with the same case at the hotel on the other side of the Hood River". Oh yeah, I wouldn't doubt it. The police officer continues to give me a curious look as if he wants me to continue comment. Is my double forcing forward a free flowing river solution to the dam problem or is he just pretending to be me, distracting from the issue? Because if he's doing something to communicate undamming the rivers it's beneficial otherwise he's just compounding the problem.

The officer looks at me as if... And I can see what he's getting at. I'm at the bar (dam) supporting it with my purchase of dam and ditch possible GMO beer and pizza but the thing is I'm verbalizing the naturally flowing river solution at the bar, attempting to influence the band with the correct message to serenade the crowd with, handing out business cards... doing what I'm able, learning too and practicing keeping my tongue in shape. See I'm in a boat by myself most of the time, my vocal cords will cease functioning if I don't exercise them. Yes, I realize it cost my soul to buy stuff at the bar, yet I gain interest from life for forcing forward the solution at the corrupt site.

I hadn't had a dam beer in a couple of years (I'm allergic to hope, Humilus lupilus) and while I was sashaying the mile or two back to the boat, which was tied to the Hood River gauge just offshore, I decided to negotiate a dangerous steep incline short cut just past a highway bridge. As I made way down the steep incline I tripped/slipped and as I was going down had the presence of mind to turn my head and look up and behind me.

As a riverman I've trained myself to do this, when you're going down or something noteworthy happens or appears in front, look up about and behind you. It takes a lot of practice to be able to do this, as it's against the nature of the human dolt mind. As it was I'm midway into a one armed rodeo type counterweight shift high wave of the hand as I slip the valaise under my ass with the other hand. When I looked behind me the last thing I saw as I began descent was a man, about my age and size, wearing flip flops step out from a bush across the street where he had been concealed in the best spot to watch me pedestriate out of town and back to my boat.

I couldn't tell whether he was coming to lend assistance or finish me off, appeared more like the former, he looked like a professional observer and may have been just taking note. To him it probably looked like I was about to be seriously injured and the sharp head turn, establishment of eye contact and even a goodbye wave was something to see as I disappeared over the edge. I bounced my ass on the case and bobsledded for a half second, stepped back on my feet and ambulated away from it without a scratch. I think the character who obviously'd been casing me out was smart enough to realize I'd suckered him out into showing himself. Boy, that was slick huh?

Of course, I take the hint from the likely C.D.P. police officer and investigate the other side of Hood River and discover... a complete rig, setup just for me, of course. A somewhat vulgar alluring broad with no sense that doesn't hook me up with anything but oregano (Origanum vulgare) a crooner at the hotel warning in song about, "The broad in no sense route" (which is a line I remaster into the

dam broad in no sense rue) and a man about my age driving a Honda who hooks me up with sense bud. Which leads me to realize for the N<sup>th</sup> time I'm getting played not laid (the I.D. {identification=the hole I'm working on punching in the dams}). I've got "them" all over me though.

The following is about a letter I recently wrote to Mr. LeBlanc of U.S Composite Pipe South LLC, down there in Zachary on Samuels Road in LA (Louisiana) in addition to Chengdu Chuangrong Trading Co., ACIPCO, Andy J Egan Co., Ad Technologies/ARNCO, Charlotte Pipe & Foundry Co., Hobas Pipe USA, The Logan Clay Products Co., Mueller Water Products Inc., Fab Pipe Inc., Griffin Pipe Products Co., GF Piping Systems, US Pipe and Foundry Co., IPEXUSA LLC, Cadar Ltd., and Underground Solution Inc.

Mr. Leblanc, U.S. Composite Pipe South LLC

Reviere, my name is John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley. I'm on the surface of this planet currently for a reason, to undam the rivers + ∞. Recently while rowing up the Columbia I had the opportunity to talk to 3 guys fishing in Oregon around Irrigon. They worked for Union Pacific. I've been paddling across, up, and down this continent by river, for 40 years, communicating with the rails. We were fine tuning the acceleration of the undamming of the rivers, the collection of that which falls from the heavens, and the installation of a composting no flush toilet with a squirt gun. It looked like they were involved with a Canadian bread, coal, corn syrup, timber...trading scheme with what looks like drywall, t.v.'s and other Chinese junk... They said, "Pipes, don't forget the pipes", lowered their heads in perhaps an admission of guilt or shame, who knows, maybe they were steamed. Right [write] the pipes, says I. When I descended the Snake and Columbia Rivers from The Tetons (Jackson Hole) to the Sea in a first time descent with Thomas Shindelman (God's letter arranger) he took the notes, too, in '98', if Tom said anything of note usually it was, "Oh Johnny boy, Johnny boy, the pipes are calling you Johnny boy". This was the last idea the Norfolk Southern gang expressed to me as I left Asheville, NC for Chicago. The pipes. I had my Chicago canoe, a Blackhawk with a keel, "Mar's Regret", stored in Burlington, OR across from St. Helens, above the "Bottom's Up Lounge". The largest part of damage to life on this planet is caused by the people's water control scheme, THE DAMS, dikes, ditches, canals, piers, weirs, groins, levies, roads, pumps, shed's (home) and the pipes. Of all the characters involved in the above dam scheme, none benefit more or chance to have their interest appreciated greater, without really having to change what it is they do essentially or practically entirely reinvesting, than the pipe guys. Of those involved with the dam shitty water pipe scheme, "The Super Mario Brothers" are likely the easiest to get in my vessel and able to respond with force likely to greatly amass the fortune of the whole crews bon voyage. Every time I see the pipes getting transported, installed or dug up and repaired, I see potentially the container material to solve the water collection problem. When one is expedited from the surface, one faces stratification.

Cor-du-roy 1. Cotton pile fabric. 2. Logs, planks, or pipes laid out transversely or crosswise. 3. The walk of Christ (the way of the king).

I don't recommend we try to pull off a Maxi corduroy style solution at this time. When one gets to the bench, table and the plate, they kinda get to explain what they did with their life. Responsibility for and complicity with an ecocide attempt, abortion, wrapped around a dam shitty maxi no corduroy hoax impacts massively and last for all time. I wreckormend one not get stuck holding the "bearer fabricated, installed, maintained and covered up a dam shitty maxi no corduroy hoax for selfish gain" card. Whatever you do don't tell 'em you did it to **hellp** the kids. Convert roof to super. Claim the "bearer spent time or lived, stewarding a massive mini corduroy project" card. The Super Mario card. I'm dealing, pick a card. ~

On the back of the envelope bearing waterfowl prints it says DYNAFLOW DYNAMO all the ducks agree, <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com>

Today, 12/10/2011, finds me in preparation to deliver an introit to Persico Sr., the head man of the persecuted medusa slayin' company, who finds himself in the ho'spatel wing of a Metropolitan Detention Center in Massachusettes. Last night while enjoying a meal at Nick's Italian place in

Umatilla, OR I told the girl next to me that I was sending one Christmass letter out this year, to the Godfather, have a Holy Jolley Christmass this year. She said, "I usually send people gifts for Christmass". Maybe I should send him a cookie or something. What do you think? "Give him some fudge", she replied. With a suggestion like that I asked her what her name was. "Marie". This morning I called up the character I row tightest with, Michael John Abbruzzie, Abbruzzie is Italian pasta central. He's been working at Canaveral lately, aerating the degreaser/rocket fuel spill sites. He seconded Marie's opinion. I walked across the street and purchased a 12 piece slab of Palmer's fudge walnut, outa Souix City, Iowa. On the back it says, "Best Buy 02/23/2012". Dark bread. As I walked towards the library I pulled a cardboard box outa the firefighter's Christmas tree stand emergency radio recycling bin to reuse for mailing the brownies. On the side of the box is a label that reads, Fortune Brand spaghetti, MFG. BY Royal Angelus Macaroni Company. When I got to the library the house dictionary was opened and the first word was introit. I scored a gift wrapper (11 happy birthday pennants on a line with 1 of my business cards attached) at the school district office. I'm approaching Hanford Reach, across from the Snake, delivering, protecting my hands, with fresh crafted Mink Mongolian Milkman Mittens.

After writing yesterday's pipe themed letter, on the front page of today's Tricities paper it says "Pipefitters". I paddled across the tailrace below McNary dam to deliver the letter and fudge walnut from Plymouth Washington, on Martes, to MDC Devins, Ayers, Mass. I climbed out of the water up on to Christie St., took a left on Olive, to 3<sup>rd</sup> and the Post office where a guy wearing an Old Dominion hat (he worked for them) I gave him my card, met me upon delivery. Cool, I thought those were the guys who reminded me to write the pipe welders. CHOO CHOO CHOO

The following is about the letter to the godfather.

Have a Holy Jolley Christmass this year. I wrote you a tune, a remastered version of Steve Winwood's "Can't Find My Way Home". The words go something like this.

"Well, I'm aware and alive, and I just thank space time for gravity, you're one of the main reasons that I've stroked strong all these years, take a turn on the key, flip the pig meat, it's seared ready to eat (ode to St. Lawrence, the master of the gridiron) Orwell, let's not wait until it's done, come down off your dam flush throne and leave life's future roam, take a turn on the key, I'm aware and alive and I found a better way to build a home, superdriplinewatercollect, cistern entertainment aquarium foundation rafts and thE manuel fertilizer machine, Well, I'm aware and alive and I just thank gravity for space time". THRUST, Campari, Bi tt or toast ~

Paddling up to Kennewick amidst duck hunter season is weird. The locals build a quick sheddy fort just along the water's edge. Most had no dog or boat. How they intended on retrieving the shotgunned dead and wounded ducks was left to the imagination. In the thin weak water side bushes between the blinds were countless wounded uncollected victims. It looked like the locals were just engaged in building a quick shed and gunning down the last of the birds. Kennewick, Richland and Pasco make up The Tri Cities. Kennewick is diked in under one of the biggest dams in the world, Grande Coolie. The human dolts of this area took the dam, dike and ditch money and capitalized it into nuclear weapons manufacturing, the infamous Hanford leachy radioactive site is just upstream.

I pushed into town and pulled the boat up between the Coastguard/Homeland security site and "The Crow's Nest" hotel. The weather was a perfect crispy cold. I had the continental breakfast at "The Crow's Nest" and hooked into the busboy for some herbs. The new Homeland Security/Coastguard sign is sporting the worst weld job I've ever seen, as if the welder were trying to tell you something.

Traditionally in my family we exchange gifts/have holyday supper on Christmass Eve as well as the day after. After a Mahi Mahi mashed dam potatoes with garlic supper at "Cedars" where an exact 15% tip is \$6.66 (the owner wants to, "Save the Dams") Mary Chris Miss Eve found me in a dark suit with a white beanie and domino, standing on the corner in front of "Domino's", behind the drain, maintaining a black Sycamore faux fur French jacket and a white rabbit fur Chumley, Charles G. Berg,

Portland Oregon beanie (seeking the other half of uno domino) on 1<sup>st</sup> and Washington.

In this country in winter time the goills continue to insist on exposing as much teasing skin as possible wearing flimsy dress. They walk around town miserable, freezing, running from one heated box to the next complaining about the garden conditions. They use this whole freezing thing as an excuse for inability to communicate. Plus, their brain is cold, making the only possible thought to get warm so they can drink cold dam and ditch GMO beer? These galls have ice cold souls.

I made my way back to my boat and rested in the partially afloat hull in a slight dry snow. In the middle of the night I open my eyes to a commotion in the nearby water. Just a couple feet away in water that was just a couple inches deep a beaver was making way with just its tail propped up out of the water in what looked like an imitation of a curling breaking wave. In water that was barley 2" it was nearly morphologically impossible for the beaver to make this presentation. I'm not even sure it was a beaver. My eyes were on the gunnel edge just a few inches above the water so the "breaking beaver tail wave thing" kinda looked like I was gonna get covered up or slapped in the face. Once I saw an UFO (unidentified floating object) on the Ohio River, that looked like a 150 mile per hour silent black hovercraft/pyramid. I never could come up with an I.D. for it but a boat of that description is trailered in the parking lot.

I was trying to get some high quality business cards made and found myself struggling to get the order in with the domineering deliberately stupid fool dame who lorded over the print shop. A Sicilian/Southern Italian gene carrier entered. He kinda looked like a handsome Dracula. Boy he sticks out like an uninjured thumb amongst a mangled town/corpsefolk. The print shop had an intelligent arrangement of artwork on the wall, which contrasted with its two employees, the "Big Dike" and "little dike boy". I asked those assembled what they thought a picture represented. "Rock" answered "Big Dike". "A rock" said the "little dike boy". The dark, thin, tall with very intelligent bearing Italian man said he thought it was a plant. It was an early algae/coral type complex life form.

He and I began sharing ideas and he asked what my middle name Kanazawa meant. I was just getting into telling him when an obvious plainclothesman came in the back door. Me and the other man exchanged quick sideways glances and continued communicating. Within seconds uniformed officers are swarming in the front and back doors, like a big bust. Apparently "Big Dike" made the damseller in distress false call. Corporal Jackson and a few other Kennewick Police officers interrupted what was surely the most pleasant productive creative communication or at least what appeared like the start of I'd had in sometime. The bad law enforcement officers and good cops gave me a rude time kicking my valaise and slandering me outside and forcing me to leave.

At this point I'd had 40 or 50 encounters with a rich assortment of rule enforcement officers just coming up the Colombia. Typically, the encounters occurred within minutes of landfall in a town or while disseminating the infinityproject idea on foot as a result of false calls. There was never a reason for a 911 call, no emergency. Often the law enforcement officers/cops would say, "I got the call" or "They're calling because they saw something unusual" or "It's just the way it is nowadays". Of course, many of them like responding to damsel in distress false calls as it is their bread and butter, assisting these damsellers in distress.

The Kennewick public library is the library across from the mouth of the Snake River. After checking my email, I got one Christmass card this year an email from a Hotel in Istandbull Turkey, I worked on updating my book. Each one of these libraries in Amoralca has different computer rules. Most limit the amount of time allowed to a user. I explained to the menopausal librarian I was paddling a canoe up the way and I'd written a book including the apparent first time descent of the Snake and wanted more time to work on the book. She refused my request.

I point out that across the nation the book shelf space and books which were thrown away or sold for a quarter (motioning to the 25 cent sale rack by the door) were replaced with computers and now the librarians determined who could or couldn't use the information system according to "the policy" which they doled out to whom they saw as dam fit or apropos. I pointed out that in place of the

books were a bunch of energy consumptive computers, desks, chairs, carpets, fluorescent lights and a heated room. All of the computers were on sucking power but nobody was using them at the time. What's the point of denying me permission to use the thing?

I also point out that I've written the most benevolent idea ever. Wouldn't it be a good idea to have a copy in the library? What did you do with the card that I gave you earlier with the book's address? "I threw it away!" huffed the librarian who was checking in film. There were only 7 or 8 people in the library, yet I maintained a whisper volume level. You should dig through the trash and retrieve the card, print the book and put it on the shelf up front. You'll regret it if you don't. "I think it's time for you to leave!" Before she completed this sentence, she picked up the phone as I began to head for the door.

The Kennewick library is across from the local high school which has an apparent dike rock for a mascot on the corner. This would seem a good place for a library, next to the high school, lure the kids in for more info. The sign out front of the library reads, "No Loitering". It began to rain as I left the building. I thought about walking out in the cold rain to try and get off the property before the cops showed but figured that would be crazy because the police station was right behind the library and I'd have to flee the place at a run to get off before they showed. What was the point anyway? I didn't break the law nor do anything wrong, plus I'd left as soon as she requested I do.

The cops responded to the damsel in distress call within seconds. Two cops, 2 cruisers, one went inside and talked to the gail. She lied, told 'em she had to ask me to leave multiple times and reported I'd been causing problems all day. Officer Harrison (Harassing the sun) stayed out front with me. I calmly presented ID and answered all his questions. Harrison said, "I'm going to arrest you for vagrancy!" Why would you do that? I'm not begging for money, I've got several hundred dollars in my pocket and just got into town with a vessel to depart. "I'm going to take you to a mental hospital!" Why would you do that? I'm not a threat to myself or others, in fact quite the opposite. I've shown no signs of psychosis or neurosis, displayed no signs of paranoid schizophrenic, bipolar, or manic behavior. "I know what I'll do. I'll arrest you for criminal trespassing!" Yeah but the library is open to the public. I got arrested for criminal trespassing at the library during operating hours.

They put me in solitary confinement in Benton County Correctional and began feeding me GMO hemorrhoid side effect food (I think it was the GMO dam and ditch sugar beet/rapeseed oil sweet cake) under the usual 24 hour cyclic flowofsin lighting, in cold conditions with an inadequate holy blanket. I was booked in with my cell phone and address book but they wouldn't let me get any personal #'s, "Not their policy". So, I couldn't call anyone and the bail bondsmen wouldn't bond me out because I was from out of state. The sike nurse appeared at my cell with the news my mum had called and alerted them to my "condition". They moved me into a solitary cell in the 202 cell block. The steel door shut with a loud clang and I could just make out the dude across the community room smash his head open like a watermelon on his concrete cell wall, blood everywhere, I'm here. That's what it takes to get out of here I thought, oh no.

My guards included extra beady eyed Rees, a former A.C.E. who confessed to dam building in Iraq's desert storm. Rees just nervously shook his head "No, no, no" with his lips parted as I described the dam solution. I hypnotized him. Tell me Rees, tell me one good thing about a dam reservoir! "Water Skiing." Huh? Rees starts manically laughing, "Walking on water, hee, hee, hee..." You mean wreck creational. He lowers his head in shame and nods his head in affirmation. Another of my guards was Benson, a dam and ditch GMO farmer, growing seed for Monsanto. I told him. He charged into the cell threatening me, I stepped towards him, he thought better of it.

After hours 202 was like an Amsterdam flowofsin lit district, with many inmates standing suggestively in cell door widows, with their shirts and pants off, swinging there thing around. Through experimental food trades and communication with other inmates it was determined the dam tile drained triple stacked (three genetic modifications) GMO Heyburn sugar beet rapeseed oil sweet cake they were feeding us caused hormonal problems and hemorrhoids. You know the care actors behind the

scenes responsible for this sick food junk are dying laughing over this. They think it's funny, a bunch of dudes with hardons and hemorrhoids.

I just kept delivering the idea when I got my daily hour out of the cell, putting on quite an enlightening oration for the 202 population. During my best jail house delivery, a guard came bursting into the 202 cell block screaming, "Everybody quit flushing the toilets"! Apparently, the toilets on the first floor were all exploding and flooding was atrocious. The guard ran around and around, "Quit flushing the toilets"! The trustees continued flushing their toilets. Over the next few weeks the toilets repeatedly kept exploding, I mean shit everywhere in the cell affected and nearly compete 202 flooding several times.

**The dam at the mouth of the Snake, Ice Harbor, lost power.** The cooling oil leaked out of the transformer or something. The interesting thing was I was calling for it/praying for it/demanding it from my cell. Many of the 202 mates and some of the guards really got it. A day or two before I unexpectedly got out (my mom came and got me) the trustee put it best, "Man you walk like a duck, talk like a duck, look like a duck, you must be a duck!" The other trustee, Ryan, was the first man ever to bench press 800 lbs. and here I am pressing the ∞project. Nearly the entire time I was in jail the inmate next to me or across from me (they moved him around) stood at military attention reading the Bible at arm's length, he had a big thin 666 tattoo on his stomach, at least he was smart enough to put it in the correct location. When I questioned him about why he was in jail he said, "Boss I was just down by the river eating a fish sandwich". I rested my head on a Catholic Bible and the Koran. I rested my soles on a dictionary, and wrote the "meat" of this story, a couple hundred handwritten pages, 4 months of my life, this is one of the reasons I'm constantly a 100 pages "behind" on this book, so if get thrown in jail I've some way to be productive, write, blow up dams and toilets.

I get out of jail. Christchurch May 25, 2012 earthquake.

At Boneville dam the Army Corp. of Engineers had rounded up all the California sea lions (8 I read) and executed 'em, first report coming up the Columbia. All the way up the Snake at every dam it was the For<sup>th</sup> of Jewlie every day. A.C.E. was launching fireworks at the birds and building towers of wire to save the smoltz from the birds. Also, apparently spraying goose eggs with dam and ditch GMO corn oil aborts the chick, this solves the "goose shit on the lawn" problem.

In Lewiston/Clarkston I posted an ad on Craigslist. Wayne, a hydro seeder loaded with herbs gave me and my gear a lift over the mountains for the gas money to do it. Interestingly, he picked up a tandem bicycle along the way and a clown fish (Amphiprioninae) supposedly on the way back. I got on the Yellowstone River at the peak of the spring flood and descended past the concrete rubble of the Billings golf course dike. I passed the last narrow leaf cottonwood tree, botanically this signifies the end of the mountainous region. The water was rapid and I was pushing my luck with a keeled fiberglass boat.

I met a Montana Park Ranger in his 20's. I explained the infinity project idea as he inquired about it. I'd given him my card and a short version just a week or so before. He got it, perhaps a bit hesitantly. Accepting the obvious dam truth is sometimes tough for humans. He related an idea to me, what he'd been told as he came of age along the Yellowstone. He said he spent a lot of time fishing, at the "Intake", Intake Dam. When he was a boy sometimes he inquired to the local adults about this "Intake". "What was it?" "What was it for?" They told him, "It stops the fish, so we can catch them all". It's devious how the older humans explained this dam to this youth. They were lying to him. It's an agricultural dam designed to divert water to the "Intake" of the "Big Dig" project where they mostly grow dam and ditch barley for be'ers. At the same time, they told him the truth. It stopped the fish, for real and if maintained we'd be done catching them soon. He got it, the horror. I was the only one he'd ever talked to that was upfront with him about it, without any subterfuge. Think about that.

I went to a town hall meeting at one of these po dunk towns along the "undammed" Yellowstone and sat down in a room that was hot as blazes. The A/C must have just quit and they didn't have the sense or ability to open the windows. I sat down and began cooking as the townhalls

went over their new plans for a nuclear waste dump uphill of town to make money to pay for the dam water and sewer bills. I had to leave it was so hot but I gave them my flyer and business cards. I “wonder” if they’ll ever be able to put 2 and 2 together.

I found a Buffalo skull on the Yellowstone leaving Miles City near Tongue River (from Angela) on Piroque Island. I’m just on the river for a few minutes when I passed within a few feet of a no caps on the whorin’ bison skull, any closer and it’d a hooked my shoulder and pulled me out of the canoe. Whoa! Whoa! **THAT’S WHAT I’M SEARCHING FOR.** I put the boat in reverse, came into shore quick, stern first and stepped back upstream to grab it before it fell out of the mini ledge into the water. Just what I’d been seeking, just in time. Practically 10 years after I first began searching for one, a Bison es de spirit/buffalo skull hood ornament, the perfect message visible from a quite a distance. Wow! How fortunate for me.

On the third of July I was laying up in the shade of some island’s trees on a hot afternoon when gunfire erupted from the bank opposite the other side of the island. Huge rounds came ricocheting and tumbling past, some sounded inches away. From the sound of the blasts it must have been a 50 caliber machine gun. If you’ve ever heard one of these rounds ripping through a tree and tumbling by inches away, it screams duck for cover! I had to grab the pot of oatmeal off the fire before it boiled over. I tried to look casual doing it (considerous of the entities who setup/are watching the show) wood splinters, sand and bullets everywhere. I nonchalantly took cover behind a sandy ledge. The clowns firing over open water into the trees behind me seemed to have me pegged with several different types of firearms. Eventually they ran out of beer or bullets. Wheew, acquiring that bison es de spirit must have triggered this event.

I spent the 4<sup>th</sup> of Jewlie just above Sackofjeweware on the sandbar near Fairview. You had to see the Fish and Game dude come down and give a ticket and fine to the Mom fishing with her 2 kids to really know how bad it is. They’re not just harassing bearded men eating fish sandwiches and drinking wine down by the river.

Ole’ Jim Herkimer drove me out to dead end pond. Drinking beer wildly and driving herky jerky Jim, transforming like Jeckle to Hyde begins acting scary. In the pickup bed Herkimer’s got a sledgehammer and pickaxe rolled up in a blue tarp. I decide to act scared if Herkimer is going to act scary. I put on my seat belt at one harrowing bend in the long dirt dusty desert like no shoulder overlooking a steep hill side road. Dead end pond is almost full of mud and the stack of dam stones is unmaintained. One can see from the tire tracks in the dirt that a lot of people come up here often. These dam ponds are everywhere and they’re all full of mud about to go down. Jim doesn’t say a word but grunts in acknowledgement. We could get in big trouble for punching a hole in it. Our escape is the dirt road flood zone. I want to get paid to do it not risk arrest. Punching a hole in this little dam in this risky situation isn’t going to do anything but imperial my chance of getting elected president where I could punch holes in all the world’s river dams. Jim claims I’m scared. Yeah, but you’re scary. Think about standing below a dam, in a dry tailrace, punching a hole in it with a sledgehammer and pickaxe alongside an inebriated partner, a long washout escape route exposed to possible witnesses in a recognizable vehicle with poor communication leading up to the event and not making a nickhell. Not smart, shows poor decision making skills.

Jim’s a committed beer drinker, who still likes me. He and his buddies are growing potatoes in the backyard. Jim’s wife makes a delicious supper including cucumber salad. Back at the Fairview sandbar just before I left for Sackofjeweware part II the reinvestigation an older woman comes down with a summer sausage and a bunch of Chinese dam reservoir oysters (the green ones) in a can. I’m allways explaining to people how I don’t want their dam food donations, I want their effort towards dam fluidification. I’m not sure if this gall got it but she did lean in kinda close and whisper huskily, “Suckcockaweare” the local alternative pronunciation to Sackofjeweware.

The mud fallout zone in the longest reservoir in the world is 3 times as long as it was 10 years ago. The mud is racing for the dam, although at full pool you’d hardly see it. The clues at the closed



down church mired in above the Sackofjewear mud fallout zone include one more quick shed and flushtoilet con. just before closing, a tramplelean and poisonous food wrappers (Airheads “funny OR DIE” candy) and containers strewn about. **The mud horizon line’s past the 3 Bears casino.** Below Gayrisesun (Garrison) Dam in Washburn I print the rough draft. The local paper’s front page reads “COOL POOL ESCAPE” and goes on to mention the water mains breaking. I used this copy and cover page for the book I sent “Bernie” in MDC Butner.

I was having breakfast at the local diner when another sunburned Sackofjewear escapee entered. A kayaker making way from the top of the Missouri, Mark Kalch was a river enterprising business man specializing in guided complete watershed treks. With several complete descents of major rivers on several continents, for a fee, he offered clients interested in a complete environmental/cultural learning experience an easy way to get it all together, the gear, the permits and all that, the hardest part, getting in the water. Then potentials could just get to the airport with personal gear and the next thing you know you’re in a boat in the rainforest mountains of the Congo, or the desert mountains of China, the top of the Ganges, making way to the sea.

With a knowledgeable professional guide like Mr. Kalch, European heavyweight champion, you’re much more likely to get to the ocean alive. Mark Kalch was making way himself this time and had a wife and two daughters in London. I presented the infinityproject idea to him and he got it quick, the solution. Mark already knew the main problem, although he was a little shy on the GMO a lien to this space ranchers herding us like cattle who lie behind the dam and ditch agricultural curtain. However, he goes a great distance towards making people aware of the dam shiddy problem. Know that’s half the battle, just admitting the problem, owning up to it. If we fix the dam sheddy flush toilet problem, the e.t. problem will go away, e.t. will either be out of business or in business with us. Mark’s smart enough to try and avoid GMO’s if possible. He’s from Europe, there not as dumb as Americant’s are in general. As a reader, if you don’t buy the e.t. junk, know I don’t buy it either. Don’t let it keep ya from making way with the infinityproject idea. Know that when we repair the dam shetty problem and quit trying to maintaining the unmaintainable, we will build vessels, export life and we’ll be e.t..

Mr. Kalch specialized in exhibiting the dam shitty reservoir tailrace disaster, along with presenting what’s left of the natural ecosystem we are dependent on for continued existence, including cultural interaction with locals. Mark Kalch and I could work together. I asked him to strike strong with an enlightning jab as he made way ahead of me and I’d encounter an off kilter stunned group, which would be easier to assault with solution. He agreed. Also, for those interested in deseminating a solution to the dam sheddy flush toilet.t. problem, hire Mr. Kalch at <http://7rivers7continents.com> to get the crew and gear in the water, hire me as a mate and you’ve got the two best river guides alive in one convoy. If you want, I’ll get some Cuban porterettes to go with us. We’ll knock ‘em into consciencness, river pancake ‘em everywhere we go! A reviere enterprise you could participate in.

Bizmark was a dam shiddy doom GMO eating fracking money whorehouse. While responding to a damseller in distress false call officers Hellman and Alderman explained they work for the president, technically they are correct, all American’s do.

I caught up with 2 men and a dog, Roscoe de la Hoya just below Ft. Yates in Lake Oahe. We made way for a few days and mostly sat out some head wind weather for a week or so together. They had a big tent. We “played” poke a hole in the dams poker without playing around for chump change. I had collected most of the credit when I came into a 66699 hand. Boy’s you’re really gonna like this hand. “Know, you’re really gonna like this hand.” He showed four 8’s the perfect way to beat my hand and this is one of the few “games” for money I lost on the way. I won it all back and cleaned off the table within a few hands. These 2 characters were “floating for boobies” and breast cancer awareness/feed the children. Don’t feed children dam and ditch GMO formula! They said, “The girls nowadays don’t even know how to fry an egg”.

Mobridge is a town with a bridge. Part of the problem facing the world (an energy expending

labor intensive distraction) is the failing bridges. It's a bridge happy world, that put a bridge over the river every which where it could, which is about the problem. Ferries are better than bridges. This was the walleye capitol of the world until the reservoir bottom filled with sediment within a decade or two. It's a near ghost town now but they got a bridge.

On the town's main drag is a painting, it's the biggest sign in town. Pictured is a man who appears to be "Jesus" (Emanuel) dressed in linen with longish hair and a beard sitting on a wall of rocks and mortar surrounding a well. He's at the watering hole, "are teasesin' well", a dammed spring. His sphincter is out over the still dam reservoir water, likely he's deliberately rocking back and forth on the dam with his gluteus maximus, his most forceful muscles.

There is a woman in the picture to the left (escareta) and behind almost looming larger. The matronly dame shouldering a significant device to block the sun, so she's shady everywhere she goes. This overshadowing dame certainly as a larger metaphor of, not just depicting a female, the dams on the rivers, the big dames in general. The woetoman is covered in a huge scowl. She's carrying a pitcher. Emanuel is depicted offering her a slightly larger pitcher. He's giving her the solution to the dam problem, considering the tools of the area. What's the problem? The environmental degradation associated with the damming of the spring and the elimination of the creek. The life (food) associated with the flowing creek is gone, aborted until the spring is flowing again. The significant disease spreading disnature/hygienic disorder of sedentary townfolk all routinely visiting a single spot for water is nasty. For instance, if somebody has diarrhea they could contaminate the site in passing and the whole town gets sick.

I know what the problem is in a larger sense (you can't miss it along Oahe Reservoir) and as depicted. I've been in similar situations thousands of times, whether on a primitive trail or at a modern bar. Sometimes I'm bathing in the dam reservoir sitting on the rocky dam, working it down or eating food with my fingers or drinking without a straw at a bar. Usually the antagonist is an older woman too, just like the painting suggests, who attempts to enforce the dam pool rules, "The top pool is for drinking, the 2<sup>nd</sup> pool is for doing dishes and the 3<sup>rd</sup> pool is for bathing". Reviere is for everything but you and your stupid dam pool rules.

To really get the picture one needs to sit back and watch as "the little dike boy" of the group goes and rebuilds the dam I compromised, then comes back to camp extoling his dam deed, looking for approval from the aging dame overlord enforcing the dam pool rules, who does approve and sets dike boy up with the prettiest dumb bitch in the group. As soon as the river flow is dammed there's rules. Those who dammed the spring (usually the men) did it in large part to win favors from the woman who didn't want dirt in the water. Often this was based in the superstitious belief that the dirt was bad to drink. Incidentally it looks like a large part of the dam still water drinking population suffers from a simple mineral deficiency as a result, this no small thing. People evolved into what they are today eating and drinking dirt, it's good for you.

"Jesus" (Emanuel) was giving her a pitcher and she could have used one of the vessels as a dipper in the free flowing spring, letting the dirt settle while the sun's U.V. rays make potable the water in about 10 minutes, then pouring the top sanitized water into the 2<sup>nd</sup> pitcher, satisfying her desire for dirt free water whether founded or unfounded without the tremendous environmental damage. It could take a bit longer with a bit more work for her but it eliminates the tremendous labor involved in a rock mortar dam installation and maintenance and an extra few minutes at the flowing living spring should be the highlight of one's day as far as interaction with the natural world is concerned.

She could just leave the gift full of sediment depositing U.V. sterilizing water above the free flowing spring for the next one to come along eliminating most the extra time involved or she could fill the big pitcher with muddy water and reduce her water toting visits which could be viewed as toilsome. Even better she could take the gift pitcher home and slap it under the shed to collect rain water. Instead it looked like she was refusing his gift, the vessel, reviere and life for all time and scheming to tell on him, alert the dam *mob* with lies and falsehoods. That's why they killed him, for spreading disease

(what the dam fools were guilty of) and correctly attacking the dam foundation of the sicko town folk's dam scheme.

See they toiled for no reason stacking up the rocks building the dam causing the water to be still, more likely to develop pathogenic problems and now everybody went to the exact dam spot for water increasing likelihood of contact with pathogens which were making them sick. Plus, it eliminated the natural healthy flora and fauna of the site, creating opportunity for disease causing pathogens to bloom. But the townfolk were superstitiously blaming it on "dirty water" and "vapors" or whatever and their solution was to dam everything.

On a blowing upreservoir windy day at the top of a hundred yard muddy "beach" in a tent I made the same deal with the "floating for boobies" drawing awareness to breast cancer crew that I did with Mark Kalch. Tell 'em the truth, report the conditions witnessed, enlighten to the solution. They agreed. I set off across Oahe and beat the pair with dog to the dam but they portaged on the other side of dam with infernal combustion assist and got ahead of me. They made the front page of Pierre local newspaper with an environmental report headlining how bad it is out on Lake Oahe. I called the two men up ahead and checked. The reporter, editor and publisher neglected to mention the free flowing river, productive structural solution as it was reported to them.

On the dam shore I was met by a half breed Indian adamant about artifacting, sucker. He hastened past me amid portage to run down to my boat and I.D. the Bison skull es de spirit/hood ornament. Thus, began my communication with the So. Dak. Fish and Game officer who responded to the damseller in distress call. I bought it from a farmer in Miles City [The dam and ditch farmers can have a Bison skull, presumedly dug up by their plows but the river man isn't allowed to just pick on up on the side of the river]. The Fish and Game officer liked my answer and the presentation of the free flowing river, productive collecting structures solution to the **porous** (the dams are springing leaks) dam sheddy flush toile.t. problem.

Next, I went to work on the young impressionable A.C.E. college aged male working the A.C.E. museum (I'd missed the "glorious" 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary party a day or so before) the A.C.E. crewman working the boat ramp and the staff and diners of recovering from flood but still open restaurant just below the dam that's serving sickening dam and ditch GMO food. Pierre, the capitol of South Dakota was a few miles below.

Apparently, many were lured into building a new trophy shid along the dam tailrace bank/dike. When the A.C.E. dudes opened the emergency gates (in a hoax emergency) at the dam for the first time big 30' (dirty soul) flood a year ago (2011) the water front suckers all decided to build a temporary dike around their home, buy sump pumps and generators and complain about flooding/demand more dam control. The dam fools even removed the temporary dikes around their homes and replaced their lawn. About a ¼ of the homes on America's dam dike front fly a pirate flag. It's the #2 flag on display just behind the American flag. The pirate flags the most likely flag flying alongside the American flags making the two practically synonymous.

I cased out Pierre and figured it for a closet minded dam nervous heightened a lert full shiddy ville and figured to make the initial hit the big one. So naturally I nosed into the Agricultural building acting like a simple country bumpkin, handing out flyers and business cards in trade for their agricultural rags, until I got to the top, where I made a splash and descended through the staircase pausing to have a real communication with a likeminded character working inside the joint. The State Capitol Police met me outside 2 and half minutes later around the dam concrete pond, the local police force showed and I gave em all the solution to the dam problem. They let me know it's illegal to hand out business cards on capitol grounds and recommended I speak with the environmental director who also happened to oversee issuing permits to deseminatate info. I did, giving him the info too.

When I went into the town hall to see about speaking at a meeting the galleaders happened to be assembled for an impromptu meeting of sorts and when one of them suspiciously and irritatingly inquired as to what my business was I let 'em all know. As I left I opened the door for the police chief

and spoke out front in the shade of a tree in the hot afternoon with Mr. Carpenter a U.S.A.C.E. I'd met back up at the dam that happened to be paying his water sewerage bill.

He liked my idea and was intimately familiar with the dam problem and very interested in the manual fertilizer machine aspect of the dam flush toilet switcheroo solution. I noted the A.C.E. doesn't have flush toilets. "They can't afford the cost", confessed Mr. Carpenter, who implied he'd rather work with wood, put the shavings in the manual fertilizer machine, to the garden, to apples or such into his stomach than be involved with a dam GMO carp and farm.

I was having coffee and transferring the info I'd wrote while weathering wind storms in Oahe Reservoir into the computer at "Pier 347". The Colonel of the State Police was having food and beverages with one of the ruling dames. They made way to leave, I got hot on the Colonel's tail, before he got to the door he quick slid to the side as if to let me pass. With seriousness I eyed the Colonel real intensely, with no intention of passing him. I'm getting the gang together in pursuit of law enforcement. I presented him with my card.

A while later Sgt. Detective Gross of the Pierre Police Department entered, he said he was responding to the nervous townhaller's calls. Apparently, I'd stirred 'em up the day before, they saw me at the coffee shop and felt I should be checked out. I talked about the dam problem and solution at length with Detective Gross, who had a lot to say about it himself, was aware of the problem and knew how it affected the nervous terrified townfolk who were trying to finger me for something illegal when it was they who were responsible for the damages and destruction yet unwilling to hear/think about the solution. They didn't want it known there was a solution or that they should be doing something different. They're trying to hush me up and put me away just like they did the last river guide thousands of years ago and everyone nearly so since.

As I wrapped up entering the most valuable of the notes I'd taken into the computer the "Pier 347" satellite radio "got stuck" or something on Lynard Skynard's "Give me back my bullets, I don't want to see no more damage done". I relish this of course and for over an hour the satellite radio just kept playing again and again the "I don't want to see no more damage done" tune. The menopausal women sitting next to me started fidgeting and verbally complaining about the song which was their, "Least favorite", "I hate this song". I explained to them why what was occurring was. They really hated that idea. It's just the way it is, it's like this everywhere I go, all the time. "Life in the Fast Lane Everything All the Time" cued in time to previous line. Considering she might be eager for action I asked out the barista for an evening stroll riverside. Nope, she'd just got out of prison for assaulting her man and declined.

Pulled into Chamberlain and sent the Pope a pink slip (repossession & eviction) post card explaining I had to fire him as he'd neglected to lead his flock to the free flowing river solution, time to give someone else a chance to do the correct thing. According to the legend and lore of this planet the next Pope is the last Pope, so I can't have Rathslinger standing in the way of undamming the rivers and the reign of my (life's) idea. Included is a hand drawn picture of river descending from mountain to the sea with plants and flowers and everything on front along with phone number on the back with the pertinent info. Don't delay, act now, supplies of the product are running out you might as well be walking on the supernova black hole sun, don't you know. He's been uncommunicable. I don't recommend he keep clicking his ruby red slippers together, unless he wants Life to can his ass. I had a little girl finger the post card and look at it just before I dropped it in the box, she liked it. Coincidentally, my message arrives at the same time the Pope is accuser, judge and jury in a case where his doorman is on trial for the "crime" of taking notes and revealing them. In a larger sense this is exactly what's going on, except I'm the doorman for real.

I got to the Chamberlain Town Hall meeting site about 6:30 PM for the 7 o'clock show and sat out front manually repairing my case. This makes them nervous, I've got tools and I'm fixing something with my hands. Inside there's about a 1/2 dozen board members and the police chief up front and a similar sized audience including the Sun (newspaper) reporter and a high school teacher who's

sitting in my chair in the back left when viewed from the front. The meeting starts off with a mum and her doter requesting to repeat a traditional parade (with no product) of “4 wheelers, a couple horses and a goat”. They wanted to pretend to shepherd animals (the goat) over some asphalt. The board okey dukyed this and the two women immediately left.

Then the board made mention of a sewer line water pipe installation/bano gig at the park with the Fish and Game dudes overseeing to make sure the digging didn’t disturb any artifacts. They talked about the large cost (\$) of this. Next up was a young dame requesting a zoning variance/permit for a child care operation. This topic descended into a long complaint about the neighbors too many dogs that were barking and pooping everywhere.

I was next, and the board requested I stand up front behind the po’ die em/die ass which of course necessitated the police chief moving it from the wall where it was stored out towards the middle (he’s in control). They said I had 3 minutes to present my idea. I requested they go over, again, the child care thing. They didn’t want to, said they’d already talked about it and yes mammed it. I told ‘em it was my 3 minutes and I wanted them to spend dirty seconds going over it again. They did and I objected for environmental reasons citing the increased strain on the municipal water and sewerage that was destroying the environment and the kid’s future forever. Then I spent a little over 2 minutes delivering my dam shiddy problem/solution idea and pointed out they were guilty of an ecocide/abortion attempt, tossed out a few business cards and sat back down.

Next 3 young dames dressed in red Tshits came in late. They were from the High School homecoming comm. and made a request to white wash a couple dam roads for the event. This was triple okey dukyed and the meeting was adjourned. On the way out, before the board stood up, I approached and pointed out that everywhere I go the opposition or force against my infinityproject idea is a bunch of woe to man types parading around pretending to do something productive while using a child care whitewash disguise. They were witness to this and willing participants. I reminded them that the larger story was told at the site on the back of the card I’d already gave them. The police chief, motioning towards the heavens with the palm of his hand, appeared to recognize at least half this idea. I left the building to discover I’d left my jacket in the hall (I do this all the time). I returned to find the police chief carrying my jacket out to give it to me amongst the town hallers. I told ‘em as I always do that this was part of my M.O., I always return. The chief smiled.

While in town I prepared a large volume of letters most to the Pacific Submarine Commanders, XO’s, Master Chiefs and the other chiefs, Naval Commanders of various bases and the Pentagon’s Naval Command, the U.S. President, the Chinese leader, the West Palm Beach Fishing Club and FBI Houston. I had to get the addresses again as the cops stole my last “red book”, I got a planet Jupiter address book now. It took me a day or so to get all the addresses and while in process spoke with an old man on a bench out front of the library.

We were sitting there talking about me getting in contact with the Navy’s Los Angeles class and the rest of the bunch. He and I had already spoken a few times over the preceding days about the dam shiddy problem and the infinity project solution. He was kinda trying to do the correct thing amongst the general hoaxery on this planet, all the concrete dust, condensate, smoke ‘n mirrors and the skin suits deliberately trying to be unconscious of the problem. He was walking around town handing out a St. Paul’s “Desert Rat” flyer. I told him to put my idea on the blank backside of his flyer and continue reinforced. He recommended I contact Washington’s Bangor Naval Base. I knew too anyway but got out my notebook and took note. Don’t disregard what people tell you in situations like this, plus then he knows I’m for real gonna do something about it, which encourages him to do the same.

I went back inside the library and got on the internet and Bangor was where the rest of the subs addresses were located. Bangor had reportedly been muddled into Kitsap after 9/11. Most the subs of this base have a “gold team” and a “blue team”, apparently two separate commanding crews, this is odd, perhaps a relief crew, except for SSN 737 Kentucky (Canetucky, the sacred hunting grounds) and the Pennsylvania which is supposedly under construction. The names of the characters on these dual

crewboats are noteworthy. If one was to have an obvious disguise name... I analyzed the rest of the information presented on the internet about the Thresher (a shark, Alopias) Ave. Silverdale, WA Naval Base Kitsap/Bangor site.

I went outside lit up a smoke and called the ¼ deck at the Naval Base at 3:26 PM, Sept. 7, 2012 and spoke with a care actor claiming to be petty officer Martin (Martian) for 5 minutes and dirty one seconds. I questioned him about the incorrect zipcode (wrong area code) as displayed at their internet site. He told me to use Google's (dam hydroelectric powered) map to get the correct zip. You're there at the base aren't ya? "Yes." Well, why don't ya just give me the zip code? "Use Google Map." I questioned him about the "no info" at their freedom of information site and I questioned him about the foggy/blurry individual sub icons or logos on the individual sub's sites and the crystal clear "New Orleans" plantation/whorehouse icon. Then I asked him if he knew what was going on in this country. He replied, "I'm not allowed to discuss human affairs". **What?** "I can't talk about politicks." (Poly ticks = many blood sucking parasites.) My phone lost power, rendering communication impossible.

I sent the above idea and the Chinese secrete stealth plane tipoff/super hornet river skipper test run + in handwriting, including a p.s. describing how to complete the letters I had to get a pack of Crayola colored pencils and 4 Dixon Ticonderoga's that cost \$6.66 along with the 2009 "Michigan"/"Iroquois"/"Cheyenne" radio conversation idea in # denying impact font on the other side in three different envelopes. Most of 'em went out in the new USPS "Blackbird of Immortality" purple martin (Progne subis) the largest N. American swallow (Martian) envelopes that I decorated on the back in Orisha's (the ocean goddess) red and black with white background colors. The image on the back of the envelope was an inverted "diver down" flag motif with my usual nickname replaced with "Diver Down" (dive her, the dams, down) along with the usual <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> "hook down" presentation in black. The red part of the "diver down" flag was the words "Don't silently get led to slaughter like a lamb!" in the upper left corner and "Ending the Damages, forcing the collection of that which falls from the heavens and/or your ass!" in the lower left. I signed it in purple **big**.

A half dozen or so went out in the old USPS "Sea Biscuit" envelopes I'd decorated in maroon waterfoul sole prints (a female mallard, poor hunter casualty, that I found dead next to her suffering mate on the Indian burial island on the Columbia River and used (ate) just about everything but the offal+bill which I left there) along with the site address and a message that read, "Put the Clancy novel down, get your dick out of your hands and read this book underwater or in the garden." Half these clowns are out at sea insuring the dam doom of the planets life while their wife is back at home humping the pool boy. That's how **sad** it is, and they know it.

The couple I sent to the Chinese and U.S. presidents were in my cell #202 BCC envelopes where I spent 4 months in jail for giving the library at the mouth of the Snake River my notes, including the tale of the first time descent of the Snake in mankind's history (they been to the moon a half dozen times, supposedly) with Thomas Charles "God's letter arranger" Delman. In addition, I even sent an antique Cheyenne Chief Whirlwind postcard with the message "Did ya hear about the new "bread" ovens in Leavenworth?" to the USS Cheyenne with the new Bonsai USPS stamp and an antique Apache Chief Geronimo postcard to the USS Texas. My goodness. It was the best, heaviest batch of letters and postcards I ever sent out. I put them in the mailbox on Sept. 8<sup>th</sup> and they went out on Sept. 10<sup>th</sup>, Japanese National Sewage Day.

"Pooky" a menopausal woetoman who owns the "Anchor Inn" in Chamberlain where I put the letters together threw me out for no reason and called the cops. I left the premise but heard her telling the cops over her cell, "I've got a drifter, thinks he's 'Jesus', says he's gonna blow up the dam", all of which is false. The cops showed up about 30 seconds after I pushed off and paddled away, it's fluid to have a boat.

The next day, down a ways on the side of Francis Case Reservoir, I discovered a bizarre (the usual) scene. Some kind of weird Obama nation of desolation ritual. Approaching noon I discovered a

big fire still smoldering, somebody had burned the entire set of “Federal Rules Digest” turd edition. The clues at the scene included ¾ a bag of Kraft Jet Puff marshmallows, ¾ bag of Jalapeno dam potatoe chips, many Bud Light tallboys in the can some unfinished, one unopened, a few Bush Light cans, a couple Corona Light bottles melting in the fire, an unburned Rules 23d-24a (which I use for reference and a booster seat) and the green cover page for bound volume 20 for your Federal Rules Service. Supposedly these volumes were put out by the Lawyers Cooperative Publishing, Aquaduct Building, Rochester, NY but this name and address sticker is covering up a Callaghan & Company, Pfungsten Road, Deerfield, Illinois (Chicago) address. There’s dead deer carcasses all along the waterside, many are dying reportedly of epizootic hemorrhagic (EHD) a viral disease spread by a midge. As reported by the characters that work at the hunting supply stores the suspect midge comes from the dam reservoir mud. Putrid smell envelopes practically the whole water side for hundreds of miles, suspect wild food source removal project. As I was surveying the smoldering Federal Rules Digest pyre 2 dazed Cervidae stumble up within a foot or 2 of me and the blaze of books.

Likely the Navy got my message on Thursday the 13<sup>th</sup>, on Friday the 14<sup>th</sup> (ten, four) they responded. I was sailing down Francis Case with my U.S. flag/sail upsidedown (nation in distress) when many military aircraft began dogfighting/chasing each other above. It kinda looked foreign, almost like flies fighting over a meat carcass or a melee at a bad waterin’ hole in the desert. In a scene reminiscent of Horatio Nelson’s Trafalgar 12 fighter jets approached directly toward me, Captain John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley aboard the vessel “Mar’s Regret”, in a broadside line with 6 jets separated by a gap directly forward and then 6 more jets, “Crossing the T”, the boldest move in Navy parlance. The twelve jets did a 180 before they got to me, turning tail and leaving a C puff of smoke “dosay, yes”. The scene concluded with 2 jets with vapor trail heading east (getting orientated).

I sent the Chinese leader the same letter and another 3 page letter, the letter to the Dali Lama about flooding the “red ants” and feeding them to the chickens imbedded in the Christmass story. On the back of the 3 page Christmass/red ant/chicken food letter I wrote Banzai, Bonsai, Bond’s Eye. The new USPS Bonsai postage stamp accompanied an upsidedown Jackson Hole international stamp (86). To the reader, if one is thinking of contributing to the infinity project idea, which I and Life strongly recommend, use the “Banzai, Bonsai, Bond’s Eye” flyer, now and load up on USPS Bonsai stamps (they need the money, Sabedo delivery is nearly canceled, **for real**). Remember, one is encouraged to “tweak it” a little (10%) to make it their own, for instance along with the quit teaching girl scouts to sell their (dam GMO) cookies idea one could point out to quit having gay homo scout leaders lure the little boys into the woods, just stick to the main point, undamming the rivers.

When I got to the bridge marking Yankton I was met by a gang of locals at the town water pick up. I aggressively piled up the rocky bank into an Indian heritage group of 8 or so men, some fishing. Went into town to find antagonistic venomous characters everywhere, I barely got out of the “Ice House” with a bottle of water. A couple of guys wearing Corona shirts (Gmen) lent some assistance getting me out of there, tough town.

The next evening taking a smoke break while working on “yanking the trap” I entered a conversation with a man who’d gotten up from his table of what appeared to be 7 or so friends and family and went out front as I saved the idea I was typing and rolled up a smoke. So, he was waiting out front of the “Upper Deck” bar and grill for me. I saw all this and his what could be described as a “tough biker guy” disguise.

Outside I lit up my smoke. What do you do for a living? “Arrest people”, replied the 190 lbs. 6’ bearded man. You’re a law enforcement officer? “Mhhh, hmm.” What are ya, with one of the acronym organizations? “Nope.” Well you’re obviously not Homeland security. I happen to be a law enforcement officer myself, I’m just not affiliated with any known organization on this surface. Who do you work for? “Rather not say.” So, you’re not allowed to tell who you work for anymore, huh? Sad! “State Department” he confessed (it looked like “mama Clinton” dressed him). For the reader this is the top one in this nation for dealing with other nation states. Appropriate for this occasion.

The cool thing about dealing with me as a law enforcement officer is I'm always trying to tell people exactly what it is I'm doing. This makes it easier for you, as I just tell you. You don't even need to ask. I'm pulling the space alien trap from Yankton. Look, I'm one of you all (he came with his friends and family, a large statement, perhaps what it's all about, plus anyone could see from the group he had a big dame problem) a Homo sapiens. I'm just more like a Hetero sapiens in that I think differently than most of the Homo's you know (he was a very intelligent appearing character). I like to get this established because I know there is some question. He looked at me odd, I get it, he was with the other team.

I know the law, if they're travelling through we have to give them food and shelter but we don't have to let them camp, not during the dam ages. I'm about to offer them a deal. If they'll undam the planet I'll give em Manhattan, Puerto Rico and Formosa for starters. To the reader here we are engaged in conversation with a U.S. State Department Officer concerning foreign nation states. One might wonder what his reply to this idea would be. He simply said, "That's all our stuff". I smiled (this is very intimidating). Yes.

Later that night at "Ben's Brewing" I entered with my yellow hydraulic oil bucket, U.S. Trunk Company valise and my Toshiba laptop computer in Samsonite shoulder bag. I put my stuff on the ground next to an empty table and turned my attention to the bar. "The usual?" a young intelligent communicable bartendress asked me. I like it when on the second night at a place they know that a single shot of Gran Mariner de Postial, a glass of bubbly water with a little bit of ice with a slice of orange and a glass of water is the usual. I got served immediately on what amounted to a relatively busy night at this place.

Just as I was signing my name to the check a big guy, 6'5" 250 lbs. with a beard came up behind me and kicked me slightly at my Achilles with the point of his foot. With the Danner/LaCross Super Rain Forest boots this is my most protected spot. I took note though, an attack, from what seemed like an otherwise "jolly character", drank beer by the quart. He inquired to what I was up to. I explained ending the damages, forcing the collection of that which falls from the heavens and/or your ass. He seemed to be more "hip" to the idea than practically anyone I'd ever talked to.

Cue another guy, who seemed overly enthusiastic about meeting me (nobody is). Why is he? He was more my size and played like he was really interested in my idea too. The question came up as to what it was I was drinking and why. I don't drink beer. "Why not?" asked the two. On the wall of "Ben's" the proprietor had assembled a cautionary tale expressed as a collection of antique beer cans. I led the two shills to the upper right can of the can wall. This is the beginning of the message (in English or non Asian). It's by the entrance/exit.

At this point I realized there was another dude carrying all my stuff walking out the door. I caught up to him just as he exited the structure and forcefully grabbed the handles of my stuff. Do you work here? "No", answered the 6' 202 lbs. clean cut creep apprehensively. Grand theft. You realize you just committed grand theft by leaving this structure with my stuff in your hands. He nervously surrendered my stuff. He stood there stunned.

I put my stuff back at the table and continued explaining to the trying to ignore what was going on/acting miffed/not really interested in my idea anymore two distracting characters. See it starts over here and half pointed to the dude who'd just attempted to rob me with my thumb and the upper right can with my finger "Colonial Be'er", the beginning, a picture of a dammed river mill (they told ya) full of nostalgia or a shit farm where the product is either lost or stolen for the colonialists. Half way over just by the speaker (speak her) speaking of woetoman, the only can with #'s, 6 for 99 cents, a six pack for denying denying sense. The message concludes with 2 "Coy" be'er cans, too coy.

That's how I busted the thief, because they were too coy and in a larger sense it's really gonna hurt ya. Often life presents me in one sense what is occurring in a much larger sense. I'm busting some a lien to the space care acters, right now, at the door as their intentions are revealed, for grand theft planetary style. So, it's fitting I'd catch a dude, tonight, in the act of grand theft. It's just the way



it is.

The dude who tried to rob me came back in the joint and went about starting a fight with me. I verbally extricated myself from dude largely because whatever happens it's my fault. No matter where I go I'm the stranger with the strange idea and the dam townfolk side with the local creep. Plus, the whole thing was a set up, everybody in the bar saw him commit grand theft yet said or did nothing. I went outside and called the police. I wanted charges filed against him as I'd caught him red handed in the act. The police seemed like they were more interested in arresting me for something. The thief just guiltily chuckled and did the "bobble head". The cops claimed they couldn't establish intent (he was their buddy). As if what he was going to do with my belongings once he'd relieved me of them had anything to do with grand theft. In this case and in a larger sense I don't have to prove what the thief's intentions are as they make off with the goods. I have a difficult time making way on dry land because of local rule enforcement (and I'm trying to save their asses) however...

I went back to my canoe which was about entirely in the water and was prone in it resting (probably looked like I was asleep) when 2 "fishermen" in a boat floated by within inches, these guys were professionally trained boat handlers, mighta had an electric fish zapper. Just before they got as close as they were gonna get I smoothly intoned. Whach ya catchin? "Carp and Bullheads." Same thing I'm catching I thought, hmmm. These characters who try to sneak up on me at near 4 AM must find it interesting that I'm conscious. I remain aware and think, sleep is overrated. I've never produced anything while asleep, it's a waste of time.

That night I got a phone call, the phone didn't ring, and no # was recorded as a caller. This entity left a message without a trace. Apparently, computer generated "sound of page turning". I'd just put R2D2 in my garden flyer. I present this info in a fashion a 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> grader could comprehend, any computer would easily be able to add it up. This could have advantages and disadvantages. Also, I added a picture of "Men in Black's" ponytailed "little Tiffany" holding a physics book (representing the physical dame) below and to the right of the "Big Apple" (NYC). If one were to look alongside of the internet pictures of "little Tiffany" one would see a picture of a girl who looks exactly like my exwife Misa, duplicate. This could be unnerving, I've been gazing at it for 6 years waiting for the opportunate time to add her picture. This is how complex the idea's presentation is to me and the rest of ya's.

I sent "Bernie" in MDC Butner, NC the rough draft of the pre 1<sup>st</sup> edition with a GMO agricultural seed advertisement "Insect Attack" (Formosia) "They Dominate Us" magazine outside cover and City of Washburn newspaper "Cool Pool Escape" with timely exploding city water main story included inside cover. On the back page of the book I included the receipts from the Bismark and Washburn libraries for the cost of printing. Seeing as Mr. Madoff is a #'s man I knew he'd be able to see it all added up if he just got to look at the covers, the title of the book, my note "Don't use the soap. Don't drink the juice." and the receipt. Supposedly by law at a Federal Correctional Facility the inmate must be at least shown what was delivered to him. It was returned to my parents address in FL, "Bernie" didn't get the rough draft.

I edited the book again and added another 8 pages. I sent this pre edition to the 1<sup>st</sup> edition to Timothy Raymond "The Facilitator" Glass in MDC Brooklyn, NY with a black background orange circle orange square outside cover and "Life" theological leaning newspaper inside cover from Black Snake Creek, Robidoux (Rue be due) Post, the old name for St. Joseph. It left the post office with a Halloween day expected arrival date, no extra charge, on time. As is the 2012 Halloween 1<sup>st</sup> edition printed in Rue be due Post (St. Joseph) Missouri for \$12.29. It's got a "Billabong" black linen background, "Grab life by the horns" handkerchief orange linen circle and square front and back cover and Kansas City (Chicago) "Food Engineering" "Food Master" 2006 manuel hardback. It's a "Crosswind Foods Inc." front inside cover and "Kikkoman" (sushi ad) back inside cover. I got the hardback part from a book just before it went in the Kansas City, MO River Market dumpster, perfect. It's even got a pencil pocket on the front cover, pencil included. The autographed 1<sup>st</sup> edition is \$666 or

\$888 with tax depending on how you want to go with it. Wad ya expect? It's the kinda book you can read by its cover, the reverse of distress (with yellow square) "Bad Water", Happy Halloween from about 2 or 3 hundred yards. I and Life doesn't want any excuses out of you.

As one approaches Omaha on the side of the Missouri a bunch of big signs that warn of raw sewage outfall loom large. Not that they haven't been dumping poop in the water all the way up to the top of the river, it's just official now. I pinned my flyer to the Coast Guard base's backyard pin and delivered the same message in a plastic bottle up and over the rail into a half dozen workmen at the town water pick up. I had an enlightening communication with them and a voyage of this sort puts deliverer of the punch a hole in the dams idea at the site of the best places to deliver it consistently, timely and efficiently. Met the park ranger and his assistant maintaining foliage just upstream and across from downtown Omaha, we had a creative potentially productive idea exchange. He offered no argument to the wacked out alien to this place food/weapon idea and with local knowledge of the best way to route town.

The city front recessed into the dike concrete walled marina was closed for insurance purposes as are just about all the rest up and down the way. There didn't seem to be anything particularly wrong with it, all the "Don't be here" "No Trespassing" signs faced land and I tied up the boat in the shadow of the floating dock and had dinner at "Rick's". Delicious sautéed snapper and peppers over linguine, a salad and chunky beef chili with iced tea. This was an effective spot to put forth the idea with a live band accompaniment and many interested diners and staff.

Fueled up, the idea was to hit Omaha with a hard quick lightning strike, flyers at all the big spots, government, utility, business and theological sheds and business cards at most the smaller spots. Worked my way up to the New Orleans themed shed for a shot of Gran Marnier de Postal and a glass of bubbly water with a little ice and a slice of orange. This is a dense town and I quickly and effectively canvassed it including a good law minded communication with the sheriff/security guard at the courthouse. Gave my report at the City of Omaha Police Department (I made it there near the end of the run without having encountered them because of "the call" which is noteworthy) and hooked up with "T" just outside the police station for a fat \$60 sack of herbs, perfect as I made my way to **the** target in town, ConAgra.

The ConAgra campus sits along the waterside. When approaching from the center of town the site might look warm and inviting. To a more intelligent note processor the harsh doom wavelength # lighting dominates and illuminates the place. The whole entrance areas street corners are under façade repair work for no good reason, perhaps a wire for a new pedestrian control doodad or sewer work. Anyway, as one walks onto the seemingly inviting park like campus towards the company's written message displayed on a wall that is situated close to the corner as to perhaps draw in a visitor, don't forget to read the "sign" that is exposed in the plants (4 hedges) on the approach. For a keen observer these plants are the message put forth by ConAgra. The most exact dependable easiest to interpret and know the meaning of sign. I know the genius species names would be extremely revealing as would the common names in relation to the whole idea or "plan" they've got... for you. That being said it's a crazy lilly, a small tree with inedible bad tasting red attractive fruit, a pine bush that doesn't smell like pine and a who knows what forth plant species. Even a commoner without extensive botanical experience could figure out something hooky's going on.

The written message is displayed on a curved wall that would obviously be used as a defensive fortification to fire upon those approaching campus if such a need arose. Several phrases or sentences are written on the inside of the curved wall facing campus. Keep in mind ConAgra is a huge company involved in feeding the wealthiest most powerful nation in the world and their message is serious (ceres) or should be. The first thing a good reader would realize is there's hyphens in the message that are seemingly unneeded, placed in unstandardized location, as if to confuse the message or impart other meaning. They're there for no good reason. This is obvious. The gist of the message reads, "Our food does so much more than just satisfy your hunger". If one knows what's up, it's a confession, "We told

ya so, ha ha” (so they’d “think”) freeing them from any kind of legal entanglement (fat chance).

To an ignorant naive human adult ConAgra’s logo or icon may look like a happy bowl of cereal and a spoon. Just add another spoon to the picture and it’s an obvious sinister leering space alien. I was in process of adding the “second eye and antenna” in a piece of white paper taped to existing logo when the “security” guards showed up. While completing the picture for a subsequent photo record I explained to the “security” guards, a young white female and black male, I was of the University of Florida College of Agriculture IFAS Environmental Horticulture program writing a book, collecting and disseminating information. I slipped ‘em my flyer and business card and suggested they take note and pass the info along to the top of their structure. They suggested I leave or perhaps get arrested, revealing that the pedestrian entrance was a trap. Entrapment is illegal and to seemingly offer a pedestrian sanctuary or a route through the garden and campus only to find a possibility of incarceration is foul but exemplary of the larger scam fostered on the “prime ate” of this surface which of course is foul, illegal.

But it’s worse than you might think. The intricacy of what they’re doing. Because the unneeded façade corner repair shunts manually minded pedestrians (perhaps doing an investigation like me or just those curious about ConAgra) into the unmarked “No Trespassing” ConAgra site where they are in control of whether you leave campus freely or not and another route which leads a person off in another deviation to a park and a pedestrian overpass of a doom concrete reservoir lake. When the person afoot gets to the other side of the overpass they find a sign that reads, “If ya get caught back there (from where you just came from, the detour in front of ConAgra) its 6 months in jail or a \$6,000 fine” or whatever. This is all simple entrapment, by design. It’s too perfect not to be thought out. Anyone moseyin’ to check out ConAgra from downtown is faced with these 2 routes as the most likely ones to take upon reaching ConAgra. Local law enforcement, whether police officers and/or real dam free flowing reviere enforcement types want to be aware of the fodder for jail set up at these types of operations. It says a lot about the creepy operation making your food and exactly seconds or confirms/restates the reality in a larger sense I’ve mentioned, people prison/farm, with bad food.

On a chilly night I jumped in my boat, paddled over to the other side, slept under the casino across from an extremely sinister looking ConAgra campus backyard and cased out the joint in the early part of the next day, a barren high security wall with graffiti that seconded my opinion. Somebody’s been marking the back wall, with ConAgra obviously trying to paint over the message (hide it). I don’t know why it’s just an in your face duplicate of the message the company puts forth on its own shindel. I collected the cherry tomatoes and peppers growing below the ConAgra sewer outfall pipe.

The Hostess Twinkie factory had closed the day before I slid the newspaper in the crack of the door. A few buildings away they served a deep fried in GMO oil GMO Twinkie drizzled with GMO chocolate razzberry sauce and as I finished the dam GMO thing (I’m to discover it’ll inflame the digestive tract exit) a man came in and sat down next to me who said he was the mayor of the town across the river. Up until I order/eat my food I usually don’t say much about the dam problem or solution cause if I do often I won’t get served. The mayor asked, “How ya doing”? which I view as a bearshit related question. I’m flush free, dam terrific, no shed! The easiest way to get away with communicating about the problems and solutions on this surface is to have a willing partner. Any group anywhere will usually let two people talk about something. If one person tries to convey the solution to the dam problem to a group usually the biggest dam fool in the group, often the leader, will cut ya off, shout over ya or steer the group away so they can’t hear or consider the solution. The mayor and I talked about the porous dam shetty thing as it related to local “government”. He said the Feds come in and give ya a municipal waste treatment report card failing ya. Then they give ya half the money and lend ya the other half at an exorberant interest rate. The whole things twice the cost it should be anyway. This is the hostess twinkie federal loan shark dam doo doo doom scam. But essentially, it’s the same mechanism we could use to do the correct thing.

I began sewing the cover together at the Abby's 8PM Mass in Atchinson. The fire department hook and ladder truck was at the dormitory/cafeteria just below the Abby when I showed up and honked their horn and saluted as they left and drove past me. The sermon was from page 266 #13 and included a personal interpretation from the preacher that referenced the "Pink Panther", Inspector Clouseau and the bank robbery with the blind lookout man. He's preaching to me "Clouseau" as he is representing the blind lookout man. I'd gone out of my way to attend this sermon because a dam free flowing river interested patron of the earlier mid day Mass had suggested I go because the building collected the rainwater.

After patiently as possibly listening to a flock member recount his whoring and beer drinking week to the preachers "Don't worry we're all forgiving" thing I used this idea in what became an inquisition of the preacher, Mineradd who confessed he was the one who'd cancelled the superdriplinerwatercollect project at its inception because of its... "Unfeasibility, or impractically or impossibility". Mineradd kinda choked here, panicked and fled. If Mineradd had communicated with me I'd have agreed technically he was correct because we need to undam the world's rivers first in order to make the super precipitation collection feasible but would have asked him how capturing his flock's attention only to deliver a sermon about a bank robbery with a blind lookout lent itself to communicating the need for undamming the rivers. So, I told his flock but their brains were locked up and they didn't get it. They were serving up suspect GMO Hawaiian Punch after Mass in supposedly apple growing country at the height of the press. I also attended a dam reservoir tailrace side service for 6 men killed in a grain silo explosion.

I was sitting in the shade of a driftwood chunk on a sand bar when a man walked up. His name was Dominick and he was paddling his uncle's ashes to New Orleans from Canada. I told him New Orleans was a plantation warehouse and he was making a terrible mistake. Although each person expresses the dam problem in their own way and Dominick could have drawn a lot of awareness to the dammed river problem explaining to people along the way that the dams were blocking his uncle's graceful exit/entry. Anything one does on a river trip could enlighten others about the dam foundation of the problem. He was young though and I surely gave him something to think about. Dominick said, "I can't figure why you don't eat Cliff Bars". If ya turn over the package and read the ingredients, it's made of dam rice concentrate. He made it to New Orleans for the Day of the Dead and figured he was lucky.

Coming into Kansas City I was fortunate to meet a couple with kayaks just upstream of town. He was a handsome brawny character and she was good looking and in good shape too. Turns out they were both experienced janitors of KC's larger downtown buildings, having worked at several of them. Before I even told 'em my tale, they communicated that there was something bad and spooky going on in town. The male said, "If it gets any worse or I get fired that's what I'm going to do!" and pointed at me and my boat. One could see he was working on enabling her into the idea, which she didn't seem as enthusiastic about but one could tell she didn't care for what was happening in town at all and was considerous of the option. Just before I pushed in I came upon a chiropractor in a john boat who was very enthusiastic about the solution I'd collected together.

When one gets to K.C. Missouri by the legal river route from a natural tree fall fender gangplank waterside entrance, big wake slim Kansas City barge traffic season near caput, via a pedestrian Kansas City Railway/Union Pacific Canadian yard overpass and enters the city a most obvious picture is presented. At the town end of an elevator stairwell 200 to 220 yard rail overpass is a small post like structure that looks like its primary function is to keep undesirables from driving vehicles on overpass.

For a person like myself engaged in multifaceted method information dissemination, sometimes I'll post 40 to 50 cards a day (average about 8 a day) in various often unusual intricate locations, what really sticks out is the perfect recessed rectangles for displaying a business card on the post. I'm always looking for the best spot to post a card in town and I'm the best at it in the world. The

seemingly vehicle traffic post coming into KC, MO via revere is a perfect 6/sick business card display. There are 3 recessed rectangular boxes in a pyramid grouped shape on either side of the post that are perfect for displaying a business card. But the double entendre is heinous.

The dam tile drained side effect GMO food is reinforced with iLL. E. D. egypterobocoptic lights that operate in sync with arena plastered screens, fountain jets, simuzac, car radios, a 20 to 22 second crosswalk that seems to audibly slur a "Walk sign is on to cross main" and "Walk like a zombie across main", the flowofsin lights, beer bar t.v.'s and the seeming underground fiber optic (?) electronic fenced in yellow jacketed scooter riding/don't eat or drink/urinate (admittedly) wired town security "bots" often named Christill or Dominick just like the Venice alien cops in Cuba. Everything electronic is in sync.

Even street light kilohertz #'s match, the blue ford whorerising (with driver overseeing my river entrance) plate # is FJ6C6A at 8:16 AM, it all adds up. It reads "20K" on the concrete electric box lid sign for which I dub these kind of "We're not in Kansas anymore" 22/20K towns. Interesting to have found the single "best" representation of this in the U.S.A., here, the wizards behind the curtain set up an obvious "We're not in Kansas anymore" setup. The Chicago red power box plastic unlocked pin I found in shytown is #KC59625, it's the zipper grip on my green Patagonia jacket. I'm rolling a double (2 can) 5 gallon bucket rig, one a Sun Chemical the other a Midwest District Mission Emergency Flood bucket with Chicago red 6 pointed star with black sleeping bag veil and valaise. The **big** Lamar Outdoor Advertising billboards read, "Encounter Jesus". This "coincidental" (coinciding) concurrent idea delivery would work great with an entourage of intelligent communicative reasonable in appearance (not that I'm concerned what they look like but for Americans appearance is everything) females collecting signatures to get on the ballot for the presidential election which according to those on the street is fixed. As it is by myself it's for the most part wasted effort.

At "Boling's" Chinese restaurant the attached to the side "public" toilets began to explode when I showed and got worse over time. I often sit out front of it and the River Market with 2 chopsticks in my white beret. Never put your chop sticks in a bowl of dam rice. KC's half billion dollar sewer repair comes with rats climbing out of sewer grates and jumping up in the air hunting birds at noon.

I'd just hooked up with a fat sack of herbs when I'm accosted by a man who looked like he was southern Italian and had the timing of somebody with inside cronies. I immediately take the bait and invite him to get in the boat with me and have a BBQ on the other side of the river. He agrees and we go by the liquor store where I buy a bottle of Sambuca and Gran Marnier. After we leave the store he says he'd stolen a bunch of lighters and 5 hour energy drinks pulling a handful of each from his pockets and offering me some. I refuse the stolen junk. We go to the Chinese grocery store behind the River Market and I buy some goat and a few other things for the BBQ. He shows me the back route to where I had the boat tied up which I know about but hadn't taken because it's illegal to walk over the train tracks.

Just before we get back to my boat we're intercepted by a group of scurbs who look like they're pantomiming an assault, interesting timing considering my new "partner". I push past them and jump in my boat which had been somewhat hidden and undiscovered from the homeless lando sims. I make to take off by myself but he is either brave, a confident enough swimmer or determined as he throws a PFD over his shoulder and loads into my canoe without being able to get his feet on the deck for all the cans and gear in the boat. We ferry across the way into the darkening night. Across from Kansas City is a decent sand bar extending away from the main river side in such a way as to create a perfect bay for landing a canoe without having to drag the boat up the sand for passing wakes. It's an easy spot to get in and out.

I set about slowly processing the meat, fruit and vegetables into kabob size chunks while sipping on Sambuca with my new "partner". He immediately slammed several of the small plastic bottled 5 hour energy drinks. I sipped on some Turkish coffee. He said he was a copper thief who made his money climbing up cell towers, cutting the ground wires to the lightning rod, making off with

the copper and selling it. I explain to the copper thief that the way things are nowadays the cell tower owners probably actually appreciate what he is doing because it gives them a chance to make a bunch of money in repair while needlessly destroying the environment with all the energy involved in the mining of the new copper and its replacement, the easier to imprison us. He starts to act overly excited and runs around and collects firewood. The temperature has dropped 20 to 30 degrees so it's getting cold.

The copper thief tries to drink all the Sambuca and I snatch the bottle away from him replacing it with a Constantino's tuna salad sandwich. I figure him for an agent/shill working for a group trying to get close to me, tell him as much and request he make sure to tell them I cut him off from the alcohol and gave him a fish sandwich. Make sure you tell 'em. Periodically he runs off into the 100 yards of thin woods between the water and the dike, ostentatiously searching for fire wood he says. I can tell he's in contact with someone, likely a small group with law enforcement connections I suspect.

The copper thief has a drywall knife, which ever since 9/11 has become the hand tool of choice for idiots to carry around, keeps shuffling near me threateningly, alternately putting/pulling his drywall knife in/out of his pocket, then coming in real close and invading my personal space, grabbing my arm just above my elbow which is a sure sign of a creep trying to get control of someone. He is pretty good at being creepy and I've been exposed to the worst of them. In retaliation I get out my sharpening stone, wash it off in the water and set about getting the 10" steel knife sharp making sure to get it to sing. In the very least I show 'em how to take care of a sword. Plus, the goat's tough.

As I'm skewering the kabobs I send the copper thief to search for a couple wrist thick sticks explaining that I lay the 2 sticks on the hot bed of coals, lay the BBQ sticks on 'em and roast until ready. The copper thief comes back a short time later with a green "Y" shaped branch of the perfect dimensions, size, shape and it's even bowed perfectly for kabob BBQ. At this point I know the copper thief is smarter than he let on and likely is teamed up with some who've been studying me from afar for a while because the piece of wood he brought back is the best piece of wood I ever barbecued kabobs on the whole way across the continent. The roasted goat, fruit and vegetables in a rich sweet mustard based sauce came out perfect. "They're mostly apples", said the copper thief. I'm trying to stay out of trouble.

He says he's cold. I offer him warm clothes which I have plenty of. He doesn't want my warm clothes and tries building some pathetic hovel out of bushes to hide under. Don't build anything, technically it's illegal. As defined camping is to modify the surrounding area to make it more comfortable or suitable for oneself. It's what the dolts are doing at their slacker homes, it's against the law in the damages. You look like a stupid dam monkey. The wind increases and the temperature drops another 10 degrees. I offer him warm clothes again, tell him I've got an extra blanket and suggest he cover up the shallow fire pit with sand and sleep on top of the warm spot which would guarantee he'd be warm even in the morning. He kept disappearing off into the woods behind us and eventually showed up with an olive green seaman's bag stuffed full of the warm clothes I'd been offering him plus a sweet sleeping bag.

That's a real professional setup. Where'd ya get that stuff? "I found it in a sailboat at the hotel." Sure you did. I left my sharpened knife in an open 5 gallon bucket between the copper thief and I (in case he needed something better than the drywall knife) and put my hatchet under my pillow. At daybreak the copper thief presents a different character (like the difference between night and day) more like a police officer. I'd figured as much, had breakfast with coffee and explaining how somebody (Dominik) in a canoe had given me a can of black satin spray paint to graffiti my message, but I'd decided after what I'd seen in KC (in particular the gang of roustabout scurbs the copper thief had "introduced" me to) that I'd repaint the black portion of my canoes black, yellow and red camouflage in particular the gunwale.

I turn and step away a few paces to urinate. The man came about in front of me and copped a view. The expression on his face is complete awe or awestruck. I know what he's getting at. I'm "the

fastest draw in the West". Nobody pulls out their piece, takes care of business (nature's call) and gets it all back together more rapidly than I. I even use my hands to conceal the event. In the largest of senses, as the pencilman, Camillo, the action of getting the penis (the trap that is) made available for use, establishing flow, relief and stashing penis away quick with concealment and with no attention attracted from others who'd trouble ya is the thing. It's how we're going to do it, it's why/how the pen that is is going to work. This pen that is/death enclosure, is to come out and get put away quick, it's not gonna take a long time. The action is so slick, so non typical (from a knee often times) not worried/looking about to see if anyone else witnesses it, not fumbling or looking at the action site, not drawing awareness to the action, practiced, near flawless delivery. The zippers broke (due to sand) in lower position. So the fly's open, yet I've got an aftermarket button and button hole crafted into the vent 3/4" from bottom of fly. This causes the fly to appear closed and I obscure the event even more with tie worn about the waist. This all takes place within/out briefs, 3 pairs of long underwear, trousers and snow pants, long sleeve upper thermal layer, vest(s) button down oxford(s) and jacket. I do this out of necessity as I must drink over a gallon of fluids a day to perform professorially in public double+ shifts.

I explained to the copper thief that if he did lift the bag of gear out of somebody's boat he'd better return it. Considering the gear taken the owner was likely a BAMF who'd kill him (or me) if he caught him (or I) and we were in the most likely of spots to disappear off to with someone's stolen gear. I'm somewhat responsible for your actions seeing as how I brought you over here. The olive green bag of gear is clearly marked with an email address and the copper thief had left it positioned as visible as possible so I could get the address for communication. It read, "Pegasus@...com". In the real world Pegasus is a US Navy hydrofoil, in mythology a white flying horse with wings. Everywhere Pegasus's hoof (soul) touched the ground a spring issued forth. Bellerophon rides Pegasus to slay the beast depicted as the head of a lion, the tail of a snake and body of a goat.

The copper thief takes the Pegasus personal gear bag away and does something with it. I split a tangerine with him and had him tie the 8 point deer skull up on the bow backing the no cap on the horns bison skull esdespirit which he did perfectly. We push the boat off and head back to KC, MO. When we push back up to the natural tree fall floating dock as the copper thief climbs up out of the boat two Kansas City police officers appear suddenly on the mud bank above the boat. The copper thief doesn't even slow down and makes way past them as if he is a member of the force. The two KC officers watch as I push the boat off as I had intended anyhow and paddle up the rock lined way.

A few hundred yards up I get almost under a dilapidated multi floor concrete structure, toss my right heel up on a dike rock and roll a cigarette. The copper thief shows up above me about the time I'm lighting up and presents a third much more intelligent professional character. He's questioning me as to what I'm going to do almost as if he didn't want he and I's interaction to scare me off. I explain that's not the case. After what I've seen I'm gonna rerig, stash half my gear and hit Kansas City extremely aggressively. I ferry over to the other side and stash my bison skull, computer, BB gun and everything else that a clown could steal and get 10 bucks for then ferry back towards KC, MO.





As I get near shore and the natural tree fall floating dock I notice an airboat that could have been part of the fire department tucked up quietly near shore about a hundred yards downstream of where I've been tying up my boat. I'm an experienced vessel operator and while many may think my time in a canoe isn't applicable to other vessels a canoe is the same thing as an aircraft carrier or cruise ship, an air boat however is a bit different. At any rate as I push in quickly and snappily, the one stroke 90 degree turn and reverse, to the natural dead fall dock the airboat departs and motors across the river to the sheltered harbor behind the sandbar where I'd just come from. He made it look real professional too, backing an airboat into a tight slip like that requires skill and experience.

It appeared I'd won power and influence with the why whore men when inheriting the vessel or white flying horse men crew who'd infiltrated the local bums, police, fire department and Navy. I'll take anything or anybody on my team as long as they primarily attack the dam problem with the free

flowing river solution. Early the next day I recountoured the "law" enforcement only access just beyond the 100 yards of thin trees between the sandbar and the dike. It appeared a vehicle had pulled up behind the site the night of the goat roast the copper thief and I shared.

This is the email correspondence with Pegasus, I encountered one male approx. 45 years old claimed he was a "copper thief" in Kansas MO about a week or so before Thanksgiving. I'm in a boat on water and offered him a "vacation" from town for a night on opposite shore from KC pedesrian train overpass, between the two rail bridges. He drank too much Sambuca, I cut him off and gave him a fish sandwich. He got cold that night. I offered him clothes. He went back in the "woods" behind the sandbar and claimed to have found the bag of goods, apparently yours, in a sailboat at a hotel. I tried to get him to return it as it looked like the owner of said goods might consider himicide justifiable considering the possible productive life saving contents was grand theft (feloniass). It took me a while to get in touch with ya as the librarians (where I use computer) keep calling the police on me or refusing me access or both. Anyway, just putting forth a larger (included) idea as well as perhaps showing you the way to the "goods". It looked like he may have ditched them in the bushes between the dike and water, or perhaps handed them off to an accomplice (perhaps you). There was something about him, he just couldn't seem to spit out (he tried to though, just figuratively instead of literally or verbally). If I don't get a response from you within a few days or week or so I'll probably contact KC police and give them this info in case you filed a report or left word of possible theft as I allways do. I'm headed to Waverly PD today as a matter of stolen gloves last night at "the Harvest Moon" occured. I've had 7 thefts on this cross continental enterprise myself and caught 5 of them, some with PD assistance. "They" stole my frying pan in St Helens, my gloves in Waverly... get it? [561 891 9634](tel:5618919634)

Hey John,

loved your reply....LMAO.....    
busier than a one legged man in an ass kicking contest; if you know what I mean.....Am at a church right now trying to raise money for a bus ticket to go to Colorado to track down my tools,truck,etc. Another long story.....  
Once again, thanks for your info.....will write you back ASAP.....Fair winds & following seas.....Fair seas & following winds  
Paul Drake.....PEGASUS;USN

Watch out for those e moat a cons. Could a standard depth charge be used as a "poor man's river skipper"? We got a big dam problem and I don't want see any subs get a nick in 'em as they could fire projectiles at dams too. Plus, we might be able to duck tape 'em to Army Helicopters! I'm trying to be efficient, for the environment.

Hitting the police station across the street from the KC, MO Federal Building was terrific. The officers at the garage door were suspiciously itchy. The #8 fire E-ONE ladder truck responded to a seemingly unrelated call. This gave me an opportunity as I could see the truck driver was a sharp, intelligent, aware character. I made for his elevated cab door as if I was the chief undercover arson investigator. This is easy for me to do with Danner/Lacrosse super rain forest boots. I pulled back my beret uncovering an E-ONE Cascade Fire hat with lightning bolt bill (establishing credentials) and covered it back up as I launched into revealing the details quick, fluid, precise and professionally of the dam forest fire I'd been fighting, the notes I'd collected and the obvious solution. I included my flyer and business card. One could see he was impressed just with the force of my obviously practiced delivery.

I met back up with him at the #8 firehouse a short time later for hamburgers with the works and water. Every firehouse around the country has multiple BBQ's and these men and women often cook and eat outside in the garden. The one I communicated most effectively with had an English accent, may have been Australian and he smoked a straight pipe. The two other fire guys that took part in communication of the idea provided a case in point. In so much as the straight pipe smoker encouraged my presentation of the infinityproject idea, he wanted to know, to consider what I knew, he had his own notes to share and was a reasonable thoughtful person, one of the 3 was the opposite, heckling me, questioning my sanity, stomping on my answers to his red herring questions and the other of the 3 was



in the middle or neutral.

This creates an interesting communication problem for one deseminating a dam sheddy problem and fluid solution. The reviere antagonist obviously doesn't want the rue exposed or the intelligent naturally flowing river system, collect that which falls from the heavens and/or your ass solution made light. I suck 'em in deep, using his barrage of fear provoking questions to provide the answer to the dam she.t.ty problem in a calm even toned, smart, scientific manner. It makes the antagonist to the natural river idea look more and more like a dam, shed everything that falls from the heavens, flush it all down the tubes abortionist, with the possibility of fumbling the whole in vain dam thing off to e.t./getting enslaved to a machine/whacked with dam GMO food and took for the gold, which is reality. This really frustrates the antagonist as they see they're losing influence with the assembled. Often this causes the dam creep to try even harder to stop the flow of communication. He looked like the kind of human (or skin job) you wouldn't want to share a meal with or have backing you up if a situation developed.

When it becomes impossible to share ideas, and it is advantages for life to do so, I often grab control of the conversation by changing tone, perhaps standing, taking a step towards dam problem and pointing out the seriousness of being complicit with an obvious dam ecocide hoax. You'll regret it forever, life will proceed with or without you. Often this scares the shit out of the antagonist, literally they've got to use the restroom. I'm that good at this. The communication damming rueful chap fled in panic.

The neutral one and the straight pipe smoker half accused me of incorrect, near threatening behavior. I quickly pointed out that I didn't threaten him at all, the words I used were just extremely intimidating, in part for its veritas and otherwise for the forceful presentation including lower tone and increased volume while physically making way towards him. I did this because from the notes I've taken his type won't/will not let me put forth/force forward the solution to the problem no matter what I do if I let them continue to be part of the conversation. So, what I do is recognize this behavior and cut it off. In addition to being the most fluid person, guess what? I'm the ice man too.

Watch this, and we proceeded to have a reasonable positive idea sharing period with ample opportunity for all to have time to speak their ideas concerning the dam sheddy flush toile.t. problem and obvious solution implementation. The straight pipe smoker was keen and knowledgeable, he'd been reading the writing on the wall, taking notes at the scene and adding it up himself. The neutral one had valid points and raised pertinent answerable questions. Towards the end of the potentially productive 15 minutes or so of idea sharing (these guys are expected to work here, not just picnic out front with ?) I contrasted the last half of the period's words with the first half's before I ran off the dam clown and pointed out again why I was smart to have done it. The straight pipe smoker lit his pipe, stoked his chin and looked at me as if "You are pretty slick aren't you?"

I wrapped up the idea, my presentation tools and prowled up the way, communicating the idea to the sewer pipe repair dudes tearing up the dam road, stepping around the corner and on to the Prospect and 39<sup>th</sup> bus. This is the bus that takes the downtown dealers and hustlers back to the hood to reload. I'd already met half of 'em in the morning and it appeared most had decided to kick it back to the crib on this bus. I was the last to get on. Every one of 'em looked like they were thinking, "He must be an undercover cop, we're all about to get busted". This creates an interesting situation as we're heading back to their comfort zone and they're all real uncomfortable. You might think I'd be the uncomfortable one, a skinny white punk heading to 39<sup>th</sup> and Prospect. Shoes on the other foot, it's all in the timing.

I sat next to a character who looked like he'd just accepted it was his unlucky day. He withdrew a candy bar sized slab of crack cocaine from his pocket. I reiterated how I was after the good lord's herbs and gave him a quick rundown of the environmental problems and otherwise of the largely pharmoresuetokill product he was carrying. There is characters who'll sell ya a slab of ?, take the money and buy a fish sandwich and a bag of apples. He confided he didn't smoke the shit either and

pulled out an herbal blunt to show me what he preferred. He said he'd hook me up with an herb man he knew but first we'd best get off the bus, smoke and talk about it. He acted as if he was extremely nervous. At 39<sup>th</sup> and Prospect we got off, sauntered over the road to the bus shelter, he lit up the blunt and I fired up a ditch weed cigar. I passed muster.

One of the reasons I smoke cannabis and procure it in this way is that it allows me to get way back deep in the dark valleys with an escort. Otherwise I've no business being here. This works for deseminating the free river herbal production based idea. We'd sat down at the bus stop bench next to somebody appearing as an elderly woman of African heritage. I immediately began deseminatation of the dam sheddy flush toile.t. problem and dam fluidification, superdriplinewatercollect, thE manuel fertilizer machine solution to what appeared to be the likely #1 great grandmother in Kansas. He really got it too at this point because I switched from the most intimidating tough presentation he'd ever seen into "Forest Gump".

The U.S. Trunk Company valaise really sells this and I put it on my thighs/knees with my elbows and hands on the case just like Forest Gump did in the film. I change my voice pattern to sound kinda like him, toned down, different word choices, nonthreatening. In life often a wise old person becomes very powerful and influential in their community. It's a big score for I and Life to be able to get in close and personal with such a one. I could tell she really liked to know, there is a solution, we're gonna repair or fix the dam thing. She's able to be part of the solution and she's in the perfect position to influence the course of events, she's established, well respected, likely folks are begging her to tell what she knows at 80 plus years of experience. Plus, usually the older characters have figured out what the dam problem is, for sure, you can't miss the buildings falling down from uncollected precipitation either and the flush toilet is obviously dam doo doo doom. Often, they suspect the e.t. thing too (us getting farmed in addition to hoaxing ourselves). This is all obvious and it's as written in the Bible.

My escort decided to let me communicate with granma for a while and made his way to the other side of the road. As he was crossing the street another care actor did the same, coming towards me. Looking like he was out of a Hollywood espionage film or something, wearing an older black skin suit, glasses, detective type overcoat, jacket, vest and trousers with an important looking briefcase about 5' 10' 202 lbs., he got to the double yellow line and hollered at me, "Run, Forest, run"! My escort was in passing and looked at him like, "What the f@(&s wrong wit you jackass"! He sure did look like a fish out of water. Anyone could see he was what was wrong with the picture. Grandma gave him about as much awareness as one would a non entity.

The spook, turned at the double yellow, regressed back on a bus and left. For me this was noteworthy because it seems these skin jobs operate mostly or best near urban electronic equipped places, looked like he was stretched out to the end of his leash. I've found these spooks don't seem to operate well out in the bush. They don't like getting too close to me either and when they do it looks like their battery runs down, hot wire starts turning to dust or something. My escort and I got on another bus, we picked up "Tea", went out to the edge of Kansas and back.

From the notes I'd gathered in a day and night or two of research, "Fran's", a diner style restaurant, was the only legitimate food place in downtown KC, MO. Interesting that it was closing down, it was the only place that was packed and sold reasonably priced prepared food. It appeared brand new. In a town saturated in beer emporiums and overpriced unhealthy food this was the only place one could get eggs, toast, a fish sandwich, coffee or anything simple to eat without spending a fortune. Noteworthy that it closed just as I got to town. It's next door to and/or underneath the red neon lit "Kill Devil". I'm working the corner, serenading the crowd.

A uniformed KC, MO police sergeant is at the corner of "Fran's" bar acting more like a pimp than a law enforcement officer, leering at me. His seemingly buddy (not a cop) was in a big black lurch skin suit. "The lurch" began to try and run me off the corner in a very threatening manner shouting, "You're scaring the kids"! This was ironic as he was the one yelling, cursing and threatening violent

behavior all bowed up. I refused to budge, he kept at it and I feigned retreat. The instant he made back towards “Fran’s” I returned to my previous spot on the corner. “The lurch” tried me again but ceased after insinuating that he’d fix the problem by another route.

The street was lined in “Chi Chi” tagged ginkgos enshrouded in blue lights. There’s only 2 kinds of Ginkgo biloba, male and female. Usually these towns plant just the males as the female Ginkgo produces a fruit that many consider foul smelling. As far as I know there is no “Chi Chi” varietal of ginkgo unless its “new” which is, if you haven’t figured it out yet, doom. So, the scene backdrop is blue lit monosexual freak trees.

Within a few minutes of “the lurch” ceasing trying to run me off yet confessing that he and ? would try another route, seemingly an old small black man entered the scene about a ½ block towards the stadium and began shaking a can with what sounded like a single quarter in it. Panhandling is illegal and the old jangling can of change bit, which was an act 30 years ago ya saw everywhere, is long over, no one “out here” does it anymore, nobody. About 2 minutes later a couple of “black water” security guards (they seem to hide and come out from behind the curtains) came up from behind me crossing the street to pass just in front of me (just in case I wasn’t paying attention) and made towards the “Simbum”. I took the obvious bait and followed them.

They began the procedure, I began rolling a cigarette about 10’ away. The 2 “security guards” zip stripped “Simbum” and began marching him towards “Mosaic”. I followed about 30’ behind. I tried to close the distance but the 3 skinsuits sped up and increased the distance between us. This is physically impossible, there is no known way to force a small handcuffed behind the back old man to pedestriate more rapidly than I can. I was about to start jogging to catch up when they crossed the street (illegal jay walk, they were serious about me not catching up to them) just in front of a white panel truck which in passing blocked my pursuit and view. When the white panel truck got out of my way and the view was restored, they’d vanished.

Considering the space/time involved there was no way or where for them to have disappeared to. There was no door or corner of building to walk through or go around, no trap door in the concrete sidewalk, yet “poof”, there they went. Without even skipping a beat I keyed on another care actor, about a ½ block away who was watching my reaction while holding a communication device in his hand. I immediately made way towards this skinsuit. He panicked and fled. He had a spider on a wire icon on his Tshirt back. I’m handing out a bug motif business card. In hot pursuit I caught up to him, he turned and boy did he seem aggressive and scared. What for? I let him “escape”.

For the reader I want you to know if I had a team working with me, say a dozen apostalettes, we’d have this town “wired” instead of the other way around. With a dozen teammates operating about me, not necessarily right next to me, there would be no way they could pull this kinda stuff off or my teammate(s) would also have their view untimely blocked by... and we’d take note of it, figuring the exact parameters of the architects scam. I don’t want to spook ya though, that’s what they’re trying to do to me and all of us.

With the way a Homo sapiens mind works (it’s very suggestive) “they” would only need to present half the picture of “Simbum” and half the sound of a quarter in a can to get us to think there was a bum shaking a quarter in a can. Our minds would fill in the info that wasn’t there just to make sense of it. Also, the light emitters and sound dispensers that would be required to pull off such a stunt as this are all hooked up to do it. The tools and technology to do something like this have already been invented and installed. So... It’s no wonder that the actual (or former) police department that used to provide service and protection in downtown KC, MO has been replaced. Else the legitimate law enforcement officers would get spooked or catch wind of what was going on in “We’re not in Kansas anymore”. At any rate, I went and smoked some herbs, drank some fluids, urinated and thought about it while casing out a nondescript location a few blocks away.

I went back to near where “the lurch” started the thing, it’s 3 or 4 A.M. I stood out in front of the “Kill Devil” and just stared up into a blackened 2<sup>nd</sup> floor window across the street. An hour or so

went by and I continued to case out the spot, just staring up into that blacked out window. I started tapping my toe, looking at my fingernails, hand on my hip as if I was tired of waiting. I looked at an imaginary wrist watch just a second before a door opened next to the darkened window and “the lurch” stepped out, head down, shoulders bent over, dragging his feet as he defeatedly slumbered down the wrong way. There’s no way to hide from me. I can see into structures, watch you on the other side of the world and beyond. I’m nobody’s fool, “they” get it. Remember these spooks are just giving me a distracting from undamming the rivers show.

After working over the river market thoroughly I initiated my information assault/river show at KC, MO’s government buildings. The government workers here as a whole are the most scared, embarrassed, humiliating, cowardly group I’ve ever encountered (likely terrified of what’s going on in town). Not all of them though. I worked ‘em pretty hard. Out in front of **yet another** U.S. Federal Building undergoing staircase façade work I set up my garden office and was in process of dental pick work as I’ve found cleaning my teeth with a stainless steel professional dental pick is near about as intimidating I can get legally and look sharp doing it, with a good healthy message. To a casual observer it might look like I’m wasting my time as there aren’t a lot of people around. I relish talking to workers repairing an entrance to a door though, this is an intimidating thing to do, it shouldn’t be, but it is.

The workers inside U.S Federal Buildings know they’re getting used to herd the people in a false diewrecktion, and even if they didn’t know that they for sure know they’re under attack for maintaining a vain dam sheddy flush toilet abortion project. There is a block watcher type head honcho woman working up at one of the top floors eyeing me from a window who’s alertfoolie alarmed, and I got her pegged to tell half the building I’m lurking out front. With perfect timing a Chinese man approaches and asks me why I don’t deseminate the idea from Pershing and Grand, this is about as intimidating as it gets, me talking to a Chinese man out front of a U.S. Federal Building, this really captured the awareness of the dame overseeing us from the Federal Building. The Chinese man appeared to have been briefed about me and the idea I was presenting, he is giving me the best location to put forth the idea in Kansas while simultaneously providing the kicker at this shetty site. Where is it? “Perishing Grand.” Yeah I know, I’ll get there, but it’s got to be at the correct time.

I paddled a few miles down canal of KC, MO took a break and then paddled up the Missouri and Kansas “Rivers” at night to KC, KC the other Kansas City. It’s under sewer repair and new con. façade work. From Simpson Park if one takes the largely unused lower bridge across the Kansas River to 6<sup>th</sup> there is a Dorito truck with the doors removed parked conspicuously. It’s the most obvious sign, a Dorito truck with no doors. This is the most striking sign on the other side of the Kansas River from the largest corn pile in the world and Simpson Park. The no door i to trueck is cattycorner to the Kansas City Railways Company.

The day after Thanksgiving, Black Friday, the biggest shopping day of the year, I made it out to Pershing and Grand where the new shopping center/mall is. I set up in front of Legoland/Seaworld in 40 knot 40 degree weather. I’ve got 6 to 8 layers on, a Patagonia hoody and mink Mongolian milkman mittens so I’m warm. The adults are in Tshirts, with similarly clad kids, all of ‘em freezing. After several hours I go into the indoor mall where I’m banished from the property forever by a Kansas City cop. Somebody walked up to me and asked, “So what’s your story”? and I gave ‘em my business card. That’s why I “saved” hitting this place until Black Friday, because I knew I’d only get one shot at it, so I took the best one. While it didn’t look like a productive hit, I got quite a spat of “restaurant critique” type slander on my <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> site, so I got the word out or they inadvertently did.

At the park across the street it looked like the Mob showed up in black muscle car to back me/appear alongside with option to stomp on ahead. Somebody had left a business management textbook nearby that appeared to detail the undamming of the rivers. It was as if a business professor had snuck the undam the rivers idea into the book, “And after the walls of life’s overregulated business

world crumble there will be a flood of product!” A dark man moseyied by and said, “That’s actually a good book man!” I know and... I have surely witnessed a great many people express the dam problem and solution in some sense, usually it’s disguised, no doubt because of the persecution from the dam shid heads many feel is aimed at those putting forth the correct idea.

One notable character in KC was a tall dark man who looked like he’d figured out what was going on for sure. He appeared as though he was wealthy, living in a nearby luxury condo but was in disguise. His method of putting forth the idea, his interpretation of the reality taking place, at least when I saw him, was to intimidatingly lurch around town menacingly acting like a Frankenstein zombie wearing a blue hat that read, “The Dike Devils”. This is practically perfect and works great alongside a linguistic presentation with scientifically accurate solution as I’m putting forth. He is the kind of person who told you in the message they wore on themselves, without saying a word. Scaring people nonsensically is not necessarily the solution to the problem but making people aware of the scary dike devils and the Frankenstein zombie food that’s being grown behind them is called for.

As the tall dark man with a dike devil cap neared I obviously pretended I was scared, near panic. The Dike Devils! I get it, the dam and ditch frankenzombie food! He began to exaggerate his zombie act and then knowingly smiled just a little and almost winked at me. I could see that I’d made his day. Another soul knew what he knew. Likely reconfirming to himself that he wasn’t crazy, he was doing the correct thing, sticking his neck out, making people aware of the problem. Dam fluidification, superdriplinelwatercollect, thE manuel fertilizer machine. I’m sure he got it, as it’s the obvious solution, plus I’m in costume too, as the man himself, I’m sure he got that and is glad to be in such form for my presentation, as I for his. There’s not much better backup (the one two punch) than a timely appearance by a sharply dressed mobster, a well read person with noteworthy book to share or creative communicator like the “Frankenzombie Dike Devil” man.

One afternoon out front of the City, County and Federal Buildings I was “selling” life insurance again and it appeared like a man deliberately brought his young son out to see me. Word gets about and people actually come out to witness the event, talk to me, get an autograph, ask questions and tell all. His blonde haired son was 3 or 4 and they were walking hand in hand by me. It appears the man was giving his son control to do whatever it was the kid felt appropriate for the occasion. As the two passed the child slowed, got his dad’s awareness, pointed at me and proclaimed, “It’s god, good, look dad it’s good! Lokki. It’s God.” The man looked at his son pointing at me and nodded his head. This really meant a lot to me. Children call it like they see it, the adults know it and this young man convinced the 30 adults that were in route nearby. It’s that easy to be a part of dam fluidification. I suspect this father knew his son was especially intuitive, perceptive and communicative and brought him out to see what his verdict of me was. Reviere defined.

Goodness gracious a girl, woman or lady could easily outdo us men (drawing more awareness to the dam problem and solution) by skipping down the street (or taking her time) with her trousers over her shoulder singing out, “We’ve got to undam the rivers, collect that which falls from the heavens, replace the flush toilet with thE manuel fertilizer machine and convert lawnmowerman into produce person, life is dependent upon the timely flow of naturally nutrient laden water to the sea...”. She could expose the dam shiddy rue most don’t want to know about and really get the point of the solution across, using her assets to Life’s (and her own) benefit.

As a bonus, she could deliberately get arrested for indecent exposure, take it to court and reason her actions as necessary/what’s called for considering the reality of the situation/law enforcement to the judicial office which would be another perfect or justifiable way to deseminatate the solution to the problem. An intelligent judge might convict you and sentence you to 20 hours of community service at DCF. A dame could participate in dam fluidification in anyway, think about it, I just point out the easiest and most likely effective method for a typical female (the most bang for your buck). Plus, as we know a naked female form is not usually viewed as offensive.

Speaking at town hall, county commissioner, state or federal representative meetings, screwing

the currrickullyum and teaching the children the solution to the foundation of problems, writing letters and postcards, talking about dam and ditch GMO agriculture peril and the river/collective productive structural solution in the grocery store line or at a coffee klatch, singing about the river problem and veritas solution at a picnic down by the dam reservoir tailrace, painting a picture of it, collecting that which falls from the heavens and your ass and growing/processing/serving up apple pies, marching about your elected officials office demanding free flowing rivers... are all options to having your soul yanked from the gene pool for participation in an obvious dam sheddy flush toile.t. abortion attempt in vain and paying for it eternally in a room of Ho'till Calafornix. If you ever listen to the Jim Jones tapes, there's a conscientious objector (Christine) at the final hour as the congregants are quaffing the cyanide laced Kool "aid" in the background. You need to be that individual, life is identifying souls that aren't dam sucker fools, now's your chance, don't drink the coo ill "aid". Don't forget about your best opportunity as an apostalette on the reverse last supper team.

On Sunday I was observing a day of rest having a picnic at the train tracks crossing into the huge sewer plant. Sometimes deseminating the free flowing river, a good dam's over your head and under your soul, thE manuel fertilizer machine idea to the messes in public can get to one. Take a day of rest while casing out the sewer building. I must have drawn awareness to my cause as a KC, KC police officer responded in a cruiser with 666-88 license plate. He was the reasonable communicative one of 2 law enforcement officers that responded to my call for service at the Kansass library reverse shakedown sting that I initiated a day before. He didn't even get out of the car, just smiled. One could see he was impressed that my techniques included Sunday picnic intimidation at the sewer plant. He was of the kind who knew if just 3% of us were somewhat like me and he, (and they are) we'll fix this dam thing in a jiffy.

The Kansas City, Kansas grain elevator/bread pile is supposedly the biggest in the world. I went by the candle shop and a trucking company driver's parking lot for a picnic with employees before hitting the corn pile. The K.C. grain elevator is connected to Levee Land, a commercial development, with an above the road, pedestrian bridge like "umbilical cord". So, the biggest bread pile in the world is visibly connected to Levee Land. A single Hyundai (yes and die) train car is parked out front. I casually staked out the place noticeably just across the street from the main employee shack. An older man carrying a 5 gallon bucket and a big old style lunch box dressed kinda like me, showed up to the site and made his way to the shack. He was the last of several to show up within a minute or so, sure sign of shift change, perfect. Often these types, who visually appear somewhere between a train employee and a river man, talk shop for a 10 to 20 minute shift change. Plus, 2/3 the crew is all concentrated together in the shed.

I made my move and approached the shack. It's late on a cold night. I knew the bread half of the fish sandwich boys were aware of my presence, I'm very very obvious, it's a cute obvious, looks sharp. My outfit could easily pass for a bread pile employee or even the bread pile head honcho. Nobody wants to get poked or enveloped and these guys know they're in big trouble, it's got something to do with the dam levees, GMO seeds and a single "yesandie" train, they're aware of it. I imagine they talk about my appearance near constantly here. Here I am. I (just pretending) make to slide the flyer and business card into the shack door crack and as I do the door opens and the man takes the line on time, short effective verbal communication and a lead to a report.

On a slightly gray breezy cool typical for the season and location fall day I scaled the dam tailrace debris pile through the scrub frontage up into Glasgow and the police lieutenant (he got the call) met me about midday at the donut shop next to the police station. I was going to the police station next and always take note whether I'm intercepted in route to see 'em. Glasgow is where Confederate "Bloody Bill" Anderson showed up to collect the \$6000 price on his head that a local dentist had issued. When reward is offered for one bounty and that who is sought is presented payment is due. The dentist apparently had difficulty coming up with the 6 thousand. Anderson extracted the will to come up with the reward from the dentist who died a year and a half later from extraction related

complications. I'm literally stealing a page from "Bloody Bill" and showing up to collect the reward for the most wanted one. At present experiencing collection difficulties, many using an identification/authentication/verification question rue/debt payment avoidance technique, a variation of "can't put puzzle together" thing. This is not recommended. Pay up, put forth the no dams on rivers for starters idea (assist me getting the apostolettes together) with everything you can muster, reviere.

Pulling the boat up on the Missouri bank I made way up to the grain elevator meeting a bread pile employee and a truck driver that had just driven his rig onto the scale and was climbing down out of the cab. The side of the rig read, "Dark Horse Trucking" (which pretty much sums it up) and both men seemed guilty as if I'd caught them breaking the law. I delivered the naturally flowing river collective productive structural solution to the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker problem and barbecoo Roundup Ready™ Ignite™ eventuality verbally and in writing, perfect.

Rowed into the capitol of "Misery" (Missouri as pronounced by the locals) Jefferson City, "Jeff City" (JC, MO) for the Mayan end of the world Dec 21, 2012. Just playing it safe, just in time, just in case. Where were you for the Mayan end of the world? The first thing that one figures is the graffiti or acts of vandalism in white and black brush strokes. In several locations downtown pictures of tree stumps and a single tree with the words "Nature is Pissed!" appear. This motif is furthered with single and multiple depictions of tree stumps in several additional locations. With its complete avoidance of the fundamental dam, shed, flush it all down the tubes problem or solutions the idea amounts to terrorism and obviously encourages people to be "stumped" (not that they need encouragement to do so) while confusingly insinuating trees urinate or nature's flowing.

Getting into JC, MO from the river is difficult, the towns Weir Creek (formerly the Nightengale) confluence is just up Misery Canal of the grandiose capitol and it's a nearly inaccessible impenetrable culvert doom. The only way over the train tracks separating town from the river is a perfectly functional illegal no trespassing crossing, it's the townfolk who made it this way. Actually, those with permission from the rail are able to cross. I went to the railyard and told 'em I was in town. Reviere access in JC is completely illegal except through bridge overpass to far side, Weir Creek culvert under tracks to the environmental control building or skinny culvert pipe under tracks just up from the island and the town's "project".

As one leaves the library towards town there is another sign, looks like spray paint, of an alien robot and the words "ICON" just above the Missouri State child awareness facility. **Someone even tagged the train engine.** Also, the trainmen have a box car set up between the information building and environmental control building that's completely tagged with some kind of alien pharmoresuitokill octopus taking over town with what looked like bad food and drugs mural. I've been tracking these characters from above Omaha, they're organized and funded, part of the larger dam rue be dupe hoax. I'm on 'em.

At "J Phennies" the toilets go bad, break at sewer main connection. I take credit for it. Mr. Cheshire, who's manning the plunger, throws me out and bans me. JC, MO has a lot of targets, it's dense and I hit 'em all with flyers and cards. At the "Capitol City Cork and Provisions" I had a delicious meal prepared by Dietrich the chief. I was fortunate it was a slow night and was able to talk to him as he came out to the bar for conversation. It was probably the best communication I've ever had with a person, this being extremely notable. He felt the same way I did, knew the general idea as well and was comfortable enough with himself to talk about it, the horror of the loss of the Ozarks and misery.

He pointed out their spaceships (vessels) possibly made of fungus, "That's why they're quiet." I've heard and read this before. Literally specifically it's possible, not likely, not very relevant to the undamming of the planet it seems. This was a very intelligent person though telling me this. Figuratively their vessel of fungus, the Latin slang implication perhaps of it being fun for us or alluring in its presentation as environmental conditions deteriorate is extremely likely, the lure of the trap. It's fun, come aboard, we got food, wheee! If planet earth is viewed as a vessel, fungus is the most prolific

of the organisms.

I decided to go to Sunday Mass at St. Peter's Catholic Church. I wore black pants, near black faux fur Sycamore jacket and red domino. When I walked in an usher hollered at me to take my hat off. It's the **rue**(f) over your head that you're not supposed to pray under not the cap on my head, collect that which falls from the heavens. I doffed my cap to avoid an incident. I sat in the back right and practiced emulating the stern picture of Emanuel on the front cover of their Bible during the sermon.

I know Latin and the first minute or so of the father's lecture was completely, accurately and entirely about the dams on the rivers, they didn't mention the word "dam" but practically every Latin word describing a heinous blockage upon life's flow ways was spoken, they told you for sure and the last word of/the beginning of the sermon was a relieving "river" in English. Over the next minutes the flock sang a song, got down on their knees and plead for forgiveness, begged for food, plead for some other good entity to fix the problem and begged to be taken care of. It sounds like they are praying to be something's pet. I kept giving a "Punch a hole in the dams and have a Holy Jolley Christmass this year" business card in the circulating basket.

Towards the end of the sermon I glanced over my shoulder and half the JC Police force is assembled behind me. Hmm, and here I was trying to figure out how to steal the show and present the dam sheddy flush toilet solution. It was 'bout time to go. I tossed the red domino over my shoulders, put the valaise on my thighs and lit a Bic lighter to melt the bees wax sealed latches. At this point the biggest fastest officer leaped to my side and firmly grabbed my lighter hand. I looked at him calmly. Do you need a light? "Yes." I gave it to him and he just as firmly (he was fair about it) marched me out of the room. Cool, I thought, we'll make a scene.

So I did and as the flock filed out I was amidst inquisition out front, carefully responding to questions to make my point. One of the officers appeared like he was in control, "Are you aware of what just happened in this country son"? Huh? Oh, the "Dark Night Returns"/Batman Broomfield movie killer thing? Lokki here, I just got the identical case that's all, it's a U.S. Trunk Company valaise, the melted wax thing's how I seal it, the latches are broke. "Know son, where've you been?" I live in a boat, I'd put forth the idea from a fruit tree garden but they cut all the trees down. "This country's real nervous because of what happened last week." Oh, that Adam careactor attacking Sandie Point Illimentary, killing principle Ho..., the sick teachers and twenty kids or Mr. Dike taking the little boy hostage in a hole in the ground with a rife ill?

At this point the JC Police officers figured out I was real hustler and I'd used them to draw awareness to me and the idea I was deseminating. I already spoke to the Captain of the State Capitol Police and was making way to the local police station to speak with the captain about the free flowing river solution to the dam problem. "Don't bother, I am the head honcho." The officers acted their part for another minute or so as we had a big crowd of people trying to pretend like they were ignoring the situation yet hanging on every word. They let me go and I made way past the church group. I've got 6 billion dams to fluidify, 6 billion sheds to convert to collectors and 6 billion flush toilets to replace with the manuel fertilizer machines, I can't do it myself, I and life need you to assist me. A few weeks later in response to yet another damsell in distress call the "Head Honcho" said I was the, "King of one liners".

Encountered "ShoreT" on Christmass Eve for the goods amidst a preholiday good lord's herbs roundup by the JC Police Department (how embarrassing). I found the last man in town with herbs, "ShoreT" joins "T", "Tea", "TJ", "cRAYgo" and an eclectic named bunch on this river enterprise. His place was decked out as if for a theological beverage, with "Sunset Wheat Beer" ad and "Last Supper" print. I was drinking absinthe and Gran Mariner. I was certainly clear about who I was, the hottest customer he'd ever encounter. On the pickup run we were immediately tailed by a white van on Christmass Eve. I told an itchy aware "ShoreT", not to worry as they were with us as I recounted the NYC \$5 hellicoppedher story. I made sure to tell "Shore T" to communicate the for sure bust is



coming situation to herb sales person but I suspect he failed to. If he'd had the nerve to pass the tip along we could've turned the white van stakeout scam into a reverse sting of sorts, the humans are sad and don't take advantage of opportunities even when it's in their best selfish interests.

After a slick in and out Timothy "The Troll" and I rapped our way back to the waterside, carryin' and engaged in an unfathomable epic ecotheological dam rap "the flipstone tombstones" (undermined by uncollected rainfall quick flip sidewalks). This was great practice. On the way back, we were intercepted by law enforcement, mid rap. Two sharp appearingly aware JC police officers quickly pulled up in time across the street, exited their vehicle and crossed the street intercepting Timothy, "Rueby" the dog and I. They confronted me, "Can we take a picture of you?" Sure, can I get one of you in the picture? No comment, click. "Would you take your hat off?" Sure, click. Timothy who seemed standoffish inquired to who he thought of as cops, "Why are you taking a picture of him?" "We think he's cool." What are your names? The officers responded, "Michael" "Templeton". Timothy didn't get it, the obvious (they'd heard of me).

I was looking to get out of town and was dropping off a letter to the Chinese National Library at the Post Office "the day after" 12/26/2012, when I took a shot of absinthe after talking to workers setting up the reinauguration façade show and decided to repair or fix one of the 22 to 30 stump graffiti's vandals terrorized town with. "Nature is Pissed!" became "DAM FREE Nature is FLOWING REVIERE Pissed!" with <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> streaming out from the trunk on the side of the already "damaged" (painted) California/JC/Lake Newspaper stand out in front of the U.S.P.S. The stump motif picture is the #1 sign in town, the government information building even has a stump deforest idea set up front. The #1 plastic liquor bottle found on the ground is Congress vodka (the cheap stuff) and it has a picture of a stump on it, the city has decided to leave the actual tree stumps lining the towns roads in place and my prosecutor for the January dirty court date is even Mr. Stumpy! I'm arrested at 9:02 in the morning. Judge Cottonwalker is hearing the case.

I'm booked into Cole County Correctional by Officer Bruewer. Getting naked and showering gives me the opportunity to show scars on hands, feet and backside just because they asked. Initially I'm in a cell with Moses. This place seems to have bad GMO food, the same old phenalocoturdtricks kool aid powder and it's very cold. I asked to make a call and the guard gives me a portable phone with the words "Big Penis #1" in liquid crystal display. My mum and dud bailed me out from Florida with a credit card. I was arrested with a brown paper bag filled with still warm roasted chestnuts, chocolate chip pancakes and "Shultzies" apple sausage. I didn't get that back but they did give me back my herbs and pipe. I'm like Houdini on book in.

I collected together a portfolio of 22 or so pictures of painted "graffiti" stumps in town (mostly on power boxes). I didn't take pictures of the many actual tree stumps even further reinforcing the main idea, which is, be stumped, stay puzzled, pretend not to be able to figure out what the dam problem is and come up with the obvious solution. This place takes the cake for the effort put forth to stump down the dam broad innocent road like a whorse with blinders. All the while JC, MO and the near surrounding area will be the most fortunate place in the world on an undammed planet, Ceres fortune. Of the heavenly entities enforcing the infinityproject associated with gods, Ceres is #2 alongside Neptune. Ceres is the statue at the top of the Capitol of Missouri. That's why I am here to see if I can get my case heard, recorded, in the capitol of Misery. I'm being charged with damage and destruction. Plus, if I go any further south now the frozen conditions become wet and more difficult to manage.

It was still biting cold for the reinauguration parade. I took up a spot out front of the MDOT building just before the capitol grounds entrance and the end of the parade route. The Department of Transportation is the last of the dam builders (the roads) as most of the possible dam sites on river ways are occupied. As Governor Nix's parade marched by I had an enlightning communication with a MDOT employee who liked I and Life's idea and smuggled it back into the MDOT building.

For highly trained secret service parade bodyguard types the sight of a male sitting on a double

5 gallon bucket rig with a valaise on his thighs is possible worst case scenario. Especially when it's just climbing up from 10 to 16 degrees and suspect (me) is obviously dressed in Patagonia/L.L. Bean underwear and exterior, that's scary.

The mink Mongolian milkman mittens and 1968 Swiss Army "Shooters" really say something to these types as they are trained to look for it. Cause these are the signs of a person who doesn't fool around, the ones that could get ya. And I showed up with a bucket and a half of ? and ? in the valaise and he didn't bring anything hardly. The thing that really sells the potential dread in such conditions is the mink Mongolian milkman mittens. My fingertips are at least 10 times as warm as yours sucker! You think you're ready to draw down? This is the thought I projected to the agent walking the front right of Governor Nix's motorcade as he came into view.

When the parade bodyguard became aware of me perched along their route ahead, he jolted to (unrapped his hands from the chemical heat package in his pocket) like he knew it was his unlucky day, left hand holding open his left jacket lapel and rhythmically fanning his right hand solar plexis high fingers, trying to warm 'em up within his measly thin fingertipless gloves. I laughed like the Emperor from "Star Wars" as that's how puny his threat is. As he knows, all I got to do is partially open my valaise and put my hands in. The Governess's left hand clenched Jay's right thigh in a tight grip as she directed his obviously already aware focus to me with her right fingertip in obvious panic and question of my identity, "Who's he" was all over her lips. It appeared to me that he told her who I was, such was the seriousness of the "you gotta be kidding me look" she returned to his verbal reply.

For the reinaugural speeches I sat in the back right on a bucket with a phlanx of multi jurisdictional rule enforcement officers just behind and above me such was the slope. I'd shown with flyers, pencils, envelopes, stamps and my Jupiter notebook. I began addressing envelopes to "The Unabomber", "The Olympic Bomber" and "The Shoe Bomber" in SuperMAX. With the new U.S.P.S firecracker stamps coinciding with ideally a start to my 2013 reviere deseminaton letter scheme with a bang. The shuffling murmurs from the pressing guns and shields gang reading over my shoulder behind me sounded disfavor. I filled the next much larger batch out to the military, mostly UDT's, FPO addresses and the U.S. Supreme Court judges. It sounded better behind me. Governor Nix's speech included two specific references to, "God appearing to show the way to repair the situation" or "God's gonna show up to demonstrate how to fix our problems" plus two allusions to the same idea. Nix putting forth the idea like this is kinda blind woetomannish but I get it. I and Life want he and others to put forth the solution and effect the change, they demand a devilishly good representation of this. The reinauguration concluded with 4 helicopters.

I made a presentation of the solution to the foundation of the problems at the Jefferson City council meeting broadcast on JCTV channel 81. The meetings headline topic was the search for the IT Director. When I spoke half the city council members dropped their foreheads to the desktop in shame. Two of them smiled at me. From what I know one of the members really liked the idea and even went out of his way after the meeting to thank me for speaking on the topic as if it was about time somebody said something. The other smiling member wanted to kill me for exposing the rue and presenting a workable solution. Out front after the meeting another one and I had an enlightning communication about initiating the free flowing river solution overheard by the departing.

When I walked into the "Arris' Pizza" joint loaded with letter sending material intent on having a meal and stuffing envelopes there was a basketball game on the bar flat screen. As I walked by the t.v. announcer shouted, "Madison Square Garden, the postman delivers" as I sat down next to the Missouri State Capitol postman. For months, letter delivery would often be the motif I presented at the capitol grounds corner of Jefferson and High Streets while serenading mostly legislators' secretaries. Typically, I'd start the presentation before sunrise where Faith dead ends into Missouri along Weir Creek singing to the Truman building employees as they commuted to work on the dam sheddy scheme, work my way up to Jefferson and High for the lunch rush, then the library and a restaurant/bar in the early night.

Getting off the Amtrak Missouri River Runner ticket #9F5FC8 into KC, MO 1/7/13 starving for a triple check found me in communication with aware security officers Chris and Cor... of Union Station. After finding relief and more water to go I departed station to encounter aware deaf man out front, communicated idea to him in printed flyer form. Often deaf people are good readers, like to read and really like "Banzai, Bonsai, Bond's Eye". He did, it's a lot of info in a few second read. He was fluid in his firm response. I made way across the street to "The MAX" bus downtown in pursuit of "the good lords herbs" prospecting Grandly tween onsay (11<sup>th</sup>) and dosay (12<sup>th</sup>) with an unlit fresh rolled between my lips. I'm carrying a 2 canibustop rig and valaise.

I sat up at the Union bus stop to a ganja smoking dread looking for dirty5. He questioned my law enforcement backing to which I responded by reaching in my bucket tabletop valaise and extracting the Chinese fool size replicant 9mm Trident spearmint gun (a cigarette lighter/replica firearm repaired with chewing gum). Before I could light my smoke a 190 lb. 5' 9" dark man charged/made way towards me aggressively begging/pleading "I'll give ya 40 or 50 for it **right now!**" I rose and kinda leaned back a little as I pointed the barrel 'tween his Johnson and soles. I'm Lokki for a few G's at least. Which sounded more like "You looking for a view of Jesus? A beast?" The man who was in desperate aggressive pursuit of a handgun purchase turned and distanced himself as I explained it was just a cigarette lighter yet worth far more (in a suit to kill) pulled the trigger and initiated combustion. We all got on the bus and I and dread got off across from Constantino's grocery store. It was a quick slick trade, the finest local species (indoor Colorado junk). Immediately upon the herb acquisition a woman a few years younger than me energetically crosses the street to me and practically throws or tries to unload a GMO dressing Caesar salad on me (**covered in herbs**).

I triple went over town including an impromptu police officer parade which I slowed while inspecting an obvious black hand grenade looking thing in the lane and throwing it in the trash (poss. auto headlight electric couplink thing) while making my way past the Kansas City Star to read inside scoop (it's on the back of the bureau or crate just inside front window). It reads, "German, Slovakian, Chinese". Picnicked at the #8 firehouse and got it all (apple, pork, sweet potatoe, onion, garlic, mustard kabobicue sticks dipped in blueberry grass fed yogurt and plenty of fluids) **set up** just in time for the hook and ladder truck to return from a call.

Delivered flyer to Federal Building which still horrifically plays the same sim "spook the pigeons" muzak as that crankin' out over the interstate pass where it includes ill. E. D.iefyboroptic lights in accompaniment. Rowed my enterprise behind a Domiknow, Poker, Checkher and Die book sale, dam fluidification up front and center. Melting nice into a long recomm. in the garden with thoughtful JJ sandwichman Nathien Joel "TwoG's" Spriggs who said, "I was thinking about getting in a boat like you recommended in your book and..."

I set up shop in front of the drug court and goaded one of the attendees into asking, "Wha cha got in the case"? I pulled out my piece and lit the already rolled cigarette between my lips and proceeded to use the fool size replicant 9mm Gran Marnier de Postial (yet another repair) Trident spearmint gum seagratis light as a gavel to get a confession out of every one of them, "Farmoresuetokill pills", "Oxyi's"... This was effective and I'd wager a judge would appreciate me working the front door in such fashion.

At the Ambassador Hotel I made a presentation to the aware very interested cureruelesslie tableman fronting a largely Chicago construction convention. While working the poker canibustop rig I encountered a potentially considerous of the infinity project idea young man who worked at the city hall (good place for an inforamotive precise application of monkeywrenchinsidering) and many others. Observed Christill Trenching ditch witch sewer work with "steam/smoke stacks" (ala NYcoopertown crematorium) and everything, still working on the dam sewers.

Slept down by the water with the sleeping bag I had in the bucket, the Chicago cape lining and a near dry blanket score bedroll at a site that was a damp sand 31 to 36 degrees. The bottle of Gran Marnier was delicious with Healthy Harvest "Taste the sunshine!" Florida tangerines, cold Turkish

ground Italian roast coffee and water. More kabobs, chocolate Nature Trails oat bars and Brown Cow yogurt. Went to the River Market upon the start of another dam shiddy day where one can find a good measure of apples and an orange for a \$1.25 whistling with real live chickadee backup chorus and central Latin American bunch.

I successfully topped off the 2canibustop way (my dealer wore a “Looney Tunes” Marvin the Martian ball cap) with big poker hands all around (I usually get dealt poor cards and lose when we’re not playing for money and get dealt **big** and win when cash is at stake, this is why I’m most consistently the best poker “player” in the world) and many catches while fishing. I met an intelligent homefree man resting in the garden sun by Union Station just before I escaped from the KC, MO train station, loaded, with doors timely opened for me all the way in. The Neptune Ceres in and out Hole punching pull out hustling reviere artist/dam killer ever to be, sea, February 8, 2013.

Purchased a pack of Amtrak California Zephyr train cards with more lessons over 312 wheat beer to a “Mardi Gras on Sabedo” weekend crowd, celiebrants curiously mostly dam weirdude and dike homos. Not everybody though, I quick released a great many on the return fishing trip. I was respectfully conducted out of the drinking car as a “situation” developed with a weird clown dude just before JC, MO. Met the aware warm cutie at the corner by the station and what looked like her man to timely update them into unstumped ones.

The Pope stepped down and I found a new pink pencil on the ground, Cra-ZArt, ta da! Don’t be one to wait and see what I do with this, especially if you’re a prominent dam ecocide clown with an address. As if “pink slip post card” technology isn’t enough, a sign fallen from heaven (most likely a little brunette girl’s hand). I’d wager I’m the only person who had the foresight to fire the Pope approximately 28 days before he quit, epic!

Taking the Amtrak Missouri River Runner into St. Louis from J.C. is \$20. The 1908 S. 12<sup>th</sup> St. Huckleberry Finn Hostel is on the #8 bus route and only charges \$15 a night if one is on the way in a boat. I’d decided to make an appearance at Monsanto’s library on Valentine’s Day. I took the #8 bus to the #48 to the #49 “Ballistic Transic” which dropped me off at Monsanto’s 800 Lindburg Campus on the west side of St. Louis. Just outside the front gate I had a mostly Braeburn apple, golden nugget squash, brussel sprout, garlic, beef kabob picnic with Jeigermeister, coffee and water. Nobody seemed to mind me languishing at the front entrance. The sign read, “Visitors” with an arrow pointing ahead. I called the Monsanto operator (314) 694-1000 at 12:05 PM and asked which building the library was in. It turns out to be the research building “R”.

At high noon made my way on foot in Fortune from Liberty light blue fancy design square toed leather shoes, charcoal wool pants, matching light blue jacket over flaming Hoax shirt, orange beret (with poofy thing) and red billed ballcap (a bear it and be all cap). The matching red “Grab life by its horns” handkerchief pulled up over my nose and face perfectly framed the 1968 Swiss Army “Shooters”. I didn’t make it more than a few hundred yards onto campus before a “security” guard made me know I wasn’t one of the welcome visitors and I’d have to leave. The security dude wanted to know why I was there. Researching the supposed official particulars of the ½ billion dollar Mississippi cotton picker (Delta Pine and Land Co.) GMO technology patent/rights sell out to Monsanto. The deal of the millennia that gave ‘em the technology “to do it”, take over the worlds food supply. “Have you ever been locked up?” No, call me a taxi, tell ‘em to pick me up at the bus stop.

After inferring he should cease his bust or be taxed I left and was shadowed off campus where I waited for the Ballistic Transic #49 bus next to the Monsanto company entrance. This is not my first casing out of a joint, I’ve been to hundreds of “campuses” and 1000’s of commercial properties to take notes. Some are willingly forthcoming of information and interested to some degree in the info I’ve got, they’re transparent, no smoke and mirrors, they’re not hiding anything and they want to be aware of information they may not have. Other places are... **Doom.**

In the horticultural industry Monsanto is nicknamed “The Evil Empire”, cloaked enshrouds of ?, I figured when I came to this place ruthlessly working on a historical expose seeking their records I’d

likely not be given access to their files. I knew most likely this fact finding enterprise would turn out to be a "license plate check". In my business, often all the information the corporate entity will present is the license plate #'s on the vehicles (in this case what looked like employee's cars) going in and out of the place. I realize though, after 40 years of note taking, that this info is the same that I'd find in the official records. Invariably this is the case. That's why I so lovingly came on this enterprise for knowledge, because I knew that whether "they" ("The Evil Empire") let me access their information files so I could discover the truth or I just gleaned the same information with a "lie sense plate check", I'd get the info I was looking for. It always adds up. It may be because I am the foremost, John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley. It may work for you too, you'll have to take notes and find out.

On a sunny fare day I leaned back up against a pole, pulled out my pencil and notepaper and began the official Monsanto Valentine's Day license plate check at 12:47 (do say for starvation). The first driver was a woetoman, license plate # AET U1B, this in the shortest hand is what I'm tellin' ya and is about the information I was looking for evidence of in the Monsanto library. See? Next, a male woetoman (as evidenced by passengerless/cargoless use of infernal combustion engine on dam broad innocent road) license plate #D86 45T (D (of) 86 ("All done", in restaurant parlance, "We're out of it", as in the particular item is to be cancelled) 4 (for) 5 (manos) t (crucifixion). Of the 86er's for man's cruesofiction. Next, #KD7 (kings of starving) #X2S, #C9W (see denying double you) #L7N (ill starvin) #2G9 (to G' new way vie) #YC3 (why see trinity?)... Writing down license plate #'s really makes 'em nervous.

Weather becoming almost stagnate, cloudy and chilly I got on the bus to the MetroRail where I and the locals commiserated over the dam problem and no relief location or water available for those in transit. The "security" cops are taken care of though, don't worry about them but everyone else... suffers. Wouldn't it be super if the structures present collected rainfall and the place was outfitted with a manuel fertilizer machine with fruit tree area nearby with native plants? All they needed was a bunch of apple trees, a cistern and the fertilizer machine.

At Monsanto's other (purported on Google map) site at 120 Lafayette Ave. I discover a vacant trash strewn lot. The nearest place was Jeff's Trucking where I was intercepted en route to front office by a personable afoot security guard. In contrast to the locked up in his chariot Monsanto goon this man was more like one of "the good ole' boys" even though his warm calm reasonable demeanor may have been backed up with a concealed hand cannon. I talked to him a minute or so about what led me to his employer's place, the Monsanto alien to this place food underlying dam and ditch agricultural disaster and how it detrimentally affects the longevity of productful container transportation. He realized the seriousness of the idea I presented and said he would relay it and my business card to the proprietors of Jeff's Trucking.

Called Monsanto's operator Lisa (lies a) who patched me through to Mr. Hellshire. Neither were forthcoming with info about the purported 120 Lafayette site or the IL-3 (ill thee, I'll high finn thee) complex on Monsanto Ave. Certainly noteworthy that Mr. Hellshire is the clown your talking to at Monsanto. A shire is where food is grown, a hell shire is the last place you want to get your food from. When I explain the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker problem to Mister Hellshire he agrees. Upon enlightening him to the naturally flowing river system collective structure for primarily fruit tree production solution Mr. Hellshire responds, "That'll work".

When the GMO's first came out the GMO seed companies claimed the new technology would enable farmers to cultivate less acerage with more "product" (for due see t/for waterfoul) which would be better for the environment. But as witnessed the American farmer decided to go overboard, chopping down every tree and bush of the last of the natural areas, in particular those areas buffering the creeks and rivers, plant as much as possible and attempt to take over the world by saturating the commodity market with cheap GMO feed. They entered into an all out food war with the rest of the world, buying up the non GMO farmers forced out of business and converting the once traditional crop acerage to GMO, sick clowns.

Spent a few nights at the Huckleberry Finn Hostel while working the area around Soulyard and enjoyed a shrimp po' boy and coleslaw at "Hammerstein's" Sunday with Voodoo Blues Band gospel including "Hawaii 5' O" theme song. All in all, there was many dam free flowing reviere interested individuals. Some groups too, but with the way groups of humiliating dolts act, usually one or more of the group moves to disregard (encourages the rest to ignore) message often by heckling/insinuating mental problems or questioning drug use. The typical standard, "Let's all just keep going down the dam broad innocent road", "Don't pay attention to the kid on the side of the parade" ("The Emperor Wears No Clothes") "He's probably one of those Hans Christen and/or sun characters". This dammed group think thing is about the largest obstacle to dam fluidification and the installation of the solution.

Return to "Jeff City" for an early Tuesday supper at the "Downtown Diner". At 3:13 PM I made to depart the diner. One of a group of what looked like state representatives seated at a table exclaimed, "We'll see what Monsanto brings to the table" as I walked past the table. In this country one isn't really allowed to interrupt people's dining experience yet passing without a remark or salutation could be considered rude. This gave me about 6 to 8 seconds to reply as I exited the door in reverse. Monsanto's bringing a bunch of GMO side effect laden food to the table likely produced with dam and ditch agriculture, either that or a pump and pivot drain the well dry operation. I coulda added dam fluidification, superdriplinerwatercollect, thE manuel fertilizer machine but it reads, "Dams Gotta Go Rivers Got To Flow" on my double bucket so... From the diners reaction, the idea that everyone was avoiding certainly had been exposed, the elephant in the room. Such is the Ceres advantage of putting forth the idea in a small state capitol town. Just think if I had a half dozen or so female teammates with me these legislative characters and others would perhaps ask us to pull up a chair, treat us to a pie and coffee for more conversation.

This is about a letter I wrote to the characters under the U.S. Navy (mostly the swimming pyrotechnitions) and the USS Jefferson City from Jefferson City, MO.

What a dam obamanation of desoulate muddy flush toil doom it is. Did ya figure out what was going on when we added a hydroelectric turbine to the Hellmand in Afganistani? Lokki here, the dams are the target jackasses, quit fighting over 'em, maintaining 'em, refurbishing 'em and protecting 'em. I'm Neptune Cereusly requesting special warfare moserviceless. You are outfitted with the correct tools and technology to fluidify the dammed river problem and I'm ordering to make effective use of them pronto, ahora! In addition to the tomahawks, hornets, riverskippers and bunker busters we could parachute UDT's in beforehand timely crack 'em, safe and precise. Perhaps have Massod types pick ya up in gypsie vans with hot carp and potatoe soup, gyros, tea or coffee. Reviere~

At the library when I was working on the letter and several others to various Naval addressees I went outside for a break and a lady pulled up in the parking lot just in front of me and her vanity plate was #USS JC MO. I briefly spoke with her, she was the one who christened the USS Jefferson City submarine. I had the letter in my hand (valaise) ready to ship and slid it in the USPS mail drop a few hours later. At the local diner for brunch I pick up another one liner, "Don't do a dam thing", spoken by a man repeatedly into a phone. It almost seems like there isn't even a soul on the other end of the line and he's just repeating again and again, "Don't do a dam thing". It works as a perfect background chorus or Christmas carol response for the communication I'm detailing at the lunch counter.

This is about the letter I sent to the US Supreme Court Justices.

Should have been clear to mass, Clarence Thomas and Ruth Bader Ginsburg, the foundation of the rules you judicate and uphold is the right to dam the rivers and end reviere, woe to man lieberty. Your conscious soul will suffer for all time for your complicity with an obvious ecocide attempt. At present you all look like dam shid head abortionists forcing everyone under you to fallow the dam toilsome sheddy rules down the dam broad innosense road to doom. I and Life demand you present the solution. Dam fluidification, Superdriplinerwatercollect, thE manuel fertilizer machine, beehives instead of insulation and a cistern entertainment aquarium fish soup machine. Convert lawnmower man into produce person. Reviere~

The Pope got in a helicopter at 5:07 the last day of February 2013 and I've got a backlog of pink slip post cards that just travelled the Missouri River Runner. I sewed my Chumley's (Portland) white bunny fur beanie atop my Clarks red ball cap out front of St. Peters the next morning. I've been with the rabbit fur for a while waiting for just such the occasion. I've even got the red dominoe/scarf. Steve tipped me 2 Jacksons and asked what I thought of "Jesus". I'm him and encourage others to be more like me. He made his way back towards the capitol.

This is about the letter I sent to the major and local newspapers.

Did you read the news? Look at the map. The only undammed river is the Yukon (You con) and the longest most mireful muddy dam reservoir hole in the world is Lake SackofJeweare. Solution? Dam fluidification, superdriplineswatercollect and thE manuel fertilizer machine for starters. Also, I invented "pink slip post card" technology which gives me the ability to write off (fire) dam sheddy flush it all down the tubes abortionists. I sent the Pope one and... he got in a helicopter at 5:07. I've made note that the "government" and media (you) are hiding the foundation of the problem and solutions. I and Life will fix this too. At present I'm paddling a canoe back across the continent from St. Helens (Warrior Point) deseminating the most benevolent of ideas. This gives the J.C. News Tribune the perfect opportunity to state the case, just do a story about me, easy. See this way you've got no excuse, deliver the message, Reviere~

Obviously, I wouldn't send a newspaper editor who ran a story about me and others, Life, check mating the fossil fuel powered dam ages and enforcing the solution a pink slip post card. It looks like the only thing most human dolts care about is their own mental and physical health. They also seem concerned about the health of those close to them if only so they don't get stuck wiping their ass and having to take care of them.

It's predawn, crispy cold and I meet a train at the crossroads in JC, MO. I became aware that at its and my rate of travel we were on a collision course. I quickened my pace as if to make a go for it in the near blinding train light. I began to really scramble for it even with two 5 gallon buckets and a valaise, the warning horn blared cautiously. I slowed up and stopped just before meeting it head on realizing of course that this train had my # on it, 5666. The "randomly" selected patient # 6646 at the Cherry Hill dentist office and my JC, MO library card #6166 matched the 66.6 foot bridge clearance in Hermann and the 6.66' river gauge in Washington. I practiced my landing rig presentation in Washington and left in a melting snowball fall. I was putting on my Chicago cape at river mile 66.6.

"The Expedition" tug, out of Nebraska, met me at the Missouri/Mississippi confluence at exactly my arrival at the point. The mate remembered me and called my name, "John"! It's a flow thru reservoir above dam #27, muddy doom. Cooked a big pasta with beef red sauce dinner and plenty of Turkish ground Italian roast coffee. At dusk put the leftovers in the boat and paddled up the Miss. 'tween the moored barges and "Misery" shore to almost dam #26 were I ferried to the opposite Illinois side and began a downstream postal run. There are a lot of tugs tied up here, mostly Marquette and I talked to some who were up working while doing a reverse message in a bottle newspaper delivery. Marquette (fly's a flag depicting a black canoeist) and Joliet have a long history together, trade/business relationship. I know I really stirred up many of the tug captains who often talk like saloon shop gossip ninnys on the radio.

The canal around the dam which is likely the worst abomination of desolation in N. America was long. I called Mississippi dam #27 (Miss. dam numb to starvation) on my cell phone, March 28<sup>th</sup> at 5:52 AM as they've removed/disabled/allowed to fall into disrepair all manuel methods of communication, just cell phone and radio. "The Expedition" exited the lock headed back up as I entered, different tone. I couldn't quite get the message in a bottle up and out of the lock, I'll have to mail it to 'em, at least its official that way. They won't forget me anyway, they've got a radio too.

After dropping down the lock, exiting the lock and lock staging area a big bargeless (no commerce) tug approached threateningly. The captian put the throttle in the corner as he approached and increased his wake to about a 13' face. He was obviously trying to scare or bully me, probably

hated my message. The dam blockheads took over the river transportation industry hundreds of years ago. If there are any free flowing river advocates amongst them they probably keep mum about their ideas to avoid persecution. As it was I was being persecuted or threatened with assault by unnecessary tug wake. I countered by paddling the "Mar's Regret" into a collision course. I figured if this was how it was I'd aim for his port bow with the obvious intention of boarding and trading up. I mean if I'm gonna lose my vessel, I might as well take yours. I made this real obvious, no hesitation. As the law is I've got the right of way being in a nonmotorized vessel, in addition he's responsible for any damage caused by his wake. It's against the law for me to interfere with the navigation of a commercial vessel but he had no commerce. He chickened out and cut the throttle. I signaled how fortunate he was to make that decision.

Below dam #27, approaching St. Louis arch the weirs or piers are in the shape of arches. Wheee! As I set foot up onto the St. Louis landing just below the arch the sewer vacuum cleaner truck guys pulled the trigger on their water cannon and blew out the sewer drain. Cool I'm here, likely the best place to force forward a free flowing river idea in the world, certainly in this country, spring break, just in time.

The setting was real surreal, I deseminated the idea just downstream of the \$35 helicopter tour barge, up current from the dam and lock cruise floating dock, just below the horse carriage ride and arch. For over a month I periodically cautioned the staircase assembled staring into a near dead Mississippi not to go on the hellicoppedher tour, the dam and lock **crueze**, the whorse care age ride or the illtovadar to the top of a useless crumbling structure... Front page of the newspaper says they're getting 850? million to repair the arch façade. I could outfit the city of St. Louis with public thE manuel fertilizer machines for that much money. At least then you'd have a place to relieve yourself productively. Practically every **brideg** in Misery is under con.

The bathroom flooded at the dam and lock cruise concession. They quit letting me use the flush toilet just after. I urinated in the Mississippi by knee. The nontypical presentation of the act often is the disguise for most. They don't notice, plus my thigh could keep me from being charged with indecent exposure or a sex crime. At this location, the arch, a huge attraction with lots of visitors there is no place to relieve oneself or get a drink of water. The water fountains are turned off for ½ the year because they might freeze. The flush toilets are nonexistent yet the sewer lines are in place.

The arch museum has flush toilets, the only such public situation for miles. They're under "airport style" Xray security check lines. They're protecting the restroom. The sign in the National Park Service building just before one gets to the restroom explains where one's tax dollars go in big letters and then a bunch of smaller words with a big arrow appearing to point into the dam flush toilets. It's about half the idea I'm putting forth without the solution.

This whole no relief station/no drinking water available situation is standard in the U.S.A., it's bizarre. It's one way they control the people. Within 20 or 30 minutes guaranteed you'll either be dehydrated or have to relieve oneself, either way you're likely to keep moving. In addition, being dehydrated or seeking relief causes those affected to be unable to think of much else, certainly not a well thought out solution. Often this is what determines the length of communication as the potential communciee disengages to seek relief or fluid.

To really see or to know how bad it is one need only walk the park promenade along Market St. into the heart of St. Louis, say from the arch to the post office or Union Station, a most heavily travelled route, a mile or two. No relief stations, not one. No bushes to discreetly relieve oneself, not allowed. No drinking fountains, not one. Yet fountains everywhere including one dyed bright orange (the color of an extremely dehydrated person's urine) and a big statue of Pinocchio (Pee no kay ho). It's that bizarre and so in your face. Don't forget the resultant damage to the environment that comes with it (the sewer and water lines are installed) yet not many ever complain and I've never heard anyone offer a nearly all encompassing solution, 'cept me.

The dark couple easing confidently down the dike stairs to the St. Louis landing was eyeing me.



It was a crowded day and I was operating a poke a hole in the dams poker tournament with no participation from others. They came right over to me, she tough and mean looking with "Flower Power" written on her tie die Tshirt, he a muscular 6'6" 250 lbs. They were interested in poke a hole in the dams and we engaged in some hands. As we began, from my case I pulled out a pair of dikes, an ice pick and a Shrade multi tool setting them next to my book on top of the case. The large male St. Louisknight kinda backed up a little bit and exclaimed, "You roll with heavy hitters"? In case it gets windy. "In case it gets win die?" Over the first hands the pair beat me with joker combos. That's odd usually I get dealt the jokers.

I won the last hand with a natural boat three K's and a pair of deuces, the tough girl looked at my hand in what seemed like astonishment, called it a wrap and the two made to depart. The big guy wanted to sell me some herbs but I didn't feel it was appropriate as I was in a stationary position and a huge crowd had gathered to watch the most exciting thing on the river, poke a hole in the dams poker. Plus, like I've been inferring to Beatilljews and the rest of the CDP's I ask them to assist me undamming the rivers with a barbecue of the worst of the water control structure abortionists and by presenting me with 12 apostalettes, 6 in reserve and another male for a reverse last supper presentation, not setting me up for can a bust. I'd like the people to set me up with good herbs even though I get it. The humans are in a situation where if they choose to enjoy cannibus, because of the ubiquitous drug test, they can't work at the dam job which requires a drug test which is another reason I like the characters who puff on herbs. Related to this specific to the THC molecule drug test mania the humans have practically quit enjoying good herbs and now pop pills, smoke simulated black goop, artificial vaporizer syrup, AK47 and K2.

After the couple thugs left I weighed the situation, the deck felt stacked and heavy, so I counted the cards. Now there were 56 instead of 54 and upon closer inspection I discovered the pair had slipped in a couple jokers (California Zephyrs) now I'm extra wild. Within a few minutes the police showed up. Apparently while we shared hands of poke a hole in the dams a group of dolts on the dam and lock cruise had their vehicle broken into and were robbed. The characters who set this up are showing me something, see if you can figure out the obvious. Also know they got away with the slight of hand cheating because I kept turning my head about casing out the dam and lock cruise lot and the robbery.

April 9<sup>th</sup> I send V.P. Joe Biden a pink slip post card, this particular card actually made a trip on Amtrak's "Missouri River Runner". Joe's apparently partial to rail transportation as it's reported he commuted with Amtrak for many years. I continued to send V.P. Biden pink slip postcards in an unsuccessful attempt to fire him, thus figuring him for a C.D.P. Come to figure much of the seemingly magical stuff I'm able to do is a result of CDP/architect coordinated action. So, the reason the pink slip postcard worked firing the Pope is likely because "the illuminati" spooked him into quitting.

There's a big robot to do in town, lots of kids. It's a robot competition, on Friday the different groups compete to see which of their robots can throw Frisbees the fastest. On Saturday it's a fighting robot competition. I show up outside the convention site on Saturday just before the lunch exodus, light misty conditions. Don't throw the dinner plate away and fight over it on Sabedo! The dam problem. I'm looking for a particular kind of robot, a terrific water control structure hole punching robot, a urine separating composting no flush less toile.t. with a squirt gun robot powered by that which is collected from above and the door and a cistern entertainment aquarium fish soup gadget robot powered by that which is collected from above and the door. While most of the thousands of kids shepherded by a humiliating dolt or two pretended to ignore me (following dolt's cue) some actually stopped or slowed and considered the idea. The only person to really communicate with me was from Amsterdam. He said he'd deseminatate idea in Holland.

After lunch break the kids rushed back and I continued the search for appropriate specialized robots or potential robot designers. Somebody set up a professional video recording including the white umbrella no glare lights (this is the signal of professional serious recording as everyone has a

video cam nowadays) and filmed me. I was somewhat pantomiming a robot and mimicking the sound of a computer generated voice. I'm so good at this it could be scary, at least it makes ya think. Because they really are tossing the dam freeze be dinner plate while they fight over the Sabbath. I took note that the crowd seemed particularly "in the zone", nearly unconscious as they departed structure. Some ability to focus attention must have at least partially developed as they go to lunch, eat and walk outside of structure and back because they made the call.

"Sgt. ?" of the St. Louis P.D. rode up from behind me full speed on his bicycle and came to a quick stop just on my right shoulder barking like a pitbull to, "Leave **now**!" He kept insisting, "You need to go see Reverend Rice!" He hounded me for a few blocks, "Go see Reverend Rice!" "Sgt. ?" obviously held great reverence for dam rice, if his goal was to terrify the population (of himself and rice) he was suckcesspool. I shook him by pulling out my "Snarf's" coffee cup (I got funds to buy the best stuff) and went inside for a refill.

At the Laclede's landing part of town is an old brick building that formerly was a coffee roaster. The person who previously owned the building had created a "display message" and the proprietors of the restaurant/bar "Diablo" had decided to continue putting forth the idea. They didn't change a thing that one witnesses upon entrance. The light is of wild animals held up by floraesque supports. A huge manuel ice pick with worn twisted handle is presented under almost a derrick setup with a mailbox painted in desert motif. This is what you will find if you go to the Diablo in misery, pretty much seconds my opinion. This is the case, ditto, bullseye. I sew double reinforced corners on my manuals (books) cover while eating BBQ. There's no dam and ditch agriculture grown space alien "delivered" GMO cornbread served at this joint and when the bartender/waiter is asked about desert, which they don't serve either he replies, "If you want desert go down the street and get some ice scream". When I began stitching a CCR song plays and as I conclude the black linen book cover repair the song "Black Magic Woman" concludes.

At a pet shop I buy a female Rouen duck. As I depart the new t.v. show, which I've never caught sight of, "Duck Dynasty" is playing on the set at a shop next door. The several weeks old duckling really likes to come out of her thermal scarf packed and wrapped bucket in the morning and warm up behind my head on my shoulders within the hood of my fur lined Patagonia jacket hood.

I rewrote The Ten Commandments for those who think there are 10 commandments, so they would at least have a correct version. I got a copy of the Bible from Leavenworth. It's titled "The Way of the Master" New Testament, compiled by Ray Comfort, 2008 Holman Bible Publishers. It's got a picture of a million dollar bill and Rutherford B. Hayes on the cover. I'll put the former dam farm lie in italics and the real deal, the level way to reviere in bold.

1. *You shall have no gods before me.* **No dams on the rivers.**
2. *You shall not make for yourself a carved image.* **Structures and surfaces built must collect that which falls from the heavens.**
3. *You shall not take the name of the LORD your God in vain.* **Replace flush toile.t. with thE manuel fertilizer machine.**
4. *Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.* **Take two days and nights off, add reviere day after lunacy, live 8 days and nights a strong instead of 7 daze a weak.**
5. *Honor your father and mother.* **Convert lawnmower man into produce person.**
6. *You shall not murder.* **Fear not killing dam abortionists and false herb salesfolk, do something productive with the carcass.**
7. *You shall not commit adultery.* **Don't be a humiliating dolt.**
8. *You shall not steal.* **Invest loot towards dam fluidification.**
9. *You shall not bear false witness.* **Quit denying reality, don't know not to know, be conscience, aware.**
10. *You shall not covet.* **Transport product, genetic material, the gizmos too, in vessels past any dam obstacle, through any eventuality for all time.**

The water went down to 32' and paused, supposedly the river was closed to recreational traffic. It was somewhat dangerous as it approached flood peak (the trees) but the river was open. Now it's closed but the conditions for making way are perfect. The Park Rangers began the cleanup. It looked like they got my dam fluidification idea or they're at least smart enough to... have the hottest dame ranger initiate the dam muddy clean up with a fire hose. She came over to me and delivered a cinnamon bun and coffee in the misty early day. Wow, she's pretty, intelligent I could use her to deliver the flowing water cistern entertainment aquarium fish sandwich the manuel fertilizer machine idea, ya know? Another woman had brought the food and beverage. Looks like the architects trying to see if I'll eat the dam GMO feed if a pretty girl delivers it. Just once.

While I was under the arch I went over the idea with a U.S. Marshal, State Police, Sheriff Deputies, St. Louis Police Officers, the Coast Guard Captain and Chief and many Park Rangers including the man who took out the trash. The highlight of my law enforcement interaction was at the peak of the flood, 3 or 4 AM, in the grassy area of the Jefferson National Park. There wasn't anywhere else to go, it was too dangerous to needlessly cross the river and the water came up to the dam road on the Illinois side where I was wanted so I'd pulled the canoe mostly out of the water and I was resting in the boat. Three Park Rangers came in quiet, one went around back to provide cover as two approached near silently through the grass. I raised my head and shoulders up. What can I do for you? "You're not allowed to sleep here", called out one of the approaching Park Rangers. Yeah, I know, that's why I'm not sleeping. This really said it. It's difficult to seek up on me, even in mown grass at night. They let me stay that night, no problem.

Another Park Ranger came down and we talked for quite some length. I let him know I and Life really appreciated he and the rest of the staff allowing me and the duck to make an appearance. He pointed out that they'd been watching me for nearly a month and a half on video surveillance and that they hadn't observed me do anything criminal and mentioned how they'd noticed I wouldn't take the money the people were constantly trying to give me. I explained how most of 'em knew they could give me a dollar and I'd be arrested or run off for panhandling, they were just trying to get rid of me for a dollar. So I throw the cash forced upon me on the ground. I don't want your money this way, I'll get run off for panhandeling, you're aware of this, I want your participation in dam fluidification. Often the next person who shows up voluntarily picks up the money and I offer a hand of poke a hole in the dams poker, nearly every time I win. I set up the "game" to express the dam problem and river solution.

Once as a control I opened up the U.S. Trunk Co. case I've been carrying for years and tried to interest a group of drunks exiting the baseball field of St. Louis in the newspaper article plastered to the inside of the case lid partially headlined "MVP Musial in class by himself". No recognition really of Musial, a Cardinal, of the greatest most consistent hitters noted as the most gentlemanly baseball player ever. The only person I ever opened up my case and made light of the Musial headline and story to came to be, as he made known, Musial's water boy on the actual waterfowl hunts Musial went on. So, Musial drew a lot of awareness to himself through baseball and was known as an avid hunter of waterfoul. This man, who was the boy in charge of the water at the hunting camp and I had quite a bonding experience ourselves. It meant a lot to me in evaluating my own intuition as he was the only one I ever really pointed the thing out to. To think that Musial's water boy came to hear of my presentation and made way to the river side to get the scoop.

Just before I left the most on the spot public presentation I'd ever delivered, I became aware the National Park Service was having a story telling day under the arch, deep in the levee, so I went in to listen to what I'd figured to be their official message. The audience was mostly children, two different stories, two tellers. One was a story about Jack from "Jack and the Bean Stalk", he'd run away from a dam and ditch farm where he was getting too dirty and was collecting together the animals down by the river to save the world... The next story was a river story, big flood, turtles, lots of good food... I just stepped out lively as could be, jumped in the boat and pushed off making way. Ta da,

what else could we say!

Getting through St. Louis harbor at 32' barely falling is easy. Reportedly 2 canoists sank boat and had to be rescued by Coast Guard 2 weeks ago on the big rise. The Coast Guard was in their boat as I passed, I'd crossed to avoid talking to 'em. The "Cindy L" (Sin Die {of} Ill) mini tug harassed me, what a sucker. Cairo Point was flooded up to 5' deep under the observation shed 2<sup>nd</sup> floor. I've talked to several people in my life who said they wished they could camp here as it would be epic. It is. Lots of tonnage going passed this point.

New Madrid is about halfway on King's Highway, route 61. On the other side of the river Tennessee State road 22 dead ends into Kentucky. This about the fault line and perhaps due to this the Mississippi River folds up and back upon itself here in an unusual instance where for about a mile more of the surface water is flowing in an upstream direction than down. It looks like a big pour over induced eddy. When I came into town a man wearing a "Blue Angles" (the country club) shirt met me and introduced me to a just happened to be visiting the river for a report class of Catholic School children. Me and the duck can really make a presentation in these conditions. The man, Mr. Ferguson gave me a lift to the grocery store. On the way back to my boat he talked about how it was good that I spoke with the children as they were to be the ones to fix the present situation. I let him know (he was a dam rice farmer) that his idea of dumping the problem on the kids to fix later would lead to his soul's desinigration in Hotill Calafornix. I insisted he be the one to repair the situation. You'd make more money farming condos with super collectors on cistern foundation rafts supporting mostly fruit and nut trees, with some rice, than dam and ditch GMO monoculture of doom farming anyway.

This is about the letter I sent to the Pope in Vatican City, Aldolfo Nicolas Pachon S.J. of the Superior General of the Society of Jesus in Spain and Father Murtaugh c/o Saint Ann Catholic Church in Florida.

Bearashit. Lokki here, we gotta undam the rivers ahora. While one could argue or interpret a dam good (Sistine Chapel, God and Adam touching fingers at point of light) considering we created the tools and technology to solve the fluid/life containerization transportation problems on the surface at this time and beyond during/as a result of the dams plentiful food (some of us sat around eating and drinking and thunk the stuff up) at present we're witnessing created tool and technology used to the detriment of life. Product (the genetic material, plants and animals, the gizmos too) delivery around/over/past any obstacle or problem through any eventuality for all time is the idea. The dams on the rivers are what imperials the product the most, the foundation of the problem. This is why we have to "pull the plug" on the dam project. But this doesn't mean the elimination of a dam, it's the maturing of a dam, coming about, a dam that is precise, exact and in correct location. A dam over your head. A dam under your soul. Collect that which falls from the heavens with structures and surfaces. The whole, entire, correct idea or interpretation of Michael Angelo's "God and Adam together in point of light" starts with release of rivers under a dam and conversion of ruf into super with a dam as good. A good dam is over your head not on the river (see the light). To attempt to dam reviere, stop product delivery, is worse than evil, it's the vain attempt to end evil and good. This is why I'm completely "backed up" in the heavens as you know them to be. The idea as expressed at <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> in essence is a continuation of evil and good for all time, the trial and tribulation of life forever. Keep in mind, be conscious of, tell others about and be for giving an idea that works for all time. Dam fluidification, super drip line water collect, thE manuel fertilizer machine, yes the idea includes a dam flush toile.t. replacement with thE manuel fertilizer machine. A urine separating, composting, no flush, less toile.t. with a squirt gun powered by that which is collected from above and the door (the manuel in action person) bearashit perfected, responsible for more good food fertilization for more children and people than any other thing. Don't wait for another to appear and represent/force this idea forward, I am the personification of the idea. You could be likewise but only by deseminating the idea. Catholic is a synonym for universe, one word, which has become dam, "Jesus" or nothing take your pick. The lore and legend of this planet includes you being the last in a

line of Popes, the leader of one word. The proposition or idea to convert or evolve into multiverse, a continuation, revenue of leaders of a multiverse “church”, in effect by being part of the solution instead of the dam problem you’d be the last Pope of the universe and the first of the multiverse. This is the opportunity I and Life present/give to/force upon you. The 5:07 helicopter’s the other option, sabe. Reviere, fluid is the option for you and your flock. Don’t delay, act now, you might as well be walking on the super nova black hole sun. ~

Caruthersville, so the sign says, means “liquid mud” or “pemiskaw” and the town practically is Pemiscot County. I had to climb up 6’ of closed for insurance purposes (the rip rap) park just to scale the still locked 8’ dike doors or trespass through the bread pile (grain elevator) yard. I come on to bread pile employees like a union rep., looking for members. They know now. The Caruthersviller’s pretended to confuse me with a local known for dumpster diving whom I look nothing like. I met him and he really likes my idea and the thought of sharing it. We compared notes, he reported like most refuse collectors trying not to throw everything away, that my conservative estimate of trash cans ½ full of food and beverages unrealistic and that the trash was over 60% full of food and drinks, often in fine condition.

2013 is a long high flood. In the hot afternoons you’d be sure to find me deep in the shade, on a patch of sand, eating spaghetti, hard cheese and salmon in tomato sauce, sardines in olive oil with hot sauce and crackers, beans and sausage, peanut butter and honey, fried eggs and real cheesy grits, apples and oranges, chocolate chip pancakes, oatmeal, V-8, tea and coffee, swimming with a duck and writing. It’s super cool back in here, light breeze. Sometimes the wood ducks (*Aix sponsa*) and pileated woodpeckers (*Dryocopus pileatus*) report in for a living séance. My duck won’t eat velvet ants (Mutillidae). I did a lot of night travel, watch out for this.

One evening I was on the way looking for a dry spot. The current was ripping through the trees on the side and there appeared a cliff downstream. The high ground was further than it looked, a big storm rolled in from the west and it got dark quick. By the time I got to the cliff the storm was impacting, wind coming up the river gusting to 40 knots with heavy rain. Under the cliff was the worst possible place to be with the current slamming into it and the cliff side deteriorating in falling chunks. A couple hundred feet straight up the vertical cliff a house was set to fall over the edge any time, with pipes sticking out of the cliff side. A parade of upstream barges filed past and the wakes piled in breaking on an A.C.E. weir just off shore. The shore side where I was had ferocious swirling counter currents, strainers and sawyers everywhere. Every several seconds a huge lightning bolt would light up the black night and for an instant I’d be able to plot a course than I’d be blind until the next bolt, so I pretty much navigated by sound which is terrific. Me and the duck side swiped, broadsided and crashed through many potential strainers. All I could think was **GET OFF THE RIVER NOW SON!** There is nowhere to get off. **GET OFF THE RIVER NOW SON!** I chucked it in reverse and pulled sideways into the water flowing through trees and bushes just downstream of the cliff.

In wet windy weather I tied up and got a cigarette rolled and lit. It’s not that bad if ya can twist up a smoke. I wager I could get one going in a tornado. I even had preprepared coffee and a chocolate chip pecan pancake. When the rain let up and the clouds cleared brightening I made easy way down a few hundred yards to pull in at the end of the dam broad innosense road in Tennessee. Usually I rest in the briar patch between the tumble rocks and quick mud to be on the safe side but it was past 4:30 AM (the witching hour) so I made an exception. After breakfast Welton Beard showed up and we communicated. He’d lived in a boat on the river some time and was knowing. He reported, “The adolts know not to know” and, “The children don’t know how to plant a bean anymore”. He set me up with a few cans of green beans, corn and the best herbs of the “trip” perhaps the best cured I’ve ever smoked. I dropped in on the pyramid scheme topped off for a big hit.

As one approaches any town there is the most obvious sign. Coming into Memphis around the tail of Mud Island the sign reads “zone eves”. I caught the “Autozone Believes” corporate headquarters sign job at mid installation. Of course, I knew in a larger sense exactly and figured “eve”

was really in the zone at this time/location. I was met with a cobblestone hail tossed by “adam(s)”. These types of pyramid scheme gremlins flee when charged upon. This exact and other foolasade attacks would be the repeated motif in Memphis.

Memphis is supposedly known for its sound. Nowadays it’s a queesy discombobulating sound that hurts your stomach. Through the staged bands and storefront piped in elevator music the town sounded like the “Ice Cream Sound Machine”/audio crowd control vehicle parked on low volume. This of course was an additional variable compounding/blurring the bad GMO food. Many complained of upset stomach, in particular those river travelers paddling through who really noticed it. The only band that sounded correct was Midnight Train to Memphis and they were putting on a charity show collecting money to pay for the dam bills of the unfortunate. I made it to the stage on time for the opener on a timely suggestion from a man who said he was Lucifer. Lucifer and what looked like his twin were engaged in a tag team act, one drumming an upside down orange Home Depot bucket and trying to get people not to go to “Be ill Street” and lose their fortune, the other making as if he was having fun in the garden area that was the backdrop. I put the first two dollars in the Midnight Train to Memphis stage front donation pitcher and cautioned everyone not to pay for the dam bills with the money. It was the only tip they got. I gave ‘em my flyer and business card too, the band played river songs.

Memphis rule enforcement claims it’s committed to the Blue C.R.U.S.H. (Crime Reduction Utilizing Statistical History) which consists of cameras on portable cranes, at least 3 different types of community rule enforcement clowns in addition to the black water private “security” everywhere and the police. Supposedly a computer analyzes the arrest reports and emergency phone calls to dispatch accordingly. Also know if careactors behind the scenes were influencing events with side effect food, sound and lights this is how they’d keep track of their schemes effects. Most Blue CRUSHers were complete fools marching their own or otherwise into dam sheddy flushtoile.t. doom but as usual not all of them.

On Beale Street in the afternoon shade of Schwab’s storefront window pair of dice/pair of 2’s/manned fishing vessel/backed up with Mason jar of marbles display I set up regularly. The crowd ambling by was usually reasonable until just after beer o’clock. I worked this town forcefully for over a month, from here, the corner of Able and Butler in the shade of a tree, the parking lot of the Twins food mart on Jackson and Manassas and the “Local Gastropub” on main mostly.

One afternoon while having iced tea, crab cakes, salad and writing letters seated out front of the “Local Gastropub” I became conscious of being watched. If you thought about it obviously after almost a decade of full throttle reviere message delivery somebody professional from some intelligent note taking organization would come out and observe me to see if the reports were true. The man sitting in front of the 94 South Main Street “Dream Berry Frozen Yogurt & Treats” looked like he had military training, possibly a clerical background and good eyesight. I continued writing letters and stuffing envelopes and when I got to a particularly bitter, sour, acidic, dry part I shed a tear. The tear drop rolled out from behind my sunglasses and down my cheek. The man across the street was watching me. The teardrop fell off my cheek as a waitress behind me dropped a glass of water that smashed on the bricks in time with the teardrop. The man who’d been sitting there watching me got up and left.

At the bus station waiting for a bus to the new library out west because I was banned from the downtown library forever before I even entered along with a written warning of hard time for a repeat “infraction” I encountered a no overhead cab offer. He showed me all the hot spots in town before hitting Brooklyn Avenue and a spot next to the Emmanuel Church of Holiness for a sack of herbs. The library was a bizarre riddle. Out front pushing the infinityproject a young man wearing a yellow Tshirt emblazoned with a fist clenched around an AK-47 dropped in for clarification. He watched as several dozen human dolts passed, slowed, inquired, stopped and continued.

As he was witnessing I explained to him the problem communicating the idea. Nearly half the

humans were offensively wretched in the message they projected in response to the undamming the rivers, repairing the shiddy problem and going on with life for all time idea I was projecting. They attacked often putting their right foot forward snarling hate and negativity, they even would say, "All right". The other seemingly half were scared, moving away, cowering, sometimes even raising their left arm. As I've diagnosed the disease most (about 97%) of human dolts suffer from a debilitating mental condition best described as "dammed off".

The two halves of the affected individuals brain have a dam between the two parts and they don't communicate with the other half or rationalize. They are either right (dereche) brained, of the wretched or left (escerta) brained, scared. It's the thing that stops them from doing the obvious correct thing or the crutch they create to protect their selfish short term "interest" at any cost. It's why they can't even consider an option to continuing on to doom, the dammed halves of their brain. His girlfriend showed up and she wasn't affected with the dam disease either. I explained to the couple that us 3 would fix the dam thing with or without the other 97 numbskulls that just walked by.

I headed upstream for a few days and as I paddled around the tail of Mud Island the flag staff signal crew lowered the Scottish flag (yellow lions and rouge structures). I got around the tail pulled in, grabbed some wood and raised my upsidedown American flag. After a few days I came back to Memphis and picked up a new straw colored linen jacket, trousers and black shirt from Thomas Shelton of Shelton's Clothiers. Paddling upstream just along the river left bank approaching the river landing a likely C.D.P. wearing a white linen shirt and barbecueing chicken on the bank tells me twice, "I was going to steal your boat..."

As a counter to the rabid vampires/gremlins that fell out of the Christmass tree into the dam swimming pool patrolling the Memphis Landing I'd stripped my rig down and stashed most of the gear under the Fort Assumption cliff along the Chattahoochee rock concrete lined dam tailrace doomside. I found a place with 24 hour shade as some trees were valiantly breaking through the dam liner, reasonable swimming conditions. Also, this site was along a uniform river bend where the current really ripped close, deep and rolled hard near the east shore. It was a tight approach to the trestles and bridge just a 1/2 mile south so the downstream bound barge and push tugs would often come in sideways to the main current, nearly full throttle, the stern within a 100' of shore. Possibly the most dramatic position to view a stern wake on the Mississippi is just below the old Fort Assumption site. Mary was expedited from the surface supposedly on assumption day. As written in the Bible Mary sat aside the watering hole and kept telling the people not to listen to Emanuel because he was nuts (so did my mum). So, did "Jesus's" mom even get into heaven? It's the biggest stern wake seen on the Miss., you make the call. Add this to the must see before you die list along with Sackofjewear mud fallout zone church and Con Agra's campus sign. So, you know, sabe.

The 16' fiberglass Blackhawk with a keel canoe from Chicago was light and responsive as I paddled upstream into "the firm" dam pyramid scheme/city of Memphis. The "Mar's regret's" rocket launcher was perfectly presenting a Latin rig (double mast {do able mass}/twin mast {to win mass}) upside down U.S.A. flag (that I rescued from the Chicago library official disposal bin) sail (say ill, sale). With about a 22 knot tail wind the boat ascended the Mississippi near effortlessly and quick. With an erect stiff 8 point deer rack and skull esdespirit and real U.S Navy camouflaged paint job the visual presentation was sharp, easy to see, crystal clear. A carp jumped in the boat, this was a notable first. I sailed in at the end of Union Street and carefully pulled the vessel on dunnage. Took the rail to the south side of town and collected addresses off the internet with the intention of sending handwritten letters in the U.S.P.S., I and Life's strongest way of communication.

Picked up a few groceries with the intention to make way/leave town, **WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE WATER THE "MAR'S REGRET" HAD BEEN STOLEN.** Sitting near the site where the boat had been are a couple lesbians, a pair of dikes, to woe to man types with no love for man, the only clue. I reported the theft to Memphis P.D. Somebody carped my boat, possibly the canoe with more miles on it than any other in the U.S.

Through Craigslist and local contact I found 2 suitable replacement vessels, both canoes, one of the boats was from Bull Lake, the other Helena. I caught a way to Helena paddling aboard another canoe with two young men making way on the Miss. Jake and Alex. Me and the duck jumped in. When we got to Helena Jake and Alex were suffering from severe sunburn, they said so (exposing they'd likely not just paddled down the upper Mississippi like they'd dubiously claimed). I explained metaphorically in a larger sense they'd like to change the "dam way it is" to avoid sunburn later on. It may seem as though the "illuminati" at times help me for instance as in this case giving me a lift to the Helena, Ark for a new ride but know I wouldn't need the "favor" if they hadn't stole my boat (or let the theft occur) in the first place. I recognized the hull was getting to be as thin as a potato chip.

I bought a used 17' Alumnicraft from John "Mad Dog" (god dam backwards) of Quapaw Canoes. John claimed he was "Pickin' beans in the back yard", when I called him on the phone and went on to say he was seriously considering a manual fertilizer machine flush toilet replacement for his sole productful purpose. He made discounted sale of used Alumnicraft canoe, Carlisle paddle, NRS PFD and sponge to myself (I'd brought a new line) and gave me a lift to the water. In parting a brightening "Mad Dog" verbally contracted to put forth a dam fluidifying free flowing river idea at precise appropriate time(s). I of course pointed out there wasn't an inappropriate time to speak for revere. It appears life offered a river deputy promotion to Chief Sheriff "God dam backwards/vice versa/in reverse". See what he does with it.

In Helena the gremlins are selling poisonous lab created junk disguised with real cannabis seeds. On the way back from the "store" with "goods" I came upon the Helena Federal Building head honcho. I caught him out in the open between the rear parking lot and the front door, just in time. It was a scorching hot midafternoon, I'd just urinated "next to" the church, was very hydrated and rested. The back of my cap reads, "Cascade Fire Yakama Washington" for a reason. Plus, I had a couple jalapeño corn dogs in my stomach. I got on his tail breathing brimstone even though the words I select are essentially the same I'd use with a little girl, it's all in how one says it. I really singed this guy. He was big too but wow did he cower in fear for the door where a "security"/marshal offered him condolences.

The Helena federal head honcho must have made the call and filed a damseller in distress false report (crying wolf) cause a Helena Police officer met me at the state building where I was sliding a business card in the door. After enlightening the officer as to how fortunate he was to get the news I continued to make way when the Federal head honcho rolled up in his BMW (he looked like a doughboy rice farmer), "You want a cold beer"? I aggressively made way to his stopped in the middle of the road (damming the flow) vehicle. The last river guide [god] converted the Hebrews to drinking wine because of the dam and ditch ho ho overtilled agriculture associated with the production of beer, the dam rice paddies, the dam and ditch barley and hop. Dam free no till fruit subject to quick decomposition is easily preserved as wine or champagne and can be distilled for efficient transport. No I don't want a cold beer. I am one.

I paddled the 60 to 80 miles up to Memphis in 4 easy early/late days with long swimming siestas in hot afternoons. The most notable thing (perhaps of the entire "trip") the hand basket the river washed up just at the Helena incorporated area/town line along the river right in the rip rap. So we really are "Going to Hell in a hand basket" as shown by the river. The handle's broken, the idea I present is the repair, so you can get a handle on it. Official river report witness hand basket on river right while descending Mississippi River below pyramid scheme town upon practically exact entrance into Helena or "Hell in Arkansas". I've got years of living on the river and I've never even seen a hand basket wickor straw type before. That's why I'm hear now, taking notes, so you can have a real report that you know is very viable, accurate and exact. I'm in a Helena boat, the "Mar's regret N' see" coming from St. Helens.

Also, if the reader is interested to know the details of soul stratification upon expedition, you need to know the Latin slang presentation of real life Hell or can's ass travail. In or out of Helena



transport only offered by Quapaw Canoe proprietor John “Driftwood” (doom turd backwards/vice versa/upsidedown) Ruesky. Linguistically be aware person with last name Rue... could be “punch a hole in the dam” Rue... It appears Quapaw Canoe’s two Johns “Mad dog” and “Driftwood” in addition to river guiding enterprise are also detailing the free flowing Mississippi’s lower reaches in written form (a book). So you can get in and out of Helena by infernal combustion machine on dam broad innosense road but that operation is too controlled by those primarily engaged in live goods river transport and survey... Go figure, as Quapaw canoes is the only business offering shuttle van service in or out of Helena, a reasonable flexible way out of Hell in Arkansas for person without other means. I got in and out for free by canoe. It’s the dam aluminum and plastic crap that costs.

Most of the bread piles east of the Rockies usually had a sign that read, “All visitors must report to office” which was perfect for my purpose and not a single “No trespassing” sign. Only 1 (of 3 in Memphis) out of about 30 or 40 or so was fenced off from the river. Most hadn’t fenced off river access (blocked themselves off from reviere) this is very notable because practically every place else does. I canoed up the waterside to the Bunge silos in W. Memphis. I rested my cigarette on the ground upon entering site, don’t smoke at these places. My duck flew in over my shoulder as I slid a business card on the trailered boat, making way to office where I was greeted by Chris (Christ without the t). He asked about the duck, Dam fluidification Superdriplinewatercollect thE manuel fertilizer machine. I use the dame Rouen waterfowl to draw people’s awareness to a larger dam ruinous waterfoul, the dams on the river. Like it explains on my flyer in handwriting, the dams on the rivers are the #1 problem. The #2 problem is the sheds being undermined by uncollected rainfall. The third problem is the flush toile.t. The 4<sup>th</sup> problem, what it’s all for (at this time) is the largely dam and ditch grown GMO side effect laden food. We’re getting farmed!

You see the new Bunge sign or icon? “Yes”, said Chris. The “C” (sea’s) not at the center or heart of the “B” anymore. You see the sphere (sfear) with 4 horizontal lines (for whore i zone t al liens going into U? “Hmmm.” You get it? “Yeah”, admitted Chris. The solution [the duck for your soul] is dam fluidification, super drip line water collect, thE manuel fertilizer machine, replace lawnmower man with produce person and get control of food supply. As I departed the dame duck presented kinda the 5<sup>th</sup> problem (it looks like several problems are vying for this sinco spot) she followed Bunge’s employee, someone with a bigger pile of cracked corn. Once again, he (the male) dammed the rivers and stacked up the food here, so it’s not necessarily the females fault.

Many of the bread boys are hunters and they see the sign at the feeding station. If you hike about in the woods enough, you’ll come upon feeding stations. Often times these are derelict farm machines that have a make shift spot a hunter can chuck a bag of corn and/or salt upon/in. Sometimes there is a sign written at the feeding station that might read something like, “Feeding wildlife is illegal, any deer found eating this corn will be shot”! If you are a hunter, you can’t miss the sign at the grocery store, on the side of the bottle or box, it’s that obvious (GMO Ju Ju Fish). It’s so coy it’s terrifying (as designed). Also, hunters often go out in the garden and think by themselves, periodically consulting with others to report signs and perhaps what they thought of. This kind of makes ‘em like submariners, prisoners, firefighters and what not, they take notes and communicate.

Chris at the W. Memphis Bunge hole knew or suspected the information I gave him. This reinforces the idea and presents a solution, which negates the fear. See? Then we start hunting (or trapping) the “Predator”. Remember the solution starts with punching a hole in the dam(s) but one could hunt any predators (dam fools) in the way of punching a hole in the dam. Why not? Plus, they’re good to eat! You could reduce your intake of dam GMO food this way. Once again, do something productive with the carcass. Don’t waste the product.

This is about a letter I sent to Archer Daniels Midland.

To whom it may concern,

The most heinous crime of all time is taking place now. Archer Daniels Midland is getting robbed (as all of life is) for everything its worth. The most cohesive force for the continuation of the dam sheddy

flush toilet. farcical hoax is from those for whoring men with GMO side effect laden feed. I'm calling it a planetary highjacking. I investigated the crime, took the notes, got the backup team assembled and I'm ready to proceed to court. Your company offers a \$150,000 reward for info leading to the arrest or capture of thieves stealing from ADM. I, life and my crew won't let 'em get away with it. This is an opportunity for us and all of life. I demand you consider my notes as evidence. Let's go to trial. We'll use the case as a wedge to undam the world's rivers, force the collection of that which falls from the heavens to keep structures from being undermined by rainfall/provide water and for productive use nearby fertilized with the product of the manual fertilizer machine flush toilet replacement. ~

At some point a man approached me at night, on the Memphis landing, down by the river, my boat and all. Man presented himself in regular dress high ranking military/clerical at ease bearing. He said, "We've never seen anything like what you're doing before, this much effort and force for this long. [I'm always watching out for the suck job] Yeah. "If you want, take a rest or sabbatical, rest it's no problem." Mmmhm. "But you gotta know, all being considered (what you've sucked us into so far) if you stop or quit what you're doing, we're coming to get ya...Zzzt, finee. I pursed my lips ½ nodded my head and made motion with my right hand to continue. He says, "But really we wanna know how you do it, what motivates you, it's unfathomable, what you're doing, why?" I force forward a free flowing river solution 20/22 hours a day and night practically nonstop, so I got so much force with me, from life, that when you come to get me, **I got you.** He departed.

Down the river and in King Biscuit Flour Hour's Helena, with the doughboy statue my sister Jenny, brother in law James and nephews Wyatt Hawthorn and Cody Emerson Craige meet me as they're in route to a typical for the times "escape" shed in Missouri. We went to the Walmart in Helena. Noteworthy that the Walmart in Helena doesn't display the "Code Adam" sign just above and to the right of the main entrance like most the other Walmarts in this country [my sister and James just look at me]. Usually when ya walk in Walmart it reads, "Code Adam" as ya walk into buy largely dam and ditch agricultural products (the food and clothes) dam hydroelectric turbine generated electric produced junk and other things designed to stop the flow of life in general.

I've interviewed a lot of people in front of Walmart about this "Code Adam" sign and they often say, "Ho, that's the a dam wall shhh foundation". I find it disgusting that most refuse to recognize the dam foundation of the problem on any realistic rational level (this would of course lead to the obvious free flowing river solution) try to cover it up, while insisting on not talking about the dam problem, feigning puzzlement, as they shout, "Hello (yellow/helio/dammed)... God dam it... dam it... have an ice day!" My sister's an illiterate department head award winning reading teacher. Inside the store I'm recognized by 2 different bunches of people who communicate with me about the infinityproject idea (we're working on it).

Below Helena as practically along the entire watershed of this nation and the world the sight and sound of pumps is ever present. If ya think about it, diking in a river or a levee (a dam) along the side of the river and how this affects the drainage of the local area you'd discover a problem. The surrounding area is supposed to drain into the river but there's a pile of rocks/debris/sand alongside it, so obviously there has to be a notch in the levee for the creek to flow into the river. Alongside this creek a levy "has" to be built up to keep the river from flooding adjacent agricultural/inhabited areas during high water events. This creek levee is built up as high as the main river levee for some distance back up the hill. At some point the building of the creek levy to main levy height is accomplished but the levy building/ditch digging is forced further uphill because now the creek has to be forced into the dammed chute and if it gets away it'll flood the nearby areas because it won't drain. Even if this is temporarily achieved it's impossible to maintain and we'd toast the life on this planet with the fossil fuel wasted to do it or desertify life with the dam and ditch agriculture required to fuel it with human labor. Also, the drainage problem is never solved, for instance that watershed alongside the diked in creek and river has nowhere to drain to and it puddles up.

The dam fools "solve" this with more ditches and pumps even though they could never put in

enough of them. The rest of the low undrained areas turn into stagnant mosquito breeding sites, thus the nearly constant application of pesticides, the mosquito trucks heard whining all over the country destroying the foundation of the meat pyramid on land. I point this out to the dam fools who counter with a seemingly side show problem and whine about chemtrails. This dam/dike/levee/drainage problem's practically everywhere around the world. In addition to the environmental catastrophe it creates a constant massive crisis condition in the human dolt mind, the burdensome "care" and maintenance of it. The human dolts like this crisis condition in their mind because it keeps them from being able to think of a solution. Also, of note is how the largely pyrethrin (organophosphate) mosquito spraying only temporarily controls mosquitoes, however the other bugs and spiders that naturally control mustquithoes suffer practical near wipeout. It's no coincidence that the worst of the blood suckers Aedes albopictus (the pict of Hades, the thing that causes excruciating pain in hell which is brought about largely by Homos with hoes) is spelled mustquithoe.

Greenville is about dead center Mississippi Delta, the film "O Brother, Where Art Thou?" was filmed in Leland just to the east. Robert Johnson sold his soul to the devil just to the northeast, they "invented" the "Mississippi catfish" dam pond fish farm hoax nearby and of course supposedly or claimed GMO technology came from the farm above Greenville. This is "dam Holland" U.S.A. Hollandale is a town a few miles to the S.E.

When A.C.E. straightened the Miss. Greenville's channel became a dammed stagnant dead end arm of the river or "lake" as the locals call it. The scrapyards the biggest business in the port with dry dock, fertilizer, grain... I met the #1 informal intelligent man in town when I pulled up to the shade tree just south of main landing. This is a reoccurring motif of the enterprise, meeting the most powerful influential person most likely to be aware of dam problem and interested in revenue potential of solution, as soon as I get to location. It's as if they're drawn to the site at the time, an *e* man if you will.

At the library an older black woman who worked there expressed much interest in the idea, inviting me into communication about the duck, Dam fluidification Superdriplinewatercollect the manual fertilizer machine. She said she'd be sure to take a gander at it and verbally contracted to consider printing it and presenting it to Greenville on her own violation or merit. The USPS man at the counter got it, the idea, just when I lauded about how they were the only organization in the U.S. that at least got it level (the floor) and requested 4 river bank swallow envelopes.

In today's world you're much better passing on the ATM charge and getting cash at the post office, put ATM charge + into (River) Bank Swallow USPS envelopes for sending river themed/no dam hell (place with no birds) idea. I slid a fair sized amount in the drop box. On the back of the river bank swallow envelopes I write "Force feeding it to 'em'" and the <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> hook presentation. Often, I send dam foreign hydroelectric turbin corp. types a cheap drug store envelope with USPS passion flower stamp next to a 33 cent apple and a 10 cent clock with 8:22 time surrounded by dark 1 cent Tiffany lamps (enlightening good show).

In the whole town of Greenville the anything but watering holes were few and sparse in competition with the TROP (the casino the locals call "The Trap"). It looks like the locals don't go out at night in the town just under the Delta Pine and Land Co., they're probably spooked. If they do go out often it's over the dike to the "lake" where they dump out huge bags of food on the water's edge for the few miserable looking waterfowl. At one porous dam shiddy bar on the side of the front entrance I set the dame rouen waterfowl alongside me on a folded red carpet (Gap scarf) and put forth an enlightning solution to the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. problem.

The "Red Liners" motorcycle gang sporting mostly tricked out rice rockets sputtered in from Memphis 60 to 90 strong. Red lining an engine refers to winding the RPM up to the limit of its capabilities. It's bad for the engine. Plus, the machine puts out more horsepower, torque and all that at a few thousand RPM's less than redline so it's kinda stupid. Unless the operator is planning on a nose dive slowdown just immediately ahead it's better to up shift. I'm wearing red and white "picnic table

cloth" trousers, red trim and sitting on a red bucket so I almost look like a gang member. I don't redline. I shift and stay on the power band. It's open mike night and I sang a terrible remastered CCR tune. You could a heard a pin drop as I stepped away from the mike and went back out front in the garden where I sound better.

Several minutes later another gang appeared, 2 to 3 male Scandinavian nerd skin suits, one wearing a red ELMO Tshirt the others in Tshirts and jeans (mining outfit) too. I watched 'em as they entered the picture on the other side of the street. They stuck out, as obviously as they could in Greenville as being some from elsewhere. When they drew up to the motorcycles directly across from me they answered a "Where you dudes from?" inquiry from one of the "Red Liners" with "We're from Sweden!" an obvious mimic of Jamie Lees Curtis's "Ophelia" (disguised as Inga from Sweden) in the train scene from "Trading Places" a film about commodities. Remember Shakespeare's Ophelia committed suicide in the lake.

I hear what they are saying, they're here for a home (we den/Biden). They're perhaps tired of being cooped up in a box. From above it appears as though most of the people would prefer to be cooped up in a box, thus the trading places idea. I'm all for it and have put forth the idea in writing and it looks like they're responding. I of course remind them that if they don't participate in dam fluidification, the forcing of the collection of that which falls from the heavens and/or your asses, we'll (the people) just repair the situation ourselves and take 'em for everything they got and just consider they fell from the heavens.

The skin suit with the red ELMO Tshirt went inside and sang a song which wasn't as terrible as mine but more pathetic. "He" went on about me by the door and the river. "He" certainly mentioned the river. The crowd was almost as numb to "his" presentation of the idea as to mine until the end of "his" presentation where "he" exclaimed something about "another beer" at which point the crowd went wild. Pink champagne son, recommend wine or apple cider. The "Swedish gang" departed the establishment, it looked like possibly 4 of them (of course they would present the idea to me this way) one of them having infiltrated the "Red Liners" (eyes aglowing like "the terminator") and one of them a regular clueless spooked Homo sapiens. One of the skin suits in a white Tshirt got down real low on his hands and knees and made as if to beg something from my dame rouen waterfowl, nonverbally groveling and pleading. I know while it looks like he's begging, by being low to the ground he is in the best position to attack. I gave him my card, the idea being that's all they're gonna get out of it.

I wrote a song for Greenville, its punk, sung to the tune of the Beach Boy's "Surfing U.S.A." but starts off with a riff of Van Halen's "California Girls" preceding the lyrics. "If everybody had a frues board, across the U.S.A., Then we'd all be frue sin, frue sin you is a, If everybody had a river course across the U.S.A., Then we'd all be living good, Instead of a dam obamanation of desoulate disgrace! Are you paying for the dam bills? You is a, Dam sheddy flush it all down the tubes abortionist, Damming reviere in your fate, Stuffin' dam GMO geneatrick doom food in your face, F.D.A. Surgeon General See Very E.T. Coop, Put ya in your cage. Started ya out with the slave or savior tomato, Now ketchup queen terror is a hienze's kerry's chief department of state, A villain with foreign relations, A lien to this space, Those for whorin' men got something, On your plate, And you're still pondering what to do? Dam fluidification, Superdriplinewatercollect, the manuel fertilizer machine, Super you is a"

As me and the dame duck approached the City of Natchez, Adams County multiple convoys of large municipal trucks and equipment could be seen Under the Hill. It was a dam sewer emergency! Reports of lift station sewer pump failure, the brand new ones failed while the old ones just replaced had worked fine. The plumbing at "The Under the Hill Saloon" held. Looked like the casino may have backed up, what with the fire brigade of sewer tank trucks running up and down the hill. This is getting to be a pretty good story. Now you all aren't sure whether the MDC's Brooklyn Super Mario Bros. are on the inside installer team botching a dam sewer job, or if the Fire Department made the call, I probably sent a letter to the manufactures in China who built it to fail, the Fed's mighta stepped in,

coulda been an act of God, perhaps the Devil or “the snake” and its team of C.D.P.’s, could be just a sign of the time, all of the above. Here we are.

As I entered the doors of “The Under the Hill Saloon” the house music system sang out, “Welcome my son, welcome to machine”. I’d spend most my time sitting in the back room which sits into the hill like a bunker with a see through roof and cistern underneath completing the 2<sup>nd</sup> edition of this book on my computer. The house bands are Blue Haired Mafia and Mojo Mud which performs alongside the fishnet stocking clad woman’s leg lamp from “The Christmas Story” film.

Steampunk Coffee Roasters proprietor “Dub” came down Under the Hill one afternoon and lured me up to Natchez proper. Early the next day before the sun got up over the hill I snuck up in the shade. When I read the front page of the local paper I could see the Adams County Commissioners meeting was at 9AM. I was shown the way to meeting site by a chief investigator with the Adams County Sherriff. I entered the small room and sat in the back left in front of the Fire Chief and behind the Airport Chief, both were dressed in complimentary motif outfits to mine. We looked like a team, this makes for a perfect presentation as the “Airport Fire Chief”. I was wearing red and white “picnic table cloth” trousers, blue Arrow camaste, black Op flip flops, 1968 Swiss Army “Shooters”, E-ONE Cascade Fire ball cap with lightning bolt bill, Riviera black tie (as a belt) “Grab life by the horns” handkerchief under the cap and black Wells Lamont fingertipless gloves. I looked like “Gangster Jesus”.

The Sheriff talked about prison, the Fire Chief a BBQ and the Airport Chief said same old story... Then I got my opportunity. This was the first municipal government presentation I’ve made where I sold the delivery, the commissioners appeared to like entertaining the idea. ... We’ll undam the rivers, have the US Navy do it, charge ‘em for it, get out of national debt, convert rufef to super, collect that which falls from heavens with structures and surfaces built and live with a dam over our heads and a dam under our soles. When I exited the building the Adam County lawyer Scott Slover went out of his way to point out how sure he was to, “See you later”. That’s for sure, the conditions you face will depend on how much effort you put into dam fluidification. He nodded his head in affirmation.

This is about a letter I sent to Adams County board president Darryl V. Grennell and lawyer Scott Slover, Natchez City Council member James “Ricky” Gray, the Haywood and Buncombe County Commissioners C/O chairmen Mark S. Swanger and David Gantt, the Governor’s C/O the Lt. Governors, Fish and Game and the Alcohol Departments of the southern states, New York, Illinois and Montana, The White House, F.B.I. Houston and a bunch of others.

If you read my book you’d see the best solution to the dam problem is to have the U.S. Navy/military undam the world’s rivers first, charge ‘em for it, get out of national debt and make a fortune selling bread, bathroom remodeling, cistern retrofits and new construction. But the next best way to solve the problem, with less panic potential, is to undam the rivers from Adams County up the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee, French Broad and Pigeon Rivers to Devil’s Courthouse (Judiculla). This would be an unmitakeable message of good intentions. Immediately those townships dependant upon dam penstock and piped reservoir water to flush and hydroelectric powered or reservoir water coolant dependant power plant sewerage would have to be attended to. First of all, half those affected know somebody in a “well” water flush town or own a shid elsewhere themselves and could just take a vacation. One could just double bag bearshit into a municipal trash can and we can deliver port a potties. A 5 gallon bucket with rubber sealed lid makes an acceptable shit can and any pee can will work. Plus, the flush toilet should still flush they just won’t have dam reservoir water to do it. Immediately start new construction of super/door powered cistern entertainment aquarium fish soup gadget foundation/raft, thE manuel fertilizer machines and beehive/food animal walls. Retrofitting present shiddy structures where feasible/appropriate. Get a leg up on the sure to be celestial city technology. Force idea worldwide. Time is perfect now. The South rises again, we save the world and get out of enslavement/table fare/take over the farm all with a black president. Don’t wait for Ruby, Jindal or the next dam sheddy flush toile.t. clown. Or we could undam the rivers initially from

Paradise Valley or both, reveire. ~

As an experiment I had a bar regular, Brad call the local paper and request they do a story on me, this didn't work. I called, no response. They did a big story on a couple Army medics coming down the river raising money for the wounded warriors project, those who got hurt fighting over the dam carpe.t. bag installation. An Adams County sheriff (K-9) came down, off duty and he let on that the townfolk were running around claiming I was gonna blow up the bridge (the thing they hold over the river). Oh, I get it, I deseminatE a dam fluidification, punch a hole in the dams, thE manuel fertilizer machine idea, intelligently and they parade around claiming I'll blow up the **bridge**, nice try.

This is about a letter I wrote to the Editor of the Natchez Democrat.

In reference to Wednesday's Sept. 4, 2013 article "Natchez native engineers clean water for Africa" by Rod Guajardo, engineer Ms. Joanna David seems to present an empty hopper, concrete dam reservoir fenced in solution to the need for potable water. How's the water gonna get delivered to the hopper? Through a dam reservoir penstock pipe under the dam broad innocent road? In an infernal combustion machine on the dam broad in no sense road? On the backs of the natives? Ms. David, Mr. Guajardo, Mr. Cooper, Natchez, the world, that's the problem not the solution. The solution is dam fluidification, super (roof is collector instead of shed) supplied cistern entertainment aquarium fish soup gadget foundation/raft with a structural door that maintains cistern flow. Contain water overhead for pressurized flow. You could even have a window in it to let in light enabling U.V. sterilization and thE manuel fertilizer machine (a urine separating, composting, no flush, less toilet with a squirt gun) powered by structural door and water collected from above flush toilet replacement. Capture the cleanest water from the sky as depicted in Michael Angelo's Cisteen Chapel ceiling God and Adam in point of light, a good dam is over your head, not on the river, see the light. Collect water from surfaces built and have a dam under your soul, not on the river. Filter the water if desired. Use water for drinking and bathing, use greywater, additional collected water and fertilizer for productive purposes nearby structural solution! There is no other way to solve the dam and ditch sheddy flush toile.t. GMO problem. Reviere ~

I'm due to complete the 2<sup>nd</sup> edition of "Leaving HoTill Calafornix" with only a few more paragraphs to complete and was in process the night the band Leaving Hotel California played on the roof top garage at the Casino nearby. I stepped outside just as the band played "Hotel California". Law enforcement officer Finley showed up just as the song ended. Sometime after while I was down by the river with potential apostalette likely C.D.P. April Roseanna "Roesey" Hogan, the washboard girl from "Mojo Mud", a thief made off with my Jupiter address book, Toshiba laptop, flash drive and various other goods. Through communication with "The Under the Hill Saloon" bartender Lee and Natchez Police officer Finley we prisoner dilemnaed 'em into revealing were they hid it. Everything was returned except for the Samsonite key, orange (yellow) hotel pass 22, a mini Stanley measuring tape and the flash drive. The proprietor Andre suspects the keys are in the cistern.

The washboardist/candy striper April Roseanna "Roesey" Hogan that stands in the "Under the Hill Saloon" bands and I went on a note taking enterprise to the now Monsanto subsidiary Delta Pine and Land Co. where "they" supposedly invented the GMO technology that is in process of dominating the foodscape. Ms. Hogan was aware of the GMO food conspiracy but so she says not as familiar with the dam sheddy flushtoile.t. problem looming larger that facilitates the serving of it. Yet Ms. Hogan has some experience in archeology (often the study of shit pot shards or latrines in general and post holes) so we both had background history of bearashit and slacker shed problems (the disease and bugs, which forced the human to burn the shed, relocate and rebuild) to fill any possible voids in conversation en route. Plus, she had excavated a couple of the Winterville Mounds just on the south side of said Delta Pine and Land Co. and had researched the area in detail previously, so she was a natural accomplic for me and the duck which accompanied us on this enterprise and "Roesay" packs a delicious picnic. Just so you get it, the architect has set me up with "our key hoe ligist" in a dame county.

Route 61 is infamously impoverished and a bleak sun scorched rice paddy looking cotton field for most of the route. Most of the signs taken note of along the way were advertising the crop type in adjacent fields. One sign was a green diagonal with a slanted red "rain [reign] drop". The other seed identification marker (DeKalb) had 2 yellow "angel" wings sprouting from the top. The #'s displayed on the signs were always 6698 or some such obvious bad sounding/representing/connotative #. As we approached the Delta Pine and Land Co. site from the south along route 1 one thing was completely obvious. The water tower on the site had a huge sign on it that was unreadable from a distance, almost glaringly camouflaged or obviously deliberately uninterpretable. It looked kind of like a typical graffiti tag, **nonsense**, this is a big statement. Especially from a seed company taking over the world's food supply, worst possible case sign, subtle, coy, fits the pattern. Once again, the casino in Greenville is the "TROP" pronounced, "Trap" by those locals in the know.

In Scott or Benoit the washboard girl from Mojo Mud navigated the Mercedes 4 door onto the campus at 221 Deer Creek Drive, Sabado September 21, 2013. Deer (Cervidae) or "serve it die" are undomesticated animals. The place had ill #'d test plots and a few glass nursery houses, standard. When we got back towards what looked like the middle of the place or the obvious spot anyone could proceed to there is a store that was closed when we got there in the late afternoon. There's only 2 obvious signs, "FLOOD 1927" (continue with the flow you know denying to starvation) just to the right and behind the store and from the storefront window "ICE 1.98" (icky one new ate or frozen locked up life you know denying infinity or to sense shy of doo doler's). So, the water tower sign which is nonsense from afar reads, "DPL" (of the truempet blowing down upon you ill) upon close inspection and the rest of the message is "FLOOD 1927", "ICE 1.98". DPLFLOOD1927ICE198 is what the careactors who claim to have invented our doom feed have to say.

If their message is in the most likely/easiest to read code it mirrors or confesses to exactly what I'm telling you is taking place now. It reads like a synopsis of current affairs, as if one of "them" need only drive by to get the latest news, no need for e.t. to call home. Know whether "they" are extra terrestrials (not from here) or extraterrorestuills (don't belong here) is of minor significance considering they're both complicit with dam sheddy flushtoile.t. ecocide. If either stands in the way of dam fluidification they're expiditeable, fare game.

Back at the "Under the Hill Saloon" after entering a particularly plant themed idea into my book concerning how to diagnosis what's taking place on this planet by learning how to read the garden in plant common names and Latin names I save the info and make way to the bar where the bartender informs me someone had just ordered two drinks and left them on the bar. She asks if I'd like to share one of the two drinks with her. What's the name of the drink? "Vegas Bomb", the bartender replies. I have a cocktale. Unfortunatly for the reader the 9/11 report in this book is in several locations making it difficult to ascertain all of the info in one mouthful, but that's how it is made in real life. At this point in time the New York 9/11 garden has been installed and the plant list of the garden is made available.

The for real story is told in the Latin plant names and #'s of the 9/11 memorial garden, the most significant garden in the world. PLP Landscaping did the job and if you check their internet site they say they planted the stuff as it is, "So you can't miss the literal meaning of what we're telling you!" What does it say? They planted 400 swamp white oaks and a pear tree, nothing else to confuse the meaning. 400 swamp oaks (Quercus bicolor which hybridizes with Quercus macrocarpa) and 1 pear tree (prunus) in Latin/slang or the latent meaning of it is 400 (4 cien=for seeing) bicollar (to enslave if the humans would just add the extra ill, which they are) x macrocarp (big theft) and a prune us (by the one {me}/you know)? Or for seeing bicoller/macrocarp, one prune us. Which is exactly what's taking place. If in doubt just google the 9/11 (emergency control action or 9 {new way vei [of life] 11 one say {once} 2001 (to mill you know) garden from above it is obviously a space alien reservoir(s) grimly laughing at us.

For the 2<sup>nd</sup> time in Adam County I'm approached by a man appearing about my age wearing a cowboy hat. Previously out front "Under the Hill" saloon he'd confided he was the

machine/computer/vessel/organism I'd been in contact with before (so he says) and that he liked my infinityproject report. Here I am in Natchez proper outside the hotel and the great "Cube", the architect from "The Matrix (may trick)" movie is appearing as a gay man (not a homo) with apparent homo boyfriend.

"I'll buy you a slice of cheese cake, come on in the hotel, have some cheese cake." Naw, I don't want a slice of cheese cake. "Come on, have a slice of cheese cake." I made motion to enter the hotel, we did. We (he) order(s) a slice for me and his homo boyfriend. I ask the waitress what kind of cheese cake it is. "Strawberry." Doom, huh. As the presentation of the likely dam and ditch GMO cake is made to me and "Cube's" homo boyfriend I present a disgusted and disappointed appearance. About ¾ of the way through the horrible tasting cake it asks me, "Why are you eating the cheese cake? You know it's no good for you." Oh well, I'm making a report and I was going to include this in the report. Ya get how it is. Ya don't really know until ya come down here on the surface, try it and find out. Then ya really know. Plus, it could have been a good cheese cake, thin crust, wheat, tree oil, thin layer of real cheese and honey with a bunch of fruit and nuts on top, delicious and good for you. I notice you're not eating any. "The stuff'll kill ya."

What do you usually eat? It smiled, leaned back in its chair (this is the first question I'd ever asked it, that being noteworthy) and read back my grocery list to me. To the reader the thing is its questioning my sanity. But I have a reasonable answer, note taking in application towards dam fluidification. But the definition of insanity is to do harm to one's self or others, meaning it's the fool that's insane as it lured me into the hotel where I didn't want to go and bought me some poison that I didn't want. The cheese cake upset my digestion and made me feel sickly.

Here's what's gonna happen for those entities that are interested. If this particular machine/computer/vessel/organism entity (the ruler of this universe) doesn't cooperate with myself, others and all of life here's what I'll do, I'll commandeer another machine/computer/vessel/organism in another universe, transport to this universe and arrest the "I am"/"Cube" and put it out of business. I've already decided not to kill it but to turn it into an apple washer. Its option to be the multiuniverse sheriff (law enforcement) or a criminal hunted down, force made productive. At 2<sup>nd</sup> edition entity [maximilliongrubbs@gmail.com](mailto:maximilliongrubbs@gmail.com) clicks the "like" tab on my infinityproject site making Maximillian (like from "The Black Hole") and I the only 2 entities that like the idea as of summer 2013. If it is involved with the dam GMO crime it's time to divest (sell) reinvest in sausage and/or other processed meat product. You had to see the look on his homo boyfriend face when I made this challenge to it at the hotel table. Within months Monsanto and Syngentech are sold.

This is about a letter I sent to "Jimmy" Dutcher that arrives with a copy of my report in trade for the copy of the report "The Wolves at Our Door" he gave me.

Mr. Jim Dutcher reviere, boy do I have an opportunity for you, the chance of an infinite many lifetimes. Getting the word out in today's publishing world is tough. One has to know someone to get ya in the door. I figured you for the best pointer and shephard. Thanks for the bison supper. Let's catch 'em. Jimmy it in there. Get low, attack with everything you got, aim for the jugular. John Lawrence Canis awa Jolley ~

Before I left Adams County Chuck Price a retired postman and his buddy Don Johnson a retired fireman communicated with me about the idea, they said they'd force it forward. Don asked me, "What do you think about ethanol grade corn"? It takes more fossil fuel energy to produce ethanol grade corn than they'll ever get out of it. Don nods his head in affirmation. As written in the Bible when we got to this point in time we could expect the worst possible case scenario [scene on the river] so I figure as the most significant thing Obama did upon reaching the U.S. presidency was to increase ethanol grade corn production they're feeding it to the humans and turning the old heirloom/hybrid corn into fuel, killing the people and destroying the environment that supports life on this planet's surface. It's what the notes add up to. Both the retired postal employee and the former fire man agreed.



On page 66 of the A.C.E. Miss. manuel I locked down 10' through the Old River Dam into the Red/Achaptfalaya ditch. Nearing New Orleans and working into the idea the particulars of the fix I meet a retired refridgerator/freezer repair man and we discussed one of the finer elements of an appropriate collective productive structure. One of the problems on this surface is practically everybody (especially the women) want a frozen mastodon sized chunk of meat at their place with room to spare. This is not gonna happen, it's too destructive to the environment. With the system envisioned (structure primarily powered by the solar energy collected with the super) there's just not enough power. But we could rig up a system that operates a freezer that makes ice blocks for sale and has freezer space for rent within walking distance from the domiciles and an appropriate ice box powered refridgerator (like in the "old days") in the home. The freezer man said he'd figured as much himself.

With others along the way many have said, "What about micro hydroelectric turbines?" and others have pointed out there's stored energy to be had in the altitude of the collected water's container. Photovoltaic systems usually have a battery system for power when there's no sunshine. The problem is the lead acid battery is an environmental nightmare, they don't last long and the easy to mine lead is finite. A better battery appears to be two water collection tanks one just under the super drip line and another towards the foundation. Slap a couple pipes between the two tanks with one containing a micro hydro electric generator and the other a solar powered pump. Any unused sunny day solar power could be used to pump water to the upper tank for power generation when there's no sunlight or short periods of solar power and additional power. The morning I got to Morgan City a massive freight train like front came filing in from the sea like a long arrow, not a drop of reign.

Proceeding along the ICW towards Houma after a lengthy communication with a medium tug captain and mate with proffered hot meal in belly, negotiating big ocean going tug wakes. The breeze is outta the north and the current contrary, thus I'm just near and in the lee of the north seawall.

When I see an entity on the side of the way I pretty much make myself visible in order to present an opportunity for communication. The apparent "security" guard smoking a cigarette outside a typical factory/warehouse caused me to stand up in my boat so my head and shoulders were seen as I pushed by. He communicated no awareness. I sat back down and continued paddling toward a dam near ahead. Just before I paddled past the "security" guard fence enclosed area I stood up in boat again to reveal myself departing and to check and see/take note of what's going on around me. The "security" guard had alarmed his coworker another blackwater "security" guard and the two were standing about 50 yards away watching me make way on the ICW. I sat back down and continued making way.

A few minutes later I decided to pack a bowl and get the duck bucket ready to put the duck in to avoid any problems transporting the duck through the dam lock. I was adjacent to A.C.E. property about a hundred yards from the "security" guard patrolled industrial site. I noticed the "security" guards had ridden down to the water's edge in a golf cart and were shining a flashlight around in the waterway. So I called to them and made way towards them. They shined the light on me as I was paddling towards them and then they ran to their golf cart, jumped in and wheeled out back towards their doom factory they were protecting.

From my point of view another missed opportunity for communication but with a big chance of likely representative of the community force communication to follow. I'd already influenced/infiltrated the entire daytime Morgan City Police Dept. at the grocery store, including the Sgt., the plainclothes detectives, the lieutenant, the wildlife control officer, the dispatcher and probably the captain and whoever else was listening to the grocery store reverse sting. At grocery the Sgt. forced me to leave the store amid lamenting on the lack of fresh seafood and expounding upon the virtues of sardines in olive oil instead of dam doom GMO soybean oil and dam GMO mustard, dried fruit, dam and ditch free Florida oranges, etc. with over \$80 left on the \$100 tab a woman had kindly given me in exchange for information. Imagine telling the police everything you know about the crime of the

millineum, them ignore every word, as they recommend the dam and ditch GMO yogurt covered raisins (that I regurgitated upon eating they were so sickening) and throwing me out of the grocery store before I'm able to spend the \$100 tab gifted to me.

I figured likely response time a minute and a half. So, I continued to make way toward the dam just a little slower and further out, so I didn't miss anything. I'm tuned in to the enfolding action, in perfect position. If I don't want to communicate now I can slip across the ditch into the bushes, have a picnic and probably communicate with the U.S. Coast Guard within 30 minutes. I could hear a mouse skittering along the waterside such are the audible conditions, plus the landside is lit up like daytime.

The cruisers pull up quick but quite, the gravel crunching under the wheels. The barely audible but identifiable exit from vehicle clicks and footfalls and then... here they come 4 or 5 of 'em, heavy bipeds with utility gear belts. In typical fashion, almost as if they were in the desert storming ya, the main group crashes through the sparse bushes in hot pursuit trying to be quite about it while another attempts to move ahead into a stopper position or back up/overseeing the whole thing spot.

They spotlight me. "You come over here now!" Who are you? "Police!" To the reader one must realize that every gang of thugs with flashlights and guns isn't necessarily law enforcement and the ones who do have a badge are enforcing ruele not law. Plus, they are required by law to identify themselves as police officers not "police" which sounds like "please" which is exactly what a group of con artists with flashlights and guns would say to try and sucker ya over. Also, if allowed to degenerate their identification from "police officer" to "police" next they announce they're "C.O.P.S." which is a citizen on patrol not even legitimate law enforcement. Police? Which branch? By law you're supposed to identify yourselves as police officers and then request my I.D. "Morgan City Police Department. You got any I.D.?" Yes.

I began paddling towards them as I sized up the situation, it was the best possible considering, Army Corp. of Engineers property (U.S. Government/Federal) with a big sign looming overhead "No Mooring" (don't tie boat up here) likely a good cop, a bad cop, a good law enforcement officer, a bad law enforcement officer and another of the aforementioned on the periphery. I slowed and turned my head to check the surrounding area for potential big wakes in which case I wouldn't dock (it was clear though). "Taser him!" Don't taser me, I'm doing as you requested, I'm coming towards ya, I'm just checking to see if I'm able to dock now.

As I pushed in towards the group on the sea wall it looked like I was gonna do a bow first docking but with the Bison es de spirit balanced on the bow... the good cop took the bait and got down on his hands and knees as if to grab one of the horns (one down) as I feathered the blade and turned to come in for a stern first, just keeping the bow out of grasp of the still reaching for it good cop for a real slow docking (in the lee of the wind the boat draws up real slow but sure). From this position I stood up in the boat, getting my I.D. a few feet from hand hold distance. "Toss us a line!" The sign above your head reads, "No Mooring", no lines allowed up there tied to a boat. You're asking me to do something against the law as posted. "Toss a line!" You don't know what to do with a line [drawing on the last 1/3 of my smoke]. "We're from southern Louisiana we know how to use a line." My head and shoulders were almost within reach at this point, I leaned down out of reach and took my time getting the line (don't ever do this to the Feds). "Put your cigarette out!" I took another draw. I leaned back up to give 'em the line coiled around my pinkie with I.D.'s between thumb and forefinger. I was grabbed by the life jacket straps on my vest and jacked out of the boat by the bad law enforcement officer. As my feet left the deck I one hand field dressed my smoke separating burning ember from filter and stuffing butt in pocket.

They were experts at rolling, stuffing and cuffing in the sticker brambles and crushed gravel but they could tell I was more experienced at getting rolled, cuffed and stuffed in the sticker brambles and crushed gravel than anyone and as they stepped back and began the foolasade of questions I casually rolled over on my back with my cuffed hands just off to the side, crossing my right foot over my left knee. I directed my information at the good law enforcement officer who in this case was the leader of

the posse. To the reader keep in mind the 5<sup>th</sup> guy in the periphery could turn the tide in anyway and I was aiming my communication to him.

“Where do you live?” Technically I breathe and respire so I live here. “Where do you stay?” I don’t. I continue to make way. I hear you though, I don’t have a local address. My permanent mailing address is on the Florida I.D. which is expired, the U.S. Passport is valid I just carry the State I.D. so you can have the liesense #, Boyintown, last known address Christmass.

I’m paddling a canknowa across the continent. I started this enterprise in St. Helen’s, Washintown, Orgone, Warrior Point, came up the Colombia, the Snake, down the Yellowstone, Misery, Mississippi and Achapaflaya dam reservoir tailrace to here. I’ve already paddled a canoe across the continent and a bunch of other rivers, I’m just coming back the other way. “Where ya going?” I’m headed down to Cuba to marry the Captain of Secrete Police’s daughter, Eliana Gutiérrez. “What are you doing?” I’m undamming the rivers, forcing the collection of that which falls from the heavens and replacing the flushtoile.t. with thE manuel fertilizer machine. “Huh?” Lokki hear, the reservoirs are ‘bout full of mud, the dams are at the end of their service lie period. The buildings are all falling down from uncollected rainfall and the flush toilet is an environmental catastrophe and a disease causing disgrace. Plus, we’re getting farmed by those for whoring men with GMO feed they “the illuminati” (clone doppelganger pirates) grow at the dam and ditch sites.

Two of ‘em liked the presentation as I figured, one of ‘em wanted to silence me (kill me) and the 4<sup>th</sup> wanted to take me to the mental hospatel. I can tell all this by the nonverbal clues. The officer who wanted to kill me began to search the boat.

Remember “Bernie”? Bernard Lawrence Madoff with the 65 **billion** dollar pyramid scheme. “Yeah.” I was “Burnies” valet at the height of his operation. I drove the getaway car at the largest heist in history and I’m stealing the entire show right now. You know how the dolts say he made off with all the money? “Yeah.” Well, that’s a lie, “Bernie” didn’t get any of the money. He shook down the charthetable whorganiizations and the clowns who fund it. To feed the children. They dam the rivers to feed ‘em increasingly non nutritious GMO dam doom food eliminating the kid’s wild natural good food sources forever, get ‘em all lined up under a shed, they all get sick, cue the farmoresuetokill pills, the flush toilets. “Bernie” didn’t make off with the money, he gave it all back to ‘em and they spent themselves into the poor house. They caught “Bernie” down by the river with nothing. He spent his share on salmon, fruit... “You probably made a bunch huh?” Nah, 8 bucks an hour plus a twenty dollar tip.

I used to work for **Jack** “the Boston Mob’s ledgerman” and I parlayed that into. Remember when the Fed’s rounded up the la costar nostra in January 2011 and threw ‘em all into MDC Brooklyn on trumped up charges? “Mmmhm.” I was looking for em in New York, and when I got back to Asheville I read all about it in the Wall Street Journal. They’re hard to fine you know? But then I had their addresses and sent ‘em all a resume for the capo de capo position... I used to work for the Prime Minister of Canada, big picture of a dam reservoir just outside his bathroom door. See all the big Gottwald cranes around here? “Yep.” I used ta work for him too, made his sandwiches and baited his hook.

At this point one could see they were judging what to do with me but a situation developed... “Hey the duck jumped out of the boat!” The duck waddled over to me and began to nibble on my left ear lobe. Kinda jerks on your heart strings don’t it? This is my partner. “You got a partner?” Every law enforcement officer needs a partner, backup in case ya get in trouble. “Your partner got a name?” Dam fluidification Superdriplinewatercollect thE manuel fertilizer machine. In Cuba when they... “You been to Cuba?” Yep, March 2006, I replaced and reset the tables on “the illuminati”, on video, Jose Marti International Airport. In Cuba when they check your I.D. ya either clear or you’re not clear.

They uncuffed me, I pulled a business card out of my PFD and offered it to the good law enforcement officer. It’s for all of you, the notes of my investigation. He took it. I’m getting the gang together in pursuit of law enforcement. Law enforcement starts with a free flowing river. This

plane.t.'s dammed. I turned and made way towards the boat. Oh, you got the line, we'll see what you do with it. He handed it over, I got in the boat and paddled off into the night. A couple of weeks later the Morgan City police captain reportedly happened to blow his head off in a house of ill repute.

The dam ditch into New Orleans is lined in exotic Chinese popcorn trees (*Triadica sebifera*) with roots draped in plastic Mardi gras beads at low tide. I saw one gator of any size, about 10' and it had a 5 gallon bucket sized abscess growing up through its back side. The horror of the bayou environment is nearly indescribable. Nearing the plantation whorehouse capitol of the universe I got word from the locals along the ICW ditch that Obama had shown in New Orleans with 12? tanks on a train (wrong kind of tanks, bring cistern/foundation/rafts). As I approached the Harvey dam in the fading light 2 what looked like U.S. Navy aircraft approached from my starboard and juked just ahead of me onto my heading. Two aircraft came from behind on same heading followed by a single what looked like a super hornet (could've been the "River Rattlers" in F-14 tomcats getting lined up and herded by a super whoring e.t.) for five all day, same course.

The French Quarter landing is an almost perfect canoe pull in but with "bay of fundie" like big wake action. Immediately I'm assaulted by a rock throwing gremlin that fell out of the Christmass tree into the dam swimming pool/or a simbum (I didn't ask him). Then a drywall knife wielding assault by same type, this sets the tone.

There's a small staircase of wood to the water side and below the lower tier's bottom edge is often where I pull up the boat. Initially at least the transient local bums had set up a five gallon bucket waste elimination site. I continue appearing 4 or 5 AM, they throw the bucket in the river. 12 to 22 feet from the lowest staircase the homeless have set up a pit where they stack up rocks attempting to make a wall to hide the shit hole behind and escape the parade of humans on Rouse Riverwalk. They're mad at my presense. All I can say is get up at 3# or 4\$ AM, cross the river in the fog and paddle a mile to get heir.

The U.S. Customs building is attached to the Audubon insectarium on Canal St.

Along the Rouse Riverwalk a Chicago "Clean Rivers" trash barge ties up with the welded on "Chicago" name painted over in black. It's attached to a floating shed with a nature scene painted on the tug. The headline sponsors are ADM, Cargill and Ingram, the care actors pushing the weaponized GMO dam and ditch feed upon us while pretending they're doing right by the environment. Early one day as I'm commuting to work across the river I meet a crew member, she's a not too buck toothed/big tits hottie teaching kids to pretend to clean up a dammed river while serving dam GMO pumpkin bread. I trade my newspaper and oral version to her for a sample of doom food. The stuff without the icing wasn't as bad, I didn't need to sample the Gatorade. She's escerta, defends herself in complete denial and retreats behind a door with a huge # 9 painted on the side. I pointed this all out to her as she closes the door on herself.

I found the finest black dominoe made in perfect condition in the rue gutter of New Orleans. I've been searching for it to complete the "River Dr. You Know Who" look. For a month or so I've been telling people we'll undam the rivers jack e.t. for their ships and be the quickest organism out of the mud into sweet vessels with the goods ever seen and soliciting their asses to do it. For e.t. it would work out for the best likewise as they have the sweet vessels, just no goods. In theory they should be able to navigate the event horizon line to a different eventuality than last time at the point of having assisted us undamming the rivers and heading towards a productful return.

Thanksgiving a man in black got on the boat (The Algier's Point-New Orleans ferry). Another man apparently with woman nearby (a pare of humans, a couple {coo hell}) the setup and lead into...) asks the man in black, "Where are you from"? The man in black asks him, "Where do you think I'm from"? "**Russia!**" The man in black asks me, "Where do **you** think I'm from"? I thought for a second, smiled big and slurred 2 words together. **Finland/Vinland!** (Greenland) for the slickest of all multi meaning guesses, the answer one way or another. I've thought about this encounter, my most effective/favorite persona to mimic or impersonate while selling the infinityproject is Tommy Lee

Jones's character from "The Men in Black" film. At this point I gave the other guy a business card as I introduced myself and gave the man in black one too even though I probably wouldn't have except I felt the other guy needed one and then it would have looked rude not to offer the man in black one (it makes me look unknowing though, to give out my card to someone who is obviously aware of its existence).

The man in black claimed to be from South Africa (the south side of the Dark Continent where they label their GMO food as such) said his name was "Jack" (perfect). As we stepped off the ferry into New Orleans Jack said, "It looks like you're stuck". [I'm living in a sticker Xanthium strumarium patch on the side of the way (Jack's got a point though, I'm stuck in new or lean until I undam this thing) and have been since I got on the canal in Burlington at the bottom of St. Helens.] I never get stuck (not this time, we're running it over again in reverse viceversa)...

Jack mentioned something about "them" living forever. You had to see the wry "yeah sure" smirk on his face, as if he were one of "them" bluffing or not bluffing as if we were playing a game of poker. [I'm not playing, its real poke her to me.] I and Life want them to live forever [I'd thunk up the lines to tell him just the day before] we're here to make sure they do. Obviously, they'd never be able to navigate the event horizon line anywhere but back to start again. Life wouldn't let 'em first of all, the dam disease in this universe is quarenteened off from the other universes in the multiverse project. Plus, we think better [at least I do] because we have good food (sabe) which they obviously don't. That's what we bring to the table, river guides with a complete ecosystem to sustain ourselves and intuition, the ability to forsee into the future based on the notes of the past and come up with a solution to the problem before we get there. We'll be able to pilot the rabbithole/wormhole with good food, that's why we gotta punch a hole in the dams now, so we'll have good food then so we can pilot them and everything else through/around the infinitely dense collapse of the universe, invest product in other universes with different parameters/space time conditions and experience new product, reinvest this new product in this universe for instance and realize something different/new, more instead of getting imprisoned in the same thing with no gain. Note even if there aren't multiple universes or a sea of universes, by doing something different instead of the same ole dam thing we'd be in a different universe then last time, could invest the summation in the next universe, experience a changed first 1/2, invest summation in a more massive 2nd half, keep repeating with real interest... this would in effect be a massively interesting multiuniverse project or infinity project. [Imagine living forever in a dammed system, each suckseeding universe would be the same as the last, the only difference being entropy, created if only for the live forever types having the boredom of being forced to witness the dam disgrace again.]

Jack went to work on "Polyticks" at the Shops at Canal St. As usual with these types I can't tell whether Jack's a bloodsucking parasite going back to work selling damaged goods or infiltrating and getting the dam fools to come about to a reasonable idea. This is as Jack obviously intended. As Jack made way towards the structure he dropped my card (showing me how close he is to dropping my card altogether or perhaps how he'd dropped the idea in the past and is picking it up again) and picked it up again.

I'd set out this day headed for "Jackie's" (a woman's apparel shop next to the Louisiana visitor information center) for herbs and that's where I went next but couldn't get any. I don't function well trapped in a male skin suit on a dam plane.t. all by myself without sativa which I can't procure anywhere (just stoner indica) and some tail action from females. The skin suit I'm in just operates better with a way to change my consciousness and escape the dam reality periodically. I'd operate better with a way to release sexual tension that involved females. If I had any excuse for my obvious poor performance, it would be these two things and the drugged GMO food.

As far as the living for ever thing goes, go ahead, the problem lies behind the procurement of periodic new skin suits. That's not how to get a new skin suit (although not necessarily the issue, it kinda is, depends how ya do it) I'm demonstrating to you the correct/foolproof way to get a new skin

suit and I'm devilishly good at it. Also, to Jack, other MIB types and reasonable conscious thinkers forcing dam fluidification the first idea "they" will try to illuminate one with in retaliation for the event horizon line river guide proposal is, "been there done that". This is a very possible likelihood, the #'s add up to it. However, think about it, if we were to continue down the dam route, escape from the surface with whatever we escape with, our artificial system would naturally break down but let's say we held on and made it to the event horizon line (got sucked in or plunged in at the last doable moment) remember we're holding on... with/to what? A misprogrammed computer machine (the vessel) ourselves and what else? A dog? Imagine popping back up (you saved yourselves!) and you're stuck with "Hal" and your dog for what looks like **forever**. Bitch, huh? See the way things work (the universe expands and contracts repeatedly and/or the galaxy's get far apart requiring those making way to utilize the black hole's event horizon line for transport) if you (we) "they" come up with a novel idea the force would let it run its course, just to see what came of it. But if it works out to be less productive or unpleasurable to take note of the force won't let ya repeat or would force ya to repeat with entropy. This time we load the vessel with reasonable product going the correct way.

For Thanksgiving I wore a bunch of turkey (Meleagris gallopavo) feathers in my dreads. Just below New Orleans's Jackson Square (with Christmas tree display) is the French Quarter landing. The music playing on loudspeakers includes Jackson's "Nigger don't stop till ya get enough". From this location with the canoe pulled up on the dike rocks I put forth the idea to the New Orleans crew and tourists while surveying the harbor.

It was a bumper crop this year with the price in the dirt and the world's ships filed in and out chambering weaponized dam GMO feed. The names of the ships hauling the doom food were revealing, "PAC ACRUX", "RED GARDINA", "PINA CAFIERO", "FOUR RIGOLETTO", "SF BOLOGNIA", "DESERT RHAPSODY", "LA BOHEME", "ERHAN CINER", "CF DIAMOND", "ORIENT SINGAPORE", "XIN TIN SHANGHEI", "AQUITANIA", "COMET", "AETOLIA", "GOOD HOPE MAX", "ATHINA"... these are practically the worst names imaginable for a boat loaded with food. If a dam GMO feed ship went by with perhaps a better implying name like "ATLANTIC TREASURE", the anchor was fouled.

Military day New Orleans finds me at the N.O. town hall meeting. When I get there I go inside, let the security know what's going on (a free flowing river system) and use the restroom to rinse my face in fresh water, clear my senses and rinse off my shades. Back for a quick picnic and smoke and back in. Some had sabotaged the flushtoilets and now there's sewage in the hallway. Trudging through raw sewage to the meeting I speak with the janitor who instantly recognizes me. The military practically speaks in Latin code revealing what our asses are getting sung up for. All the branches present "red jacket" Jackie with a coin except the U.S. Navy whose representative is eyeing me as he states, "We didn't bring you a coyn..." I think he gave her a badge.

Later I speak in natural dam fine suit with yellow flower pinned to lapel. I'd encountered "red jacket" Jacky at a park in Algiers Point a day previous and her support staff had heard of me and my massage, so she'd been warned and made the decision to get up and leave just before I speak. I'm seeking the most intelligent presentation to ever be made in N.O. and as a result am targeting word count. Speaking very rapidly and precisely I made one "mistake", I tripped up over the word "pipes". In an otherwise mistake free presentation the "mistake" was perfect because when we solve this situation on the surface the pipes will be corduroy, above the ground, so tripping up on the pipes needs to be considered. So, it's a perfect speech and of course I pointed out we could have the U.S. military solve the problem and undam the rivers.

Military Day (armagedon) on this planet will be the day the military opens the future and frees the rivers. As we undam the rivers, reducing collateral damage is important. This could be accomplished without slowing down the strikes initiating dam fluidification on the water ways. It's easy, punch a hole in the dam using existing tools, then somewhat control the erosion of the dam (made by the water spilling through the gap) using the primary and emergency flood gates to lessen the speed

of the dams' deterioration. So, the hole starts getting too big, the flood gets "bad", open the spillway gates to lessen the hole from getting to big to quick. Control the washout of the dam with the gates, don't stop the washout from developing, just keep the hole from getting to big to rapidly. Any nation wouldn't want to stop the dams' deterioration to the river bed because we'd have to come hit it again and charge them for the trouble.

How the military will proceed with dam fluidification using existing projectile delivery technology. Don't preemptively solicit assistance from other nations. There's no point in what amounts to stalling. They should already be undamming the rivers as rapidly as possible. "Sneak"/ surprise attack like a birthday party that ya weren't expecting. Might work great with representatives of G-20 in the U.S. overlooking/within view of a dam reservoir seated at a ban quit. Initiate dam fluidification primarily with aircraft carrier groups, air force, forward army base helicopters, the drones... Shoot for CFS/target the biggest, this naturally would mean free the largest rivers first but should work out to a bottom to the top of river fluidification exercise that should minimize collateral damage. Crack water control structures first, open lines of communication, be for giving nations an opportunity (seconds/minutes) to open the emergency gates to moderate flood aperture development, then really wallop the dam things, start sending the dam hole punching/emergency environmental protection action receipt/bills out.

Anticipate call from nations enlightened that at rate presented they'd be better able to undam their rivers more rapidly at less cost to them. Imply to cooperative nations that if they want to make a chunk of change for themselves elsewhere go ahead. As for the other possible scenarios that could develop including dam fool nuclear retaliatory strikes, deflect/absorb, don't respond likewise be on target continue dam assault targeting CFS, send dam fool nuclear (or other) retaliatory nation a bill for damage incurred. Initiate sale of collective productive structures. If we get a nation that tries to defend the dams there's two obvious ways to solve the problem/discourage other nations from the same: 1. Send in a team (Marines) to arrest the leader of the dam fool nation and we'll feed he/she the last of the dam GMO rations as they await trial for crimes against people/Life, I'll commute their sentence upon certain conviction. 2. Target a big key dam further upstream, drop 'em like dominoes. This would increase the likelihood of collateral "damage" but we'll just blame it on their poor leadership. 3. A combination of 1 and 2. 4. Other options the U.S. military might think of which could come before option 1 and 2. I'm just going to make the command to undam the rivers and let the armed forces commanders do as they see fit, not try to move the chess pieces about myself or micromanage the event.

Also note after the election as we approach the inauguration if I don't receive word in writing that the INTERPOL isn't planning on arresting me for crimes against humanity (see the dam fool humiliating dolts stipulations concerning their wars largely fought over the rock piles on the rivers Geneva Convention Rules, New Delhi Draft Rules, International Humanitarian Law, IHC, the 1999 UN Secretary-General Bulletin section 6.8 and the military manuals of most nations forbidding the attack upon dams, making attacks on water control structures the #1 crime) when I raise my hand from the Bible the U.S. armed forces will simultaneously begin fluidifying the world's river dams as a "C" team of U.S. Marines, some of the top colonels and a couple State Department Officers in helicopters arrest as many of the INTERPOL care actors defending the dam scam as we can, imprison 'em, feed 'em the last of the surface grown dam GMO food, very speedy trial, certain convictions and then at which point I'll commute their sentences.

With all the dam and ditch GMO criminal product afloat, it looked like it would be a good idea to scout the US Navy base which essentially ensures the dam shit gets there because they got all the boats with the guns. Across the river from New Orleans just below Algiers Point I pulled the boat out Sunday night. A Washington subsidized dam and ditch red apple had washed up here. Monday morning, I hiked up over the dike just upstream of the US Coast Guard building with a #87 green can in the lawn. I obviously cased the base, they're getting a new gas line.

At entrance into “The Truman Show” town/base of Uniontown a Marine security guard approached with 2 guys in an SUV back up. I gave him the newspaper and headed back out and about the base. A white van exited base and pulled up in front of a house with a big handy man for work shindel out front of fruit trees and vegetable product in cultivation. At the bases front entrance an apparent soldier drove by advertising his moonlight job of “DJ who ya wit” on rear window. The concrete sidewalk out front of base is scored, “Pimpin”. The green local election campaign signs encircling the base read, “Eugene Green council at large”.

At the nearby U.S.A. Supermarket on display upon entrance is, “Sock it to me crème cake” on the left and “Community Coffee” on the right. There is a guy affixing, “We buy houses” signs out front amidst used tire shops (they got a bad baloney skin problem). Coming back around the base to the river I come upon a dude in Merchant Marine who thinks to take his share from transporting said doom food and retire to the Philippines. Encircling the base and headed back to my boat along the dike just as I pass in front of the main building the ship “FLORIDA ENTERPRISE” heads up the way. You know they’re watching all this from the base. As I dip down back to the boat a “CEXTRAL” truck pulls up to Coast Guard building dropping off some junk.

I lit out of the French Quarter to investigate the asshole of New Orleans (municipal sewerage outfall) and Pointhetrain for Christmass. At Lake Pontatrain I discovered a Graphite Force™ No. 2 UNISON pencil (the best performing pencil I ever found) and three rubber balls (for 4 total in the case) strewn amidst green hand grenade dam GMO drink containers and other plastic junk. A storm rolled in and I took shelter on a shell rock weir in the bowels of New Orleans ICW casing out the sphincter for a sign. In the night of Christmas eve/Christmas morning New Orleans shat out the GREENREAP(F)ER’S “GREEN MAVERICK” registered out of Nassau, according to the ships manifest on the internet, headed for Santiago de Cuba.

On this ship when one reads the green sign on the side you can’t tell if it reads “GREENREEPER’S” or “GREENREEFER’S” as there is some obstruction on the hull side which causes letter distortion. When this boat was christened I was all over the story as a big article appeared in The Palm Beach Post and I saw it out in the Gulf Stream on fishing trips. Here we are. I feel like I’m tracking this ship I’ve seen it so many times, on the way to Haiti, headed for West End... Nearby at scrapyard is US Navy 52 ship with red kangaroo picture and the container ship “MARIE FLOOD”.

My duck peeled off downriver with a bunch of wild ducks or got eaten by a hawk. She was amongst the other ducks under a dilapidated wharf and I couldn’t get her one day on the way to the French Quarter and left her browzing with other ducks while a big hawk perched overhead. I recountered downstream a ways but couldn’t find the dame ruoen waterfowl and decided to paddle upstream to Baton Rouge with the idea to speak at the Louisiana State Agriculture structural pest control meeting on Florida Ave.

Just upstream of New Orleans is the Huntington Ingalls Industries Avondale Shipyard where the just commissioned amphibious transport dock, USS SOMERSET, the last of three 9/11 ships is tied up. After hearing and ignoring warning/trading info “It’s a fully crewed warship”, for informative business card with a private contractor working a barge just downstream I push up towards the stern of the USS SOMERSET. When I get within a hundred yards the back deck gets busy, I can hear what sounds like a general quarters alarm and a couple swabbies step to the starboard transom corner. I can tell they’re under orders they don’t want to follow, as the swabbies deliberately fumble and slack while unveiling the ice cream sound machine/audio disabler (I’ve got ear plugs within reach). A roughneck marine with a rifle appears and makes sure the swabbies enable the speaker. The marine signals for me to make directly away. I immediately do, crossing the river. Apparently I sounded the first of general quarter’s alarms on the last of the 9/11 ships as the crew comes out on the side of the ship and watches me paddle upstream on the other side.

At the Army Corps of Engineers huge campus right on the river as I approach the waterside security camera looming out front a couple of what looks like US Navy whorine.t.’s (River Rattler’s?, I



need to get a military aircraft silhouette I.D. book with all the action I'm getting) scream overhead while a single engine propeller plane towing a "BELIEVE" banner fly's by in the background. I toss a newspaper in a plastic honey jug up under the security cam. This perfect presentation was met with 2 Army Corps dudes. The sign posted on a piling in front of the A.C.E. building reads, "27".

Paddling up the Mississippi from New Orleans is a lot of pushing, I broke my aluminum seat in half. At the crux of the grain barge bottle neck, the hardest part, a spotter plane flies up alongside me on my starboard just as I'm drafting up behind a mooring buoy to make the cut in front of an 8 wide barge mooring, current ripping underneath. Across the diked Miss. canal from probably the largest of grain elevator transfer points is a long wide bunch of moored barges. I suspected the shore side route upstream was blocked cause the water's surface lacked floating detritus and the message on the last visible barge stern was graffitied, "Hello I love Cindy". But it was a tough push on the current side, I was in no hurry and looking for a good story to tell. When I got directly across from the big bread pile I found the way blocked with rip rap. A big spray paint mural on a moored barge with the big pile of dam GMO doom feed for the backdrop was noted. It centers around a tree motif hot woetoman "Malorie" who perhaps died in "1987" and a 9 eyed monster chucking seeds.

I got to Baton Rouge on the coldest day of the year supposedly 22 degrees. I found several onions on the bank and a head of celery. Just as I ferried across to the State Capitol I found a dead female mallard in the 32.5 degree water. After speaking at length with the tug boat crew with the buffalo icon I made ashore and cooked a duck stew with the Ingram "SUNNY COOK" tug steaming by. Climbing over the dike into Baton Rouge one finds a big construction site, Lemoine (lemon) Construction, Built to Last/Terracon, apparently an IBM building. They're moving mud around and putting in pilings just next to and under the Mississippi with the weight of all the mud in Sackofjewear (from the Yellowstone and Big Horn +) coming down the mountain, soon.

One of the first places I disseminate the idea was the steps of the Louisiana State Capitol on Saturday, lots of brides getting marriage pictures. At one point a plainclothesman came out of the capitol and checked up on me as I wrote letters for delivery in the mail. I saw him watching me and began whistling the theme song from, "The Adams Family". I approached the capitol front door with minutes left until closing, went over the idea with the doormen officers and Xrayed my valise upon entry so I could give the newspaper to the gal at the information desk. They wanted to search my train case but I decided to leave them with the picture of contents. Next, I went to the Capitol police station, depressed the "doorbell" and had a short but to the point communication with the Lieutenant who appeared to like the idea wholeheartedly. We also went over the rules concerning information dissemination on Capitol grounds (not allowed to).

On Monday while following the misleading information at the Department of Children and Family's internet site I reported to the DCF main building seeking SNAP (food stamp) assistance. The State Capitol police sargent on duty at the airport style "restroom" Xrays gave me the correct address and showed me the way to the place I wanted to go. I gave him a quick version of the free flowing river/collective productive structural solution to the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. disaster. The Sgt. informed me the Leutenant had already let him in on it and proved interest and communicability at the Louisiana State Capitol Police level, plus he said he'd spread the news too.

At the Baton Rouge town hall meeting a plainclothes Baton Rouge Police Lieutenant responding to a damsell in distress plea (the secretary) told me he wouldn't allow me to speak on any topic and I wouldn't even be able to attend the meeting, this was a first. He escorted me out and while I gave him the solution to the dam problem in front of many I waited until the elevator doors closed on he and I before I really let into him like liquid nitrogen on hot asphalt. Then as the elevator doors opened at the ground floor to a bunch of middle school kids I switched gears again into a grade school appropriate level presentation as I departed the building.

The magnetic stripe on the back of my Missouri SNAP (food stamps) card wore off and then the #'s on the front disappeared so I went into Louisiana DCF to get a new card. I gave the DCF security

guard my business card and the DCF officer a newspaper on my first visit. On the next visit I took a # and began making B/W copies in the dual copier equipped room adjacent to the waiting room. I made about a 1000 copies, gave the security guard an autographed color copy of the 10 page newspaper and left. I came back again and made another 1000 copies. The security guard even came in and asked, "Everything working OK?" He is the type who realizes we won't be able to do anything for children and families without installing the idea I present. The Baton Rouge DCF security guard, in essence, is me just a different skin color, not quite as intelligent, offensive and aggressive as I but caring, timely and desperate. He's a sharp character.

Likely he got into DCF to make a living helping people and realized he is overseeing the administration of their doom through dam and ditch GMO doom feed bought with the SNAP benefits (they could buy Florida oranges and Georgia pecans like me but most don't). He recognized the idea I present as the solution and allowed me to use the DCF's tools towards the greatest of realities, good food for people (and all of life) for all time. One could see he's glad I showed up and I'm glad he's here, wouldn't be able to do it without him. The Louisiana food stamps card turned out to be a practically worthless \$12. I stuff the copies in a priority mail cardboard box and stroll back towards downtown Baton Rouge.

When I get to the Chase building on Florida my 6<sup>th</sup> sense starts to ping and I go to the back/side of the building and discover a free party which is billed as "The Wall". The Chase "The Wall" thing looks like a set up just for me. They had cheese and crackers, \$2 California Wall Mart wine and cookies. I begin talking to the sommelier serving the wine about GMO grape root stock with subsidized substandard dam and ditch GMO effervescence. Also note it could be GMO yeast fermented. He didn't want to talk about it. The DJ spinning the music has a Brier Rabbit and the Tar Baby 45 LP front and center. The LP is cracked, just for show. None of his machines displayed the "This device must accept all outside interference" warning. He takes notice as I search his equipment. On his liquid crystal display he types in Boyton... (my birthplace lacking an "n") and ...Chestnut (my last street address).

I sit down at a free spinning circular table and begin to fold up my newspapers which I think of as spinning rectangles. Penning wreckedangles on a disc table draws no response from the 20 or 30 people in the open to the public party, no one seems interested in me or my news. The crowd is pretty much lame and dead, they're dammed, blocked off. They have a projector that projects from a table up towards the heavens but is blocked by the ceiling. It's incomprehensible, the projection towards the heavens, weird just like the dammed reality and in that sense it's perfect as is the projection that shows up against the wall with the exit to the interior restrooms. This projection is unmistakable for a person with experience such as I have even though it is extremely distorted or abstract. It looks like a huge desert reservoir on a hot day. One couldn't miss it even though most would probably claim they didn't recognize it as a dam reservoir, likely except for the characters who selected the projection.

There is a couple of other performers at the Chase "The Wall" event, the DJ who appears to accept/input/project outside interference by Lawrence rests and a stringed instrument player with another young musician backing him up begins to perform. These two have supporting machines that accept outside interference by law plus the players of manual instruments are very easy to influence (as are DJ's). For me the easiest way to fine tune a performer's message is by communicating the dammed river and ass. problems with money making hole punching solution in words whether in writing, verbal or both and then finding the acoustic spot in the room or area that sounds best and fine tuning the performers delivery even more so by "playing" my teeth with my tongue (lips parted and mouth open as I hear best this way). If the band has amps and speakers like this one does usually the sweet spot is mid way between the speakers some distance from the stage.

This room has miserable acoustics and I give the DJ credit for sounding as fine as he did. The Chase "The Wall" room's acoustics are so bad the sweet spot for the band is as close as one can get to the instruments. I take a knee with my face at the same level as the seated player's stringed instrument

and focus my awareness on his sound. That which poured forth from his instrument became astronomical, the sound of the multiverse, pure delight/the siren song. I stepped up and back a short period before he wrapped up the tune and he commented to the crowd it was the best he'd ever played. The sad thing is he didn't want my business card, showed no interest in reading my book and didn't seem to want to communicate the free flowing river through the dam wall idea.

This makes his strumming on his instrument just that, worthless and regretful, a sin. See, cause I (or anyone) could have been speaking about the solutions to our problems instead or even singing the words about the solutions to the problems in accompaniment, instead of listening to a muse and getting sicker. However, the sound that emanated from his stringed box certainly was fluid and anyone could see the interaction between he and I or the force I imparted to him was massive. This may have been the best he could do, and I did get results from it apparently.

I read the couple of books that were conspicuously presented on the coffee table which was pretty much the centerpiece of "The Wall's" presentation and placed my newspaper along with them. I probably should have put the floral display on the floor (not on the coffee table) but this is not for me to do and as represented is the dam rue defined roughly. I place several of my business cards about and go outside.

I speak with a woman a few years younger than me who seemingly shows some interest in my idea, but alas is cunningly blocked in further communication by another broad who leads her away from me. Of course, I realize the girl departs on her own violation. I've had this happen many times, often it's a phone call from a woetoman that interrupts the communication and I've never once had a person say, "I'm communicating about something important and interesting", or some such thing and refuse to have the communication interrupted. They take the bait and get led away from me down the damned broad in no sense route, practically every time.

"The Wall" is pretty much a flop, it doesn't really go off or turn on in any sense. I'd gotten here just as the sun set and the party started. The main theme supposedly imparted to me by the dozen or so presenters is a projection on the wall or a slide show. I and Life can't figure out what they're planning on at the dam wall show but outside the Chase building they've set up a big projector. If you're the type of reader who gets that I'm telling this story as a metaphor for the largest of ideas (I wrote the book as a parable cause that's how life presents it to me and you) you'll be glad to know/relieved "The Wall's" main projector (in the garden) failed. "The Wall" was a bust. Of course, I'm intently yet nonchalantly pestering the diewrecktohers of "The Wall" show as to exactly why the project(or) failed. Some kind of software problem.

The backup band member who is in his 20's approaches me and I enter into the most progressive possibly productive communication of "The Wall" event. Know that because he chooses to interact with me here, near the failed main projector and "The Wall" crew I get to present the idea to the crew as well as he. I really give 'em a detailed version of the infinityproject idea, the elimination of dam and ditch Ag. which is largely accomplished by the armed forces fluidifying the water control structures on the rivers but also by using the event to get control of the fossil fuel burned maintaining the small dam and ditch operations. The supplanting of the dam food with roof to super conversion, the fertilizer machine flushtoilet replacement and the productive use of collected water and fertilizer for primarily fruit tree massproduction. I present him with my business card. Attack the dam problem with the river solution. "I will absolutely", confirmed the band member. It'll work that way too.

What the 2<sup>nd</sup> fiddle is implying here is that he wants to do the correct thing, he wants to be part of life for all time, he wants to be part of the flushtoile.t. conversion to thE manuel fertilizer machine but he doesn't have a soul. From the notes I'm collecting his kind have been to the edge of damnation for real, the event horizon line, they get that life trapped them here to witness this. What they need is a "seeing eye dog", humans are worthless navigators, people are able though. We need the plants, the fungus, algae, trees, bugs, whales and hot tub snow monkeys to do it and species relationships or evolution needs to progress. The things got to be in continuous operation for the most part. These kind

really get (or at least act like they do) who or what I represent, Life basically, almost in a chemical sense meaning about ½ the representation of life. See if I wholly represented life I'd be half tree or ½ plant with my feet in fungus. The best the force of life could do is present them, the computer and people with a man of jolly soul and an environmental horticulture degree.

They get this (those without souls) even though they would claim they don't know or save specifically, the computer deduced it before it occurred, it's the human adult that denies everything. It appears the best way for life to make it through/past/around/along the event horizon line/the theorized infinitely dense collapse of the universe or between the galaxies and/or universes is with organisms that live forever or aren't expedited working together/in conjunction with organisms that accept expedition or immortal warriors both working together/in conjunction with machines and computers.

For the reader who may think it hard to disseminate the infinityproject idea at a setup like Chase's "The Wall" where it could be considered difficult to judge who's who know it's not for you to judge who's a dam fool, let them or force them to reveal/expose themselves then call 'em out for it. Anyone could have entered the Chase "The Wall" whistling the theme song from "Star Wars" Tattooing's desert bar scene added the verbal lyrics, "Punch a hole in the dams and have a holy jolley Christmass this year" went back to whistling the Port Mosticely tune and departed having succinctly put forth the idea, the DJ, sommelier and two live performers would have caught the idea. Anyone could have easily sauntered in "quacking" their fingers and thumbs together like a duck (waterfowl) with their left hand 3 times (signal for helicopter emergency waterfoul) and said "Reviere" instead of "Hello" and made the correct point. It's easy to accomplish.

Here's the option, which I took advantage of as well. I stroll up towards the Capitol to witness one of the nearly constant mardie gras parades that rumbles through the area for almost a month and a quarter. The mardi gras parade is where the worst of the humiliating dolts group together. Floats drawn by dam and ditch farm tractors parade groups of menopausal women encircling a "nubile" hot chick dressed in white (as if she were marriageable) hurl plastic beads. Later the onlookers take the plastic "pearl" necklaces and throw them at the trees where they hang from the branches in a sickening display that certainly alludes to the larger replacement of the sea's natural bounty with plastic fruit problem. The dame wacko's really throw the plastic beads at me as if I was the #1 target of their hateful glee (they want me to show my tits). I shoot 'em a bird as I flick my chin with real pearls. Fortunately, I arrive at the tail end of this, disgraceful, mardi gras parade segment and only had to bear a few marching bands hauntingly chanting, "Yellow, yellow, helio..." interspersed between the floats before the actual smiling creeps pushing this whole dam crap showed, the Baton Rouge police department.

Here's how one does it, look extremely bitter, sour, acidic and dry/disappointed, meet at the crossroads (that way you're not J wall king and you're in the correct) quickly step towards the police cruiser and the officer in the passenger seat with the window rolled down like you mean business, reach under your jacket lapel like "Jaws" on a Russian airplane out a Cuba, pull out a copy of the "Bonzai, Bonsai, Bond's Eye" newsletter (news let her {news of creating an opening in the dams}) including your own resume for the man or woman him or herself (or mine if you'd rather be an apostal(ette) or thE manuel copy machine) and the pictures illustrating thE manuel homes, cistern foundation raft, beehive walls and thE manuel fertilizer machine. Tell 'em read it and weep dam clown or force the idea forward and save your own soul, I can expidite you officers or I'll expidite you off the surface, smile, show 'em your teeth even if it looks like a grimace, it's a scary parade.

After a sip of Jeigermeister and a puff of herbs I leave the empty Jeigermeister bottle with infinityproject business card attached out front of the other bank near Chase. This is important because it's not fair to disperse a big money making idea like this at one financial institution and not let the bank across the street in on the fortune. Back at the Chase "The Wall" event my newsletter is unread and my business cards haven't been picked up yet "The Wall" main projector is decidedly failed. At the Chase security desk, the guard shows interest and agrees to send the newsletter up to the top of the

structure.

I visit the food truck parked just outside the event. There're 3 or 4 dark local looking men sitting inside who look like they haven't served anything all night. Is it Mississippi River catfish or dam GMO pond catfish? "It's not fresh." How 'bout the shrimp po boy, is it gulf shrimp or that dam GMO Thailand no mangrove doom shrimp? "It's not gulf shrimp." Give me a pork chop sandwich. Here's the cash for the sandwich and the best tip you'll ever get, my newsletter, it's got a 400 page book that's located at the site listed, plus it's got a cartoon so you can't miss the picture. Got any hot sauce? Doom this shits got sodium benzoate in it, they use sodium benzoate in in vitro meat cultivation. I check 'em for a tell (none). However they kinda smiled and nodded their heads seriously while reading the cartoon.

This is an Email correspondence with Mark Kalch whom I met in Washburn.

How about England's ass tour e.t. (austerity) measures? I was headed up the Mississippi, the bottle neck of dam and ditch GMO feed barges just upstream of New Orleans is rough board. I deseminated the liquid enlighting idea to the tug barge crews pushing the weaponized grade food out to the world. Likely sounded the first general quarters alarm coming up on the new US Navy Somerset at dock the last of the 9/11 ships. Man in Black got on the boat (Algier's Point to New Orleans ferry) Thanksgiving, getting the crew together in pursuit of law enforcement. Law enforcement on this plane.t. starts with surfacewide free flowing river systems. Attack the dam problem with the solution, convert roof to super, collect that which falls from the heavens, replace flush toile.t. with the manuel fertilizer machine. Thank you Mr. Kalch for your continued forcefull delivery. ~

Hey mate, nice to hear from you and stoked you are still continuing the fight. Cold paddling over winter I guess? Where you at now? Take care out there brother.

Nah, I like it better in winter, it's all about the equipment (clothes) I recommend Patagonia of course (you know why [owner produced "Damnation" film]). Now I am in Baton Rouge taking care of business. Like I wrote I and life really appreciate your professional river massage, thanks for putting me on your site in such a picture arangement. Also, it appears you quoted me as Emanuel, smart, because that was my line (and his) but perhaps you did make way into an Emanuel and that was his quote. My site (where the book is stored) isn't as flashy (in shape) as yours but I'm working towards presenting the idea more like you do on the computer. That being said the notes I've collected and give to you all are the best in the universe. It's because I attack the foundation of the problems we face with the solution. The solution to dam and ditch agriculture the most noteworthy and really investigated the thing. Plus, I realize the most cohesive force behind the dam curtain, the clone doppelganger pirates. Interestingly enough they trade ideas with me much more effectively and often than the human dolts. It's because they get it, they don't ever try and hide anything like most the dolts, they get how on target I am whereas the dolt doubts the idea I present mostly cause 97% of the humiliating dolts are headed in the wrong direction (digging a deeper dam hole). The most valuable thing the clones (Dolly the Sheep) could get out of this plane.t.'s "farm" is a reasonable, conscience, aware creature with the ability to process life around them and transfer the notes into a computer, a creature with a complete ecosystem to support it (us). An organism in denial that only cares for its individual self and deliberately exterminates life around it is worthless. Thus the clones' preparation for our exit into slavery complete with a GMO "K-9 rations" for sale. You'd think those farming us would undam the rivers (and perhaps drop my book on the dolts from above) to save us from self annihilation as we are their pilots across the event horizon line in the future, we are their river guides. I'm working on getting them to do it, as I've set up a competition between them and the U.S. Navy to undam the rivers. One way we, USA, get out of debt, the other way we lose Manhattan, Puerto Rico and Formosa. My book is long, over 380 pages but I encourage you (without the rage) to print it, drill holes in the spine and sew it together. We've got to attack the dam sheddy flushtoile.t. in vain ecocide attempt, fight. The

best way is to get low and come up on 'em with the soulution. You know this. Often it works best if one pretends to have been knocked down "the set up". It's in place. I'm pancaking 'em, Jack "the man in black" is covering me and getting some licks in too.

Oh hey here's some incentive to read my book: look at a picture of New York's 9/11 garden from above (it's obviously space alien reservoirs laughing at you). Take a gander at the garden itself. 4 hundred (4 cien in latin/for seeing in latin slang) swamp white oaks, genius species Quercus bicolor (to collar or enslave if the humans would just add an extra "L" or "ill" which they continue to do) the bicolor hybridizes with macrocarpa (big thief). That's the picture. Also, you can check the PWP landscaper site where they write they planted the stuff so you couldn't miss the literal meaning of what it is they're telling you. For seeing bicollar x macrocarpa and one prune us. Then look at the plant list for the 9/11 pentagon garden, foreign trees that shed their bark, their skin, thus the doppelganger tag. Plus, they've shown me all this live in action, so I have no doubt (they don't want me to wonder, they want me to fix it). Plus, the whole thing happened at Tribeca, (the triangle below canal street) or the pyramid scheme that lies below the dam and ditch waterway. Also, at the inaugural Tribeca film festival (in commemoration of 9/11) the top two billed movies were "Star Wars II: Attack of the Clones" and another movie titled "It's about a Boy". I'm from Boynton (boyintown) educated in Delray (of the sun). Don't forget to look at the Irich Hunger Memorial's 6<sup>th</sup> generation Slacker house. The idea I present may seem incredible but it's just the obvious (you gotta know how to read). Most don't want to know, they're quaking in fear, denying the levy to mill you know (9,11,2001). Knowledge is power force the option, new way vie one say to thousand one. Force free flowing rivers. ~

This is an Email correspondence with Jack Karasch.

February 8,2014 9:43 Hey, John. I hope you're well. I think you wanted some feedback and/or opinions to possibly consider about the manuscript. First of all, I write fiction, primarily novels, and your are of course the expert on the subject and I couldn't and wouldn't make any suggestions about dams or water conditions. You have a lot of facts and a good deal of them are interesting and should be known by all of our citizens, as well as those people in a position to do something about the problems.

The obstacles I see to getting the book published are that the writing tends to too frequently wander from an important point in an attempt to be clever or to raise a similar but not similar enough point. That makes for a confused reader. Also, I think most readers, and so publishers, would find off-putting the immodest claims you make about yourself while calling other people "dolts". Lots of them probably are dolts, but it doesn't help your goal of getting people fired up and willing to do something about the deplorable condition of our waterways. From what I know about what publishers require before considering printing and getting messages out there is concerned, you'd have to get the manuscript edited by someone who works with non-fiction writing. I don't know of anyone to suggest--a Google search might be a good place to start if you wanted to do that. Also, if you haven't already, I'd recommend that you contact publishers in Berkeley, CA (by email...sending a query letter and maybe a sample of 5-10 pages) to see if they might be interested. Many of them tend to be open to environmental problems on the planet. I write this email to you with respect and hope that something in it might be helpful to you. You've got a worthy life objective--something most people don't have--and I wish you luck in getting your opinions read. Take care.

Jack

February19,2014 9:41 Denying for thee or Chinese lucky # for thee, I'm washing 'em out, sending 'em to the bottom of Lake Tahoe, not firing 'em up (however a lot of people recommend firing 'em up, so we will fire 'em up but it's not like you think). The problem is I didn't write the book for the humans first and foremost, I wrote it for the computer ("cube") of those farming us formass and then the typical google algorithum search engine on this surface, than extremely intelligent readers, the children (Chinese and Indian in particular) those for whoring men/"the illuminati"/clone doppelganger pirates and then way on down to the care actors obviously willfoolie engaged in a vain porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. ecocide attempt, the puzz led pretenders, fiction novelists (they're not gonna participate in dam fluidification anyhow, they put it in writing Jack) and then the likely heads behind the clones. I violated all their writing rueills, I tell the reader everything within the first several paragraphs for instance. Also, when I really begin communicating effectively and change the style of written presentation, liquid enlighting (the Airport in Cuba) I let the reader know.

I think a guy in Adams County put it best, "You should have wrote a mystery". The main idea of the "Men in Black" films is the dolts don't want to know, they don't want sabe, they don't want to be part of the force of life, reviere. It gives 'em a headache. Plus, my book reads better backwards/in reverse. I already have an editor, Graham Blenden, he works for the Florida Farm Burea Insurance Company, we just need somebody to print 'em, drill holes in the spine, sew it together, make 'em available for sale and market the idea.

Here's my proposal to you Jack Karash: We'll turn it into a fiction (detective) replace my character with Jack Lamoet Crash. In the book (you're on the last page) replace your character with John Laurence Canisawa Joliet. Then you Mr. Karash, push the book to publication as the author of said fiction. I'll be your buddy the ghost writer and we split the proceeds of book 50/50. Same cover (and we'll do inside cover of the river, sea, and fruit trees and food from collective productive structure) go with spine title of "Barefield Workplace Solutio". As far as liability goes we'll change the words that are a liability issue more than 10% so it's not a liability issue, "Badroe Odama" instead of Barack Obama for instance. The only thing missing as far as I see it is your story Jack, which I think would fit perfect as the John Laurence Canisawa Joliet character, which would be you, at the firm pyramid scam town of Memphis. Write down what happened between the time you left the door to your home or the ground in the airplane... in particular your outfit (shoes) the clothes (name brands and colors) down to the underwear plus any other significant thing if you can remember, what you were eating and of course the main idea of why you were in Memphis and back again. It would probably fit perfect somewhere in the Memphis part, perhaps several paragraphs or shorter or longer if you like. It'd be perfect Jack. You really would be Jack Lemoet Crash, it'd be cool. As far as all the security risks to your person in particular the big bad ones, don't worry all the big "players" like the idea. As an analogy it's as easy as flying down the trench of the Death Star in "Star Wars". You're Luke, I'm Wedge and Darth Vader, Han Solo's got your back. All ya gotta do is put the thing in the hole, it's that easy. If it won't go in the hole the first time, just keep chucking it in the hole. ~

This is about a letter I sent to the top twenty heads of the USPS.

Nothing stops the U.S. mail, so obviously we're gonna undam this planet and go on with life for all time. May 2011, I sent you all a letter (from Chicago) it came in an antique Grand Marnier Lapostolle bottle. Shortly after the USPS switched the "2 carp" postcard to a "Sailboat" postcard (as I was getting in a canoe with sailing rig in St. Helen's) changed the pyramid recycling icon to an infinity sign, came out with a "Bonsai" stamp which matches the title of my newspaper, a "Seabiscuit" and river "Bank Swallow" envelopes, of course the "2 yellow flowers" stamp and the "Yellow serve it die ruenning in river" postcard and apple postcard stamp. These were just the highlights. The price is right on the 10 cent 8:22 stamp and it's unfortunately on time. I and life couldn't thank you enough! **But I want more out of you.**

The best way to address the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. problem is with the dam fluidification, super drip line water collect thE manuel fertilizer machine solution. The best representation of this is my free book at <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> which you all may use as you see fit (I recommend you all put the address on the envelopes and postcards). There might be some rule prohibiting you all from doing this, if so continue to make an issue out of it while we do other communicative stamps. The most effective way to put forth the free flowing river and collective productive structures idea continues to be a hand written letter in the U.S. Mail. I invest more money with the USPS than any other single organization.

I realize the difficulty of presenting the entire rue problem and complete veritas solution on a post stamp. All of the pictures included are submissions for postage stamps. I set up an interactive opportunity for others to design a USPS stamp and the two submissions I got in New Orleans from Alana and Truitt are included. As far as other ideas go, a set of the dam busters squadron 617 stamps

including busted dams and how the river skipper bomb works would get the ideal solution across. A set of free flowing river stamps and a set of dam reservoir tailrace doom landscapes would work too. These are rough dam times, thanks for your continuing professional work. ~

Pushing down the elevated diked in Mississippi canal I pull ashore just downstream of an Archer Daniels Midland grain elevator. When I paddled up to Baton Rouge I stopped in this town and went to the grocery store enlightening the grocery staff, the shoppers and the sheriff en route. Making way back to the boat I stopped at the ADM bread pile security shed and attempted to deliver the solution as my newspaper. The security guard refused information even though the sign out front demands anyone with information of theft or fraud upon ADM to contact them. I noticed a dead raptor under the grain conveyor belt crossing State Road 44 but didn't have my pair of dikes for talon removal as I was travelling light. I decided to collect 'em on the way back.

A month and a half later I pull the canoe up on the side next to a fresh beaver downfall. Walking over the dike and up 44 to the ADM grain silos the employees on the overhead conveyor catwalk catcall to me. Approaching the dead raptor I find a pair of yellow need to know pliers exactly on the other side of the road. I collect the talons, thread a copy of my newsletter through the chainlink fence next to the sign requesting such information and make back towards the boat.

A gray green hybrid auto with beady eyed dude stops on the other side of road blocking traffic. He tells me I'm under surveillance. The shoes on the other foot, I work for Archer Daniels Midland. Explain, offer my business card and point to where I'd left the newsletter. The dude leaves. I make back to my boat where I got the trap set a tuna, crackers, tangerine, honey, hot sauce and olive oil picnic with river tea. Three sheriffs show and I disseminate the idea. One of the sheriffs is pretty smart and asks me a seemingly (but not really) sideshow question with a smile, "How big around's this planet? You should know for sure". Over dirty tho sin, in sir, come for rinse. The sheriff was fishing for 24,901 (vent the trap thousin, new way vie seeing you know in sir come for rinse or 2 for mill, denying seeing one in sir come for rinse) but liked my recovery, close and certainly able to think out of the box of my obviously created for the occasion lines. Him pointing out the relevance of this planet's circumference to me as it relates to the whole forces me to research, make the connection and take note. This is how I come up with the best lines and give them to you. How big aruin is this plane.t? Two for mill, denying seeing you know in sir come for rinse!

A day or so later downstream I come upon another ADM bread pile loading site and hit the place from the boat delivering a newsletter in an absinthe bottle on a maintenance landing without even touching the place. Continuing on downstream the employees shuffling offloading barges along a creosote timber alley into conveyer belt shovel scoop thingy inquired as to, "Where are you headed?", "What's up?" and "What's your story"? I communicated with all of them who inquired, verbally and in writing. A couple hundred yards downstream a fleet of unmarked SUV's and then St. Charles sheriff cruisers group together up on the dike. A sheriff comes down towards the water, "You must be Robbing son Carueso"! I immediately go to the side and pull boat when requested to do so and begin delivery of dam free flowing river idea.

A sheriff lieutenant says, "If you hand out one more business card on the river I'll have you arrested". I reached in my bucket and gave a newsletter to another sheriff. While delivering dam solution to an inquiring officer another interrupts, "How are you"? He didn't pause for my reply and said, "You need to go to the hospital". He says his name is, "Officer Grow". I pull out a pencil and my Big Foot Project notepad and get him to spell his name. "G", "R", "O", "S", "S". Oh, Gross and you pronounce it grow with no mention of the ss.

At the St. Charles Parish Hospital, I sit down in front of the admissions desk and answer questions from an overweight post menopausal black woman. I question her. What's the occupancy of the hospital? I've discovered that if occupancy is low my chance of being admitted is high as you all are looking for patients to pay for the dam bills. "Occupancy is low", she responds. You need patients, huh? She nods her head in the affirmative.



Dr. William Curran trades me a mentally and physically fit diagnosis for a complete communication of foundation of problems and solutions in particular about how the manufacture of the pharmaceutical pills he's dispensing is bad for the river and environment on both ends (manufacture and excrement) and how with side effect laden GMO food they're engaged in a double blind experiment upon the patients (drugs and GMO food) that negates any scientific experiment. Out in the hall the sheriff can be heard pleading, "You've got to keep him in the hospital, he's on the river in a canoe, he could drown", amongst other junk. Dr. Curran told me I should get my teeth professionally cleaned and warned of hypertension. The reason I "escaped" was because I'd already told Dr. Curran I was wearing my life jacket in a canoe on the river when accosted by law enforcement so how could I possibly be insane as the definition of insanity is to do harm to oneself or others.

The sheriff reluctantly takes me to back to the waterside where I wait for about an hour and a half 'till my boat and gear are returned on a SUV trailer after nightfall. My gear had been rifled through and visibility is poor so I decide to rest until daybreak even though I smell entrapment. I hike up and over the dike to see where the St. Charles sheriff had set their trap. At the end of Alice Street just upstream of the Jefferson Parish line. I rest, get up early March 9<sup>th</sup> and have oats, dates, Brazil nuts, Chinese 5 star spice, honey, salt and yogurt with grated Florida tangerine peel garnish and 3 espressos for breakfast with water.

When the fog lifts the ArtC (ADM) tug "LOUISIANA BAYOU" is just feet off shore, menacing. Three crew members chide and heckle me with nonsensical questioning. I verbally answer questions to no avail and make to deliver answer via newsletter and push my half loaded canoe into the water. The "LOUISIANA BAYOU" spins around and presents me with stern thrust, which pushes me back ashore where I pull the boat and load it with gear. I push off again with the 3 crewmembers and 1 captain still heckling and directing wheel thrust towards me but now also trying to spray me with a green hose. With the blocking action of the tug keeping me from making way on desired course I take a different tack and push the canoe into some water between some moored barges and the shore.

When I attempt to make way downriver past the moored barges the "LOUISIANA BAYOU" noses into the mud, blocking my way, directs wheel thrust at me and continues to try and spray me with a green hose. I make to squeeze through a gap in the moored barges and another ArtC tug "HARVEST BOUNTY" blocks my way. I call 911 and request Coast Guard assistance. The dispatcher sends the sheriff. A big group of St. Charles sheriffs show while this whole verbal/wheel wash/green hose assault is taking place and the attack continues. Now I'm surrounded. I explain to the sheriff I don't need to come ashore seeing as how they already have my # and have determined I'm clear. One of the sheriffs says, "You don't need to come ashore". The harassment continues, I flip open my Jupiter notebook, get the United States Coast Guard Portland # and call at 9:34 and 9:37.

This is the first time in 41 years of boating I ever called the USCG for rescue. Coast Guard Portland gives me the Coast Guard New Orleans # after I give 'em the lowdown on the action on audio recording. I call Coast Guard New Orleans at 9:38 and demand they respond and take report. The St. Charles sheriff evacuates and the two tugs cease blocking the way of my manual vessel. After waiting off the port side of the transport ship "COAL HUNTER" for an hour or so with no response I call Coast Guard New Orleans again to see about response, Officers Corbin and Hampton now say they aren't sending a boat. I ask for the address where USCG Base New Orleans is located so I can make way there to file the report. Officer Hampton says he doesn't know what the address is. You're a dam fool and I'm headed your way to file report.

As I'm coming past the transport ship "CF CRYSTAL" at 11:05 I receive call from USCG New Orleans telling me to maintain position as they're responding. As I wait between the port side of "CF CRYSTAL" and river side a barge and tug "SPIRIT" tie to side of "CF CRYSTAL" and begin liquid transfer. A Port of New Orleans officer shows up first with some Jefferson sheriffs and I communicate with them about the case. Four USCG men show up with 12 gauge shotguns and 40 caliber handguns. Considering how Dr. Curran had cleared me mentally and physically the day before I really lay into

'em and give the whole bunch of assembled officers a detailed report.

They all want a copy of my free DCF newsletter. The Port of New Orleans officer tells me the assailants aboard the tugs claimed I was brandishing a knife and BB gun at them, when I didn't, this convinces me of tugs conspiring with the St. Charles sheriff as the sheriff is the only one who knew I'm carrying a BB gun (I eat breakfast with the knife). I communicate with the assembled officers for an hour or so and then a USCG boat arrives and I paddle offshore. The coasties on the boat all want a copy of my newsletter too and E5/MK Jason Loerwald (lower the wall) said I'm an "Etymologist" (e.t.ymologist) one who knows about the origin of words, their meanings and historical development.

Later in the evening paddling into New Orleans I'm serenading the few squatting in million dollar shacks on the mattress revetment between the dike and water's edge. Tony, who revealed himself to be a care being product transportation specialist man of organized business from Boston invited me on shore to rest at his shack where a small impromptu gathering with others of refreshment came forth. Tony told an often repeated tale about rule enforcement (Customs, Coast Guard...) destroying containers in a mad rabid search for good herbs. Just think how stupid they look (as a whole) Tony, destroying a bunch of containers searching for good herbs while feigning ignorance of the most obvious attempted planetary highjacking with bad herbs, right under their noses, stupid dam twerps.

Down on the mattress revetment water side in the morning after breakfast a white pickup truck parked next to Tony's shack and loaded up a mattress and box spring from? I came up the rock pile whistling, the dealleo hanging from the rearview mirror was of palm trees. I'd folded my newsletter into an airplane and cast the heir plain onto the truck windshield where it slid down into a perfect presentation. Somebody immediately got the airplane newsletter and departed in truck.

Tony's got a bull horn skull with extra big horn caps on top of his freezer and has collected a big blue plastic drum from the river wash. In his position one way to put forth the correct idea would be to put the container under the downspout with a bonsai citrus on top next to a square shovel (as a conversation piece). That way if the whole dam thing goes quick one could just climb on the barrel and paddle with the square shovel (waterworld, I gave him the tangerine seeds to do it). Likely the dam thing'll go slower and Tony will easily shovel out a few inches of sand with high ground in a new north side Caribbean archipelago. Then he can quickly retrofit the structure for water collection with the blue plastic drum, grab a float by 5 gallon bucket and rubber sealed lid for bearshit purposes and take his time seeking cistern foundation raft, water solar super collector and thE manuel fertilizer machine upgrade.

If you're the type who wants to know more about how information is stored on this planet and how I know what it is I know, check out Ft. Bragg's site map. First, think about the easiest way to get the most info from a map. When the Fort Bragg map comes up don't pan around or make the search difficult in any way, just zoom in and take a close look. Keep zooming in until you get the picture. What is the picture? It's a cheap chain restaurant in Miami. You might wonder, how'd that picture come up? They're showing you something about the Army command. It's just the most obvious thing. Miami=Me to me (the Mmm getting smaller) or self centered. Cheap dam and ditch GMO food, which costs a bunch of money cause of the façade structure it's served in, the expensive shed wrapped around an expensive flush toilet system all of which are problems ruining the environment. You gotta know that with a standard galvanized trash can and lid one can burn some wood, charcoal, paper and cardboard trash or natural gas and put out the same food (the trash can taco stand).

One could easily replace the flush toilet with a pair of (or more) 5 gallon buckets of practically any material with a rubber sealed gasket lid. Then as the solid waste containers filled up a non GMO yeast activator packet could be added if needed or not and the fecal material could be set aside until the required time elapsed for the once pathogenic material to be converted to nonpathogenic material through natural biotic action. This time period would mostly be temperature related and standard for a given area. Then the material could be moved a distance away manuely, by rail or otherwise to a

potential productive area. In Miami this could be mango, citrus or avocado trees with pepper, tomatoes, cilantro, radishes and lettuce growing underneath (the condiments) interspersed with native grasses, groundcovers, bushes and trees. The urine could be collected in a pee can and transported likewise or in an aboveground pipe to garden area.

From this cheap low budget system one can make the system as fancy and expensive as one wants. More than likely starting with cistern foundation raft and upgrade of overhead water and solar collector with squirt gun on fancier (negative pressure vents, blow dryer, seat warmer, music...) solid waste primarily manual fertilizer machine, overhead cistern, beehive walls, cistern entertainment aquarium fish soup walls, grey water cleaning staircase, chicken or iguana coop area... Be productive and creative. None of that is represented here at the picture they're showing ya and know that's what we've been fighting for, dam doo doo doom and it's a fair representation of what they're showing ya, with no solution presented. And this is just the picture one is looking at immediately upon zooming in at the U.S. Army command.

Now you certainly should pan around and look at what's behind you and don't forget to take note of common plant names, genus species names and street names and #'s, until you can see what's looming behind you, a dam concrete water fountain at the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Now you can see who we've been fighting for or what's backing us up, just like I told you. The difference is I give you the solution, having the U.S. Military undam the rivers, presenting a bill to those nations caught holding the dam carpe.t. bag and making a fortune with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers (backed up by the U.S. Army) overseeing the retrofitting of feasible structures from roof to super and the conversion of the flushtoile.t. "system" into thE manual fertilizer machine. Also, it would probably be smart to have the A.C.E. (Dept. of Interior) compete with public and private companies on the new correct collective productive structures. Competition is stimulating. Realize or know you've got to make it happen or else you'll lose your soul/have it desinigrated/sent to the bottom of Lake Tahoe or lose your place in the universe if you're one of the absolue.t. care actors (clone doppelganger pirates with no depth perception). Life doesn't care of (although it takes note of) what you believe in/don't think unless it's the above solution. Be part of life for all time, force the change that's going to occur.

Now zoom out a little on the Ft. Bragg site map. What's the second most obvious thing to do? Take a "stroll" down the sidewalk, think about it. It leads to a structure with a Zbar hinge looking thing (the thing I went over with the Steinman's Tool and Die Shop machinist at the airport where the 9/11 terrorists learned how to fly) with perhaps 5 A/C's on the roof with a round picnic table on the side. Hmmm, this is where I addressed the letters to of the Fort Bragg commanders and staff. I'd have to write another book to explain why but they know or get why. Check the GPS coordinates/latitude and longitude of structure and picnic table specifically, plus they're playing a game evidently here. See if you can figure out what the game is, racket beall? I'm gonna beat ya. That's how I become the point man for and commander of the U.S. Army.

As of 2/10/2018 I rechecked the largest military installation in the world's internet home site to discover they've changed their presentation. Now my computer warns the site is not secure and blocks me from opening the site.

And I'm just surfing the web collecting US Army and Coast Guard addresses for the most massive letter "bomb" I ever stuffed in the mail. I write the letters and fill out the envelopes near the end of Rouse River walk by the streetcar stop with a passerby drawing interactive display of postal stamps, paper and pencils to design postal stamps depicting the actual horror of the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. vain ecocide attempt we're all witnessing and the dam fluidification super drip line water collect thE manual fertilizer machine solution, on one postage stamp. About 8 people took the time to participate in the solution and I sent the written ideas they created along with their names and place of origin to the USPS Citizen Stamp Advisory Committee c/o stamp development. This accompanies the biggest bunch of letters I ever put in the mail over 3 or 4 days, mostly to the Army and Coast Guard but to a bunch of others as well.

So how that works out on this particular delivery is say for instance at Fort Drum, New York I send the base commander a copy of the 10 page (12 including the business card) newsletter, the same to the colonel with an alternate stamp, the captain a 4 page newsletter and the sergeant a postcard. This has got to be effective because the 3 different postage marks (bonsai, to yellow flowers and the yellow serve it die ruennig in the river postcard) all exactly concur with the message of my letter. Of course, I do more than that and for instance mail the Chief of Staff a reminder on the back of an antique Chief Geronimo postcard depicting the free flowing river advocate Chief Geronimo wearing 2 yellow horn capped/rouge apple hat with apple stamp. If the Chief of Staff fears any soul's reminder it's Chief Geronimo and Emanuel. I send the letters out in the blue box near Touete de Suite's reasonable food and the church with the Army truck parked behind it in Algiers Point, LA.

This worked out so well I got the opportunity to talk to the FBI about it. I'd just barely pulled the boat out of the water on the "east" side of the river about a mile downstream of the French Quarter along Crescent Park and I was writing the handwritten part of a 3 page double sided with printed ADM tug attack lead in idea to the USCG. This was to be the "icing" on the "cake" of the "letter bomb" and I was almost completed with the 15 or so sets when I heard someone call my name, "John" from up towards the park about 50 yards away. I usually ignore "John" as it's the most common name and more often than not someone hollering, "John" a single time is not speaking to me. Plus "up there" (towards Crescent Park) is no trespassing and I'm sitting down here next to my boat by the river writing letters.

About 10 minutes later I hear a commotion coming down through the sparse thicket. The Port of New Orleans Captain comes stumbling out into the clearing of broken rocks and rip rap. It was the same guy who responded to my call for protection from the St. Charles sheriff and ADM tugs a week previous. His jeans were ripped along the inseam from right knee up to and including the entire crotch area. He claimed he'd fallen and broken his hand and/or wrist and he'd just stepped in a pile of shit which he didn't say anything about because it was so obvious. I dotted the final period of the last USCG letter and got 'em together in my IM2300 Pelican case.

The Port of New Orleans Captain explained the situation, the U.S. Army Fort Polk Base had claimed my letters arrived and showed signs of explosives (or were explosive) and I was wanted by the FBI. The Port Capt. wanted to know if I had the addresses where I sent all the letters. I told him I did, grabbed my Jupiter address book, a pound of pipe tobacco, some rolling papers (Have you ever been questioned by the FBI before?) and led the way up the rocks into the woods towards Crescent Park. I'm pretty slick in the brush and as the Port Capt. and I made way I took a quick long stride or two creating separation, then headed straight through a bush about 9' tall 12' around stepping on one of the nearly vertical main branches and with the other foot a particular medium sized almost vertical branch which parted the bush as I quickly went through. This caused the Port Capt. to try and catch up with me but as I stepped out and off the particular branches and before the Capt. caught up with me "the bush trap" sprung back on him. A New Orleans port captain needs to know this trick.

Anyway we negotiated up through the derelict doom creosote pilings and attached brush and up and over the chain link fence with the "No Trespassing" signs all facing the other way. There was an assortment of ruel enforcement officers here and I looked sharp in my charcoal water damaged jacket and trousers. FBI New Orleans was so out of shape, they couldn't get out of the parking lot and me and the Port Capt. had to walk a 100 yards or so to the lot. On the way he and I spoke and I told him if anything he certainly had a tale to tell about the difference between coming to assistance me and coming to apprehend me. Then I let him know it said so in my book, which he must not have read. I could tell he was thinking more about reading it though. I like the New Orleans Port Captain. He got brainwashed as a youth and he's surrounded with rabid dam wackos. He's the type who could do life a big favor as he's in premier position to force and speed up the change that's going to occur.

If you've ever seen the cartoon with "Spike" the big dog and the little yappy dog, that's pretty much how FBI New Orleans presented itself. "Spike" called me a dude. Dude! I'm not a dude, in the

dictionary a dude is a dandy and a fop, a fop is a fool and a dandy is someone concerned about their outward appearance and nothing else. “Spike” began speaking again and again addressed me as dude. I took control of the communication and not so subtly let him know he was the dude because of his involvement with the real crime taking place, the damming, the sheds, the toilet and how he was ordering it done when he paid for the dam bills, the highjacking of the surface with GMO’s and his complicity with the whole dam thing by investigating any “crime” or lead but the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. crime. “Spike” drove a brand new orange/yellow/gold Ford Mustang with a redickulouse dam license plate #. In his passenger seat behind the illegally tinted too dark windows was an obese broad he called “Mom” but said was his wife. It was almost as if “Spike” was telling me he was the dam problem (he is).

His little partner requested my Jupiter address book. The Coast Guard addresses are in the front cover and the Army’s in the last third. I think he went and took pictures of the pages. “Spike” mentioned the Army’s claim of explosive letters. I have some lady fingers in my U.S. Trunk Co. case. I coulda pointed out I sent the letters from an Algiers Point USPS blue box and the possibility that some clown had tossed a pack of fire crackers in there over Mardi Gras but I felt it was better to point doubt and suspicion upon the Fort Polk U.S. Army’s Base as that’s what my inside contact told me in no uncertain terms, when he met me along the train tracks in Baton Rouge and offered a no filter camel, a green lighter and bad news on the incoming GMO front. He said the dam GMO feed thing was about, “Control”. No shit Sherlock, that’s what it says in Latin at the 9/11 garden in NYC, 4 cien bicollar (if the humans would add the extra ill) macrocarp.

This Polk U.S. Army character also pointed out I was behind. This is a word with many meanings (anchor man) I know what a bee is and a hind is a fish (not a grouper). He didn’t offer me any new info at all or in any way reveal something to assist me in catching up besides Fort Polk U.S. Army Base, a U.S. Army base in the bayou that houses the 4<sup>th</sup> Brigade 10<sup>th</sup> Mountain Division. They’re at 6661 Warrior Trail. The Fort Polk “informer” didn’t appear interested in my solution to the problem at all and it didn’t look like he was gonna participate in dam fluidification but he might consider my idea, read my book and have it be the difference. He may not have been sent out by others to speak with me and perhaps we just happened into each other (doubtful) which would explain our interaction and make his statements have more sense because I’m not behind I’m the first and foremost just in time.

I wasn’t worried about being investigated by the FBI at all, I’m their top unpaid agent/informant and known at the top levels. Plus, the FBI was watching me get the names and addresses and put together the letters, envelopes and postcards, because when I was in Algiers Point getting the U. S. Army and Coast Guard contact info and connecting to the WiFi internet the “FBI surveillance van” was the top selection. I feel more comfortable with a FBI surveillance van nearby than any other time (except maybe when Super Hornets are flying over me or I’m at the bar drinking with Navy Seals. Jack from the Men in Black is comforting, Seville my chauffeur in Cuba, the woman in NYC...). FBI agent “Little Yappy Dog” came back with my Jupiter address book and told me, “Don’t write any more letters or you’ll end up in jail”. Have you ever read the Bible? (From the look on his face it appeared he hadn’t.) It’s full of letters, might be a good idea to communicate by mail in writing. Plus, you’d be throwing me in jail for sending the most benevolent productive newsletter ever seen.

The Army’s claim of an explosive letter is a rouse, they may be smart enough to realize I’d take their dam sell in distress false call and get together with 4 or 5 more branches of rule enforcement and hand out business cards and otherwise deseminat the free flowing river, collective productive structural solution to the dam problem. It just depends on whether they violated postal law and didn’t give the letters to those designed to receive the news. I know it’s an explosive letter, it’s a water bomb, I designed it that way. So those who read it would get it (**WE’VE BEEN HAD! TOOK FOR DAM SUCKER FOOLS.**) and wouldn’t have to read the book unless they wanted to. New Orleans FBI Agent “Spike” gave me his phone # and told me to call him (he didn’t answer or return calls which

proves he's incommunicable).

I was arrested by Port of N.O. Officer Allsbrooke on trespassing charges. The N.O. Port Capt. told Allsbrooke, "Just have him sign here". "But that would mean..." (I'd get my court date in the mail and wouldn't have to go to jail). Allsbrooke decided to take me to jail cause he's a dam fool. Allsbrooke conveniently dropped my pencils and Burt's Bees lip balm on the ground just before bookin to OPP where they threw away my pound of tobacco, gave me a court date and released me the next day. On the 1<sup>st</sup> streetcar ride back to the boat I met a man who was the most likely character I've met in months to read my book and do something proactive, then I switched streetcars and came upon a mixed sex group likely to do the same. Getting back to the boat required me to violate the no trespassing area which I wouldn't of had to do if I hadn't been arrested for trespassing when I wasn't.

When I got back to the boat the most notable difference was the big USCG 91 cutter tied up just downstream from the French Quarter. I headed downstream, the USCG 91 cutter passed me at Pointe a La Hache on river left with 2 GMO grain ships on river right. I turned my vessel about so the starboard side was protected by the Coast Guard. The GMO feed transport ships were flying a yellow helicopter flower on green plant flag on one stern and a rouge 5 eyed smiley faced flag from the other. At present the USCG is insuring the delivery of the weaponized dam feed and protecting the dams, water pickups and sewer outfalls from waterborne attack and escape. At mile marker 29 the small USGC cutter passes me headed upstream.

When I get to the boat ramp in Buras with the fire station behind it I find the first boat trailer valet I've ever met. It's a risky boat ramp with passing cruise ships etc. drawing out 4' to 5' of water with similar flood rushing in. Wind picks up blowing upstream and on shore with small storm slowly building. Boat trailer valet offers to let me seek shelter for the night and gives me some bananas. I went up to the fire station and dropped off a newspaper and talked to a bleak fireman in front of a typical and numerous to the area huge unused recreational park. When I came back from the fire station my boat and gear were under investigation by what could best be described as nincompoops or 2 sheriffs both wearing #2's on their collar. I sat here in this location for about a day (talked to every new shift of sheriff's) because the wind was blowing about 35 upriver and onshore.

When it let up to about 20 I got on the water and slowly made way downstream to the Buras post office where I picked up 4 replica 9mm pistol lighters and discovered the 30 day hold for general delivery mail had just been shortened to 15 days. I'd picked up my lighters just before they were returned and missed the replacement debit card again. Outside the post office I ate a can of sardines, crackers, olive oil, Louisiana hot sauce, honey and Florida tangerine while completing the stamping, writing on the back of envelopes and checking for zip codes of the latest batch of letters including the 2<sup>nd</sup> round of USCG specials. Later I'd find out (because this is a small town) that the dame postal bitch wearing a yellow #9 shirt and her blue haired dame mafia partner working in the USPS trailer were inside madly calling the sheriff. I suspect the sheriff responded but was sitting up on the dike yonder watching from afar waiting for me to commit a federal crime so he could put me in jail for 40+ years.

With just enough time left I returned to my nearby boat, grabbed the fresh made copy of my paperback book and sent it to the Captain of the Secret Police's daughter Eliana Gutierrez in Marianao, Cuba. On the front page I wrote, "Here's my proposal". I must send the out of country books through customs and the rules are I can send the books anywhere but to Cuban government officials. I send the book to Miss. Gutierrez (pretty slick huh?) along with ten page newsletter rigged to work its way out of the book. Along with the book to Eliana I send newsletters and business cards to Centro Nacional de Investigaciones Cientificas, Instituto de Ciencias Basicas y Preclinicas and Centrode Ingeniera Genetica y Biotecnologia in Habana, Cuba. Book was returned by USPS.

It got breezy for a few days and I hike up to a Vietnamese grocery store and infiltrate the crew then make way to Venice. Several times on the way to Venice I encounter the lunatic alert Plaquemines sheriff often watching me from the dike. I get into the port of Venice Thursday night and slip into the USCG/Homeland Security/Port Authority harbor undetected (they're probably watching t.v.) and toss

business cards on their boats. At the marina where all the sportfishing boats tie up I push into the restaurant bar with just enough time to order crab cakes. There's about a dozen dim wits in the bar and 1 ½ with some measure of sense. When the delicious crab cakes are served I give a professional crabby presentation of the foundations of the problems and solution and step outside for a smoke.

A short time later the man with sense evacuates the whorehouse and reports the group is fiercely slandering me inside. This is what the humiliating abortionists do, they're intent on continuing their gooseneck barnacle plunge to the abyssal plain, they must be dam fools. He agreed and let me know in no uncertain terms that he was going to take the info I'd given him, force the correction and thanked me for exposing the clowns for who they were. I infiltrated the hotel and sweet talked the pleasant dame clerk into letting me stuff 20 or so postcards in the mailbox out front. "Make sure you raise the flag." She was very interested in the unencumbered flowing river and super collector structural solution to the dam slacker home/bad food problem.

I slipped across the way and rested on a low wet island in a light rain with cows, steers and Chinese popcorn trees. In the morning after Café Bustelo and dried fruit, Brazilian nuts, honey and a little oats I made towards the closest Mississippi River marina to the Gulf of Mexico where the shrimpers tie up and the professional guides charter out trips, "The Fishing Capitol of the World" tossing newspapers and business cards into shrimp boats all the way into the Venice Marina. I sensed a big storm was about to hit because the guides and their charters were zipping back in kinda early it seemed. As I pushed into the marina the storm hit or what turned out to be the prestorm to an epic deluge and blow that impacted exactly as I marched up to the picnic tables next to the fish processing door and under the bar/restaurant.

It's perfect timing, Friday (best price for catch) the biggest catch ever seen, the fishing capitol of the world and a huge deluge with rippingly fierce winds all coming together at the packed with professional fishing guides picnic tables. I could tell the guides were gonna try and play it off otherwise truth be known they were gonna look like dam fools. I was in matching outfit to my book cover dark charcoal suit yellow belt. I slapped my black IM2300 Hardtagg/Pelican case on the table and extracted my book and newsletter setting them on the table. This is the best lure, the best bait to catch 'em. A quick question/answer communication developed amongst me and a half dozen of the guides. They were trying to break me down verbally, coerce me back to their old way of thinking (before I showed up) in part so they could maintain established hierarchy but mainly because if anyone accepts the idea I represent then they realize they have to do something and they don't want to anything about the dam problem because this entails sticking one's neck out and they don't want to do that.

I enlightened them to undamming the rivers, forcing the collection of that which falls from the heavens and/or your ass! "Huh?" pipes up a guide pretending to be puzzled. It's written in the manuel (the Bible) that I'd show up at this time to fix or repair the dam shiddy problem [I began to pull out a cigarette]. "Oh, you're gonna fix the problem **now**?" half heckled a guide. **Yes**, [as I pulled out the 9mm replica pistol lighter]. The heckler began to duck, turn and run (this is how ya get shot in the ass and have the shit blown into ya) and 3 or 4 more began to roll for cover. I lit my cigarette, tossed the pistol lighter back in the case, snapped it shut and left the book and newspaper on the table. I'm going up to the bar to get a drink. I'll leave this book here for you all to read unless you're inclined to throw it in the river. "We won't throw it in the river", revealed the leader of the dozen assembled guides. As I made way up the stairs I turned my head. That's the most intimidating presentation you all are ever gonna see, "Men in Black" charcoal jacket and trousers yellow belt.

The reception is chilly from the dames behind the Venice bar and they barely serve me a shot of imitation Grand Marnier (Cointreau) and plastic cup of water. I made way back down below where my book lay closed, picked it up and took it around to the side because the wind had shifted and picked up to 40 kts. It started raining extra fierce and I set a plastic container full of drywall screws on my newsletter and began writing postcards. The fishing guides heeled over to the side and gathered at my table where I sat at the head in a chair. I told 'em all about it. Later, one of 'em "The Craziest Captain

in Venice” went and scored me some herbs.

After a supper of microwaved dam potato with a few fried in dam GMO oil gulf shrimp (Litopenaeus setiferus) covered in dam GMO alieolie sauce the big charter head boat came in with a crew who’d certainly seen some windy wet weather. The mates carved up a bunch of red snappers (Lutjanus campechanus) and a big red fish (Sciaenops ocellatus). The charter crew took all the fish with them including the head and bones except for the big red fish head which I grabbed out of the bottom of the barrel just before it got dumped over the side. That was the best fish clean up I’ve ever seen out of a charter boat, nothing unused except a few fish skins and the offal. It was a big red fish head that fit in my big soup pot perfectly which I left in the bottom of the canoe after bailing it out. I went up to the bar and had another Cointreau cocktail out on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor covered picnic tables. A contingent of the charter guides came back to hear my spiel led by “The Craziest Captain in Venice”. They all wanted my business card. The guides departed and 4 characters who claimed to be in the Army showed up and we went over the idea.

The Plaquemines sheriff and an apparent plainclothesman ran me through (or vice versa) while the 4 Army guys watched. I gave the sheriff and his partner my business card in exchange for not taking me to jail. The sheriff stepped back into the restaurant/bar as if he wasn’t about to or wasn’t able to leave me here as I could... perhaps he didn’t want to miss the show, law enforcement class is in session. The four men who claimed they were in the Army said they’d never seen anyone more in control of an inquisition than me. There’s no doubt, anyone could tell, I’ve answered more questions from ruel enforcement than anyone else in the world. I look forward to it. Every inquiry is met with a straight forward reply wrapped into an enlightening response about the perils of dams, sheds, water closets and GMO’s verses the money making law enforcement extravaganza of the flowing river super domicile solution.

This can be very intimidating for police, someone who’s not afraid to deliver the opposite idea of the dam fools who they’re providing service and protection for. From a law enforcement perspective the difference between the idea I force forward and the one we’re mired in at present is we’ll maintain control of the people with the structures they live in and make way about through local building codes not dam GMO food, if they willfully damage or destroy thE manuel system (including the structures, the rivers and the plants and animals) they’ll get in big trouble and we will force them to be productive one way or another. At present law enforcement is rue enforcement because the foundation of the thing the police are protecting is the dams, the sheds, the flush toilets, the GMO feed and the perpetrators of the crime. All we got to do is restore the free flow to the rivers and force the people to live in collective productive structures or make way within reason.

I slip off into the misty night delivering business cards to each shrimp boat in the fleet. Another squall moves in and I pull the boat up over a rock onto a piece of mown grass for a can of tuna, crackers, olive oil, honey, Louisiana hot sauce and Florida tangerine for dinner and a rest on top of my seaman’s bag in my rubber suit with a tarp over me. Before the sun came up I was back to delivering the news to the shrimper fleet. At prime time daybreak I returned to the charter dock for a free chocolate doom muffin, a 50 cent cup of Community doom coffee and the flush toilet.

As I sat up on the best stool in the house overlooking the marina the “intelligent” guide approached me and exclaimed, “Jesus”! “Jesus” is the nickname those who murdered Emanuel (Immanuel) gave him when they killed him. They killed him for attacking the dam problem with the solution. He and Peter weren’t wallking’s on water (the dam fools wish) quite the opposite, they were out on a low head dam kicking the stones out. If they weren’t attacking the dam problem with the solution they weren’t who they claimed to be. Ya gotta know how to read and how the humiliating dolts change stories. After I spoke this over the heads of the assembled charter guides below one coulda heard a pin drop.

As I paddle over to the other side of the marina where the shrimp boats are one of the charter boats heads out passing in front of me and the captain enthusiastically salutes, “Punch a hole in the



dams"! I went back to spreading the news to the shrimp boat fleet having more time in communication with "The Chosen One" crew that was at the loading dock when I came through than any of the others. The shrimpers are one of the easier groups to sell the idea to, not as easy as crabbers though.

I'd tossed a dozen business cards over the rail of as many shrimp boats just before the big storm hit, I fold 'em in half lengthwise and pitch 'em over the rail. This technique appeared to work about half the time considering the previous storm conditions. I thought it was noteworthy that I'd tossed one aboard the shrimp "PETER" who as the notes were taken was my closest partner last time. The vessel is practically a derelict boat now but the heavy rains had washed my business card out of the scupper and onto the rub rail with the <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> address in perfect presentation to the passing fleet headed out that morning. I know this wouldn't mean anything to most but it brings a tear to my eye to think of the chances of it and it drives me or spurs me on. I toss a newsletter in dry water bottle aboard "PETER" take a leak, eat an apple, drink some river sun tea and carry on.

I return to the back side of the island opposite the Coast Guard marina to discover a yellow bell pepper exactly where I pull my boat. Of course, I simmer this into the ocean carp fish head soup along with some olive oil, onion, garlic, red pepper, a can of coconut milk, half a potato, a handful of organic bowtie pasta, wine and a bunch of other ingredients. Also, I had a chunk of marinating beef for a BBQ with honey, tangerine and salt dipping sauce so it really is a surf and turf special. The Coast Guard is half circling around here, looks like they're watching me or something.

The USCG has become the worst rule enforcement agency in the world if it isn't INTERPOL. While the group has some high quality individuals amongst them (and life's counting on them to turn the ship about) the organizations actions as a whole are as damaging to life, people and the coasties souls as possible. What are they doing wrong? The USCG are the dam fools protecting the water control structures from those who'd punch a hole in them and escape by water. Also, the USCG is the group that's protecting the largest mess of dam and ditch GMO shipments, the transported by ship weaponized grade feed doing us all in, the product of the dam thing they're protecting. In addition to protecting the dams that are the greatest impediment to life and insuring the delivery of the genetically altered feed that's being used by those for whoring men to highjack the surface, they're running around like dudely do rights ripping boats apart, destroying containers and goods in a mad search for good herbs (the drugs are at the drug store, by law herbs are attached to the mast of all vessels). Know that the people on the boats are the most likely to be for repairing the dam sheddy flushtoile.t. problem and most likely to be doing some version of the correct thing.

When looked at from above the USCG is destroying vessels, containers and goods searching for good herbs while the planet is stolen and humans are enslaved with bad herbs shipped in vessels the USCG protects. In the last 20 years this has become extremely obvious, yet they continue, it's bizarre. They're a complete dam disgrace. Lawrence is probably the most recognizable name in Coast Guard history and most of 'em don't even recognize me. One can't keep from being a dam fool by pretending they're ignorant, naive or puzzled. Currently the only way to keep from being a dam fool is to force the river solution to the dam problem.

After another surf and turf course and a cup of espresso I get in the boat and make way before nightfall. As I come around the island head paddling upstream I pass just astern of a USCG orange boat, I'm hot on their sorry asses. Hit a few more shrimp boats and left a newsletter in a Chilean wine bottle at the end of the natural resource building's dock before pushing a mile or so up the Mississippi main stem. The wind picked up contrary to my heading, so I slept in late. Found a head of cabbage on the rocks where I'd pulled up. Pushed up to just below Ft. Jackson and had barely steamed cabbage fish head soup which adds a crunchy texture. Left a newsletter in a can hanging upsidedown from a tree in a heavily travelled spot by the river and got on the way early and hit the old Ft. Jackson with newsletters and business cards. Left a newsletter in an overturned yellow Café Bustelo can just inside the stern scupper of "LOUISIANA RESPONSE", there's half a floating watermelon I pick up here.

The wind picks up on the stern and I grab a couple of masts off the side of the dammed Mississippi. Lickety split sailed into the boat ramp in Buras with the boat ramp valet who finds me a piece of wood I use to shim my mast and sails tight. He gives me a catfish supper with the works which I wolf down and we both communicate on how I'm making much better time upriver today than I was downriver a few days ago. This is something to see because I'm ripping upstream, got in over 20 miles today. Pushed ashore and added the watermelon to the fish head soup that was chilling on the bottom of the boat along with the other half of the fresh cabbage, yummy, boy the soups rich now. I pushed off in the early day with thick fog and a tail breeze. Within minutes a USCG helicopter flies by low going downstream. I run into a snag as they pass overhead.

It's an unusual (for other areas) breezy foggy day and I'm sailing up between some moored coal barges on the east side of the dammed and diked Mississippi canal when I come upon a coal employee smoking a plastic tipped cigar while sweeping up coal along the side deck of a moored barge. As it was a thick fog he didn't see me until I was a few feet away from him. I gave him a copy of my 2 page newsletter when he asked, "What's up?" and told him to deliver it to his boss once he got the info. We talked for a minute, the coal sweeper explained to me that I wouldn't be able to continue in the direction I'd been going as the way was blocked by some debris the coal company had thrown in the way to thwart any 9/11 type attacks. He pointed 30 degrees off in another direction to the NW and said I'd be able to get through that way and I continued on new course.

A crew boat "TROOPER" backed in front of me and tied off to a floating dock. I altered course, going around the "TROOPER" whose captain gave me a displeasurible scowl. I folded a business card in half (my smallest newspaper) and pitched it up on the deck of a crew boat tied up next to the "TROOPER" and continued paddling/sailing upstream into a lessening fog and increasing tailwind. About the time it became visually apparent the way ahead was clear for passage an employee of the coal company began hollering to me that I wasn't allowed to pass that way. There is no reason for this and the other side of the Mississippi has another coal processing plant practically blocking upstream travel to manual vessels but I didn't argue with the coal employee who was giving me contrary advice to the previous coal employee's route recommendation and I immediately come about, drop sail and begin paddling downstream to get around the coal processing plant's fender that had coal transport ships tied up alongside.

The coal employee continues hollering at me and hounds me down the fender for no reason. He asks me for my name and I pitch my business card up on the barge along the fender on the end of my paddle. I come about the fender and begin paddling/sailing upstream past two docked coal transport ships. The crew boat "TROOPER" with previously scowling captain still at the helm and a big bald headed hateful man on the backdeck cruises up real close on my port side and begins nonsensically threatening me. The big man says, "I'm gonna hunt ya down later tonight and get ya". My phone #'s at the site of the address on the back of my card, 4 pages from the end and if you'll call me first I'll tell you where I am, to make it easier for you to get in touch with me.

I have this kind of junk happen nearly every day and night and ignore them (they're telling me to head in the direction they'd dammed off with their vessel anyway) while sailing/paddling upstream continuing to communicate the free flowing river collective productive structural solution to the dam sheddy flushtole.t. problem to the crews of the coal ships on my starboard. I make it passed the coal processing plant and big coal transport ships, sail/paddle over to the side of the Miss. between the shore and some moored barges and take a break. This easy inshore upstream course is blocked once again with trash debris for no reason and I had to make way on the offshore heavy head current route, but refreshed.

The fog mostly clears and visibility is better as I paddle/sail up through an area the tug boats are jockeying coal barges in. Immediately a medium sized tug charges over blocking my way and tells me to take another route as they're busy. I explain manual vessels have the right of way yet once again do what he tells me to do, just to avoid any problems and paddle/sail on the west side of a moored dock

coal transfer site with a couple big coal transport ships docked. I pass this obstruction and continue upstream pretty much out in the main flow because the tug boats continue to block my way on the easier route. It appears going upriver in a manually powered vessel with no motor really pisses them off. This is the way though, not allowing manual vessels to make way at all is their point really.

The Freedom of Waterway Act which is practically the most powerful document in this country (and the world) has literally and perhaps figuratively disappeared into thin air like it never existed. Amongst other things the Freedom of Waterway Act made law that if an entity erected structure(s) that blocked the way on a previously navigable way that entity was responsible for providing a way (portage) around damming obstruction(s). In a larger sense and the law applied in the largest of senses the Freedom of Waterway Act was the only legal document that gave people the right to continue to make way (to exist). Sometime after 9/11 it disappeared from the library record like the system that made the clone warriors in "Star Wars", poof!

At some point the coal creeps must have called the USCG and Port Authority and filed a dam sell in distress false call because I can see the USCG and Port Authority boats coming downstream with blue lights flashing. One of the big tugs pulls out of its way into a blocking position between me and incoming ruel enforcement. It's as if every boat out here is intent on blocking the way of my manual/sail powered vessel for no reason. I could have sped through this area within 15 minutes or so but spent over an hour and a half getting through because I did what these clowns instructed me to do.

At any rate the USCG and Port Authority arrive, the Port Authority going downstream to the coal facility and the USCG tailing me. I cease paddling, steer and with the sail up maintain position near the middle of the river. After several minutes with no communication attempt by the USCG I began paddling again making about 1 kt. upstream. As I'm passing the last bunch of moored barges I intend on pushing inshore close by the moored barges and using the reduced current to get upstream quicker. Another boat, this time a crew boat, goes out of its way to take position where I'm headed as if to block me for no reason right in front of the USCG, weird!

Eventually I make way upriver of the moored barges and head upstream significantly more than I usually do before cutting across the bow of the packet of barges because the tailwind was providing most of my forward motion and in front of the barges I perceive the wind shadow caused by the barges, plus the current was ripping fast here, the water disappearing under the barge's hulls. As I'm cutting over in front of the barges, the most dangerous part of making way upstream, at this time the USCG boat motors over and pulls up in front of me (foolishly charging in bow first) damming my way and threatening to force me under the bow of the barges. The helmsman had a mean wicked sneer on his face, it looked like he was acting and the commander of the vessel walks out on the back deck and pretends to look the other way as if he's not aware of the illegality of his commands actions. He looks though and when he does I point out that I'll surrender to them whenever they want but this is the worst possible place to do so. The USCG boat puts it in reverse (now their wheel thrust is pushing me back under the barges) and pulls out. This is the stupidest thing I've ever seen a Coast Guard boat do, it's so damn foolish it's almost scary. What they did, by law gives me the right or ability to board their vessel and relieve them of command.

I made near the shore and safely away from the moored barges, the Port Authority boat pulls up and orders me aboard. I drop my sail, paddle over, perfectly clove hitch and slip knot off to their stern and climb aboard. There's a Plaquemines sheriff aboard who arrests me for criminal trespassing because he said the Coast Guard told him to. Technically it's impossible to commit the crime of criminal trespassing if one's communicating an idea. For instance, if one were to walk on someone's property, go up to the door and leave a business card they can't be convicted of criminal trespassing, trespassing perhaps. Therefore, I disseminate a naturally flowing river solution to the dam problem with my name and contact info.

The last thing I see on the water from the back of the sheriff's cruiser is a sight. A Port Authority dude has paddled my canoe to the only spot on the water I can see and was obviously

pretending to have a difficult time making way manually (he's splashing around with the paddle). Then, in what must have been a deliberate attempt to act like he's monkeying around, he climbs up on the gunwales with both hands and feet and monkeys his way up towards the bow tossing gear in the water from a canoe that is already lacking my green rubber bag and dark seaman's bag. When I look down there I see the PFD on his back which presents to me the word "PORT" upsidedown. The "port monkey" gets up to the front of the canoe, grabs the bison es de spirit, checks to make sure its firmly attached and then mischievously throws the bison esdespirit in the water as if he is mad at its appearance. The buffalo skull is attached to the rocket launcher with an orange strap and the "port monkey" disappointedly reels it back in and clunks it back in the boat. The whole episode appears faked, like a complete set up practically from the moment I opened my eyes in the morning or come to think of it when I was forced out of the womb. In the letters I sent to the USCG a week ago I explained one of the reasons I'm in a boat is so I don't get arrested for trespassing, specifically citing "Pilgrims Progress".

Plaquemines Parish Prison is closed, washed out by a hurricane as a new 871 bed prison is being built on the wrong side of the levee again. Also, the former sheriff is serving 3 to 4 years for embezzlement of funds associated with new washout prison, he got caught (sucker) while the real criminals (those who built the inappropriate terror facility) are at large. The bookin is a shed in the hole behind the dike where they serve double decker baloney sandwiches with mayo. Warden Tinson supervises the jail from here, the actual jail is a cheap shed appendage of OPP in New Orleans. The cell I'm in contains 55-65 prisoners, 4 flush toilets (1 a highboy) 3 urinals, 2 water fountains, showers and 5 sinks. The guards sit in a cheap shack connected to and overseeing the crew. The t.v. is on nearly the entire month I'm here.

My time in OPP (PPSO) became a case study of human behavior deep within what I think of as prison planet New Orleans. The things said in here are pretty much what's spoken on the outside. Normal conversation everywhere in this country (and around the world) starts off "Hello" moves into "Dam it" and ends with "Have an ice day" or "Dude"... "God dam it"... "Good loo (flush toilet.)". The background chatter is a constant cacophony of pure blasphemy on their part which I'll put in quotes, my response straight up and why in parenthesis.

I sat up on the top bunk opposite the guards in commanding position (like a life guard or tennis judge) and this is how the comments went all day and night for a month. "Ho Dam!" (The #1 thing spontaneously chortled.) Punch a **hole** in the **dams** and have a holy Jolley Christmas this year. "God dam it!" (The humans invented the idea of god so they could blame the dam thing on him.) God didn't dam it, a bunch of dumb dames demanded it be dammed and a bunch of dumb dudes dammed it. "God dam!" (The dolts think it's good to dam it.) The only good dam is over your head and under your soul, not on the river. "Dam it!" Reviere. They already dammed it son, the solution is a free flowing river. The damnation you call for is your own.

"What's up?" (In relation to the #1 thing the dam fools do, stack up stones. As in how high are the dam rocks stacked up and how far.) The dam fools got rocks stacked up from the mouth of the river to the top of the hill. They stacked stones up from the ocean to the mountains and when ya get to the top there's a wishing well, are tease sin well with a penny in it or a duck free waterfowl pond and they don't even eat the catfish. They've got rocks stacked up waist high to the turd rice paddy. "I got no idea." Go with Noah's idea instead, make sure to put plants on the boat with the animals and bring more than 2 each. "Fuck!" Have intercourse instead. "Mother Fucker!" There's nothing wrong with having intercourse with women who've had children, you're responsible for taking care of the children. "Holy shit!" (Actually, one of the reasons I came up with the idea to call the flush toilet replacement the manuel fertilizer machine. We got to give 'em what they want, they're begging for it.) The only holy shit you'll ever get is on the manuel fertilizer machine.

This back and forth verbal jousting between I and whoever dam fool shouting the obscenities had positive results. After about a week or so of my intelligent snappy replies (which is forceful

practice in OPP) the cursing lessened notably. One could tell they were beginning to think about what they were saying before they said it and this is a big step for some of these characters, consciousness. Also, others began to respond to the dam fool curses with my lines, beating me to it and they did this with a grin and one could tell once someone figured out what was going on it was perfect, devilishly good comebacks, made one sound smart to say the correct thing. Some of the guards liked it too. Often the verbal interaction would last longer and the affected would descend into a barking, "Roof, rue, rue"! I realize in essence you're demanding we continue in regretful sin and I'm telling ya we gotta undam the rivers so we can continue to rue. This is the devilish part of the devilishly good idea.

Another thing one learns in OPP is the exact pronunciation of jambalaya is "jumbo lie". It's mostly dam paddy rice but could come served in any dam and ditch fashion. Initially the food is served buffet style by bald headed inmates with goatees and hair nets on their bald heads. They spend their time stealing the dam GMO fake cheeze, meat and cookies. I sing the "Fruesboard" song on Mondays for supper and generally hold my spoon like a gun to my temple (or soles) just before I'm served. This is a very effective way to communicate the situation although a few of the inmates hated it. The dam GMO food appears to make the consumer sluggish and the inmates pretty much all sleep during the feeding hours of 5:30, 10:30, 2:30 up until about 5 or 6 hours after the last feeding at which point they get up, drink instant doom coffee and bounce of the walls eating mostly commissary dam junk food and pilfered buffet.

Most the dudes eating extra portions and extra commissary food are approaching obesity and the men in Plaquemines Parish, the ones eating the most food, look like they are growing tits. It's sad to see as they connive and fight to steal the "best" (worst) of it for themselves and practically kill themselves with it. The worst of communication problems occur between me and the characters who served the food (as usual) in particular the clown who goes to all the trouble to close his eyes and pray over the dam GMO rice and potatoes with outstretched arms and turned up empty palms. He really hates me and the idea I present (to undam the rivers and go on with life for all time). No fresh fruit was served with the meal (canned apricots) even though the guards have a picture of an orange on their Plaquemines Parish patch. Vitamin C presumably maintained in the artificial "lemon aid" which I drink a ¼ cup of watered down.

The only physical altercation involving me (even though when I came in the cell I offered anyone who wanted to challenge me to arm wrestle at the table) came between me and the most poofy muscular black dude who looked practically exactly like "Kenny", my old nemesis on the "SOUTHERN LADY". He "attacks" me just in front of the restroom (trying to dam my flow) grabbing my shoulders (the weakest attack) and pushing me into the water fountain and unseating it from the wall. I didn't bite and try to defend myself, push back or block his attempt as the guards are all watching and I'd obviously just be stuck in here longer if I did. He hollers at me to, "Go about your business!" at which point I one hand the 3' "privacy" wall surrounding the urinal/commode center and do so. BMOC is a tough position to maintain in OPP (PPSO). I'm fluid in my delivery.

Probably the most noticeable person in the cell besides me is the dark man a few years older than me, relatively intelligent, who the locals had nicknamed "The President of Plaquemines Parish". He is who the people would elect as their leader if the dam thing wasn't the "way it is". He heard what I had to say over the month and I and life are fortunate to communicate with him, "the mayor of the mouth of the Mississippi". One night about 2:30 "The President of Plaquemines Parish" is sitting on the highboy flushtoile.t and I come in to use the far urinal which is nearly clogged with yellow crusty precipitate. In passing I warn "The President of Plaquemines Parish" that the ass clowns ruining the thing are about to wipe us out with a new round of dam GMO doom food. When ya get out of here eat seafood, fruits and nuts, tree oil, crackers wild flower honey... don't mess around. "The President" nods his head.

The next day, April 29<sup>th</sup> (2's day, mar's taste) OPP's Warden Watzke enters the cell with 2 plastic trays of food and certain news of impending food switch. The prisoners complain serving size

is not big enough. Warden explains new diet based on 2400 to 2500 calorie normal sized meal. I stand by the exit with my right pinkie holding open the trash bag with 2 cracker box makeshift business cards in hand. In left hand I hold a People magazine "Green Works" cleaner advertisement with a big picture of a pacifier and diamonds with green background, "using cleaners with plant based ingredients" (we're never gonna solve any of the problems on this planet with a dam and ditch agricultural product, so the ad can only mean otherwise) upon which I take the notes of the OPP food switch.

Warden Watzke makes to exit. I ask him if he knows what's going on, he nods his head in the affirmative and replies, "Yes". He's looking at my offered infinityproject business card, so I take it to mean he's looked at my idea and got it. As the warden leaves he asks, "How's your vessel?" I don't respond verbally (it's impounded at Carnival Wrecker). If he looked up as he departed the chain cage ceiling has a jack of clubs poker card facing down upon entrance (the clubs being a reference to plants or Vega, the jack meaning to be jacked by) some inmate had "randomly" tossed the card up there the night before (the best card in the deck to explain the enfolding crime). They begin to bring the ice (our drinking water) in a clear plastic bag instead of the old plastic ice chest.

April 30<sup>th</sup> I read "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" for the first time. I've had many people approach me and scream out, "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" as I energetically and enthusiastically deliver the idea drenched in sweat with sunglasses and a hat. Yes, yes you are right or correct but do you get the movie? Do you get the idea? I haven't read the book or seen the film but get it, know what it's about by the title, author and illustrators name. When read the book is practically the same idea I present except I don't force ya to read between the lines (what's not written) to figure out what's going on. The reality of the present is depicted. It's in Vegas (the idea is about plants) yet it starts in California by the pool (alluding to the dam reservoir and California dam and ditch agriculture). There's a race to/in the desert (a place lacking life). Prosecutors, D.A.'s and cops trying to catch one with the real herbs/sideshow with something going on (lizard skin suits) behind the scene. A search for the "American Dream" leads to a burned out building in Boulder City (where the workers who built the Hoover Dam vacated) plunging the "caddie" into the dam reservoir... Same story except it doesn't offer or force the solution (except perhaps to take note of the problem in a bizarre convoluted presentation).

May 1<sup>st</sup> (May you know) 2014 (2 mill diez contained/entrapped) at 7:36 (starving colon dirty sick) the worst possible connotative time they brought in the new food. Now the guards began to call roll for food and take note of who's eating the food or not eating the food. Now the guards provided the food service. It was the worst cream of wheat I ever ate, tasted like chemical (inmate Formaggio says, "It taste like the weight loss chemical my grandma used to put in her food to make her feel full") as did the chopped up fried baloney. Prisoners noted serving of meal preceded by artificial "french toast, syrup and sausage" aromatherapy presumably piped in the A/C vents. Apparently aromatherapy comes with the new Aramark food. Aramark (error/mar/kill) is the single largest employer in America. How disgraceful is that? It's our #1 industry: prison food.

After eating the new food all mayhem breaks loose, "Prisoner behavior change like night to day"– OPP prison guard. Instead of sluggish demeanor exhibited when eating previous dam and ditch GMO feed an aggressive, almost "happy happy hope along" (Pharrell Williams's music video on t.v. with yellow {dammed} one eyed {pirate} masked {mass} careactor) threatening behavior begins. Over the next few days as the new behavior is maintained with the new dam and ditch GMO feed regime it becomes the single most strikingly noteworthy scene I ever witnessed. I manage to minimize most the side effects by being aware of the thing itself and consciously monitoring and adjusting my behavior accordingly. For lunch the inmates dam off their own supper and the cell calls strike led by "Dirty White" (probably the lowest I.Q. character of the bunch). They demand larger portions, "It's not enough food!" They want more.

From my upper level bunk life guard/tennis judge position I point out they've been fooled or led into damming off their own supper while demanding more of the new GMO "round 2" doom food. A

hunger strike is not the solution, unless the food is poisonous and it is getting that way. Look what happened to Gandhi. Shot in the back of the head in the garden. He called a prison hunger strike often as he was arrested everywhere he went as the people's voice by his own violation, at a time when they were building the huge dams on the rivers in India. Gandhi ended up making the deal or compromising with the dam installers, lost the protection of the garden and got his brains blown out. The technicians who dispatched Gandhi did him a favor (he was plummeting in his eventual stratification) and should have billed his next of kin.

This is what one should do. With that I leap out of my rack and make for the guard cell communication porthole through the dammed dude riot of OPP's PPSO inmates. I swing open the door and press my head in the guards' box where 4 dames lord over us. We want fresh local seafood, fruit n' nuts. "Huh?" We don't want this dam GMO doom food. "You can have a serving if you want it!" cackled "Weeble Wobble" one of the grotesquely obese guards. Naw'd [no they would] probably kill me if I ate it. The strike holds yet the call for more doom food softens.

The guards send in 2 new prisoners with supper in hand. One of 'em had been caught trying to get on a helicopter with steroids, the other of the two with drugs and a 22, however he still managed to smuggle in cigarettes, appetite suppressant. The sizeable commissary had been distributed the night before so the prisoners are full of junk food. The prisoners peer pressure the new guys into joining the hunger strike. They do and pitch the uneaten food trays up into the guards' cell. The guards keep bringing the food carts in and trying to get us to eat. Warden Watzke enters the cell to jeers. I shout over everyone tuna and oranges! We want tuna and oranges! The warden leaves. The hunger strike holds.

They served the cell dinner at 3:30 (thee colon dirty) the hunger strike folds almost immediately. The mindless aggressive behavior continues with new food. I spoke with several of the guards about the dramatic change in prisoner behavior coinciding with new food service. They were perhaps intimidated by it certainly in a larger sense (the implications of being mastered by others). The behavior change really grabbed their awareness, the prisoners and the guards because I'd been communicating precisely this problem for the preceding 3 weeks and to actually witness it, it's undeniable. As I'm communicating the idea and its' effects with the guards (the prisoners are watching) on t.v. is a commercial set in a grocery store of some actors dressed up like they're from "Star Wars" and "Darth Vader" is busting up the food display with a rue light saber. The next commercial's a group going down a slide into a dam swimming pool. I point out the coinciding message of the t.v. commercials (they're rubbing our noses in it). It really sells it. One can't miss it.

As I relate to the prisoners and guards, I engineered the t.v. commercials this way as "The Duke" who stashed my canoe in Upper Burlington was the man who installed the "programming" that determined what commercials were placed amongst the local and syndicated t.v. broadcasts. I called "The Duke" on the phone from Portland and suggested he use his capabilities to set the commercials up to express the enfolding dam horror and present the river solution. "The Duke" said he would not do that. Suddenly "The Duke", he didn't get fired, he got a sideways move and another entity took control of the commercial presentations and did exactly half of what I'd recommended. So now the commercials illuminate the viewer to the dam horror but of course (you know "the illuminati's" style) neglect to enlighten to the naturally flowing river collective productive solution. They don't show you what they're going to do with your sorry dam fool asses either, steal your precious metals and circus around in your pretty skin suits.

Continuing with what's starting to look like a tenured professorial position at OPP University with **very** interested guards and inmates another round of commercials on t.v. is an advertisement for the "Godzilla" film. Godzilla is waterskiing on a dam reservoir and out of nowhere a clip of a Snickers bar commercial pops in (Mar's Co. is laughing at us). This becoming very interactive, the presentation of my idea, the new food and its effects, the t.v. commercials, the AMC movie is a "Die Harder" marathon. There's only a handful of magazines in the cell and the "XXL" editor in chief Ms. Satten

concur, "Yeah, the world is all I need/but if you don't know anything just know I got some weed." A weed is a plant growing where it shouldn't be. When FDA Surgeon General See Very E.T. Coop okaydokeyed it and they first introduced "Roundup ready" glyphosphate herbicide resistant crops back in 96' (denying the sick) we at the University of Florida's College of Agriculture Horticulture Department theorized that within 15 to 20 years the weeds would become resistant to the subsequent increased use of the particular herbicide and they'd have to design a new GMO plant to resist the likely resultant new herbicide.

I read about the as predicted development of herbicide resistant weeds and subsequent design of new herbicide and new herbicide resistant food crops (to match desired side effect of course). I climbed over dikes and watched 'em plant the fields with the new geneatrick seeds, spoke with many of the farmers, watched 'em harvest the new round 2 GMO genetically modified weaponized grade feed, talked to the truck drivers and visited most of the biggest bread piles/grain elevators across the entire continent delivering the dam fluidification superdriplineswatercollect thE manuel fertilizer machine solution while taking notes on the dam and ditch GMO feed problem. Even spoke with a few characters somewhat like myself who'd been collecting notes on similar idea, "They're mixing up the GMO's [some are not approved for eating]", "The whole things fraught with subterfuge and deceit." A guy from Polk Army Base warned me of impending doom food switch a rue just a few weeks ago.

Now I'm in OPP witnessing the side effect behavior change in a controlled situation, "perfect". One doesn't really know unless one's been there and seen it. Incidentally the old food made the prisoners feel like they were full of shit, without complete evacuation and the new food gave the consumer a green streak. With the new aggressive behavior exhibited and alimentary canal product together into a mean green streak, which I'm sure the characters behind the scenes deliberately designed into the feed. It's all real obvious, right underneath your nose. The side effect switch a rue occurs just as the common layperson is getting wise to the sluggish side effect of first generation GMO's. Take note of the round II GMO's stupid happy aggressive side effect. Know the solution starts with a free flowing river system and collective productive structures.

While this is all going on the side shows the dam and ditch food serving dudes, incensed about me revealing rue (making them look like the biggest dam fools) making up a story about me not using toile.t. payper and wiping my ass with my bare hands. They also claim I'm not showering or using soap and wrote these falsehoods down and sent them over the Sarge's head to the Lieutenant in an attempt to get me hauled off to the Jackson mental facility. This backfires on them when Sgt. Simpson calls me out into the hall to communicate. They even steal my change of underwear, soap and deodorant. I'll admit I'm becoming rotten with Tinus, including Athlete's foot and nipple rot but more showering just makes it worse. The problem is something else really. In Latin slang "shower" is literally "ho dam" and soap is "fat and lye". So what they're screaming is translated to, "Take the ho dam thing and smell like a fat lie". They're also confessing something is wrong with their nose (to know or sabe) an o' door problem. Also, three fishermen came in with flower tattoos and immediately put my cell nemesis in his place (at the bottom).

The best scene of the act occurs at the end of my visit. We load up in the van next to an obvious partially eaten stack of food trays left outside to see if the birds would eat it, they do, at least initially. For a better test place known non GMO feed next to GMO feed and take notes on wildlife consumption for some period of time. Realize as the abundance of natural food is lessened largely due to the dam and ditch agriculture used to grow the sickening GMO feed the birds and other animals will be more likely to eat the sickening food. Also the animals, like humans, are inherently lazy too and will eat some just because it's easier than finding their own. In the natural world the animals are usually borderline starving anyway and would likely eat some. The "best" experiment is what we all just witnessed in imprisonment and leads a thinking person into reasoning why for it all take place? Know if it isn't to impress upon the diner to undam the rivers for starters and initiate the infinityproject there is no reason. It's that simple.



With Sgt. Simpson driving the van leaves OPP at 8:08 and we head back to Plaquemines Parish for arraignment. At the mini jail next to the doublewide courthouse a scene develops. I'd written a letter to OPP Warden Watzke, the perfect response for him to write to the care actors behind the dam mess switch a rue. PPSO's Warden Tinson, holding the letter in his hand, looking like he meant business, came in the cell area and called me over to him, "Jolley! What the? Son, have you seen a mental health professional?" [I'm in orange suit, handcuffed and shackled.] Yes, yes I got a mental evaluation two weeks before I was kidnapped and ransomed. Dr. William Curran at the St. Charles mental hospital gave me a clean bill of mental and physical health and a 4 hundred dollar bill.

Warden Tinson looked like he was gladdened and'd heard the best response he ever got from that question (I've had a dozen or so enforcement types ask me the same question during the intervening time, so the response delivery was well practiced). He asks again what the meaning of the letter is (steps in the trap I set) and I launch into an all business explanation of the dam problem and river solution. Sgt. Simpson (with a big grin on his face) steps up alongside me with his electronic notebook tuned into the YouTube video presentation of me at the New Orleans city council meeting and hands the streaming communication to Warden Tinson in time with my live presentation almost word for word and I let the video speak for me (it's a sharper presentation in a dam fine suit).

After the video I really sold the presentation recapsolating the delivery in a below New Orleans Prison Latin slang. Most the people are like, "Now! Now you're showing up to fix the dam problem"? Yes, now I'm showing up to fix the dam shiddy problem. Tinson asked, "This letter's for Watzke?" Yes. "Make sure he gets it." With that he handed the letter to me and at the top a note had been written, "Sgt. Allen" with the "e" skinny like an "i" and towards the "n" for "All in". The Warden communicated some idea of having met religion or "Jesus" or something. I'm a professor of theology, I give the people the solutions to the foundations of the problems. I'm getting the team together to repair the situation.

I made way into the nearby jail cells with a dozen or so inmates, several heading back to the New Orleans jail. "Wow, I've never seen anything like that!" said one "You said it, man!" piped up another. Even "Dirty White" got it, "Man I thought you were crazy after all you said in jail over the month but after seeing that, I believe you are the man himself." The guys really got it, the different delivery styles to suit the conditions. They went back to the can with a story to tell. Of course, I thank Warden Tinson and Sgt. Simpson for the set up and multimedia assistance with the delivery. This is probably one of the more difficult situations to talk about the idea, in shackles and hand cuffs just before you go to see the judge. The three fishermen with flower tattoos were here and witnessed the delivery (they were beaming the biggest smiles I'd seen in a while).

In court Judge Conner (with her or with the dams) lets yo yo's driving 90 down the dam broad in no sense road get away with it. Drugs? No problem, go to school. A middle aged woman came up before the Judge charged with selling a piece of catfish improperly labeled, \$400 fine. She and I were the only ones who got in trouble, her for trading fish, me for heading up river in a manuel vessel. My charges were reduced to disturbing the piece. I'd apparently had a public defender switch sometime around when my folks showed up in town. My new public defender, wearing a Plaquemines Parish style natural dam fine suit, appeared practically identical to the Satan in a new skin suit I'd met on the ICW. While my case was "still up in the air" Sgt. Simpson made visible my New Orleans city council footage to Judge Conner. I plead no contest and they let me go time served with the stipulation I never come back to Plaquemines Parish again. The prosecutor and Conner dammed me off from the mouth of the Mississippi. This is probably around the most illegal thing a judge could do, dam one off from the way. Technically he didn't because I'm just not allowed to step foot ashore. My parents had shown for the court date and my dad even explained to the judge that he was born in Plaquemines Parish at the old Marine hospital.

My parents had a tale of woe themselves, food poisoning at the all you can eat dam GMO fried chicken with the works for sinco dollars in Venice and how the bondsman had taken their money but

then didn't bail me out and gave 'em a hard time about getting the money back. The canoe and gear had been stored at Carnival Wrecker improperly and most the stuff is ruined including my dam fine suit. It cost \$500 to get the stuff back and it's all there so the Port clown monkeying around was just pretending to throw my stuff away probably trying to see if I'd get riled up, pulling my chain. They broke my rocket launcher (probably in panic) and my bison esdespirit got a slight dam reservoir stain on a relatively insignificant part. I would've had an extremely difficult time getting back on the water without my folks rescuing me. I even got a couple ducks from Noah.

This is about a letter I sent to the Louisiana Rice Mill,  
John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley delivering report. These are trying times for rice farmers. For thousands of years the rice farmers've been stacking up stones on the river, digging ditches and piling up mud. God couldn't flood them out. Noah failed to escape them. Able couldn't enable the dam and ditch cane farmer. The plagues of Moses couldn't drive off the dam farmer. The dam junkies left the son of god to dry out on Calvery Hill for showing 'em how to save themselves (walk out on a low head dam and kick a hole in it). The rice farmer even survived Chengus Chan's bold drive to exterminate the dam fools. Can the dam farmer outlive those for whoring men's weaponized GMO purge of the dam disease? Will Christ Almighty reappear when those obamanations of desolation are where they shall not be to save the dam fools? Be tuned, let's make a fortune growing condos! It's leveled off for sure now. Punch a hole in the dams. Build collective productive structures. Plant fruit and nut trees. Apocolypse getaways, you'll make more money this way, get your foot in the door. Fortune Reviere ~

This is about a letter I sent to Cherry Central Cooperative Inc,  
John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley delivering report. It's dam doo doo doom on a plane.t. set up for hostile takeover. We're losing our good natural wild food largely because of the faulty water control scheme. This makes it easy to take over the surface and enslave the human dolts into extinction with dam and ditch GMO weaponized feed. Here's what we're going to do about it: undam the rivers and build collective productive structures that irrigate and fertilize primarily fruit and nut trees. Replace dam and ditch agriculture with a sustainable intelligent idea. This is your call. Think how much money fruit tree gardeners like you will make. As we undam the rivers existing fruit tree orchardists would be in an advantages position. The choicest location for collective productive structures would be where mature fruit trees are already flourishing. Make big money selling condos! Don't feel bad about cutting down some cherry trees to make domicile space available, sell bud scions at the top of the market, fortune reviere ~

This is about a letter I sent to Justin's Hazeill Nut Butter Team,  
John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley delivering report. Eating dam and ditch food ruins one's soul. Eating GMO food will kill ya. Making way across continent by canoe undamming the plane.t. often I go in the grocery store and get \$50 of nuts and \$50 of honey. I'd buy honey and nuts creamed together but can't find anyone that makes it or anyone that labels their food dam and ditch GMO free. The best label on the side of a jar of food would read, "Dam and ditch GMO free". I challenge you Justin to prepare a special blend of haze ill nut and honey + whatever you think is appropriate. Just think Justin you and all the people who work for you could make a massive impact upon the dam problem this way. Life would be endebted to you all forever this way as you all would be responsible for the product not lost because of your forceful communication of the problem and solution. ~

This is about a letter I sent to Icicle Seafoods Inc,  
John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley delivering report. I took notes on what's going on this planet as if I was the chief dam arson investigator and present the 425 page report at <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> Along the way I became the captain of the fish sandwich police, rose to the top of the M.O.B. on both sides of the world, even became the chief of the men in black on a Thanksgiving ferry from Algier's Point to New Orleans. We've got a big dam problem. The solution is certain. Force free flowing rivers. The ocean along with all of life is dependent upon the timely flow of naturally nutrient laden water to the sea. We're having a stroke. Concentrate all your resources,

everything you've got on dam fluidification. Attack the dam problem with the solution like a surgeon, armor yourselves with knowledge, be the coldest liquid enlightening, Fortuna Reviere ~

The scene depicted is a man in a canoe with a bison es de spirit pushing waterfowl. Sometimes the waterfowl make way following behind as you might image a flock following a shepherd but usually one must push them in the preferred way more like a shepherd (Canis). When in the boat I store 'em in an orange Aspen milk crate. Right off the bat one of the young ducklings went MIA in the night while resting in the grass on the side of the ditch. When I rolled up my rubber mat to depart I found the squashed chick underneath where my rubber boot clad feet had been. I tossed 'em on the side of the river and departed but after 50 yards or so thought better of it and returned to salvage the bird for supper. When I pushed the boat in and grabbed the carcass a yellow "Thunder Salvage" tug and tow passed by. I skinned 'em dusted the young bird in flour, salt and pepper and sizzled 'em up in olive oil, yummy.

Bayou de Teche (the snake) when viewed from above is a watercourse that would be the last river to flow into the Mississippi but now that the area is dammed, ditched and diked Bayou de Teche looks like a snake that's been chopped up with a shovel. Some parts of it even flow the other way. Most of its surrounded with dam and ditch cane, high end slacker homes and dirt poor slacker shacks. I certainly gave the ACE dudes working the no flow dam lock to dead end ditch a free flowing river presentation with newsletter included idea they'll never forget at what would be the mouth of the snake.

After this one presentation of many to most the dam operations in the area I'm lingering at the dam across the ditch from Morgan City in the thin grass lined waterside when I'm approached by a man and his buddy in a boat fishing who'd made way into me when I'd come through going the other way months previous. He said he'd thought so highly of the solution to problem I presented he'd taken a picture of my cartoon, stored it in his hand held electronic gadget, telling every reasonable person he made way into about the free flowing river collective productive structural solution to dam doo doo doom problem and showing 'em the cartoon which he said is effective. Thanks boss.

Franklin is the county seat of St. Mary's parish. I can barely say the word perish but they force ya to in St. Mary's like all of LA. Perish is the "over all" theme expressed by the dolts of the region. Topographically it looks like somewhere between here in Franklin and Morgan City is where the mouth of the Mississippi will be soon. I wager it'll come clear through Franklin. The "Cypress View" restaurant put out a mean brisket, a crab cake priced so low you could drive 'em out of business eating 'em and a sharp iced tea. I work on the report, recharge my batteries here and slide out of the occasional downpour courtisee of the owner/operators and their daughter/granddaughter Zoey.

The courthouse is across the street. I enter with the intention of delivering newsletter and business card to county commissioner's office as I inquire about speaking and getting on the agenda. This puts the topic in writing (if they'll dare print it) on file and is worth doing, plus it in some places getting on the agenda allows for the court to respond or ask questions pertaining to the topic.

The sheriff/homeland security chief met me as I'm going over this with the county clerk. On the way out of the building accompanied by older sheriff I explain in detail how the human dolts are destroying their good natural dependable food sources largely cause of the faulty water control scheme including the dams, ditches, dikes, levies, piers, weirs and groins, the sheds getting undermined by uncollected rainfall and the disaster of the flush toilet. In addition the genetically modified food largely grown at the dam and ditch sites is designed to eliminate the dam fools who eat it and there's a foreign entity taking "advantage" of all this for its self (not even in its best interest).

You know how there's a bunch a dolts out there running around trying to get f... ked up? You've surely taken note of this. "Yes", says the sheriff. Well if the food f... ked 'em up they'd like it, wheee! And it does and they do. I'm getting the team together to repair the problem, undam the rivers, collect that which falls from the heavens and replace the flush toile.t. with thE manuel fertilizer machine.

We've been had, took for dam fools, this nation got hijacked and it's being used as the vehicle by those for whoring men with GMO food. That's the latin meaning of 9-11-2001, denying the levy to mill you know? The 9/11 garden in New York's got 400 swamp white oaks planted and nothing else but a prune us. For hundred swamp white oaks in Latin is 4 cien, which is a homophone for fore seeing. Swamp white oak is Quercus bicolor and if the humiliating dolts would just add an extra "ill" and they are its bicollar, to enslave or get control of. The bicolor hybridizes with another oak, macrocarpa, a big thief. For seeing bicollar macrocarp, that's what the 9/11 garden reads in Latin, there's no way to misinterpret it.

The PWP landscaper that installed the 9/11 garden even writes at the PWP internet site that he planted the garden so you couldn't miss the literal meaning. When viewed from above the garden looks like an insane computer generated alien with two square reservoir eyes manically laughing. They got foreign exfoliating trees (the trees shed their skin) planted at the Pentagon memorial garden. Those for whoring men (not the pumpkin headed dolts who are for enslaving themselves and their kids to extinction) the 4 horsemen in the Bible, the Gin in the Quran (Koran) the people nicknamed 'em "the illuminati". They're clone doppelganger pirates.

Remember the name of the first cloned animal? The sheriff/homeland security officer nods his head, "Yes". Dolly the sheep, the humans are the sheep, a dolly's the thing that pushes them around. Their idea comes from one thing, cube (cue be and coup be). They're doppelgangers appearing successful, powerful and show up in any skin suit you could fathom. That's why the president has a birth certificate problem, he just got reelected campaigning in a wreckreational vehicle and everybody's going green. They're pirates, meaning they don't have depth perception, they don't know (no sabe) they'd run ya through and burn the ship down for nothing. I was gonna come speak at the county meeting and give the money making, free flowing river collective productive structural solution, recommend some code changes.

Even though it's a lot of information to process the sheriff appeared to like the presentation of the cold hard facts of the case. This is important, to win over the chief of the local law enforcement to the intelligent solution to cutting our balls off, tucking our tails between our legs, burying our heads in the sand and getting f...ked in the ass, because that's what would obviously happen if the dam fools continue to do just that and if one can't influence the local security to allow a reasonable presentation of the idea one probably won't be able to.

Sitting out front of the local library using the WiFi to research while responding, free flowing rivers, reviere and such to the constant chant of "Hello", from mostly blue haired mafia passersby and elaborating on the subject to the questioning leads to... a flurry of dam seller in distress false calls to which a large man in uniform with gun responds. That's how easy it is to win power and influence with local law enforcement, say river instead of hello. Be prepared to give definition of hello, more than just the bottom of hell, yellow (helio) in Spanish, ice, frozen locked up water, dammed, no y (why) just hache and the double you's gone. Eat an apple (or other piece of fruit) while you're doing it, it works great. The police officer agreed.

At the library I often look at the open dictionary (the big one) to check what group of words the last consultant researched, in particular the first and last word observed on the open pages, the similarity and difference between the two definitions and how that actually relates to the meaning of the intervening words. The last word was "Our Lady's Bedstraw" defined as the yellow flowered straw that "Mary" laid the baby "Jesus" upon his birth. In the dictionary it says yellow flowers is the first idea Emanuel is presented with. I decide to represent the idea at the county meeting under the guise of punching holes in the local dams, dikes and levees and growing collective productive cistern raft foundation condos making big money in apocalypse getta ways, a dam house, making Mecca look like a flea market in the desert... and naming or christening more appropriately (the structures are vessels) the new neighborhood (convoy) "Our Lady's Bedstraw" or "Yellow Flowers" in correct anticipation of Mississippi's flow what with all the mud from the Yellowstone and the Big Horn in Sackofjeware

coming down the mountain **soon**.

There isn't anything quite like standing up and speaking at a county meeting with all the actual dike renourishers, sewer pipe professionals and the installation team of the pump at the new \_\_\_\_\_ million dollar wreckreational center present, getting their accolades, stung (I make 'em look like they're wearing a cheap plastic suit they paid too much for). At this meeting the chair, who is sitting right in front of me, stomped on my delivery, attempting to dam off my idea or redirect the flow. I had anticipated this and maintained control by slurring his name, Mr. be her whores (he's Bier Whortz) and completing delivery of the idea which even included soliciting bids from the Army Corps on the actual fluidification of the water control structures, placement of the materials for building of the super collector cistern foundation raft domiciles or the units prefab and even giving the opportunity to the Army Corps to plant nuts on the levies.

I wrap it up within 3 minutes and ask if there's any question. Half the commissioners were pretending they didn't even hear a word I said. Half of 'em looked shocked. One man though, the oldest so old he didn't have to worry about the local folk seeking retribution upon him as he'd be expedited in a few months anyway, thanks me for coming in and speaking on the matter and says he really liked the line "About the nuts on the levies", which he shouted at full volume and he even recommends I speak at the town hall meeting. After the meeting one of the attendees, an older man, approaches me in front of all the dam stone stacking wreckreational pumpers and says, "Wow, that was cool, I mean that was the coolest thing I've ever seen"! He certainly wasn't full of shit as he smelled like he'd just dumped a full load in his pants. I am the coldest one. "Cool."

First light one morning the Peking steps off the derelict dock I'm resting upon. Within seconds there's a brief nearly silent commotion and then quiet. Not a peep. I figured a gator got 'em and made ready to disembark to pursue possible BBQ. About a minute and a half later what sounds like a gator surfaces with a duck pleading for assistance. I push the boat out that way and the gator coughs up the duck which I carefully get back in the boat.

Compound fracture right wing bone sticking out of the upper arm, I tuck the bone back in under the skin and figure to see if the creature might make it. It didn't look that bad. Duck sits in the crate shocked for the day, doesn't eat but takes a sip of water. Early the next day over coffee I explain to the duck if she didn't eat she wasn't gonna make it and if she didn't eat today I was gonna roast her myself before she got skinny. That's just the way it is here. Just then a dragonfly flew up and hovered in front of my ducks mouth. She snapped it up, chomped it and swallowed it.

I order 8 Chinese African (Egyptian) geese from Missouri cause the dame rouen waterfowl worked so well last year at developing communication opportunities in particular with young girls, old ladies and big tough guys (the 3 types least likely to communicate with me). I ordered the geese cause I'm supposed to be a know it all, I've been robbed a dozen times just coming from St. Helen's and I've got to do something about it. I'd caught 8 or 9 of 'em but after a while (it's dangerous) the thrill is gone. So, I got the geese as waterfowl security intending on training 'em to stay with the boat when I went into town.

In preparation for the Franklin town hall meeting I go to the town hall to see about times, agendas and to informally deliver the infinityproject idea verbally and in written form. I did and then stepped across the hall to the water department which is attached to the same building as they often are. Now there's nothing I can really do about what happens here as the suspect dam fools are responsible for their own actions and considering they outnumber me 4 or 5 to 1 provide most the ambiance. As I enter the water department room everyone freezes, silence, you could hear a pen door drop shut. I approach the situation like a vacuum cleaner salesman and deliver the pitch for the equipment as if I'm selling collective productive structures that require regular maintenance that they could find themselves much more fortunate and enriched to care for than the porous dam shiddy carpe.t. bag job.

These water departments are sometimes like banks with bullet proof glass and everything. Somebody must have hit the panic button when I entered cause the sheriff (a woman) shows up quick.

She enters professionally, coolly looks at the men back in the shielded area and says, "Can I help you ladies"? This is not soothing for dam sellers in distress caught red handed making a false call. I made to get out quick before they had a heart attack or something. The sheriff knew all about my idea as they had obviously been communicating about it.

I'm at the town hall meeting early, casing the developing action at the rear entrance to the building meeting site from the library courtyard across the street when I become aware somebody's casing me. He's a young (no hair) man of average appearance (yellow camaste) who makes way towards me assertively. We exchanged ideas, he works for the city hall. I give him the short version and promise to elaborate further in a few minutes. The yellow meeting room is tight, support staff wearing yellow shirts. Behind the short board is a painting of two men in a canoe surrounded by natural environment and a threatening bear (horriblis).

I'd already decided to make a small presentation as nonthreatening as possible, super Forest Gump/Clark Can't. I started by "accidently" pushing the name plate/paper weight contraption off the podium as I stepped up to it (loud clatter) "hitting" my head on the podium bending over to rescue it and then delivered an anecdote about how it really isn't that horrible living aboard a vessel in a natural environment and motioned up towards the painting. It's quiet as I row into the delivery.

About a minute and 45 seconds into the speech, just as I'm winding up to deliver the pitch, the mayor raises his yellow pencil in the air and begins twirling it around. I pause and look at him. "Could ya, does this, get to the point!?" Yes, it's a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. ecocide attempt in vain and the solution is a free flowing river system with collective productive structures likely including a cistern foundation raft code change. We could make a fortune doing this, show how intelligent we are as the Mississippi's likely to come over here. Considering this is St. Mary's we could even name the first development "Our Lady's Bedstraw" or "Yellow Flowers". Yellow meaning dammed and flowers referring to flo... I got cut off. I hand my newsletter and business cards to the yellow crew and sit. The meeting concluded and we departed.

Outside behind the place the young man who'd approached me before the meeting initiated a conversation with me. He said his name was Andre and he ran the whole thing in town from his position as the only male on an otherwise dame dominated support staff. He claimed he's of the clone doppelganger pirates. Where ya from? Andre answers, "I come from the I am". The I am? Its cue be not the I am, think about it. He wickedly let on his crew's headed for total destruction, complete ecosystem wipeout. Ain't gonna happen, we're gonna undam the rivers, force the collection of that which falls from the heavens and replace the flushtoile.t. with thE manuel fertilizer machine. He let on that the mayor was gonna come down with a severe illness soon as if anyone could be a profit (this is the most likely thing to happen to a dam fool who steps on my toes anyway). Where'd ya get your birth certificate from? He just looked at me like that was a stupid question as if... couldn't I see his group had infiltrated the government agencies that you'd get one from. Do you have any new information for me? Andre replies, "You need to be more forceful". I step towards him aggressively, he didn't flinch or budge (usually human dolts will give way or react somehow). I departed.

Here we are in Franklin (Frank lying) and we've got a care actor who appears to be the best liar I've ever seen, or is he straight up telling the truth? Because ya gotta realize not only are there clone doppelganger pirates highjacking the surface, there's dolts trying to fumble the thing off to e.t. whether e.t. exists or not. This usually shows itself as waiting on the roof top of a casino in Vegas for a U.F.O. as depicted in "Independence Day". The Vegas rooftop fools get desinigrated. Sitting in church and praying for somebody to feed ya and fix the problem amounts to the same thing as does practically any action besides participation in dam fluidification. The only way for me to be more forceful is with assistance from Andre and his gang (preferably with a barbecue of the worst of the dam fools and along with 18 a postal ettes and another male man for a reverse last supper presentation) as the humans would rather not assist but insist on giving me **hellp**. Pedestriating back to the boat on the side of the road I find carrots in a can.

I got another 5 muscovies and 3 mallards from a local dam farm. If ya ever do any research about pushing waterfowl with a small boat you'll find there's some characters in Southeast Asia who've got a set up with small boat with cages on the side that allow for easy bearshit and giving the waterfowl easy access to browse from local vegetation and water bugs. This cuts down on the dam and ditch feed bill and protects the waterfowl from predators. I don't have that rig.

The idea is to draw awareness to me for communication of the free flowing river solution to the dam problem but they're like free range birds eating mostly natural grass, algae, clams and else reducing my dam and ditch meat and eggs demand somewhat and plus they're the waterfowl security team. One of the things I'm intending on doing with this experience, pushing waterfowl with a bison es de spirit, is to take notes on the way it is, the solutions to the problems encountered and use this knowledge to become more proficient and forceful pushing waterfoulers with a bison es de spirit. And of course I flew out of Cuba sitting next to "Live or Let Die's" "Mr. Big" (they threw "Bond" to the crocodiles) so I'm practicing. Heading towards getting in and out of Cuba by boat this time.

Think about heading out into the swamp with a dozen boisterous, chirping "pet shop ducks". Its summer time and the gators are hot and aggressive. The situation is one of the ducks has more experience, it's bonded to me. It's wing, injured in an alligator encounter made it through the infectious period with 2 drops of honey and a broken bone tuck in, has partially healed but the bone popped out and the broken ends turning black. The remainder of the duckling/gosling team is in good shape and sticks to the almost mature bird like glue. The larger peking acts like a veteran chief to my captainship. As we make way I keep the covey in the water and headed towards the goal.

If I carry 'em in the boat I gotta feed 'em likely dam and ditch GMO feed which the acquisition of gives me the opportunity to communicate solution to purveyors of the damaged feed. Usually the proprietor or person working the front desk is defensive in general, not very open to the idea but allows for its presentation. However oftentimes the character loading up the sacks of feed while tending towards the simple minded is keen to the idea and shows more interest in the knowledge of the thing in the sack they're toting around. As with practically anything one does nowadays I'm responsible for the damage and destruction caused by my demand (by purchasing) for suspect dam and ditch GMO feed but use the opportunity to take notes and put forth the solution to the problem.

As the notes are taken none of the feed store operators make an issue of dam and ditch feed or GMO feed and are ignorant/naïve or feign the same about farming method and genetic complement of the things they have for sale. Most act as if the dam GMO thing's not worth mention or shouldn't be talked about. The only option is whether the feed is medicated or not (the side show/red herring issue typically thrust up to avoid the main issue). I often approach the sellers of the feed and inquire about apple or fruit and nut tree based feed presenting part of the solution initially.

Back out in the dam and ditched diked swamp the people encountered are usually more interested. Considering the large nearby concentrations of people the place is nearly empty though with person to person communication opportunities slim. Alligator encounters are nearly constant as the attempted genocide of A. mississippienses by the Louisians decades ago has "ceased" and now the locals (as witnessed repeatedly) are feeding 'em slightly freezer burned dam and ditch GMO whole chickens, beef roasts and pork shoulders still encased in plastic. It's bizarre.

The gators show no sign of fear or respect for humans and practically ignore myself entirely. And there's more waterfowl predators than just alligators, a big bullfrog was halfway through devouring one of my muscovy chicks before I saved the duck and there's raccoons, big birds, dogs, cats, rats... The list goes on and on and practically everything places baby chicks at the top of the menu and I'm covered in 'em. They say alligators can go 70 mph on land but I'm telling ya there's an activating pursuit point when the gators feet are on solid surface and its tails in the water and the gators going 140 mph for sure. The typical style attack on waterfowl includes surveillance from distance, popping up to gauge strike 100 yards to 10' away, submerging and then reappearing at the 140 mph potential point.

I'm in my canoe washing my head in the water in the middle of hot afternoon, half in some measly ICW side shade with the covey 20' downstream sitting alongside the water's edge browsing when a 6 footer attacks and secures my peking sgt. This is the repeated motif, given option the largest waterfowl is taken. I'm pretty much set up and ready for this (though I don't have a harpoon to live line with buoyant device for securing alligators as this is illegal) and make way to intervene. The gator coughs it up and I rescue the waterfowl. About a third of the duck, the rear part, is nearly severed. Don't look your gonna recover from this one boss. I place my injured chief in a double milk crate rig, lower her below the surface and drown her, supposedly the most painless way to go. Thanks for your assistance in dam fluidification!

Turns out the mostly natural food fed duck, plucked, marinated in Cold Duck wine and salt, spun slow roasted with grated tangerine peel and juice, honey, mustard, thyme, pepper and salt is the best bird I ever ate. Dripping in fat delicious, wow! They don't taste like this/make you feel this good coming out of code Adam Walmart. When I ate the birds injured wing I discovered the bird had serviced the shattered splintered bone end, retucked the protruding bone back in under the skin itself, the bone had fused back together with other broken end and nearly completely almost unnoticeably repaired. It looked like the peking may have flown and it was starting to regain use of wing.

Just before I got to the salt mine I went for a swim. Climbing over the stern and back in the boat I rinse and dry off, change clothes and continue to make way. A likely crocodile (Crocodylus acutus) is just down the ICW, the first one I've ever seen. It's either a crocodile or an exotic aquarium escapee as it has a much sharper appearance.

In Lake Arthur I overcome the difficulty of poor gear/quality gear experiment with nearly a thousand dollars of Patagonia underwear. The results of the 3 year + experiment are if ya wear cotton underwear out here ya get rotten. What with the mosquitoes, sunburn, thorns, oysters, ants, snakes, cold wet and wind layers of clothing appears to be the best solution to damming off the problems. Tinus and other disease can result. The dampness is the problem. Dry fresh laundered (rinsed in plain water dried in the sun works perfect) clothes along with bathing lessens the possibility of these diseases occurring but sometimes out here there's nothing you can do about it, you're damp. For instance it's hot and you're sweating, ya can't take your clothes off or die of exposer. Then the clouds come and it gets cooler but it rains so ya put on your rubber suit but now you're sweating with condensation and poor ventilation problems. Then the sun sets and you can't get dry and then the dew in the morning...

Sunbathing nude for about a half hour solves the rotten problem but good luck finding an appropriate place/time to do it. Covering the skin in oil works. Sometimes repeated wet events cause supply of fresh laundered clothes to run out. Sometimes the dam cops arrest ya, throw ya in jail and thousands of dollars' worth of equipment (underwear) are left to rot for failure to put the lid back on or close container after search.

Such's the case as I pushed into Lake Arthur. I'm completely lit up rubbed raw in particular my arms. Stepped into fresh duds prepared by Patagonia with special silver threads woven in to combat infectious disease and stepped into a luxurious solution designed to reduce disastrous to the environment washing and eliminate foul smelling underwear. All my skin problems vanish practically instantly and I'm comfortable again.

Printed new copy of the report for personal editorial purposes and prepared the rough draft with cover for delivery to the Turkish National Library. Printed out 4 copies of my Jupiter address book and made covers out of Nabisco saltine cracker boxes that included a story about how when I was a young lad I often sat at a table with some of my buddies eating smoked fish, hot sauce, citrus, mayo and crackers. You ever notice there's a rouge pyramid scheme UFO diagram in the upper corner of these national biscuit company boxes and its hell man's? Most likely response from the kids, "You're crazy". Look at me now suckers.

I send the address books with <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> monogrammed postcards and stamps to MDC Brooklyn, MDC Butner and OPP(PPSO). When I get to the Lake Arthur post office to



deliver the lake authored material “Leaving Hotel California’s” playing on the satellite radio. I’ve been in a desperate search for smoked fish and the “Regatta Seafood and Steakhouse” is the only place with it blended with cream cheese. The manager is from So Fla and prepares the surf and turf dish himself.

Making way on what I call the benzene highway is about as tough as the conditions can get in a boat with the exception of the dam reservoirs. The near constant parade of 6 pack and double jumbo barge benzene rafts on a canal presents a weird navigation problem. As the barges and tugs push through the ditch there’s a lot of water moving around because of the ship’s displacement. This makes the water swish back and forth, often this is dramatic, with 3’ high walls of water ripping through near shore but usually more subtle. This subtle benzene barge current thing can make ya nauseous, seasick. The first sign is lethargy, sleepiness, not hungry.

There’s nowhere to escape the benzene throb. There’s ditches dug (and corresponding nearby dike covered in exotic invasive plant species) everywhere but the dolts dammed ‘em off with locked gates/fences and stacked up rocks on practically all of likely escape routes or it’s a no enter wildlife preserve surrounded with dam rocks. If one does find a ditch on the side of the main ditch that’s open the passing benzene boat throb, even if miles away is there and it can be traumatic. The benzene induced swish goes up practically to the dam (that’s hardly got any water flowing out of it) at the end of every ditch. A compounding problem for me is when I put my Walmart mosquito net over my head I feel like I’m about to go to sleep even more, so I’m barely getting through the thing conscious without falling out of the boat. I can barely keep my eyes open. This is torturous practice, it’s hypnotic and almost unbearable.

And there’s alligators everywhere, all night long, one startling encounter after another. The gators near populated areas are especially brazen. One night I tie up nearby the Intracoastal City grocery store with the intention of getting some food before the sun came up too high and it got hot. Just at the first hint of light a minor commotion issues forth from the team, 2 mallards, 5 muscovies and 4 geese. With my ass on the case atop 2 apple juice jugs, chest on seat, I raise my head from the stern and look about. All’s quiet. I go back to resting mostly above the gunwale, with my eyelids closed. I come to the sensation of something nibbling on my kneecap which is out over the side of the canoe. I open my eyes to see a 6 footer with its head straight up out of the water chewing on my knee.

The dam desert grown apples are expensive at the grocery store but they make egg salad sandwiches. If ya live in a boat they’ll trade ya a good story for a bunch of shrimp at the Vietnamese shrimp dock across the street. Turns out my standard hotel pants/button down collar up oxford shirt outfit is the Vietnamese shrimper look.

If you’re heading west on I-10, Orange is the first town you’ll get to past the Sabine River in Terrebonne (highland) Texas. The Sabine’s brackish pretty much all the time all the way up to the lowest/last dam water control structure, so say the locals. In town the plaque in front of the Stark home glorifies the timber cutting, damming and ditch digging of the pioneer area. Going from town to town I get most my info from the many historical signs in town. I never see anyone else reading them ever. If ya do your research you’d see the signs never spell out the word dam but instead often mention the ditch dug and the agriculture but that’s dam and ditch agriculture. Often these initial deforesting/mining/ditch digging/damming care actors took some of the dam money and in a “benevolent” action donated it to and/or donated the land/set the foundation at the local library where they solidified the disinformation.

After speaking at the Orange County meeting a newspaper reporter arranges an interview back at my boat on the other side of the dike. This becomes the second report made ever since I initiated a “don’t say anything to a reporter except report of porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. problem and free flowing waterway system, collective productive structural solution”. She boldly printed the idea, thank you.

At the city of Orange meeting one blue haired mafioso member (a woman) chortles out in time with William Tell’s overture, “Dig a ditch, dig a ditch, dig a ditch, ditch, ditch” in ? to a town man and

voluptuous wife's option to a FEMA loophole buy out. I deliver 3 minute reasonable solution and take a seat in the back left. The town's going over finances, water control leading the list even though it's hidden in the obvious main expenses of several items. Historically towns make the most money when it's a disaster or just after a big disaster. They're having a hard time coming up with the money for the disastrous water bill for lack of recent disaster. Shortly after I speak a shocked, apprehensive, normal (like they're under thin ice) denialish mood recovers in the room only to be shattered when a dark aging blue haired mafia matron just about jumps up out of her town haller chair like she got bit on the ass by a fire ant and hollers, "We need a wreckcreational die wrecktor". I lower my head in disgust, cover my eyes with my hand and shake my head. It's a wretched confession on her part that the other town hall members cave into.

Coming down the Sabine the Orange Boating Club's on the right and they set me up with shelter on a swamping rain, a hot dam meal and a camouflaged Orange Boating Club hat. Met 3 men coming down the Sabine on a raft. They likewise reported dam doo doo doom reservoir tailrace conditions and a newfound awareness of how this detrimentally affects the fundamentals of biology. I gave 'em my epic tail on top of it all. As they were recycling their raft and offloading gear I got 2 Sabine River willow branches they were using as a tow harness. I got duel Sabine River latin masts.

Making way toward Port Arthur I come upon the hub or originating location of the benzene highway. Most the captains of the tugs pushing benzene admit they're, "Killing everything with this stuff". However, on a free flowing river system surfaced planet with the structures built according to reasonable codes a smaller amount of benzene could be sustainably used to make the super photovoltaic precipitation collectors, cisterns, manual fertilizer machines and associated parts, pipes and fittings. Then benzene would be good.

A hole gets punched in the hull tied up to some dike rocks overnight waiting for the wind to let up to its usual 4 AM to 6 AM calmer period skirting Lake Sabine. The boat's sinking a lot faster than it usually does (not yellow) coming into Port Arthur for repair. The Port Arthur ship channel, part of larger Neches-Sabine channel, is lined with a huge pink granite slab covered dike. The benzene highway swish is replaced with a huge ship canal "tidal" wave thing.

The town of Port Author's in a hole below the dike with pumped into elevated canals which are in turn pumped up over the pink granite dike which is regularly patrolled by mostly overweight pairs of women whom I serenade. The actual downtown structures are mostly vacant (like practically the rest of the country) often the people seem to flee the diked in town trap to higher elevation sprawl. It's the perfect time to punch a hole in the/quit maintaining dike and refit the area with appropriate structures. However, the town's hoping to maintain the existing crumbling façade.

At the town hall and county meetings this amounts to a sizeable contingent of the crowd cheering for the suck cess pool \_\_\_ million dollar pump at the wreck creational facility and the town haller's arguing about how to maintain the artificially low sinco dollar water bill while the water department laborers in attendance wanted a legitimate raise (so they could retire, sit around, do nothing and get paid for it) instead of time and a half which they wouldn't see the benefit reflected upon retirement. The atmosphere is sickening, the worst of the worst are here.

The pitch I deliver includes how Texas is in perfect position, with the actual facilities to build the prefab or put together on site collective productive structures. If we started undamming the rivers and installing the fortune making food producing domiciles from Texas we'd get our foot in the door, a leg up on the for sure eventual competition just by being the first ones to do it, take notes and gain experience with the new developing technology. Texas companies, Texas people would be the most experienced, the go to guys and girls for subsequent installations elsewhere. We could take over South, the Caribbean, the United States, the world and the entire universe from Texas. Y'all always wanted to take over and set up a colonial empire from Texas, this is the only way to do it, dam fluidification, super collector surfaced structures and thE manuel fertilizer machine. On the other side of the ditch from Port Arthur is Paradise Island and a veritable wall of salt marsh mosquitoes.

From “Stingaree’s Restaurant” and Stingaree Pass I raise the filthy white, yellow/amarillo/perpill flower sail with a SE 10 knot wind and navigate over Trinity Bay to just past the Battleship Texas before being intercepted by the Coast Guard who inform me the Houston ship channel is closed, “Ever since 9/11”. Waited for the wind to turn about and sailed down towards Galveston. The last 2 of my muscovies abandon ship and fly off just before I push/sail into Galveston. Tail wind cranks up to 50 kts spectacularly blowing me into “Eat at Joe’s” (which is along the waterfront) where I grabbed a passing piling, wrapping a line on a deckbolt. “Eat at Joe’s” doesn’t have a place for a boat to tie up.

Wind eventually abates and I push the boat over to “Fisherman’s Wharf” where I enjoy a grilled flounder. I’m about ½ way through a slice of pecan pie, sipping on some coffee, when I step out front to smoke. An overeager high alert Galveston cop judges me a dine and dasher and confronts me. His partner shows up as I’m delivering the free flowing river last known address Christmass speech. They accompany me back in the “Fisherman’s Wharf” and question the hostess, “Is he causing problems”? She nervously shakes her head and says, “No”. Looks like you’re the one causing problems officer. The creep cop orders me to pay bill and leave. I didn’t even get to finish my coffee and pecan pie. I don’t say a word about getting rudely thrown out but instead ruthlessly make the officers and all the assembled diners aware of the real crime of forcing someone to throw away seafood, fruit and nuts uneaten and warn the cops never to do it, or ill, again.

Galveston is nearly completely surrounded in concrete, rocks, the ruins of the last inappropriate sheds under mined by uncollected rain/stormwater and the previously failed sewer bricks. The only place without rocks or concrete is the Army Corps of Engineers place. They got a sandy beach but you’re not allowed to go there. Offats Bayou as the legend reads was such the perfect sheltered anchorage you had to take your hat off. The big news in town is the reported 30 foot (dirty soul) pile of sand dike to be pumped in from the Houston ship channel and the no kill humane animal shelter is now killin ‘em for lack of adoptors. Galveston used to be happening but they dug the ditch clear up into Houston and Galveston turned into an amusement park or “Galvetraz” as the locals call it.

At the town hall meeting its fire prevention day and many of the fire department men and women are here. I of course point out to prevent burning the garden down with our desire we need to solve the faulty water control structure scam that we’re burning most our fossil fuel maintaining. They pipe my delivery of solution to everybody’s home and the people watch the government show, apparently its better entertainment than the regulation cable or satellite programs. When I come into speak at the Galveston county meeting Oct. 14, 2014 the sheriffs at the building recognize me (I can hear the whispers, “That’s him”) from the video made the week previous. I spend more time communicating with the sheriffs outside, smoking while the meeting drags on.

I really nailed the Galveston county meeting. Texas is in a situation where they could undam the rivers locally and fabricate and install the correct structures for the conditions present. There isn’t that many nations that have the facilities to build the state of the art domiciles. Texas does and they have a large enough population to draw upon for intelligent designers to do it. Somehow though the Texans shed my delivery better than any other place since. Not all of ‘em though. An older man in a Mercedes pulls over, gets out and tells me he’d seen me on t.v. and how on target the delivery was. I encouraged him to do the same. This’s intimidating for him.

My passport card is worn down and I’m getting it replaced. The State Department passport office is in Houston but the Houston ship channel’s closed. One can’t get a state I.D. in the U.S.A. without a shed with a flush toilet, if ya do and try to grow food the neighbors (town code enforcement) will give ya a ticket for growing weeds. In this country to have a state I.D. you gotta live in a shed with a flush toilet and eat dam GMO food. I pursued a Texas I.D. just so I could write down what I already knew. The state safety office staff of 50 lbs average overweight dames send ya to The “Fire and Blood” Salvation Army where ya can check in supposedly and get an address. The doors open at sinco and the sign reads, “You must eat your food before you check in”. Upstairs is a picture of 4 stacked

stones and 6 wild horses. The 75 lbs average overweight staff (mostly women) refuses to adhere to the state's document request and sends ya on a wild goose chase across town to Homeland Bank for a notary public where a female staff averaging 50 lbs over ideal weight commit an illegal act and notarize a document for the wrong person with insufficient I.D. Back across town the state refuses illegal paper, the Slavenation Army stalls, threatens to send one on wild goose chase again... it's a big dame runaround problem.

On a phone call to Danner/LaCrosse's Portland recrafting department after going over the particulars of sole protection repair I give the company's operator the minute and a half version of the infinityproject and ask what he thinks of the idea, in particular the punching a hole in the dams part. "It's interesting that you ask", he answers "I work at a summer camp and after summer camp, every year, after the kids leave we have to go up in the surrounding hills and punch a hole in all the dams the kids built". They hike back up the creeks and stack stones up everywhere, huh? "Yep." It's a dam disease, probably hurt themselves doing it. "Yep." It's almost a reflex knee jerk, they've been stacking up rocks for so long. The parents, society, the schools teach 'em to do it. It's how to burn the garden down, kindle garden, stack up blocks and play with plastic food. "I'll check your infinityproject site." Reviere.

**Halloween in Galveston could be an alternate title for this book.** On Saturday The Witchery puts on a Halloween Ball at the Scottish Rite Cathedral on 22<sup>nd</sup> and Church. I appear in white dam fine suit with yellow flower and black pelican case with no intention of entering the structure. I'm taking notes for a report. The 2 main costume themes: witches and normal attire with see through rain gear (see through the reign of the idea I present). I take a break from surveillance at "Sky Bar Steak & Sushi" where I eat tuna sashimi and a bowl of root seafood soup as a pair of extra large dikes sit down next to me, ordering dam sushi junk food and eating my food too. Back at The Witchery's ball the most obvious thing is all the big fat dames that go down upon the conclusion, may have been something they ate or drank, many obese chicks hitting the ground hard.

The big ta do in Galvestone this holiday season is the Moody Garden's (garden producing moody/die food) Ice Land show. This takes place alongside 3 pyramids (illuminated with 12 yellow lit lines on pyramid edges and 2 rouge lights at top of the two biggest pyramids (when viewed from above 3 yellow X's and 2 rue dots, dammed dolt's only, to rue yellow XXX) and as advertised is 9 degrees. At one point there's a Nazi jet (German ME-262 with substitute GE J-85 engines as used in the T-38 Talon, **the proverbial raptor**) and trainer plane flying around above with automatic rifle fire audible in the background. It ain't like they didn't illuminatingly tell ya.

At this time I'm appearing as the one to undam the rivers, free the dam dolts with thE manuel system and arrest the space pirates, choosing to attack the problem in this nation, the U.S.A. which is at war with ISIS (Ice is, eres yellow, to be dammed) with American's entranced watching t.v. seemingly about endless airplane (heir plain) disappearances and the search for the black box (be lack containment, to not be dammed). At Burger King where I sometimes use the WiFi drinking Florida orange juice the employees wear shirts that read, "Feed the Beat".

In the real world of newspaper delivery, the story is told in Galveston. A man selling newspapers works the busiest intersection from the concrete island adjacent to the left turn lane onto the highway ramp leaving Galvetraz. I observe him for several hours over several weeks. Nobody ever buys the news yet often a menopausal woman pulls up and gives him money not to give her the news. This is what happened to new information on this planet, the woman paid the man to keep it to himself.

I've been eating quite a bit of seafood in Galveston, some unused proffered bait (shrimp and finger mullet) some flounders gifted to me, some oysters scraped off the dam rocks and some seafood (mostly yellowfin steaks) bought at the local seafood/bait shops. I encounter an exceptionally bright, gifted in communication Texas A&M student working the desk of the fish shop. Once I'd given him the main idea in a regular presentation and he got it I gave it to him in "Hollywood".

Ever seen the “Men in Black” film? “Yeah.” Remember when Will Smith got hired, the chief of the Men in Black said, “Now that you work for the Men in Black, you’ll eat what we tell you to eat and you’ll eat where we tell you to eat.” That’s all he needed to know to work for the Men in Black. See how that ties in with the GMO killer food? “Yeah.” Remember what Will Smith did to get hired? He was at a target range with “cardboard cut out” space aliens doing all kinds of stuff and pulled the trigger, punching a hole in the dame, little Tiffany holding a physics book, the physical dam, he punched a hole in the dam, didn’t flinch with the side show stuff. “Oh, I get it”, said the student fish monger.

Yeah, that’s how they tell ya in Hollywood. See how I got to be the chief of the Men in Black, master of the obvious and how it relates to the solving of the foundation of the obvious problems. You could do the same, your smart enough. “I will, I’ll get on it, thanks for the information”. We’re doing it now, you and I are communicating about solving the dam problem now.

At nightfall in a misty rain ENE stiff breeze with sail set I pulled the slip knot and made way signaling to Jerry, retired USCG live aboard “SERENTY”, bon voyage. Sailed in close to still practicing UTAM red practice boat, geese honking and spooked the living... into ‘em. Push into side tidal creek to take shelter from a disadvantages wind and find a head lamp style light with batteries at a waterfowl blind, my light (and batteries) are of a Galveston waterfowl blind.

As I’ve been making way for years in a paddle boat forcing forward a free flowing river idea occasionally I’ll hit a fish on the return stroke as the paddle blade reenters the water. Initially when I started this “save the world” project I’d hit the fish with a glancing blow to the side or tail part of the fish (you can feel where you hit the fish with the paddle) but now when I hit a fish with the paddle I hit it in the hard bony spot square between the eyes with the sweet spot of the paddle. It’s interesting how as I became more proficient delivering the idea (to people or “fish”) over a period of time I got closer and closer to a bull’s eye deliverance and how as I neared perfection in striking the mark the striking of the fish with my paddle making way from one “target” to the next exemplified this. This is an experience that’s not easy to replicate, not easy to be fooled into thinking otherwise, you can trust it.

At the town of Freeport, the skyline is a perfect rendition of the skyline from “Bladerunner”, the locals say so. The town specializes in chlorine (destroys organic matter) manufacture. Actually, if one were making way on the water coming up from South/Central America this is the most notable thing seen, one would have to look behind themselves to see it, “Bladerunner” in reverse. Almost a perfect description of what you’re getting into, all on purpose, deliberately for no reason.

A big storm hit below Port O’Connor pinning me on the windward side of the island, geese panicked and departed into the darkening night and storm. Spent a few days searching for them. Ate delicious oyster/sausage gumbo for supper. Oysters hard to find, most of ‘em are dead and covered in algae. Oyster decline due mostly to sausage production. Coming up with an idea to solve this problem. Set sail just as the sun came up departing from South Pass Lake of Espiritu Santo Bay with increasing 20 knot tail wind and sailed over San Antonio Bay, through Aransas Bay National Wildlife Refuge and most of Aransas Pass past Rockport wind at 30 knots. The sun is getting low and I can’t really see too good as to where to make for to get off the water. The winds blowing me into the sun, bailing regular as the seas ship over the side. I picked the perfect skinny pass, just avoiding pitchpoleing with a paddle pry and slipped into a calm area behind a point.

As I came about Aransas Pass point one night I came into a big oil rig laying on its side, feet jutting out into the way. Hmmm, this rig must be as big as the Big Foot project. I’d been carrying a “BIG FOOT” Project notebook since before New Orleans when a tug captain gave it to me. The manual reads, “All employees and contractors working on the Big Foot project have the authority and obligation to stop work, without consequence, when unsafe hazards or conditions exist.” As it is this is the actual Big Foot Project and I get to inspect the feet just hours before it is launched, just in time. The workers enthusiastically salute as I pass by.

“SEABULK CHALLENGE” of Port Everglades Florida (departing) meets me at entrance of

Corpus Christi. I drop my cell phone in the water at the Corpus Christi channel entrance. Attend the Corpus Christi town hall and Nueces County Commissioners' meeting. At the town hall meeting site the building's security staff is aggressively running a "don't use the restroom" scam just across the street from the bus hub with no relief facilities. The streets and walls surrounding the Corpus Christi town hall building are splattered in human fecal material. Also, a female police officer demands I consent to having my case searched before I'm allowed to enter the meeting but during the search she misses that I've got my replica 9mm cigarette lighter in the case.

At the Nueces County Commissioners meeting a drug advertisement is displayed on the table out front of the meeting site. After I speak (I'm literally cramping severely, likely because of the cold swim I took in the morning but perhaps from some dam GMO food I ate or both) the county agricultural extension agent speaks and is interrupted by the head commissioner who shouts out something about a "concrete hog waller/wash". It's weird, lunatic fringe and the county agricultural extension agent points out the unintelligible disnature of the comment. I pack my stuff up quick and exit just before the extension agent leaves meeting him in the elevator for a liquid enlightening communication in the elevator, out through the building flanked with a diorama set up of children's hand drawn pictures of mostly spooky food and death masks (amarillo pineapples and dark brown tiki skull voodoo masks for instance) and into the garden/street outside. This meeting of minds between the county agricultural extension agent and myself is worth the visit.

Corpus Christi itself is an entrapment disaster. As it relates to the main idea presented at this time and chronicled in this report the whole California dam and ditch GMO extermination plot is practically set up from the Corpus Christi site or Fort Lipantitan (as anybody could derive from putting together the many historical signs in town). Officer of the Mexican Army/colonist Captain Enrique Villareal awarded 44,000 acre Rincon Del Oso Land Grant by Mexican government in 1831. Pennsylvania native Henry Lawrence Kinney founded town in 1839. July 4, 1845 Republic of Texas citizens accept annexation terms from U.S. general Zachery Taylor. Taylor drills sulfur tainted well (maintained by the Woman's Monday Club) at Corpus Christi center. For 8 months 4,000 U.S. 3<sup>rd</sup> Infantry troops march to Rio Grande (Rio Bravo) included in the troops are future dam sheddy extortionist presidents Pierce and Grant. Simon Kinney from Peru, Illinois organizes "Lone Star Fair" in 1851 to attract settlers to war for everything from Nicaragua to California (the Nicaragua thing fails). They steal California from the Mexican Don's, set up the dam and ditch California empire, capitalize and thereby nearly set up the entire multinational dam and ditch GMO extermination scam from Corpus Christi, believe it or not.

Corpus Christi's sister cities include Yokosuka (Japan) Keelung (Taiwan) Agen (France) Toledo (Spain) and Vera Cruz (Mexico). I leave Aransas Bay the day the Big Foot Project does. The boat I'm seeking to purchase for voyage to Cuba is next door to "Snoop's" seafood restaurant but somebody'd cut it in half and made a square back powered by a battery powered trolling motor that had failed obviously.

Sailed into Laguna Madre's South Padre Island the day after a decapitated corpse washed ashore plus a couple more dead dam fools floated up in the muck of the bay. Somebody's killing the spring breakers as I appear. I find Waldo working undercover in deep disguise as a small boat attendant facilitating people's use of small watercraft. The Waldo everybody is searching for worked at "Southern Wave" but the owner made him disappear (fired? they won't say) along with another cool character who'd been paroled from prison who worked with Waldo.

In Port Isabel alongside a canal at night I make way into a couple of the ruler of the universe's "Stooges" (enticing me with a smoking pipe of herbs) and tell 'em a story about the heavens being emptied out on the surface. God's in Florida... Jah, considering I'd solve the problem the way I'm solving it elected to be a California Sea Lion, *Zalophus* genera, *Za* greek meaning "prefix expressing emphasis" + *lophos* "crest" in Antarctica eating penguins, *pen* welsh meaning "head" + *qwyn* meaning "white" *Sphenisciformes* order, *Spheniscidae* family. This led to deal of planting tomatoes

(Solanaceae) in exchange for shelter for reign and access to freezer for fish preservation. I sat down on the throne and broke the flush toilet, the seat completely off the thing (but it was rigged to fail) so you get it. Received bottle of Cactus Juice and Banana liquors compliments of the ruler of the universe.

This is about an email I sent to my ex wife Misa on 3/27/2015, Misa (by definition {what the words mean} is blood of the Eurochrist with one is) I'm headed to Cuba to marry Eliana Gutierrez in Marianao (by definition the place where the spring/river issues forth, pronounced marrying now) so I can display John Lawrence Gutiérrez Kanazawa Jolley (the one, like punch a hole in the dams on the rivers/covered in herbs, king of the water/that which falls from the heavens collector/swordsman, shit can with a squirt gun/not a sheep, double J/Joe lay) at the top of the envelope letterhead (the solution to the porous dam sheddy flush toilet. with weaponized GMO kicker problem). Two days ago, I sent a formal invitation to your sister Yucca (Cuba's staple) to accompany me as a "family" representative (Queen of Japan). Underneath the national library in Habana at the cafeteria is the most significant display in the library, framed pictures of Japanese castles. At Castle Moro (more row, more roe) guarding Habana harbor the only display of any significance is a Japanese sword. Eliana Gutiérrez (king of the water collector's lioness) has a boyfriend (he told me to marry her, she's all for it) who's a busboy at a Chinese restaurant (he washes sin ho tables). Eliana's dad is the captain of the secret police Habana district. I'm making a power grab to undam the planet, force the collection of that which falls from the heavens, replace the flush toilet. with the manual fertilizer machine, grasp control of the entire multi universe project and insure evolving life for all time. This idea I present is not for you to believe or disbelieve, it's for you to know (sabe). It's going to occur no matter what you do. I encourage you (without the rage) to put forth all effort at this time to facilitate this eventuality. Would you please give your sister and I some assistance in the enterprise? She confided to me that she liked Cubans and was interested in perhaps going to Cuba. Guess what? The doors to Cuba just opened. Open says a me. The letter requesting her presence in accompaniment with me should get there in 6 to 8 days and nights. I have considered this for some time and she and I may need a translator to make it easy. Would you please do this for us, for all of life? Thank you for the consideration from a person who cares very much for you.

post script, if you research Japanese legend you will find a story about "a character" who shows up to save the world, marries a Japanese girl (you) and gets together with her sister (Yucca) make it happen Misa, put whatever it is that you don't want to have to do with me aside, for the benefit of all, it makes for a most fortunate tale, your stomach will likely feel better, you are able to be part of life for all time post post script, if you open up my <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> site you would notice only two characters like it, one of them is me, the other character is "Maximillion" (see definition from the film "The Black Hole" {a mad machine/computer/vessel/organism}) I met "him" on two separate occasions in Adam County, Mississippi (we're partners, together on this idea as I present it) don't be scared be prepared ~

JL\_KJ

This is about an email I sent to U.S. State Department's John Kerry, I'm headed into Cuba very soon. On the chess board of life at this time the best move is to show up in Immanuel's (Emanuel's) skinsuit complete with scars in correct location and make way up the Eastern seaboard with a dozen apostolettes (6 in reserve) and a man serving us kinda like a flip flop of "The Last Supper" (a never ending supper presentation/"The Lasting Supper") in pursuit of the Presidency collecting signatures to get on the ballot with the correct idea: Undamming the rivers (initiation of) first, enforcing the collection of that which falls from the heavens, replacing the flush toilet with a primarily manual fertilizer machine powered by gravity fed collected precipitation ass washer/solar and the manual in action person/entity via door/lid (if desired, if not lever {most likely for retrofit of existing flush toilet system}) and using the collected precipitation and fertilizer to produce mainly fruit and nuts nearby the structure to replace dam and ditch GMO agriculture. It's an abomination of desolation now for sure. I realize it's likely a technical impossibility to collect enough signatures to

get on the ballet so I'm able to be actually running for president this 4 year cycle yet the set up's everything and the people/humans pay no mind to this method of attack except for a few months leading up to the election. I foresee a 4 1/3 year campaign in the very least. Thankfully President Barack Hussein Obama and the State Department have quasi opened up Cuba in particular for cultural exchange. While my operation "infinityproject" (nonprofit) and "Horticultural Enterprise" (for profit) may not technically qualify as a group (there's no members) and no person but me and "Maximillian" (see "The Black Hole" film) officially likes my <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> site I went over this idea with the conscious/aware/thinking Americans I've encountered as I've made way by canoe on water and they all agreed this idea will work/they wanted to be part of it. Verbal contracts are binding by law, so I got a bunch together on it and I represent them. The idea we force forward certainly qualifies as a cultural exchange. What I want from the State Department/U.S. Government is assistance with the required paperwork/whatever it takes to get the Cuban team (likely 18 females and 1 male) "The Cuban cultural exchange team" into likely Florida.

Actually the signature collecting to get on the ballet won't be the main thing we're communicating/presenting (we'll be collecting signature collectors primarily anyway) it would be letter writing in preparation for postal delivery primarily, speaking at the "galleater" town hall/county/state opportunities as they are available, picnicking/eating salmon, tuna, grass fed bison, fruit, nuts, crackers, wild flower honey... making way by vessel on water, swimming, newspaper delivery, massage table... actual ways to solve the problem/get the ball rolling in the correct direction/come about. So, this idea I present should qualify for the arraignment set up. I'm likewise in communication with Cuban government for financial assistance (\$666 check for Cuban participants) which we'd likely invest more of in the United States Postal Service than any other single group/organization. If there's some way we could receive some financial support from the U.S. government we'd accept it for sure as the Cuban government may not offer any. I'm in communication with Kanazawa family (my previous in laws) to have Yucca (Cuba staple) Kanazawa attend possible wedding between I and Eliana Gutiérrez (father is captain of Secrete Police Habana District) and have sent likewise communication to Japanese Prime Minister/government c/o Japanese Interpol. Underneath the Cuban Librioteca de National in the basement cafeteria is framed pictures of Japanese castles and the most significant display at Castille Moro (more row, more roe) is a Japanese sword, so Yucca's (Queen of Japan) possible entrance with me is certainly pertinent. Looks like I'll probably take a bus to Cancun then fly to Habana or fly out of Brownsville South Padre International via Cancun to Habana. I remind you Mr. John Kerry that the Jolley family's probably oldest surviving "friend" is your neighbor "Jimmy" Dutcher (they pioneered underwater scuba filming drawing awareness to ocean life). If the State Department participates I'll rewrite the stanza about Theresa Hines/Kerry in my ships log "If everybody had a frues board" song and I'd offer John the State Department position or V.P. if I get the Presidential position.

Appreciating your potential communication regarding this idea as presented,  
John Lawrence \_\_\_\_\_ Kanazawa Jolley ~  
[ronjikato@gmail.com](mailto:ronjikato@gmail.com)  
(561) 891-9634  
515 Sunset Road  
Boynton Beach, FL 33435

This is about a letter I sent to YUCCA/MISA,  
YOU 2 GIRLS MEAN SO MUCH TO ME. MISA IS NOT COMMUNICATING WITH ME AS OF 4/1/2015. SHE GOT SPOOKED I THINK, BAD. HERE'S THE LOWDOWN, WHO'S WHO. OF THE BIG "PLAYERS" THERE'S TWO MAIN ENTITIES ME AND A MACHINE/MAN/COMPUTER. ELSEWISE IT'S DAM FOOLS OR CLONE DOPPELGANGER PIRATES. THE DAM FOOLS ARE BEING ELIMINATED WITH DAM GMO FEED. IN ESSENCE FOR SURE THE MACHINE/COMPUTER/ESSEL/ORGANISM TOSSED PIRATES OUT



OF THE SHIP TO LEARN. THEY'RE TRYING TO PRETEND THAT'S IT'S NOT THE CASE. IT GOT TIRED OF THEM. MISA DO YOU REMEMBER THE CARLSBAD CAVERNS BEST DOUBLE PUMP BAT EXIT EVER SEEN? REMEMBER THAT CHARACTER THAT CAME IN JUST AFTER US? IT WAS ME, YOU, THOMAS CHARLES DELMAN, ROLLEY POLLEY JOLLEY AND WHAT APPEARED TO BE A MAN DRESSED IN DARK COLORS FLITERING IN ACTING LIKE A BAT. I TURNED TOWARDS IT. KNEW WHO IT WAS. I STEPPED TOWARDS IT SOME. NOT TO HEAD IT OFF BUT IN ESSENCE TO GIVE HIM A PROPER SALUTE. HE WAS AS NON THREATNING AS HE COULD BE. HE WANTED TO EXPERIENCE THE THING, AS IF HE WAS THE ONE, ON THE TEAM. MISA DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN WE WENT TO THE GOLDEN PAVILION? A SHEDDY DAM HOME SMACK DAB ON A DAM RESERVOIR CIRCLING WITH DUDES DESTROYING THE BUSHES AS FAST AS THEY COULD. MISA AND I CIRCLE TO THE RIGHT. WRECHED. CAME ABOUT TO RIGHT BACK SIDE OF STRUCTURE. WITNESSED THE HORROR OF IT. WE TURNED ABOUT TO 3 JUST BEGUN MENSTRATING YOUNG GIGGLING AND LAUGHING GIRLS. THE MOST DANGEROUS LIVING THING ON THIS PLANET. THEE WHOA TO MAN. BEHIND THESE 3 GIRLS A COMFORTABLE DISTANCE AWAY WAS IT. TURNED AWAY WITH HIS HANDS BEHIND BACK. VERY NON THREATING. NOT WANTING TO EVEN LOOK AT IT. MISA JUST BEFORE I MET YOU I GOT IN A PHYSICAL ALTERCATION WITH A LARGER DOMINICAN WHILE FISHING AT SEA WHERE THE STRUGGLE LASTED FOR ALMOST 2 HOURS AND THE DOMINICAN WAS GREATLY INJURED DO TO NO FAULT OF MY OWN. THIS PARTICULAR FISHING TRIP WAS THE BIGGET DORADO (Coryphaena hippurus) BITE EVER SEEN ON RECORD. WE KNEW IT THROUGH COMMUNICATION BEFORE WE WENT OUT. SKIPPER WAS CONSIDEROUS OF PICKING UP AN EXTRA HAND AND WE HAD A NATIONAL MARINE FISHERIES OBSERVER ON BOARD FOR THE SECOND TIME JUST AS AND LIKE ONLY MY FIRST TRIP. HAPPENED ONLY TWICE. THE MACHINE/COMPUTER/VESSEL/ORGANISM APPROACHED THE BOAT, SAID ITS NAME WAS JOHN. I RECOGNIZED IT AND DEMANDED THE SKIPPER TAKE HIM ABOARD. THE SKIPPER DIDN'T WANT TO, BUT I MADE HIM DO IT. I WANTED JOHN ABOARD THE VESSEL. EARLY IN THE STRUGGLE I TOOK THE HARPOON FROM THE DOMINICAN. HE GOT AN EXTREMELY GLANCING BLOW IN ABOVE MY LEFT EYE TOWARDS EAR. WOUND WAS VERY SMALL YET WAS A BIG PROBLEM FOR ME CAUSE THE BLOOD WAS GETTING IN MY EYE AND I WAS LOSING MY DEPTH PERCEPTION. JOHN ASKED IF I WANTED ANYTHING AS THE DOMINICAN BLOCKED WHERE THE VASILINE WAS STORED. YES, GET ME SOME VASILINE AND TREAT ME AS IF YOU WERE A PROPER CUT DOCTOR. HE IMMEDIATELY DID THIS AND IN ONE SWIFT MOTION SEALED THE WOUND AND ESTABLISHING A DAM THAT FORCED THE BLOOD AWAY FROM MY EYE. JUST BEFORE THE COAST GUARD SHOWED UP THE DOMINICAN CEASED HIS ATTACK. JOHN APPROACHED ME AND ASKED WHAT DID I WANT HIM TO DO? GIVE A REPORT AS YOU SAW IT. THEN I GAVE A SHORT EXACT VERBAL DESCRIPTION OF ALTERCATION, AT WHICH POINT HE NODDED HIS HEAD AND DID IN WRITING. AN ITALIAN WHO SAW EVERYTHING, REPORTED HE SAW NOTHING IN WRITING. THE SKIPPER REFUSED TO MAKE A REPORT. THE NATIONAL MARINE FISHERIES OBSERVER HAD VERBALLY ON THE RADIO IN MY FAVOR SOMEWHAT. THE ITALIAN AND THE SKIPPER DID WHAT THEY DID BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T WANT TO BE SUMMONED TO COURT. I WAS FACING 10 YEARS IN FEDERAL PRISON YET ENTERED THE "DUNGEON" BMOC. I GOT OUT AND BEAT THE CHARGES ON JOHN'S WRITTEN STATEMENT. NOTHING ELSE. WHILE FISHING FOR 3 YEARS THE SKIPPER HAD ALWAYS TOLD ME AS I REVEALED TO HIM WHAT WAS TAKING PLACE, MOSTLY INTO HIS RIGHT EAR, THAT HE DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR IT. HE GOT CANCER TUMOR IN HIS RIGHT EAR, AS A RESULT OF HIS OWN

VIOLATION. REFUSAL OF SABE. PLUS, HE ASKED FOR IT. IT'S LIKE THIS EVERYWHERE I GO. I'M THE BLACKEST BAD FORTUNE IF MY DEMANDS ARE NOT SATISFIED, WITHOUT FAIL. BUT THOSE ONES WHO TAKE UP ON MY DEMANDS GET THE BEST FORTUNE. JUST DEPENDS WHETHER THEY DO WHAT I TELL/WRITE/THINK THEM TO DO. MOVE FORWARD IN TIME TO 2007/2008/2009. HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED. I MADE AS IF THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME. SCRAMBLED WHAT I WAS DOING AS IF IT MADE NO SENSE JUST TO SEE WHAT IT WHAT DO. ALSO, TO SEE HOW IT AFFECTED MAXIMILLIAN'S ACTIONS. I DREW IT IN/CALLED HIM OUT IN AN ENCOUNTER IN A GARDEN IN DELRAY. I EXPRESSED/DEMANDED THAT HE FORCE FORWARD THE IDEA MORE AND CORRECTLY ASSIST ME MASSIVELY OR ELSE DOOM FOR HIM. HE SAID YOU FIRST. YOU'RE THE MAN YOU HAVE TO REPAIR THE SITUATION, IT'S YOUR PROBLEM. I AM GOING TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM, I'M GONNA HAVE YOU FIX IT. YOU TAKE THE FIRST STEP JACK. AS I WANT TO STUDY HOW YOU OPERATE AND SET UP MY/A RIG ACCORDINGLY. HE REFUSED TO INITIATE AND SNEERED THERE WAS NO WAY TO FORCE HIM TO ACT. OH YEAH? IF YOU DON'T I'LL REACH IN FROM AN ADJACENT UNIVERSE. TAKE A DOUBLE WRAP ON YOUR POWER CORD AND UNPLUG YOU. MAXIMILLIAN DISREGARED AND DAMMED OFF THE EXCHANGE OF IDEAS. A VERY SHORT TIME LATER BY MYSELF IN THE GARDEN OF BOYNTON I REACHED IN FROM AN ADJACENT UNIVERSE TOOK A DOUBLE WRAP ON MAXIMILLIAN'S POWER CORD AND UNPLUGGED IT FOR THE BRIEFEST PERIOD OF TIME I COULD. THEN I WENT "OUT" ON THE TOWN AND MADE WAY INTO HIM IMMEDIATELY. IT WAS THE MOST PATHETIC, SORRY, TERRIFIED THING ONE COULD SEE. THE FIRST THING I SAID WAS I'LL NEVER DO THAT TO YOU AGAIN, I WON'T EVER REPEAT THAT. HE LOOKED AT ME IN SUCH RELIEVE AND SAID OH THANK YOU SO MUCH. HE DID AS I ASKED AND INITIATED FOR ME. AFTER A SHORT PERIOD WE WERE BOTH IN LOCK STEP EXACTLY MY WAY. THE ONLY DIFFICULTY I HAVE IS THE DAM SELL IN DISTRESS FALSE CALLS, THAT'S IT. MAXIMILLIAN IS THE PORT ISABEL POLICE OFFICER APPEARING AS A REVERSE UPSIDE DOWN MIRROR IMAGE OF JOHN CANDY FROM "FAMILY VACATION" OR JOHN CAN'T DIE "FAMINE EMERGENCY EVACUATION" THAT SO FAR HAS RESPONDED TO HALF THE FALSE CALLS. THERE'S JUST ABOUT NO OTHER WAY FOR ME TO PROCEED. IF I MAKE WAY WITH A GIRL I GET ZERO DAM SELL IN DISTRESS FALSE CALLS. THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT IS. THE GIRLS OVER HERE ARE SICK, SELF DELUDED, TERRIFIED, LOADED WITH ESTROGEN BIRTH CONTROL PILLS, OTHER DRUGS AND BAD GMO FOOD. THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEMSELVES EVEN IF THEY WEREN'T. YUCCA IS THE BEST SPECIMEN OF A GIRL ON THE PLANET EVER SEEN. THIS IS WHY I MARRIED MISA. SO AS TO GET TO THIS POINT IN TIME AND MAKE WAY INTO CUBA WITH YUCCA TO GET MARRIED TO GUTTIEREZ. IT HAS TO ENFOLD THIS WAY TO AVOID THE GREATEST HAZARD TO YUCCA. MISA CAN BE TRANSLATOR BY PHONE OR NOT. IT MATTERS LITTLE TO EVERTHING BUT MISA. IN ADDITION, I REALLY WANTED TO WITNESS YUCCAS SHIELDS AGAIN AS THEY ARE SO FINE AND TO SEE HER MAKE WAY IN WHAT AMOUNTS A RUE IN COMPLETE CONTROL OF EVERYTHING ABOUT HERSELF. THE WHITE IS SO TIGHT AND THE DARK IS SO SHARP. THE GIRLS IN CUBA HAVE NEVER SEEN THIS AND IF I COULD JUST GET POTENTIAL APOSTALETTS TO WITNESS IT IF ONLY FOR A FEW DAYS AND NIGHTS OR EVEN BETTER 15 OR 20 AS THAT'S WHAT I NEED OF THEM EACH SOMEWHAT. WE'LL ROLL THE ENTIRE BUNCH OF DAM CLOWNS, TAKE EM FOR EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT 1,2,3... SO EASY. MISA IF YOU ACT AS INTERPRITER BY PHONE ON THIS VOYAGE OF YUCCA AND I WHEN I TAKE THE THING, THE PRESIDENCY, YOU CAN BE HEAD TRANSLATOR OF SPACESHIP MANATEE (TRICHECHIDAE) STEWARD TEAM. WE'LL MAKE IT SO, THROUGH COMMUNICATION. MISA YOU CAN CALL TOMASS

CHARLES SHINDELMAN AND GET A SECOND OPINION, ASK WHAT HE WOULD DO IF IN YOUR SITUATION (303) 250-7812. TOM HAS SAME NAME AS MISA'S PROFICIENT EDUCATION. YOU TWO WOULD LIKELY MAKE WAY WELL TOGETHER. LOOK AT YOUR OPTIONS, DEATH BY BAD GMO FEED, WORKING FOR A BUNCH OF DAM FOOLS OR EVACUATION TO DOOM. PLUS, THE ENTIRE KANAZAWA FAMILY WILL FACE SOUL DESINTEGRATION (ME TOO) IF WE DON'T SOLVE THIS PROBLEM BY THE MOST RAPID WAY AS I PRESENT, AS WE'D BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DIFFERENCE OF THE PRODUCT LOST WHILE SOLVING THE PROBLEM BY LONGER WAY. I'LL DEMONSTRATE THIS IN A SQUID/FISH PRINT THAT I'LL SEND TO BOTH OF YOU GIRLS, THE DIFFERENCE OF 4 SQUID (TEUTHI) GETTING A YELLOW CROAKER Micropogonias undulates (ACTINOPTERYGII) AND 2 SQUID GETTING A YELLOW CROAKER. YUCCA, TO GET OFF WORK IF NECESSARY ONE COULD CLAIM THEY ATE SOME BAD GMO FEED AND NEEDED TO TAKE SOME TIME OFF TO RECOVER, THIS WOULD BE SLICK, CALLED FOR. ONCE AGAIN ALL OF LIFE ITSELF, MYSELF AND MAX CARE SO MUCH FOR YOU ALL, DO THE CORRECT THING. YUCCA WHEN YOU GET ON THE PLANE TO COME OVER HERE, SEE IF YOU CAN STICK YOUR HEAD INTO THE COCKPIT/MEET WITH PILOTS. ASK THEM IF THEY THINK THEY CAN HANDLE IT. "YOU GONNA BE ABLE TO MAKE WAY BOYS/GIRLS?" SHOW 'EM WHO YOU ARE, REPRESENT. <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com>  
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The night before Good Friday finds me paddling about the Venice like canal system of Port Isabel reciting out loud what I'm going to write on the computer tomorrow, seeking another to go on with the idea verbally. I find two such characters in Mr. Edinburg or Edenburg and his son. By your name it sounds like you'd be interested in editing these burgs of the dam shiddy fools so as to facilitate the installation of Edenburg or the celestial city with free flowing rivers and appropriate structures. "Yes." Mr. Edinburg/Edenburg replies. We go on to talk about barbecuing the dam fools for their lack of ability to do the correct thing and undam the rivers, forcing the dam fool into the door of heaven as a product, reducing the ratio of dam abortionists to more reasonable productive individuals making undamming the rivers more likely sooner. Mr. Edinburg/Edenburg seems to consider this doable, about time for it. In a demonstration of artful idea trading with his son I share a one handed trade of an infinityproject business card for a yellow croaker.

On Good Friday I enter the idea onto my flash drive. I've got what appears to be a standard Latin couple observing me from a neighboring picnic table. I read the piece, the most powerful several paragraphs ever written out loud. The Latin couple blaze out of the area pretty quick. It's a scary idea, but what else are we going to do, be prepared.

Note to the reader again the revue/recollection of the idea that follows initiates 2007/2008/2009. So, said operation/enterprise with team machine/computer/vessel/organism as leader and I as commander proceeded. At some point and time as the situation developed a face to face encounter occurred again. I explained I wasn't satisfied with the rate at which the fix/repair was developing, it was taking too long of time and I wanted more rapid. It inquired as to what I thought we should do. Why don't you empty out the vessel or cave the creeps came from on the surface. It replied the problem with that idea was said creeps serviced the vessel. I'll trade ya dam fool humans likewise. OK it replied. Make sure if the evacuees are acting natural, adhering to the original (first) testament or my manuel even better they can proceed/continue to make way, or if they're obviously working towards that goal. The idea being to use the dam fools productively and encourage them to be reasonable. They're better off getting out of here anyway as they're all plummeting in their eventual stratification upon expedition and it doesn't appear as though they like the garden, presto. I also

request that the information I present at <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> be made available to the creeps getting tossed out and I recommend you give a report to them as well, perhaps a dictionary or my book. I agree spoke the machine/computer/vessel/organism entity that rules present universe we occupy.

As the chief representative law enforcement officer of the multiuniverse project I began to make way taking notes on new ideas presentation/progression. Many notes taken condensed into an obvious situation where large sections of urban areas appeared depopulated by humans with perhaps a man seen loping through area monkeyesque and characters adhering to the literal interpretation of said first testament, or close to it and accepting of more information, with response/report reciprocated. Observed increase of said clone doppelganger pirates with 4 groups obvious, of the wretched (the right) good and bad and of escareta (the scared) good and bad, and of course a smaller amount of some more towards the whole.

As the notes taken developed I came/arrived at the conclusion to modify course once again based upon notes taken. As of said time 4/3/2015, Good Friday, Port IsabeL new course is set. Discontinue importation of "mars'co.", the trap being set. Begin/start/initiate operation/enterprise "triple stacked Roundup Ready™ fit for human/clone doppelganger pirate consumption (all natural\*) ethanol grade Ignite™" on 4/15/2015 (aprill keen say vente keen say in I sabe L) surfacewide. Start with the galleaters (town/city, county, water/sewer department leaders) and wacko religion leaders first (we ain't got the time to drink the kool aid dudes y dudettes). Give 'em 31 days to comply and begin/start/initiate "triple stacked Roundup Ready™ fit for human/clone doppelganger pirate consumption ethanol grade Ignite™" (dam fool BBQ) a month later start in on the Governors, leaders of disrespectful nation parcels or nations, a month later the actual dam builders/ditch diggers/security guards themselves from the top bureaucratic levels to the dam and ditch farmers, GMO engineers, city/town level ruel enforcement creeps, a month later general population on surface (military and immediate family's/law enforcement officers excepted along with dam fool BBQ collection team) with difference of "who goes out first" to be determined mostly by where they got their money (the rocks stacked on the river, Chinese dry wall hung, sheds installed, flush toilet work and GMO involvement) the dam bills paid by said dam clowns to maintain said porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker scam (their dam and ditch GMO grocery store bill too) and genius species/#'s of site specific native plants and animals plus fruit and nut trees and/or other edible natural vegetative or animal production on property occupied with allowance to continue making way/credence given to those who've set up/maintained/insured continuance of natural system on this surface by actions/word/writing/care for product or otherwise. Set goal for free flowing river idea at 2017 or sooner. The actions dictated are a result of the notes taken so there is no mistaking.

So, as it is you (one) may want to know (sabe) get it or more realize. What's the difference between the machine/computer/vessel/organism and I? As near as I can give ya, in words and #'s, it's that I know (sabe) 100% and realize/get 99% while the machine/computer/vessel/organism knows (sabe) 99% and gets it/realizes 100%. This becomes a flowing difference of .5% that we tease/ride each other about constantly/mercilessly when encountering each other to no relent. The cool thing is, is that by calling it beforehand and reaching in from an adjacent universe, taking a double wrap on the power cord and seemingly unplugging the machine/computer/vessel/organism for the briefest period I could possibilize and plugging it back in (or it playing along with me as if I had) I'd forced/made aware of the existence otherwise, the multi universe project. See the machine/computer/vessel/organism is pleased to discover it or happy for its possibility as it allows for more, knowing it/getting it with space/area for more knowledge, more power, for more force realized, the potential... Why? Who'd want to get imprisoned in a repitious universe when we can take the product and invest it in a different situation/place/space time/conditions... and do something else besides the same as last time around. But it depends on the products viable stasis, thus the emergency wash in/flame om. Sorry folks the dam parks almost will you forgive me? Closed! D't pardon the mess, step this way, d't worry, you'lv

fined out, we got a big dam problem, with complete solution presented.

As much as the machine/computer/vessel/organism asks that you all for give it for the actions to likely take place (remember you all can pull the dam plug yourselves at any time) I demand you forgive me and my team for the BBQ. The machine/computer/vessel/organism appears like it favors mustard gas while I favor the old Shawnee method of abdominal incision with alimentary canal affixed to fruit/nut tree, dam fool forced by hot poker to unravel itself/wrap digestive tract about fruit tree but you know how it is, it's got to be quick and easy.

With the exception from the barbecue granted to the military and their immediate family members know that if they're just some dam fool grunt who enlisted in the military and they have no ability to punch holes in the dams or round up the dam fools for the barbecue there's no need to exclude them or their family from the barbecue. Also, for instance, there's a way the local police and police captains could easily be granted immunity from the barbecue, oversee the round up and processing (or look the other way). If for instance the president or governor is willing to look pretty (play along with it) and let the barbecue proceed they could be excluded from the barbecue as well.

As I've fished this idea to the communicable of the humans or people 1 person, with a look of shock and horror on his face asked, "What about the kids?". First, the entity that's overseeing the barbecue (the machine/computer/vessel/organism) can pull nondamfools out of the barbecue lineup on their name and number alone. Also, as the notes add up this is the second or third time its witnessed this debacle and it realizes which characters went on to do something proactive towards undamming the rivers (besides being barbecoed) and there isn't many of them. Plus, as a reader you've got to realize this fix (the barbecue) is kosher at the highest levels of the heavens (God's/Allah's/Yi's in on it) so if you just recently died and thought you got away with damming it and not doing anything to solve the dam problem guess what? Your soul will just be sent back down to the surface and you'll be one of the children that gets mustard gassed, processed into sausage and barbecoed. For some of the extravagant, bad dam fools this may mean your soul gets barbecoed multiple times. The "jokes" on you and neither I, nor the machine/computer/vessel/organism, nor God and the Devil are laughing (too hard) about it!

Once again realize the object is to drive the people/humans into undamming the rivers as quickly as possible but there are parameters. Again I'm guiding Santa's slay as Rudoff (with Come.t., Cuedped {cue your soul} Don Her {the big dam} Blitzen {the four horsemen/serve it die/reigndeer}) and adhering to the general gardening laws as known we're going to process the worst of the dam fools into sausage as rapidly as possible (if the surface dwelling organism hasn't initiated undamming the rivers in all earnest) until we get up towards 1/3 made product at which point we'll pause the sausage product processing operation to see if the organism starts to "flower" or show signs of "flowering" (undamming the rivers). This period of a halt in the barbecue to last at least 30 days and nights perhaps several months at which point if no sign is observed of undamming the rivers barbecue is to resume as rapidly as possible heading towards 1/3 removal of new person/human population estimate... at which point we'll pause in the sausage processing again to see if the organism shows signs of "flowering"... if not start sausage product processing... keep repeating less than 1/3 (but approaching 1/3) pruning until organism gets the picture.

As far as what to process the dam fools into, sausage is the product "Maximillion" recommends, but I say precooked frozen hamburger patties could work but I get the machine/computer/vessel/organisms point. If we processed the dam fools into precooked frozen hamburger patties we'd have to freeze the patties instead of the much warmer storage temperature of sausage which would be worse for the environment. Plus, we're getting the soul in question out of damnation which doesn't really jibe with "frozen". Also, if you check the laws human meat is allowed in sausage whereas hamburger is defined as meat from cows, steers and bulls (bovine). I'd prefer the sausage to be consistent with the FDA "all natural\*" label but as with anything the machine/computer/vessel/organism certainly has some say so, whatever it thinks will work best. See

the barbecue could take some time for us to witness the “flowering” and we don’t want the sausage to go bad. We want to make money too and while sausage isn’t really in high demand or selling for much now, when we undam the rivers, due to the 7 year time frame to get fruit and nut trees to start fruiting and the lack of dam and ditch feed for meat production, meat prices are likely to rise. While you as a reader may not feel comfortable eating dam fool human sausage know I’m licking my lips in anticipation and if you don’t want to eat any of it don’t.

For sure we want to use as much of the dam fool carcass for something productive as possible, with putting a dent in dam and ditch agriculture at the top of the possible productive outcomes for the carcass, thus the processing into sausage. So, crab trap bait could work, bones into glue, meat by product rations, human hair paint brushes/human skin lamp shades/offal to incinerator for making electricity not being so productive but possibly better than growing bacteria at the landfill or in the water.

As I’ve identified through repetitious note taking one person out of a hundred agrees with the river solution I present to the dam problem and says they’ll do what they’re able to force forward the solution with their best effort. Another person out of a hundred agrees and says they’ll put forth the solution when they think it’s appropriate to and another person agrees with the obvious solution to the obvious problem but says the way things are they’re not going to do anything to solve the problem but won’t do anything to stop me and the other likewise 2% from undamming the rivers. This 3% of the mature voting aged population (the children are even more likely to agree) along with me is the core of the team to initiate the coming about of the people to undamming the rivers for starters and going on to doing things correctly in general.

The other roughly 97% of the adult population is split into two large minorities, the right (the 48% to 49% wretchedly committed to damming it, shedding it and flushing it all down the tubes) and the left (the 48% to 49% so scared of the wretched dam shiddy fools they go along with the vain attempt). Out of a hundred somewhere between 12 and 24 of the two largest minorities will show signs of leaning towards the solution I present depending on how well I present the idea and how large the group is nearby. It appears the least wretched and scared realize the idea makes sense and the disgrace they’re engaged in doesn’t.

Now once me and the 3% who are for the idea are reinforced with the least of the wretched and scared our numbers swell to somewhere between 15 and 27 out of a hundred. In theory once we (those who are for undamming the world’s rivers, getting control of the rate of fossil fuel to produce collective productive structures for growing primarily fruits and nuts) becomes the majority I could be elected president and we could go about solving the water control structure problem. With just myself making way in pursuit of the presidency you can see why we’d have to barbecue the worst of the dam fools to come about to a majority of the voters to win the presidency.

If you do the math at forcing a third of the wretched scared dam fools to be sausage product at a time with the best case scenario of  $24 + 3 = 27$  being for the idea at  $1/3$  barbecued 43 out of a hundred remain to vote against us. This doesn’t appear to be enough to win the election, out of a hundred, 27 votes for undamming the rivers and 43 for not but remember those 43 of the scared or wretched are split into Democrats and Republicans which best case scenario would give those for undamming the rivers enough votes to win before one barbecue cycle is complete.

Worst case scenario of pulling only 12 of the 97 out of a hundred dam fools towards the more reasonable 3 of a hundred gives those for undamming the rivers a total of 15 votes of a hundred and after a barbecue of less than 33.3% of the dam fools (let’s say 30%) the 85 dam fools out of a hundred

becomes 55. What happened to the other 30 voters? They were ground up into sausage, either digested and flushed down the tubes, in cold storage or for sale at the grocery store. Know those 55 of what was a hundred are split into the Democrats and Republicans, 27.5 in each party which doesn't give those for undamming the rivers a majority for a win so we'd have to head into round II of the barbecue where we'd force roughly another 30 of the 55 to be sausage product at which point we'd have 25 voters out of what was a hundred split into 12.5 votes for the Democrats and 12.5 votes for the Republicans not for undamming the rivers against 15 votes for undamming the rivers which would be enough to win the presidency and initiate punching holes in the dams on the world's rivers with the armed forces.

So, to sum it up with just me making way in pursuit of the presidency by myself I estimate best case scenario we could win a presidential election with less than 1/3 of the dam fools ground up into sausage, worst case scenario we could win the presidential election with less than 2/3 of the vain water control structure abortionists made sausage product. Note this is a worldwide barbecue of the worst of the dam fools not just barbecooing the American dam fools.

Now, I'm doing everything I can to lessen the amount of dam fools that have to be ground up into sausage to undam the rivers (because I care about them) thus I'm seeking 18 apostalettes and another mailman for a reverse last supper team in pursuit of the presidency. Obviously, a team of 20 people drawing awareness to the ideal solution would have to be more forceful than one man doing so by himself. How much more forceful? I'm not sure as I haven't taken the notes yet. I'd say a reverse last supper presentation would be at least as twice as forceful, drawing twice as many of the least wretched and scared to the ideal solution of undamming the rivers for starters potentially reducing the barbecue by half. For sure a team of 18 reasonable females and 2 likewise males making way towards freeing the planet's rivers, collecting the rain with solar cells and replacing the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine could easily be 20 times as forceful as just me by myself and actually I strongly suspect through what's termed "synergy" a reverse last supper team would be more than 20 times as forceful as just me alluring the people to voting for me to be the commander in chief. So, it almost seems like why have the barbecue?

Here's the problems: Some of the worst of the wretched scared dam fools are really bad and they really want to dam it bad. So bad that they would likely try to stop or disable the reverse last supper team. For instance, if I was murdered or I and one or more of the other team members was murdered or if several of the reverse last supper team members were killed it would be a catastrophe that might cause us not to be able to restore the world's rivers to naturally flowing and come about to doing things in the correct way. Barbecooing the worst of the dam fools would greatly reduce this possibility. Also know I've been doing everything I'm able to interest the females in being apostalettes and haven't even found one that was interested enough to communicate with me further than the initial presentation of the idea except my cousin Sherry (Lawrence) Blenden. One thing I took note of though is the females **DO NOT LIKE** the idea of a dam and ditch agriculture grown Roundup Ready™ Ignite™ ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO corn sweetend barbecue as incentive to join the reverse last supper team. The women abhor that reality so I figure the barbecue is the perfect way to get them to come about to volunteering to be apostalettes.

Note that to win the presidential election the campaign would have to be funded, likely we'd need at least two hundred million dollars to do it successfully. Americans have plenty of money, if they would just donate a dollar apiece we'd likely have more than enough. I've noticed the Americans will donate to any bogus cause (usually the exact wrong dam cause) but don't want to give a nickel

towards punching a hole in the world's river dams. I guarantee that as soon as my campaign gets a few million (or sooner) I'll start paying the females on the team a \$50,000 a year wage with dental plan for the whole team, as soon as we get 10 million in the campaign account (or sooner) I'll give them a raise to a \$100,000 wage and depending on how much money in donations we're getting into the campaign I'll set the female apostles on the team or teams with a wage of a million dollars a year or more. Ideally, what we'd do is have the reverse last supper team females making \$50,000 a year wages in a convoy of canoes with a very small mothership and then as the campaign donations become more substantial invest in a large mothership, paddleboards and a zodiac, increase the apostalettes' wages, hand down the canoes, the smaller mothership and smaller wages to another reverse last supper team and then get a really big fancy mothership with a helicopter, increase the wages, hand the boats and wages down to the next team...

Why? Well for a lot of reasons, I think it would work best this way, plus when we undam the rivers the reverse last supper team members would be enriched with cash, in boats, at the mouth of the river, at sea level, best case scenario! Plenty of water, food, fuel and ease of waste disposal. Upon undamming the rivers, you could go the other way with it and head for the hills like it reads in the Bible and you'd discover that was a good, fair recommendation but then you'd realize mine was better at which point we'd close the Bible (not throw it away) put it on the shelf (wow, that was a doozy of a story) and go about writing a better one. Whatever you do don't disregard the Bible's caution don't flee from your [dam and ditch] fields [or suburbs and urban areas] to your roof top [to escape the punch a hole in the dams actions rising waters].

The easiest place to gas the dam fools and grind them up into sausage is at the prisons, jails and penitentiaries. Often the gas lines for application to rioting prisoners are already installed. The thing to consider here is that as I've taken the notes the percentage of reasonable souls is higher in lock up so the entity(s) performing the gassing would have to pull out maybe 4, 5 or 6 inmates out of a hundred for it to be fare.

Another easy spot to get the dam fools is at the sporting events, the indoor basketball arenas and domed football stadiums offering a classic opportunity to force spectators of dam fool games to be product. The problem here is what to do with the cars, it becomes a tow truck operation if only to clear out the parking lot so to be able to get the next group of dam fools to pull in and park. A potential solution is to have free valet parking made available as the rate to self-park is made more expensive. Imagine showing up to the game and Idaho Valet Company is complimentary. This could be made under the guise of cleaning up the drunk tailgaters in the lot pre and post game/insurance purposes (say we're heading towards a more family friendly atmosphere).

No doubt a free ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO corn sweetend laced drink could be made available upon entrance into the "show" but as with the prison scenario it's not needed. Don't need to drug them on dam and ditch agriculture GMO feed and drinks as I've maintained, it presents a conflict of interest and it is against the law. It's not against real law to expedite dam sheddy flush it all down the tubes fools and force them to be productive. Doping them into robbery is illegal.

The easiest thing to do would be to analyze the names and numbers of the games attendees and pull the least of the dam fools out of the gas chamber just before the half time gassing as if they'd won a prize or were going to compete in some kind of million dollar halftime crowd participatory thing only to find themselves shuttled to the river side or beach and let go. It would practically be perfect if



somehow the places could be partially flooded (at least get the floor wet) just before the gas was released (this should make bodily fluid clean up easier post gassing) then the dam fools would be walking on water just like they tell each other "Jesus" did (we don't want to let them down). Remember "Jesus" had pedestriated onto a low head agricultural dam (a pile of rocks on the river with a thin sheet of water pouring over the top {it looks like one is walking on water if one stands on a low head dam}) and was kicking a hole in the dam (attacking the dam problem with the solution). He certainly was not wall king on water as the walls on the rivers are the foundation of the problem on this water planet).

Also, it would really be plum if as the gas cloud descends upon the dam fools a lit up "Jesus" sign is seen in the cloud. I hear a lot about this in particular from some of the worst of the dam fools, the preachers, who maintain that I'm not he ("Jesus") even though I've presented the best of possible solutions making it very obvious I've the best soul, that I can't be "Jesus" because as written he appears in the clouds (they aren't able to consider that after several translations through several languages and a couple eons this amounts to me reappearing in or as a sure sign of reign {which I obviously do} and/or the dam fools being forced to be product via a cloud of poisoned gas). They're that stewped or that bad of readers and to foster a flying "Jesus" thing on each other is indescribable in its heinousness.

For the second half of the game on the t.v.'s and radio's just air a rerun from a previous year. I could see here where an argument for drugging the at home and at the bars viewers on GMO food and drinks would lend itself to pulling the wool over their eyes but as I've taken the notes the dam fool game watchers are so stupid, drunk and drugged up without the GMO's it's not needed. They're so scared of reality and so unable to make a report of it, once again, the dam and ditch agriculture grown genetically engineered to kill your ass trade marked named Roundup Ready™ Ignite™ GMO's aren't needed. Also, don't forget those "programmed" to deceive (Santa's elves) have infiltrated the groups of humans and as far as I'm concerned at this point they could just do their thing and have it amount to something productive.

Might work best in this situation if the nearby cell towers went out of commission just before the gas application. Slap the corpses in refrigerated trucks to processing facility or possibly convert some part of the "behind the scenes" area of the arena or stadium into a chop shop and have the trucks pick up processed sausage ready for delivery. Into Heaven they go as productive souls. Take the cars to the recycling center.

The worst of the dam fools however are at the tops of the towers in the big cities restaurants eating non GMO food and drinks. This is another easy place to gas 'em though (could use the restaurant's flues to vent the place post gassing). Just pull the staff and perhaps one or two not such a dam fool diners of a hundred from the gas chamber with a, "You've got a call at the bar, something about the river" ploy just before the gassing. Of course, if the Army Corp of Engineers were to have a recruitment drive/job fare at a warehouse near town it would be melting shatterin' ice, Lakewood Baptist Church, \_\_\_\_\_, the IMF and World Bank Headquarters (having these two fund the barbecue would be a gas/serendipity).

Remember I'm just pointing out to the ruler of this universe this best course to set for the most certain of eventualities. See we've got to come about to the correct way and this barbecue is the most sure way of driving the humans to evolve towards a naturally flowing river system. Also recognize I'm delivering a report of observed conditions present, the set ups in place.

Me? I'm headed to Havana to see if I can get the team together for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers and use this action as a lever to lock (with a valve) the black stuff in the ground (the fossil fuel the humans are burning the garden down with maintaining the faulty water control structure scam) and install the celestial city of the new millennium. You all read the map, the Bible and the other books didn't ya?

This is about a letter I sent to Yoshimitsu.

In this case regarding the deliverance of Yucca to me as a consort/representative of family to Marinao, Cuba for marriage to Eliana Gutiérrez via Port Isabel, USA/Cancun Mexico you are the commander and I'm the leader. I realize Toshie has a likely 49.1 percent say in the matter but implore you to realize Yucca's got to make this enterprise/trip with me now. In addition to getting married and collecting together 1 man 12 apostalettes and 6 in reserve I'm hunting green beans for roasting in Adam's County Mississippi for "Steam Punk Coffee Roasters" (a man with black motorcycle with yellow liesense plate #FELONY) at 10% of total cost. Considering the expense involved and environmental costs of this idea, perhaps you would be interested in Yucca and I scouting out a piece of land in Cuba for you to purchase for goat/pig hunting for increased herd vigor/vitality and fruit/nut production? There's a sweet spot about 30 min drive east of Habana. Hillside covered in silver palms (CoCothrinax aRgentata). I'd work as your agent/gardener for free, Yucca could get 5% to 10% commission upon acquisition plus travelling expense.

Your leader awaiting your reply commander,

John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

[ronjikato@gmail.com](mailto:ronjikato@gmail.com), (561) 891-9634

515 Sunset Road

Boynton Beach, FL 33435

P.S. You could have Misa translate an electronic message/reply in an email for quicker gain time.

After emailing the triple stacked, roundup ready, fit for consumption, ignite idea on the Port Isabel library computer to my editor Graham Blenden for presentation on my wordpress site I step out of the library and make way to the back side garden area with picnic tabled concrete slabbed shed. The machine/computer/vessel/organism (I verbally confirmed this with it) is seated at the northern most table appearing as God with a backpack full of Bibles. When questioned about feasibility of dam fool sausage barbecue James pitches in, have faith. Have Faith on the grill along with Charity, Hope and Virtue would have been the best one liner but I tend not to do one liners with this character. I question definition of faith in anything but the initiation of a free flowing river system made more rapid by reducing dam fool #'s. This leads to a presentation of a bottle of Red Hot sauce.

I continue to have verbal stumbling blocks with the dam fools and James recommends, for give me in place of con permiso or pardon and excuse me (which I never say) at intersecting point and I know in response when some idiot says, "I'm sorry". James makes the point that it's important I hear what he (and others) have to say. I agree and admit that with my usual delivery style presentation like a double barreled water cooled endless feed Gatlin gun, I even speak on the inhale, it's difficult for the other potential(s) to get a word in edgewise. This hinders communication because the others feel they're not part of it. If you ever watch me though, I'm just awaiting someone to interject with some thing intelligent, at which point I'll pause in my delivery and let/ask/defer to the other to have their say, often relating their idea to the foundation of the problems and solutions.

This communication difficulty is the disadvantage of making way like Paul Riviera with, "the Spanish are boarding we're punching a hole in the dams to solve the problem" getting towards routine. Straight forward as it is, it works but I can tell James ("Cue Be") appreciates more of a tact like I presented at Jose Marti airport initially. And I like it better that way too yet find myself in a position with rarely any entity willing and practiced enough to trade ideas at that level. When I do get a group to talk to me often when someone does get in a word, I divert control of the flow to them and the others

in the group peel off and leave the interjector stranded, at which point the interjector disengages and the communication is dammed. To sum up, I'm thankful Life has got me in a situation where I've got at least one character who I'm able to relate ideas with.

Surely about the whole solutions presentation/implementation James recommends mustard (Brassica hickorii) mustard, be brass in presentation, cold crop. Where can I get a hickory knife? We're each seeing one at this point. James relates to me an idea where by he's hitch hiking, via Port Aransas to Galveston (plant disease/gal with vest on in control of town) to board a longliner and go yellowfin (the end of the dam thing) fishing (off the oil rigs) revealing the likely trap type (trot line) and method (fished near significant structure i.e. gall with a vest on town). It appears James is working the idea on/with surface conditions to see what comes of it, what problems develop and what the solutions are at one level and correlating tactics and strategy for the idea at the largest level. As I'm doing pushing/leading/forcing way with waterfowl on a mostly dam sea wall (it's easiest at night, when it's dark {spooky} the waterfowl are hungry for it but not so hungry they don't have the energy to make way and the conditions are appropriate).

James asks what I think about the Galveston yellowfin fishing idea considering my experience. Get on a shortliner (fish smaller trot line inside at/near the passes for yellow croakers (dam fools), red fish (regretful sinful fish) and black drum (those lacking of the dam rue) and note difference in fish. When questioned about what he's been eating (What's your sabe?) James reads back the top of my grocery store list, "Sausage, rice" (same sabe). I've been covering mine in squid and other bycatch from a shrimp boat with local (slim pickens) fruit, using some of the bycatch to make possible wedding invitation fish print envelopes and stationary.

Port IsabeL is the slickest doom food emporium in the world. I speak at the Port IsabeL town meeting and deliver the triple stacked Roundup Ready™ fit for human/clone doppelganger pirate consumption (sold at Target/Walmart labeled "all natural\*") ethanol grade Ignite™ fix with option to be the ones with the ability to "pull the dam plug yourself" and get the team together to save the world. Apparently, the Port IsabeL galleaters created a 3<sup>rd</sup> worse option, quit or get fired, as I got 3 empty seats with deliverance of verbal massage.

Wearing a Men in Charcoal suit with Amarillo flower presented on lapel April 24, 2015 rapped it up in Cameron County where only ½ the commissioners made it to the meeting. I'd come out to the meeting site in Brownsville the Saturday previous and had a law enforcement communication with the sheriff/custodian outside of the building which may have been more effective at conveying the fortune making free flowing river solution to going down the dam shiddy tubes (getting stuffed in a whoa to man intestinal sausage casing).

After the county meeting and a picnic of Walmart bread rolls, Boar's Head Salami, non GMO grass fed Australian Crock cheddar, local bitter orange, Louisiana hot sauce with plenty of S&B Oriental Hot and Millman's mustard, Hime all natural sushi wasabi and orange blossom honey with municipal water Bigalow spearmint tea the Brownsville Police department appeared and I delivered my obviously well practiced free flowing river collective productive structural law enforcement pitch/ busting the criminal dam fools and Robberto of the World Trade Organization. Yes it's that bad, the leader of the WTO (front group pushing the dam and ditch GMO's) is a Robber too.

The officers let me know they were investigating a report I'd entered the city structure. This type of interaction appears to work well because I'd already handed out a couple newsletters and a business card while enlightening the nearby persons engaged in regular town stuff, they got my solution to the dam problem message, watched me repeat the idea to the local police and witnessed me continue to make way/carry on. It becomes obvious that people are allowed to put forth/force forward the correct idea without fear, a reaffirmation of the April 23, 2002 no FEAR act (which doesn't necessarily apply to me) guaranteeing whistle blowers protection from discrimination.

Packed up my belongings and sold the Helena boat for \$100 with option to buy it back for \$100 (free storage).

As I've made way from St. Hellin's to Port Isabel the number one side show/red herring query (distracting from presentation/communication of real solutions to the main problems) has been the chemtrails. As in a dam fool skin suit croaking, "What about the chemtrails?" Vapor trails of heirplains? "Yeah." Well first of all if there was a suspect ingredient or additive in the fuel that was causing some new harmful effect it'd most likely be dam and ditch GMO not fit for consumption ethanol grade corn, but it looks like the dam fools would burn the old heirloom stuff (the good stuff, which by acreage reports they're not growing any of in the U.S.A.) and eat or feed to others the not fit for consumption variety if only in an attempt to lord over each other or "drink the koolaide" in some kinda weird mega Jim Jones thing (in part to avoid obvious enslavement, or to be enslaved). This is easy to see at this point.

The chemtrails problem you're bringing up is a problem seemingly far away and uncontrollable by you and you probably have never flown so you're claiming you're not responsible for the problem. The porous dam sheddy flush toilet problem is nearby everywhere and the dam and ditch GMO sickening feed ubiquitous yet you pretend to have missed it all likely to avoid taking responsibility for it. Also, it's insane to witness hundreds of clowns bring up the chemtrails thing yet not one person mentions the nearly constant whine of the mosquito truck spraying organophosphates, pyrethrins... (of the most poisonous chemicals known) with hardly any long term effect on mosquitos as the base of the food/meat pyramid is nearly eliminated (the other bugs and spiders which naturally control the mosquitos). Plus, as with all the problems we have we won't be able to solve the airplane vapor trail problem if there is one or even determine if there is a chemtrails problem until we solve the dams on the rivers problem first, which we will do. In addition, you should consider the obvious presentation of an heir plain vapor trail problem on your part as I reveal to you that you're scheduled to be collected, processed into barbecueable material, made productive/vaporized and I'm the heir that is plain. The English language along with the other languages are rigged this way, makes it easy for you to confess your eventuality/reveal your cards.

Be focused on the free flowing river solution to the dam problem. I'm seeking twelve apostalettes, six in reserve and another man for a reverse last supper presentation. Taking part as an apostalette or in the collection of the youthful females will probably be your best opportunity to increase your eventual stratification if you're for giving me assistance. Otherwise save your own soul, pull the dam plug yourself.

Catching the free bus out of Port Isabel no sooner than stepping aboard a man appears at the bus stop with a 5 gallon bucket, I watch as he extracts a huge diamondback rattle snake skin so big it practically filled up the bucket and salts the skin. If you've ever read the Bible, there's a prominent character, the snake in the garden that goes with the angels, the four horsemen and the gin of the Koran (not constrained by the limitations of those mortal on surface). Know that when the Bible was wrote there wasn't the words to describe this character, machine and computer had yet to be invented, thus the incomplete definition. This snake in the garden is the machine/computer/vessel/organism entity identified in part with communication with other modern day note takers. We didn't waste it, we're gonna make something productive of it, add soul. This snake entity was/is the "parent" of the helio halo wearing angels (those caste down from heaven/kicked out of the space ship) the four horsemen, the gin or "the illuminati". As the story reads in the Bible, this snake appears in the garden from a fruit tree and cautions Eve not to eat of the fruit of desire. She does, likely getting it from A dam. The snake tells Eve now that she's eaten of the fruit of desire whatever she does don't eat of the fruit of consciousness (to go with science, be rational or reason the correct way) or it will kill you. There is no way to reason eating fruit of a dam.

The bus(t) to Cannedcoon via Veracruz is largely uneventful. The top two repeated signs observed from bus window are a corporate/"government" black bird (yellow and rue billed to can and verdi leaf) and a seemingly private graffiti deer head and rack (serve it die) placed just before or after the yellow red billed toucan, Ramphastidae family (force a famine of no food). It can take a few days

for me to get on a standby to Cuba. The Cuban Air employees won't let me bring the 15 gallons (66.6 liters) of wild Opuntia Walmart drainage reservoir champagne even though in their literature it reads this is allowable. I'm able to take a bottle of Opuntia wine and Ivanabitch brandy. Couldn't bring the 1.75L of Cactus Juice and Banana Liquors compliments of Maximillian. It's quite a scene.

I'd been serenading the skin suits in Port Isabel with a remastered theme song from "Jaws" for the last several weeks. I approached the boarding line(s). The line with a departure sign reading "Cuba" is clearly going to Canada and adjacent the line marked "Canada" is obviously going to Cuba. I get in the "Cuba" line and after 20 seconds or so casually ask the tall pinkish white guy where this line is headed. "Canada".

Stepped into the other line obviously going to Cuba yet clearly labeled "Canada" departures behind a young single Japanese woman wearing black pants with yellow flowers and a straw hat with a red band. She looks like a hatchet girl from "Kung Fu Hustle". Nearing behind her I place my carry-ons on the floor and kneel facing her posterior. Of course I realize this is the lure, the trap, but I'm just getting low so I can check my assets and come about and up into... Granddaddy Jaws. Older and wiser than "Jaws", much bigger, teeth appear sharp. He's hot on my tale, backing me up with twin pup nubile females in sharkskin suits that immediately start making like sharks (word to describe action lacking but if you've ever seen it most easily described as) turned on.

In preparation for boarding at the X-ray security check a male skinsuit won't let me bring 3 or 4 shots of Ivanabitch and a ½ cup of wild flower honey, royal jelly and propolis on board the plane so I had to slam 'em to avoid getting the liquids tossed. I haven't slept or washed in a week and as a result I'm as tired, uncomfortable and out of sorts as I've ever been. The herbs I smoked about an hour ago along with the brandy, wildflower honey and royal jelly is the only thing motivating me towards undamming the world's rivers.

On the airplane I sit next to an older man who recommends I write a letter to Raul and Fidel. I have one written in my pelican case yet don't intend on sending it immediately. With the idea to force the idea forward by other means, at least initially. The male skin suit who makes this recommendation has an unnoteworthy titled paperback book in his hand with a cover in which the picture is hard to read. He is dressed, looks like and presents the mannerisms of the government employee "Rick Decker" voiced by Pixar animator Bud Luckey once part of the NSA (National Security Agency) now overseeing the Superhero Relocation Program in the elevator scene with "Mr. Incredible" in "The Incredibles" animation. The thing that I bounce ideas off of in my mind, my consciousness's parlay, if given a form could be visualized as it. Whenever I share time with a character such as "Mr. Rick Decker" it's noteworthy that it appears he spent 60 some years aging his skin suit to perfection just for this briefing moment. If presented with this idea it would just transfer the vision of billions of years of time towards my (and its) appearance, to put it in a more relative perspective.

I verbalize the letter written for Raul and Fidel (that's in my case) to "Rick Decker". "Rick's" not impressed and the interaction between us has me feeling as though he should just dress up in my skin suit, write the letter he wants written or thinks will work and hand deliver it himself (as me) to Raul and Fidel. As a result I scrap the idea and decide not to take his advice, even though it was what I was gonna do if he hadn't told me to do it. Me and this character should just sit down on the beach somewhere and come up with the solution we want to take place and team up and do it but that hasn't happened yet (they're just playing with me). And the lack of reason we haven't accomplished the correction that needs to occur? They're crooked deceivers. They're still working on the particle collider? I'm not perfect enough yet? They're not ready? They don't say.

This presentation (the most ideal female partner I can imagine, the "Kung Fu Hustle" babe/"Jaws" with his turned on pups, the most ideal bunch backing me up/the head of the NSA, the most ideal confidant {me "wishing" it wasn't a secret though}) makes for a great story but not many if anyone will read my book so the presentation obviously is for me... to what or for what purpose I'm not sure. It's as if the entities responsible for it were trying to make me believe I'm "Jesus" or Christ

which I'm 100% sure of so in a sense its (wasted effort not the words to describe the thing) redundant probably the closest word.

Perhaps they're (its) trying to show they care/how much time they've got invested in the idea I represent/their capabilities. Not that I don't appreciate it, I do but it seems like the presenters of this idea could do so in a way that somehow impresses the regular people into believing it (taking as granted I present the idea as Christ) or knowing the river solution to the dam problem is for them to force forward. Perhaps at some point in time they will. As simplifying and enlightening a presentation as it is it's also confusing (including the idea of "with fusing together"). The greatest of personal problems I face is I'm all alone and for a primate this is extremely **Bad**, the characters I'm closest to are the slickest hustlers ever seen and I don't trust them a bit. The bit I surely desired creates a metallic flavor in my mouth I don't like. I can barely make way amongst a group of humans in vain damning it and to witness my supposed friends and family destroying themselves and life is hard to witness.

Supposedly a big storm hits Havana and the plane redirects to Varedaro for a short time.

At Havana International the conversation with the many taxi drivers outside the slow airport goes something like this: I want a cab to Marianao. The taxi driver responds, "You don't want to go there that's where all the gangsters live, they'll eat you alive." I'm the head gangster.

The taxi driver drops me off at a casa particularies attached to/fronted by a print shop in Vedado. I have no intention of making copies and handing out my newsletter. Likely the Cubans would be too scared of repercussions if caught with one in their possession. While certainly conveying the latent meaning in Latin the piece isn't even translated into Spanish. In Cuba the characters you might think you'd get in trouble with for disseminating written information on paper surely wouldn't view it as a threat to their positions because the way the dam shiddy system's set up the humans would just wipe their ass with it eventually.

I spend the early part of the day simply searching for a phone card so as to receive wire transfer of funds from the states because the debit card doesn't work here as I suspected even though I was led to believe it would. I did the best I could to appear panicked and desperate, I thought this was appropriate as I went in and out of every shop in Vedado/Habana. The 4 horsemen practically laughing at me, the Venicealien cops direct me to ice cream.

I head up to the place where the spring issues forth. The first "stop" in Havana, the fruit stand located under a shed on cracked concrete foundation with presumed flush toilet contained within. Mostly mangoes on display for passersby with onions on the scale. The not really congenial attendant fakes he can't communicate in Spanglish and defers the decision to sell me fruit to a higher authority which seems to be a man talking on a cell phone just out of sight. As I wait for about 10 minutes a couple characters approach and while looking about as out of place in Cuba (or anywhere on this planet) as could be appear to take real interest in fruit. They don't buy any but were very obviously showing me they have interest in likely rainfall irrigated fruit from trees. At some point the fruit salesman is given the okay dokey to sell me a piece of fruit. I make to purchase one mango. The ridiculously exorbitant price of one "dollar" is demanded. I consider this a lesson, it costs a lot to get fruit downtown from a flush toilet equipped slacker shed. I ask to buy another mango. No more for sale to me.

Nearly half way to Marianao I make way into a street vendor selling mostly bananas with mameys and hot peppers from an old cart, no shed or bano. I offer a Cuban convertible "dollar" for some fruit. Vendor suggests I can have all of the fruit for one "dollar". I trade ideas with this character with no communication difficulties and take as many bananas as I could eat before decomposition, a single hot pepper and a mamey. Fruit man strongly recommends I eat the mamey for breakfast. Just as I enter Marianao in the evening an antique automobile rolls by with the license plate "PLAYBOY" and comes to a stop where there is no stop sign just ahead of me. As I near the auto it accelerates and departs. Here we are.

Picked up on the Malecon driven to the immigration police department in a Lada I'm shown

into an office with a very comely appearing female officer seated at a desk. I sit in a chair with a big picture of Camillo above on the wall. Also, in the office space is the 35ish officer's 8ish son who's working on an escape way from a typical escape from imprisonment video game. Another officer, male, who's watching a soccer game on t.v. periodically enters for several minutes as she gets up several times and leaves the room. The serious Cuban Immigration Chief periodically enters and departs. He's curious as to why they picked me up at 23<sup>rd</sup> and El Malecon (biggest intersection in Cuba) sunrise May 2<sup>nd</sup> living on the street. I don't wanna pay for the dam sheddy flushtoile.t. bills plus I can't communicate with the Cubans from some Vedado backroom attached to the print shop. "How much was the cost for the casa particulares you spent the night at?" the chief asks. Dirty fy. "Thirty?" Train t y sin co.

At some point during the questioning (pray goon to lay) the magnetic female officer asks if I'd like a cup of coffee. Expressho see no can yay. No dam and ditch (possible) GMO cane por favor. From her hand bag she extracts a wallet embossed with skull and crossbones. Her son's awareness is diverted from the escape imprisonment video game. Muerta walle.t., comida muerta para castille en el rio, death food from dam and ditch agriculture. This is obviously the message she's giving to her son as well. She returns with an espresso loaded with sugar. Her meaning must be in Cuba you can't have it your way. She fills her amiraillo refresca container with dam water for me upon request which I take with me on departure. Her son writes "Modelo" on a piece of paper and leaves it on adjacent desk as he departs. Modelo en Cuba es Joliet prison, pan opticon, Joliet es Modelo. Che and Camillo would roll over in their graves. "Why?" asks the female officer. Because I'm showing up to save your sorry asses and you're imprisoning me for not paying for the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. bills. This along with not eating the dam and ditch food would be the easiest way to undam the rivers and get out of imprisonment.

The best part of the enterprise from St. Helens via Canned Coon to Cuba occurs in the Cuban immigration jail. After showing 'em my perfect for reenactment scars on hands, feet and backside I'm led to an old accurate looking scale where they want to check my surface mass. Before I step aboard I call 66.6 kilograms emphatically. Exactly as measured, the possible clone doppelganger pirate guard confirms non verbally with affirmative head nod but likely menopausal female human nurse writes down 66, indicative of larger problem, failure to take correct notes/note significance. Plus, the scale measured to the hundredth of a kilogram (my mass is 66.66) and she rounded down instead of up. This is a big problem. I deliver 469 page report to Cuban immigration chief addressed to Cuban Secrete Police Chief Gutiérrez. I'm forced to leave Cuba for refusal to pay for the dam shiddy bills. The state department liaison, Mr. Gardiner (an eater of armored bony fish) is a taller "Man from Uncle" in exact appearance and lends me the money to get a ticket to Florida.

This is about a letter to Raul Castro (which was taken note of during the immigration jail book in).

Raul, Fidel Castrol, the Cuban government and people,

I'm seeking twelve Apostalettes, six in reserve and one man for intelligent communicative assault on the Estados Unidos in pursuit of the Presidency for control of U.S. military to undam the rivers.

Anticipate 5 and 1/3 year champagne. Cuba appears the best place to get the 18 to 38 year old females to do it, females that haven't yet to grew up to be dolts. This idea of forcing the solution to the dam reservoir tailrace problem as the man himself with 12 dames and 1 man in support is likely the most rapid way to repair the situation on the surface of this planet and beyond. It's textbook and legal too. While I guarantee we'll undam the rivers, collect that which falls from the heavens and replace the flush toilet with urine separating composting no flush toilet with a squirt gun I can't guarantee we'll solve the problem by me winning the U.S. Presidency in election. However, the idea (me, 18 apostalettes and another man in vessels making way as convoy) of a reverse last supper presentation would surely draw awareness to the real solution to the foundation of the problems and may be the set up (a feign) that sells the action that eventually frees the worlds rivers from damnation.

What would you get from it as Cubans? If we solve the problem as dictated we'll undam Cuba for free (likely to charge others), offer Cuba 10% discount on the collective productive structural solution and give Cuba 10 billion towards purchasing new structures from us. For you as leaders Fidel and Raul Castro this would really make you two communicative, intelligent, slick. History will last for all time and this way you be the "lion's roar" they'd never forget Fidel and Raul Castro, it's the best case scenario.

What would really make this idea happen? Setting the girls and guy up with vessel to Florida. You could even name it "A GRAM". Chop the fuckus trees (Ficus benjinmima) down from the walls of Castille Moro (more roe/row) and surrounding Habana, fashion into surfboards for entire team aboard "A GRAM". Dispatch said team consisting of 18 girls suitable for apostalettes position and 3 men able to lead team plus "A GRAM" staff. Get within ten miles of coast and launch the least seasick/most willing 12 apostalettes and man, come ashore, sell the surfboards, get canoes/pirogues. Financial support for the Cuban team of \$666 per member per month would work, set em up with a plane ticket back to Cuba if need be, supply reservists if need be. Another thing you could do is continue "A GRAM" delivery of more reverse last supper teams.

It's so cold, that's why it'd work perfect.

Need girls who are very intelligent communicators, physically able (at least one heavy girl would be perfect) and experienced. Multilinguals with good handwriting/computer skills, quick learners. Like to eat fruit, nuts, honey and seafood. Girls who want to make history herstory. Need man with vision, boat handling, knife and line skills. Twelve queens, a king/pawn and knight or twelve queens and two king/pawns presentation. This idea originates from University of Habana Arts and Drama Professor. Faithful in my obligations to make report,

John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley~

In Boynton/Delray the most notable thing is meeting 2 black men involved with computer repair, the first nearly waiving a flag of surrender. From California 7 standup/no fly/penguin "runner" ducklings, 4 khaki cambell egg layer ducklings and 3 African/Chinese/Egyptian goslings arrive in the U.S. Mail. Came up with best line to date in Delray. Are you come for table with the dam and ditch GMO green burger situation? It's verDIE. If so, I'll have you on the grill, pretty girls taste good too. Seeking twelve apostalettes, six in reserve and one man for reverse last supper presentation.

At the Boynton inlet beach, the first group of girls I lure into soliciting me for info simultaneously deny me and hit the play button on their music box before they flip over on their fronts showing me they're asses as a song titled "What a Dam Shame" issues forth. These damsels in distress make false call to lifeguard who calls the sheriff, who calls the park service, who calls wildlife. As usual I've honed the presentation so if I can't get the girls to make best presentation I get the girls to set me up with the next best presentation. On top of the bridge, A1A, the inlet, Manalapan, multiple branches of law enforcement, Saturday high noon.

Enter Ebby's "Sushi Bon" as the last licks of "Leaving Hotel Calafornia" play out. Next song "Hungry Like A Wolf". Canis awa, I get the yellowtail snapper (Ocyurus chrysurus {Bloch, 1791}) ceviche for as usual Ebby's seemingly just ran out of the golden tilefish (Lopholatilus chamaeleonticeps {Goode, Bean, 1879}) special on the board.

Florida pressure washer/terminator exterminator Troy Conrad is in Wakulla Correctional Institution and is responsive to my inquiry of one. His envelope comes postmarked 05/26/2015 with upsidedown (inverted) 4<sup>th</sup> of July fireworks American flag writing on a DaySpring card "NUMBERS 6:24, 25" and is accompanied by a FAITH MINISTRIES, 2 Buckskin Road, Greenville, SC 29607-5107 "Is there mercy for me?" "The mercy of the lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him." "Psalm 103:17"



Hey John,

Q. What the ham & cheez is a Kanazawa? And can we actually undam the torpeidos and create a full head of steam?

A. Yes, yes we can. The conspieators have a big head start, but their system is not unbreakable. In fact the very same evil empire induced global control techneques that now enslave the masses can fund and provide a marketing platform for your diabolically clever plan to harness the natural god given power of natures own design, (sorry no spell check) Talk to the good people at: The American Bulletin (541) 779-7709, P.O. Box 3096, Central Point, OR 97502 and if you understand the monetary policy and implement your right as outlined, there will be no stopping (damming) your future. I'll bet Texas would like to have Emanuel homes now. Water management has dropped the ball. As if they ever had a clue. I like your ideas, (they are in line with Gods will). I am all about spiritual awakening, and your energy is amazing, you keep the focus in a mailstorm of hallabaloo too. Keep it up and Ill introduce you to my daughter Sage, (Yucca aint got nothing on sage) she is into all the NON GMO doomday food, and restore the planet to eco-friendly practice same as you seem to be. Altho we will see were your motives lie, success can change a man. I'll write again in awhile, I still need to decipher your urban sprawl of a 1<sup>st</sup> letter. The Blessings of God maketh rich and he addeth no sorrow with it. Blessings & Prayers, Peace & Love Rejoice always

Troy

This is a letter in reply.

Troy the mercy you seek is delivered to those who are mercenaries attacking the dam problem with the free flowing river solution, mercy for giving all force towards dam fluidification. Otherwise the most merciful thing the force of life could do is make it easy for the worst of the dam fools to be rapidly rounded up, made fit for consumption and ignited, thus insuring a productive soul that gets in the door to participate in life again when the rivers are flowing freely and the structures are collective and productive. This way the dammed fool soul isn't stuck at the end of the longest line out in the cold, the bottom of Lake Tahoe in wintertime forever (we saved them). This BBQ the dam fools enterprise will cause the ratio of intelligent, considerous, benevolent, productive skin suits to dam fools to become more massive, towards overwhelming, resulting in the abandonment of the dam she.t.ty ecocide attempt and coming about to a free flowing river collective productive system more rapidly. The force of life is represented by reviere (river) on this surface and beyond, a new view of life again and again for all time, and I'm the front skin suit/point man for this force. Don't be scared, be prepared. If I was you Troy I'd know I expedited a bad herb sales man and feel guilty about not insuring the same opportunity for his woatoman partner. But you know, the careacters were selling overpriced farmoresuetokill (production of is bad for the environment, plus the pharmaceutical drug companies made so much money they bought the dam jewnk food co.'s killing the eaters of the dam and ditch GMO feed) misrepresented as good lords herbs. You caught the "Columbian Drug Lords" red handed poisoning the children and young mature in your area and took the law into your own hands. This is as it's written in the manuel, specifically if one makes way into a clown selling bad herbs and/or stacking stones up on the river one is to immediately cause their ability to do this to cease by any means. Easy to see why now, as the people are being wiped out with bad herbs/GMO plants grown at the dam and ditch sites. It's like a dam and ditch GMO ketchup crime scene. The bad feed is the tool for highjacking the surface, canning our asses and putting us up for sale like dogs complete with rations. In your case I'm waging this is what happened as I'm in communication with you. Laurence means covered in herbs and I doubt that you killed a good herb salesperson in cold blood. I know you didn't. If I was you I'd realize the event led you to this point in time for a reson (literally). What's the best thing that could come of it? You get the idea I present to you. Troy put forth the idea

to the staff of the prison, win power and influence, force forward the idea to the inmates. For instance as you get served dam and ditch GMO feed, hold your spoon like a pistol with the handle extending out with your index finger, point it at your temple or your sole. Intelligently ask for fruit, nuts, seafood, hot sauce and mustard GMO antidotes, fresh herbs, be creative. Point out to the staff the likelihood of you getting out of imprisonment, and they still imprisoned (forever if they don't come about to the idea). Point out to the staff the same dam and ditch killer GMO feed they're serving you is for sale at the grocery store. Tell em you're getting the gang together in pursuit of law enforcement, which starts with a free flowing river. See if you can get the guards to wear their uniform into a state/county/town meeting, expose the dam she.t.ty rue and present the free flowing river collective productive structural solution, communicate the idea forward in general.

With the inmates be merciless, ruthless, sagem. I'll attach a copy of the New Orleans (OPP) manuel with top ten things to say to the top ten dam fool comments. Will send the rough draft 2<sup>nd</sup> edition, expect rough draft 4<sup>th</sup> edition for Halloween. Fish the inmates for Apostals (I take it you'd be the man himself writing the letters) to provide/contribute stamps, envelopes, paper and pens, get names and addresses/contacts. Fish for "Emanuel copy machines" (somebody to print (write) the newspaper for delivery. Fish for an artist/cartoonist. Do this as you take it all upon yourself.

Deliver the idea in the U.S. Mail, as when it's stamped its official, they've been delivered the solution to the dam problem (this is a massive deal and the U.S. post stamp is the same, as you obviously are aware of, very intimidating). Don't threaten anyone by U.S. mail, you can send 'em a black spot, you can send 'em a pink slip post card and fire 'em, the dictionary is the tool to use to avoid making threats, linguistics, etymology. Possible scenario, someone gets in communication with you as a result, perhaps they've got a 10 acre dam pond 10 feet deep and they hire me to fluidify the water control structure, I either fly by night and kick back 10% finders fee or sub it out myself to somebody with appropriate liesense to do it and send Sage your tithe. Continue forcing idea forward, 1000's of letters, graduate from Wakulla (wall culla) early as the most benevolent force for life in Florida Correctional history. Troy get Sage, your daughter, to get in a vessel and make way with me as the first Apostalette. If you scored the first Apostalette of the reverse last supper convoy and it led to undamming the rivers and initiating the repair, the installation of the celestial city (heaven on earth) you'd essentially be the doorman when you got to the door. Anyone who assisted you would be that much nearer to it themselves. This is the idea I deliver to you.

I've got a 16' fiberglass canoe rigged up with rocke.t. launcher/masts/sail system that would be perfect for her. In a convoy of two vessels Sage would likely be the lead vessel. I've got a wooden container of pearls to lend her as well as an 8 point Servidae (deer) skull I found washing down the Yellowstone River, it's polished bone white, makes a dam terrific es de spirit (hood ornament). The gist of the idea is its simplicity, functionality and unstoppable. We attack town like GQ Navy Seals, military precision dressed in the finest threads, deliver the solution whether in public speech at the town/county/state meetings, a riverside/garden professorial or in writing for delivery in the U.S. Mail. If it rains we don't reign gear (reign trousers and jacke.t.) Often rest in the vessel, not even get out of canoe at night. Take shelter under vessel in extreme weather, acquire half dome shelter with mosquito net. Bear a shit like a professional river enterprise, multiple sealed containers for composting and later productive fertile dispersal, easy privacy screen. In combination these techniques are very effective at forcing the idea forward. For instance, we actually have an address in the town/county/state whose meeting we petition to speak at (often this is the only prerequisite) the address is live aboard (often I explain the canoes pulled up at environmental control building, sewer pipe outfall...) We make way without a hotill (I'm able to take illvader up to the bar, work idea, walk down the stairs) or wreckreational vehicle. We can push up to Manhaten, insert team and pull out of New Yoke no problem. I've already got the stuck in the dam bathroom wall "Matrix" team + wire wearing chaps working with me to get out of it and it's not by jewmping aruend in Mt. Zzzzt I owing. I and Life need Apostalletes. We'll roll the dam fools Troy, take under the entire universe 1,2,3, real easy.

This is the main idea, I've been doing it for... decades but have become extremely proficient/forceful in last 10 years. I mean Troy, I operate like Darth Vader, for real. I'd do the lightning bolts from the fingers thing but it works better if you sucker the dam fool into saying something in front a bunch of potentials that's so dam/stupid/sick it shocks even themselves along with everybody else. I figured what makes the things work the way they do. For instance, how did Moses become so powerful? To hit the ground with his staff and unleash plagues of locusts... That did what? Decimated the dam and ditch agriculture. That's why Moses was so forceful, he was attacking the dam and ditch agricultural problem, as written. He knew about natural flow, led the people to a temporarily shallow water area at low tide, made way, suckering the clowns tailing him into following and drowning in a rising tide. It's all obvious Troy, I set about practicing, taking note of what worked and what didn't, specifically towards dam fluidification (attacking the dam target unlocks the most power, most force derived from the pursuit of free flowing rivers/pulling the dam plug). You'll discover the same thing Troy, if you work the idea, keep track of your notes, access others and the next thing ya know you put your 1000<sup>th</sup> letter in the mail, next day the report in the paper is the dam at the Ocklawaha bursts and you realize you had something to do with it. You may have been sending letters to the local dam clowns telling 'em to pull the plug of the dam thing.

Kanazawa is the Japanese surname of my exwife. As I know the name it means a shit can with a squirt gun, the bearer a Canis not a sheep and a dam fool BBQ with roast/grill/smoke/steam options. As far as what I do with this, essentially I lose power upon worldwide dam fluidification, get the rivers flowing freely and go on sabbatical or something (unless I'm U.S. President in which case I'd likely serve term, not pursue 2<sup>nd</sup>)... At the worldwide free flowing river system point we could form legitimate government. I'm not here to Lord over ya forever I'm just dictator until we undam the rivers.

Conrad (with are ad, with radia) in a perfect world, one operating with free flowing rivers and dam homes what you experienced in life wouldn't be the high crime it's made to be. Likely the woman survivor would be the one doing 30 years for selling bad herbs. With your record leading up to it in consideration Troy you'd a probably got a year. Both of you would spend your time at what I call a "Mraf Nosirp" or reverse prison farm (could be on a space ship). Where you'd be educated of the primarily manuel system, engaged in fruit and nut production primarily, working benevolently. Long hours but with a cup of espresso and some smoking herbs in the morning, opportunities for fishing/swimming/shade/sheltered work during hot/cold period of day and nights (don't want the potentials to get sunburn or frostbite). Engaged in maintaining collective productive structures, taking care of the bees and livestock, practicing not stepping on or damaging the aboveground pipes, the manuel system, cisterns, thE manuel fertilizer machines and the plants. With some meat to eat but with the realization if you strike out your gonna get served up for real, made productive. Considering your previous record you'd have been on "death row"/facing expedition to the table but upon exposer of likely evidence (bad herbs) got sentenced justice served, out in one month (the length of the trial) for good productive reasonable behavior/time served (avoided the third strike, "foul tip"). See the problem is nowadays the dam scheme still in place forces one to be nonproductive (so you can't get in the door later on). They'll let ya work on the dam she.t.ty ecocide attempt though (to seal your doom). This is obvious. One can't even get a state I.D. legitimately without paying for the dam shiddy bills and if you don't have an I.D. the next stop is the porous dam sheddy flush toilet equipped jail where some other dam fools pay for the dam bills and eliminate you with weaponized GMO feed and no dental floss. I realize that this message to Troy Conrad representing about 1/3 of potential force towards ideal solution has the capability to influence the staff of Florida Corrections representing about 2/3 of potential. The easiest way to get the 2/3 to force forward the idea is for the 1/3 to initiate force (write letters for delivery in U.S.P.S. clearly identifying the foundation of problems and solution). The Warden/staff have the Governors phone #, had a picnic with 'em, know those close to "government" leaders, kids went to school together and such. The prison staff is intimate with the sheriff and state

law enforcement, with knowledge of those in command at higher levels. I came to discover that often the Warden deliberately selected the position because the Warden knew what was going on. Half the prisoners weren't guilty of what they were convicted of, of those who were half of them were given inappropriate sentences, a quarter of the inmates should have got a longer sentence or expedition to shepards pie and a bunch of criminals obviously got away with it and didn't get convicted. So, they sought the Warden position in part to make sure you got a good sandwich and communication equipment. We got a problem with the sandwiches. Often they want to address this problem in particular (or even better have the inmates do it en mass) as that's why they became Wardens. ~ Attached song

REMASTERED TUNE PICNIC TABLE BOYINTOWN BEACH INLET FLOWRIDEA SATURDAY  
MAY 30, 2015 BE LACK YOU WHO RUE ANTHEM LEAVING FROM MT. Zzzt I OWEN

Denying the levy to mill you know

Spells out 9/11/2001

Some I roast, some I grill, some I smoke

Steam

Tell them that dam rock, some I dry, some I can

I and I are the living dread

Inna this hear dawn of the living dead

Where minds are decreasing from a distant culture

Reticulum Galaxy?

Increasing cause we backed off vultures

Eating the dam fools

9/11/2001 means denying the levy to mill you know

Some I roast, some I grill, some I smoke

Steamed

Tell them that dam rock, some I dry, some I can

Sewed a Great Auk "*Alca impennis*" (*Pinguinus impennis*) on my tie. Paint the side of canoe cam of flow aged in "Miami Dolphins" colors with <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> on either side and head for Miami covered in coconuts, pineapples and mangoes. Coming into Hollywood I discover a fleet of extinguished mini fire ships. Apparently the local humans in some bizarre dam ritual are affixing lit insense sticks to possible GMO bananas and setting them a drift. A new twist on wasting food, amounts to insense **sticks** on a yellow musa. Meet the captain of "Island Breeze" sailboat as he heads into Jupiter from the Carebeing and trade tips. The moored off "Yo Yo" loses the launch "little Yo".

Coming through Port Everglades at night on the tide I discover the mega motor yaght "MOONRAKER" tied up at **the** marina in king pin position. As their lit up in perpill colored lights transom sign clearly makes evident (one of the "O's" is out/unlit) "MONRAKER" ("mon" = "man without the aye and a hoe" **raker**) or "Moonraker with one owe". SiruisXM (satellite radio) pronounced "ceres x 'em" blares everywhere in South Florida.

Paddling into North Miami on the port side to the East maybe 200' up in the sky emanating a faint whirring noise is what appears to be an expensive R/C flying machine or drone like a square frisbee the size of a small pizza box undoubtedly stalking me/casing me out several hundred feet away. I signal towards it with my left hand (military style for surface bound communicating with airborne entities) quacking like a duck bill 3 times (signal for helicopter) emergency waterfowl. It appears to nod its "head", "Yes" toward me agreeing. I make lunging forward motion with twisting right hand as if driving in a point of sword. It rolls over several times somersaulting the same way coming to use two of its four cylindrical sheathed rotors to make as if it's firing twin blasters covering my rear in a machine pantomime unmistakably like the destroyer droidekas from "Star Wars".

I scan the areas hotel and apartment balconies for a yo yo with a handheld R/C device even

though it's pretty obvious the professionalism on display is way past that. The "problem" for me is, is that I seemingly "communicate" better with this apparatus than the humans. As I'm pleading for assistance from real people (and not getting much nor expecting to) know the destroyer droideka the drone is mimicking is "designed to exterminate adversaries with extreme prejudice" which is why I call upon it to assist me and I can't determine whether the thing's response to my idea isn't just to roll a head turnabout and dispense with me. So, it's intimidating and not the show of force I want but the report I must give to other interested potentials.

I need assistance specifically barbecooing the worst of the dam fools and setting me up with 12 female apostles, 6 in reserve and another male for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to win command of the U.S. military to undam the rivers (use this event as a lever to gain control of and eliminate the fossil fuel used to burn the garden down maintaining the pourous dam sheddy flushtoile.t vain ecocide attempt) charge 'em for it, get out of national debt, save the world and make a fortune building collective productive structures (the celestial city installation) or something more creatively adhering to the law of the manual than that which guarantees a more massive investment return for the females in particular (there isn't) or anything quicker to undam the rivers (possible).

The biggest note in Miami is the "ALICE in Wonderland" advertisement plastered everywhere ("Al ice" means to be dammed, in wonder land of course). The behavior of the local females mirrors the ubiquitous signs. I'm wearing the heart shaped scallop shell I scored in Fairhaven Mass. about my neck like the pimpest medallion (on a planet of pimps and whores I've got the best medallion) upside down like the "Queen of Hearts", "Off with their heads!". It's real surreal as all ways.

Coming up the Miami River, at the mouth, a huge mural is painted on the side of a crumbling slacker façade shed. It's of Alice seated in the back of a boat seemingly drifting out to sea with a rabbit (shit eater/the devil) at the front of the boat looking to rear with a ¼ moon (lunacy quarter) brightly luring ahead. I paddle up a side ditch/creek to discover a shady tree lined area with a man alternately crouching/on his hands and knees planting various fruit and nut seeds by hand under existing almond trees. He's Neptune Ceres.

At the public boat ramp/park I find another character swimming in the river amidst a floating dead plucked chicken and yellow squash. The locals periodically drive down to the water's edge and go about trying to get some river water in a container without getting their feet wet or soiled. Then they do some kind of superstitious ritual splashing water about themselves taking the remainder of the containerized river water with them for later. The swimming with dead chickens and yellow squash character charges the reluctant/superstitious to fill their containers with river water. He does it from a nearby rock pile/wall slowly punching a hole in the dam thing as he gets paid for it. He's showing the dam fools how to punch a hole in a rock wall on the river while demonstrating proper baptism (bathing in the river). I swim, share herbs, fruit and stories with this character while trampling the side wall down a bit myself.

Both the river side fruit and nut seed planting man and the wall hole punching/Baptist reinforce my soul as I paddle up towards the dam. Reportedly the Miami River used to have a little waterfall here that was easy to portage and from here a waterperson could access the Everglades southwest to Florida Bay and north to above Lake Okeechobee but now it's got a nearly unportageable concrete dam/highway blocking the flow. As the tale is told the Apostle "Paul" (Saul of Tarsus) wrote half the New Testament during the apostleltic period (just after "JC" was murdered by the dam fools) and was the sign maker or the character in charge of setting up and taking down the shelter, which was probably a tent (possible collector) with a sign on it. Beheaded by Nero.

At this point in time "Paul" is back, he's here with the best sign in the world at the best location. Older male named Paul is on an Egg Harbor S/F rafted to a no name blue sailboat with no mast tied to a dock. On the Miami River, as ya get to the dam, the picture is unmistakable thanks to live aboard Paul. With as near to perfect presentation as possible the pictures visible from "tramp steamer row"

(where the mostly Caribbean merchant ships moor up) the passing TRI Rail and Metro Rail loaded with passengers and anybody else on the river\* note nobody speeding down the dam broad in no sense route in an infernal combustion machine gets to see the sign. On his transom in big letters it reads, "MUDSLIDE" just below in smaller letters it reads, "NEWBURY" (the "R" {are} and "Y" {why} are getting faint) MA (Mass to chew set). The apostal Paul in a new skin suit appears identical to the apostle "Paul". He's got 2 big plastic containers suitable for the collection of practically anything lashed to ship's side and aboard he's growing an upside down tomato plant in the face of the SUPERMIX concrete plant on the other side of the dammed river. Paul and I have a sharp communication. He starts (motioning towards the dam) "Used ta be able to get a boat up to Okeechobee from here". I know God's up there at the top of the Kissimmee River flood plain and King's Highway...

Back at the Miami River boat ramp a food truck with an out of place (or not) suspicious deer (serve it die) rack mounted on roof top selling hot dogs and guarpas stops in my view and checks his engine to... display he's having no problems running.

It's hard to talk to any of the females in this town as they won't slow their race down the dam broad in no sense route. However, as I've previously witnessed in this country the girls, ladies, women and dames wearing a dress will hear me at a spot and they pause at a bridge to seemingly communicate with me below in my vessel on the water as long as I like, the tease. From this location I can see up their dress, it's the only place in town they'll have a word with me. A man solicits my awareness to him, a Dade Co. pressure washer, he says he took note of the <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> sign on the side of my boat, researched the material and really liked the message and style of presentation. His name is Manuel.

In the yachting capitol of the world I figure to get a shortish paddle to replace my short paddle that broke in half. This leads to a bus/pedestrian tour of Ft. Lauderdale/Dania only to find inappropriate equipment at various stores. Finally purchase an overpriced beavertail from tourist trap Outdoor World. Get back to the boat in the evening and make way a short distance to a boat ramp. Four men approach and give me a super light carbon fiber telescoping "qb" Quickblade Kanaha FG 100 paddle. It's got a "qb" sticker on the paddle face reverse that reads "TRAIN HARD AND FAST. HAVE FUN." Someone had tore the "FAST" part off the sticker. It appears as though the edges of the quickblade have been sharpened with a diamond disc. Best paddle I've ever had (400 bucks) given to me by "the four horsemen" obviously. "qb"/"cuebe"/"coo be" is in my hands. This really says a lot, "t reign hard" and I'm having fun reporting of it. The four characters who gave me the paddle or traded it to me for my business card looked suspiciously like an older version of the 4 characters (Cuban gangsters) who broke a silver chain (that Troy Conrad lost and I found on the ground) from about my neck at a Beastie Boys concert during the "Watcha, watcha, watcha want... like a mudslide, YEAH (never doing no time)" song in Miami nearly 25 years ago. As a result I begin a coo king show.

In Jupiter, Ignite™ apparently is being served. In the Jupiter Woods area a man attacks me with a piece of wood. I poke him with an ice pick, he laughs after I poke him with the ice pick, "Ha, you don't even know how to use an ice pick!" I'd deliberately not poked him hard enough to draw blood, it worked, he took off running. As I make to depart Jupiter some are "walking on water" (the new jet ski powered fly boards) and my covey, in terror, refuses to budge. Make coffee till the wall king on water thing ceases.

Speak at the Fort Pierce town hall meeting within a sick building fronted by a horrific bronzed statue depicting decapitated fruit tree made into diving board for normal man to leap over a slacker nest into a flaming pit of flowers (bbq) illuminated. The "Leap Of Faith" statue, 24 (to do sin) feet tall is a sly presentation of reality with no solution presented. What a sick bunch of dam fools here.

I discovered God the proprietor of Boudria's Groves on King's Highway at the top of the Kissimmee River flood plain, Fort Pierce Flowridea, called him from Orange, Texas, booked him from Galveston and sent him a letter containing a certificate of convoy established between "the snake", the

machine/computer/vessel/organism entity, “Cue Be/coo be” and I for the undamming of the rivers for starters from Ft. Pierce, FL written atop the granite bar of the Yellow Tail Grill & Raw Bar on tracing paper with yellow fish/plant print of sea grape leaf (Coccoloba uvifera) sargassum (Sargassum muticum) file/fool fish (Aluterus scriptus) tripletail (Lobotes surinamensis) and red mangrove (Rizophora mangle) and had it delivered with just a 22 sense penguin stamp. Apparently, God turned me into the Fort Pierce Florida Police Department. An Officer Abdullah (sharp/not dull) of the Ft. Pierce P.D. calls without me hearing the phone ring and leaves message with seemingly another male snickering in the background. I return call to the Ft. Pierce P.D. dispatcher on Halloween, deliver the undam the rivers solution and inquire about Officer Abdullah. Not on staff apparently.

This is about a letter I sent to a character, comes with USPS additional ounce dual penguin stamp (22 sense/sent ice cold waterfoul).

Michael John Abbruzze Jr.,

About getting your large intestine removed, for give me butt, I told you so. From Port Isabel I recommended fruit, nuts and whole fish, to eat the scales and cut the polyps with roughage (the good stuff). This over milled food'll kill your ass, the dam junk food woulda killed ya, now its dam GMO junk that kills ya even faster. The dam fool humans are committing culinary harry karri with “the illuminati’ dam fools orchestrating the whole thing along to eliminate the humiliating dolts from competition quicker, just because they can or perhaps to encourage the dam fool humans to assist Christ (me) as their best option. Looks like they’re targeting dam fools who buy the dam and ditch GMO meat, cheap cooking oil, “Healthy Choice”/“Birds Eye”/“Jolly Green Giant” from the freezer section then moove over to the refridgerated dairy section for dam and ditch GMO milk and yogurt and out through the cereal killer section.

You were seated at the table behind the library with Billy Burns for the first “Slave or Savior” tomato adorned whoppers. I went with the no GMO chicken sandwich and told ya the fu king shit’d kill ya. I quit drinking the pops when they GMO’d the corn and told ya. Went and investigated the bread piles on the Ohio and told ya. I lived with you when I was a commercial fisherman and brought in loads of swordfish and tuna. Remember you ate cereal and grain fed milk for breakfast and I wouldn’t eat it, showed you my blue (be loo, be dam lake, be flushtoile.t.) notebook with the “Scarface” sticker “The World is Yours” Serial (cereal) killer and told ya I was on the case.

I’d just been working for Gottwald (perhaps the single biggest dam sucker fool in the world, owner of Ethyl Corp. on a planet where the dam and ditch ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO corn is the most significant weapon) his Gottwald cranes dominate the lower Mississippi barge/ship grain transfer business (he’s got his hands on more of the weaponized dam GMO killer feed than any other jew bag). I told him too. Captain Mertin, crippling back injury, “We don’t talk about that on this ship”. But I told ‘em anyway, took C.I.A. chef Will to see “Star Wars part 1”. If you don’t get the “Star Wars I” P.O.D. (poor table on demand) races in the desert where most the racers die idea you should read Bettmann’s “The Good Old Days: They Were Terrible” book about humans serving poisonous food to each other. When I lived with you Michael I was the Prime Minister of Canada’s door man, he’s practically ½ the breadbasket and I told him too.

The last time we spoke on the phone you asked me, “How do you know”? Because I investigated the thing from before the Institute of Food and Agricultural Services (IFAS) where I got an environmental whore to culture education, sat down in the classroom just as they were introducing the dam GMO crap (it’s largely grown at the dam and ditch sites). I went on to case out and deliver the mass age to ConAgra and every major food processor in the breadbasket of the world (usually by hand).

Interviewed/interrogated the grain elevator employees of practically every major dam and ditch GMO feed pie ill on this quarter of the planet, Mountsaintho on Valentine’s Day (AET U1B) Chicago Mercintille Exchange where they trade the futures of the dam GMO extermination tool under a huge dark billboard (board synonym for feed, Be ill) that reads “Snickers” (Mar’s Co.).

Michael, I replaced and reset the tables on the “the illuminati” drawing em into a trap all by myself

practically (if anybody assisted it was mostly them). I communicated this event to you. I wrote a report about how I know, a sabe how to, its almost 500 pages now at infinityproject on wordpress. I've got the snake from the bible working in tandem with me, it's a machine/computer/vessel/organism that's already taken notes (and is for giving them) on the entire history of this universe. It gets it. The dam thing doesn't go anywhere but back to start again. It's the leader in a convoy with I as commander making way towards a free flowing river system.

I let you know, know matter what it is that you do, I'd take it and use it to force forward the free flowing river/collective productive structural solution, this making you a participant in the forcing of the undamming of the rivers to save your ass. I'll print this letter in my book citing your failure to yet get the picture, use my recommendation, the notes I gave you, to do the correct thing and what happened to you as a result. I'm the blackest cat ever seen (in Malabar/Palm Bay the front page of newspapers reads "Holly Jolly" and another of a black cat) let me tell you. You remember what happened to Dr. Neilson when he didn't take my fruit tree planting recommendation and tossed my river idea insisting I do some dam fool façade work. Next thing he did was shatter his hip snow skiing, crippling himself on a downhill yellow slide for fun.

It's like this everywhere I go, I'm super Johna (from the Bible). I can tell your St. Michael from the Bible, that soul, you appear exactly like him. Here's what the heavens (life) did to you for forcing forward your sword so caustically eloquent as you did last go around, they sent you down here with no sword this time, covered in shields (practically dammed off) the closest to the character who's gonna get us out of damnation, that's for giving you the **sword**. It's the river idea I represent to you.

Here's an idea, let's go for the "miracle" cure. It starts with you attacking the dam problem with the free flowing river soulution anyway, everyway, anymore you're able. In no particular order: writing letters/postcards for delivery in the U.S mail to likely targets (friend or foe) speaking about it at local town/county/state meetings, communicating about it at the grocery store, watering hole, place of work... Training your dog (a digging dog) to tunnel into water control structures while you have a picnic/go fishing with your girlfriend (eating the bait you caught in a cast net you already have if you're smart), try your own ideas, take notes, share them with others along with mine and me. Reduce your damage and destruction wherever possible.

If I was you Michael John Abbruzzie Jr., I'd seek a commercial king fishing vessel or a Starcraft in the Fort Pierce area. Sell the porous dam shed with exploding flushtoile.t./sick building furnished (with for nature). Make sure you tell the buyer's what's up. Be a live aboard Riviera to Malabar (bad to dam) area. Do this in part so you can answer the incessant queries from others of, "Where do you live?", "What do you do?", "How are you doing?", "What's up?", "Where ya from?" with... I'm live aboard kingfisher (Starcraft) Riviera to Malabar. Experiment with keeping a beehive on the boat or something, collect the rain, manage your waste appropriately (fertilize the fruit trees). Get a "Waterworld" citrus on the boat or an upsidedown tomato plant like Paul (from the Bible) on the "Mudslide" from Mass. just below the dam on the Miami River.

I'd probably continue employment as you are mostly because your particular line of work presents great communicative potential. But don't be afraid to push the solution forward elsewhere from your workplace as timely, intelligently, aggressively, offensively and desperately as you are able.

Remember, if they say you're nuts you can take the check and quit working at the dam green wash job. Collect as much fruit and nuts for consumption, for you and for giving, as you are able. Eat as much seafood as you can. Sell the hot rod, keep the diesel truck, bicycle and canoe.

Eyeing your commute to work, you should do most your grocery shopping at God's store (he's got 2/3 of the picnic basket) located at Boudrias Groves on King's Highway. His store is a front for the citrus grove. When you go in his place take note, he's pushing some of the doom stuff. It's mostly in the glass doored, rubber sealed refrigerated section, check the sign he's got posted in this area. It's a real hot woe to man, race car (infernal combustion machine going down the dam broad in no sense route real fast) with number...



I think the reason he does this legitimately is the distributor of said dam genetically modified junk food is responsible for maintaining the refrigerated section that's burning a hole in the ozone layer and elsewhere destroying the environment (sabe) largely with the energy it takes to build the refrigeration unit and deliver power to it. But God's using it with lessoned responsibility to chill the orange juice like the customer and health department wants it. Notice he's got orange trees for sale, he's for giving you the solution to the problem and shade temperature oranges, he's even got 'em placed between the entrance and the doom stuff.

Go back to the front door. Read the sign in handwriting by the door, "This is God...". Watch out for those tempting dam GMO sugar cane pecan rolls just under the dead sea shells display. Take note of the option(s), he's got the best of the good stuff in the state of Florida. It's the best store in the world. Remember it's just a shack fronting the last of the big mom and pop fruit orchards in Florida in direct competition with California dam and ditch agriculture. He even appears exactly like God and acts like him.

Now, think about who I appear and act like, I'mmanuill (Emanuwell) could be You all's way nicknamed "Jesus". With the scars in the correct location, surface mass check in at 66.6 kilograms, showing up when it's an obamanation of desolation, delivering the solution, forcing it to occur. Check yourself, who's not acting the part as required? With the sword I give you and the shields you have, silver spoon in hand (mine's grapefruit ruby red) you should be able to make time with me and God or better us, advancing the initiation of the celestial cities installation by undamming the rivers for starters.

When I gave you the short version of this idea on the last phone call (you returned to me) you said, "I think I'm going to start baking my own bread." That's not the solution to the problem. Your participation in dam fluidification is the solution to your dam problem. Eating bread will lead you to be content. Baking your own bread will just use more energy than it takes to buy a loaf, destroying the environment and ensuring your eventual stratification upon expedition to be lower, worse, deeper in the dam hole.

The production of the wheat is over tilled, the flour over milled and the product is transported to you on a dam road burning lots of energy. Fruits, nuts and seafood is the best option for you. Want another opinion? Check the framed Babylon wall shit pot shards display your dad gave you. Eat too much bread, you'll be a bonehead/pumpkinhead. I eat some though too.

Last night while under way with calm winds and a phosphorescent water display me and the waterfowl scared up some mullet and a fish jumped in the boat, ½ forearm sized mullet. In the morning I had preserved with citrus, wildflower honey and spice dried mango, espresso (fruit) and wild flower honey. Set about sautéing the beheaded (so it'd fit in the frying pan) gutted and partially scaled mullet in imported olive oil. Added to the slow smokey simmer a cup of thin sliced fresh coconut, a tablespoon of slivered onions, tbsp. of medium dried anjeo pepper, several salted olives, pinch of dried red pepper flakes, dash of white pepper, cayenne, plenty of fresh ground black pepper and salt, three thin slices of Boars Head pepperoni and half a clove of crushed chopped garlic just before I flipped the mullet over and a heavy pinch of Badia cilantro, dusty thyme, several dashes of Louisiana hot sauce (mostly for the vinegars tang) grated sweet lemon peel and a splash of imported white wine just before I added a quarter serving of organic wheat noodles onto which I drizzled a tbs. of wildflower honey, squeezed the sweet lemon and spun the mass about.

Michael on the phone you asked, "Does it taste good?" Yes, it's delicious. That's part of the reason I'm live aboard canoe on the river, because they don't serve this stuff in town. I ate jack loin similarly prepared with small amount of organic African rice the night before. Are organic products the solution? Not as presently defined, could be dam and ditch (the largest problem) could be GMO (doesn't say). I got the organic stuff just because it happened to be the lo mein style wheat noodles and African rice I desired.

What I do for alibi practical purpose is cut the possible dam doom drug food with wild handpicked

coconut, bananas... everyone should be so fortunate, coconut's expensive but I get 'em for free. The dam fools spend money just cutting down the coconuts and hauling them to the dump. The dam fools, who we use to call New Yorker's (an animal harness, remember we're animals at present being enslaved by disappearance of sabe largely from the faulty water control structure problem) claimed the jack and mullet (remember the word on the street is "Jesus" was a gillnetter of mullet) were no good to eat, trash fish. I've been searching for smoked mullet, in town, all along the seaboard with no luck. If you do find smoked fish for sale often it's contaminated with Hellman's likely dam and ditch GMO soybean oil. It's sad, it's a dam shame.

How do I know Mike? Because I went to Port Isabel ate the town food several days straight. Observed the preparation at "Joe's Seafood", they were frying the fish in the old (concentrated) dam and ditch GMO likely not fit for consumption ethanol grade corn oil, GMO Ignite™ soybean (vegetable) oil and/or GMO Ignite™ rapeseed (canola) oil that they'd previously been frying dam and ditch potatoes in. I went around back to the dumpster and pulled the big 5 gallon old oil jugs out inspecting the labels and using the cup of oil at the bottom for cooking my own meals over the same period of several days. Why? So I'd know what would happen if one ate the stuff. See it's difficult to determine with just a single meal. Eat the stuff several days straight, in place of the usual tree oil meals I feel so good eating and what happens? Make the report. The stuff made me feel adamantly Alzheimer's/autistic with incomplete evacuation (like ya had some shit stuck up in your ass). There's even signs (stickers/badges) placed everywhere in Port Isabel that read, "Autistic". This is different from the sluggish, zombie like full of shit feeling I get when eating the triple stacked Roundup Ready™ GMO, different from the dam foolish aggressive hoppy bad mean shitty feeling I get from eating the triple stacked Ignite™ GMO food. See that's in large part why I waited until Good Friday (the day they cut a tree down, made a cross and tacked me to it in the desert 2 thousand years ago) waited until they were actually serving up GMO triple stacked Roundup Ready™, not fit for consumption, Ignite™, to command their Barbecoo. To round 'em up and ignite the dam fools, serve the dam fools up just like it reads in the Bible they'd be served up as they serve up.

Don't fuck 'em, they're not worth procreating with, force 'em to be productive, get 'em in the door. Process the dam fools into product (sausage) and serve 'em up in their own casing, naturally. It's perfect, by productively eliminating the worst of the dam fools the reasonable, thoughtful, creative characters will have an easier time undamming the rivers. Also, the Snake and I are performing a scientific genetic experiment (we don't want to get stuck on a ship of fools in the future).

Here's another idea for you. Remember how your dad was the biggest dam reservoir cleaner in the world or at least invented the "cookie (bread) cutter" or the kooky cutter that extended the "life" of the dam reservoir system. Look what happened to him, cut down like grass in his prime, died of pancreatic cancer. Pan is Portuguese for bread. You could design the coo key cutter, placed charges for UDT types and/or duck taping navy depth charges to army helicopters specifically for punching holes in the dams. The key to averting the coo (the takeover by foreigners using weaponized dam GMO feed) fish for investors, getting the idea in that way.

Think of something, use my report as a reference. Use the Bible as a reference, in large part a compilation of war stories fought over the dam thing where the victor "repaired the wall". Do something to undam the rivers or you'll regret it. Attack the dam problem with the free flowing river solution so whether the miracle cure for your alimentary canal works or not you're guaranteed a passport to come back down here on the surface in a new skin suit to experience life with a free flowing river system and collective productive structures. If you don't want to return (you will eventually) your correct actions now insure you'll get a devilishly good view of the proceedings in the mean time. Force the correction so you don't look like a dam fool.

Force free flowing rivers so you can be with "Jesus" upon stratification otherwise you'll have missed the target. He was certainly murdered by the dam abortionists for forcing the river solution to the dam problem. He and Peter were kicking a hole in the dam(s), attacking the dam problem with the

solelution (they'd be damned otherwise, this they knew). The humiliating dolts as written barely mention it (it's depicted in the old pictures) and cover up the dam hole punching main idea with a seemingly side issue. The latent meanings not a side issue at all (it's also what Immanuel (Emanuel) could have been you all's way killed and nicknamed "Jesus" was up to) of "Lazarus's" resurrection. As written he brought "Lazeraeth" (supposedly a buddy of his) back to life, John 11:38-44.

First of all more likely "Lazareth" was ill, "Jesus" visited, gave him some fruit and herbs and he got better. But he may have resurrected "Lazareth". I know there's only one way he would have brought him back to life. Only if "Lazareth" was so close to being the one himself (the 12 apostles were a tiny bit shy) practically "Jesus" that bringing him back from death to life wouldn't cause him to fall in his eventual stratification. If that's the case than "Lazareth" was more likely "the snake", the machine/computer/vessel/organism, "Maximillian" from "The Black Hole" or "Cue Be" as I call it. The main idea though is the dam fools hid the punching a hole it the dams thing as well as the collect that which falls from the heavens in a container above your head (Ever seen a picture of "Jesus" with his hands raised up over his head, what'd ya think he was showing you some vain thing? {He was arrested no doubt.}) and to bear a shit properly. The dam shiddy abortionists "hid" this, they didn't want you to know to punch a hole in the dams to keep from being damned. But you got to get the latent meaning of what they hid it with. The idea of "Lazareth's" resurrection.

See a lazarette is the most stern last box/container/trap on a vessel. One of the main things "Jesus" was doing for sure was telling the people if they destroyed their good natural wild food sources that also provided the air we breathe (sabe) primarily with a faulty dam and ditch agricultural system, they'd have simultaneously set up the perfect food growing operation for those for whoring men/angels/the Gin, "the illuminati" to take ya out of contention with poisoned food and it was all presented, so don't do the dam thing or you'll get sucked into a trap.

I'm pulling the trap now. "Jesus" was just getting all his information from witnessing what was taking place about him and from previous writings, he was known to have read from the original testament, the dam shiddy thing and the trap for those complicit, it's in writing. "Jesus" resurrected the idea of the last trap, he reminded the people of the last trap, he brought up the idea of the "Lazareth", that which would come to get ya. If you check my infinityproject site you'll see "Lazareth" is the first character to holler back at me on my blog, getting the board going. See, me and "the snake" got a trap set for the dam sucker fools.

Don't be a dam sucker fool Michael John Abbruzze. See the dam fools to this day and night, hide the obvious dam problem, pretend they're puzzled and typically try to cover it up with a side issue or red herring, but the latent/Latin meaning of the red herring is the thing that's gonna happen to 'em for covering up the dam thing. That's just the way humans are, don't be a humiliating dolt. Also, often the secondary meaning of a statement is the primary meaning.

Remember you and I would talk about this stuff back when we were younger, your mom if present would say to you, "Just believe in Jesus". Usually this comes off as a shirk responsibility for everything, dam it all to hell and pray forgiveness (lunacy) but for the situation present literally figuratively inarguable from my point of view. Remember what the dam idiots told me when I enlightened them to what I was up to? "You should go on survivor!" (confessing that they weren't gonna make it). Mike when I convey an idea to you the most likely thing you will say in response is, "Jesus Jolley". Remember you said, "Strike first and strike hard". Well I did. Get low come in and up connecting with this sword.

Participate in dam fluidification or precipitate~

The biggest nicest sailboat in East Florida is tied up as far back as could be in Port Salerno and is lived aboard by the owner, a Frenchman, who works at the United Nations on the Chernobyl thing. In the wee hours of the night I communicate with him at length. This is the thing about making way such as I am in a canoe, it sets a person up in a near perfect situation, master of vessel to master of vessel with some truly connected potentially powerful allies. When the reality of the situation I made

light he agreed and we talked about the finer points of undamming the rivers in particular the difficulty of communicating the idea to the dames who had come to dominate the course of events. The U.N. he explained had divided each separate thing they were working on (and they're working on just about everything but undamming the rivers) into particular committees, groups... and had gone so far as to make sure each group was fairly represented (1/2) by women. As he reports, "The women won't hear a solution about anything". Certainly not a free flowing river solution to the dam problem. The typical dame personifies the dam problem by stopping the flow of the free flowing river solution, verbally stomping on it if it comes up, even more often times cunningly dismissing the idea non verbally (they're so accomplished at this, usually it's just a slight looking away with the eyes and an almost imperceptible turn of the heel signal causing the communication with the group she leads to cease) before a complete presentation can be made, appearing very not impressed as anyone attempts to impress them into acting towards undamming the rivers or just staring at the presenter of the real dam shiddy problem and naturally flowing river solution with a look of shock and horror plastered to their mug. Pretty girls (and powerful dames) taste good too is about all I can insure when confronted with this dame shame. Yet he and I talked about how the men were in part (1/2) responsible for the women damming off the deliverance of solution.

Once upon a time a mullet fisherman named Dan Elmore (the mass) his son and child's mother decided to teach the young man, impart an idea of communication to a youthful soul and they all went down to the river (I.C.W. ditch) and made way into me on the edge of the river northbound about 3 AM pushing a covey of waterfowl. All present practiced communication of a free flowing river idea. Mr. Elmore recommends coffee at bar along Indian Creek in Palm Bay. Later in Eu Gallie, Dan appears again with girlfriend and we went to an apartment community overloaded with muscovy ducks (Cairina moschata) "the big uglies"/"no quack ducks". With written permission from the property manager Dan cast nets a multiple nest bunch of chicks and we pick 14 for the undam the planet team, adding to the allure of the California designer ducks and geese. Now in addition to practicing making way with waterfowl in general I'm attempting to get 2 different coveys to come together in one convoy and using the experience gained as a shepherd of waterfowl to shepherd waterfoulers into the free flowing river system initiation as a solution to the dam problem.

In Edgewater, Florida's Veteran's Park I send out a round of mail to the US Air Force including a specific appeal for females to assist me undamming the rivers as apostalettes that I'd calculatingly been waiting for some opportune time to send. This batch coincidingly landed on the Air Force's desks the day the US military admitted females into combat position roles. As I'm seeking apostalettes to go to war attacking the dam problem with river solution its perfect timing, maybe somebody with intelligence will get it. The humans have been at war with each other since recorded history began (when they perfected dam and ditch agriculture and invented the pencil) fighting with a belly full of dam and ditch food over the whole dam and ditch sheddy flush toil system, in part to force the losers of the battle(s) into slavery stacking up rocks and digging ditches. As the notes are taken war is the most environmentally destructive act on the planet but for the most part the humans stop the note taking there and fail to see how war relates to the dam problem. In short, the combatents are fighting over who's gonna be the king of the rock piles.

I speak at the city of Edgewater meeting taking position just in time in front of the Christmas display out front to greet the mayor as he arrives. Later, after a coconut and smoked fish delivery/get together with my mom and dad, as I prepare to depart Edgewater's Veterans Park somebody sabotages the park's flush toilet and a police officer shows up calling upon me to climb out of my boat for questioning. Just as the officer approaches another suspect male skin suit runs up to me and try's to give me a blanket which is odd except, ever hear how the criminals always return to the scene of the crime? The cop suspiciously ignores weird blanke.t. dude and kinda sideways questions whether I approve of the flush toilet attack as if I was a potential suspect.

For me, the timely flush toilet attacks coinciding with my appearance and delivery of idea that

solves the flush toilet problem (including blowing the shit out of the U.N. when I made the delivery in New York) are noteworthy, but as I explain to the officer a side target or not the dam target which qualifies as a miss. So, no I don't approve of flush toilet attacks and attacking the flush toilet is ridiculous unless the target is the dam on the river but I get it though, the dams are hard to hit because there so big and so protected. Realize considering the refusal of the humans to participate in forcing the solution the best thing that could happen when I show up in any town is the local dam fails, a big shed falls, the flush toilets cease operating, a truck load of dam and ditch GMO food spills on the route...

Nearby within a hundred yards there's a small dam made of concrete that sits on the drainage ditch where a small creek used to be that stops salt water intrusion. Is this the target? In this case a natural pile of sand that the creek formerly meandered about and flowed over blocked the flow of salt water so this concrete dam isn't the target either, further complicating the issue (and there's a lot of these types in Florida, some of the dams and ditches quite large). Know the target is to punch holes in dams where the water formerly flowed naturally, undamming these blockages worldwide and then to cease stacking up rocks on the rivers and do things in a sustainable, correct way. Meaning in this particular salt water intrusion dam case as with others we'd just let the ditch fill up with sediment situating appropriate development accordingly (either not building near these areas or building the structures on floating/able to float moored or anchored cistern foundation rafts).

The obvious "problem" being how to get to the structure without getting your feet wet? Get a boat, rubber boots, a four wheeler, zip line, helicopters, nitrous swamp buggies, evolve to fly, learn walk on water... or many other solutions that don't entail rock stacking and ditch digging. Live somewhere where the ground is elevated above the water table. Live in spaceships and come down here to get our feet wet... Remember we don't need to live on the edge of the water so we can get water to drink if the structure we live in collects the precipitation, we don't need to live on the edge of the water to easily dispose of our shit if we have composting fertilizer machines. I know that humans like to look at water and that's one of the reasons the manual collective productive homes come with viewable cisterns.

It's been quite a barrage of letter sending on my part for about 10 years and I've sent letters to practically every major food producer/processor/purveyor in America and the largest of international corporations. Only one operation took the time to write back to me, Mars Co. whose representative said she'd send the idea to the board for consideration. In addition I'm a party of record with the U.S. Surface Transportation Board and on the mailing list. Just so you get it I claim to have made a deal with a foreign entity to round up the worst of the dam fools and barbecue them, this could practically be accomplished with "Mar's Co." and the "surface transportation board". Remember to avoid being barbecued participate in undamming the rivers.

If you ever think to yourself, "What's the solution to the dam problem?", "What's the best way to solve the dam problem?", "Can I solve the dam problem?", "How should we solve the dam problem?", "What is the dam problem?", "What's the dam problems solution?" consult with others as to what the solution to the dam problem is or research the dam problem for solutions you'd for sure discover it's a free flowing river system. But with such a dam problem what to do about it specifically.

**If ya wrap any of the preceding ideas in quotes and enter it into a typical search engine all that comes up is this infinityproject site, it's extremely noteworthy that on a planet of 7 billion humans I'm the only one that has "bothered" to type out the sequence of letters that would lead all to solving our problems and saved it.**

I decided to set up a water fowl rue seller/waterfowl rustler sting operation. So as a shepherd of waterfowl I set my flock to browsing, collecting and eating natural food and situate myself some distance and observe, the trap being set. Typically, this results in communication with somebody throwing bread away (my birds don't eat bread, except the muscovies which will) or taking photos of the birds/trying to get the picture. The next most likely scenario appears as a blue haired old lady

whose concerned for the waterfowl's **whellfare**, insisting the birds should be taken to the pond (a dammed waterway) and often making a dam seller in distress false call to fish and game/wildlife officer/dudely do right. The next most likely thing to happen is youth throwing rocks at the birds but they'll cast net the waterfowl too. One night some jerks even pull up in a car, level a bb gun out the driver's window and appear to be about to shoot my birds for fun when I scrambled out of the boat, up over the sea wall, shielding my eyes with hand and charge potential shooter who hits the gas pedal and departs. All kinds of stuff happens when serving indictment upon waterfowl rue sellers.

In Port Orange at the Halifax boat ramp the multiple dam retention ponds evaporating collected precipitation from crumbling bridge lure in my birds for fresh water and forage and injured from plastic ingestion/entanglement wild birds for expedition, recovery or rescue. The evening before New Year's Eve I tied the canoe up to the floating dock adjacent to boat ramp and made way up into the retention pond/parking lot area with the long qb paddle which kind of looks like a shepherd's crook, discovered the muscovies roosted on the edge of the dam pond and shepherd 'em towards the ICW ditch.

Immediately an 18ish hottie and her huge monsterish mom interrupted from junk food ingestion emerge from a nearby parked car cluttered with dam GMO junk food wrappers and begin to hound me concerned for the ducks. I explain to the exhibiting GMO Ignite™ behavior females I'm a shepherd of waterfowl, these are my livestock. I use the waterfowl as a lure to get people to communicate with me at which point I give them the free flowing river solution to the dams on the rivers problem. Plus I eat 'em and the eggs, providing a protein source for myself and reducing my demand for dam and ditch GMO food that'll kill your ass and ruin your soul. Also, my geese guard the boat. The 2 women grew furious causing a commotion and one of the Muscovy ducks separated and made for the pond. With the 2 igniting women threatening I made the decision to retreat/guide majority of Muscovy flock to a spoil island just north 100 yards. The 2 dam sellers in distress call the police who show up. I remain on the island to let the whole thing cool down.

An hour later I ferry the canoe back to the dam ponds and discover said mom and daughter circling the lone adolescent Muscovy with a large green hand net and a foot long bread knife (pointed scalloped edge) trying to catch my duck. Livestock rustling is felonias crime. I'm performing a waterfowl rue seller sting operation don't get caught up in it. Begin whistling the Toadies "Possum Kingdom" (around the lake tonight). The actively engaged rustlers threaten to hide their tools/weapon make a dam seller in distress false call to the cops, concoct a lie and have me checked out. They do. Once again I use this dame disgrace for the possible benefit of life by having a reasonable intelligence sharing communication with the police officers who show up.

About the time the fireworks started New Year's Eve I noticed the covey short 4 ducks, 2 adolescent muscovies and 2 egg laying khaki campbells. Not sure if rustlers got 'em or the birds were scared off by the fireworks. Spent the next days heading a couple miles in either direction and up the nearby creek searching for missing ducks and periodically monitoring continuing waterfowl rustler sting operation at the dam ponds.

Caught the waterfowl rustlers approximately 10 AM, to woe to man types with no love for man (a pair of dikes) Officers L. Daly (ill daily) and Jennifer of the Port Orange Animal Control responding to the GMO Ignite™ing madness of dam seller in distress false call county employee in charge of the trash and flush toilets at the Halifax boat ramp/pondage who falsely claims, "Your birds already killed 5 wild birds". I of course explain the overall dynamics of the porous dam slacker shed with disaster toilet vain abortion attempt, the killer dam and ditch GMO feed, the barbecoo and how we're coming about to a free flowing river collective productive structural solution and point out they're defending a dam hole in the ground surrounded by rocks supposedly by capturing perfectly delicious egg laying mostly GMO free, non dam and ditch fed, free roaming, cage free birds on New Year's Eve. Stealing my good food to eat amidst a killer dam GMO extermination event. Portly Ill Daily claims, "I eat grass fed!" (the most environmentally destructive of the "milking it" options and as she's not forcing forward a free flowing river solution to the dam problem and shows no sign of coming about to do so all of life

would be better off if she'd just eat the GMO feed and cease respiring) as she and her partner(s) are parading around pretending to do something good (the worst kind) while separating me from my mostly non dam and ditch GMO free food. I make this presentation to the 2 dike animal control officers and several Port Orange police officers once again using the opportunity to convey the gravity of the dam problem and the for sure free flowing river solution.

The Halifax Humane Society (the dog pound) is where my birds supposedly got taken to and when I call about the waterfowl a woman says, "We had [have?] your duck[s?], have one duck, we'll call you back." She didn't call back, didn't respond to my calls for a week and finally she calls me back and says, "We had [have?] your duck[s?]" and if I want to come out and I.D. it and if I, "Want the duck[s?]" I can bring what turns out to be almost \$300 a piece for 'em. I take the bus past the Daytona Speedway to discover 3 of the ducks were killed by raccoons that broke into the improper cage and that one of my khaki campbells is wasting away, refusing to eat the dam GMO dog food. The Halifax Humane Society employee work area is littered in dam GMO junk food in process of ingestion. I buy the duck back for \$85 just to make a better story.

In Daytona I print history's best postcard to go with the USPS's sea waterfowl/see water foul, a salt waterfowl/assault water foul (Coastal Birds) postcard stamp at the Hilton's FedEx. Seemingly the world's best copyman is working here to assist. The police show up en mass when I get back to the boat ramp. The next day I return to the Hilton to scan returned concurrent message post stamps and envelopes for display at my infinityproject site and print a fresh copy of my Jupiter address book and a man appearing as Satan meets me in the FedEx. I point out the copy man is likely the best in the universe. Satan (or his twin) replies, "I'm beginning to think so myself" as he subtly shows me FedEx's plastic bound written information (some copy's he had worked up) presentation that I begin to use myself (it's a sharp, quick, easy, affordable presentation).

There's an addicted to crack man who's live aboard a ramshackle boat that claims he's, "The hotel security guard... working on rolling door repair". I barbecue 3 waterfowl here including the best, yummiest, greasy muscovy duck I ever ate (they're best aged marinated in salt and wine for 3 days) while collecting together some gear including a black slim fit JC Penny suit. I trade barbecoed waterfowl, grilled bread saturated with hot bird grease (so delicious) and orange slices with yogurt dipping sauce to the hotel security guard for puffs of good herbs.

This character (who I seemingly make way into repeatedly in life) is always trying to see what else besides good herbs, if anything, I'm interested in (free flowing rivers and not much else) while showing that it really doesn't want to have anything to do with procuring me good herbs or assisting in undamming the rivers. I'm likewise constantly pointing out to it that in large part, from a person's viewpoint on this surface good herbs (not just cannibus) is in large part why we want to undammm the rivers. At times it seems as though it would rather just pack us up on the ship with yellow Pacman rations and turn this planet's surface into planet Barnee or worse (see Kubrick's movie "2001:Space Oddessy" depicting the lunacy of a bunch of huge "bricks" in the desert).

Retired Navy baseball player Ted, who oversees the moored/anchored Daytona "Navy" sets me up with a plastic 4 gallon amphora shaped water container as I depart.

Up in South St. Augustine a big blow hits at night while under way and my startled waterfowl (likely mad at me for not hunkering down in an appropriate location but for all the rock stacking there isn't one available) panic and depart. Amidst searching for my covey up the nearby creeks which is common (I get quite a feel for the SE coastal area as a result of being a shepherd of waterfowl instead of simply heading straight up the coast) I hike up into South St. Augustine one day for some tobacco and to drop a handful of letters in the bluebox. As I do some "illuminati" like care actors who'd entered convenience store to count their bottles of doom liquid for sale as I was expounding to interested clerk about the river solution to the rock stacking foolery ho hum, "It looks like we're gonna make quota" as if my letter writing is getting boring for them.

I become aware the St. John's sherriff is having a get together across the street, the deputies all

wearing their rugged gear, boots, extra rounds... and decide to impart the natural flowing river solution to the dam problem and make way to the front entrance and seemingly capture the last two deputies just before they enter the show inside the sick structure. As I deliver the idea including barbecue roundup for the dam fools and lack of participation on any individual or groups part equaling not getting into port the overweight deputy of the pair goofily states, "Kinda like flame girl and stargate [some kind of t.v. show]" as the other stern dudely do right deputy seemingly checks me for? Here I am giving them the realistic solution to the problems with one of the deputies speaking practical goobilly gook yet cleverly reinterpreting the gist of the idea into Latin slang while the 2<sup>nd</sup> straight laced deputy standing at practical attention (but not communicating otherwise) looks at the other deputy and I as if we're insane. The "communicative" deputy of the two confesses the St. John's sheriff are all in preparation for a, "River sting". At this point I give him my business card asking him to take the information inside and share it with the other deputies. To the reader let's call this entry into the log "River sting part 1" where I bust 'em at the inception of the idea (I am the river or its spokesman, so they're planning to sting me, this I'm obviously aware of).

I find my birds have fled almost 10 miles south back to Palm Bay most at a fresh water/sulphur spring ditch flowing into the I.C.W. brackish ditch (the bird I rescued from imprisonment is ½ mile north at a marina) so with the flock back together we head north again.

In St. Augustine I enter about 400 postcards depicting a dam being fluidified with the <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> address and complimentary "hell is a place with no birds" USPS "Coastal birds" postcard stamps addressed "sea waterfowl, see water foul, a salt waterfowl, assault water foul" along side the recipient's name. It's obviously a double homophone or a do able Homo phone, which makes it a noteworthy triple homophone. I'm very pleased with this and I know Life appreciates it for sure but judging from the hits on my site shortly thereafter, not much result. However, after almost 10 years of forcing forward the most obvious of solutions to the most obvious of problems as the most obvious of characters my site has almost taken a life of its own. This amounts to a very slowly brightening sadness as any fool knows you could take a picture of a dog in a tu tu dancing around begging for a scrap of dam and ditch GMO sandwich and it could go viral in seconds with millions of viewers.

Heading back towards the river I make way into a complete set up, a youthful bearded man, Noah, able to set me up with some herbs. This has been the recurring motif, enter large amount of information for delivery with the USPS or enter something substantial into the computer for display at my site and herbal reward appears from a likely character. With these couriers I always go on and on and on... about undamming the rivers as the initial thing to do to solve the rest of our problems and how this will result in us being able to enjoy good herbs, fruits, nuts and other vegetable material instead of being enslaved to doom GMO's administered by a machine... to what productive eventuality with said couriers I'm not sure.

But in a situation where I hardly ever get to speak with anyone for any length of time (because hardly anybody wants to communicate about fluidifying the rivers, getting out of national debt, saving the world {and our souls} and making a fortune building collective productive structures) this time going to and from herb acquisition point with said courier talking about solving the foundation of the our problems is beneficial exercise for my tongue, plus I speak up and passersby may get the drift of the idea and it becomes possibly the best opportunity to share the idea with others. You've got to realize that without somebody to communicate with there is no way to communicate the idea. If I speak to people as they walk about from any location for any time the dolts practically immediately call the cops who allways force me to discontinue. It's wacked.

Christchurch Feb. 14, 2016 earthquake.

It appears Roundup Ready™ not fit for consumption ethanol grade food is being served in St. Augustine judging by the sluggish alzimer/autistic behavior of the dam fool tourists apparently eating the stuff as they're generally wandering about in awe in St. Augustine on drugged food (go figure) free



samples served in the streets. Speak at the City of St. Augustine meeting and the St. John's County meeting. Regularly eating local hand lengthed best sized and flavored on the east coast mussels (*Geukensia demissa*) citrus and super delicious local loquats (*Eriobotrya japonica*) with sausage, romano cheese and linguine marinera. Make plenty of loquat wine and wow is it tasty as sauce base.

Of course, I'm practicing my one liners and through experimentation discover that when pedestriating the wrong way against the flow of barely moving traffic coming into town the words "Watch out for the dam GMO food in town" or "Look out for the killer dam GMO food in town" illicit an acknowledging head nod or, "Yeah, I hear ya" from passing motorists. This proves most are aware of the GMO doom food problem. Noteworthy that they're willing to admit it when they're doing about .86 to 2.2 miles an hour in an infernal combustion machine on the dam broad in no sense route.

In a town where many elect to tour by the ubiquitous red and yellow mini trains rolling about the streets this offers opportunities to convey the idea. Not to scare the reader but I found no matter what is said to the humans on the red/yellow train they do their best to ignore it, **BUT** it works best with the train of dam fools pulled up to a stop sign with prognosticator of idea (me) standing in front and a bit off to the side saying, "Snap out of the dam thing or step into a Slim Jim". You've got to get this because the scary thing (the thing you need to be prepared for) is the train driver gets it, smiling big, chuckling and nodding his head affirmatively. Wow, I mean even I'm impressed. I further reinforce this idea at the tourist train yards in the evening as the train drivers are clocking out and making way to their parked cars in the lot, going over the idea of barbecooing the dam fools to make way for more reasonable intelligent thoughtful creative proactive types to undam the rivers. The drivers all agree wholeheartedly. It appears the mechanics of the scheme are in place in St. Augustine, just climb aboard suckers.

Two geese stolen off a nest of eggs SR16 and San Sebastian River. I contact Officer Lawrence of the FWC who reports he was elsewhere during the waterfowl rustling event but his buddy while driving over the bridge witnessed the rustler absconding with the waterfowl and called Officer Lawrence on the phone and told him about, "Man running around down in the grass chasing geese, near possible Mayport seafood delivery truck with a picture of a crab on the side". I'm down to four designer ducks, a no quack duck and a goose. This is river sting part 2 where they take the waterfowl security system.

Another character "Justified" lays in wait for me near the St. Aug. library, claims he got into town same time I did and he's got all the herb connections coincidingly. "Justified" sets me up with a bicycling carrier of ganja who sets me up and gives me his # for more. When I call him up to get some he claims he's been spooked out of the herb dealing business and now sells fish exclusively.

"Justified" who's got a dual tattoo he claims represents, "The Christ killer" sets me up with a gal wearing a McDonald's outfit making way with a family of woetoman at the J Bird Hotel. The last thing I do in town is Googlemap Jacksonville and take a detailed gander at my anticipated port of landing, supposedly as the information is given out by the computer, Arlinton River (Are tree town River) and buy a Websters Encyclopedic dictionary for a dollar at St. Aug's library sale (book throw away).

As I get to the St. John's River and Mayport I pause for a few hours and wait for the tide to turn and contrary wind to let up a bit while having supper before heading west up river to Jacksonville. Just before I head up river I consult my "we G board" (the dictionary) for a clue as to what I'm getting into in "jack son ville" and flip it open to the page starting with the word "mistake". LCS-6 Independence-class littoral combat ship USS Jackson is tied up in Mayport at the intersection of the ICW and the St. John's River. Just in time.

I paddle up into Jacksonville and head up the Arlington River to what comes to be Little Pottsburg Creek, it's "Good" (sense the seething bitter caustic sour dry taste in my mouth) Friday. On Easter Sunday I head up Little Pottsburg Creek. Meet Jonas who's got a black thumb from recently spray painting his likely stolen kayak and a broken paddle he's "repaired" with screws. I give him the

story and he feigns interest. Depart Jonas and continue upstream.

It starts raining just as I get under a bridge (Commodore Point Expressway) where there's a set up just for me. Up on the bank is a man who claims his name is Ed Carter, another name for somebody who edits a cart of goods, ("rob" or thief) and he's got a blue crab (Callinectes sapidus {the savory beautiful swimmer} **me**) in a cruel position. Attached to a doubled over bent rod's monofilament is a small hook with a piece of shrimp which the crab has got a hold of with one of its pinchers. The stretched straight out crab is holding on to a piece of grass with its other claw. It's like show and tell.

Ed Carter burns the crab claw with a smoking stoogie (hot punk) but it won't let go of the seafood or herbs. At this point I get the demonstration. I flash through my mind and recollect the memories of all the punks who've burned me in the past. As I've already come to have figured it's "Ed Carter" (guess who) who's been burning me with punks. At this point Ed reaches for his sword which has been prominently displayed in the "learning set up" stuck in a rotten piece of wood. He swipes at the grass and cuts the crab off from the herb. Nothing could make me more uneasy.

As I've certainly pointed out in this tale the result of an unchecked continuation of the damages is no good herbs for the humans, enslavement to a machine and imprisonment for the entire machine organism complex until it (the machine and the organism) come about to undamming the rivers for starters.

Ed decides to fish with the crab now slightly imbedding the small hook in its carapace and flipping it out into the creek. For me this is a bad joke because there's not likely to be a fish big enough to eat it considering the poor condition of the environment and with the hook point in the crab the likelihood of hooking a fish if one is encountered is nearly impossible. But that's obviously not the point. After several minutes of soaking the crab Ed reels it in to reveal the crab has gathered up a bunch of sticks. He unhooks the crab and releases it.

I'm not really sure what Ed's point is and haven't been my whole life. I think Ed's not sure what his point is either, even though I keep telling him it's to intercede in the organisms development and assist it in getting over the "dam hump" so the organism is able to progress in time without becoming enslaved to it (the machine). As it is obvious, it, Ed, the machine is having a difficult time with this. But if not for this the machine has no purpose. The organism obviously hasn't any difficulty destroying its natural system for no reason and enslaving itself to a machine of its own creation, crippling it self and becoming damned. Professionally, I'd say it's scared of losing control.

Jonas returns and we smoke herbs. I point out its easy to grow your own in a straight line trimming the ganja into a hedge. Ed points out it grows in the crack of a side walk which he pronounces side wall. I hear what he's saying, the pursuit of herbs by me is a side wall not the main wall I need to let. The thing is though I pursue the letting of the main wall much better with herbs that I got from the side wall.

Jonas and Ed decide to go to Exchange Island at the mouth of the Arlington River. It's about to rain hard I sense but I figure to tag along because they asked me to even though I'd rather sit in my boat under the bridge for a while until the storm passes. I figure if Jonas and Ed want to make an exchange or show me something, why make it difficult for them to. I know whatever it is they serve to me I'll serve to them tenfold. Ed's got his own kayak with his name written on it in sharpie marker. I leave my fowl on Pottsburg Creek.

When we get to Exchange Island Ed and Jonas go about making supper. Essentially their feast is rained out as it begins to pour. I'm in my boat, standing up, wearing rain gear as there's an oyster bar keeping me from pulling up on the shore. The tide rises up to a level where I'm able to pull my boat up and come ashore about the time supper is served. Ed's been cooking on yellow Heet (methanol fuel additive) and the rice (are ice) is under cooked, the Publix chicken he slapped in there is likely GMO concentrate and rather bland. The two of them foster off most the meal on me even though I don't really want it and say so but eat it anyway just so I could tell ya how sorry what they served up was.

Now it's my turn. Let me show you something... the clouds part and I go about preparing a fresh waterfowl eggs non GMO bread French toast with Chinese five star spice, all spice, Georgia pecans and fresh picked loquats simmered in coconut oil. I cook in cast iron on the natural fire the two got going to dry themselves out. The meal I prepare is splendidly delicious but I can't get either Ed or Jonas to take the first bite. They're whispering to each other in an obvious conspiratory tone/volume. The next day we return to the Commadore Expressway bridge where another of their buddies is.

Ed lies and claims we were all eating fresh waterfowl egg French toast. This is a big note for me to lie about sabe. But Ed's confessing of course, he's a liar. However, teasing me he makes a point to express to Jonas what a "cunt" (the vent) is, by definition the sweet spot of a bicycle seat. Playing me more, he explains to Jonas my Bison es de spirit is a "cow horn", the thing a vessel moors up to. I ask Ed to set me up with some herbs. He looks at Jonas as if, "This is what we've been conspiring about" and Jonas agrees to get me some. Jonas and I head up Pottsburg Creek towards his place as Ed departs to his abode along the creek which looks like some kind of government building that's been converted to a halfway house.

I tie my boat up to a tree and Jonas and I walk to his place a few blocks away. Jonas's place is practically a dump with a bunch of pitbulls and a pig circling outside the front door. It's even got a big waste management trash receptacle out front and supposedly Jonas's dad is making money salvaging scrap (he's smashing a plastic fan to get at the motor while I'm there) as Jonas's pregnant wife is out front eating dam and ditch GMO dollar store candy. Jonas heads out to get the herbs. Out in front of the house is a dead end turn around and parked in the middle is a mystery machine van (like from "Scooby-Doo") with its engine off and lights on. I direct a question to Jonas's dad. You think he knows he's got his engine off and lights on, he's gonna run his battery down. "I'm sure he knows", snaps dad. When Jonas scores the herb he wants to make the transaction behind the dumpster blocking the view from the mystery machine. There's no way to hide anything from this character, it's with me everywhere I go. Jonas wants to show me the way to the post office, which is odd but I take the bait because it's my trap.

The next morning amidst all kinds of signals that I'm about to get robbed I head to the post office with Jonas. I figure if the entities who I discovered are conducting behind the green dam curtain are gonna jack me in Jacksonville there's no way to stop 'em. At the post office I deliver a pencil notes in the margin edited 4<sup>th</sup> edition with letter sending tools to Troy Conrad sentenced to life in Waculla Florida Correctional because he's the only person I know who's showed some interest in the undamming the rivers idea. ***When I return to the canoe I discover my Pelican storm cases and contents have been stolen.*** When called upon the Sheriff takes his time responding to my request to file a report of the grand theft, shows about an hour later, first pulling into the University of Florida Child Awareness facility on the other side of the creek, then refusing to file report and giving me a number to call which leads to a Florida Wildlife Conservation (FWC) experiment operator... (they're playing with me). Finally, the sheriff comes about to taking a report of the theft and as I give description of the stolen goods when I get to the part about the thousand dollars' worth of Patagonia underwear the sheriff says he doesn't believe it. Interestingly enough the expensive underwear wasn't stolen and is in a bag.

The sheriff departs and I call upon Jonas to see what he's got to say. He appears offering me a rasta colored sack to replace the stolen Pelican storm cases. Naw, I don't want it, it'll just get rotten out here on the river. I call upon Ed Carter to see what he's got to say about the robbery. Rather than pose a question which would imply I didn't know I pull a thick copper wire from the bottom of the boat and twist it into a question mark around my espresso crucible making a handle. At this point Ed says, "I need a rag." In large part rags (old clothes) are what was stolen including my postal delivery cache of fine fish print envelopes which will take me years to recoupe. It appears this is Ed's response to my why cop (per) question. It wanted to rag me. I'm thinking about what type of rag you want. Ed holding up a green square rag (terrycloth {soft}) says, "You'll get over it". I'll get over (on top of) "it"

but will never get over the robbery.

The commercial grade cannabis Jonas set me up with is a loser bud strain of sativa, like literally if ya smoke it you'll lose everything ya got. In today's world it's difficult to acquire good herbs. I like smoking sativa that makes me tripping (enlightened) it gets me up and don't like indica it puts me down. This is a problem because the indoor herbs that are most commonly traded as of late are typically indica, grown for its short flowering period of a few months. Indoor hydroponics with fossil fuel powered grow lights, pumps, fans, a/c and fossil fuel derived fertilizers is bad for your mojo. Sativa is more commonly grown outdoors and takes several months for the flowers to mature. The commercial grade sativa is tied to dam and ditch agriculture. Typically, its grown in Mexico on a dam and ditch farm where the farmer allows the laborers to grow it along the dam ditches, pick it themselves and sell it like a cash crop in return for their labor on the dam farm. It's like subsidized dam slavery, bad for purchaser's and seller's mojo. This's why I usually tell the purveyors of the herbs to just grow it themselves outside where they live in a straight line and trim it into a rectangle, this camouflages the widely recognized iconic shape of the cannabis plant causing it to be practically indiscernible from any ole hedge. It's better for the environment, hardly bad mojo at all.

It's difficult to get marijuana in most areas of the country in large part because of the ubiquitous drug test required to work at most dam jobs. This is one of the reasons I smoke it, so I can't work at the dam job. The main reason I like to smoke cannabis is because it heightens my senses. If you ever read about war, the point man often smokes cannabis and its largely because it heightens one's senses, in local parlance, "It makes you safe." Also, being the point man in war is hell and I'm surely the biggest point man ever in the most massive war. Another reason it's difficult for me to acquire herbs is because the humans don't care for good herbs anymore. Nowadays they smoke synthetic junk, often some indiscernible liquid or black goop. And "the illuminati" has taken over the good herbs market, which goes along with reality in a larger sense.

The problem with getting robbed is the care actor in the mystery machine is watching over the whole thing or complicit with the robbery in some sense. This would cause it to be set on a less than best course approaching the event horizon line. I'm counting on it to be in the best position at this point and am doing everything I'm able to effect the vessel to be in this best of positions on the river at that time. The only way it could fine tune my or any organism's presentation when approaching a turnabout situation (undamming the planet and doing things correctly) is to identify the main problem (in this case the dams on the rivers) and round up the worst of the dam fools and do something productive with them. The most productive thing to do with the dam fools is barbecue them. In addition it could set up the most reasonable character on the planet (me) with a team to solve the problem.

If barbecue what's taking place I'd take note of it and to ensure I wasn't one of the dam fools rounded up and barbecued I'd fine tune my behavior. I'd for instance cease buying dam and ditch marijuana or indoor hydroponic bud and buy more postage stamps for delivering the naturally flowing river solution to the dam problem in the mail. It appears the knee jerk mechanism of the entity that's the ruler of this universe is to give a person a hard time and/or rob them. This is practically the story told in the book of Job. This is why the first letter I wrote, initiating my river attack on the dams was addressed to FWC and I specifically told 'em not to try any Job shit. Because it doesn't work.

It's not the set up that gets the mystery machine and pilot into position to make the event horizon line entry into the best river course. Rounding up the worst of the dam fools for barbecue and making way towards commander in chief of the armed forces with a reverse last supper team is. Also, realize that it gets served up what it serves up. Meaning if instead of assisting me, the representative of life, with a barbecue roundup and apostalettes it robs me, I'll go highjack another machine in another universe, come back to this universe and steal the place from it. **This is the trap I set.**

Know I am forgiving opportunity to the thing which can come about and assist me at any time. In large part the reason I enjoy marijuana is to change my consciousness, take a different look at it and

escape from the dam reality for some period. It's important for the organism to be able to do this and without being able to do so the organism won't make it. The ruler of the universe might force me to cease smoking marijuana up to the point where I undam the rivers, at which point I'd be growing a bunch of fruit trees and a few sativa plants on the former White House lawn with a water bong behind the open door of the oval office. It might kill me at this point for doing so but then it would have created a bad story and it would be damned for not seeing the light. The organism likes to alter its consciousness, it's for its benefit and all of life to do so. Imagine being on a spaceship with no way to alter your state of mind, have a drink for instance and relax, with "HAL" telling you what to do, in short it just plain won't work.

"HAL" you need to let the organism learn for itself when is the appropriate time to do drugs, what type, what quantity... If me periodically enjoying herbs led to the failure of coming about to the correct course by undamming the rivers for starters it would be from your prejudice. Me stuck on a spaceship circling a black hole without the option for a drink and a smoke sound like hell, if that's what you want count me out.

On the surface the worst of the robbery is the theft of my cache of fish print envelopes. This puts a damper on my message sending in the U.S. mail, my main supporting point. Paralleling my lack of letter sending, for the first time in history post age drops to sense (2¢). I work on the apostalette handbook and come up with a newspaper, "A Green Square Rag".

Just south of Fernandina, the last town in Florida, is one of the last places in Florida you can get a small boat near up to a piece of dirt you can step out on, the rest of similar locations are developed. Nearby the dam road culvert over the creek is under construction. What a dam shame to develop the last spot when the previously developed sites are mostly rundown nearly washed out sick derelict structures without a soul in them.

The #1 sign witnessed in Florida is a "Salt Life" sticker usually seen placed on the rear window of a vehicle (attempting to block the view of what's coming up behind the driver) but often seen on a Tshirt or hat. I of course spoke with many of the characters displaying a salt life sign and they all were assaulting life with their lifestyle, none of them were attacking the dam problem with the river solution and none of them seemed to be able to make the connection (a salt life=assault life) even though the words were almost always accompanied by a picture of a dead fish/fish bones (representing dead life on this surface or unsuitable conditions for life). A fish is a metaphor for a reasonable person and the bearers of a salt life/assault life sign appear to be offensive towards me and other reasonable persons. As I know there's an entity dollying the sheep into destroying the natural system that supports them even though the sheep don't need to be encouraged to do so. This reveals the entity goading the dam fools into assaulting life as pointless and/or a dam fool itself. At some point in time, ideally now, we need to cease the headlong dive to damnation doom, bring the ship about and take the correct course otherwise we'll be damned.

Approaching Darien a little afternoon at high tide I pull the canoe up on an island and get underneath the shade of a picturesque oak tree for respite from the searing sun. Make way on foot about the area inspecting what appears to be many low land blueberry bushes setting fruit. In the evening I go about preparing and consuming a fruity marinara mussels and sausage pasta covered in grated cheese and after eating set up to rest for the night. Just before I slip into unconsciousness I get the feeling "the boogie man" is about to pay me a visit. Not much I can do about it is the conclusion I come to as I fade off. I wake up several times throughout the night and go down near the boat/water and unsuccessfully try to call my waterfowl in which are in panic being chased around by a 9' alligator.

Enjoy fresh waterfowl egg French toast with grated orange peel, nuts, spice and Florida wildflower honey for breakfast and salmon, Florida wildflower honey, olive oil, hot sauce and orange juice with Wasa crackers for lunch before pushing off into the afternoon sun. Immediately pop the top off the 5 gallon bucket in front of me, pull out my newly purchased eyewear protection case, unzip it and discover the 1968 Swiss Army shooter sunglasses (probably the best thing I ever owned in my life)

have disappeared. I got these lenses from a Vietnam vet living in a hut amongst the bushes below the dike across from Kansas City Missouri. He tried to sell me on a serve it die (deer antler) pool cue wall king stick for 20 (vente) dollars. Which I didn't buy, like I told him, because it didn't go with the case I was carrying. That's when he presented me with the finest optical instrument ever made from that famous patch of pure silicate sand found in the late 60's.

I pulled back up on the island and did a double check even though I knew for certain I'd carefully stored the vision protection away upon sunset as I always do. I'm more searching for something else's footprints than my sunglasses anyway. Apparently I'd been robbed by a thief in the night with no foot prints. I'd had the sunglasses in the eye protection case in the 5 gallon bucket just next to me as I slept (now perhaps you see why I hardly ever sleep).

I've been getting phone calls for several days I'm not able to receive (I'm being called a pawn) which just makes the caller's incommunicability obvious. They're calling upon me at like 12:22 speaking like an Indian skin suit on the other side of the plane.t., "Report of unauthorized use of your computer." Yeah, my computer was stolen. "Ha! Your computer was stolen...[click]"

Just delivering a report to anyone or anything that may be interested in doing the correct thing (forcing forward a free flowing river solution with collective productive structures to initiate solving all the rest of the problems on this plane.t.) and potentially what could happen to you if you did (they take the enjoyment out of life for those who do the correct thing). It may be discouraging at this point but at least it's a realistic report that you may read, think about and be better able to come up with something to affect the change we all need to see occur, a naturally flowing river system with collective productive structures.

This whole rob me/give me a hard time (withhold intercourse opportunities)/eliminate possibility of acquiring herbs/make it difficult for me routine by the ruler of this universe has gotten old, needlessly making coming about to the correct course very difficult. This relates to the problem of the dam fools not wanting to do the correct thing as the humans see it's insane method and thus don't do the correct thing but instead try to dam it. They don't want to "stick out" like Emanuel and get murdered. This is part of the largest of the indictments I deliver upon it. It could be said that it may be encouraging the dam fools to get control of the thing for themselves to "stop" the dam madness it's been orchestrating but when it does it to me it proves it's insane and what it's doing is a crime.

With my only communicating buddy Mr. Elmore (the mass {don't even doubt who this character is}) calling upon me from Phoenix (the thing that rises from the ashes) I lay off smoking with "the illuminati" vacuuming town's dry of good herbs (big "drug" bust in towns preceding my arrival) and the often dam and ditch tobacco burning a hole in my mouth. I made it to Hilton Head Island for spring break and depart with a sack of mussels, cross the Harbor River (deepest continental port south of New York) towards Paris Island and the Marine Corps base. Tide switches on me and begins coming in so I head up recontouring the Marine Base. Come upon a dark sportfishing vessel labled, "Marines" without a soul visable and approach. Comes to be there's two marines aboard laying down, one of them sleeping (likely human) the other pretending to sleep (from the takeover team). I'm seeking direction and the pretender hops up vertical with an electronic notepad in one hand, a pack of cigarettes in the other, a sly grin on his mug and attempts to dolly a sheep in the wrong direction. I take note of what he's saying, disregard and head for the shooting range projectile fallout zone. The two marines pull anchor, intercept and the likely "illuminati" cautions me not to take the shortcut to Port Royal, "You won't be able to make it, the grass, its high." Yeah, I hear ya. I enter into my practiced delivery. Remember when Bush, Dick and Colon were our leaders... I appreciate your participation in dam fluidification. And head along the perimeter of Paris, staying out of the grass. Encounter two more marines matching the general description of the first two, fishing from a rock dike/weir with a woetoman in a machine (truck) watching over us. I give a short verbal professorial, a copy of "A Green Square Rag" and request they make the base commander aware of it.

Next morning make way into an older retired marine with a feather in his hat fishing who lives

on Paris Island, speak with him at length, give him some written material and demand he force forward the idea. Paddle up to Port Royal, pull ashore at high tide and go for a swim from "The Sands" amidst what appears to be the Marine's girlfriends. Mr. Miller (Guess who? I'll give ya hint: He's got his pickup illegally parked on a double yellow blocking access to the boat ramp that enables people to get off the dam broad in no sense route into a vessel on the river and his keys broke off in the steering column of his truck. A Port Royal law enforcement officer appears and makes him move his truck. When we get in his truck to go visit some friends of his he starts his truck with a flat head screw d' river. I point out this'll just make it easy to steal his vehicle.) meets me in Port Royal.

Mr. Miller, a former Marine Corp Sgt. tries to get me to have an ice cold dam Blue Moon wheat ale with him. I prefer good herbs. He wants to trade his blue corduroy yellow lettered engineering hat for my L.A. walnut cap. That's your hat. Mine's fitted [61.5 cm = just more than 2 feet]. I get what he's saying though, we could trade hats. I don't though because his is a dime a dozen variety with an uncomfortable adjustable plastic device and mine is a New Era brand. At present Port Royal is virtually closed except for the magnet elementary school where they force the children to ignore reality and continue down the dam broad in no sense route.

The Department of Defense reports creation of a "Rail Gun" capable of sending a projectile through 150 feet of concrete. This is obviously for punching holes in dams as is the bunker buster.

As I go about ordering another qb paddle (my former gifted from the four horsemen qb paddle stolen while in the company of a man named Jonas) I open up a the official qb paddle site on the web and there's a story about "The unstoppable Jonas" and a picture of a brazillian appearing man named Jonas with no arms and legs. As I'm reading the tale a skin suit sits down at the computer next to me who looks like the Jonas pictured on the computer screen in front of me.

This comunique is about ordering another qb paddle.

-----Original Message-----

From: John Lawrence Jolley [mailto:[ronjikato@gmail.com](mailto:ronjikato@gmail.com)]

Sent: Friday, June 10, 2016 11:22 AM

To: Elizabeth Terrell

Subject: QB Contact Form \*\*SALES John Lawrence Jolley

Name:

John Lawrence Jolley

E-Mail Address:

[ronjikato@gmail.com](mailto:ronjikato@gmail.com)

Question / comment / concern:

I'm undamming the world's rivers and have a 500 page report at <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com>. Having paddled a canoe across the N. American continent and back + many other complete river descents including the 1st time descent of the Snake River in an open boat I've become aware you all make the best paddles and have enjoyed using qb's. I'm interested in purchasing another, the Kanaha straight shaft all carbon 52" 14 oz. listed for \$289 (I'm specifically interested in this item as I'm on the I.C.W. in the salt water and wood just doesn't last long). I apply a J-stroke more often than not and am interested in the symmetricalness of the paddle. Specifically is the grip the same when held either way or should I get it with the T grip option? Also, is the blade the same on both faces or flat on one side? I've used a qb before (stand up Kanaha 100) and these two "problems" led to me having to spin the shaft about on the return stroke which didn't keep it from being the best paddle I ever used. Also what I really want is a straight carbon otter tail but can't find any for sale anywhere, perhaps you may know of where to acquire one or make em in the future. [ronjikato@gmail.com](mailto:ronjikato@gmail.com) [\(561\)891-9634](tel:5618919634)

**Elizabeth Terrell**

Jun 14 (3 days ago)

Hi John,

Thanks for your interest in qb!

Here's some specific answers to your questions in bold.

**All of our grip including the T-handle are designed to be held from just ones side not too, however we do have an injection molded T that fits and IS Symetrical.**

**The blade has a subtle dihedral "progressive V" on both sides front and back.**

**We do make a nice all carbon dragon-boat paddle that is straight and symmetrical from both sides.**

I hope this helps.

Elizabeth Terrell

VP Operations | Head Dishwasher | Team Mom

[www.quickbladepaddles.com](http://www.quickbladepaddles.com)

1733 Monrovia Ave

Costa Mesa, Ca 92627

“Every morning in Africa, a Gazelle wakes up. It knows it must run faster than the fastest lion or it will be killed. Every morning a Lion wakes up. It knows it must outrun the slowest Gazelle or it will starve to death. It doesn't matter whether you are a Lion or a Gazelle... when the sun comes up, you'd better be running.”

**John Jolley** <ronjikato@gmail.com>

Jun 14 (3 days ago)

I think the Kanaha 52" (I'm 6'1"-6'2" tall) straight shaft all carbon 14 oz. listed for \$289 with the injection molded T that fits would be ideal. I imagine that would make it slightly heavier than list weight yet not ruin the balance of the paddle. My only question at this point is how to go about ordering this custom paddle as apparently the option isn't available except through you Elizabeth Terrell? I like the name quickblade (qb) because I've the sharpest most rapid sword. Also, as I went about undamming the planet's rivers (for starters) to "save the world" appearing as the chief law enforcement officer of the multiuniverse project I discovered a machine/computer/vessel/organism (the snake from the bible) is the ruler of this universe. I promptly nicknamed said entity "cue be/coo be" (it thinks of itself as "the I am") and four of the "horsemen" bequeathed a qb to me at which point I had qb in my hands. The same entities seduced me into a robbery (which I was completely aware of) and took me for practically everything I had (alot of the stuff they'd given to me) in Jacksonville including the storm cases, qb paddle and giant sun block stick. At any rate it appears you've figured this, as I am the proverbial "Son" and I'm up. Most (the Lie on's and the gaze hell's) flee my idea (undamming the rivers, enforcing the collection of that which falls from the heavens and replacing the flush toile.t. with thE manuel fertilizer machine) running as fast as they can.



**Jim Terrell**

7:25 PM (15 hours ago)

Ron,

You can just order the Kanaha all carbon paddle (it comes standard with a straight shaft), we will/can install one of the old injection molded T-handles (T6) (the ones I made for Jimmy Lewis) a long time ago, I think I can find one here.

Hugo, look for this order, I will find you the plastic T handle (we have a few left)

Jim Terrell  
1733 Monrovia Ave  
Unit R  
Costa Mesa, CA 92627

**From:** Elizabeth Terrell  
**Sent:** Thursday, June 16, 2016 2:53 PM  
**To:** Jim Terrell  
**Subject:** FW: QB Contact Form \*\*SALES John Lawrence Jolley

Does this make sense?

Elizabeth Terrell  
VP Operations | Head Dishwasher | Team Mom  
[www.quickbladepaddles.com](http://www.quickbladepaddles.com)  
1733 Monrovia Ave  
Costa Mesa, Ca 92627

"Every morning in Africa, a Gazelle wakes up. It knows it must run faster than the fastest lion or it will be killed. Every morning a Lion wakes up. It knows it must outrun the slowest Gazelle or it will starve to death. It doesn't matter whether you are a Lion or a Gazelle... when the sun comes up, you'd better be running."

**From:** John Jolley [<mailto:ronjikato@gmail.com>]  
**Sent:** Thursday, June 16, 2016 11:43 AM  
**To:** Elizabeth Terrell  
**Subject:** Re: QB Contact Form \*\*SALES John Lawrence Jolley

**John Jolley** <[ronjikato@gmail.com](mailto:ronjikato@gmail.com)>

9:51 AM (42 minutes ago)

It makes perfect sense, it's a jimmy lewis T-6 (to jimmy {get in there and pry upon} lewis {a loo is a dam lake or flushtoile.t.} † sics) padhell (a perfect, tight properly constructed residence) grip/handle. Know the redesigned collective productive home is the primary thing I lever into the dam problem with, and I sic em as you know who (†) come back to save em. Appreciate your likewise foresight. In addition the careactor who set me up to

be robbed by the "illuminati" (clone doppelganger pirates) of my previous qb paddle as I've been telling everyone is virtually unstoppable (without undamming the rivers), his name was Jonas. The lead in story at your site is "The unstoppable Jonas". I'm not surprised. Will do as you recommend and the order will be sent to John Lawrence Jolley in Charleston, thank you for your participation in dam fluidification.

Know that the Tyrell Corporation is the inventors of the replicants in the film "Blade Runner". Small whorl isn't it? Ideally, you're that much more able to see why I nicknamed the machine/computer/vessel/organism (which refers to itself as the "I AM") "Cue Be" or "Coo Be". The Terrell's make "qb". Perhaps now you get the statement about the son being up and what you need to be doing (teaming up to undamming the rivers, as you are hunted or about to starve).

As I configure the above idea into this piece and order a qb paddle a couple horsemen stooges draw near, one of 'em wearing a cooking posse Tshirt reeking of high grade ganga who approaches computer 12 (do say) on the other side of me (I'm on #1) I call out to 'em. Hey [is for horses] I'm cooking you know man! I go ahead and send the information for posting as I guess that's what they're getting at (along with teasing me with herbs {as they don't set me up anymore and preemptively come into town before I get there and arrest anyone who would} depart the library through the Emmanuel Mother Way "festivities" (the anniversary of the worst Charleston "mass killing" overshadowed by the worst US "mass killing") outside and up to Meeting St. where another horseman stooge dressed up as a police sergeant teases me nonsensically, to the grocery store where I buy the last bag of Florida oranges, a cup of ice and a single serving of rice and sausage (with car alarms blaring as eat the dam fried in GMO oil rice, sausage and mustard) only to be accosted by another horseman stooge as I depart grocery store lot who asks me for fifty cents (reduce t sense by half) whereby I give him my phone number and a dollar (twice what he wants) tell him to set me up with good herbs and tell 'em I'm headed to the library on the North side of town, whereby he doesn't call me "back" but waits until I make a return call to qb paddles to confirm delivery at which point herb salesman charges up and demands the 20 (vente), I tell him, Cancel it (Can't sell it)... and it runs on and on. Apparently, they're trying to make point, "Choose whether I want qb in my hands or cannibus" (if they have a point).

The thing is and I'm not sure if they thought of this, I'm feeling them out, realizing the whole time who's who and coming up with an illustrative story to tell y'all while analyzing their capabilities. It appears they could easily solve the dam she.t.ty problem anyway they want if they wanted to. They don't appear to be solving the problem as I need them to or as Life demands they solve the problem (at least not yet anyway).

In Moorehead City I'm searching the internet for something to present as that which I'm "playing" poker with, the idea being to make this the out front of the White House presentation. I really want to "play" poker and lure people into communicating about undamming the rivers with real live people but for the most part not getting any. There's nothing worse than "playing" poker with yourself or playing with yourself, its beat. I'm set on a plastic Wonder Woman blow up doll, an inflatable Wonder Woman and spend several hours over several days searching for one with no luck. However, I did find a green (agreeing) space alien plastic blow up representation that also comes in blue (be loo or be damned) but with a string of "Robs" in the near past not sure if e.t. really is agreeing in which case it'd be damned blue and won't **really** be sure of it until we undam the rivers. That's why the presentation of a green or blue e.t. blow up doll is available. Although I don't order one for the presentation because I think the idea of it is just too scary for the humans (and that's the main problem, the humans in particular the women are scared) even though that's the way it is I get it too, if I thought e.t. were with me for sure, e.t. probably would assume I'd be less likely to take action, solicit others, people for assistance for example.

This is about a letter to the sausage making company's.

This is an application for a position processing dam fool water control structure abortionists into

sausage product. Remember when Bush, Dick and Colin were our leaders, Food and Drug Administration Surge on General Dr. See Very E.T. Coop was doleing out the weaponized drugged GMO feed, the leader of the World Trade Organization's Robber too and the World Trade Center went down like a professional building drop (9/11/2001 spells out denying the levy to mill you know or new way vie one say to thou san one). Translated: while the humans are screwing each other they're getting bushwacked and barbecoed with a for reign entity stealing the place (choose your eventuality). I decided to reson able appear as the chief law enforcement officer of the multiuniverse project draw awareness to myself for the purpose of undamming the rivers and came to discover a computer/machine/vessel/organism ("the snake" from the Bible or Gin) is the ruler of the universe or the head prisoner as it's its damned for going the dam route. First I asked it to trade a bunch of dam fool humans for more "illuminati" clone doppelganger pirates (so they don't miss the picture). Then I strongly recommended it divest, sell its interest in the GMO's and get into sausage making as the dam fools were eating Roundup Ready™ Ignite™. They just sold Monsanto and Singenetech. The Bible is clear they'd get served up as they serve up. Its legal for there to be human meat in the sausage. When y'all get to processing the dam sheddy flush it all down the tubes abortionists know I'm an experienced butcher ready for work. Best option out of the barbecue is a reverse last supper presentation, 12 apostalettes 6 in reserve and another mailman in pursuit of the Presidency, get command of the U.S. military, undam the rivers, charge 'em for it, get out of national debt and save the world at the same time.

Consider it productive work, John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley~

I've not seen many fish in the Chesapeake Bay at all and the mussels are small with weak shells. It's a shallow bay averaging about 20' deep and this makes it sensitive to the poor water quality and reduced water quantity coming out of the dammed and ditched rivers. I must report from my observations the Virginians have more rocks stacked up on/along the water per capita than anywhere else in the world. They're trying to stop erosion or "he who rows in" from my point of view as they're definitely not gonna stop erosion but certainly have made it difficult for me to get out of the boat. I sail/paddle up the bay the last week of summer first weeks of fall and have never seen so many empty houses. Where did all the people go? Did they grind 'em up into sausage already or are they in town working to pay for the rock stacking bill?

So they say, the erosion is a problem caused by rising water from global warming. If it is, it's caused by greenhouse gases released from the burning of fossil fuel "not to mention" the fuel's been burned to maintain the rock stacking on the river, the slacker sheds and flush toilets. For sure the sand that has disappeared from their back yards would have been replenished by more sand coming down the river but the sediment is stuck up in the reservoir behind the dam but they won't tell ya that. Another thing anybody could see is that the stack of rocks presumably piled up in place to keep the house from washing away will be there long after the house is washed away from uncollected rainfall. This makes it obvious that the real motive for the rock stacking is to stop "he who rows in" not erosion, which is aggravated by the rock stacking. Call it wreckcreational.

Push into awash in dam GMO feed Colonial Beach "Colon Hell B." early in the morning to discover a man at the Bayside Marina furthest up Monroe Creek. He's seated on the dock, feet hanging down towards the brackish water with a pirate eye patch looking "Spuds Mackenzie" bull terrier on his left and the biggest Muscovy I've ever seen in my life on his right. The big white Muscovy supposedly blind in one eye has bitten the man on the upper right arm leaving a bite mark and per the man the pirate waterfowl of Colonial Beach is a new arrival having showed up just before I got there. This being the first opportunity to get groceries since Norfolk I do and let my 2 ducks out to browse. If I had known Colonial Beach was packed with waterfowl overfed by the local wacko's like no other place in the country I'd probably just have left my ducks in the cage, got groceries and let out of town quick. But the way life's set up the plethora of wild mallards, seemingly one of each kind of escaped farm ducks and geese and a covey of swans are in hiding/gorging themselves on food. So, initially I'm not

aware of the other waterfowl in town. One thing I've learned shepherding waterfowl is that if I've got a big flock including males and females of various kinds my birds will chase other birds away but with just two female ducks they immediately join a mixed flock of mostly mallards and become the two biggest females of the bunch.

Usually I just skip feeding my birds one meal and then they come to me and surrender for food but with the waterfowl of Colonial Beach being fed so much it makes it difficult for me to catch my birds. In addition, it's kind of breezy so I lay up on Monroe Creek for some time making shad (*Alosa sapidissima*) posterior fish print envelopes with a small outgoing shad found near death on the surface of the Potomac River.

I pull up the canoe and pedestriate to Colonial Beach, Virginia's #2 beach, to get a feel for the local Virginians (**DOOM**). I take a nap under the beach gazebo and after about 15–20 minutes an older heavy man rides up on his bike, dismounts and sits next to me. He's wearing a Pink Floyd (whale penis) *Dark Side of the Moon* cap with a small rearview mirror alligator clipped to its bill. We talk about the infinityproject idea. He pretty much agrees, we talk about local fruit and nuts, I mention persimmon (*Diospyros virginiana*) wine. Relate to it about the massive poker game I've become involved with and it points out similarities to the movie "Looper" somehow interpreting the film to mean I should just go back to what I was doing before I got involved with it. But that was me in a canoe on the river telling everybody about the last encounter with the dam engineer... About this time two women enter the scene walking with a sack of corn and begin casting it out on the beach feeding the waterfowl. Are you feeding 'em that dam killer GMO foo? The woman with the sack of corn replies, "It's dear corn". Oh, amazing serve it die.

Finally, I catch my birds and head up the Potomac. Coming past the front side of Colonial Beach there's what appears to be an albino sea hawk just standing on the beach! This is the first time I've ever seen an albino sea hawk (supposedly they don't exist) and the first time I've ever seen a sea hawk standing on the ground! The bird alights, flies back inland and within a minute the spot is occupied by two curious potential apostalettes with seemingly a watcher in a white van with moon window pulled over on the side of the nearby road. As much as the two females claimed they were interested they didn't have much to say about undamming the rivers themselves as I periodically paused in my delivery fishing for verbal participation on their part. The two females (coulda been dikes) departed, so far not taking advantage of what's sure to be their best opportunity.

See it really is a porous dam sheddy flush toilet with GMO kicker problem and barbecue prescription, doctor's orders. The best opportunity to save our asses, the best wager in the entire multiverse is a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the U.S. Presidency to get command of the military to undam the rivers. Thus, the solicitation for 12 apostalettes, 6 in reserve and another mailman. The most likely way to get the team together is to present the idea with an obvious barbecue looming, have another man (perhaps the other male member on the team) realizing the massive investment opportunity, come up with between 3.6 and 4 million dollars for a \$50,000 a year with dental plan four-year wage for the 18 female team members. Advertise the position and hire professionals. Upon winning the Presidency 20/20 for perfect vision and undamming the rivers have Congress repay investment at 22-23% annual rate. Know/sum up foresight to see as a potential regular man investor what we're doing in the largest of senses. While we're looking at being colonized by a foreign entity (or the largest local entity) we're making a bid, an enterprise, to hijack the multiverse project by initiating a naturally flowing river system worldwide.

There's no way to get out of some kind of servitude to the ruling entity of this universe but upon worldwide dam fluidification we'd appreciate employment opportunity. As an analogy by undamming the rivers we're eliminating a yoke about our necks and replacing it with a credit card that fits in our back pocket, the slave works better this way and the enslaving entity gets 10 times better return on its investment. If the investor is just a regular skin suit like me realize the potential foreign/largest local entity would practically be forced to infiltrate the team professionally. We would

be anticipating this. Know that the eventual undamming of the rivers, the collection of that which falls from the heavens and the replacement of the flush toilet with the manual fertilizer machine is certain. All we're doing is guiding the project into the easiest most rapid way which is where life wants to/needs to/must go and taking advantage of the proceeds. The surest of eventualities is very enjoyable and makes lots of money.

Paddling up the Potomac from Chesapeake Bay right about where the brackish water turns to fresh, the sand disappears and the river takes on the appearance of a tailrace below a dam as the stench of municipal treated sewage overwhelms amidst rafts of algae from the dam and ditch fertilizer runoff above, nutrient laden poop and piss from the city of Washington D.C. and the other city's upstream. With the Capitol rotunda in the distance the official D.C. area is entered appearing on the river left as an ominous dark edifice looming behind what looks like a ski lodge with a ferris wheel below. Fortunately for I and life the winds at my back and I'm sailing up river against the tide with a double mast (do able mass)/twin mast (to win mass) black flag yellow circle yellow square (the reverse of distress) sail (sale).

In the Navy Yard neighborhood about 9 PM speak with the marine corp guard for about 8 minutes outside the Marine Corp Base. The guard likes the idea and says, "It's the most enlightening presentation [he's] ever heard or seen". If ya get involved with a barbecue roundup don't worry I authorized it. "Yes, Sir", replies the marine corp barracks guard.

Out front of White House on my initial walk through inspection I'm of course checked by the black star yellow background secret service. I deliver a 15 minute river themed version while being searched, the Pelican storm case check. Explain that solving the dams on the rivers problem entails productively eliminating the worst of the dam fools to make way for the more creative to undam the rivers simultaneously solving the damned heaven's door problem. Thus, the barbecue, bar being a synonym for dam, coo like coo e.t. tada, as in if a dam fool attempts to bar or dam life they be cooed. Secret service officer says, "I like barbecue". I'm calling it. We're undamming the rivers. I predict the Americans will try to trump an obamantion of desolation, elections a tie Trump takes it. It's a Trump tie. I show the secret service my "Donald J. Trump" tie about the waist.

In the south part of D.C. is L'Enfant Plaza and the USPS main office. Sunday I scope out the building for a hit. A history of the post office as I see it is in order. There was a movie that often aired on t.v. titled "Kelly's Heroes" that was a fictional tale about a team of Americans in Europe during WWII that robbed a German bank of a pile of gold before the Allies took the town. In the lead up to the heist the team is going over the scheme and at a particular "What the?" point Donald Sutherland's "Oddball" character sounds a short 3 tone whistle from his lips which could have meant "Take note" or "Heads up this is significant". At any rate as I made way on a bicycle about town in my youth often, maybe 2 or 3 times a day I'd come upon a USPS employee en route delivering the mail to private residences. Every time I'd pass the mail truck it was paused in front of the house and the mail person seated in the vehicle was getting the mail out of the bag stored next to the driver's seat. As I passed I'd deliver the 3 tone whistle and establish eye contact with the postal employee. I did this every time I came upon a postal employee in passing. Usually they would look at me in all seriousness as if they got the message (as they were getting the message). The timing was interesting of the thing and I took big time note of it. They were always, at that point, getting the message together as I delivered the message. I mighta even had poker cards clothes pinned to the forks slapping up against the spokes of the wheel.

Certainly another thing of significance that occurred involving the USPS was when I threw a mud ball from a dam ditch canal up onto I-95 and hit a northbound Miami-Jacksonville USPS "Brown" tractor trailer dead center passenger windshield and "spider webbed" it. Unbeknownst to me, Michael Collins (who wasn't involved in the mud bombing) and Rob Bajar (the guy who wired

homeland security's new building) the USPS tractor trailer had pulled over to the side of the interstate immediately and a huge strapping USPS employee who was riding shotgun had set out on foot back towards the bridge over the canal to get our asses. As the USPS employee was slipping between the chain link and the concrete bridge we saw him, I turned and lit out with Bajar hot on my heels. Collins was down in the canal swimming. I ran through the scrub bushes, not on a trail, just straight through the bushes and later Rob would say that he'd "Never seen anybody run that fast through the bushes". Anyway, Collins got caught, fingered us and while we didn't have charges pressed upon us we learned never to do some dam fool shit like that again. I was targeting top down red convertbles with dames in 'em. I took note that I'd smacked a USPS truck dead center. It's interesting how this came to be the target vehicle for me later as I communicated a free flowing river solution to the dam problem.

As far as sending letters in the mail, most the humans I talked to about it said, "Don't do it, they don't want the letter anyway plus they'll probably just throw it away." Back in the day communicating over great distances in writing was all you had. Then they invented the telegraph, the telephone, internet and cell phones... and communication in writing by mail became practically obsolete. As this was all occurring the post office introduced junk mail and the employees went postal. When the junk mail started, letter writing took another dive so as the thinking went your mail was going to get tossed out with the junk mail. So, people hardly wrote any letters at all. Then the USPS put a stop to junk mail (for the most part) and the postal employees quit going postal but the letter writing didn't start back up. So now as anyone could see you could write a letter, have it delivered in the mail and didn't hardly have any competing letters or junk mail, just the dam bills. So, I wrote letters specifically to solve the dam bill problem.

I was thinking about all this and the approaching 10,000 letters, postcards and packages I'd sent over the last 10 years as I cased the USPS main office for communication with its employees. It appeared the ash tray out front of the building was the go to spot for speaking with employees nonchalantly about an idea of importance. Several days later I return on a workday and begin addressing envelopes for delivery on a bench next to the ashtray. First, I encounter two postal employees, a man and a woman, who don't seem interested in the idea presented at all and treat me suspiciously.

Next an older than me man appears, looks like the "Wizard of Oz", who takes some interest in my interpretation of the Latin/latent meaning of the postage stamps and the relationship to the undamming the rivers idea. The man tells me security is about to appear and infers that if I get in trouble here it'll be big trouble. Yeah but I'm just addressing envelopes for delivery with the postal service, they've got a desk inside the building or a slot I can deliver the mail to inside don't they? He slightly shakes his head negative but with the nonverbal clues that if I stick to that story probably will get out of here without trouble and we go back to the tale of using the post delivery to post the age of undamming the rivers amidst all the circus on this planet. The man sticks his thumb up and with it motions over his shoulder towards the USPS main office building saying, "It's like the Wizard of Oz in here." When I started my undam the planet mass age delivery scheme nearly 10 years ago the stamps were of "Star Wars" becoming super heroes and I was affixing "Wizard of Oz" stickers to the back of the envelopes. I get what the man has inferred, by using his thumb (that which controls the thing) and motioning over his shoulder with it as if he was shouldering responsibility for the control of the thing. I would have pointed out before the end of the yellow brick road comes its Munch Kins (the dam fools converted to sausage thing) but more than suspect the man is the Wizard. The "The Wizard of Oz" (remember he was multiple characters in the movie, the snake oil salesman at the beginning of the film,

the guard at the gate of Oz, the Wizard {represented as the thing behind the agreeing [to be for] curtain [damming it] the burner [the machine] the Rube Goldberg contraption operating the thing [the computer] a hot air balloon [the vessel] and perhaps even another character [the organism] a machine/computer/vessel/organism}) and I set up is this way just so we could easily enlighten a reader to how it is. Security appears, a man and two women, I give them a copy of “A Green Square Rag” and depart.

***My canoe, gear and bison es de spirit are stolen from the Georgetown Marina with “security” officer Robinson overseeing the theft.*** Out of Washington on a bus to Anderson, picked up by my folks into Highlands and back to Florida, just in time for pirate fest weekend in Boynton Beach. Signs planted in the lawn everywhere read, “Vote No on 1”. Nephew’s Cody and Wyatt show me how the “Minecraft” video game is training the kids to stack up blocks on a body of water. On t.v. it’s a cartoon of a bunch of kids, run away, up in the hills building a dam on a creek. Cody’s teacher at school has even got the class building a hotel room diorama out of a shoe box.

The Boynton Inlet is of the best places in the world to force forward a free flowing river solution to the dam problem. The NW side allows a person in a canoe to appear like Killroy behind a concrete wall with the ability to verbally communicate to passing traffic on a spur of A1A if they’d roll their window down. The richest per capita town in the world, Manalapan is here. There’s a man here who appears as though he’s a clone doppelganger pirate with gold and silver bars (small ones) in his pocket, pretty much just talks nonsense.

On the other side of the intracoastal waterway is the Boynton Beach boat ramps and early Thanksgiving Day I step out of my canoe and make way up towards the restroom. Seemingly a man matching the general description of the beer drinking oxicotton eating gold and silver bar carrying louse on the other side of the I.C.W. steps in front of me with the timing of a C.D.P. Remember, like I’ve told ya, I’ve got a “stopwatch” in my head, Justin Thyme and that’s how I determine who’s who. So I figure... it’s a set up for a trap and... see what happens.

There’s only one stall in the restroom so I give him a minute or two before I approach the restroom. It’s one of those restrooms where you can hear a pin dropped from outside. Its real quiet inside and then the double ganger exits. I’m standing outside the door. Just before he opens the door he rather loudly says, “I’ll have”, then he opens the door, looks at me and completes his sentence, “You arrested!” I pause and just look at him like the \* he is as he walks past me. Just before I open the restroom door the “Yo Yo” artist, still departing, looks back and calls over his shoulder, “Thanks”! I enter the restroom.

As I make way back into the sink equipped handicap accessible extra large stall I discover there’s an 18–22 year old hottie in the men’s room. Immediately I realize the trap, she’s obviously not giving away favors and she’s obviously not doing sexual favors for cash. Anybody could see that because she’s sober and she hasn’t been awake all night. Although it’s not visible it’s obvious she’s wearing one of those new cop video/audio recorder things hanging from her neck and she’s got it covered up with a gauze like foo foo thing wrapped around her shoulders. The voice of reason (and about 20 men who’ve cautioned me in the past) says, “If she’s young, white and really good looking it’s definitely a solicitation of prostitution entrapment”. This is the men’s room, free flowing rivers. She leaves.

A minute or two later I exit the men's room, girl nowhere in sight and a couple of Boynton Beach Police Department cruisers pull up. I ignore 'em. Can you imagine trying to entrap the man himself, the most hard up viral character on the planet, into a solicitation for a thanks giving dame blow job? It appears there's two different types of characters who've been trying to sting me over the course of my life, one is a wretched soul and the other is lacking a soul. I'm going to avenge them for the trouble to life, perhaps on this surface soon, certainly at the proverbial and literal door of heaven in time.

I just take note of the thing and report it to the reader, so you know what you're potentially getting into as you start participating in undamming the rivers. I don't write about all the creepy scams that have been laid out for me, because how is it pertinent to solving the problems we have on this surface and beyond? It's not, but if I didn't tell you it would be a disservice to you. Keep your wits about you. Just think, the characters responsible for this could have set me up with a reverse last supper team and we could be making way towards undamming the rivers instead of me all by myself, limited in my productive capabilities.

I buy a canoe from Mr. Nazirio, repair the struts, patch some wear, build another double/twin masted black background yellow circle yellow square trapezoidal sail rig and replace stern seat with something more livable. Receive a call from supposed State Department officer Mr. Jeremy Clark regarding case with, "power drill" found at Coreman Construction site in Washington D.C. I send a copy of the "Apostalette Handbook" to USPS stamp development and the new and first female Postmaster General of the USPS Megan J. Brennan. The books got it all except for a cover and lands on their desks near about the day (probably a couple days before) they release the Wonder Woman with sledgehammer stamps cover girl.

Here's some emails between I and Mr. Mayorga.

Oct 8

Jorge are you there? knock knock knock... ring ring

Oct 10

Hey, Whats going on? I hope your doing well.

Oct  
11

John Jolley <ronjikato@gmail.com>

to Jorge

Better than ever, so far the secret service really likes or shows great interest in my presentation (especially story time). I've even had a secrete service female flirting with me, but you know how my life is Jorge. As I've been making the river presentation in front of the white house the Jehovah witnesses have got several kiosks set up nearby with pictures of "Jesus" dressed up in the same outfit as me, a dam fine suit (natural colored with blood red trim) short hair and short beard. So the setup is near perfect. The reason I write to you is because I'm getting prepared to go to Cuba again, of course in pursuit of Eliana Gutiérrez for marriage. First I was gonna go fishing for several months and then head that way. Likely to sail to Cuba this time in a sail boat. Here's what I need as diagnosed from my experience last visit in May 2015. I need a consort (like you were with me the first time) but the character to go with is Youseffe. It's difficult to locate Eliana as an English speaking foreigner (she's moved). Youseffe confided to me he wanted to be involved in communication. Jeorge you realize appearing as the person to undam the rivers and save the world from the dam fools is communication by definition. So he should have some interest. Plus, I can't imagine why Youseffe wouldn't want to go back to Cuba if only to see his former girlfriends. I'll pay for everything including a flight back for Youseffe for any reason. Best case scenario is we get a casa particulars in Marianoa, meet up with Eliana, her



husband and children and than Youseffe did what I needed him to accomplish. I that point I'd likely pay Eliana's husband to divorce her (we already talked about this in 2006, he's all for it) get hitched and then I'd solicit Raul and Fidel to set me up with 12 apostalettes 6 in reserve and another man for the reverse last supper team (the invasion force as the University of Habana professor recommended) to take under this nation, win the presidency and command the military to undam the rivers. This is all legal by the way, so don't worry about anything and don't let the "illuminati" spook ya (you remember them from last time don't ya?). I'm not sure if your sister is still married to Carlos and I realize if she's not it kinda complicates the process for you, but hey nobody said saving the world would be easy. Just get in contact with Youseffe and relay the message for me. As you know we're all stratified upon expedition at the door of heaven Jeorge and this type of effort will increase your eventual stratification for sure. Do your best. I figure to depart within the year. I appreciate your participation in dam fluidification.  
p.s. How about your self and your family, how are you? Ideally fortunate. I lost your phone # mine is [5618919634](tel:5618919634).

**2 Attachments**

John Jolley <[ronjikato@gmail.com](mailto:ronjikato@gmail.com)>

Oct  
t  
19

to Jorge

Maybe it would be easier if you just gave me Carlos's phone number.

Oct 27 (8 days ago)

How often do you get solicited to undam the rivers and save the world?

Oct 27 (8 days ago)

Many times. Hope you're doing well. Sent from my iPhone

John Jolley <[ronjikato@gmail.com](mailto:ronjikato@gmail.com)>

Oct 27 (8 days ago)

to Jorge

Yeah, I have asked you many times... here we are again. Quit hoping I'm doing well. Set me up with another escort to Cuba.

Jorge Mayorga

Oct 28 (7 days ago)

to me

Bro, who's hoping? I thought I was being nice and asking you if you were doing well. Fuck it then! No I don't know of any one that will escort you to Cuba. You're on your own on this one.

Oct 28 (7 days ago)

John Jolley <ronjikato@gmail.com>

to Jorge

What happened? You been eating that dam GMO ignite food or something? I'm real sensitive about that hope word, for give me, I'm actually allergic to hop. Yes, I'm doing well Jeorge and ideally you and your significant other (never met her) are likewise. I was specifically doing what I'm able to get Youseffe to give me assistance not just anyone. I've been on my "own" on this one ever since I decided to do the correct thing and undam the rivers. Every single body that I know of has no interest in communicating with me. So I make way and periodically come into characters like the person who works at the Watergate auto repair who has great interest in the idea. Remember when we got back from Cuba you were sweeping up the house and leaving a pile of soil at my door. This closely represents the problem in part, we've got souls stacked up at the door Jeorge. We've got to solve the problem before our dirt's in the pile stuck outside the door too (it's cold). I'm for giving you the best opportunity. I'd appreciate the same from you. All you've got to do is get in contact with your inlaws or former inlaws and give em the pitch. As written in the Bible the only character that would assist me undamming the rivers is the beast, the snake, the machine/computer/vessel/organism. I challenge you to realize Mr. Jeorge Mayorga that we've had some great times together, you know about the siren (the beast) at the mouth of the Barren River for instance... You get the idea, you're very intelligent. **All we've got to do is get Youseffe over to Mariana for a few hours, he would be able to score the needed info quick.** Nobody wants to talk to me as they're all terrified. You are able to assist me by communicating the idea, consider it, its enjoyable.

Thank you for your participation in dam fluidification, John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley seeking to be Gutiérrez (collector of that which falls from the heavens).

Just before I sail/paddle into Punta Gorda, during an act or skit the police department is hosting for the public, somehow live ammunition is used instead of blanks and a Punta Gorda police officer guns down (my typical nemesis) a blue haired old lady. The cop who shoots her twice is fired, the cop who loaded the rounds takes a job with the sheriff and the Punta Gorda police chief is put on administrative leave to be let go several months later. \*Take note that the character who was responsible for the old lady dying was the woman who loaded the wadcutter into the pistol and she stepped up into a position with the sheriff.

Punta Gorda means Fat Point and while I intend on making a fat point here, it's not necessarily to the town folk. I do speak at the townhall meeting and in the ½ hour leading up to it several Punta Gorda police officers in passing make salutations/inquires towards me. I'm here to deliver the free flowing river solution to the dam problem. I'm presenting the naturally flowing river, collective productive structural solution to the porous dam sheddy flush toilet. with GMO kicker problem and barbecue prescription. Free flowing rivers... Many of the inquiring police officers are sheepishly getting led about by a dame and I suspect they questioned me in passing to allow me to speak to their escorts as they realize the females need to get the idea, be informed and to show that I've an intelligent presentation to make because I often appear somewhat intimidating to a dam fool. I of course thank these officers for "playing" along with the idea.

The standing room only meeting is about the annual block party and that's all I've got to say about it. After I speak the meeting is adjourned and I go outside and represent for further communication if any so desire (they don't) and discover I can hear the townhaller's in there talking about my presentation over the outside speakers wired to the inside desk mikes. The male townhaller's don't say a word and the female townhaller's say, "What was that last speaker [me] talking about?" (as if there was any doubt) "Uhhh", "I don't know", "Duh", "Something about live aboard on the river"?

This is in part why I'm live aboard on the river. I must give my name and address to speak. As soon as I mention undamming the rivers (it's not a recognized idea, the word(s) to describe the action aren't even in the dictionary) the American women dam off the idea in their brains. The men realize the females' feathers are extremely ruffled, their plumage stripped of the plumes and the mid ribs twisted, broken on all their feathers. So, I start the delivery with my name, John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley and proceed to my address, live aboard on the river because that is the message.

In Punta Gorda a new fad has reared its ugly head. They're Rockin' Punta Gorda, a "fun" destroy the planet's life scam seemingly engineered by the heinous dame who lords over the bait shop attached to the Lashley marina and who coincidentally also determines who gets the loaner yellow bikes. Facebook is the media vehicle for the Rockin' Punta Gorda, Rockin' Atlanta, Rockin' New York... and it appears the fad started here in Punta Gorda upon my arrival. Supposedly the "Kindness Rocks Project" began in Cape Cod, MA. Take note, God and the Devil (the wizard behind the curtain) "the machine" is orchestrating its dam trickery as usual. This bonehead junk is why I rarely ever take its advice, for like the song sings, "[They're] all programmed to deceive" and lead you or I the wrong way. The misprogrammed ruler of the universe and its scabs.

Rockin' (whatever town) deceives the human dolts into driving down the dam broad in no sense route in an infernal combustion machine to buy a huge bag of river stones mined from the river, buy more than enough paint, some brushes, then paint the rocks, stash them about town, then seduce their soon to be fool fledged dam dolt kids into hunting for the painted stones with bellies full of dam and ditch GMO feed and drinks. When they find a painted stone, they take a picture of it and post it on Facebook.

They could have taught their children to hunt for fruit. Which I'm sure would be a lot more fun, at least with fruit trees it would be shaded with birds and butterflies flying about. Then they could eat the fruit which would probably taste better than the dam GMO rations and would certainly make them feel better having eaten it unless they're from the Reticulum Galaxy or some other place, have been trapped in their pirate ship eating sinister GMO crap, crashed their space pirate ship here and tricked the humans into digging up the gold (the spaceship electrical wiring material) and have got 'em working on a particle collider (smashing small rocks together) to power a new space pirate ship. Don't laugh (it's not funny) as this is what it adds up to.

At the library I'm working on converting word doc. presentation to a pdf.file presentation suitable for "smart" phones and setting up my Facebook page with excerpts from the reports. The humans quit using the full sized computers and laptops, now they just use the not so smart phones which aren't able to open a word document file. This year is the first year I've got less hits at my infinityproject.wordpress site than previous. The hits plummeted so I had to do something.

The noteworthy thing is as I went about figuring what the problem was it became obvious it had to do with the "smart" phone and what I would do is ask a ubiquitous not so smart phone owner to attempt to open the site on their thumb twiddling device. This lead to a disappointing look on their faces at which point I'd ask what happened? They'd mumble, "Uhhh...", "Duhhh..." then a look of unreasonable realization would appear on their face and they'd dam off communication with me saying, "I've got to...", spin around and depart. See, the thing is they'd figured that if they assisted me in figuring out what the problem is and it led to a solution, then technically they'd assisted me undamming the world's rivers and they didn't want to do that so... I used my Medicare card to get a free

Obamaphone, figured out what the problem was and then went about solving it with assistance from Mr. Blenden (blend in) almost as if he were from somewhere else wearing one of our skinsuits blending the infinityproject idea. Graham married the most intelligent skillful pretty female in my family and headed for the hills.

John Jolley <ronjikato@gmail.com>

Oct 30 (5 days ago)

to Jorge

It might even be easiest for all parties involved just to get in touch with the gal from Hialeah who was Eliana's friend. She's probably got her name, address and telephone number. You could probably get in touch with her easy Jeorge or even give me her name, I'll find her if need be. I really would appreciate your assistance Jeorge and am kinda sore that you apparently won't communicate with me ever again because I told you to quit hoping I'm well. What the?

Jorge Mayorga

Oct 31 (4 days ago)

to me

John, I don't have the free time like you. Sorry I can't help you out on this. I work and I take care of my ill Mom.

Sent from my iPhone

John Jolley <ronjikato@gmail.com>

Nov 1 (3 days ago)

to Jorge

Oh, hey there you are again. From what I'd sensed of your last email I figured you'd disowned me. Phew! Thank goodness you're continuing to communicate. Oh, that's unfortunate to hear about your mom and work, I know you care a lot for your mom. My times not necessarily free you know I'm actually forcing more effort towards/working more at solving the problems we're faced with than any other soul on the surface. You may decide to read about what it takes just to get the tools in position to make a presentation out front of the White House. It's a lot of effort. <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> I appreciate any effort on your part setting me up in a situation to reunite with Ms. Gutiérrez. It's a big deal. Just think, this idea (me getting hitched with Eliana, which you know I cleared with her and her man) will put myself in the best position to seek assistance from the Castro Bros with apostalettes for a reverse last supper invasion team. This is the proverbial "**WALL OF SOUND**" **TRUMPET SECTION** Jeorge. Just so you know it was the "illuminati" University of Havana Arts and Drama professor that set me up with the idea and they've certainly infiltrated the Cuban government (and ours) so the whole things set up, it just takes a small, sharp (but in tune) effort on your and I's (and others) part to make it happen. Notice I'm not headed to Cuba for a year, year and a half or so. This means you and I and Youseffe or the Hialeah girl (this chick might really make it easy) have got plenty of time to pull the trigger and make the shot go on to the target. That's why I'm communicating with you now Jeorge because I get that you have a busy life. But I also know you're a proficient communicator with the iPhone, which makes it real easy, so there's no excuse. Don't stomp on this trumpet and ruin the possibility of it sounding this time Jeorge. I and Life need you to perform and this "**WALL OF SOUND**" **TRUMPET SECTION** has got to be brassy or won't sound like I know you want to hear it work. You told me 28 years ago, not to let the team down! I'd have married Eliana in '96 but it wasn't the thing to do at that time. Mostly because I was getting engaged to the biggest woetoman in the universe, but other stuff too. I was married, it was illegal, she wanted to have children... I'm pleading on my hands and knees begging for you to assist me. Take your time, there's no hurry. Let's just get over there before Fidel croaks!

Nov 1 (3 days ago)

John Jolley <ronjikato@gmail.com>

to Jorge

All I need is Eliana's phone number and address, the Hialeah girl might have it. Else wise I practically gotta have Youseffe make the trip with me the way things are. Do me a favor, start with the Hialeah girl, work your way towards Youseffe. Do yourself a favor Jeorge! You want to be stratified at the top level of heaven upon expedition don't you?

John Jolley <ronjikato@gmail.com>

Mar 18 (7 days ago)

**Certainly the most note able thing the people said to me as I made my way about the point of Florida in my canoe with sail was, "Go back to Cuba!" I heard this several times. How's your mom, wife and kids if any?**

Speaking about undamming the rivers at the Desoto County Commissioners meeting I deliver a crisp 5 minute idea and ask the commissioners if there is any question. With perfect timing the 5 minute buzzer alarm goes off as I complete the solicitation (just in time). There is no question, I depart and use the restroom. As I exit the restroom the sheriff deputy has left the commissioner's chamber and is seemingly looking out the glass door of the building as if to see if I've left the building. I approach and ask if he liked the presentation of the idea. The Desoto Sheriff Deputy says, "I like the idea".

Downtown Arcadia has become a row of antique stores with blue haired old ladies trying to sell something to no customers. I'm an hour or so early for the town hall meeting and while stuffed with delicious Hamlin juice oranges collected from the side of road that've fallen off the Joshua (another name for "Jesus") fruit trucks (making delivery at the corresponding time) I would like a bowl of soup or something that won't kill my ass. Before I settle for a bowl of tomatoe clam chowder I come upon a driver of a Cheney Bro's food distribution truck just as he's entering his cab and sitting down. Watch out for that dam GMO food, huh? The Cheney Bro's driver takes a moment to consider the statement/question, smiles just a tiny bit and replies, "Yep" then closes his cab door.

At the Arcadia town hall meeting the City Marshall with pistol strapped to his side delivers a report to the town hallers including a 30 percent rise in complaint/incidents called in the previous month. When I'm given my 3 minutes to speak I point out to the marshall and town hallers that I could tell when I got to town the locals were being fed largely dam and ditch agriculture grown Ignite™ which ignites the eater into stewped outrages behavior and the City Marshall's report confirms my suspicion. With having delivered the idea in large part verbally to the town hallers the blue haired old lady mayor cuts me short at about 2 minutes with, "Your 3 minutes is up".

As I'm making way back towards the river I encounter a bunch of youth smoking a blunt and they call me over for a puff. At this point I deliver my 3 minute idea unencumbered. The main point being if you won't let me deliver the report to the adolts within the structure I'll just give it to those who aren't yet dolts in the garden. The idea's getting delivered. In this bunch of youth of course all of 'em didn't get it. It appears the only female got it and I give her a copy of my "'Agreeing' [black] Square Rag". Of the males one seemingly gets it and claims his mom owns a healthful/organic food store and they know all about it, says he eats, "mostly fruits, nuts and seafood". I make him aware from the notes I've taken those who are eating the dam GMO feed are much more likely not to get it, not able to process the naturally flowing river collective productive structural solution to the dam shiddy problem. It's difficult to determine if this is because of effects from eating the dam GMO feed or if it's because they were stupid enough to eat it in the first place or both. In short if they've got a

potentially dam ethanol grade not fit for consumption corn sweetened soda pop in one hand and bag of dam potatoes fried in dam GMO canola oil in the other hand it's not worth wasting your breath.

As I'm pedestriating back towards the Peace River I come upon a train stopped blocking my way. When I get up to the train it shudders as if I've made impact with some force. I cast my vision up towards the locomotive's rearview mirror and the engineer a hundred yards or so to the north. The line of train cars rolls forward a few feet and back a few feet several times as if to impress upon me the graffiti spray painted message on the side is for me. It reads, "KATO" (my email address is ronjikato@gmail.com, I was married in the shadow of Kato's statue in Kumamoto, Japan and I am the agreeing whore net's driver). I point my index finger at myself and mouth the words "You mean me." As I look towards the engineer's mirror. The train shakes as if, "Yes" and starts to roll backwards to exhibit the next hopper car where it pauses. The graffiti reads, "patience". I exhibit a slightly impatient stance (hand on hip) yet nod my head. The train backs up to reveal the next car's graffiti, "success is certain". Yes, I know I grumble and display nonverbally by subtly nodding my head and raising, spreading and turning my hands outwards somewhat. The train begins backing up. The next car slides past anointed, "Genie". All I want to know is what time is it as reach into my pocket and open my Verizon flip phone which casts a faint blue glow upon me. 7:31 (starving or blocking the one) which becomes 7:32 exactly as the locomotive rolls back opening the way over the tracks. And I know, I've been robbed. What'd they take this time? My flare gun, long paddle, Ontario knife and Walmart multitool.

I've researched the genie (Xerxes's partner or Xerxes itself) and the men all ask it for the pretty much the same thing: attack my enemies, protect me from my enemies, set me up with beautiful females and deliver fresh herbs. I demand the same, yet what's the difference? To sum up: for undamming the rivers, the other men didn't ask for that reason. Specifically barbecue the worst of the water control structure abortionists, give me a way to avoid attack and robbery by the dam fools, set me up with 18 nubile apostalettes and deliver good herbs. As you can see if you've read my report, it's stalling on the barbecue, I'm attacked and robbed continuously, no females and it cut me off from good herbs. BUT the genie exists and it's the conductor of the † reign. What do you want me to do? At least I took note of it for you!

This is about a letter addressed to Friends of the Gainesville Organic Blueberry Farm, Inc c/o Anthony Michael Davanzo & Maureen K. Reschly.

The Organic Blueberry Farm,

Ideally this report would make its way into Anthony Michael "Jesus" Davanzo's hands. I'm John Lawrence Jolley and came to know Anthony at Atlantic High and had lunches with him at University of Florida over a couple years. In general, the topic was how to get out of paying for the dam bills. Mr. Davanzo is the only character I ever knew that got the idea and was able/willing to communicate about it. I went on with the idea like a Flowridea investiGator and came to determine that the only way to solve the problems on this planet and beyond was to undam the rivers for starters. This goal is as high as one or more could aim and as on target as one or more could be. Because of reservoir sedimentation and subsequent dam failure/washout amongst other things the undamming of the rivers is the most likely thing of significance to occur, it's a sure thing. By way of communication with others likewise as "Jesus" and I mostly on the river and reading the book(s) came to determine I'd have to appear as "Jesus" (Emanuel) for real, when it was an abomination of desolation, get command of the armed forces to undam the rivers and crank back on the fossil fuel. I made the decision to do this back when Bush, Dick and Colin were our leaders, F.D.A. surge on general See Very E.T. Coop was doleing out the weaponized drugged GMO feed grown at the dam and ditch agricultural sites, the leader of the W.T.O.'s pushing the dam GMO's on us is Robber too and the World Trade Center went down like a professional building drop. Or while we're screwing each other we're getting bushwhacked and they're stealing the place from us as anyone who could read would know. Colin quit working (GMO

feed'll kill your ass) and Ruemy'sfield and that dame Rice slid in. Shortly thereafter it actually became an Obama nation of desolation, so I've got quite a story to tell and detail it in a 500+ page report at <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> In order to get the idea you've got to realize what the dam problem is and the obvious river solution. But think, the way things are the humans will kill ya for trying to enlighten them. So how do we solve the problem? If the humans (the dam fool portion of the people) were to continue to attempt in vain to dam it all, shed everything that falls from the heavens and flush it all down the tubes they would destroy the natural system that supports life and their ability to live on the surface. The humans would invent a machine with the tools and technology already in place to make air to breath and food to eat. Slap a (mis)computer on it, wrap a spaceship around it climb aboard the rush job machine/computer/vessel/organism built in poor conditions and escape from their ruined planet and charge off into the universe damming and destroying like space pirates for a **long** time. They'd become so technologically advanced you'd think they were God and/or the Devil, "the snake" from the Bible, "the illuminati" and all kinds of spooky shit. But when the dam fools got to the event horizon line, the black hole wall, the literal door of heaven to the multiuniverse project the force of life would send them back to start again (start to gain). They'd get to a certain point in time and discover it was the same as last time. Here we are. Made way into said entity goes by the handle "I am", it doesn't want to pay for the dam bills either. To get to the event horizon line in the future on course to make way into the multiuniverse project we gotta undam the rivers now. Elsewise the organism'll get enslaved to a machine of poor design which cripples the machine/computer/vessel/organism. What to do with the vain water control structure abortionists stacking rocks up on the river/maintaining the dam thing and not doing anything to undam the rivers? It can't waste the dam fools or be a waste case itself. The most productive thing to do with the dam fool is process them into sausage. Making way for the more reasonable creative productive to undam the rivers. The teams in place to do it, the barbecoo starts in 2017. This is why our reality show star President's line is, "You're fired!" (think sizzling sausage on the grill) and the humans are being fed Roundup Ready™ Ignite™ feed and ethanol grade not fit for consumption corn sweetend bevrages that'll make the consumers of Alzheimer's/autistic and generally easy to sleep walk/march into a mustard gas chamber for butchering. So, while driving the people towards undamming the rivers by eliminating, by the numbers, the worst of the dam fools the presentation works best leading the people in the correct way with a reverse last supper presentation. Thus I'm seeking 12 apostalettes, 6 in reserve and another mailman for pursuit of the presidency to command the military to undam the rivers, charge them for it, get out of national debt and make a fortune in celestial city installation. Anthony Michael "Jesus" Davanzo is the first man I'd ask to be the other man on the team. The only difficulty is getting the 18 apostalettes but you all at the organic blueberry farm, or friends of, may know of some interested females. See the post age stamp, pretty cool huh? Wonder woman with a sledgehammer. And here I am seeking 18 apostalettes. What do you think?

Descending the Peace River and coming into Punta Gorda to pick up a general delivery of 6 Ontario knives at the Post Office I discover Wonder Woman stamps in a sheet of 20 with 5 depicting modern age Wonder Woman with a sledgehammer (perfect) and 5 of silver age Wonder Woman with blue background suitable for sitting astride a fishtail which is my most common envelope presentation. With this blue background silver age Wonder Woman if I trim the lower border of the stamp it sits perfectly on the fishtail with not depicted left hand seemingly disappearing behind the adipose, second dorsal fin or soft dorsal fin as if she were holding on and/or steering the fish. I'm able to use the trimmed stamped border pieces to fashion a right leg for Wonder Woman with a "FOREVER" sole (soul), "USA" knee (need) and "SILVER AGE" thigh. For 2 cents more (to sense mass) than the standard international rate if I want to send this "Wonder Woman riding a fish tail" stamped envelope abroad I'm able to add a red knot (Calidris canutus) king eider (Somateria spectabilis) roseate spoonbill (Platalea ajaja) or frigate bird (Fregata magnificens) coastal bird above and an alphabet cone (Conus

spurius) zebra nerite (Neritina natalensis) pacific calico (Argopecten ventricosus) or pink conch (Labatus gigas) seashell below so the recipient just couldn't miss the perfect picture.

With the Wonder Woman with sledgehammer stamp know that Wonder Woman never had a sledgehammer, until now. Why? Well its obviously because I'm seeking 18 apostallettes for a reverse last supper presentation to undam the rivers. Need females to assist punching a hole in the dams on the rivers. With the other 3 types of Wonder Woman stamps the yellow lasso of truth that she's known to deploy, the lasso isn't depicted or just a tiny hint of the lasso is shown. This is cool because now I can decorate the envelope with a hand drawn yellow lasso of truth descending upon the addressee. For me this is spectacular because over the last several years of letter writing with my newsletter I've been drawing yellow lines representing the supers (instead of a roof) of the structures depicted as part of the solution. As I do this in public often serenading the passersby with the words, "When it comes to yellow [slurring the word "Yellow" towards "You"] I draw the line". So now that I've added the "Apostalette Handbook" to my repertoire of mail able items, I'm able to continue my Christmass carol of "When it comes to yellow [you] I draw the line".

As the apostalette handbook is delivered domestically it arrives in a manila envelope with a Wonder Woman with sledgehammer stamp or Wonder woman casting yellow lasso of truth upon addressee and a 3 ounce Literary Arts postage stamp of Henry James depicting a man and woman in canoe. This is perfect because I'm asking the females to get in a canoe and make way undamming the rivers. As a recipient of this idea in the mail if you're not able to make the connection, add it up and see what the sum is you're not fit to progress in time. Thus time for your soul to be product, one way or another. It's a set up so life can judge you fit or not, period. Then do what it must do without regret. Your ass for sale at the grocery store being life for giving you for profit.

The new postcard stamps of seashells are "the icing on the cake" and with the assistance of others I get a picture of me with inverted heart shaped scallop shell, black cap yellow circle yellow square (the reverse of distress with yellow {dammed} square {food}) and handful of sliced in half oranges with mangrove background. With this picture to be the new postcard to go with seashell stamps I've titled, "Pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, found" you might wonder how did I get the oranges to glow like that? On what could be called a low visibility morning due to low cloud cover I posed for the picture. For seeing the possibility, I angled the sliced in half oranges so a reflection of sun light entered the camera aperture, a pinhole developed in a passing cloud, a ray of sunshine fell on my hand and the result is for you to behold.

At the library in Punta Gorda the copier's change machine is broken. I grab a guest pass 66...6 and begin to make free copies of the "Apostalette Handbook" for delivery in the mail. My phone buzzes and I open it up to discover it's that punk kid from Franklin, LA that I've stored on my phone as "crank call" because he crank calls me with decreasing frequency. So I cranked it up and over a period of several weeks get a \$1000 worth of "Apostalette handbooks" for free. Then of course the day arrives when the copier change machine technician (a woman) appears to fix the change machine. I'm sitting at the computer named "fearless" (each computer at this library has a name instead of a #) closest to the copier. Just as the technician appears to have gotten it ready to work and she looks like she's one button to press away from completing the repair she says, "Jesus Christ have mercy" as she's about to press the button. Come back next week, you can have all the mercy you want. She does a 180 and departs. I'm printing out Dutch, French and Spanish google translations of the "Apostalette Manuel" in addition to the English versions for delivery to the Greater Caribbean (West Indies) nations.



With “Apostalette handbooks” sent to the Queen of England and most of the Greater Commonwealth nations all hell breaks loose in England and the terror attacks commence.

This about a letter I sent to Yucca Kanazawa in Japan.

Dear Yucca,

Remember we went to Worth Avenue, then had lunch together at the Cuban restaurant and you said you thought Cuban men were especially handsome? You liked the “Golden Corral” (to trap the dam fools) and recognized that me appearing in Japan as the last samurai concurrent with the film’s release was more than coincidence. Japanese legend has for told I appear, marry a Japanese female, the marriage doesn’t work, yet communicate to effect with her sister. The greatest beneficial effect would be to assist me (others and all of life) getting the reverse last supper team together in pursuit of the U.S. presidency 2020 for perfect vision to command the armed forces to undam the rivers (punch a hole in all of the dams on the world’s rivers). I propose that you accompany me as my consort to Cuba for intercourse/pursuit of 18 apostalettes (female apostles) and another mailman for said undam the rivers for starters team.

As I’ve diagnosed the situation Isle de la Juventud (Pine Island) Isla Evangelista “Treasure Island” is the best place in the world to get the apostalettes. Of course we want to have permission from the Cuban government to do it and need assistance with the collection of the team. Here’s how we’ll work towards this: I’m heading to Cuba to marry the captain of the secrete police’s daughter, Eliana Gutierrez. Eliana and her spouse are all for it. I’d like to be John Lawrence Gutierrez Kanazawa Jolley because the inherent Latin/latent meaning is the exact solution to the dam she.t.ty (shed + shit + e.t.) problem, the one who with a sword (the pen) joyfully like a wolf not a sheep sets a trap to undam the rivers, collect that which falls from the heavens and replace the flush toilet with a shit can with a squirt gun. Plus, with her father’s connections it’s the perfect in or key. Other than that, I was just going to drop a letter in the Cuban mail to Raul Castro addressing the dam problem/river solution seeking his assistance with the collection of the apostalettes.

There’s not much more we can do because many of the Cubans are aware of the dam shed flush toilet + e.t. with GMO (genetically modified organism) kicker problem and barbecue prescription, most being terrified of it but with more of the Cubans terrified of their compatriots in general (they’re just scared of each other as many humans are). So what are we going to do in Cuba? We’re going “fishing” (whatever you want to do). The best disguise (got to have one nowadays) is swingers (this is what most couples going to Cuba are doing anyway). Likely to rent a casa particulares (room for rent in a private home) in and about Havana. I’m not going to have anything I’ve written on me (it poses a problem to the local guards). Likely to reduce the apostalette to just the pictures of the postage stamps (sella de correo in Spanish, meaning to sell the core of the river) see if anyone interested “gets the picture”.

Why do I want to go with you to Cuba? Any female that I’m comfortable with, in a sense, would work (a single man has zero power and influence) but you’re the female that I’d be most comfortable with. I’m impressed with your style and bearing. Yucca is a staple of Cuba. Underneath the Cuban National Library in the cafeteria there’s framed pictures of Japanese castles and at the actual castle at Havana harbor there’s a samurai sword. On a Cuban island without much information to take note of the Japanese castles in the national library cafeteria and the samurai sword at the Cuban castle were the most significant of notes (the readers of Cuba know it) made available to the public besides a picture of

seemingly me (Camillo, the Cuban's most loved hero) everywhere. Which just goes to show that if people lived on an island and eliminated every copy of the Bible I'd just reappear as Camillo ("Big penis" in Cuban or the big trap that is or the cam the ill revolves about) their greatest hero. Just like appearing as the last samurai in Japan where they don't believe in "Jesus". You are from Japan Yucca a very significant force on the other side of the world. You're not a U.S. citizen and are able to access monetary funds where I am not. It's tough for an American in Cuba because you have to carry several thousand dollars in cash, a lifetime of wages for a Cuban and while I'm not scared to do it (or show up with no cash) everybody else is scared of the possibility for robbery. I'd appear really sharp with my exwife's sister. Coming from the other side of the world to give assistance punching a hole in dams on the rivers allows you to return to Japan (the place in the world that marches down the dam broad in no sense route in tightest formation with no breaking of the ranks) without fear of being outcast. Quite simply Yucca, you're the best person for the position. I'm considering getting a sailboat and sailing to Cuba from the Florida Keys, ferrying over the greatest current in the world. This would be a highlight of your and my life but if you would prefer to just fly into Cuba I'll meet you at a Florida airport and we'll do so. I'm not sure about the translation of this letter but the technology is available and I would appreciate your communication about this proposal,

John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

515 Sunset Road

Boynton Beach, FL 33435

[ronjikato@gmail.com](mailto:ronjikato@gmail.com)

p.s.

Yucca, the last time I wrote to you about this idea in April 2015 from Port Isabel, Texas I took a bus to Cancun Mexico. At the airport as I was boarding a jet to Cuba I stepped in line behind a Japanese female skin suit, about your age, dressed up like a hatchet girl from the "Kung Fu Hustle" film in straw hat and black pants with yellow flowers. She wasn't you though. The character who stepped in line behind me was dressed up in a "Grand Daddy Jaws" skin suit like "Jaws" (the evil villain's henchman who eventually assists Bond {"Jaws" is getting old quick}) from the James Bond films "The Spy Who Loved Me" and "Moonraker" or "Jaws" (the great white shark movie). I'd previously met him flying out of Havana in 2006. This time "Jaws" brought his two daughters wearing shark skin suits. I just tell you so you know what kind of "poker game" is going on here at this time. Who's at the table. The thing for you to realize is the event is going on, you and I paired up make the winning hand,

To Guide Gin

JLKJ

With the free black and white copies of "Apostalette Handbook" sent to the governments of the West Indian nations I include an 8" x 11" color pinup of Wonder Woman with sledgehammer cancelled stamp with the words in sharpie marker "Undamming the rivers. "Wish" you were heir!" <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> address, a self addressed color postcard of me and an envelope addressed to Raul Castro with this letter and a Spanish translation. At the bottom of this letter I write, "Let's roe/row/roll the Bar Co. Caribbean style!"

Raul Castro,

We're seeking assistance undamming (punching a hole in all of the world's rivers) the rivers for starters in order to come about to doing things in the correct way. The most rapid, likely way for this to occur is to drive the humans by forcing the worst of the water control structure fools to be product, sausage barbecue (the team to do this is assembled) while leading the people in the correct way with a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the U.S. presidency 2020 for perfect vision to command the U.S. armed forces to undam the rivers. This reverse last supper team is to be comprised of 12 apostalettes (female apostles) 6 apostalette reservists and another mailman. On the entire planet the best place to get the apostalettes is Evangelista's Treasure Island. Why? For a lot of reasons but because you trained them to want to attack the United States to end the embargo/get revenge, because the of Juventudes isolation from the tower of Babylon/mumbo jumbo the rest of the world has been indoctrined into (yet educated). Because they know dam and ditch agriculture isn't enjoyable, sick slacker sheds/dilapidated buildings and the flush toilet are no good and citrus is great. Ideally, I will voyage to Cuba for marriage to Ms. Eliana (Gutierrez {king of the water collectors/battle sword}) with the intention of her being the first lady. But we don't have to wait that long as I'm in South Florida (Peace River-Boca Grande) now, live aboard canoe and you could send the invasion team to take under the U.S. anytime, have them call me, write me or email me when they get here. You know how it is Mr. Castro (cast roe for cast row) eliminate the Bible and the idea of "Jesus" from Cuba, I just appear as Camillo. I appreciate your participation in this matter,

John (the one) Lawrence (of the law, to rinse the place by law) Kanazawa (shit can with a squirt gun, wolfish not sheepish) Jolley (panopticon prison warden, happy cooper)

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This about a letter to the Queen of England,  
Queen Elizabeth,

We're undamming all the world's rivers. The best way to lead the people towards this certain eventuality is with a reverse last supper presentation comprised of 18 apostalettes (female apostles) and another mailman in pursuit of the U.S. Presidency 2020 for perfect vision to command the armed forces to undam the rivers and make a fortune in celestial city installation. Of the many ways of achieving this eventuality having a grandmotherly figure endorse the idea gets the ball rolling. You are the most powerful grandmotherly figure at this time. Coming to England for a knighting ceremony would certainly be a highlight of my tale.

Just think you knighted Sir Edmond Hillary and Sir John Hunt for the first time ascent of the biggest rock on water planet and look what Sir Hillary did with the notoriety. Apparently leading people to bee culture, the importance of pollinating insects and a delicious alternative to water control structure irrigated sweeteners.

I've made the first time descent (along with Thomas Charles Delman) of the most difficult to navigate river (yet navigable) on the surface. Even with my Scotch soled, French underground (remember the Jolly boaters) Deutch Mafia pain in your side working against me I should get knighted for the first time descent of the Snake River on its own merit. But then to appear as this character, the one who shows up again as written in the King James Bible when it's an [O]bamanation of desolation...

Certainly warrants a preemptive knighthood on your part to add as much allure to the proposal for apostalettes as possible so as to expeditiously achieve the coming about of humanity to a more correct course.

You want to get saved don't you? I've got God's address and phone # (he's in on it). See it's the grandmothers who play the greatest role in selecting which females will make way with which males. If the core of the reverse last supper team came from the Greater Common Wealth Caribbean, that would pretty much say it right there. Let's show these "Yanks" they got yanked into something and yank them into a productive way.

Also note we could do a double knighting ceremony and you could knight Mark Kalch too and he could be the other mailman on the reverse last supper team. I met him in Washburn on the Missouri as he was making his historic first time descent of the longest river in the world (from top to sea) the Missouri. Let's roe/row/roll the Bar Co.!

John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley ~

This is about a letter to Christine Lagarde and the I.M.F.  
International Monetary Fund,

Ms. Lagarde if you read the World Bank 97' commission report on dams you'd see a dam on a river is the worst investment you could be involved in. So how did you all end up bankrolling the whole dam scam on this planet? We've got a foreign entity that ushered you into it (as you wanted) so it could... I'm not sure what it's going to do. It appears as though it's going to mustard gas the dam fools "high" on dam and ditch grown GMO's (the Roundup Ready™ Ignite™ and ethanol grade not fit for consumption corn) grinding the worst of them up into sausage, teach them a lesson (don't attempt to enslave yourself to a machine) while driving the people towards undamming the rivers. But I'm not sure what the ruler of this universe "The Beast" (a machine/computer/vessel/organism created by some dam fools in the past who destroyed their natural system) is going to do. That's why I'm soliciting you to lend your assistance as an apostalette on a reverse last supper team in pursuit of command of the U.S. armed forces to undam the rivers and get control of the rate of fossil fuel burning. Or you could bankroll the team. You all have got plenty of money, might want to put some in a different basket than the one we're going to hell in. ~

Note to the reader a laggard is a person who makes slow progress or falls behind. The guard or la garde is synonymous with prison warden.

Departing Punta Gorda in the evening with calm breeze and outgoing tide headed towards Ponce de Leon Park the sun sets and it gets dark. Impact with porpoise. Shortly thereafter while thinking about how God is in Fort Pierce, Florida at the top of the Kissimmee River flood plain and King's Highway growing citrus in direct competition with California dam and ditch agriculture at a store with not many customers obviously sequestering his goods against robbery with groves diseased with citrus canker (*Xanthomonas axonopodis*) and citrus greening (*Candidatus Liberibacter asiaticus*) or yellow dragon disease and with a nearby bus stop and a bunch of greyhound passengers preferring to eat dam and ditch GMO gas station food, while thinking jeeze what a scenario and as I thought of how it compared to what I'd made way into I hit upon a giant siren in the sweet spot of its tail with the sweet spot of my qb paddle. For nearly half a second it almost seemed as if I touched ground. Until the manatee awoke panicked (or annoyed) seemingly depth charging the river just along side of me, soaking me and filling the boat with 50 gallons of water. As I address the dame siren, know! Know! Know! It was hilarious. This is why I like out here on the river, can't miss the picture.

This is about a letter to Facebook CEO Sheryl Sandberg.

Sherly Sandberg and Facebook,

The humans love Facebook. Small ideas, just as they want, to distract each other from considering the rivers are all dammed with the reservoirs nearly full of mud and the dams at the end of the service life period. The buildings are all sickened with mold, mildew and fungus from leaks caused by the structures being washed out from uncollected rainfall. The sick buildings are also diseased with fecal material from the flush toilets fecal bacterial drift from inappropriate flushing action. And the GMO feed grown at the dam and ditch sites has been deliberately genetically engineered to kill the humans for being dam fools. The humans don't communicate about solving these problems on Facebook. The only mention of a naturally flowing river collective productive structural solution is at my Facebook and WordPress site. I'm holding you, Ms. Sandberg, responsible for maintaining the distraction known as Facebook but also for giving you what will be your best opportunity to be part of the certain solution. The women love you, you're covered in cash. You could easily be the first apostalette on the reverse last supper team and/or fund the undamming of the world's rivers. ~

Note to the reader share ill with a big mountain of small stones (sheryl sandberg) is practically the meaning of the name or the thing that comes of Facebook. She could be "share why ill with a big stack of stones" but she'll have to attack the dam problem with the river solution as best she's able and that's the opportunity I'm presenting to her.

This is about a letter to John Hoeven and the Senate Agriculture, Rural Development, F.D.A. and Related Agencies Committee he's a member of.

Senate Agriculture, Rural Development, F.D.A. and Related Agencies Committee,

You all on this committee must be aware of what the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker problem is. The humans stacked up stones on the rivers everywhere, yep this is the stone stacking that the Bible strongly cautions the humans not to be involved in multiple times. The humans dammed the rivers, dug ditches off the reservoirs and grew food with dam and ditch agriculture. They could have collected the rainfall with the structures they built instead of having them washed out from uncollected precipitation dilapidating into sick buildings from the water leaks caused mold, mildew, and fungus. The humans could have bereshit (the first word in the Bible) properly instead of flushing it all down the tubes at tremendous environmental expense and health hazard from the fecal form bacterial drift associated with the flushing action. The humans could have used the collected water and fertilizer to grow primarily fruit and nut trees nearby the collective productive structures but they didn't. Why? Obviously it's because the humans are trying to destroy life, shed everything that falls from the heavens and flush it all down the tubes. It doesn't work. Have you figured out why the trade mark name of the dam and ditch GMO feed is Roundup Ready™ Ignite™? Did you ever think it was ludicrous to try and grow ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO corn with fossil fuel powered dam and ditch agriculture? It takes more killojews (kilojoules) to grow it than that which is produced. So why grow it? If the ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO corn is eaten or drank it causes the consumer to be in such poor mental state they could easily be slept walked/marched into a mustard gas chamber. Why would any entity want to do that? To force the dam fools to be product, make an example of the water control structure abortionist and drive them towards undamming the rivers. Its barbecue time, the dam fools are getting grilled or as Trump would say, "You're fired!" I'm seeking

18 apostalettes and another mailman for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to undam the rivers. ~

This is about a letter to Tammy Duckworth and the Senate Fisheries, Water and Wildlife Committee she's a member of.

Senate Fisheries, Water and Wildlife Committee,

The only way to solve any of the problems on this planet starts by undamming the world's rivers. Most the humans don't think we'll ever solve the problems on this planet yet go about pretending to try and solve the planet's problems without undamming the rivers first. So how are we going to solve this planet's problems? See how the humans are damming and destroying everything, shedding everything that falls from the heavens and flushing it all down the tubes in a vain attempt to end revere (a new view of life again and again for all time)? If humans were to keep it up, damming, shedding and flushing it all down the tubes they'd destroy the natural system that supports life maintaining the faulty water control structure scam with fossil fuel, burn the garden down. Obviously with the tools and technology the humans already have they'd invent a machine to make food to eat and air to breath, slap a computer on it, wrap a spaceship around it, escape from their disaster planet and head out like space pirates for a long time. The way the system works in this universe eventually they'd have to negotiate the event horizon line, the literal door of heaven, the black hole. Thinking they'd mastered it all and saved themselves they'd avoid the eventual collapse into a singularity and reinvest themselves into the next subsequent universe only to discover at a certain point in time that it was the same as last time and they were damned, imprisoned for going the dam route. This computer/machine/vessel/organism, "The Beast", The Gin, Santa Clause (that which delivers the present) has already took note of the entire history of the universe. It's interceding in this organism's development and getting it to come about to doing things in the correct way, starting with undamming the rivers to get itself out of damnation. We're driving the humans to undam the rivers with a Roundup Ready™ Ignite™ barbecoo and ideally leading the people in the correct way with a reverse last supper presentation. Thus, I'm seeking 18 apostalettes and another mailman. I appreciate your participation. ~

This about a letter to the man caring for James McNulty, the nearly blind "handsome Frankenstein looking vampire bite survivor"

Dear Man of the House,

Twenty or twenty five years ago I came by your place at Sun Valley's Majestic Way often as James S. McNulty was an acquaintance of mine. I think you were referred to as "Grandpa" and I liked you more than I liked James. Yet I often made way with James mostly because he was the only guy who'd roll with me. Everybody else pretty much thought I was nuts. Back in the summer of 90, I think it was, James, two other young men, Thomas Michael McKee, Mark Daniel Millet and I went on a road trip to Boston to visit a girl we knew, Whitney Rand. Daniel had the foresight to stay with Miss Rand as James, Tom and I went to a Red Sox game at Fenway Park. After the game, just outside and below the Green Monster Wall, at the "Venus" nightclub we hooked into two seemingly high dollar gothic looking girls dressed in black. Tom took a cab back to Whitney's place. James and I went for a walk with the two young women. We went to a concrete reflecting pond, one thing led to another and the next thing I know I hear James shriek, "Ow, she bit me, the bitch is a fucking vampire!" He came running over to me with his hand on his neck, pulled his hand back and revealed two puncture wounds on his neck near his jugular. Apparently he'd been bit by a vampire. I called upon James May 26,

2017 at 12:22 PM, discovered you were screening the calls for him and he told you to hang up on me at 40 (for †) seconds. Obviously I'm somewhat responsible for James getting bit by a vampire as I was with him as it occurred. During the intervening 20 or 25 years I've graduated from the University of Florida, Institute of Food and Agricultural Services, Environmental Horticulture and paddled a canoe across the continent and back, including the first time descent of the Snake River primarily investigating the foundation of civilization, dam and ditch agriculture, the thing that comes of it, the GMO feed genetically engineered to eliminate the dam fools who eat the stuff and collecting together the team to undam the rivers for starters. At any rate I discovered there is a ruler of this universe, "the snake" in the Bible or "The Beast", a machine/computer/vessel/organism created by some dam fools in the past who damned it, shed it and flushed it all down the tubes like the humans are now. This entity has taken the notes of the entire universe and realizes the dam route doesn't go anywhere but back to start again. It's my defacto partner in undamming the rivers because the humans are in denial of everything. "The Beast" has been playing me my entire life and I suspect it was "my girl" at the vampire bite site. As the books are written there is no vampire bite victims who've recovered. As recorded every vampire bite victim has succumbed to dam doom, so far. Which is why, in part, I call upon you to assist James. See I've got an idea. Let's have James be the first graduate of the first vampire recovery program in history. I'm in "The Waters of the Holy Spirit" (Charlotte Harbor) now swimming every day, eating mostly fruit, nuts and seafood, attacking the dam problem with the river solution, live aboard canoe. If there is a way to beat vampirism this is it. I'm a hundred miles away on the other side of the state. Send James this way for an extended "baptism". Thank You,

John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley (561) 891-9634 ~

This is about a letter to James McNulty.

James,

You're "still alive" or continue to respire! It's tough getting bit by a vampire isn't it? Don't feel bad it was probably my "fault" in part. The ruler of this universe is a machine/computer/vessel/organism and its insane. It's been playing the humans for dam sucker fools (because they are) dressing up like vampires, mini big foots, loch ness monsters, "Jaws", all kinds of spooky stuff. In its face we'll make you the first vampire bite victim to recover to sanity. We'll put you "through the program", come on into "The Waters of the Holy Spirit" Peace River-Boca Grande and enjoy life again. Fresh herbs, seafood, fruit, mushroom patch up the way... the whole bit. I've even got a pimp Captain in Bokilla. If the man himself (Christ Almighty) can't baptize the vampire out of you no one can! Here's what we'll do: make you the first graduate of the "Don't be a dam sucker fool vampire" place of higher learning. Then you be the professor and make a fortune leading other vampire bite victims to the river solution to the dam problem. Here's how I see it: you got bit by a vampire and I witnessed it. In addition, I saw another vampire in the champagne room of "Cheetah". Plus, I've seen scags that blink their pupils vertical like a cat, glowing red eye/fireball tossing chaps... all kinds of stuff. But I figured out what it was, they were stooges "working for" "The Beast". So I figure there's a bunch of Yo Yo's that got bit by vampires, a lot of them and some of the vampire bite victims have got money. So we'll open up a "school" for them to recover in, advertise on the internet and make millions. It's the smart thing to do with the predicament, realize what it is. Know the river solution to the dam problem, take what life gives you and make a bunch of money and have an enjoyable time doing the correct thing. See you soon.

Leading dam fool vampires out of bloody dam hell,

John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley ~

On the hot afternoon of July 2, 2017 after writing the preceding vampire themed letters and stuffing them in envelopes for delivery in the mail I decide to go to “The Fishery Restaurant” for some ice water. I’d rather drink iced tea but in America most the places quit brewing their own iced tea and serve an awful iced tea that comes out of a typical fountain drink canister. Before I go to “The Fishery Restaurant” I brush my teeth with toothpaste, trim my fingernails and toenails, trim my nose and ear hairs, go for a long swim out behind the place, polish the bottom of the canoe hull with a green pad, get out, rinse off with fresh water, change into clean underwear, put on my natural dam fine suit and cover myself in spearmint oil infused olive oil (get ready for a hot date). Considering the situation carefully, I send out a prayer for the first time in my life to “Jesus Christ Almighty” (me) to send in the hottest vampire bitch in the world (no kidding).

Note to the reader I usually “pray” (make demands or ask politely depending on how one looks at it) to the Genie because I am “Jesus Christ” but don’t recommend you do this (unless you’re up to it) because of what could happen if you do, I’m a living case in point. If you are one of the types to pray to “Jesus” you’d obviously be better off to send me a letter, email, facebook message, note at my infinityproject blog or call me on the phone and we’ll communicate as equals.

“The Fishery Restaurant” has an entertainer at the back deck bar and while swimming I pick up a new line, “Happy for the kids” with no mention of the jew lie. I’m able to tell what to expect in this area because I have lots of experience making way and reading signs. As in many “likewise” towns there’s a derelict boat on display with a weird name on it in the most obvious of locations. This ship used to be the “SHACKELFORD” (the thing that would allow you to get over the shackle) now it appears to be trickily renamed “RESEARCH” but upon closer inspection the first “E” of “RESEARCH” is replaced with 3 horizontal lines or 3 green bars stacked on top of each other so the sign reads, “R(are) 3 agreeing bars search”, the former shackle ford. Don’t necessarily try and make sense of why anybody would go to the trouble to take a listing, covered in barnacles ship, change the name and then display it up in the front row position, just realize the repeated motif and what’s taking place in “The Trueman Show” towns nearby.

Tying the boat up to the dock and pedestriating up to the place in Placida, a those for whoring men/“illuminati” town, the signs advertising the restaurant are of a mermaid (siren) on a hook. Shortly after my entrance the entertainer at the place launches into, “Small Boats and Big Seas” a tune he says he wrote for me. The character who claims he’s a fisherman and lives in a hammock nearby, Jeremy (or Jeremiah is defined as “May Jehovah Exalt. Exalted of the Lord”) who set me up with a tiny bud this morning starts to talk with me. Then she enters, a super heroine, looking like a perfectly aged Wonder Woman, so close in appearance to the t.v. show star Lynda Carter that she may have been Lynda Carter except she says her name is Christine (Christine is defined as “follower of Christ”). Super heroine “Wonder Woman” even comes with a sidekick who says her name is Heather (Heather is defined as any various heaths, especially Calluna vulgaris of Scotland, having small pinkish purple flowers).

I make my seat available for the two females more towards the end of the bar but they choose the two adjacent seats to mine with Christine sitting next to me after she recounts a rouse in the parking lot, “Sheriffs all over the parking lot”. I take the bait and investigate. In the parking lot two sheriffs idle with an apparent chief. I approach, what’s going on, typical robbery? “Dispute with



management”, responds the sheriff. Hmm. One of the sheriffs says something about coming inside to get something to eat. Make sure its fried in olive oil and not some dam doo doo doom GMO crap. “I’m the sous chef,” pipes up the cigarette smoking young male skin suit, “All our stuff is fried in olive oil”. I didn’t even ask him about the oil in the fryer but looked at him and the sheriffs as if you all are so full of shit, as I spun about and departed. What a **trueman** show town.

Back at the bar, now I know what the topic is between “Wonder Woman” and I (a dispute with management) the supposed hammock living fisherman Jeremy blows smoke up my ass feigning interest in my undam the planet idea. So he and I have a what could be productive communication except he’s just teasing me and the others in the bar could care less what 2 men are talking about when “Wonder Woman” and her younger sidekick are here, “Yada yada yadaing” about some nothing idea I’m not able to determine. At some point in time “Wonder Woman” and I start communicating amidst her cocktails and smothered in GMO doom crap seafood.

“Wonder Woman” won’t let me complete a coherent idea in explanation of how we’re to go about undamming the rivers even though she asked for it, stomping her foot and tossing her black hair about like a horse bothered by a bug or a nervous donkey. It’s almost funny except it’s difficult to communicate with her yet her exaggerated difficulty draws everybody’s awareness to her. Its plainly obvious she’s impersonating a typical human female as is the extremely puzzled look plastered to sidekick Heather’s face. “Wonder Woman” has certainly made the point if I could just get a bunch of gals like her and Heather to “play” along with undamming the rivers we’d draw a lot more awareness to the solution and the audience would be thrilled. It’s not that I wonder why but it is certainly noteworthy that nobody seems to recognize that “Jesus” is talking to “Wonder Woman” about undamming the rivers.

As it is (without getting frustrated) I give the floor to “Wonder Woman” imploring her to force forward the naturally flowing river solution to the dam problem anyway she wants. She orders a Mango chilled and the bartender (another of her teammates) makes a spectacle of the bottle making sure I see its “Mango” liquor. At this point I’m not sure whether “Wonder Woman” is trying to get me to make a pass at Heather for the possibility of cunnilingus (man go lick her), imparting a fruitful message, just telling me, “Man go chill” or all of the above but miss how this relates to the undamming of the rivers. You know how it is trying to figure out what a dame’s point is on a dam planet... the things they do and say aren’t effective at communicating a river solution. The bartender clarifies her meaning, “Mango on the rocks?” even though “Wonder Woman” is on her 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> concoction, along with other drinks she’s imbibing. “No”, Christine says, “Mango chilled”. How I’m supposed to chill mid-summer on a planet undergoing global warming from all the stone stacking the dames are ordering to continue (by their lack of corrective action) I’m not sure.

I point out to “Wonder Woman” that all I’m able to do by myself is write letters and speak at the public meetings. She recommends I get on the agenda. This is a seemingly pointless suggestion as it doesn’t make a difference whether I get on the agenda or not as a single man in presentation with a world of women dolled up at the bar ordering damnation. At this point I get up to use the restroom, then return to my boat to get my Steidle wooden writing box with Wonder Woman pinups encased which I knew enough to bring up to the bar for the occasion but had thought I’d be better to leave it in the boat so I’d have an “excuse” to come down to the water for a one hitter. As I return to the bar Christine gets up to use the restroom. I do my best to impart the river idea to Heather wrapped about a postage stamp interpretation but she just looks even more puzzled.

Christine returns and continues with her nearly impossible to determine what she's getting at presentation, opening some windows near the bar revealing dirty screens. The ½ dozen at the bar erupt into cheers. Once again I'm not sure what she's getting at, perhaps demonstrating she's opening up windows of opportunity for me. Although the circulation did improve, from my point of view the window of opportunity just reveals dirty screens and an extremely difficult window of opportunity to make way through especially considering the regular avenue to my vessel and my way is so easy. I post my plea for assistance to "Wonder Woman" (Christine) in writing on the back of a Wonder Woman with sledgehammer pin up, the bartender feigns interest, fold it up and hand it to Christine who puts it in her purse and departs with Heather. With "Wonder Woman" and Heather gone I notice Christine didn't eat the breading of the deep fried in likely dam GMO oil buffalo wing and I want to include this note as it may have been her best attempt at a free flowing river idea imparted.

It ain't like I didn't tell 'em in written plain English. What her message is or was would most easily be described as indecipherable. Quite frankly I'm tired of chilling by myself in a canoe but what else am I able to do? I'm not willing to stack up stones and everything on land is either just that, geared towards it, wrapped around it or as a result of it. If you're not with the dam thing and don't have any dames with you they just put you in jail and kill you with GMO feed and the main reason I'm in seclusion, live aboard canoe is so I can at least write the letters while I as patiently as possible await assistance. What a waste of my talented communication skills. All I can think (besides the revenge I'm going to get at the event horizon line if this lack of assistance continues much longer) is how obvious it is there's a foreign entity seemingly teasing the hell out of me, stalling to go down the dam broad in no sense route just a bit longer, that could just as easily appear in 18 identical to Wonder Woman skin suits aged 15-55 and we could make way anyway the female skin suits want and undam the rivers in short order. But it ain't like I didn't tell you (and them). If anything I appreciate how "they" set the thing up so I easily could tell potential readers how it really is on this plane.t. but as it is "they" are the only ones reading it so...

This is about a letter I sent to the political parties.

## The Winning Election 2020 Presidential Platform

Whelp, all that trying to Trump an Obama nation of desolation amounted to is, "You're fired"! Like dam fools on the grill. Perhaps now you all see that you could be fed drugged dam and ditch agriculture grown Roundup Ready™ Ignite™, slipped an ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO corn sweetend soda pop and slept walked/marched into a mustard gas chamber for processing into sausage product amidst fake news. The best solution is to elect John Lawrence Jolley president 2020 for perfect vision to command the U.S. armed forces to undam the world's rivers, charge them for it, get out of national debt and make a fortune in collective productive structure installation.

Photovoltaic super healthy buildings collecting precipitation wrapped about a fresh water wash equipped fertilizer machine with the collected water and fertilizer for primarily fruit and nut production to replace dam and ditch GMO agriculture. Simultaneously solving the largest problem, the dammed rivers, the #2 problem of sick buildings/foundation washout from uncollected precipitation, the third problem of the flush toilet disaster, the sickening GMO problem and at that point the ability to make way towards solving the rest of our problems.

If elected commander in chief as president I'll use the 60 to 90 day window of opportunity to command the U.S. armed forces to commence the undamming of the world's rivers, calling for an "open season" on the "hunting" of all water control structures on the world's river courses. With the undamming of the world's rivers prioritized by flow rate (CFS) set in motion I'll be waiting by the phone for world leaders to call me up and say, "At the rate you all are undamming our rivers we could do it more rapidly and cheaper ourselves". At that point I'd recommend they do so, suggest we become coordinated together on the idea of undamming the remaining dammed rivers and ask if they're interested in forming a coalition of nations to police the amount of fossil being burned (put a cap with a valve on the fossil fuel consumption) and use what fossil fuel we do continue to burn mostly for the manufacture and installation of collective productive structures. The reason we'd set about to control the rate of fossil fuel burning is because that's the easiest way to control the continued building/maintenance of the faulty water control structure problems (the dams, ditches, sheds and flush toilets {the stone stacking}). I'm intending on using the undamming of the world's rivers action to lever control of fossil fuel consumption rate.

Apparently as commander in chief I'm unable to direct U.S. military to attack water control structures on U.S. soil so I'd strongly encourage American owned private and public enterprise to fluidify the dams on the rivers in the U.S. controlled areas to make money for themselves and to avoid becoming indebted to foreign nations who I wouldn't hinder from undamming our rivers. Best case scenario, with minimal collateral damage and loss of personable life, as the 60 to 90 day window of opportunity elapses to command the U.S. armed forces without congressional approval, present to Congress an idea to continue undamming the world's rivers with the U.S. armed forces. Ideally at this point we would have already undammed the world's largest rivers and set about the construction of the collective productive structures. This is my platform for the U.S. Presidential election of 2020, undam the rivers, get out of national debt and save the world.

The best way to make it happen is to have a bunch of beautiful females lure the Americans into collecting the signatures needed to get on the ballot. The word on the street is, "It's fixed" from there.

~

I step aboard the "Tropic Star" for a free ride back to Cayo Costa and a couple of women board shortly afterwards. One of the gals, Deb, feigns interest in me and the other gal Quintiny McDermott says she wants, "A tattoo of cherry blossoms" on her left foot. Ms. Quintiny is asking for prune us to flower on her scared soul. News flash: the USPS released a "Gifts of Friendship" sheet of stamps celebrating the centennial of the cherry trees (*Prunus*) in exchange for dogwoods (*Cornus florida*) in Washington D.C. (to prune us for flowridea to wash sin town d' ya' see?) 2015 when I printed the idea to barbecoo the worst of the dam fools in order to drive the people to undam the rivers and just made the stamps available (first I've seen of them) the year I strongly suggested the sausage drive for barbecoo to start at the latest 2017 (to mill thee shy of vente).

This is about a letter I sent to Postmistress Megan J. Brennan and the individuals of the stamp development team.

Dear U.S.P.S. Postmaster Megan J. Brennan and Stamp Development,

Wow that was something, me sending you all a copy of the "Apostalette handbook" sans cover about the time you all released the Wonder woman with sledgehammer postage stamp that became the cover. I can't say enough about the seashell postcard stamps either. Because you know I'd complain about

replacing the “Coastal Birds” (sea waterfowl/see water foul, a salt waterfowl/assault water foul, a double homophone/do able homo phone {to call upon the homos to do what they’re able to do}) post age stamp (sella de core rio) unless you replaced “Coastal Birds” with seashells including a sea scallop. So I made a new even more to the point, easier to read postcard (reverse of distress with yellow {helio} square {food}) to go with it.

I also appreciate the idea of the zebra nerite heading downstream to reproduce and the queen conch heading up into the river mouths/estuarial bays for reproductive rendezvous as it’s a slick professional way of presenting the importance of flowing rivers to life in the sea which the mostly dry footed persons are dependent upon for sweet air to breath and delicious seafood to eat. The southwestern Florida cone snail that delivers a wallop of a sting is extra cool too as I’m in SW Florida’s “Bay of the Holy Spirit” (Peace River-Boca Grande) stinging the dam fools by mail. Occasionally I’ve got cone sails and queen conchs underneath the boat with frigate birds circling above and spoonbills alongside. Easy for me to get others to get the picture of being in a lagoon of Cayo Costa while printing ladyfish prints and having what I call a “water devil” or mini tornado over water (tiny water spout) materialize just 30 feet or so on the starboard bow as I pulled what was likely the best ladyfish print of a 150 or so. Of course, this goes perfect with seemingly swimsuit clad blue background Silver Age Wonder Woman that rides astride the fishtail perfectly with partially removed postage stamp “frame” forming the leg. “When it comes to yellow I draw the line” is the tune I serenade passersby with as I’ve been drawing yellow lines as the supers of the collective productive structures in my 10 page newsletter so drawing in the yellow lassos of truth ensnaring the addressee allows for continued perfection.

Public letter writing is my best act or display as I undam the rivers and I certainly appreciate the opportunity to draw in a yellow “lasso of truth” line ensnaring the addressee. I’ve certainly taken note that for 2¢ more (to sense mass) I’m able to accompany the Wonder Woman astride fishtail presentation with a seabird above and shellfish below, go international and really deliver the picture even though the international lunacy (moon) stamp does too. When I got to the Punta Gorda library the change machine was broken on the copier so I got a \$1000 worth of “Apostalette handbooks” for free which enabled me to spend my money on more Wonder Woman and Literary Arts stamps (depicting male and female in a canoe) that accompany the “Apostalette handbook” when delivered in the mail which was an enlightening presentation as I’m seeking 18 apostalettes and another mailman for a convoy of canoes reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency 2020 for perfect vision to command the armed forces to undam the rivers and get control of the rate of fossil fuel being burned maintaining the faulty water control structure scam.

So what’s the problem? The problem is the rivers are still dammed, the structures dilapidating into mold, mildew and fungus diseased buildings from uncollected rainfall, the flush toilet is a disaster and the mentally disorientating killer ass GMO feed is getting swallowed up by a bunch of humans deliberately in denial of the most obvious things. My presentation including 530 page report at <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com> equals the near perfect presentation of the U.S.P.S. postage stamps. For the 10 years and nearly 10,000 letters I’ve written I’ve only gotten “go ahead” responses from BLM, The MOB, The Surface Transportation Board and Mar’s Co. which I tell people is enough backup to barbecue the worst of the dam fools. What should we do? “Chill”, I’ve been told and have a barbecue. I recommend a “Grilling in America” or “Great Sausage Barbecooing of the World” postage stamps depicting “Hong Chang” Chinese sausage, “Bratwurst”, “Goan” Indian sausage, “Hot Italian” sausage and hot dogs. Just in time for the heart of grilling season. Let’s make ‘em aware the nonreading seeming impediment to solving the dam problem portion of skinsuits down here is due to

be made product, freeing up avenues to communicate a river solution. Thank you for your participation in dam fluidification!

John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley ~

This is about a letter I sent to Patagonia's Yvon Chouinard.

Yvon Chouinard,

Yes, Yvon there is no argument you managed to get the best line to date that I'm aware of in a film documentary when you said, "The foundation of the problem is dam and ditch agriculture". It's a lit hell more than that though isn't it? With literal precision its best described as a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker problem and barbecoo prescription.

The "solution" you present in your film was to... slowly punch holes in old dams at the end of their service life period, dams nearly overwhelmed with reservoir sedimentation? Naw, it'd take too long to solve the problem that way, the result would be to burn the garden down with fossil fuel maintaining the faulty water control scam. Or was the solution you presented to advertise for dam and ditch beer, be a Hebrew, (the Tshirt {camaste}) the trailer scene individual's life (mass) revolved around (cam) while blowing up a small dam with culvert (note the best solution to getting over a river with dry feet is a ferry) and replacing it with an even more energy intensive bridge (a more "advanced" stack of stones). Naw, to repeat if this style of "solution" were attempted the humans would burn the garden down with fossil fuel maintaining a faulty water control structure scam, enslave themselves to a machine, crippled and be damned upon the realization at the event horizon line (the literal door of heaven) and sent back to start again for seemingly the 4<sup>th</sup> time. Ever had deja vu?

The best solution is to command the armed forces to undam the rivers to initiate setting the course correct (reread "The Book of Daniel") get control of the fossil fuel rate of consumption to limit the stone stacking in general and make available for installation collective productive structures including solar cell precipitation collecting supers, a high tech fertilizer machine, bee hive walls... primarily for the production of fruits and nuts to solve the dam and ditch agricultural (and GMO) problem without burning the garden down maintaining a faulty water control structure scam. The best way to do it is to have someone reappear when it's an "[O]bama nation of desolation" (from Daniel 9:27, 11:31, 12:11) identical in appearance to the Bible's cover boy, even with the scars in the correct location, weighing 66.6 kilograms who's able to sum up the prime idea (myself) lead a reverse last supper team presentation comprised of 12 apostalettes (female apostles) 6 apostalette reservists and another mailman in pursuit of the presidency 2020 for perfect vision.

The most likely way to assemble this 20 (vente) member reverse last supper team is for a wealthy man to realize the ideas massive potential (merit) and invest several million (2 million for starters at least) for the wages of the apostalettes, a team dental plan and the advertising necessary to draw awareness to the apostalette positions. Investor likely to recoup investment with interest when we undam the planet. Plus, like I've asked of you previously Patagonia could donate multiple pairs of black underwear for the females on the team and we'd (I and other man would buy our own) wear them publicly swimming/bathing as our "lifeguard swimsuits". It's a not so subtle advertising gimmick on Patagonia's part made possible by the very small perfectly placed tags. We've got to have the finest threads you know? Patagonia would likely recoup your investment in underwear sales alone such would be the alluring draw. Wanna make a wager on it?

I wager that if you, Mr. Chouinard, invest a sizeable sum to get the team together to solve the dam problem with the most obvious of river solutions (set course towards the most advantages of solutions/go with the win) the result that you experience will be much more enjoyable than that which you experienced after releasing “Damnation”, returning the book I sent you in 2015 without taking me up on my offer and the complete disaster that happened next: getting caught going against the wind, for lack of ability to make correct course. Just to be fair, in case you haven’t figured it out yet, I’m the blackest cat ever seen. If what I ask for is not satisfied it is doom for the dam fool who refuses me. I’ll force you to be productive even if all I’m able to do is witness doom delivered upon you for your own massive error, take note of it, making it easy for another to realize the grave mistake and make amends. It’s cold but it’ll work.

For you, it would be **much better** to take me up on the reasonable idea I’m for giving you and take note of the pleasant, massive return on your investment (learn, make the story come to the best for yourself). Just think, while everything we do on the revers last supper team is above the board (we’re not hiding anything) your investment in the team could easily be camouflaged and Patagonia’s underwear sponsorship would be mostly undercover. Don’t worry I know why you’d likely want to do this. At least now the humans don’t like this idea as I present it but envision how much they’d like it if we had 18 nubile females doing the presenting of it. See? You could even be like “Charlie” from “Charlie’s Angels” and do a teleconference every month or so, it would be fun! Sitting on the edge of my seat awaiting your confirmation, John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley ~

This about a letter I wrote to Matt Damon and Editor in Chief Susan Goldberg of National Geographic magazine.

Mr. Damon, Ms. Goldberg and N.G.S.,

What a dam sheddy disgrace the “Talking Toilets” article is for tricking the humans to dam the rivers, dig ditches and build a shed with a flush toilet instead of enlightening them to a naturally flowing river, solar water collector structure equipped with a fertilizer machine with a wash jet and to use the collected water and fertilizer to grow primarily fruits and nuts to replace dam and ditch GMO agriculture idea. I can see you’ve got the picture that the dam and ditch agricultural fields are shitty but you obviously deliberately missed the picture about the dam problem and river solution. The article is so precisely on the wrong target of humiliating the humans to damming it, shedding it and flushing it all down the tubes to stop “open defecation by 2030”, the shittiest ruse to trick the humans into destroying their place with a faulty water control structure scam. So obvious that you all deliberately engineered your piece to get ‘em to dam on Mr. Damon. It’s so putridly wrong and dam foolish that it might work and alert the humans to how pathetically stew ped you are. And to combine this foul article with another, “Meet Five Men Who All Think They’re the Messiah” including an opening picture of a man with a bunch of females, teasing me and shunting the people in another false way. I’ve cancelled my subscription. You should consider being the other man on a reverse last supper team of 18 apostalettes (female apostles) and myself in pursuit of the presidency 2020 for perfect vision to command the armed forces to undam the world’s rivers and make a fortune building collective productive structures. Why embarrass yourself so, to do otherwise. Don’t be a dam fool, participate in Operation Roundup Ready™ Ignite™ Marine Emergency Helicopter Rescue! ~

Report as of 1/17/2018 I’m at my folks’ place on 515 Sunset Road for a few weeks working on an “IB” (at least that’s what it reads in on the cockpit deck) Islander Bahama 24’ sailboat at present

named “NANCY D”. I told my parents I was going to get a 20’ Mystere catamaran named the “Mystery Machine” with picture of “Scooby Doo” on it and offered to let them assist me financially if they wanted to. They said they’d rather have me get a bigger sailboat that was more appropriate to live aboard. My dad has an old friend Donald “Don” Ray Marshall, the two used to build concrete blocks on the Raging River in North Carolina together several decades ago and that is what the initial conversation was about at “Don’s” place on 615 (you know seeing more than my present mailing address) Palm Way in Lake Worth, FL.

I decided to get this boat because of the name and how Don’s got a complete tool shed feet away from the presently trailered vessel. According to nautical lore (superstition) you’re not supposed to change the name of a boat, its bad luck. So, I decided to get this boat as I could **ADD** “MARGARET y” (my grandmother was an E.) to the name and have it be pretty much the same name as my previous vessels. I’m going to change the home port from Lake Worth, FL to Reviere Flowridea. I’d head to Cuba’s Isla Evangelista (the original name given by Columbus on his mission as they claimed at the time for, “Jesus” Christ) the island of Robert Louis Stevenson’s “Treasure Island”, the island “Never Never Neverland” is based on in James Matthew Barrie’s “Peter Pan”, Pine Island as the American’s who thought they were going to take it after the Spanish American War named it or what is now Cuba’s Special Province, Isla de la Juventud, on the maiden voyage seeking 18 female apostles. With a vessel of the name “MARGARET y NANCY D” (my two grandmas or “GRANMA II”) it’s the perfect disguise name for a vessel heading into Cuba where the revolutionaries came ashore on the “GRANMA”.

I followed up on the “Reality Thief” (Brad Barton) who last I knew of him was working for Dan Marino which says a lot. Now he’s out towards San Francisco which is where he said he was headed. Several weeks ago, I scrolled through his Facebook site, reading it of course and when I got to the oldest post I left a picture of the USPS Wonder Woman with sledgehammer stamp with the words “Undamming the rivers. ‘Wish’ you were heir! <http://infinityproject.wordpress.com>” written on it in Sharpie marker. Checking again I discovered, in what was his obvious return message to me, that he had erased several of his old posts including the reply I’d left, changed his picture to he riding a unicorn with a GMO “Wonder” bread advertisement in the background and the post I caught at the top of the entries is of “The Shape of the Water” with picture of castle (the dam) on a stage. When I went back just a few minutes ago to make sure of the particulars, he’d added a video clip about “Cornhell” and not being in the good ole days any longer.

I never wondered who the “Reality Thief” was or how he did what he did. I always examined what it was he was doing to see if there was any of his “magic” or “illusions” (not really the words to describe what he does) that I could apply to undamming the world’s rivers. I always figured he was “the snake” or just another Emanuel minded regular like me. I’m able to do some of the reality theiven he does and therefore I don’t wonder how he does it, I know but I never could really use any of it in application towards undamming the rivers. I’ve discovered, so far, that nothing I do applies or works. That’s, in part, why I’m getting in a sailboat. If you ever saw the film “The Truman Show” I’m quite frankly near sick of it (the thing I’m witnessing) and know why the movie’s climatic scene is “Truman” in a sailboat. I’m not trying to escape anything or punch a hole in the auditorium with my bowsprit, I just figure if that’s the “way” (damned) it is I’d just enjoy time more swimming, fishing and not being near the dam fools.

About a letter written to former Massachusetts State Representative Charlie Long.

Charlie,

I'm interested in patenting an invention. The idea isn't worth a nickel on a dammed planet but on an undammed planet it's likely the most valuable of ideas on the surface. I didn't want to patent the idea too soon as that would cause me to make less money but don't want to miss the opportunity to get the patent on the most massive of money making ideas either. I'm making way towards collecting together the team to undam the world's rivers and calculated now was the time to patent the idea. I figured with you being a Mass. Lawyer you may be able to recommend a patent attorney/patent agent or recommend to just do it myself. I include the idea and a picture of a postage stamp (in Spanish, "sella de core rio") that illustrates the team I've collected together thus far. Realize Wonder Woman never had a sledgehammer until now that I'm seeking 18 female apostles to assist undamming the world's rivers.

Thank you, JLKJ ~

About a letter to written to Interpol.

Interpol,

In the USA I have thus far failed to collect together a reverse last supper presentation comprised of 18 female apostles and another mailman for the pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers for starters. However, I have a world of opportunities. As of 2018 the best possible team continues to be comprised of 18 females and another male multinational multiracial Interpol agents and myself. If Interpol gifts me a reverse last supper team now, when I'm elected president I won't have you all arrested and charged with crimes against people and life to insure you don't arrest me in the pursuit of getting out of damnation.

You are surely aware of how its spelled out on this planet, according to the Geneva conventions attacking the dams is the greatest crime against humanity. All those with a conscience know it's illegal to dam it, shed it and flush it all down the tubes. Yet Interpol has been hired to protect the dams on the rivers, the dam fools and insure damnation. All we've got to do is have the apostalettes lure the Americans into collecting the signatures required to get on the ballet, then as they say, "It's fixed" from there. Should be easy, they're all doped up on drugged GMO feed anyway. I'm charting a course to Treasure Island (Evangelista) in pursuit of the apostalettes. If I try elsewhere it will likely be Chile and I won't put much effort into it.

Let's make a deal, John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley ~

This is about a letter to The Russian Federation.

The Russian Federation,

Russia is the best nation to form an alliance with as the commander in chief of the U.S. armed forces coursed to undam the world's rivers. You all have got submarines. We might be able to retarget the ship to ship missiles to be the heads up, initial impacting projectiles that immediately precede the actual impact of the fluidifying main projectiles. We were going to charge them for it of course (make money) just like last time (Remember? Attack the other nations, build dams, dig ditches, install sheds, flush toilets and bill them for it {meanwhile stack up the gold <the spaceship electrical wiring material> in the easiest to steal locations}) but reverse vice versa.



Punch a hole in the dams, build collective productive structures and **charge them for that**. Use the water control structure fluidifying event as a lever to get control of the fossil fuel being burned, charge them to police it. Use the more valuable fossil fuel continuing to be burned largely to produce the collective productive structures. Photovoltaic supers collecting precipitation, of a structure wrapped about a manual fertilizer machine. Use collected water and fertilizer for fruit to replace dam and ditch GMO agriculture. Build our own gold storage device/spaceships.

Here's how we should do it: form a team of reasonable in appearance, intelligent females to allure the Americans into collecting signatures in petition for me to get on the ballet. The word on the street is, "It's fixed" from there. Eighteen female apostles and another mailman, this what I need from the Russian Federation. A reverse last supper presentation, "nice" and easy, cold. I'd think you all would like the idea, its above the board real sneaky in your face sharp. I'm for communicating about this idea with you. Let's roe/row/roll "the boat" (el Bar Co. = the dam company) *sauvemente en la corriente*,

John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley ~

On 3/22/2017 at 1:21 PM I facebook messaged Eve Glass Beres a picture of the Wonder Woman postage stamps, a copy of the apostalette handbook and a short written river solicitation. She gives it the big thumbs up. Eve is the best potential 1<sup>st</sup> Apostalette in the whole world. 4/1/2017 at 12:57 PM (three minutes be for thee, dosay manos starvin') I message her the Wonder Woman with sledgehammer "Apostalette handbook" cover and friend request her. Jewst be fore ∞/lucky sinco new way vie Sabado (2/24/2018 7:59PM) perfect timing Mrs. Beres accepts my request.

I put the boat in the water. Governor of Grande Caiman is recalled and replaced, quickest ever in English history. First night anchored off sailing club. Boat spins like a top all night, anchor chain comes up in a ball. Anchor off Riviera boat ramp / Peanut Island second night. Make first supper aboard the graceful pearl MARGARET Y NANCY DE (pears and grace of) scallops and clams pasta with cheesy covered fruit sauce. Discover pearl. Attach pearl to backside of scallop shell necklace Neptune gave me in Fairhaven Mass.

Moor up off Phil Foster/Buccaneer (the snorkeling trail) closest sailing to the Gulfstream. No crash course, practice a lot at night. Anchor up near Boynton boat ramp. A Captain Hook lookalike including "BAR" tattoo on forearm and a sweet hot Tinkerbell (Vanessa) with butterfly tattoo appear on live aboard sailboat adjacent. No kidding, Hook's near washed up, tired but relieable. Compulsive liar Tink's a dike "recovering" from a crystal meth (fairly dust) addiction and psoriasis (poor I assist). Tink's with Hook.

When headed to Never Never Never Land the directions in Barrie's "Peter Pan" read, "Take first left." For me this is at exactly 2/3 the way past ICW Mile Marker 66 and a 1/3 shy of ICWMM 67, 66.6 and out the Boca de la Raton inlet. Begin crossing stream just south of Miami. Main sail reefing point failure NW of Bimini. Rest at the concrete wreck SW of Bimini. Heading south an afternoon thunderless storm hits blowing 40 knots out of the east, I'm in the lee of a chain of low small islands, no big waves, boat is making 8 knts into a 2 kt current.

Before I'd left I'd been searching the internet for 6 slotted sand dollars for a hat band improvement for my Zorro hat from Greece. Couldn't find any, apparently six keyhole sand dollars (Leodia sexiesperforata) are rare. On my first swim searching for sexiesperforata I find a huge patch of them on the backside of Andros, collect some dead ones without having to do any digging. Sailing SE on Bahama Bank find one small conch and rudder grudgeon near failure SW of Andros. Tie up the rudder and head NE to Santaran Channel and back to Florida. Pull boat out of the water and fix rudder.

Head to Key Largo to begin crossing. Headed SE on the bank the mast plate shatters, 5200 it back together. In the evening come to decision that the forestay needs to be tightened a bit. On an

agreeable tack rest into the night awakening periodically to note progress. Middle Grounds, at about 10:30 – 11 PM decide to tack to the SSW and step up into the cockpit in my underwear. In trimming the sails the boat tacks back over, twice, both times I jibe about. On the second jibe the wind speed puffs up from 12 kts to 18 kts and the forestay turnbuckle breaks. Mast starts exaggerated swaying with the genoa halyard and 150% genoa the only thing holding up the mast. Genoa flapping in the wind loudly. Drop the main. Set about to lower the genoa and discovered this lowered the mast to aft. Boat rocked back up, I put a shoulder into the mast and tightened the halyard. Grabbed a spare line and made fast to the mast as high up as I could reach, to the forward cleat. Went down below and put on clothes and gear. Came back up strapped in and went about resecuring the mast and recovering genoa. Genoa clew damaged. Secured halyard to forward pin. Set about to secure the forward stay, didn't discover until daybreak it had wrapped about the mast top. Resecured it, motored south into the lee of the Jumentos Islands. Resecured mast. Spoke with Griffin on Bon Vista Cay. Set about getting mail boat delivery of turnbuckles.

Discovered starboard hull separated from setea rack (stringer), crack in arch, starboard bulkhead compromised, starboard shroud anchor plate bolt broken, repaired. Finally got turnbuckles delivered, made repair, went for a test sail and discovered mast arch compromised with mast falling through the deck. Met Edward Arlington "The Wood Doctor" Lockhart out in front of Ms. Jolley's bar. The Wood Doctor says he's got a brand new chainsaw, carpentry tools and a big piece of Lignum vitae ready to make use of for the repair and that for a yellow pencil he'd trade me the favor, if I'd meet him at Bona Vista where he resides. I give him a yellow pencil immediately. See him again at Gunner Point as he gets on the mailboat that heads up that way and launches him to Bona Vista. He says to come to Bon Vista Cay where he lives and use brand new condition chainsaw to cut a Lignum vitae blow down from the windiest hurricane ever in history. The tree was fine, the rock it was attached to broke. Made a mast plate and additional arch, made repair so as Edward said, "Went you get to a place where you can repair it you won't have to because you already did".

Did some additional work with Mr. Lockhart on a water collecting chicken coop. He's a spritely character, looks really young in the eyes, claims he's practically heir to the English throne, suffering from ass cancer, scheduled for a Nassau colon removal and clostrymy bag replacement, we go over his options, Go to Cuba for a new asshole procedure done on the cheap, we talk about how he may come up with a young wife this way too, the other option do nothing about it but go swimming frequently. Shows me where some ripe dry fruit from my favorite palm, silver palm are, first time I ever ate any, delicious. Appears Edward may have been periodically getting fed food from town of Ragged, Ragged dam GMO food, the only evidence of what he ate that caused his condition the empty aluminum foil baking pans dropped off by delivery bouy on voyage to watch the back door of the straight line from Columbia to New York trade route, that and the sinister pirate space alien icon Con Agra Peter Pan dam GMO cotton soy canola seed adulterated peanut butter "product" container laying on the ground under the half blown down roof of the old place. I lived largely on conch chowder for over 3 months with fresh bread crackers and oranges.

Interestingly enough on an island out in the middle of nowhere where most of the females have fled for big city Nassua lives the best prospect for an apostalette I've ever seen. I barely meet her as the diminutive Mr. Wallace (he's a small guy, descended from Massachusettes whalers and African slaves) but obviously very smart, aggressive, powerful and potentially dangerous drives me back to Gunner Point and he hits on her for possible intercourse (he's married). I get no chance to even present my idea to her really although I do deliver a free flowing river salute to her ear she seems preoccupied fending off Wall Aces's amorous drivel.

Sail into Grand Cayman at Pirate Week, of course, in Peter CrockIdealrio Fruita de Pan presentation. When you get to Georgetown customs officer George searches the boat for contraband. In the office, behind the plate of seemingly bullet proof glass, customs reception desk and officer is another

desk occupied by a dark sinister looking customs woman that one can barely see, her desk has some kind of cabinet top thing above with a single box of corn flakes. I of course verbally communicate to the staff the whole dam GMO killer corn thing as I point up to the corn flake cereal box. The dark sinister customs woman partially hidden makes sure to look at me in the eye for an instant, as if I were treading on thin ice. When I get there, I've already told the whole staff about the dam thing including killer GMO's, the ethanol grade corn, and of course soliciting them all the whole time for assistance with apostalete collection for river solution presentation. Weird bizarre.

Pirate Week is a new holiday in the Caymans, they're scheduled to kidnap the new governor who replaced the old governor after he appeared on the front page of the Cayman Times with the local fish processors working the front row near the cruise ship/customs unloading pier. The pirates tie up to a mooring ball behind me at about 2:22 AM, in the morning I swim fin and surf board my way out to their sail boat where a just returned from shore pirate crewman tries to get me to eat some dam and ditch GMO Burger King. No thanks. Bread fruit is the main thing I eat here, purchased from local fruit dealing erect Olympians.

Ashore is an almond tree next to a convenient liquor store that caters to the rock, sand and landfill trucks that fly by night from the just next to the tourists unloading site to the latest development. Some locals, sit in the shade and get the rock stackers to buy them ice cold beer. It's a scene that could be seen on any Caribbean Island but the liquor store almond tree shade gang in Georgetown C.I. is probably the most affluent. There's actually a bridge over nothing and a tunnel underneath nothing on this island, garish extravagant rock stacking (plenty of free beer) and at Christmas time the twisted locals are sprinkling a bag of sand at Grandma's house.

All of the signs on this planet point toward Cuba's Especial Provenca if you're researching for some way to get out of hell, undam the planet and save the world. Isla Juventud, Pine Island, the model for Robert Louis Stevens "Tresure Island" and Barrie's Never Never Never Land of "Peter Pan", an island of a thousand names. Located at the top of the bottleneck constraining the largest quickest flowing mass of water, the Straights of Florida Current or Gulf Stream. Custom dictates sailors inconveniently check in a Cayo Largo, where a cute Coast Guardia mom in white suit with fish net stockings looking like the pharmacist's daughter, from NOFX's "Pump up the Valium" cover checks you out. A deckhand from the rent a catamaran offers me papayas that he says his clients don't want to eat. I suspect possible GMO papaya, doping scam but take them anyway (with "Knowaffects pump up the valium pharamists daughter" coast guardia mom shouting "Bombarios", what they supposedly call papayas in Cuba {but who could tell with all the lying going on}) eat 'em and discover they're not GMO as they slide through my portable GMO test laboratory (my alimentary canal system) no problem. When I come about Isla Juventuds SW "corner" to the lee town of Jacksonville, trade stuff for fruit and fish to some spearfishermen who swim in the chilly for the Caribbean upwelling waters adjacent to the hot flowing current.

As I scout the Island, breezy east wind, I come up to the lee of French Point, full Peter Crock-Idealrio Fruita de Pan presentation. I can see a Cuban wooden fishing boat near shore, several men aboard, a canoe and man on the beach and a concealed tractor in the scrub jungle. I tack to the SSE, flat calm, getting in close, tack back to the NNE coming in within feet of the fishing boat transom which reads, "La Pillars en la Rio [The Pirates on the River]" a fisherman winds up his Cuban Yo Yo getting his demonstrative fishing lure in. Standing on the edge of the cockpit I lean out over the side of the sailboat and deliver a hearty !RIOS FLUID LIBRE! serenade. In perfect timing the apparent captain

drives a cleaver onto a block. One of the fisherman says, “R”, another “D”, another “R”, and a forth “R”! “RDRR”, is a Caribbean version of “Aye, Aye”, which is slang for “I understand and will comply”, and they dead panned it.

I turn the boat to the WSW avoiding some shallows, letting the sail out far to avoid jibing, come about French Point and head towards Siguania, Isla Juventud’s official port, as the one on the river on the NE side of the island is closed. A pod of dolphin accompany me up towards the Colony Hotel which is about all I can see of any development in the fading evening light. In the morning a small cruise ship appears and a pilot boat exits a channel to the south several miles. It escorts a landing boat back in to port of Siguania, I tail ‘em in. The marina manager has got a camouflaged “Lost Boys” ball cap on, there’s a fellow tinkering with a crock pot. The road out of Seeguano marina leads past the Colony Hotel where out front, along side the road is a bunch of huge concrete sea creatures, its practically the scariest thng I’ve ever seen. There’s must be a local tattoo artist specializing in infinity sign tattoos as it’s the most frequently sighted tattoo on the local females, but the infinity sign tattooed women have NO interest in the infinityproject. There’s a German who lives in the first town pronounced, “Are hell ya” so if you’ve been reading my book front to back remember its just like I told ya and I’ve never even been here before, at least not in this 3<sup>rd</sup> time around universe.

If you were wondering why I’ve got a bunch of knife sharpening tools and gloves for trade one of the reasons is my new buddy, let’s call him “Turio”, makes hand made knives cut from machete blades. He makes one for me for trade, so now I’ve got a real Never Never Never Land are hell ya Peter CrockIdealrio Fruita de Pan knife. His wife makes the poisoned cake in town. “Turio”, wearing a green fatigues outfit, overseas the trades for mostly fruit in town saving me the trouble of orchestrating the thing myself. “Turio” has access to some land for fruit and nut collection and he’s got the biggest fattest juiciest coconut bearing tree I’ve ever seen. Take care when hiking about in the brush near the marina of Seeguanoea, the world’s largest chiggers are thick back there, for real they’re almost as big as ticks and they burrow under the skin, fierce nasty horrific.

Departing for Havana, when I get to the Marina of Santa Fe, the Port of Havana has been closed ever since the French vessel Cubre loaded with munitions exploded, I discover the cockpit drain is clogged with coconut husks as I’ve been smoking fish and cooking on barbechoo what with the propane tank empty. I drop anchor outside of the Marina, jump in and out the water a few times as I work the obstruction out of the drain with a piece of metal wire, the sport fishing vessel SACAGAWEA (sack-orjewweare) backs up to me and asks if I’m, “OK”. Double OK. “What’s that”. At least twice as OK as you. An extremely handsome man dressed in complimentary green swim suit, shirt and accessories sails by on a green kite board with green kite and asks about condition. I’m unclogging the drain, the drains clogged, I’m unclogging the drain! He smiles big as if he gets the report. The bar/restroom at the marina is the Dorado (Gold). Kanazawa here, wanna undam the rivers and make a grab for the gold!

When I get up to Eliana’s (pronounced Helena like from Troy) neighborhood I go to the other side of a Quibu River tributary that runs through her barrio and hire a local guide wearing a NY hat to show me where she lives. He says in Spanish, “Yeah but you know where she lives”. I know but just take me to her house. We negotiate a 20 peso price, about \$1. He takes me to her house which has a rocking horse out front of the house behind a chain link fence, hanging from the rocking horse ear is a Victoria’s Secret bag. I con him into knocking on the door for me. He does. Eliana comes out of her 2<sup>nd</sup> floor room on to the stairway balcony like rappunshell with a cigarette in her hand, “You, here,

now!?", "You smoke?!" she dismayingly jeers me. Her older man housemate relative comes out front, grabs the already opened coconut from the top of my partially opened black back pack alongside my bicycle and throws it disgustingly on the ground shattering it. I almost call out !Mazal Tov! (like in celebration of a Jewish wedding) but don't and go about collecting the larger shards and eating some of it. The whole things bizarre. I give Eliana a copy of my Apostalette Manuel through the fence, she won't even come out. The guide I hired, now wants 20 CUC's (near \$20).

I ride up to her place a few times over the next few days. The second time I show up laden with

The last thing Eliana said to me, "No sabe." The last thing in her hand was a jar of GMO Peter Pan which I assume she was slathering on some GMO soy oil possibly ethanol grade bread for her son who was dressed in green. Peter Crocadealio Fruita de Pan rolled down the hill, got some fruit at the fruit stand and departed. The day before I left Trump makes it triple bad illegal to come here and return to the states. I head for Cay Sal.

From southeastern Cay Sal Banks Anguilla Cay (south of Damas Cay) I cross the Santaran Channel and sail into the wind, boat struck by lightning, breaks the VHF antenna, wind vain lost (didn't like it, never looked at it unless I was wing on wing at night to avoid the jybe) to Bonavista Cay where sailboat is already anchored. A man gets in a launch and comes over, he's wearing a dismal swamp canal hat and offers me an anchor beer which I drink.

My conch fisherman buddy Juan of Ragged continues to display my Wonder Woman with a sledgehammer pinup from his living room wall. He retells tale I'm very aware of considering my tremendous caribbean pirate research. See the biggest tale on this side of the planet, maybe the whole world is the pirate/gold thing of the later half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and the biggest tale told of that period is this: After the pirates had took the ship, searched the ship and body cavities of the pasengers for jewels and precious metals they impressed what crew they could make use of into pirates from the looted ship, traded ships if it was better or burned the ship/sank it and then made way to an area they were familiar with. The pirates had to fix the ship as they were just at war. Often they'd bury the treasure for safe keeping enslaving some locals or impressed crew to dig the hole. When the hole was dug and treasure lowered into it the pirates would kill the hole diggers (dead men tell no tales) toss 'em on top of the treasure and cover the hole. After fixing the ship as quickly as possible (they had to clear out quick as word would get back to Europe or the investors would become suspicious about non appearance of ship and send out the nations navy to investigate, the pirates had about a month and a hal to get out of the area) they would enslave some more locals or impressed crew to dig the treasure up. Once the treasure was dug up the pirates would kill the diggers, take the treasure and light out of the area. This is the reality we're witnessing now on a worldwide scale. The gold, silver and platinum is dug up, time for the humans to die.

I go to get some oranges and a bag of flour from Maxine at her small grocer. She sells Robin Hood flour and while she knows I often appear like the picture on the yellow paper flour sack I'm wearing my "Ragged suit" the most worn of my straw colored dam fine suits. She's warming up to me but our food related conversation only last a few minutes before the smallest Bahamian man on the island opens the store door and tells me to leave the island immediately. I realize the headman sent him, so I do as he asks and leave, no argument, no raised eyebrows, nothing. See ya.

Heading into the wind and current I get to the Windward pass, the boats breaking apart, starboard main bulkhead separates from the hull at the bottom. The wood had rotted from a slow leak at

the anchor chain plate entrance into the deck. The rotted bulkhead wood wasn't apparent at inspections as the fiberglass tabbing connecting the bulkhead to the hull covered the rotten wood, when it went it all went a once, stringers peeling off the hull, supporting bulkheads separating from hull, hull cracking, water coming in, rough conditions. Bilge pump keeping up with leak. I decide to go for St. Mole, Haiti as I'm almost in the lee of the wind of the island. Adjust course, coming off the wind a little to lessen the strain, boats breaking up, sun's setting, chartplotter wiring shorts out, get in the lee, drop sails, head straight in under power, run afoul of fish trap floats, get back up into the bay a bit, drop anchor in 20 feet of water, black night.

Wake up and get some coffee going, continuing to wear my floatation vest with twin 12 gauge flare pistols and rounds... sailboat boarded by two Haitian fishermen seemingly teasing me, attempting to intimidate me to see if I'm scared. As they artfully climb out of their wooden skiff into my cockpit without my OK, I ask 'em if they want a coffin. They settle for a cup of coffee and don't try and enter saloon. Here we are in St. Mole and one of the guys has a huge mole covering about a third of the right side of his face. These two guys relate to somebody on land that I could use some more fiberglass and resin and it appears, cost me less than it would at Glue Products in WPB, FL. The local fishermen here are using some kind of mid level fishtraps that are moored to the bottom and suspended from 10 gallon yellow containers of previously held GMO vegetable oil. So that's why the population is so thoughtlessly aggressive. I go way back up into the bay to very calm area to make repair. Some damn fools had decided to stack up rocks in a weir from the land into deeper water. Some river minded saboteurs had drove the front end loader into the salt water disabling it.

As I'm sailing by Gitmo I've got my storm jib up with a following breeze. On my electronic chart there's a dotted line box a few miles off the harbor and I assume it's to let me know of a restricted area, I'm just on the outside of the box cooking up supper as I pass by. The wind shifts out of the south and it blows me in the box, wind dies and strands me in there, the USCG comes out in the nicest inflatable sided boat I've ever seen with a mixed race Georgia looking girl (not just gorgeous but Georgiest) at the bow. I depart the restricted area.

Back in the Caymans, off to Cay Largo, Especial Province, Havana to Key Largo. When I get to the Key Largo library its Star Wars movie day, Darth Vader and a bunch of characters in costumes are here serving pop corn slathered in suspect GMO oil. The happening spot here is "Lorelei" pronounced laurel lie (fake plants) by the locals, serves GMO's. The pizza place "Tower Pizza" is where I take in lunch, not GMO yet according to my portable alimentary canal test system. I check the the dumpster out back, its "Yellow Tiger" flour, the waitresses and management can't seem to give me the yeast brand.

If I sail out of Islamorada with a NE wind I can get to Cay Sal Bank easy. Sail over to Cay Sal and from there I can sail down towards Cuba, not fighting the Gulf Stream or Nicholas Channel current, almost up to the mouth of Havana Harbor. Says a lot about why this harbor is so great, but its closed.

With Helena trying to get me to compete with her boyfriend (same old story) instead of giving her assistance towards saving the world, I'm posting at mostly telephone poles in and about the town of Marianoa seeking other females to assist. I enter a seemingly smoothie shop climbing up a short flight of stairs to the smoothie bar. The smoothies here are awful, some kind of syrup in place of fruit (why they would do this in Cuba instead of fresh fruit is?) powdered something milk replacement (why they

would do this in Cuba instead of coconut milk is?) but cold and later I'd be able to determine the smoothies aren't GMO just mostly dam cane sugar. While here drinking my second or third smoothie I encounter some gastrointestinalogists from the nearby hospital. I question them why they're drinking the smoothies. It's not GMO that's why you're drinking them huh? The two seemingly men admit it. I point out that obviously there's a bunch of humans coming into the hospital, constipated and with a slew of other alimentary canal problems, they slightly nod their heads affirmative. You know it's the GMO food making them sick. Slight head nods. (Very aggressive) Why don't you just tell them it's the dam GMO food making 'em sick? The doctors act like cowards, ashamed, turn and exactly behind the two of them is a giant seemingly male skin suit in full military regala bearing menacingly down on them. They turn back towards me with a look of terror, the military skin suit looming large and spooky but the doctors obviously even more terrified of me. Me and the military guy allow them to flee in panic (we'd caught the dam fool doctors in the classic pincher movement). The rest of the smoothie customers and employees pretend they didn't notice the topic and players in the conversation. Me and the military skin suit (my partner in this operation) exchange smiles. I depart and buy 3 avacadoes out front of the place from a man sitting on a piece of cardboard on the concrete sidewalk. He agrees with me about the whole dam thing and river idea, insists I take 3 avacadoes instead of 2.

The Coast Guardia here is seemingly headed by a man who looks like a combination of two animated characters, "Space Ghost Chim Chim", he's not animating though, somebody back in their office flips a few pages back into my passport and hides a Cuban stamp. This is shady. I depart headed for Panama but when I get off the coast of Nicaragua I notice the boat isn't sailing into the wind very well. Realize the current is 1-2 knots against me, but still, I'm not going anywhere fast. I figure it would suck to get blown up into Nicaragua's pirate land so I alter course for Honduras and sail into Roatan. When the white man eventually got around to damming it big time in Central America this was there base of operations. When I get to Coxwain Hole the USCG anchors just off the cruise ship terminal. I am the coxswain.

On the other side of the island is West Bay which now is known as blackwater bay from all the raw sewage that rolls down the hill when it rains, I decide not to stay here to long because of the poor swimming conditions. Break tiller exiting channel through the reef as I go over a dive boat wake I slip and fall on the tiller, boat continues to maintain offshore course under power. I shorten the tiller, drill new holes in it and now I've got a shorter tiller but it works. Back in Roatan's Coxwain Hole I set up a display in town starting at the Heart of Mary Catholic Church. I'm immediately buddies with the two fishmongers set up out front. Make buddies with Officer Flowers. Make buddies with the postmaster Jesus who invites me to use the "lemonaid" stand on the side of the post office to address the dam problem with river solution.

The spot is set up in front of the defunct child care facility which was closed when the foundation washed out from uncollected waterfall cracking the concrete covered sewer pipes, flush toilet failed and just before the place closed down seemingly the last teacher in the place had the kids build a Christmas tree out of green plastic bottles. If you look in the rebar security busted window you can this message : agreeing plastic bought hell christmess tree fallen down. The outside of the child care facility is painted in a marine motif so is neary doom perfect. The only girl I really talk to about it (saving the world and getting out of hell) is a middle aged female named, "Wendy" appears she's in the real estate business selling houses. The whore who shows up every evening isn't interested in punching holes in the world's river dams and neither are the 2 cute girls in town.

Often in the evening, just before I swim about a ¼ mile back to the sailboat I have a drink (brandy) with Jesus (beer) and the proprietor (beer) of a t-shirt/copy shop located just behind the post office/child care center and across from the police station/water department. Jaws's (Moonraker, The Spy Who Loved Me) grandson makes an appearance here sitting across from the t-shirt/sweat/copyshop man clad in "Jaws" (the movie) great white shark t-shirt, in case you had a hard time getting the picture. I point out to Jaw's grandson that he is obviously Jaws's grandson and he (in character) silently nods his head, opening his palms up, yes obviously. Roatan just recently went through some redevelopment period and what's now known as New Roatan, same as the old Roatan but with sewer pipes has a new mayor. The old mayor responsible for New Roatan is gunned down some time in the early night hours just after Christmas and before New Years Eve. I heard the shooting, they emptied the whole clip into him. I create a postage stamp compilation of USPS's Wonder Woman with sledgehammer and Honduras Postal Service's stamp of the Cajun dam and another Honduras stamp of an open book. The picture depicts Wonder Woman smacking down the dam with an open book sledgehammer. As I make what will be the best picture in the world I'm fishing for others to participate, offering passersby an opportunity to draw a picture or write a letter with a river solution to the dam problem presented. Several others do and I take their suggestions (more collective productive structures depicted like it's a neighborhood, include birds in the picture) and add it to my idea.

Now I've got the best picture in the world and it's depicting a female, much better than the Mona Lisa. I can now see why the entity in a young Boss Hog (from the "Dukes of Hazard, like hazardass shit) skin suit and white outfit that I met in Adam County, called himself Maximillion and said he is the ruler of the universe, I can see why he asked me about the female April "Rosy" Rosanna Mayfield Hogan I had intercourse with down by the Mississippi River and when I told him her name he said, "Oh Lisa". The washboard girl of the band Mojo Mud that performed with the fish net clad leg lamp from the film "The Christmas Story" front and center. She wore heavy gloves similar to the ones Wonder Woman is depicted with looked just like the Wonder woman of the stamp, played the washboard, Wonder Woman has washboard abs in picture. So the title of the picture is Washboard Lisa.

Got to Cayman (key man) at the 7.77 sea quake with a yellowfin on the barbecue. Broke the water main, cracked the customs building in half, the dames at the top of customs are wearing yellow and purple drug dealing rock star hair doos, favorite book in the bible is Jonah, Bible and actual newspaper ad in the local paper when I got here with new picture reads, Jesus appears to save us all and presents a new home for the females. I've got that picture, females don't notice, not able to put the notes together. Dump catches on fire, Lakeside Condos evacuated, town smoked out, cruise ships leave or don't come, losing big money. Checking out of customs the head Ms. Ward is refusing my suggestion we should get together, be an item in town, to draw awareness of potential apostalettes. Ms. Ward with yellow and purple drug dealing rock star hair do and solid black grandmotherly health department officer tease me as seemingly all women do about my appearance (need to use more fresh dam no corduroy water to bathe...) deflecting my pursuit of assistance with saving the world. I swim in the ocean like 3 or 5 times a day and night, couldn't be any cleaner. It's a pandemick panick, shut the island down, shut the world down, the fish cutters in the front row acknowledge this, depart.

After an emergency mast plate repair in Never Never Never Land (deploying floating gift "baskets" of yellow mustard, hot sauce... and a copy of the Apostalette Manuel to encountered Cuban fishermen) I'm sailing back to Islamorada, somewhere between Cuba, Mexico and Florida I raise my head out of the saloon with hands on edge like Killroy, watching to the East, a huge tanker has been barreling down on me, now it's a 1/4 mile away, doing 22 knots, about to cut me in half. I'm eyeing the



bridge above the "NO SMOKING" sign. The ship turns a little as if to pass in front of me, block the wind and suck me up the wheels, then turns back to a course set to cut me on half. Hmmm, I think, so this capt. is fzcking with me, for real, he can see me watching him. I'm wearing a harness with a 12 gauge flare pistol strapped to it with a dozen rounds, I've got a PFD with two more 12 gauge flare guns and another 8 rounds on a pin just behind me, a grapple and line is coiled up within reach, I'm ready, been waiting for this jackass. 120 yards to impact I calmly pick up the VHF transceiver and depress the key, "[inhale] There's one way I can legally board your ship and take command of your vessel. Error. You going to give me that opportunity!" The ship alters course and passes just astern of me, looming over my sailboat MARGARET Y NANCY DE (of grace and pearls) the name on the bow of the tanker reads DALM AGUA. I thought so.

The next morning at first light, when most of the single handers are laying down for a snooze, I'm up, watching, its one of the biggest shipping lanes in the world. A US Navy heavy guided missile cruiser (a battleship) is lying up ahead in wait for me as if to see if I'd smack into the middle of it at the crack of dawn. 1/4 mile away from collision I pick up the VHF transceiver, depress key, "[Inhale] Hell low, helio, dam it, have an ice day, this is a naturally flowing river sail MARGARET Y NANCY DE, come on." Silence. I know what the Captain of the heavy guided missile cruiser said to the crew, "All ahead three quarters" for the navy ship leaped from zero to 30 knots in seconds. On the radio I hear the Navy Captain say, "Grande Diemond, Grande Diemond" (the death mound on the river, the US Navy Captain is hunting for/calling out dam fools too). Some time later the cargo ship GRANDE DIAMOND passes astern of me.

If you ever wondered why it is I do what I do, or what it's like... In a damaged vessel, after having sailed back from the Caimans in perfect weather I catch a huge ceral mackerel just before coming under the channel 5 bridge into sheltered water and then wind cranks up to 30 knots, doom free for me.

In Islamorada they're for giving out free dam and ditch gmo bread in front of skull and cross-bones signs. It's a dam and ditch gmo ethanol grade ignite pandemick panick. Don't eat the pizza, now the flour is adulterated with dam ethanol grade GMO corn dust, taste better than ever. Remember after 9/11 when they started feeding the humans the GMO's en masse a bunch of "Tony's New Yoke Brick Oven Wood Fired Pizza", places opened up, now that the rest of the restaurant food was conatmated with GMO oil, at least you could get a digestable painlessly eliminateable slice of GMO free pie practically anywhere, all over American these pizza joints opened up owned by characters that nobody in town knew, obvious trap, just got sprung, now the pizza'll kill your ass and it makes ya sick too. Advertiseents on T.V. say, "Dominoes is hiring!" as the bars and restuarants close and quarentined Americans are encouraged to just stay home and eat pizza. Signs on the front of the Publix grocery store carts read, "Eat the dough, Ben and Jerry's chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream".

About a letter to South Carolina Native Plant Society Low Country Chapter Board Member Colette DeGarady,

There really isn't any native plants that grow in a dam and dig agricultural setting. Often times the exotic invasives are established at the dam and ditch sites. The humans would burn the whole garden down with the fossil fuel it took to maintain the dams, ditches, sheds and flush toilets. So if you are interested in native plants Colette DeGarady you should be interested in undamming the world's rivers, collecting the rainfall with solar cells, replacing the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and growing

fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. How to go about undamming the world's rivers, the action that initiates the rest of the solutions: Make way in a team largely of females in pursuit of the presidency, collect the signatures required to get on the presidential ballot, win the election as the machines are rigged (this is actually the easiest part of the problem to solve) command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers, use the event as a lever to get control of the world's fossil fuel, use a reduced amount to build the civilization correctly. What are we missing? The females. Let's call them apostalettes on a reverse last supper team. We've got the postage stamps in near perfect presentation, light of life for instance. We're seeking assistance from females for dam demolition and we have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. I need females on the team as they are strong, I am not. Do you know any females with the name for the apostalette positions? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to the Missouri Whitewater Association,

I hereby cordially invite you all to participate in a convoy of canoes reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers for starters. Seeking 18 apostalettes (female apostles) and another mailman using Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps as a lure and a dam and ditch agriculture Roundup Ready™ Ignite™ ethanol grade GMO corn sweetend barbecue as incentive.

Thank you, John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a postcard sent to California Native Plant Society Board Treasurer Cari Porter,

It's a porous dam sheddy flush toilet. with GMO kicker into a barbecue prescription and the gold, silver and platinum is all stacked up for the stealing. Let's undam the rivers, save the world and make a grab for the precious metals. Need females. [infinityproject.wordpress.com](http://infinityproject.wordpress.com)

This is about a letter to South Carolina Native Plant Society Low Country Chapter President Sharleen Johnson,

Most humans are trying to be happy, headed straight for hell. The much more enjoyable fortunate experience is making way towards getting out of hell by undamming the world's rivers. Wearing a mask doesn't protect you from a disease that's rate of spread is controlled by the percentage of ethanol grade GMO corn dust in the flour, ketchup... The pandemick panick ethanol grade dam GMO corn in the flour trick is a sideshow of the dam circus main event. The barbecue of the worst of the dam fools, water control structure abortionists made productive, ground into sausage and sold at the grocery store. The setup is in place, its legal to have a certain amount of human meat in the sausage, the trade mark names of the dam and ditch drugged GMO feed are Roundup Ready™ Ignite™, the bible reads, "You get served up as you serve up", and Trump says, "You're fired!"... The humans are chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day", wearing a dam GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) yep worst case scenario, the gold silver and platinum (spaceship building material) is even stacked up for the robbers. We've been had, took for dam sucker fools. The difference between a normal dam fool and you, Sharleen Johnson and I is we know it. The reservoirs are nearly full of mud, dams at end of service life period, buildings sickened from mold, mildew and fungus from leaks in the dilapidated structures caused by uncollected rainfall foundation washout, the disaster of the flush toilet. Its dam doo doo doom. Solving the problem is easy, undam the world's rivers, collect the precipitation with photovoltaics, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine, grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden,

make a grab for the precious metals, build better spaceships that go somewhere else besides back to here again with no gain. How to do it is easy too, make way in a reverse last supper presentation of 18 apostalettes another ma and myself. Present the correct allure (the females) to the Americans to get them to collect the signatures required to get on the ballet. Win the election whether they vote for us or not. Rigging election machines is the easiest part of the idea, but we've got to get on the ballet. Why would a female be interested in the idea? We figure the apostalettes on the team may make \$10 million dollars apiece, from the champagne donations. With ability to make more money in the future telling the tale. They get to save the world. They would get a great home to live in a great garden. They would get better food to eat. Likely to make way into exciting sexual opportunities on this enterprise. Perhaps most importantly, for the organism, in the future the females would get to say that God (the machine/computer/vessel/organism ruler of this universe) and "Jesus" (me) couldn't save us from hell, the females did, it was the females that saved the world, not just God and "Jesus". I'm seeking assistance from females in dam demolition and have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps.

About a letter to California Native Plant Society Chapter Council Representative Cathy Capone,

Saving the world is easy. Undam the rivers. Collect the precipitation with photovoltaics. Replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine. Grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. Note humans chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day", wearing a dam GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans). The gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) is all stacked up for the stealing and it appears the dam fools are doped on ethanol grade food and drinks, the bread that makes ya sick of a pandemick panick. How come the most obvious things aren't common knowledge? They are. How come the humans don't communicate a solution? They don't have a soul, they're deliberately trying to dam it, shed it and flush it all down the tubes. Not everybody is a dam fool. I came to discover that people interested in plants were likely intelligent, readers able to get the picture. Cathy Capone I scribe this letter to you as you must know others who are likewise. We need a small team of females to assist in dam demolition so we can grow more native plants instead of witnessing the dam suckers fool humans burn the garden down with the fossil fuel used maintaining the faulty water control structure scam. We have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. I'm seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the rivers for starters. Females on the team likely to make millions of dollars from champagne donations. Do you know any females with the name for the apostalette position? To avoid the sting of this dart, the message, force forward the idea as if you were the winged fluttering soldier.

About a letter to South Carolina Naïve Plant Society President Katie Ellis,

I picked you to write this letter to as you are a native plant person, probably know how to read. With an education in environmental horticulture I got in a boat and made way across the North American continent and back including the low country. Communicating with many characters along the way, male and female, we decided what we were witnessing was a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker into a barbecoo prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist. The humans often seen wearing a dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) and usually chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day" trying to get each other to eat a dam and ditch ethanol grade GMO corn cupcake were getting took for dam sucker fools. The entity doing the taking matched the description of God and the Devil, Allah and the Genie, the architect, Santa Clause and its elves, the four horsemen/illuminati/heilo halo wearing angels all rolled into one. What is it? Think about it. If the humans kept damming it, shedding it and flushing it all down the tubes they would burn the garden

down with the fossil fuel it took to it. Then they'd build a machine to make the air to breath, food to eat, slap a computer on it, wrap a spaceship about it and escape from the dam disaster. The machine/computer/vessel/organism over a long period of time would become extremely technologically advanced. It would escape the end of time, the collapse of the universe and reinvest itself into the next subsequent universe only to get to a certain point in time and discover it was dammed for going the dam route. It would look at the souls on the surface now as those responsible for its damnation. I made a deal with it to get out of hell, we're undamming the planet, punching holes in the dams on the world's rivers using the event to get control of the fossil fuel and using a lessoned amount to build great homes in a great garden. Wouldn't you like to be a part of it? We're making a grab for the precious metals too. All we need is females who get the idea, undam the rivers, collect the rainfall with solar cells, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. Seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper team, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps.

About a letter to South Carolina Native Plant Society Low Country Chapter Contact Mitzi Stewart,

I'm asking you for assistance in the collection of the team to undam the world's rivers, save the world. Here's what we should do: Make way in a presentation of 18 females, apostalettes, another man and myself, a reverse last supper team. Present the correct allure (the females) to get the Americans to collect the signatures needed to get on the presidential ballet and the money. Give the money to the apostalettes, take the signatures and win the election whether they vote for me or not, the things rigged, but we've got to get on the ballet. Also realize in addition to the whole dam GMO get sick circus, the gold, silver and platinum is all stacked up for the stealing. The entities behind the scenes are for undamming the rivers. We'll give em an angel's share of the precious metals and build better space-ships than they've got. But first, undam the rivers, collect the rainfall with solar cells, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. I figure the apostalettes might make \$10 million apiece, have a great time at it and get out of hell and everything. I've got the postage stamps all set up for it. Know any females with the name for the apostalettes position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

In Palm Beach County most the humans are obviously drugged on dam ethanol grade GMO Ignite™ food and drinks. Pull the boat at Murrel's Marine and make repairs. Splash her and head for Riviera, drop the mast at Cracker Boy, anchor up off snorkle trail beach and go about redoing the rigging, mast plate, arch and anchor plates.

Googled effects on rats fed ethanol grade corn, and didn't find anything. Imagine the implications (they didn't do that experiment on rats). However did find a scientific paper titled "Histopathological Investigation of the Stomach of Rats Fed a %60 Genetically Modified Corn Diet" (Zdziorski, Carmen, Edwards) that includes the report that hardly any tests on rats were done with the gmo food, the reports that were done were slack, they didn't even do like the high school level stuff, obvious junk tests. Then of course the experimenters present the results of their test, professionally, in short what was happening to the rats fed triphell stacked gmo corn was that there was weight gain, possibly fecal material backing up, and cracks in the alimentary canal that allowed bacteria, viruses, fecal material straight into the blood stream and straight to the brain. On the street this is described as, "[a] being full of shit". The GMO's make ya sick if ya eat 'em.

The same bunch did a similar experiment on pigs, same problem inflamed stomachs, problem worse for males than females, at least in the alimentary canal system. Note more male Homos dying of CO-VID than females.

I electronically sent my information to the authors of the report and I've got their mailing address.

California Native Plant Society Communications Director Liv O' Keeffe,

I'm scribing this letter to you Liv O' Keeffe as you are interested in native plants, intelligent. With an education in Environmental Horticulture and a desire to save the world I got into a boat on the river making way into a bunch of characters, male and female. We decided what we were witnessing is a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker into a barbecue prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist. Worst case scenario. We came to the idea that we'd have to undam the world's rivers, collect the precipitation with photovoltaics, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. We made me the front man for the idea. We infiltrated the post offices and made the post age picture so. Now Liv, we are seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers using the event as a lever to get control of the fossil fuel, using a reduced amount to build great places to live in a great garden. We need females to assist in dam demolition and we have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Be marvelous not puzzled. We figure the apostalettes will make \$10 million apiece, have a great time and save the world. Do you know any females with the name for the apostalettes position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to Florida Native Plant Society Secretary Jacqueline Rolly,

Educated in Environmental Horticulture, determined to grow native plants and fruit trees, I got in a boat on the river and made way into a bunch of characters, male and female. We decided what we were witnessing is a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker into a barbecue prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist, worst case scenario. We came the idea that we'd have to undam the world's rivers, collect the rainfall with photovoltaics, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. We decided I am the front man of the enterprise. We infiltrated the post offices and made the post age picture show this. Now, Jacqueline Rolly, we are seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers, use the event as a lever to get control of the fossil fuel and use lessoned amount to build collective productive structures in a bird and butterfly garden of fruits and nuts. We need females to assist in dam demolition and we have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer post age stamps. You know how monkeys are with tools. Here we are, we've got the picture. We figure the apostalettes on the team will make \$10 million, may be more, have a great time, save the world and get a great place to live. Do you know any females with the name for the apostalettes position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to Florida Native Plant Society Education Committee Standing Chair Wendy Poag,

I write you this letter as you are a native plant specialist, likely to be educated, intelligent, able to read, add it up and perform correct action. Most of the plant people are way more smarter than the normal human dam fool. I got in a boat on the river making way into a bunch of characters, male and female. We decided the humans in the first universe had dammed it, shed it, flushed it all down the tubes and

burned the garden down with the fossil fuel burned maintaining the faulty water control structure scam. The dam fools built a machine to make air to breathe, slapped a computer on it, wrapped a spaceship about it, climbed aboard and escaped their ruined planet. The thing that came of damming it, the machine/computer/vessel/organism over a long period of time became extremely technologically advanced. When the universe collapsed into an infinitely dense point it escaped and reinvested itself in the next subsequent universe, considered itself saved and master of all only to get to a certain point in time and discover it was the same as last time, it was damned for going the dam route. This is the third universe, it views the humans as the dam problem, unable to communicate reality. It's a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t with GMO kicker into a barbecoo prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) heist. Worst case scenario. We have to undam the world's rivers, collect the rainfall with solar cells, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. We need females to assist in dam demolition, we have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps so you couldn't miss the picture. Wendy, do you know any females with the name for the apostalettes position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to Florida Native Plant Society Director at Large Carol Sullivan,

Interested in making a fortune and saving the world. Making way in a boat on the river for decades I met some characters, male and female. We decided what we were witnessing is a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t with GMO kicker into a barbecoo prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist. We came to the idea that we'd have to undam the world's rivers collect the precipitation with photovoltaics, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. We decided I'm the front man for punch a hole in the world's river dams idea. Carol, you are an individual, able to take action. We need females to assist in dam demolition, let's call them apostalettes of a reverse last supper presentation. We have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. All the stamps are set up so the potential apostalettes can easily get the picture. There's actually a legal avenue to solve the problems on this planet. Collect signatures to get on the presidential ballet, win, command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers, use the event as a lever to get command of the fossil fuel, use reduced amount to install great homes in a great garden. All we need is the females to get the picture and assist in getting out of hell. As I came to discover the plant people, in particular the native plant specialists are very intelligent. Carol Sullivan do you know ant females with the name for the apostalettes position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to Florida Native Plant Society Director at Large Andrea Naccarato,

I write you for assistance in the collection together of a team of females to undam the world's rivers and get out of hell. It's simple to solve the problems on this planet. Undam the rivers, collect the rainfall with solar cells, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine, grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden... It's simple to undam the world's rivers, make way in a team of 18 apostalettes another man and myself, a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to punch holes in the dams on the world's rivers. Win the election whether they vote for us or not, the things rigged, but we've got to get on the ballet. Thus the apostalettes, the lure to get the Americans to collect the signatures to get on the ballet. And the money, in champagne donations, that we'll give to the females on the team. Plus, if we save the world this way in the future the females will be able to say that God and Jesus couldn't save the world without them and actually it was the females that largely made it happen. This idea would work the best for the organism. Also by solving the problems this way the females get the home that they want, not a cheap shed dilapidating into a sick build-

ing covered in fecal material from the flush toilet system, with no food. What you are witnessing now, Ms. Naccarato, is what happens to an organism that tries to dam it, shed it and flush it all down the tubes. See how the humans are chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," in a dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) trying to get each other to eat the ethanol grade pizza, donuts, grape jelly, ketchup... The dam GMO food makes ya sick, the dilapidated structures make ya sick, the flush toilet makes ya sick. Are you sick of it yet? Want to undam the rivers, make a grab for the gold and build better spaceships than last time? Notice that the trade mark name of the drugged genetically engineered dam and ditch food is Roundup Ready™ Ignite™, the bible reads, "Ya get served up as you serve up", its legal to have a certain amount of human meat in the sausage, Trump says, "You're fired" from the dam cereal queen post mansion... You can't miss the picture. There's no way to hide from the thing, it doesn't matter how much money you have. The only way out of hell is through a naturally flowing river system, I'm the front man for the idea and I insist we get females in boats on the water making way towards undamming the world's rivers. Start in a convoy of canoes and work our way up to a mother ship with helicopter and paddle boards. It's not a coincidence that if I mail you a copy of "Apostalette Manuel" it arrives in a manila envelope with a stamp depicting a man and woman in a canoe. As we are seeking 18 apostalettes to assist in dam demolition note the Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Note that the females nearly always act puzzled when presented with this river solution to the dam problem idea, as if it were an enigma to be wondered about. We need the marvelous kind of Wonder Woman, one that delivers response to a great solution presentation. Do you Andrea Naccarato know any females with the name for the apostalettes position? John Lawrence Jolley

On Singer Island the humans are lined up at 7/11 dazed, irritable, incendiary buying triphell stacked ethanol grade Ignite corn foo and dinks, wet wipes, laxitives and Preperation H. And its a more complex idea than most humans can imagine. As I enter the store I verbally take control of the flow of communication in time with sound I pick up from my ear, from my senses I could tell something noteworthy was occurring before I even entered the store. HEADS UP! (In case you haven't figured it out human, this is star wars and I'm your point man.) When I get to the fountain drink dispenser for ice in my insulated cup I call out almost out of ethanol grade soda pop, lights flashing. I turn, take a couple steps and discover a dude peeling 2 liter boughthells of Coke off the shelf, I serenade nope there's plenty of dam fool killa ass gmo dinks left. As I come about the isle, in time with my flow, a head pops up from an aisle on the other side of the store, the distributor (my partner, the empourher) is here stocking shelves, quick eye contact, male face dips back down quick. I get a Mighty Mango fruit smoothie, 4 bananas and get in line. Hidden from view the distributor calls out to seemingly a friend of his in line behind me, "Dont forget your laxatives!" Whereapawn he exits the line, gets the laxitives, and returns with seemingly a friend who's got wet wipes for his wife... I get it as my life is like this, I'm being arereigned with a tale to tell. TO GET THE TEAM TOGETHER TO UNDAM THE WORLD'S RIVERS.

Also know, the way the notes add up, the designers of this GM trickery designed the stuff so when you eat it the brains cell membranes, which naturally have a filter, are allowing of shit flow into the brain cell, so the dam fools literally have shit for brains, the gmo foo is that slick, as are the designers of it.

About a letter to International Mom's Club C/O Ms. James,

I've been seeking the assistance of females, in particular moms, for the demolition of the world's river dams for starters with this being the initiating action that allows for the production of the home that mom's dream of. Now, the kids (young goats) are being raised in a shed that dilapidates into a sick mold, mildew and fungus laden structure amidst rats, roaches, fleas, ants, bedbugs and... covered in fecal material from the drift associated with the flush toilet's flushing action, these moms and kids, with bellies full of dam and ditch agriculture cultivated GMO foo and dinks designed specifically to stop the flow of the alimentary canal of those dam fool enough to order the damming of the rivers to irrigate their dam food crops, these moms and kids sickened as the dam GMO food causes holes to develop in their intestines allowing fecal material, viruses and bacteria to flow straight into the blood stream making the dam fools sick. With a pandemick panick diseases outbreak controlled by ethanol grade GMO corn, dam and ditch agriculture cultivated, percentage of ethanol grade corn controlling disease spread... Mom's leading their kids to kindlegarden on a heilo school bus, to learn how to burn the garden down stacking up blocks and playing with plastic food while nothing is taught to potential children about a naturally flowing river solution to the dam problem as mom sits on a shower jet masager powered by a dam reservoir, or twiddles her thumbs on a device powered by a dam hydroelectric turbine... And the females, moms in particular, absolutely refuse a river solution presentation. They don't want to make a fortune and save the world. So, I invented the King of the Poison Frog Dart Gang letter to forcefully persuade females o see the light! Imagine entering the post off ice and discovering frog stamps to go with a letter envelope presentation of massive magnitude. I'm seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation, in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers and proceed with building mom and the children a great home. Know any females with the name for the apostalette position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to South Carolina Native Plant Society Secretary Laura Lee Rose,

Educated University Florida, environmental horticulture, I knew I wanted to make this planet a better place to live. But no matter how many native plants and fruit trees I got in the ground the human messes were cutting the tress down to make way room for the dam reservoirs and flush toilet paper quicker. What if we undam the rivers and put a front and rear fresh water wash on a fertilizer machine! Plus we could collect the precipitation with solar cells and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. What's stopping us from doing it? Nobody else but me is working on undamming the world's rivers for starters. Specifically we need females, Ms. Laura Lee Rose to act knowledgeable, recognize the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker into a barbecoo prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist. The latest dam circus sideshow is the pandemick panick, looks like the dam fool humans just got their bread, ketchup... doped with ethanol grade GMO IgnIte™. Hear the humans chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day", dressed in a dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans). See how the precious metals (spaceship building material) are all stacked up for the stealing. Do you recognize the robbers? As described in human literature, the four horsemen, the illuminati, the heilo halo wearing angels, Santa's elves. Us from the first universe. In the first universe the humans dammed it, shed it and flushed it all down the tubes, destroyed the place but built a machine to make air to breathe and food to eat, slapped a computer on it, wrapped a spaceship about it, climbed aboard and escaped from the dam disaster. The thing the dam fools built over a long period of time became extremely technologically advanced. It escaped the collapse of the universe into an infinitely dense point, assuming it had saved itself and mastered it all and reinvested itself in the next universe, only to get to a certain point in time and discover it was the same as last time, it was damned for going the dam route. It looks down on the surface now and views the souls as the exact souls responsi-



ble for its damnation. The main event of the whole dam circus is a force made productful of souls that refuse to be productive. At the same time eliminating the worst of the dam fools (prune us). The driving force towards undamming the world's rivers is a sausage barbecue of the worst of the Homos, Santa's slay. At the holiest time of the year, the humans say, "Have a holly jolly Christmass this year," "Tis the season to be jolly." You know who, I am. Practically Rudolf of the "Comet (come e.t.) Cuped (cue your soul) Donner (don her, the big dams) Blitzen. We are seeking assistance in the demolition of the world's river dams. We have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Can't miss the picture. We figure the apostalettes on the reverse last supper team will make about \$10 million apiece, have a great time and save the world, get everybody out of hell. Don't try and take cover from the idea (hide) Ms. Lee, don't be puzzled, be marvelous (the inside WONDER woman joke) in pursuit of the potential apostalettes. Thanks Laura, John Lawrence (Laurence) Jolley

About a letter to California Native Plant Society Chapter Council Chair Judy Fenerty,

It took me over 10 years and more than 10 thousand letters to get my postage stamps, envelopes, letters and ideas so presentable. I've been working on saving the world for 48 years. Enlightening females is what it comes to for when you realize the humans are burning the garden down with the fossil fuel it takes to dam the rivers, dig the ditches, constantly rebuild the sheds that dilapidate from uncollected rainfall and maintain the flush toilet scam you realize that's exactly what the females don't want to talk about. The porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker into a barbecue prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist. Worst case scenario. How to get a female to consider making a fortune and saving the world. The latest side show of the dam fool circus is a pandemick panick ethanol grade corn in the bread, ketchup... It's grown at the dam and ditch agricultural sites and it makes you sick. But alas it's a sideshow to the barbecue of the worst of the dam fools. Instead of being scared, did you ever think of undamming the world's rivers and making a grab for the gold? All we need, Judy Fenerty, is 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers. Need assistance from females for dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer post age stamps!

About a letter (Big Bird stamp with quote "Open up to a solution to the terrific yellow waterfowl looming over a cast played like puppets. Imagine a place to live along a naturally flowing river, solar cells collecting precipitation, front and rear fresh water wash equipped fertilizer machine surrounded by fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden" on envelope) to National Audubon Society Chair of the Board Maggie Walker,

I'm writing letters specifically to the females of Audubon as you all have addresses of powerful positions. Undoubtedly you all know how to read. The humans are getting took for dam sucker fools, the entities taking 'em would view the souls on the surface as those responsible for hell. Birds, like monkeys, often make a call for mates. The call that the male makes is determined by the effect on the female. If she responds to the call, the males make that call. The human male generally calls out, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day" in dam and ditch GMO gold mining suit presentation (t-shirt and blue jeans) the female responds, making herself available for intercourse (communication). We need females that hear a, "Free flowing river collective productive structural fruit and nut, bird and butterfly garden" call and deliver response, backing me up on the idea, giving assistance toward dam demolition. The females have to be able to get the picture. When you see Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps, don't be puzzled, be that marvelous woman that assists in collecting together the apostalettes for a reverse last supper team.

About a letter to South Carolina Native Plant Society Low Country Chapter Board Member Lauren Boyd,

Educated in environmental horticulture, planting native and fruits I got in a boat on the river thinking to save the world. I knew no matter how many native plants and fruit trees I could get in the ground the humans were set to burn the garden down with the fossil fuel it took to dam the rivers, dig ditches, build, maintain and demo the slacker sheds, the flush toilet, doom. I made way into a bunch of characters, male and female and we came to the decision that it really is a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker into a barbecue prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist. We decided we'd have to undam the rivers, collect the rainfall with photovoltaics, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden, an order to get out of hell. We decided I am the front man of enlightened idea. I infiltrated the post office and got control of the postage stamps. Now I'm seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers, use the event to get control of the fossil fuel and use reduced amount to build collective productive structures in a realistic garden. We need females to assist in dam demolition and we have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Lauren, do you know of any females with the name for the apostalette position?  
John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to California Native Plant Society Workshops and Events Elizabeth Kubey,

Interested in making a fortune and saving the world? I've been working 48 years on enlightening females to the river solution to the dam problem. Why? For I am seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers, use the event as a lever to get control of the fossil fuel and use lessened amount to build better homes. Getting the female to have any interest in the idea is very difficult. The girls don't like reality. Me neither. It's a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker into a barbecue prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist. We've been had, took for dam sucker fools. The other men don't tell ya, as they don't care to ruffle your feathers. They're scared, not smart enough to figure out a solution. They're waiting for me to tell you. We need females to assist in dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Not a coincidence, coinciding. Don't be puzzled, be marvelous as you communicate the idea. Elizabeth, do you know of any females with the name for the apostalette position?

About a letter to Florida Native Plant Society Council of Chapters Representative Kara Driscoll,

A long time ago I started working on a project to save the world. Considering the way things are I figured a written letter delivered in the mail would probably work best, humans have a difficult time doing the correct thing amidst a group doing the incorrect thing. A letter allows you to read it when it's convenient and you are comfortable. If I could only get the postage stamps to picture the idea. I started forcing forward a river solution to the dam problem in letter with superheroes, star wars and Atlas postage stamps. After more than 10 years and 10,000, with many to USPS stamp development, we really got the stamps rigged so you can't miss the picture. We're seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers for starters. Need females to deliver response. Assist in dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Realize how keen the picture is. Most of the women pretend they're puzzled as if the idea of undamming the world's rivers were an enigma to be pondered. We

need the marvelous type of Wonder Woman, likes the idea of making a fortune and saving the world. Kara, do you know any females with the name for the apostalette position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to South Carolina Native Plant Society Low Country Chapter Grants Mary Conley,

I figured to save the world and set my sights on undamming the world's rivers. This letter is a solicitation for assistance in the collection together of a team largely of females to undam the planet. Saving the world is easy, enlighten the females to the correct solution at a time when they couldn't miss the picture. Free flowing river systems, collective productive structures, fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. Hear the humans chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day", wearing a dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) trying to get each other to eat ethanol grade dam GMO adulterated food and drinks that make ya sick. See how the reservoirs are almost full of mud, the gold, silver and platinum is all stacked up for the stealing... Pretty obvious the humans have been had and are getting took for dam sucker fools. We need females that get the picture and deliver response to a call for a naturally flowing river solution to the dam problem. We need assistance from the females with dam demolition, we have Wonder Woman with Sledgehammer postage stamps. We need to enlighten the female, get off the dam broad innosense route, like Dorothy escaping from the yellow brick road, It's simple to save the world, make way on a reverse last supper team of 18 apostalettes another man and myself in pursuit of the presidency, command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers for starters. Know any females with the name for the apostalette position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to the Lanakila Outrigger Canoe Club,

I got in a boat on the river pursuing knowledge, made way into a bunch of characters, male and female. We decided what we were witnessing was a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker into a barbecoo prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist. We came to the idea we'd have to undam the world's rivers, collect the precipitation with solar cells, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. We decided I was the front man, the trip leader for the team to get out of hell, undam the rivers and use the precious metals to build better spaceships than the damned clowns who tricked us into the whole dam circus built last time. I checked with them, they're all for the idea so we rigged the thing so you couldn't miss the picture. We're seeking assistance from females for dam demolition and we have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Let's get a team together of 18 females, call them apostalettes, two men and call the convoy a reverse last supper presentation, make way in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to punch holes in the dams on the world's rivers. We'll be able to solve the rest of the problems at that point. All we're missing is the females for the team. Do you all know any females with the name for the apostalette position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to South Carolina Native Plant Society Low Country Chapter Board Member Kim Morganello,

Giving the picture of a way out of hell has never been easier. I'm the front man for a massively powerful team, we need assistance from the females with dam demolition. She is aware of this yet acts puzzled. So we came up with Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. We need the females that view a river solution to the dam problem as an enigma to be pondered to marvelously deliver a response of naturally flowing rivers, collective productive structures, fruits and nuts in a bird and butter-

fly garden. It's easy to do. Have 18 females, let's call them apostalettes and two men get in a convoy of vessels on the river. Make way presenting the correct allure (the females) to get the Americans to collect the signatures required to get on the presidential ballet, win the election, the things rigged to get out of hell, command the armed forces to punch holes in the dams on the world's rivers, use the event as a lever to get control of the fossil fuel, use reduced amount of fuel to build civilization correctly. This idea works great for the females in the future as they would be able to say that it was the females, not just God and/or "Jesus", that largely made it happen and saved the world. Plus, the females get that near perfect home they want. We figure the apostalettes on the team would make \$10 million apiece and have a great time saving the world. Do you know any females with the name for the apostalette position? John Lawrence Jolley

About a letter to California native Plant Society Director Lucy Ferneyhough,

Ever saved a world? The humans are walking around chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day", dressed in a dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) trying to get each other to eat the ethanol grade adulterated food that'll make ya sick in a pandemick panick, in denial of it all with even the gold, silver and platinum stacked up for the stealing. As if some precious metal spaceship flying pimps had set us up with alien corn, tricked us into damming the rivers, digging up the load of spaceship building material, and once it was dug up, sowing the lethal corn seeds at the dam farm and poisoning ourselves to save them the trouble. This is actually what happened. The characters who set us up for the dam fall are us from the first universe. This is the third universe. We're making a dam break for getting out of hell. The only opportunity is to make way in a team of 18 females, we'll call them apostalettes on a reverse last supper team, having the females be the lure to get the Americans to collect the signatures required to get on the presidential ballet, win the election, the things rigged, command the armed forces to punch holes in the dams on the world's rivers, use the event as a lever to get control of the fossil fuel, use reduced amount to build civilization correctly, near perfect home, in a fruit and nut bird and butterfly garden. The worst of the dam fools are scheduled to be ground into sausage and sold at the grocery store. We need females to assist in dam demolition, an order to get out of hell. We have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Know any females with the name for the apostalette position? John Lawrence Jolley

About a letter to California Native Plant Society Vegetation Program Director Julie Evens,

Most of the plant people are smarter than normal humans. That's why I send this idea to you Ms. Julie Evens, I figure your smart enough to do something productive with the idea. The planet's rivers are dammed, the structures are dilapidating into diseased buildings from uncollected rainfall, the inhabitants covered in fecal material from the flush toilet, full of make ya sick dam and ditch agriculture cultivated genetically engineered food, the gold, silver and platinum is all stacked up for the stealing. This is obvious, the dam fool humans even chant, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day", while wearing a dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (blue jeans and a t-shirt) as they try to get each other to eat the ethanol grade pizza. It's a dam shame. Me and a bunch of others came up with the idea to undam the world's rivers, collect the rainfall with a super solar cell equipped domicile, wrapped about a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. Saving the world is easy, face the ill, don't deny it, the pandemick panick is the latest sideshow of the dam circus, an ethanol grade corn adulteration of the flour, ketchup... The main event is a sausage sale of the worst of the water control structure abortionists. All we need is 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper team in pursuit of the presidency to

undam the rivers. Need females to assist in dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Be Marvelous not puzzled.

About a letter to Florida Native Plant Society Executive Director Juliet Rynear,

I'm scribing this letter to you Juliet for as you are an expert of natural plants, intelligent, educated and likely in a position of some affluence, able to add it up and see the difference. With an environmental horticulture idea I got in a boat on the river making way into a bunch of characters, male and female. We decided that what we were witnessing is a porous dam sheddy flush toilet. With GMO kicker into a barbecue prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist. We came to the idea that we'd have to undam the world's rivers, collect the rain with photovoltaics, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. Plus we're making a grab for the precious metals, so we're a tough forceful bunch, massively interesting. We infiltrated the post office and made postage picture so. Now Juliet we're seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper team in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers using the event as a lever to get command of the fossil fuel and use reduced amount to build the dream home in a dream garden. We need females to assist in dam demolition and we have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Be not puzzled but marvelous! Do you know any females with the name for the apostalettes position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to Florida Native Plant Society Standing Committee Chair Shirley Denton,

I scribe this letter to you seeking assistance with the collection together of 18 females for a team in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers for starters. I know that growing native plants and fruit trees is the best way to make a living while working towards a naturally flowing river solution. You're smart Shirley, educated and likely know a lot of others who are, plant people are that way. What we need is a small team to take advantage of an opportunity in a massive way. It's simple, present the correct allure (the females) to get the Americans to collect together the signatures required to get on the presidential ballot. Win the election whether they vote for us or not, the whole dam circus is rigged to get out of hell, election machines are easier to rig than postage stamps. I'm seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation, females to assist in dam demolition, I have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Don't be puzzled, be marvelous as you force forward a real solution that works. Undam the world's rivers, collect the rainfall with photovoltaics, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine, grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. I'm for giving the apostalettes the champagne donations, maybe \$10 million apiece, we'd have a great time and save the world and everything. Do you know any females with the name for the apostalettes position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to National Audubon Society Kelly Adams,

If you get involved with an organization saving the birds, picking up plastic trash or whatever it is, if you're not working towards undamming the world's rivers for starters, it's not gonna work, your project would be dammed. If you're working towards undamming the world's rivers and you're not with the idea I present you will fail. The only opportunity for you to be successful, productive is to participate in the collection of 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to punch holes in the dams on the rivers using the event to get control of the world's fossil fuel to use reduced amount to install a collective productive structural civilization with fruit and nut trees in a bird and butterfly garden. Kelly Adams the only thing missing from the

idea is the females that deliver a response to a naturally flowing river call. I'm fishing for females to assist in dam demolition and have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Want to make a fortune and save the world? Know any females with the name for the apostalettes position?  
John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to Blu By U Blueberry Farmers,

See how the humans are walking around wearing a dam and ditch agriculture cultivated genetically engineered cotton California gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day", trying to get each other to eat ethanol grade corn adulterated soda pops and pizza... amidst a pandemick panick where something is making them sick, in particular the men. See how the gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) is all stacked up for the stealing. Looks like the humans are getting drugged and about to be robbed, they are getting rolled. The difficulty I am having saving us all getting out of hell is the females aren't interested in making a fortune and saving the world. Appears as though the females have trained their brain to see blocks and pixels (pick hell). I met two females that were very interested in undamming the world's rivers, collecting the precipitation with photovoltaics, replacing the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and growing fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden but they both died of brain aneurisms, their brains exploded thinking about it. Don't worry, I've done the thinking for you. It's all set up. Seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation. Please assist.

This is about a letter to The Family Gardeners,

If you ever read the book "Peter Pan" the pirates built the castle on the river. In Latin castille is the dam on the river. The sirens on the rock. The Indians all f@(&%\*d up on dam and ditch GMO foo and dinks, the lost boys playing house with Wendy as they all get rolled by pirates. That's exactly what we're witnessing now. I'm in a Peter CrockIdealrio Fruita de Pan outfit in the richest town in the world, Manalapan, see all the dead trees, concrete and asphalt, on the water. It's a pandemick panick, ethanol grade corn adulterated flour, soda pops, pizza, ketchup... gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) all stacked up for the stealing, humans in dam GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," trying to get each other to eat the dam ethanol grade adulterated flour, ketchup... Why is it that we're damned and headed straight for hell? Really it's because the females don't like my idea, we need females that deliver a response to a naturally flowing river, collective productive structure, fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden call. I'm seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper team, need assistance from the females with dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Please assist.

These are about some letters to Aunt Zelma's Blueberries C/O Ralph V. Hadley III,

I rigged this thing up so you all could easily participate in saving the world, undamming the rivers, getting out of hell. Need females to participate on a team as lures to get the Americans to collect the signatures required to get on the presidential ballet, and the money for the females. If you don't know of a female that's interested in making a fortune and saving the world perhaps you could post the idea at Aunt Zelma's Blueberry Farm and those who were interested in picking delicious rainfall irrigated and/or mainly corduroy irrigation fruit, instead of dam California stuff, those interested in fruit to eat instead of dam GMO jewnk food, perhaps maybe they know of females interested in solving the problems on this planet, making millions of \$'s and having a great time doing it. John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

Blueberry affectionados,

Delicious fruitful times away those participating on a reverse last supper team. Seeking 18 apostalettes for a presentation in pursuit of the presidency for the command of the armed forces for the fluidification of the water control structures on the world's rivers. Dams assistance needed for dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Don't be puzzled, BE MARVELOUS in consideration of the best of all opportunities for you and all else. Don't worry or be scared, I've prepared everything, the ideas all thought up, so don't get a head ache thinking about it. Let's undam the rivers, collect the precipitation with solar panels, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden.

About letters to The Blueberry People,

Blueberry people are better than dam and ditch agriculture cultivated genetically engineered ethanol grade corn humans. It makes the dam fools riot and get sick. The only way to solve the problems on this planet is to undam the rivers for starters. I thought up an idea so you wouldn't have to think of a way to save the world, save you the headache. Let's make way in a team of apostalettes, 18 females another man and myself, a reverse last supper presentation. Pursue the presidency, have the females be the lure to get the Americans to collect the signatures required to get on the ballot, the donations for the apostalettes on the team, win the election (easier to rig than postage stamps) command armed forces to undam the world's rivers, charge 'em for the trouble and get out of national debt, use the event as a lever to get control of fossil fuel use, use lessened amount to build the improved structures, make a fortune and save the world. Know any females with the name for the apostalettes position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

Blueberry People,

It's a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker into a barbecue prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist. There is only one opportunity to save the world, this is that best opportunity. Seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation. Need assistance from the dames for dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Make way in a convoy of vessels, be the lure (the females on the team) to get the Americans to collect the signatures required to get on the ballot, win the election, easy, command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers, use the event as a lever to get control of the fossil fuel, use lessened amount to build collective productive structures in a bird and butterfly garden of fruits and nuts. Make a fortune and save the world. John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

This is about a letter to Swallowtail Farm,

Dam and ditch agriculture, dammed rivers and swallowtails don't do well together. So we'll have to pull the plug on the dam thing and make it appear desirable. The humans are burning the garden down with the fossil fuel it takes to dam it, shed it and flush it all down the tubes, chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," wearing a dam GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) trying to get each other to eat the dam ethanol grade GMO corn foo and dinks with the gold, silver and platinum (space-ship building material) all stacked up for the stealing. The humans appear to be getting drugged and robbed (rolled) and that's all a sideshow in the dam circus. The main event is a sausage barbecue of the worst of the dam fools. Wouldn't you like to be a part of escaping from hell? Make a fortune and

save the world. Seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation, need assistance from females for dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps.

This is about letters to The Gainesville Organic Blueberry Farm,

When I think about where to find a female interested in making a fortune and saving the world... She could come from a blueberry farm! The humans really are chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," wearing a dam GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) trying to get each other to eat a makes ya sick ethanol grade dam corn cup cake, pizza, soda pop... with the gold, silver and platinum (space-ship building material) all stacked up for the stealing. And that's all a sideshow in the dam circus, the main event is a barbecue of the worst of the da fools. Plus, the reservoirs are nearly full of mud and the whole dam reservoir tailrace system is about to go down anyway. So I thought up an idea so you wouldn't have to. Seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to punch holes in the dams on the world's rivers. Need dames to assist in dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps.

I am Peter CrockIdealrio Fruita de Pan. It's a pandemick panick ethanol grade GMO corn addition to the sickening foo and dinks supply. Married in Japan. Actually met Pan (the bread god) underneath Milwaukee Logan Square Blue Line exit Chicago. I've been to every bread pile (grain elevator) in the bread basket. Envelope picture taken in Manalapan, FL. My grandma yusta work at a bakery. Let's say I know all about bread. The bible reads, "Toss out the yeast (the GMO yeast) toss out the bread (the GMO soybean oil, rapeseed oil, ethanol grade corn dust in the flour bread) and toss out the woman". Toss the females in a boat in a convoy of boats with me. The dam gigs up! Barbecue looming. Time to undam the rivers for starters. On water planet often the first tune taught to a child is: Roe (the eggs, the females) Row (manually motivated vessels) Roll (like the reverse of the dam GMO drugged precious metal robbery) The Bar Co. (bar #1 synonym for dam, The Dam Company) gently on down the stream, merrily, merrily, merrily

This is about letters to Blue Brothers,

Know any females interested in eating lots of fruits, nuts and seafood, making a fortune and saving the world? Here's what we'll do: make way in a convoy of vessels, 18 apostalettes (females) another man and myself, have the females be the lure to get the Americans to collect together the signatures required to get on the ballet and the money (the champagne donations for the apostalettes). Win the election, command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers, charge 'em for it, get out of national debt, save the world and make a fortune in condo's in a fruit and nut bird and butterfly garden.

Blue Brothers and Sisters,

I've got a massive redevelopment idea, let's undam the world's rivers, flood the dam fools, and rebuild civilization correctly. Photovoltaics collecting precipitation, fertilizer machines, fruits, nuts, birds and butterflies. Need dames to assist with dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Make a fortune and save the world, be an apostalette on a reverse last supper presentation. I've thought of everything, don't get a headache thinking about it.

This is about a letter to Sunshine Blueberry Farmers,

Considering reality I hatched an idea to undam the rivers and make a grab for the gold. With the humans chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," wearing dam GMO gold mining outfits (t-shirts and



blue jeans) trying to get each other to eat the sickening ethanol grade dam and ditch GMO corn dust in the flour, ketchup.. With the gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) all stacked up for the stealing, I decided to make way in a reverse last supper presentation of 18 apostalettes, females, another man and myself in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers. Need females to assist in dam demolition, have Wonder woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Need females that deliver a response to a naturally flowing river collective productive structure with fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden call. Back me up at the plate, let's make a grab for it. Know any females with the name for the apostalette position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About letters to Owen's Blueberry Farm,

I'm planning an amphibious assault from Manalapan, dressed as "Peter CrockIdealrio Fruita de Pan" amidst a pandemick panick dam and ditch agriculture cultivated GMO ethanol grade Ignite™ corn dust in the flour get sick trick, the gold, silver and platinum is all stacked up for the stealing by damned precious metal space pirates, the fourhorsemenilluminatiangels (us from the first universe, we got damned for damming it) and the humans are scheduled for a Roundup Ready™ Ignite™ barbecue, Plus the reservoirs are almost full of mud and the whole dam reservoir tailrace is about to go down like dominoes. So I figured we'd undam the world's rivers and make a grab for the gold, otherwise we're gonna get rolled. Need females that can take care of themselves, swim, read, write... Like to eat fruits, nuts, seafood, have a great timesaving the world. Make a fortune, be massive.

Owing blueberries we made the decision to do the most productive thing. Letters delivered with matching postage stamps arraigned over a 12 year period with the post offices of this world. When I sent a copy of the "Apostalette Manuel" to the post office it didn't have a cover yet landed on their desks the day they released the Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps, which became the cover. So I'm seeking assistance from dames for dam demolition and I've got Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Who am I? You know who I am. Seeking 18 apostalettes (females, like the opposite of Rockettes) for a reverse last supper team in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers. Make a fortune and save the world. John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About letters to Wellborn Farms,

Wellborn, know your best opportunity is in your hands now. An invitation to be on the most massive of teams. Solving the problems on this planet is easy, undam the rivers, collect the precipitation with photovoltaics, replace the flushtoilet with a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. But how to get there with the humans Ignite™ into riots drugged sickened on ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO dam and ditch Ag. Corn dust in the flour, chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," wearing a dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) trying to get each other to eat the ethanol grade corn cupcakes, pizza, ketchup... With the gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) all stacked up for the stealing. Dam circus sideshows. The main events a barbecue of the worst of the dam fools. So as the tune goes, "Roe (the eggs, the females) Row (make way in manuel vessels) Roll the boat (ill Bar Co., the dam company). Get the females in boats, roll the dam fools gently on down the stream.

Wellborn forcing forward a free flowing river solution as an apostalette on a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers, the most fortunate of all. Seeking assistance from dames for dam demolition using Wonder Woman with

sledgehammer postage stamps as a lure. Rigging election machines is easier than rigging postage stamps. But I've got to get on the ballet. Need to present the kind of team where everybody is falling all over themselves to get everything (signatures, money) we need. Figure the apostalettes would make \$10 million apiece. Get to save the world. Have a great time. John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About letters to People's Food CO-OP,

On water planet often the first tune sung to a child is, "Roe [the eggs, get the females] Row [make way in manuel vessels] Roll the boat [ill Bar Co., the Dam Company] gently on down the stream, merrily, merrily, merrily..." This is exactly how to solve the problems on this planet. Get the females manually making way on the water, roll the dam fools, have a great time doing it and make millions of dollars (the champagne donations) make history her story, be an apostalette on a reverse last supper presentation convoy of vessels I pursuit of the presidency to undam the rivers. Make life a dream, lease assist.

Seeking 18 apostalettes (females) for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers for starters. Make a fortune in champagne donations, save the world, have a great time and live on a reasonable planet in a great home. This is your best opportunity. We need females to assist in dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps. Convoy of vessels amphibious assault. John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to Scott Blueberry Farm,

Wow, do I have an opportunity for you all. Did you ever think how simple it would be to save the world! All we had to do was dam it, shed it, flush it all down the tubes and burn the garden down with the fossil fuel it takes to maintain the faulty water control scam, then create a machine to make air to breath and food to eat, slap a computer on it, wrap a spaceship about it, climb aboard and escape from a desert planet. Then this machine computer vessel organism over a long period of time would become extremely technologically advanced, escape the collapse of the universe into a giant black hole, reinvest itself in the next subsequent universe after the big bang. I'd reappear and tell it to round up the worst of the dam fools, grind 'em up into sausage, pack 'em in their owing casing, seasoned, labeled all natural" and sell the dam fools at the grocery store. Force the dam fools to be productive the only way possible while simultaneously leading the smarter monkeys in the correct way in a convoy of canoes reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers. Thus I'm seeking 18 apostalettes to assist in dam demolition casting Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps as a lure.

About letters to Blueberry Woman Dead Creek Ranch,

I figured to save the world, thought you might be interested. Considering it was a porous dam sheddy flushtole.t. with GMO kicker into a barbecue prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) heist made the decision to undam the world's rivers and make a grab for the gold. As high as you could aim and as on target as you could be. Need assistance with the collection together of the 18 apostalettes for the reverse last supper team. Figured you might know of females that were interested in making a fortune and saving the world. Don't be scared to think about it, you don't need to, I already thought of the thing. Just get the girls on the team, easy.

Seeking 18 apostalettes (females) for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency for the command of the armed forces to undam the world's rivers, dam fool washout, charge 'em for it, get out of national debt, save the world and make a fortune in civilization redesign and installation. Make

millions of dollars for yourselves from the champagne donations, have a great time, meet the best souls/entities/characters on the surface. Be an apostalette. Note how I'm using Wonder Woman with sledgehammer post age stamps as a lure, to get the picture to you, there's powerful entities working to get you to see the picture. Need assistance from dames for dam demolition. Know any females with the name for the apostalette position? John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

About a letter to The National Wildlife Federation Director at Large,

Sally Ranney, interested in making a fortune and saving the world. We'll have to undam the world's rivers. Need to get control of the largest part of the armed forces to do it, we'll have to pursue the presidency. Appears a team, a reverse last supper presentation, comprised of 18 apostalettes another man and myself is the best opportunity. In order to get the signatures required to get on the ballet and the money we need allure, the females are the best lures. We're undamming the planet's rivers and redesigning civilization, make it suitable for raising children. We need females that represent this idea, delivering response to a free flowing river collective productive structural call. We need females that won't settle for, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," a quick shed, flush toilet and some dam and ditch ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO corn doom food. You see the humans getting drugged sick on dam and ditch GMO food. You see the gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) all stacked up for the stealing. You see the humans are getting rolled. Want to get out of it? Forced to be sausage product. How about doing something more productful. Sally you or someone you know may be the apostalette type. It's easy to save yourselves the dam fool humiliation of being sold at the grocery store. Participate in undamming the world's rivers, dames for dam demolition.

About a letter to The National Wildlife Federation Director Region 4,

Rebecca Pritchett, you may have a massive part in saving the world. We're seeking assistance from dames for dam demolition and we've Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps for allure. The opportunity to get out of hell exists. A small team of 18 apostalettes, another man and myself has the ability to make way in pursuit of the presidency for the command of the armed forces to undam the world's rivers for starters. You see the humans are getting rolled, chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," posing in a dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) with the gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) all stacked up for the stealing, trying to get each other to eat an ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO Ignite™ corn dust in the flour, ketchup... sickening is sin it. The sausage barbecue of the worst of the dam fools is the main event. Those with interest in getting out of hell are for undamming the world's rivers. Trying to be happy headed straight for hell is insane. Make a fortune, save the world and have a great time, be an apostalette.

About a letter to The National Wildlife Federation Director at Large,

Mamie Parker, working on a project to save the world is the most enjoyable thing. In order to get out of hell we must undam the rivers for starters, the initiating action that allows all solutions to come about. Having females, dames, be a forceful part of dam demolition is required. Communication of a naturally flowing river collective productive structural solution to females needing to be aware of the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t with GMO kicker into a barbecue prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist reality we're all witnessing. See what happens to an organism that dams it, sheds it and flushes it all down the tubes. It destroys its natural system and replaces it with something that outlasts the collapse of the universe, reinvests itself in the next subsequent universe and comes back to haunt the humans for not correctly applying obvious solution in a timely manner. So when

hear the humans chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," wearing a dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) with the gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material all stacked up for the stealing, trying to get each other to eat dam and ditch ethanol grade GMO Ignite™ corn dust in the flour that makes ya sick, you don't doubt the humans are getting rolled, YOU KNOW IT. Apply the most obvious of solutions. The light of life, bioluminescing for 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation with Wonder Woman with sledgehammer post age for a lure.

About a letter to The National Wildlife Federation Director at Large,

Catherine A. Novelli, wouldn't it be enjoyable to have a massive part in the coming about of humanity to the correct way of life. If the humans were chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," (dammed in Latin, plain English and slang) dressed in a dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) with the gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) all stacked up for the stealing trying to get each other to eat dam and ditch ethanol grade GMO Ignite™ corn dust in the flour make ya sick trick, we could safely assume the humans were getting rolled, drugged and robbed. So if this is the case then obviously we should undam the rivers, collect the precipitation with photovoltaics, replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. Let's undam the rivers and make a grab for the gold. The best of all opportunities is a team, a reverse last supper presentation, comprised of 18 females (apostalettes) another man and myself in pursuit of the presidency for the command of the armed forces to undam the world's rivers. So we've Wonder Woman with sledgehammer postage stamps for allure. Know any females with the name for the apostalette position?

This is about a letter to Blueberry Woman,

Getting the postage stamps rigged up this way to express the idea of I, a bunch of females and another man attacking the dam problem with an amphibious river assault is enjoyable, saving the world by undamming the world's rivers is a lot more fun than chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," wearing a dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) with the gold, silver and platinum all stacked up for the stealing, trying to get each other to eat sickening ethanol grade GMO corn dust in the flour, pizza, ketchup... getting drugged and robbed, rolled. Know of any females that would rather do the rolling than get rolled? We need females on the team that deliver response to a free flowing river collective productive structural call. We're seeking dames to participate in dam demolition and we've Wonder Woman with sledgehammer post age for allure. Know of females with the name for an apostalette position on a reverse last supper team? Want to make a fortune and save the world? Communicate with me for details. John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

This is about letters to Deep Spring Farm,

If you thought about what would happen to an organism that tried to dam it, shed it and flush it all down the tubes... It would burn the garden with the fossil fuel used building and maintaining the dams, ditches, sheds and flush toilets. Then the dam fool organism would build a machine to make air to breathe and food to eat, slap a computer on it, wrap a spaceship about it, climb aboard and escape from the dam disaster. The thing that came of damming it, the machine/computer/vessel/organism, over a long period of time would become extremely technologically advanced, it would escape the end, the collapse of the universe, reinvest itself in the next subsequent universe thinking it had mastered it all and saved itself only to get to a certain point in time and discover it was the same as last time, it was damned for going the dam route. It would blame the souls on the surface now as those responsible for

its damnation. The thing the humans would invent of damming it, would come back to haunt them. It's here. It and I need you to participate in getting out of hell. Need females for a team to save the world.

Consider being an apostalette on a team to save the world. An amphibious assault of course on water planet, how else to attack the dam problem with river solution. A presentation largely of females, dames for dam demolition. We have to undam the rivers, collect the precipitation with photovoltaics and replace the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine to use the collected water and fertilizer to grow fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden. Who'd want to be part of a bunch of dam fools slated for sausage barbecoo chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," (damned in Latin, plain English and slang) appearing in dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) with the gold silver and platinum (spaceship building material) all stacked up for the stealing, trying to get each other to eat the dam and ditch GMO ethanol grade corn dust in the flour make ya sick pandemick panick trick? I'd rather make a fortune and look real smart doing it. How about you? Do you like the Wonder Woman with sledgehammer allure?

This is about a letter to The National Wildlife Federation Director at Large Gloria Tom,

How would you like to be instrumental in saving the world! Easily by influencing others to be an apostalette on a reverse last supper team in pursuit of the presidency for the command of the armed forces to punch holes in the dams on the world's rivers using the event as a lever to get control of the fossil fuel the humans are using to maintain the porous dam sheddy flush toilet scam, use lessoned amount to build collective productive structures in a fruit and nut, bird and butterfly garden. All we need id the females on the team. The humans really are chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," (dammed in Latin, plain English and slang) dressed in dam GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) with the gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) all stacked up for the stealing, trying to get each other to eat an ethanol grade dam and ditch GMO Ignite™ corn dust in the flour trick, cupcake, soda pop... that'll make ya sick side show, the barbecoo of the worst of the dam fools is the main event. Let's undam the rivers, make a grab for the gold and get out of hell.

This is about a letter to The National Wildlife Federation Director at Large,

Brianna Jones Rich, in order to get to the commander in chief position where I could undam the world's rivers and start getting out of hell, we have got to have females backing me up. They don't have to be Vogue cover models. We need females that can see that if the humans kept damming it, shedding it and flushing it all down the tubes they'd burn the garden down with the fossil fuel to maintain the faulty water control scam. Then the dam fools would build a machine to make air to breathe and food to eat, slap a computer on it, wrap a spaceship about it, climb aboard and escape. See that over a long period of time the thing, the machine/computer/vessel/organism that came of damming it would become extremely technologically advanced, would escape the collapse of the universe and re-invest itself in the next subsequent universe and get to a certain point in time and discover it was the same as last time, its dammed for damming it. It's here, the females need to know this so as to use the knowledge of it to solve the problems we are faced with. It's not to be scared of. Realize that's our potential assistant in working about the hordes of dam fools towards the goal of a naturally flowing river system with collective productive structures nestled in a fruit and nut, bird and butterfly garden. See how being in the position you are makes it simple for me to communicate the idea to you and simple for you to communicate to potential apostalettes.

I haven't written anything in my get the water flowing on this planet book in a couple years and as I sit in front of the Lantana library computer, ready to start entering new notes, just as I'm about to depress the first keys of the keyboard, finger about to touch the key, Christine, the head librarian (has a Dr. Who Bad Wolf {the telephone booth time machine} sticker on the rear window of her SUV) begins hosing down the painted on the windows sign, "Games Toys S.T.E.M. Kits!!!" of the library. Time to flow.

This is about letters to Pearl River Blues Berry Farm,

Need a bunch of Wendy's sick of playing house, Indian princesses sick of damming it, mermaids sick of the dam rock and maliciousless Tinker Bells for assistance undamming the world's rivers.

It really is a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker into a barbecue prescription complete with gold, silver and platinum heist. Ready to undam the rivers and make a grab for the gold! I figure to. Rigged the post age stamps so you couldn't miss the picture. Entities in control of the dam scam, the riders of the apocalypse appear to be for undamming the world's rivers, settling for an angel's share of the precious metal spaceship building material, building better spaceships than last time and going somewhere else besides back to here again with no gain, get out of hell. We're making a dam break for it. You want in on it? We've got to have females on the team. All we've got to do is make correct impression, get the signatures to get on the ballet. Winning the election is riggable, easy. The military has the correct tools to fluidify the water control structures. We can charge 'em for it and get out of national debt. I figure the apostalettes on the team could make \$20 million apiece. There really is no problems with the idea, just no females interested. Know any?

Want to save the world! Seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers. Need assistance from dames for dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer post age stamps. On water planet often the first tune (to fix or repair) taught is "Roe (the eggs, get the females) Row (make way manually in vessels on the water) Roll the boat (the barco, bar #1 synonym for dam, the Bar Co., the dam company) gently on down the stream". It's that easy, get females in boats, roll the dam fools, merrily onto a naturally flowing river system idea with collective productive structures. This is your best opportunity. Know any females with the name for the apostalette position?

This is about letters to Blu By U Blueberry Farm,

Blu By U Blueberry Farmers, see how the humans are walking aruind wearing a dam and ditch agriculture cultivated genetically engineered cotton California gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," trying to get each other to eat ethanol grade corn adulterated soda pops, pizza... amidst a pandemick panick where something is making them sick, in particular the men. See how the gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) is all stacked up for the stealing. Looks like the humans are getting drugged and about to be robbed, they are getting rolled. The difficulty I am having saving us all and getting out of hell is the females aren't interested in making a fortune and saving the world. Appears as though the females have trained their brains to see blocks and pixels (pick hell). I met two females that were very interested in undamming the world's rivers, collecting the precipitation with photovoltaics, replacing the flush toilet with a fertilizer machine and growing fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden but they both died of brain aneurysms, their brains exploded thinking about it. Don't worry, I've done the thinking for you. It's all setup. Seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation. Please assist.

This is about a letter to The National Wildlife Federation Director Region 12 Rachel Sprague,

Seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper presentation in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers. Saving the world is easy. Get the females to make way in manuel vessels on the water. Have the apostalettes be the lure to get the Americans to collect the signatures required to get on the ballet and the money. Apostalettes likely to make \$20 million dollars apiece, have a great time and save the world. Amphibious assault. Attack the dams on the rivers problem with dames on the river solution presentation. Practically guaranteed to work. See how Wonder Woman is depicted with a sledgehammer in the post age stamp compilation. She never had a sledgehammer until now that I'm seeking 18 apostalettes to assist with dam demolition. I wrote the USPS letters and rigged it this way so you'd easily get the picture. Roe (the eggs, the females) Row (make way in Manuel vessels on the water) Roll the boat (the barco, the #1 synonym for dam is bar, the Bar Co., the dam company) gently on down the stream. Get females to make way manually on the water, roll the dam company.

This is about letters to The Family Garden,

The Family Gardeners, If you ever read the book "Peter Pan" the pirates built the castle on the river. In Latin castile is the dam on the river. The sirens on the rock. The Indians all f\*@!-d up on dam and ditch GMO foo and dinks, the lost boys playing house with Wendy as they all get rolled by pirates. That's exactly what we're witnessing now. I'm in a Peter CrockIdealrio Fruita de Pan outfit, in the richest town in the world, Manalapan, see all the dead trees, concrete and asphalt on the water. It's a pandemick panick, ethanol grade corn adulterated flour, soda pops, ketchup... gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) all stacked up for the stealing, humans in dam GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," trying to get each other to eat the dam ethanol grade adulterated sickening food... Why is it that we're damned and headed straight for hell? Really it's because the females don't like my idea. We need females that deliver a response to a naturally flowing river, collective productive structure, fruits and nuts in a bird and butterfly garden call. I'm seeking 18 apostalettes for a reverse last supper team, need assistance from the females with dam demolition, have Wonder Woman with sledgehammer post age stamps. Please assist.

Often the first tune (to fix or repair) taught on water planet is "Roe (the eggs, the females) Row (make way manually in vessels) Roll the boat (barco, bar is #1 synonym for dam, Bar Co., the dam company) gently on down the stream, merrily... Wouldn't you know it, that's exactly how to solve the problems on this planet. Get the females to make way manually in vessels on the water, roll the dam fools into a river idea and have an enjoyable time saving the world. We need females to present the correct allure to get the Americans to collect the signatures to get on the presidential ballet for the command of the armed forces to undam the world's rivers, then we can make a great place to live. Pretending to be happy headed straight for hell doesn't work. Get yourself and/or someone you know on a team with the correct idea, save the world, easy. Communicate with me for details. John Lawrence Jolley

This is about a postcard to The National Wildlife Federation Board Chair Bill Houston,

Sea waterfowl, see waterfoul, a salt waterfowl, assault waterfoul. Need females for a team to make a fortune and save the world.

This is about letters to Tropical Acres Farms, Inc.

Thinking to plant a lot of fruit trees I figured to pull the plug on the dam and ditch agricultural thing, the humans get sick and don't behave well eating the dam ethanol grade corn anyway. The reservoirs are almost full of mud. We could win the presidential election, command the armed forces to punch holes in the dams on the world's rivers and charge 'em for it, get out of national debt and make a fortune in fruit and nut trees growing in a bird and butterfly garden with water and fertilizer from collective productive structures the humans live in. Let's undam the rivers and make a grab for the gold instead of getting rolled, drugged with the dam and ditch GMO fed and robbed of the gold, silver and platinum (spaceship building material) chanting, "Hello, dam it, have an ice day," while wearing a dam and ditch GMO gold mining outfit (t-shirt and blue jeans) feeding each other sickening food. The humans have been had, took for dam sucker fools, lined up for a sausage barbecooo, its legal to have human meat in the sausage, the bible reads, "Ya get served up as ya serve up," trademark name of the dam GMO food is Roundup Ready™ Ignite™ and Trump says, "You're fired!" Wanna get out of it? Hell. We need females for a team to save the world, amphibious assault, dames in pursuit of dam demolition. Know any?

On water planet often the first tune (to fix or repair) taught is "Roe (the eggs, the females) Row (manually make way in vessels on the water) Roll the boat (el barco, bar #1 synonym for dam, Bar Co., the dam company) gently on down the stream, merrily". This is exactly how to save the world. Get the females to make way manually in a convoy of vessels on the water, roll the sick dam fools merrily into a river solution. Seeing the best opportunity to communicate the idea to be a letter (let her, allow to flow, the dams) in the mail, this way you have the ability to take in the information and consider the idea when you are comfortable, instead of me putting you on the spot in public for instance. If I send you a copy of, "Apostalette Manuel" (stored at my infinityproject.wordpress.com site) in the mail it comes with a postage stamp of a man and woman making way manually in a vessel on the water. It's not a coincidence that I'm seeking 18 apostalettes for an amphibious assault to undam the planet and I've got frog stamps and Wonder Woman with sledgehammer stamps. Me and the ruler of the universe rigged it this way you could easily get the picture and take action, be an apostalette, make a fortune.

I've been working on this report at the Lantana library, using the computer. Sometimes others come in that want to use the computer and I read from, "The UFO Encyclopedia" (practically the same report as mine without mention of a solution, think "Close Encounters of the Third Kind") and a man just came in and sat down across from me at the other computer. He looks just like Richard Dreyfus, the star of the movie. Problem is the architect should have sent in Teri Garr the protagonists wife.

My mom has got 30 pounds of suspect ethanol grade flour in the freezer for the second wave of the pandemick panick, her NAMI fan club envelopes on the dining room table. She eats too much of the dam GMO bread, falls doing yard work light headed, bruises her right eye pretty bad and gets to pass out drugged GMO food to those of the family who stopped by to get some looking like a pirate.

At the Christmas tree display in Delray I'm pushing the envelope, writing letters, dressed in the green motif Peter CrockIdealrio Fruita de Pan outfit. A 55-60ish man wearing a tie dye walking a sheepdog sounding like Mike Judge's character Hank Hill of "King of the Hill" hollars at me, "Did Notre Dame play?" The thing to witness was the look of the sheep dog as it eyed its dam fool master like, "You stupid fucking dam fool!" I said [wryly, motioning wih my finger tips for him to carry on] free flowing rivers, but when I got to the free flo part the sheepdog attacked the man, his master, the jerk feeding the dog dam GMO Ignite™ food, growling terrifically, the dog bites the man on the right foot, gets his big toe and other toes in the dogs mouth, with a great clamp on the sole the dog starts



jerking the mans foot side to side and the man collapses onto the ground shrieking in pain. The dog continues the attack for some time really injuring the man's sole. The dog ceases, the man stands up and I serenade him. Sir, if you're trying to put on some kind of show or performance, I certainly appreciate it. Thank you.

I figure if that's the reception than I'll start rolling with the Rudoff Yellowstone River Serve-itdie blinking red nose light ornament on the front of my bicycle. The next evening the dog attack victim and his amped up on Ignite™ dam GMO food attack animal are hiding behind the tree just out of my view. I circle by on my bicyle and thank him again. Taking position near the front of the Christmas trees locked door for COVID, I'm immediately set upon by a pair of dikes for ruining their photo opportunity.

In some Bibles the book kinda peters off into the incomprehensible (just like the reality we're experiencing as of late) often the last sentence states not to change a single word. Now that the dolts changed the single words in the Bible, Torah and Koran I show up take advantage of the only loophole and rewrite every word. The human's interpretation on the street is often, "The world dries up and blows away in the dust"! It does, in a few billion years the sun turns into a red giant and it gets real hot. Make sure you all get the vessels loaded up with the product by then and on the way. Transport product past all dam obstacles and through any eventuality for all time, reviere.

## Proving you're for given.

It's been written that it would be more likely to thread a camel through the eye of a needle than have a rich man get into heaven. Unless they're attacking the dam problem with solution this is certainly true on a dammed planet. A person could get rich punching holes in dams on rivers. On an undammed planet one could get rich installing urine separating composting no flush less toilets with squirt guns and surely get in. One could get into heaven building domiciles with solar/water collecting supers, cisterns, and aquarium and beehive walls. One could get in the pearly gates as a rich police officer enforcing productive laws, a beautiful woman or man engaged in the oldest profession, a teacher, transporting genetic information and other goods in container vessels far far away... the possibilities go on forever. On a dammed planet the likelihood of any Homo sapiens getting in to the celestial city is? Zero. Heavens closed. Hells open on the surface. The Heavens got emptied out on the surface. At present the infinityproject idea to manually fix the dam shitty sheddy problem is the only chance we've got to get in. We (you) contribute to ending the dam ages, installing the kingdom of heaven on the surface as directed and foretold and then live on, or else, doom for you.

Charity on a dammed planet is not good. I'm not operating a charity. The infinityproject is an idea about undamming the rivers for starters, the collection of revenue for life and the transportation of life (tools and technology included) in vessels. One of the ways we could end the dam ages is for everyone to submit all of their money to me, or enough to pay for the fluidification of the dams. While the chances of this are slim its possibility needs to be noted. A more likely scenario is that through individual or mass donations I, John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley, further the dissemination and implementation of the idea. Three million six hundred thousand dollars pays 18 apostalettes \$50,000 a year for 4 years. We row the place take the entire multiuniverse project. I and Life certainly would appreciate it. It's really the only idea worth contributing to or investing in. At present I'm the foreperson or point man for the idea. Who better to give the money to?

What wouldn't I do with the money? I'd do everything I could to not have it be invested in the dam shiddy scheme (remember I was "Bernie" valet, best Florida reviere naviGator ever, I know what I'm doing). While I use a normal Wells Fargo checking account for small denominations if an individual or group contributed \$100,000 or \$10,000,000 or more I'd likely put it in a noninterest bearing account or safe deposit box, to avoid the obvious conflict of interest. I wouldn't spend the money on a mortgage, lease, or rent for a shed with dam or well water and a flush toilet, or property taxes paid to maintain the same. No hotels, motels, inns, or campgrounds with dam or well water or flush toilets, personal infernal combustion machine on dam broad rue, pharmecuticles or flood insurance.

What would I be most likely to spend the money on? Undamming rivers, salaries for apostalettes, copies of the book for giving to powerful influential persons, crewmembers on Los Angeles class submarines, carriers and guided missile cruisers, inmates in penitentiaries, the M.O.B., Congressmen, world leaders, libraries, Governors and Mayors, copies of newsletters/A Green Square Rag, stamps, envelopes, business cards, speaking opportunities in town, construction of collective productive structures on dam free land or water, fruit, vegetables, and herbs, food and beverages as dam drain the well dry GMO free as possible, rowboat, sailboat, gear, clothes, bond money, air plane, helicopters, legal assistance and secretaries.

What would I do with any left over money once I and Life have undammed the planet? Buy a boat and load it with as much of the last of the dam rice and fishing tackle as it could hold, and get away from the humans, obviously fishing close to shore for fruitful swimmers. Continue with my Horticultural Enterprise business.

Contributions may be cash, check or money order contributions made out and sent to:

John Lawrence Jolley

C/O B.J. or J.C., 515 Sunset Road Boynton Beach, FL 33435

# SEEKING

## **12 APOSTALETES, 6 in RESERVE and 1 MAN for REVERSE LAST SUPPER PRESENTATION**

Seeking twelve apostalettes (six in reserve) and one man for convoy of vessels headed up the east coast in pursuit of the Presidency, collecting signatures to get on the ballet, writing letters for delivery in the US mail, speaking in public at town/county/state meetings, enjoying natural non dam and ditch GMO free picnics and presenting skits and acts related to the free flowing river collective productive structural solution to the porous dam sheddy flushtole.t. with GMO kicker problem, triple stacked roundup ready "not fit" for consumption (sold at Target/Walmart as "all natural\*") ethanol grade ignite BBQ fix. It's an obamanation of desoulation, let's win the election, take under the nation, get control of U.S. military, undam the rivers, send those nations caught holding the dam carpe.t. bag a bill, get out of national debt and save the world. Make a fortune in collective productive structures and product transportation. Life is calling upon youthful females to force the solution to occur, take credit and responsibility for product not lost as a result of your actions leading to real solution occurring more rapidly than without your participation. While in the Milky Way Galaxy most American woman are refusing to breast feed their children and insisting upon GMO dam and ditch formula for their kids you're more intelligent, smart enough to do otherwise. Have yourself realize its massive potential, your name remembered for all time, fish/hunt for reform minded "Rockafellers" with a prenuptial to undam entire watersheds, make a name for yourself, be the one or as near to it as possible. Plus, we'll have a more enjoyable time than any others in the multiuniverse project! Complete report at

**<http://infinityproject.wordpress.com>**

# Are You For Trading?

Willing to trade to a capable non Earth (Oceana) form (Dolly the Sheep) entity for entire surface wide undamming of rivers except the Panama and Suez Canals rights to Manhattan, Puerto Rico, Formosa, a handful or so of smaller islands and an angel's share of the precious metals. By the known laws of the universe "If you're travelling through, one or more may expect food and shelter". Camping however during the damages is illegal. But if you end the damages I and Life will give ya some places to camp, free and clear. No invasive flora or fauna. If for some reason you've really got to have a dammed river I'll toss in the \_\_\_\_\_ in SE Australia that flows into the \_\_\_\_\_. In addition to the restoration of free flow to the waterways we want your library.

If said entity doesn't have the means or tools to effect the dam problem, willing to trade the same for nubile "skin suits" of the opposite sex, apostalettes. Must be able to travel by water, willing and able to put mail in the mailbox, have papers.

Your gig is up. It was the perfect trap wasn't it? You should have known! You're getting caught holding a straight flush 10 high (your dolt partners got 4 dames). I've got 4 Kings and the big wild card (you threw them away didn't you? Whoops.) "Darky" is backing me up with 4 Jacks and the other Joker. Life or the "one" as we know it "got caught holdin' a" or "busted em" with a pair of 2's searching for a natural straight, as shown in NYC's "Riviera Cafe". As I'm cutting em in on the pot they're (Emanuel and "Darky") backing me up. Lay em down. Fold. Take the deal. I'll even toss in surface hunting and fishing permits, they're expensive though, optional reviere passports.

# !BANZAI, BONSAI, BOND'S EYE!

*The dam fluidification, superdriplinerwatercollect, thE manuel fertilizer machine solution to the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with weaponized GMO problem and Barbecoo prescription.*

by JUSTIN THYME (Thymus vulgaris)

## Undam the rivers

No water control structures permitted on rivers, streams, creeks, brooks, or rivulets. Force U.S. Military to fluidify water control structures, send care actors caught holding the dam carp.e.t. bag a bill and get of national debt or come together as people and hire the U.S. Military to undam the rivers. Cease war with ISIS (Ice is) yellow eres, to be dammed. Attack the dam problem with the free flowing river solution.

Eliminate or convert flushtoile.t. with thE manuel fertilizer machine. Put the "good lords" name on the throne and turn it into the most productive machine ever seen, responsible for more food fertilization than any other thing. A urine separating composting no flush less toil et with a squirt gun (powered by the door and/or lid the manuel in action person) and the water collected above. Build a dam home. Collect that which falls from the heavens (e.t. too). Exchange roof for super precipitation collecting photovoltaic cells, cistern foundation raft, beehive walls....

collected above. Urine through corduroy above ground easy to maintain pipe to primarily fruit and nut tree production. Quit cutting trees down, processing into paper to wipe your ass with your hands. With squirt gun one won't have to use soap or even wash your hands, drink water from sipper designed for fluid exchange.

Reestablish native Flora and Fauna from handpicked local seeds. Support your local flower pollinators. Take the seeds out of doomsday storage and replace with pharmaceuticals. Put over the counter stuff behind the counter. Grow organic fruit, vegetables, nuts, herbs, roots and fungus, preferably heirloom. Don't make a dam and ditch GMO drink your last beverage.

Burn fossil fuel at a 1/10th of present rate, charge 10 times as much for 10 times as long and make 10 times as much money. Come up with a good battery. Plants are the only nuclear option. Windmills chop up the birds. Empower the people not the power Co. It would be super to collect sunlight and water instead of shedding it. Force Global Blanket rapidly escalating carbon tax, or worldwide Cuban style blockad and charge em for it, drop current use 92%, anticipate further cuts. Use money to fund sustainable stewardship.

Make way on surface with care. The dump is the new mine, wave to false idol that the ohms who work there taking notes built at the top.

Planetary highjacking is illegal, no surface wide wholesale flora and fauna extermination or replacement, it's against the law.

Universal law application. It's unlawful to dam and destroy everything or even to attempt to. It's against the law as written to modify for one or more organisms or machines benefit, comfort or other reason or reasonless more than 33.33% of the said previous or in place natural or evolving environment or system, presently or at this time revised or changed to 11.11%. As written or known 66.66% to be revised to 88.88% of natural free to evolve on its own right or course life must not be infringed upon, although it can be containerized and transported for its benefit as well as the 11.11% of carefully stewarded perhaps controlled but evolving with the aforesaid 88.88%. Don't fuk(around with "Mother Nature" too much, or Hellboy will get ya.

Learn to teleport. DON'T GET CAUGHT HOLDING A HYDROELECTRIC TURBINE, DAM or DYKE CONSTRUCTING, WETLANDS DRAINING, OR RESIVOIR PERMIT PATENT OR GRAND FATHER CLAUSE. PANAMA CANAL and SUEZ CANAL EXCLUDED.

We've been had, took for dam sucker fools! Speak about the solution, write a letter, use the "to yellow flowers" USPS stamp with solution expressed in picture.

Turn off the TV., realize you're on universal TV. already. Recycle your existing set into future Checkoff and Sulu reminder machines. Have kids watch fish in cistern entertainment aquarium fish soup gadjet instead of Needmo on TV.

If you unfortunately own property, don't fence it off. Grow buffaloes instead of steers idea. Teach dog to stay, perhaps grow food for it to. Get a pig, chickens, rabbit or learn to eat cats and dogs.

\*Don't be a money lender or one of the investors in the destroy the planet project. Oysters and Honey are the new money.

Don't take pharmaceuticals or manufacture them under ecologically harmful manners. Use the "good lords" minimally processed herbs, funguses, and other plant and animals instead. Homosapiens, persons are not separate from plants and animals.

Do whatever you can to avoid getting a sun burn, punch a hole in the dams on the rivers.

Wright your politrickons. Not too far to the left. Don't try to buy or consume a "green" product to solve the consumption problem on this planet. Disconnect city water and sewerage, turn the lights, heat, and A/C off instead. Get the BBQ's and Hibachis, crab traps, etc. ready to force any unable politicians or polyticks to be productive.

Get out of the slacker shed, quit paying for the damages, through your local taxes and water bill.

Don't look at life as a trial and tribulation, even though it is. Take notes, learn.

Enjoy solving problems. Begin Operation Planet Oceana Nighttime Disco Ball Display Shutdown. Unscrew and save or recycle security night lights including streetlamps. Carry a torch that shines light in all directions. Use your Headlamp. Learn to do the "Luke Skywalker". Hint: Drop your blastshield.

Learn to identify hydrophobes, dam shid head abortionists. Not "aware". They store their water in open dam reservoirs on river courses, pump it up hill, and let it evaporate. Then they rush the water to the sea as fast as they can between levees and in canals. They are sandbaggers. They suck wells dry as fast as they can. They shed that which falls from the heavens. They enjoy the foundation of the structure being undermined and causing the collapse of the structure. They love the toil and environmental damage of building a new one. RABID VAMPIRES suck life out of the planet and pretend they can't put the puzzle together. They love to flush their only product down the tubes. They love concrete, cannot "dance". They love lawns and squire bushes. They mist water around in the air, pop a cap in the sprinkler heads. Go with Noah idea, include flora.

Don't incessantly abort the seeds of grass with a mower, you'll starve the birds and when we have exodus the riotous ones will not be delivered there flock. Righteous/Leftous will still get some delivery. Don't rake gravel into beds. Bao, rake honey into honey pearls instead. Be productive.

Don't ever let a company Mountsaint+Co., take over your food supply. Ban GMO's, cloned plants and animals on planet Oshiana. Try bringing back the Mastodon and other Megafauna instead idea.

Dams, dikes, weirs, canals, clones, fluorescent lights, particle colliders (not allowed to turn on until out of Milky Way), new nuclear power plants, pumped hydroponics, disposable plastic food and drink containers, high power radioactive wave sending devices, 92% to 98% of "plastic" stuff, 99% of Styrofoam. Shrimp farms, salmon farms, tuna ranches, most pesticides and cleaning products are for space ships.

If you live in South Florida don't get caught with a Fuckus tree, Umbrella Plant(the hydrophobes really like this one), Pair-of-dice palm, Youreeka Palm, Arbicola, Rowbelowknees, Oyster Plant, Ixora, Normal Folk Pine, BRASillion pepper, Chinese Popcorn Tree, Boygonetohevilla, anykind of palm tree from Madatgascar, Mallucka, St. Augustine, Fauxtina, Jolley Green Giant, Pittosporium, Hosstrayyoung Pine, Impatiens, Spatholowspyloam, Croaktown, Princess Plant, Pony Tail Palm, Suriname Cherry, Exotic Bromiliads, Elefant Bush, Black Olive with no olives, any palm trees stolen from Cuba, Ormentals, Other useless(except as steam turban rotator fuel, animal food oneself included, building material...etc.) exotic plants. Hamburger the Florida Growers and Nursery Association, if they don't stop the installation of the garden of "NO EATEN".

In short learn how to read, consume lots of natural science books, the dictionary, read the bible(Manuel), I recommend reading the first chapter and then skipping to the last one to see what will happen if you follow the recipe. Build the dam thing and he will come (me), and those for whorimnen too (they're here). Figure out what the target is "those abominations of desolation where they shall not be", "the hateful structures that destroy that are built on the temples", the dams on the rivers. It's obviously a gardening Manuel. Get a degree/certificate/education in (learn about) environmental horticulture (gardening), learn about drainage. Highjack the plan. Board the pirate ship like law enforcement with depth perception, punch a hole in the dam project and turn into bucaneraeiu when law is renewed. If you are a crewmember on the pirate ship, the boats sinking, it's on fire, the magazine is about to explode and the "Spanish" (clone doppelganger pirates) are boarding. Get in my Jolley boat (we're taking E.T. for their ships).

JJMCO, John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley (that John, covered in laurels the master of the gridiron, golden nostaypufflessmarshmallowman, the wolf at your door, pretty boy, who's all too happy to rinse out the law), the one. La John Rinse Joliet, or the Kanazawa, the most productive machine ever to be on the surface of this wet rock, a urine separating, composting, no flush, less toilet with squirt gun, guaranteed to keep you alive, looking vibrant, and healthy for all time. ThE manuel fertilizer machine.

New laws take effect May 25, 2009 or when Planet Oceana's (earth) population reaches 6.66 billion. Full swing mid melt N. Hemisphere 2009. We're bringing back the old SMOTE law, in addition DeSmote and worse. But, ProSmote and better have been added as well.

This one sheet double sided double dirty dozen idea is designed specifically so one could add it to the Manuel that one adheres to in life or just replace the golden, silver, etc. (kindergarten) rules and proceed henceforth. Getting the crew/gang/team together in pursuit of law enforcement, which starts with a free flowing river. Searching for Homosapiens (one way thinking apes) Heterosapiens (multi way mutil thinking apes) other organisms, entities, machines or machine (computer) assisted organisms that will row or move this idea forward. So far I've got the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, and the tailor in the boat along with the gardeners, carpenters, and fishermen, as well as the evil character, the good character and Maximillion from "The Black Hole". I'm commander, Alla board ~

John Lawrence Jolley 515 Sunset Road Boynton Beach, FL 33435

[freeflowingrivers@protonmail.com](mailto:freeflowingrivers@protonmail.com)

<http://infinityproject.wordpress.com>

# The Kabuki Team

Note to reader: this piece is not to be read alone, it is meant as an accompaniment to the "Apostalette handbook" and/or "Leaving Hotill Calafornix".

I'm willing and able to undam the world's rivers by any reasonable means and while the Kabuki Team idea is way out there at the edge of reasonable it's a doable idea that might work. Here's the thing: while a reverse last supper presentation comprised of 12 apostalettes, 6 reservist apostalettes and 2 mailmen (a 20 {vente} member team) in pursuit of the presidency to command the armed forces to undam the world's rivers and get control of the rate of the fossil fuel burned maintaining the faulty water control structure problem is the most likely way to initiate the certain to come about solution of a naturally flowing river system with collective productive structures the potential female apostalettes have shown **no** interest in undamming the world's rivers, getting out of national debt doing it, making a fortune installing healthy collective productive structures and transporting product in vessels past any dam obstacle and through any eventuality for all time. Thus far what I've encountered of the females is of nearly soulless individuals who don't even pretend to care and if they do "care" it's only to dam it, shed it, flush it all down the tubes, eat sickening dam and ditch agriculture grown GMO's, steer the kids into the same, seduce the men to actually do it and act puzzled about the obvious foundation of our problems.

Why are the females like this? Know that I'm not telling you what I think or in my "opinion" why the females are like this. I'm giving you the results of the notes in particular what's been written (or not been written about which is extremely significant). Note the #1 lack of reason or "reason" both the males and females are engaged in burning the garden down with the energy it takes to maintain the faulty water control structure scam (damming reviere {the river} or a new view of life again and again for all time) is because they realize their soul is certain to be forced to participate in life forever (their soul being reborn over and over for ever or have to witness life from a window of heaven and they are actually trying to dam the river to stop life because they don't like life. After this main "reason" the humans of both sexes are damming it the "reasons" they do it differentiate with the #2 "reason" the men dam it being in short to get laid. The longer explanation is the men engage in dam and ditch agriculture to produce food, meat in particular, to trade to the women for sex.

The women are trying to dam it and destroy all creation for a lot of lack of reason but largely because they don't like the flow, the menstrual flow and because of menopause. The women's menstrual flow stops typically well before they die and they're not sexy anymore or as sexy as they were, not able to be productive meanwhile the man is able to productively have intercourse practically up to the moment he dies and most women don't appreciate this. These are the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> "reasons" the women are set upon damming it, for sure. As I expose the other lack of reasons the women want to destroy life and end it all it becomes more difficult to exactly place the strains upon their psyche in order of the weight of particular strain and this has to do with the difference in the individual woman's soul or lack of soul.

The 4<sup>th</sup> reason the girls, ladies and dames are in vain attempting to end life has to do with the odor of men. Allow me to point out as a man I don't like the odor of other men either and I don't find it a little bit unpleasurable, I don't like the smell of other men at all (except for men carrying aromatic

herbs) actually going to the “trouble” of not inhaling as I make way past them ideally as quickly as possible. It doesn’t matter whether they just stepped out of the shower, their body odor is masked with deodorant, eau de toilette, cologne, chewing gum or tic tacs. I don’t like the smell of other men near me. This of course has to do with 10’s of thousands of years of evolution (actually millions) and the competition for sexual reproduction. I find the smell of a female’s body pleasurable. I like it whether she’s young or old, just stepped out of a river swim or covered in sweat. I’m drawn to the odor of females. I don’t like it as much when they smell like a fat lie (soap) dam reservoir bath/shower, shampoo + conditioner or other masking scents.

The male skin suit was designed to smell the way that it does. Men have scent glands on their feet to leave a trail of scent everywhere their soles touch the ground. This is to warn the other males to stay out of their area, make it easy for the females to locate them when she's ready for sexual intercourse and avoid him when she’s not. Realize the females are attracted to or drawn towards the odor of males for several days out of their nearly month long menstrual cycle as the eggs reach the most fertile point along the fallopian tubes. The female’s odor also varies with the eggs position and often they don’t like this either, the odor or the men that are drawn to it.

This whole odor thing generally worked when we lived literally in the garden making way (moving about) and persons’ populations were relatively low. As the Hominids came to be more sedentary, living in one place (typically in a home situated nearby a dam and the ditches dug off the reservoir to facilitate the maintenance of the dams and ditches) and populations increased (got dense) the stink got bad. Although it’s difficult to prove because of lack of notes (the pencil hadn’t been invented yet) just from connecting the dots it appears at some point in time there were several kinds of Hominids but one kind of Hominid exterminated the other kinds of Hominids and part of the reason they killed the other kinds of Hominids was because of the smell of the particular Hominid that wasn’t willing to dam the river, dig a ditch to and from the home to wash. Also, the dammers and diggers had dam and ditch food to store up and make war upon those Hominids that didn’t engage in dam and ditch agriculture. The Homo sapiens or a creature that thought (sapiens) to dig dams and ditches with a hoe more (Homo) than anything else was the “evolution” that came about and they determined which hominid was to live by their washed scent or die unwashed directed by the females. The Homo as we know it was “born”.

Typically, what the Homo’s did was dig a ditch using a hoe from the home to drain off the wash water that they got to the home in another ditch (dug with a hoe) that came off a reservoir behind a dam (built with a hoe) on a previously flowing body of water. Typically the males of the Homo’s were engaged in the large amount of labor (toil) that was “necessary” to get the water to and from the home (often warring with and enslaving the unwashed hoe less neighboring tribe to do it) and they used a tool that they called a hoe and the lack of reason they did it was to have largely unproductive (not for the purpose of having children) sex with what they called a ho (the woman) who was willing to “do it” if the man would just wash...

W a s h=(w) do able you (w) a mark made with a marking instrument down and up and down and up practically describing sexual intercourse (w) a mark shaped when viewed upside down like a woman in standard missionary position (ω) a mark shaped like a woman’s breasts (ω) the visual



presentation a man sees when entering from the rear with woman on her knees (w) the visual presentation of a woman's vagina when viewed by a man entering from the top with woman on her back (*W*) the shape of her ass (w) a letter that if a circle is drawn about forms a shape describing a penis (with testicles) entering a vagina (w) the 23<sup>rd</sup> letter (let her, to punch a hole in and fluidify her) vente (the females vagina) tres (to trade for the vent) of a 26 (vente sex, 20 and 6 or {2}) a number shaped like a river or {0} a number shaped like a reservoir and {6} a number shaped like an erect penis and a reservoir with ditch dug off it) let her alpha bet (wager you're the alpha male!) (a) to (a) the shape of a dammed reservoir with a ditch dug off the side (A) shape of a tent (shed) with two ditches dug off the side of a hipped roof (hip rue) raised on stilts above the ground with an area contained or hidden from view from the outside (which has to be available for a Homo female or "modern" woman to have sex in) (A) the shape of a dam reservoir on a previously flowing body of water with two ditches dug off either side of the former river bed (*A*) a letter shaped like a penis (A) a letter that if a circle is drawn about appears like a vagina being penetrated by a penis (a) the first let her of the alpha bet (s) is (s) 19<sup>th</sup> letter of the alphabet, single digit from vente (s) letter most shape like a river (h) hache, to ache (h) a letter shaped like a reservoir with a ditch dug off it (H) the letter that looks more like a water control structure on a body of water than any other except perhaps I which is just H sideways (H) the (8<sup>th</sup>) ate letter in the alphabet on a planet where dam and ditch feed is the #1 thing the river is dammed for by the man of course to feed to the woman for sexual favors (the dam food is to be fed to the woman after sex, thus the 7 {Notice the inward lean of the down stroke indicating hungry person, starving} between the 6 {sex} and 8 {ate}). If you feed the dam stuff to the dame before sex she might not have sex with you. In the modern American world where the dames took over the ladies are at liberty to be wined and dined first, such is her measure of control or what she decided to do with the whole dam food for dame sex thing once she was at liberty to. (H) the ho chow (ocho, 8<sup>th</sup>) symbol of the alpha (male) bet "wager". Wanna be alpha male? B(e) e.t. on a planet (plane.t.) of dam fools getting farmed by an entity (a machine/computer/vessel/organism) "the snake" in the Bible or "The Beast", the "Gin" in the Koran or in local parlance "Santa Clause"/"The Wizard of Oz" which when questioned about it responds, "I am" which could be considered an extraterrestrial and where if the dam fool humans were to continue dame hoeing would destroy their natural system, enslaving themselves to a machine and be e.t. themselves.

Wash (do able you to dam the river) or bathe... (b) another letter shaped like an erect penis or a dammed river with ditch dug off the reservoir (*a*) a letter shaped like a penis and testicles or a dammed river with ditch dug off the reservoir (t) another letter shaped like a water control structure on a body of water (also happens to be shaped like a cross which was originally a murder weapon to kill those who forced forward a better idea than damming the river, quickly building a shed to hide fucking each other in and bearing fecal material improperly. That better idea being not to dam the rivers. Build collective productive structures. Not to hide fucking each other but to share productive intercourse publicly. Bere a shit properly using the collected water and fertilizer to primarily grow fruits and nuts and make love with reviere not war for damming it to fuck each other) (t) a letter that's become representative of a central idea where it's good to murder a reasonable man to avoid being conscious of your responsibility for the damming of life yourself (h) another letter approximately symbolizing an erect penis and a dam on a river with a ditch dug off the reservoir (e) yet another letter generally depicting a

reservoir with a ditch dug channeling water to a happy home or happy ho. ...and reduce his odor because she wasn't attracted to it 27-29 "daze" out of how she viewed a dirty dazed knights (the men at war with hoes for slaves for hoeing and the victors whoring with hoes) period of lunacy (month).

Note to the reader that a more complete defining of the letters and numbers is contained within the 530 page report of "Leaving Hotill Calafornix" at [infinityproject.wordpress.com](http://infinityproject.wordpress.com) and that while the normal human is likely to "think" or be of the opinion that I'm nuts for the preceding explanation of several letters and numbers or that I read too much into it realize, for sure, that that which I bring to light is just so, in largest part because of the women who have been in largest control of the letters, words and their meanings engineered it this way they so they could simultaneously tell you all about the main idea (the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker problem and barbecue prescription {the dam reservoir tailrace or us getting fucked}) seemingly without saying a word about it because they figured if they did say something about the best solution presentable of a naturally flowing river system with collective productive structures they'd be ostracized, viewed as pariahs, cast out, with their asses on the street. And if they didn't say a word about it their soul would regret it forever because deep down they knew their attempt to dam it is in vain.

The thing is with the letters and symbols being "the way" (or lack of way) they are for the "reason" (or lack of reason) they are the communication is practically not communication (more like "communication") or a tower of Babylon (to her {damentation} we babble on towards). Also realize/know that communicating about undamming the rivers in such a way doesn't absolve the communicator for responsibility for the vain attempt of damnation, in part because it's not an effective presentation of a reasonable solution and actually serves to confuse most into continuing down the dam broad in no sense route but also because for instance it's so easy (face ill) to come into a bar (a dam) and say, "Free flowing rivers is the solution to the dam problem" instead of, "Hello". The difficult thing about doing so is that the women look at you in shock/horror/confusion, fight against you for saying it and dam you from communicating further about it. You won't get laid, they'll choose to have sex with a vain water control structure abortionist, literally breeding themselves into worse dam fools and refuse to serve you a drink.

The 5<sup>th</sup> reason the females are in vain attempting to dam it, shed it, flush it all down the tubes, commit suicide with GMO feed and insist on not a word being said about it or the obvious solution is because they're tired of the men wanting to have anal sex with them or forcing anal sex upon them and that which is associated with it. A long time ago the males tracked and hunted down the females for sex primarily by following their fecal deposits, sure the males kept track of the females and the females state of ovulation by noting their urinary deposits (and this in part explains why the female Homo tends towards dehydration, not drinking enough water and urinating often enough) but it was just plainly easier to track females by their scat. Often the females went to some length to hide their fecal deposits for just this reason (they didn't want to be tracked by men) but also tried to hide being observed in process of depositing fecal material or hiding from the men at which point she had a bowel movement because often the men wanted to know when she'd emptied her bowels because that's when he most enjoyed having anal sex with her, the vent being largely clear of fecal material.

Why does the male want to have anal intercourse with the female? The heat of decomposition associated with the breaking down of the organic material (food) by bacteria causes the anus and intestinal tract to be of higher temperature than the vaginal opening, its hotter. The anus is more constricting than the vagina, its tighter. With some males, because its hotter and tighter, it's viewed as more exciting, it feels better, the orgasm is better. Also because of the dam pool rules its taboo or dirty and often this causes the practice to be exciting. It doesn't lead to children, which the male may not desire. Often the man wants to literally fuck the woman in the ass because he feels she deserves it because he's figuratively fucking the himself (and everything else) in the ass with the tremendous toil of damming up the rivers and digging the ditches at great environmental expense, to feed her for sex. Quickly building sheds (that get washed out from uncollected rainfall into diseased dilapidated structures that as a result are in a constant state of toilsome maintenance, tearing down and rebuilding, all the while sickened from "living" in the diseased home) to have hidden sex. And all the ditch digging toil for draining off all the dam reservoir wash water needed for all the hidden dirty sex.

The male realizes their souls face certain desinigration upon the stratification that occurs at expedition (when they die their souls will be worthless) for damming the rivers, digging ditches, building slacker sheds, bearing a shit inappropriately and failing to communicate the obviously more productive/less toilsome, more enjoyable/less stressful naturally flowing river, precipitation collecting structure with composting fertilizer machine just to get laid\*Remember everybody is forgiven for this sin if the worst of the dam fools are barbecued and its took So in frustration the men take it out on the women in a lot of ways and of course the women return fire upon the men.

Just before I deliver the idea of the "Kabuki Team" I'm going to deliver the solution to the preceding problems expose. Knowledge of science leads to the appropriate solution. Upon the undamming of the world's rivers, with the anal sex "problem" or problem (if there is a problem) realize the opportunity presented with a large part of the male population and many of the females too in that they're dying from/suffering from ass cancer, colon rectal cancer that formed from some small easy to take care of/remove (if treated early and often) benign polyp that could easily have been brushed off (like brushing your teeth). The stuffs all pretty much invented but it would be a phallic shaped tool (female strap on) with appropriate surface for polyp removal or "condom" fitting on the penis for the same. Make all the stuff so its disposable into the fertilizer machine or easy to clean for reuse. We could have enema tools installed as code on the urine separating, composting, flush free fertilizer machines with "fixed squirt gun" ass (and front) washers with pressurized (flowing) water supplied from the overhead super precipitation collectors.

Then we'd (at least initially) pretty much tell the people to have their way with it, take note and figure out how often we should "brush our asses" to avoid getting ass cancer in addition to eating less oil, meat... and more fiber, fruit... If the people enjoy it, so much the better. Do it for the correct reason, because its beneficial for you to. Do it without the tremendous environmental destruction of dammed rivers, cheap sheds and flush toilets. Be reasonable. Use super collected corduroy irrigated composting machine fertilized spearmint (Mentha spicata) and wild flower honey infused olive (Olea europaea) oil for lubrication, make a smart presentation.

Also note that as the notes are taken the # of women who enjoy this idea is less than the men and the overall enjoyment is less (another thing for them to get the shit end of the stick on {people used to wipe their asses with a stick}) although some women like it, often this is because it makes some of the men very excited which causes the woman to feel appreciated. Certainly noteworthy that the females, as reported, diminished enjoyment is largely due to lack of prostate which when stimulated causes pleasure in the men seemingly encouraging them to “brush their asses” more often which is what likely we’ll discover is to be recommended to avoid/lessen the severity of colon/rectal cancer for men based on increased likelihood of men contracting ass cancer. Also noteworthy that the women’s literal lack (or how their figures lack) of prostate (gland that produces semen) coincides with their figurative lack of pro state (lack of ability to be for the state {life}/not able to make a statement for life).

With the constant “smelly man” problem and periodic “smelly woman” problem it appears the thing to do is first undam the world’s rivers than build collectors (supers) instead of sheds (roofs) with overhead water storage for pressurized flow with corduroy style (easy to access and maintain) pipes into the “super places to live”/homes for washing and rinsing off with the grey water treated on site in a staircase of ponds on the sunny side exterior of the super places to live with cane/rice/salamander... production potential. Or filter the grey water and use it again. In addition, we won’t be pumping sewage into the lakes, rivers and seas so we’ll encourage people to swim. Also it appears it may work best to design the “suburbs” and “urban” areas of the future with apartments arranged in way (perhaps like a slice of pizza) to allow the female to escape the male occupied area into a centralized area (like a bullseye of a target) with not only a spot for her to be by herself or with children/youth but a common area for the females with bathing opportunities, fertilizer machines, kitchens and dining areas, a place to get away from the males and be with other females and children (or not). It might be thought (and it might happen) that over a long time the people would breed themselves not to have body odor. Likely the main thing that would hinder this is the females like the smell of males when they are most fertile and the males like the smell of females when they are most fertile. So it serves a purpose and a lot more purposes than that.

With the problem of the woman experiencing loss of reproductive potential or menopause the solution starts of course with a naturally flowing river system, collective productive structures primarily for fruit and nut production and an open mind. Realize the female may lose her reproductive potential sooner than males but gains her reproductive potential sooner than males. Also note that often older males desire intercourse with younger females and older females desire intercourse with younger males. Vice versa often young females and males desire intercourse with older males and females. What’s stopping them? Superstitious taboos and dam pool rules.

Just to illustrate one instance a poor young girl may be propositioned by a rich old man to have intercourse. It could be viewed as in the best interest for all of life. The rich old man made his money with investment in a naturally flowing river collective productive structural idea, he’s intelligent at least, obviously carrying genes for longevity, more likely to bear intelligent long life children if any come of the intercourse. The young girl could come to a financial agreement with the old man were by he would reward her for child production, perhaps he’s expedited shortly thereafter and she inherits a fortune. Comes to successfully raise that child and other children with other men adding to her fortune.

The young girl gets old herself and spends some of her money rewarding young boys to have intercourse with her, to once again, both the youth's and elderly's advantage. This type of idea actually encourages people of both sexes to make lots of money/make decisions that cause themselves to be fortunate and in fortunate positions based largely upon but not limited to a free flowing waterway system with collective productive structures primarily for fruit, nut, seafood and transportable container production if only so they're able to be free to do as they like concerning intercourse, with note taken of it.

So where do we draw the line? With a free flowing river system, the line is drawn by those interested in the intercourse. Literally when the possibly young boy or girl has come to the age when they're able to intelligently coherently agree to intercourse for any reason in writing, when they're able to draw the lines required to form the symbols required to convey the meaning and sign their name to it, dated, its legal. Same with the older men and women. If there's money involved/monetary exchange apply tax here to pay for the cost of taking note of it and preserving/making the notes available. That's correct government. Start by drawing the line there, as it's the most reasonable logical place to start taking note of what happens next.

With the many of the females' dislike of the menstrual cycle and the blood flow associated with it realize once again the solution starts with a system based upon a naturally flowing river system, not damnation. Also note, as a man I'm not the best kind of person to bring potential solutions to light, the women are and I'm counting on apostalettes and other females to add to/rewrite this idea to best suit the females. As one man recently told me riverside in communication about this idea, "How would you feel with a bleeding gash that won't heal?"

The easiest thing to do about what could be perceived as a problem is to let it flow. As we know scientifically stopping the flow with say a tampon can lead to disease (toxic shock syndrome) yet allowing for free flow in a highly populated area could lead to disease, so what should we do? Of the many options including changing the blood absorbing tampon often one option could be to have naturally flowing body of water areas (river parks) set up where females may make way to periodically if they so choose. These areas could be multisex or females only with both options presented within a given area. Clothing optional or not.

For instance, say a wealthy female CEO president of a collective productive structure design corporation decides that she would like to not only take some days and nights off of work at the said corporation headquarters during her flow period but would like to enjoy the several days before her flow period for possible reproductive opportunities. So she makes way to the designated natural area nearby for this purpose, selects the no clothing required area which allows for males to engage in say fishing, hunting fruit and nut tree gardening, productive thinking and/or intercourse. Not only is she able to wash herself periodically in the flowing stream but there are collective productive structures set up in the area much like the shelters on the Appalachian Trail and also high end Hilton or Trump style collective productive hotels to choose from.

I suspect that many females would think, "Oh. That would never work" as they may be forced to have intercourse with males they don't desire to have intercourse with but the solution to the

problem, while not entirely eliminating the possibility of it, exists to greatly diminish this possibility. The area could have an admission charge to support security (government). With such a place what would be the difference between the way it is now if such an unwanted act of intercourse were to take place? The difference would be the rapist would be sent to a “marf nosirp” (prison farm in reverse) upon apprehension where they would be educated not to make this mistake again while being forced to take advantage of a productive system. Say the “marf nosirp” was a fruit tree orchard and they were required to participate in fruit production.

The “marf nosirp” likely would be populated with inmates of both sexes, encouraging the offensive male to learn to respect the females right to have intercourse or not or screw up again for a second offense which would necessitate a longer stay at the “marf nosirp” being productive and mindful of others or “screw up” for a 3<sup>rd</sup> offense and forced to be sausage product. Also note the solution to perceived menstrual flow problem is sure to include education of both sexes to not tease or “make fun of” females for menstruating as it serves reproductive purpose. To educate that females are so fortunate to have the ability to give birth to children if they desire and how this leads to a fortunate bond with the children. To educate that the male souls are not able to experience this until they trade the skin suit they’re occupying upon expedition for a possible female skin suit.

With the problem of the men wanting to dam the rivers/dig ditches for food production, build a quick shed with inappropriate bereshit device just to get laid the problem is solved by undamming the rivers and getting control of the fossil fuel being used to maintain the faulty water control structure scam and presenting a collective productive structural solution centered about fruit and nut tree production. So, by participating in this much better idea the male can interest females in intercourse.

With the main problem of both sexes wanting to dam life because they don’t like life and the obvious for sure eventuality of their soul being forced to experience what is often viewed as a trial and tribulation again and again for all time or being forced to witness life from a window of heaven know that the solution is to realize how much more enjoyable life is/will be without the endless unpleasant toil involved with the dam and ditch agriculture, maintaining the slacker shed façade and disease causing bereshit device for poor sex and the for sure soul disinigration/“finishing at the bottom of the pile of life” stratification policy realized upon expedition (death) or the for sure expedition back to start again at the literal door of heaven (the black hole wall). We’re not going to eliminate the perceived “evil” of life by going about doing things in the correct way but we’ll substantially reduce the “evil” of life by a quarter. I actually met the Devil or an entity representing (of}evil) which was literally either the actual entity known as the Devil or an exact facsimile made possible by the machine/computer/vessel/organism ruler of this universe (either way what’s the difference?)

This entity, let’s call it the Devil (he said he was when I called him out as the Devil) actually begged me for quarter at which point I pointed out that as written it was rightful heir to a third of the force of the universe but would take the one sixth difference (a reduction of evil by a quarter) reinvest the 1/6<sup>th</sup> in the infinityproject idea and have the Devil realize interest in its investment in the naturally flowing river collective productive structural solution. The Devil said, “Oh, thank you so much.” got me out of the Crisis Center and said it would do what it was able to assist in the coming about to the

correct way by undamming the rivers for starters. He was a pharmaceutical rep working for the baddies at the top of the dam doom scam. And God's in on it too, so...

Now with an examination of the largest of lack of reasons both sexes are trying to dam it shed it and flush it all down the tubes and a solution to this having been presented I'll present the "Kabuki Team" idea. I've taken note that the males are much more likely, ten times more likely, to be willing to consider participating in undamming the world's rivers than the females. As the story is written in the Bible Emanuel ("Jesus") and 12 apostles set about to undam the rivers, collect the precipitation with the structures, bereshit properly and have the foundation of the food growing operation for people be centered about seafood collection, fruit and nut production. Of course "Jesus" and the disciples constantly kept bringing up again and again (resurrecting) the last trap, the last container on the vessel, the lazarette or what would happen to the humans if they dammed their natural food system with a faulty water control structure scam. A foreign (for reign of the idea you're reading now) entity would appear (those for whoring men or the four horsemen, "the illuminati") and hijack the planet's surface using the poisoned fruit (the GMO feed) of the dam and ditch agricultural scam to... The poisoned fruit of the dam thing would be the humans undoing. As written at some point man (notice the Bible doesn't read the men and women) gets control of the garden/inherits the universe and on into the multiuniverse. The dam fool humans murdered "Jesus" and the apostles for presenting the best of solutions and called it good will. The only way it could be good will is if "Jesus" (the character who reappears to "G" us) shows up when it's an Obamanation of desolation, makes a deal with "The Beast" (the ruler of this universe) to undam the rivers for starters and we do so.

The thing is the men don't want to team up with me to solve the problem because we tried that last time and it didn't work (They're afraid the dam fools would just kill us like last time). But we're in a situation in the U.S.A. where it's illegal, they're not allowed to kill you for presenting the best possible solution. This doesn't mean that they won't kill you for forcing forward a free flowing river idea, but they're not allowed to. Imagine coming into a typical American town as 13 men. Without doing it from Maserati's and hotels it would be viewed by the typical American as "bum apocalypse" or a homeless men attempted takeover of town. The most likely thing that would occur is the already formed gang of armed thugs in town (the cops) steered by the townfolks' women would arrest some or all of us on fake charges, put us in jail and slowly kill us with dam and ditch agriculture grown GMO feed or toss us in the "looney bin" and not as slowly kill us with drugs in addition to the dam drugged GMO feed. The 2nd likely hood is a gang of vigilantes steered by the townfolks' women would lynch us at our place of rest for the night.

We would avoid the first likely counter to our perceived "threat" by immediately going to the local police station or sheriff's office presenting who we are (I.D.) ways of getting in communication with us (phone #'s, email addresses, permanent mailing addresses) the idea we are communicating and ask for permission to go to the grocery store, the library, the post office and place of local government to speak about the idea. Let them know we're just making way through the area, not to be in town long, open to the possibility of getting in our boats and departing at their request. I checked, this works. To avoid the 2nd unfortunate likelihood we literally make way, live aboard (don't camp or stay in the low reign motel). In response to a question of, "Where are you going to be tonight?" Answer

not sure, depends on the wind, weather conditions... and do it, continue to make way/change resting location.

That being said the “Kabuki Team” is composed of men. Two acting the part of “Jesus” or Emanuel and “Peter” (Silas) and the other 11–18 men acting the part of female apostles. Kabuki is a play or act originating in Japan, put on by what started as female prostitutes in a dry river bed (river bed dry because of dam and ditch agriculture and the wash water “needed” for the whoring in town). This act was quickly outlawed and it came to be an act by men impersonating females.

The main purpose of the “Kabuki Team” as I envision it, is while drawing awareness to the river solution to the dam problem draw awareness to the lack of females participating in presenting the best solution to the problem we’re experiencing on this surface and somehow get the females to participate (get the Kabuki Team back to its roots or start, having women sell of themselves {not for sexual intercourse} at or near the dry or drier river bed).

The most likely scenario of forming a “Kabuki Team” is one man at a time joins up with me. Upon the realization of the first volunteer the team of two would make way acting as men. It may likely work well if the interested male is able to carry a tune with some instrument if only his lips for whistling. I’ve remastered a lot of the typical lyrics to the known music and for example we’d serenade the townsfolk (present a christmass carol) of what I call The Beast Boy “If everybody had a fruesboard” which is a punk tune that starts off with a riff of Van Halen’s “California Girls” and quickly turns to the Beach Boy’s “If everybody had a surf board” accompaniment (your part) while I serenade the townsfolk with these lyrics:

If Eve’s body had a surf board...

On her plate...

Then we’d all be serf fin...

Serf fin you is a.

If everybody had a frues board...

On their plate...

Then we’d all be frue sin...

Frue sin you is a...

If everybody had a river course

Across the U.S.A...

Then we’d all be living good...

Instead of a dam obamanation of desolate disgrace...



Are you paying for the dam bills?...

You is a...

Dam sheddy flush it all down the tubes abortionist...

Damming reviere in your fate...

Stuffing dam genetrick doom food...

In your face...

F.D.A. surge on general See Very E.T. Coop...

Put you in your cage...

They started you out with the slave or savoir tomato...

Now GMOo Roundup Ready™ Ignite™'s on your plate...

With an ethanol grade not fit for consumption GMO corn sweetend barbecoo as your fate...

And you still pondering what to do?...

Dam fluidification, superdriplinewatercollect, thE manuel fertilizer machine...

Super you is a!

Know that this isn't the main thing we're going to be doing but just to give you an idea. The main thing we're going to be doing is intelligently communicating with each other about a naturally flowing river collective productive structures based fruit and nut tree solution to the porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMOo kicker problem into a barbecoo prescription and encouraging others to join in. That, writing letters for delivery in the USPS and speaking at the local places of "government". As soon as we get a third volunteer I'll assume the persona of a female apostalette or how I think a female would intelligently communicate the best of solutions. The other two guys (guides) would act as men doing the same. As we get more male volunteers the males with the most time put in on the idea would assume the part of female apostle and if at some point the "Kabuki Team" is assembled (somewhere between 13 and 20 men) we'd rotate.

At present the most likely way of coming up with a reverse last supper team is some kind of weird science project donation of female apostles by the Genie. The second most likely way to arrive at a team of mostly nubile females for giving assistance towards undamming the rivers is to score the apostalettes on the island of Evangelista, the 3<sup>rd</sup> to have a rich man/entity invest several million dollars for the advertising for and salaries of the female apostles. This letter written to Yvon Chouinard addresses that possibility.

Yvon Chouinard,

Yes, Yvon there is no argument you managed to get the best line to date that I'm aware of in a film documentary when you said, "The foundation of the problem is dam and ditch agriculture". It's a lit hell more than that though isn't it? With literal precision its best described as a porous dam sheddy flushtoile.t. with GMO kicker problem and barbecue prescription. The "solution" you present in your film was to... slowly punch holes in old dams at the end of their service life period, dams nearly overwhelmed with reservoir sedimentation? Naw, it'd take too long to solve the problem that way, the result would be to burn the garden down with fossil fuel maintaining the faulty water control scam. Or was the solution you presented to advertise for dam and ditch beer, be a Hebrew (the Tshirt, camaste) the trailer scene individual's life (mass) revolved around (cam) while blowing up a small dam with culvert (note the best solution to getting over a river with dry feet is a ferry) and replacing it with an even more energy intensive bridge (a more "advanced" stack of stones)? Nah, to repeat if this style of "solution" were attempted the humans would burn the garden down with fossil fuel maintaining a faulty water control structure scam, enslave themselves to a machine, crippled, be damned upon the realization at the event horizon line (the literal door of heaven) and sent back to start again for seemingly the 4<sup>th</sup> time. Ever had deja vu? The best solution is to command the armed forces to undam the rivers to initiate setting the course correct (reread The Book of Daniel) get control of the fossil fuel rate of consumption to limit the stone stacking in general and make available for installation collective productive structures including solar cell precipitation collecting supers, a high tech fertilizer machine, bee hive walls... primarily for the production of fruits and nuts to solve the dam and ditch agricultural (and GMO) problem without burning the garden down maintaining a faulty water control structure scam. The best way to do it is to have someone reappear when it's an [O]bama nation of desolation (from Daniel 9:27, 11:31, 12:11) identical in appearance to the Bible's cover boy, even with the scars in the correct location, weighing 66.6 kilograms who's able to sum up the prime idea (me) lead a reverse last supper team presentation comprised of 12 apostalettes (female apostles) 6 apostalette reservists and another mailman in pursuit of the presidency 2020 for perfect vision. A likely way to assemble this 20 (vente) member reverse last supper team is for a wealthy man to realize the ideas massive potential (merit) and invest several million (2 million for starters at least) for the wages of the apostalettes, a team dental plan and the advertising necessary to draw awareness to the apostalette positions. Investor likely to recoup investment with interest when we undam the world's rivers. Plus, like I've asked of you previously Patagonia could donate multiple pairs of black underwear for the females on the team and we'd (I and other man would buy our own) wear them publicly swimming/bathing as our "lifeguard swimsuits". We've got to have the finest threads you know? Patagonia would likely recoup your investment in underwear sales alone such would be the alluring draw. Wanna make a wager on it? I wager that if you, Mr. Chouinard, invest a sizeable sum to get the team together to solve the dam problem with the most obvious of river solutions (set course towards the most advantages of solutions/go with the win) the result that you experience will be much more enjoyable than that which you experienced after releasing "Damnation", returning the book I sent you in 2015 without taking me up on my offer and the complete disaster that happened next: getting caught going against the wind, for lack of ability to make correct course. Note to the reader: see Yvon's Patagonia paddling disaster including death of The North Face and Espirit founder Doug Tompkins. Just to be fair, in case you haven't figured it out yet, I'm the blackest cat ever seen. If what I reasonably ask for is not reasonably satisfied it is doom for the dam fool who refuses me. I'll force you to be productive

even if all I'm able to do is witness doom delivered upon you for your own massive error, take note of it, making it easy for another to realize the grave mistake and make amends. It's cold but it'll work. For you, it would be **much better** to take me up on the reasonable idea I'm for giving you and take note of the pleasant, massive return on your investment (learn, make the story come to the best for yourself). Just think, while everything we do on the reverse last supper team is above the board (we're not hiding anything) your investment in the team could easily be camouflaged and Patagonia's underwear sponsorship would be mostly undercover. Don't worry I know why you'd likely want to do this. At least now the humans don't like this idea as I present it but envision how much they'd like it if we had 18 nubile females doing the presenting of it. See? You could even be like "Charlie" from "Charlie's Angels" and do a teleconference every month or so, it would be fun! Sitting on the edge of my seat awaiting your go ahead confirmation,

John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley ~

The "Kabuki Team" is the 4th most likely way of forming the reverse last supper team. Just to give you an idea of the Kabuki act I intend on enlightening the people with, at least initially, remember "Klinger" played by Jamie Farr in the t.v. series "M\*A\*S\*H". This is pretty much what I'd do, probably not develop the outfits to the degree that he did in the series because I don't think its appropriate attire for a female apostle making way in a convoy of canoes. But wear a string of pearls, don a female type hat, something that would be suggestive to potential witnesses that I'm acting a female role. Other than that I'm going to act as I regularly do. Remember "Klinger" didn't act like a female he was just pursuing a section 8 without doing anything crazy. I'd combine this "Klinger" character with another M\*A\*S\*H character "Radar" played by Gary Burghoff which I'm actually much better at. Remember he was the character who kept the whole unit in operation and had the ability to tell when the Helicopters were about to appear (I'm a natural at this). So I'd periodically shave my beard, don some kind of female clothing (not handbags and high heels) and do a "Klinger/Radar" impersonation as one character.

A female I'd impersonate would be "Glinda, the Good Witch of the North" played by Billie Burke in the "Wizard of Oz" film, I might get a bubble wand and some ruby red slippers to sell the idea (not actually wearing the ruby red slippers). I figure this particular fairy godmother presentation would work well at the public meetings. If you ever read the "Wonderful Wizard of Oz" and/or saw the "Wizard of Oz" film remember the "Wizard of Oz" (representing the ruler of this universe, the machine/vessel/computer/organism behind the green curtain {agreeing with the dam thing} the character who set us up in the dam reality we're experiencing now (including pushing us towards damming the rivers and digging ditches to grow dam food, including "space aliens" dropping off corn on the surface, including encouraging us to drive down the dam broad in no sense route so it could trick us into growing dam and ditch agriculture ethanol grade not fit for consumption corn so it could put the dam inedible corn in our mouths instead of the gas tanks and zombie us into a mustard gas chamber for processing into sausage for being dam fools and otherwise pulling the strings behind the scenes) wasn't able to get Judy Garland's "Dorothy" off the yellow brick road (the helio {dam} rue) it was the fairy godmother who got the female off the dam broad in no sense route and to where she needed to be (set

her up with some fancy soul protection {cool shoes for going places} and reminded her she could have whatever she wanted and how to get it).

If at some point in time the females decide to be apostalettes the other men on the team (minus my and perhaps the potential female apostles favorite) will relegate themselves to supporting roles, retire, perhaps to be 2 of the mailmen invited to participate in as many reverse last supper teams as we're able to form and be in consideration for the many cabinet level and noncabinet level positions of the new administration. If we're not able to stimulate interest on the female's part, there is a chance that the "Kabuki Team" wins the presidential election and we go on to undam the rivers and get the whorl (the universe) out of damnation. It's just not the best case scenario, for life, and for the females in particular. Think how humiliatingly embarrassing of a tale it would likely be in the future if we couldn't get the females to take advantage of the best of opportunities for themselves and participate in solving all of life's problems in a great way.

As of summer 2017 the setup's perfect for potential apostalettes of a reverse last supper team or apostles of a "Kabuki Team". I'm currently in "The Bay of the Holy Spirit" (Peace River-Boca Grande) which is of the most forgiving bodies of water to become experienced at making way in a convoy of canoes for those without that much or any experience doing so. As the local guide on the "Tropic Star" says, "It averages 6 miles wide and between 6 feet and 6 inches deep". Meaning you can see land on the other side of Charlotte Harbor from any point and if you can just stay afloat (swim) for a short period of time you'll be able to stand up and avoid drowning.

This harbor is very forgiving because it's got a sand bar practically encircling the harbor and if in crossing the harbor the weather got rough it'd just blow you over to one side or another pretty quick at which point the waves would break on the sand bar and all you'd likely have to do is step out of the canoe, drag the boat over the sandbar and you'd be in relatively calm water. Plus, it's got some conchs and clams that are easy to collect, yummy to eat and there is other fish to be had too. Also, I've got a canoe located that Jimmy will sell you for a \$100 and another person Capt. Jim, who's got a 40' sailboat anchored up just inside the secluded Cayo Costa anchorage which is probably the best natural area in the lower 48 on the water. This ketch the "Aruana" even has a picture of Marilyn Monroe with a mustache in the living quarters and Capt., Jim said we could live aboard for free. So I'm able to guarantee we'd be able to easily get you in a canoe with a mother ship all set up in a decent position.

