



# Right-Wing

A Political Parody  
by

James Robert Baker

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# ***RIGHT-WING*** **(And Proud Of It!)**

**A Twelve-Point Master Plan  
For American Domination  
Of The Next Century**

**by**

**Colonel Frank C. Krieger, U.S.M.C. Retired  
With The Loyal Assistance<sup>1</sup>  
of**

**James Robert Baker**

1 This was to have been the original title page, wherein Frank's gross misperception of my loyalty still both amuses and sickens me. Despite my early decision to act as a spy, I often felt like a left-wing Jewish author — doing temp-work for Hitler. "Let's keep it brisk," Frank admonished me. "People bought *Mein Kampf* because they kind of had to; but few slogged their way through that tedious tome. It's the nineties, Jimbo. It's America! Think Rush, study Pat [Robertson]. Take a close look at Newt's snappy prose. Spend a quality evening cuddled up with Bill Bennett. Their books sell like hot cakes! But whatever you do, steer clear of [William F.] Buckley. Nobody wants to have to plow through a dictionary. These days your average Caucasian-American wants a fast, cut-the-bullshit read." JRB

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*JAMES ROBERT BAKER'S PREFACE*

I know I'll always hate myself a little for having participated in the writing of this book. But I made a decision early on that my personal comfort was far less important than the overwhelming moral imperative to stop Frank Krieger while he could still be stopped.

*Colonel* Frank Krieger, U.S. Marine Corps, retired. When my then-literary agent first called me to see if I might be interested in helping Frank Krieger write a nonfiction book, the name did not ring a bell. Since I don't read trash fiction, I had little knowledge of Krieger's novel, *The Road to Damascus*, although I did recall seeing the title on the best-seller list for some weeks, mired in the usual dreck.

My agent informed me that Krieger's novel had in fact been ghostwritten, although the book itself gave no indication of that. Krieger's name appeared alone as the sole author. The same would be true, my agent assured me, of the proposed nonfiction work. This eliminated my first concern: that my name beneath Krieger's would seriously devalue my literary stock.

"Your work will be absolutely anonymous," my agent said. "That's the way Frank wants it. He wants all the credit. This will be a ghost job in the purest sense. No one will ever know about you. Ever."

Then my agent mentioned the fee I'd be paid. "This book will be a blockbuster," he said. "It's going to rake in millions. Frank's prepared to pay you a work-for-hire fee of one hundred thousand dollars. I'll counter with three. We'll settle on two."

You've got to understand that at the time I was broke and deeply in debt. It had been almost two years since my last novel was published. And while that had been an artistic coup, a deeply gratifying experience in terms of both critical and reader reaction, these factors hadn't translated into megasales.

I was currently hard at work on a new novel, a vast enterprise still years from completion. Meanwhile, I was facing the loss of my utilities, eviction, and bankruptcy.

What would you have done?

Again, when I agreed to fly out to Virginia to meet with Krieger (at his expense), I knew next to nothing about the man. It's painful to admit, but some of this was a willful naïveté. I spotted Krieger's novel at the L.A. airport, for example. Despite the title's Biblical connotation, the lurid paperback cover signaled schlock terrorist thriller. I read the back-cover copy. An ex-Marine's family is kidnapped in Kansas by Islamic zealots, the wife and kids spirited back to Syria. The ex-Marine calls on his old Vietnam war buddies, who organize a rescue mission. That's about as far as I got before I started yawning and stuck the book back.

Had I read the novel, I would've had a better idea of what I was in for. I might've bailed. I might've. But I had big debts, I needed big money. And my agent had told me: "Look, it's a rush job. It's a kind of non-book of Krieger's opinions. You'll just take down what he says and clean it up a little. The whole thing won't take more than a month."

Although I'd seen his book photo, I wasn't prepared for Krieger in person, for how strongly he resembled 1950s "he-man" film star, Jeff Chandler: deep tan, strong jaw, squinty

blue eyes, silver hair swept back in a tightly streamlined crew cut. He favored tennis whites, and at forty-seven, he still worked out in a manner that gave him a top-heavy look: his biceps were thicker than his thighs.

He greeted me in his renovated plantation house with a knuckle-crushing handshake. We spoke briefly about the book, which he described as his “vision of America.” He already had a title: *Right-Wing (And Proud Of It!)*. That’s when I found myself glancing at the door.

Instead I stayed for dinner. I met his wife Becky, who in her own way shared her husband’s rancid charisma. Blonde and fresh-scrubbed, she was your classic 1950s Breck Girl — a Breck Girl pushing fifty with the too-tight skin of a poorly-done face lift. She was pleasant for the most part, despite a compulsive smirk, which may have been a tic resulting from her plastic surgery. She lost my sympathy, however, when she told a foul racist joke: something about “Southern-fried (n-word) lips” mistaken for fried clams. The main thing I remember is the punch line: “They’re so chewy!” I feigned a mouthful of food to explain why I couldn’t laugh. Frank “bust a gut,” nearly spitting out a mouthful of potatoes.

Their daughter Debbie wore blonde pigtails. Her voice oozed sarcasm and she mimicked her mother’s smirk. Eight-years-old and already bitchy. I pegged her immediately as the new Bad Seed.

Their teenage son, Rich, was shy and soft-spoken. When he mildly contradicted his father at dinner, Frank “jokingly” raised his hand as if to strike Rich, and the young man flinched. Behind his shy facade, I could tell that Rich was seething. I could tell something else. He was gay.

The two Chrises — the twins, Christine and Christopher — were away at a “Christian school” in Lynchburg.

The dinner was pot roast with all the fixings. Served by Rosetta, a black woman of some girth. She was always treated with respect — to her face. But I soon learned that the family’s nickname for her was “Mammy.”

“If it’s settled then,” Frank said, as the two of us smoked vile cigars by the fireplace after dinner, “we can start work tomorrow.”

I choked out a troubled, ambivalent: “Okay.”

“Good,” he said. “Let me show you to the slaves’ quarters.”

By that he meant the *renovated* slave’s quarters. Comfortably modernized with a full bath, a computer, a Trinitron TV. I don’t know if “Mammy” got cable, but I did.

Why did I stay? Well, the money, of course. But I was also thinking: You know, this could be interesting. I’d never been so close to the enemy before, a guest in his home, seemingly granted his instant trust. I felt like a spy. And that’s in fact what I was. That point of view kept me going over the next several weeks, as Krieger dictated the words that comprise the body of this text. I suppressed my true feelings and kept writing in my notebook, typing up successive drafts each night in the slaves’ quarters. Most nights, I drifted off with my stomach churning, my mind alternating hyper-violent fantasies with cool schemes of sabotage.

Early on, I began to see that Krieger was a serious Presidential aspirant, as our work was interrupted by calls from Pat Robertson, Ralph Reed, Jesse Helms, Newt Gingrich, Patrick Buchanan, Robert Dornan, Jerry Falwell — the list



went on. One person who never called was Oliver North.

As I soon came to see, Krieger and North were bitterly competitive, even though — or perhaps because — the two men had a great deal in common. Both had been heavily involved in the Iran/Contra operation. But, as Krieger explained to me over lunch one day, while “Ollie fell on his sword and is therefore permanently scarred,” Krieger’s own role as President Reagan’s “on-site point-man” was virtually unknown. My appetite faded as Krieger gloatingly described his “hands-on” roll in Nicaraguan leftist interrogations, employing torture techniques he’d perfected on “Cong sympathizers” during his stint in Vietnam.

It’s worth pointing out that the text as it stands — as fundamentally demented as it is — is still mild compared to the way it might have been. There’s a reason for this. We were several weeks into the work when the April, 1995 Oklahoma City bombing took place.

Several nervous days followed as federal authorities identified the bombers as right-wing fanatics. Krieger was as shaken as I’d ever see him. Not by the loss of innocent lives in Oklahoma, but by the prospect of the “liberal Jew media” trying to blame “respectable” rightists like Krieger for inciting the lunatic fringe.

He regained his bearings after watching Rush Limbaugh, thereafter appropriating Limbaugh’s own defensive rhetoric. “That’s the ticket,” Krieger said. “I’m a *mainstream conservative*! Just like Rush. Just like Newt. Nobody’s gonna tar me with that psycho brush!”

To make sure that didn’t happen, we spent the next few days revising or, as Frank put it, “mainstreaming,” the text.

What that meant was simple. It meant losing the slurs. The first few chapters of the book had been littered with racist, anti-Semitic and homophobic insults: the literary equivalent of the Mark Fuhrman tapes. As the text now stands, that virulence has been replaced with an ostensibly more civil rhetoric — which is ultimately much more insidious. When Frank was tossing out the n-word, the k-word, the q-word, it was easy to dismiss him as a rabid far-right mental case. And yet even now, when he tries to emulate the *polite* hatemongering of Limbaugh, Robertson, et al, Frank's ideas are still so profoundly, fundamentally cracked, they would almost be laughable — were they not shared by God knows how many other dark souls in this increasingly dark and paranoid land.

When it was all over, when I was safely (I thought) back in California, I seriously wondered if it wouldn't be best to destroy the following text, to delete this "new, reader-friendly *Mein Kampf*" from my computer. That's the way a friend of mine described Frank's folksy "master plan" after she read it; and that was what, as a PC literalist, she suggested. I understood her concern: that words can and do inspire action. "If you're going to kill trees," she said, "it should only be for the sake of books which affirm life, celebrate diversity and honor the sanctity of personhood."

Perhaps. But I believe Frank's views reflect the unspoken thoughts of any number of other so-called stealth candidates: amiable fanatics who, better than Frank, understand the need to hide their agendas — until they're in power and it's too late. That considered, what follows ought to be read as a warning. Are there risks? Of course. Inevitably, a few cretins on the right will embrace Frank's words as a simple, re-

freshening case of “telling it like it is.” Unlike my PC friend, however, I choose to believe that intelligent readers have a sensitive moral compass, that they will know a monstrous work when they see it.

But finally my strongest reason for wanting you to read Frank Krieger in his own words is personal. I want you to understand how I felt, how my guts ground with swallowed rage, as I listened day after day to this “handsome, engaging” (in a nauseatingly smitten Margaret Thatcher’s words) American fascist. I want you to understand how sick and evil Frank truly is. *That’s* why I kept working until the end. Frank could “mainstream” all he wanted; I knew he was still going to hang himself.

I hatched a plan to expose him, to let the world see him, as I did, in the full light of day. I had no doubt there were others who’d be eager to bring Frank down.

I could not have imagined the obstacles that lay ahead of me. I could not have guessed the depth of the cowardice of those who have everything to lose if Frank Krieger ever attains true power. But the story of how I learned these things is better left for the Afterword. By then I believe you’ll understand why the operative principle of my daily life has come down to this: The more Frank Krieger tries to kill me, the more committed I am to destroying him.

James Robert Baker  
Los Angeles  
1996

## FRANK KRIEGER'S INTRODUCTION

I don't believe in playing coy games. Coy games are what have got America into the deep trouble she now finds herself in now. Therefore, I do not intend to mince words in this book. I do not intend to mince anything. I will leave all the mincing to the homosexual hairdressers. That seems to be their forté.

As I write these words I am watching with seething disgust the failure of the so-called Contract on America. What began, not so long ago, as a step, however mincing, in the right direction has now been watered down into a senile shuffle. Once again, the liberals have blocked constructive change. Once again, special interests have nitpicked the glorious flag of the second coming of the Reagan Revolution until its fabric is hopelessly frayed. Once again, the doddering, weak-kneed, bleeding hearts in the Senate have caved in to the left-wing disinformation campaign, leaving the great and wise Newt Gingrich to twist in the wind with a placard attached to his front side that reads: THIS IS THE MAN WHO WOULD TAKE FOOD FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABIES.

All I can say is: What's wrong with that? There are too many mouths, too many babies, most especially babies of the black and brown persuasion. Do we need more babies growing up in fatherless homes, with underage, cocaine-addicted welfare mothers, with nothing in their futures but lives of crime? Do we really want the coming generation of *ten million brain-damaged crack babies*, most of whom will commit violent crimes, including multiple homicide, while still in

elementary school? Is this what we want, as decent Americans? Are we prepared for a brave new world in which, as lawfully-armed citizens, we will have no choice but to shoot and kill rabid, attack-dog children? Or wouldn't it be better to simply cut off their food supply and let them slowly, quietly weaken and die?

A tough question, I grant you. But the time has come to ask the tough questions. And to give the tough answers — if we truly want our vision of America to regenerate and thrive.

For too long now we've been asking the easy questions. And getting — you guessed it — the easy answers. And where has this folly led us? To the brink of anarchy. America, as some of us remember her, is dying. The time for heroic measures has come.

I told you I wouldn't play coy games and I won't. It's for this reason that I'm stating, right here and right now, my forthright intention to seek the once-great office of the President of the United States in the year 2000. No waffling, no dodging, no exploratory committees. I'm "going for it," as Rich, my strapping eighteen-year-old, would say. (I'm proud of Rich, by the way. Tall and good-looking, next fall he will enter Regent University on a full scholarship awarded by my good friend and fellow Christian patriot, the esteemed Pat Robertson. Rich, I'm pleased to say, is a lad who is decent and pure. In this age of glorified drug-use and hyper-promiscuity, he has not so much as touched a beer — or a girl. Still proud to be a virgin, Rich has resisted considerable ribbing, preferring to wait until he meets the woman he will cherish for the rest of his life. I only hope he finds a gal as great as my Becky!)

Am I getting off the track? Not at all. If I've learned any-

thing from my study of America and her diseased body politic, it is that *everything is connected*. Which is why I feel so strongly that our nation needs a President who can draw a line between the dots.

The last great man who did that was, of course, Ronald Reagan. In many, many ways, he is my father-figure and my role model.

But if it was once Morning in America, I'm afraid that it is now Late Afternoon.

These times call for measures sterner than those set forth by the warmhearted, ever-affable Gipper.

Don't misunderstand me, even for a millisecond. I'm not criticizing Ronald Reagan. Who in their right mind could? He was a brave and noble man who rolled back the clock as far as he could, in the wake of the sickening excesses of the so-called counterculture generation. My sense is that he got us back to about 1959 or 1958. (Certainly before the debacle of John Fitzgerald "Sexaholic" Kennedy). The Reagans — for let us not overlook the keen warmth and common sense of Nancy — got us back as far as *Leave It To Beaver*. And that, for a time, was fine.

But where we need to go now is back to 1953 or 1952 and the rock hard patriarchal values and solid sense of right and wrong embodied in the virtues of *Father Knows Best*.

Ronald Reagan understood the past, but he also knew how to harvest the future, a lesson which sadly must be re-learned today. When our nation's enemies have stolen our past in a spastic fit of academic political correctness; when they've confused the minds of our best and brightest with a bunch of French gobbledygook fever-dreamed by an AIDS-

demented sadomasochistic so-called philosopher, the notorious Michel Foucault; when, in short, the past is being held in a homosexual stranglehold, the only way out is to pick and choose which parts of the future must be kept in reserve, and which parts can and must be redeemed in the present if we are to win the current war.

Ronald Reagan knew the truth of the old saying: You can't take it with you. In his wisdom, he understood that our children, and our children's children, wouldn't need the so-called "environment." He knew that mankind is infinitely adaptable; that there are very few problems that science cannot solve. And those beyond the reach of science are safely in the hands of God.

The Gipper also understood that the rich deserve to get richer. If they got rich in the first place, they must have been doing something right. You hear a lot of talk these days, from the usual quarters, about the failure of trickle-down economics. Well, of course it failed! And do you know why? I'll tell you in a sentence. The trickling stopped once George Bush stuck his finger in the dike. Or was it when the dyke stuck her finger in George? All right, I'm being sardonic now, but this subject is dead serious. George Bush was the highest ranking KGB mole to ever infiltrate the CIA and eventually, as we all know, the Oval Office. This is not a shoot-from-the-hip charge, by the way. I have heard the tapes of George and Barbara alone in the White House family quarters — conversing in rapid-fire Russian! It *is*, however, another book, one that someone else will surely write.

This is not a history lesson. This is a future lesson. If it is the Lord's will that I should be elected President in the year

2000, I do not want it said that I ascended to that office on a wing and prayer, on clichés and generalities, or on the brute strength of my charm, sex appeal and charisma. I want to be elected because the American people, in all their native wisdom, have chosen to grant me that power in full knowledge of my beliefs and intentions. That is why I am writing this book. To let friend and foe alike know exactly where I stand.

The millennium approaches. And with it our finest hour, our moment of truth as a nation. Therefore, with all humility and the voice of God to guide me, I hereby set forth my twelve-point master plan.

If you are among my enemies, I suggest you look into foreign residency visas now. But if you are among my millions of friends, I say to you: Won't you join me in this great adventure as America once again assumes her God-given role as the dominant nation on this planet earth.

Colonel Frank C. Krieger  
Potomac View, Virginia  
1995



POINT ONE:  
DECLARE MARTIAL LAW

I know what you're thinking — if you are among the faint of heart. If you are among the weaklings who falter in the face of threat. If you stare into the open maw of chaos — and blink!

So let me lead you carefully, as a father would his young son, by the hand. And let me begin the journey by sharing with you a dream I recently had.

It was 1997. The previous summer Bill Clinton had received his party's nomination for a second term. The Republicans nominated the esteemed war hero and senator from Kansas, my good friend, Bob Dole. Dole was ahead by twenty points in the early polls. Then, in October, a third party abruptly entered the race: the diminutive, demented Texan, Ross Perot. As Perot stole votes from Dole, the numbers quickly shifted until, by election eve, Dole and the sexaholic Clinton were in a virtual dead heat.

But thanks to a last ditch get-out-the-vote drive by the Christian Coalition, Dole squeaked through and won. By a mere eleven votes!

Now, in January of 1997, Dole takes the oath of office. And America lets out a huge collective sigh of relief. Dole delivers an eloquent inaugural address, filled with a vim and vigor rare in a seventy-three-year-old man with a history of prostate cancer. He sets forth a renewed vision, the promise of another Morning in America. He pledges — and we believe him! — to pick up the Reagan ball dropped in 1992 by the Russian spy, George Bush.

Then, turning from the lectern, Dole stumbles on the carpet. He pitches forward before his Secret Service men can catch him. In a sad freak accident, he stabs himself with the famous pen he carries in his war-injured right hand. The pen plunges deep into his heart, killing him instantly.

A nation mourns. As Jack Kemp, a secret homosexual, assumes the highest office in the land.

And that is one of the more cheerful scenarios!<sup>2</sup>

Do I believe it will happen? I don't know. As I said, it was a dream. The kind you have at night while sleeping. But can a dream dreamt at night also be a vision? Will Bob Dole be elected and fall on his pen? Is Jack Kemp, in fact, a secret homosexual? I don't know the answers to any of these questions. But asking them sends a chill up my spine!

2 And to Frank's mind the most likely. Other grim possibilities: a successful run by Newt Gingrich — only to be assassinated by his openly lesbian sister. A Colin Powell draft. "As an Oreo cookie with a chest full of fruit salad," Powell would "easily" beat Clinton, Frank stated. But once Powell took office, he'd show his true colors, "which are as black as a James Brown junglebunny beat." Powell would ban all firearms, "accelerate the abortion of white babies," and clog a vastly expanded federal bureaucracy with "his swaggering, boom-box, deadbeat Negroid peoples." By the year 2000, "after four years of Louis Farrakhan as Secretary of State, Johnnie Cochran as Attorney General, and Al Sharpton running the Pentagon, decent Caucasian-Americans would be foaming at the mouth." Another stark scenario: in a "furious, unbalanced" America, the election of Patrick Buchanan, a man Frank admired as a "tough-talking, no-bullshit gadfly." "Off the record," however, Frank considered Pat "ten times meaner than Newt, sexually frustrated, a clinical sadist, with a laugh like a sphincter being torn by a meat hook." As President, Buchanan would "make the guy in charge of daily operations at Auschwitz look like Mother Teresa." Further, Buchanan would no doubt be assassinated "by a Jewish lesbian turkey-baster mom" — his VP replacement, the "cunning stealth homosexual, Jack Kemp." It's worth pointing out that *no hard evidence of Kemp's allegedly gay past exists* — which didn't stop Frank from quoting an anonymous, alleged Kemp fraternity buddy, as saying in the old days: "If you're hard up, Jack's drunk in the upstairs john, giving out blow jobs that are groovier than you'll ever get from any chick. Just close your eyes, man, and picture Ann-Margret in *Kitten With a Whip*." JRB

What I do know is this. Regardless of who the President is between now and the millennium this country will see crises such as she has never known. Street-crime will escalate, drive-by shootings spreading to even the toniest suburbs. There will be new race riots, dwarfing the 1992 conflagration in L.A. Islamic and domestic terrorist groups — including gangs of *our own sons and daughters*, driven mad by so-called industrial rock! — will precipitate panic in every city and town, as car-bomb explosions kill thousands in churches, shopping malls, theme parks and Little League fields. New diseases will emerge as our young people, devoid of spiritual values, plunge head-first into a dance-of-death frenzy of premarital sex. Soon antibiotics will be useless against the virulent new viral strains. HIV will mutate — and become airborne! A seemingly random series of natural disasters will strike America. A magnitude 10.8 earthquake will destroy San Francisco in her entirety, leaving hundreds of thousands of homosexuals — as well as many decent family people — dead. Horrendous floods, fires and hurricanes will ravage our nation. Killer bees will render vast expanses of the Southwest uninhabitable. Locusts will devastate the Midwestern grain fields. In their wake: a new Dust Bowl so horrific the one of 1930s will appear as little more than a fleeting dry spell. Coincidence? Flukes of nature? Not if you believe my friend Pat Robertson. The Lord has a short fuse with those who worship false idols. Finally, sometime in late 1999, the stock market will crash, plunging America and the world into a depression so deep and profound, the one of the thirties will appear as little more than a minor economic funk.

Like glaciers carving their way through mountains, like geological fault lines building pressure before they shift, the force of these calamities is already in motion. No single man

can stop them. Not Bob Dole, not Bob Dornan, not Bill Bennett, not even my brave compatriot Patrick Buchanan. Not even I, were I to assume office in 1997, could hold back the flood gates of the coming Despair.<sup>3</sup>

I can, however, act once the dust settles. Given the power, I can clean up the mess. From the ashes of agony, I will erect the towering, majestic steel skyscrapers of the new American century.

Given the power.

In January, 2001, when I take the oath of office, the address that follows will be brief. I already have it written — on the back of a Marriott Hotel envelope in the same way that Lincoln once scribbled his indelible Gettysburg address. I don't mean that Lincoln stayed at a Marriott; they weren't around yet. But the principle holds true. The most memorable speeches are short and sweet. Mine clocks in at under two minutes.

Once I'm done, I will move swiftly to the White House, where I will stride briskly into the Oval Office — that sacred seat of Presidential power, too often debased in the previous century by a long, sorry line of sexaholic socialists posing as Democrats.

The first thing I will do is loosen my tie and pick up the fabled red phone that will connect me with the Pentagon. My

<sup>3</sup>Still caught up in the afterglow of the 1994 "Republican revolution," when Bill Clinton's re-election seemed much less likely than it would later, Frank sincerely believed that Dole would win in 1996. But he *did* tell me bluntly that a fluke Clinton victory, which would bring a "hardcore socialism" to every aspect of American life, could only be halted by a "triple termination" of the President, Hillary Clinton, and Al Gore. "What about Tipper [Gore]?" I asked him. "Once the wailing stops," he said, "she'll come around." JRB

Secretary of Defense, the courageous Robert K. Dornan, will be waiting for my call. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, and all the Pentagon top brass, will be standing there behind Bob as he switches on the speaker phone.

I will pause, knowing I am on the cusp of human history. Then I will utter three simple words. I'll say: "Bob — let's roll."

And he will know just what I mean.

You know, the Reds had a term to describe their revolution. When the Bolsheviks seized control, they didn't pause for teatime or fuzzy reflection. They took off the kid gloves, rolled up their sleeves, and kicked some serious White Russian butt. They called it: TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD.

They didn't need a hundred days and I won't either. You only need a hundred if it's politics as usual. If you plan to waste your time sucking up to the lobbyists, pleasing this group and that, wining and dining the very folks whose heads you would like to see on a stake. And towards what end? Nothing but limp and watered-down compromise.

That's not a game I will ever play. With blinding resolve and an iron will, I will cut cleanly through the crap. And through anyone — warning! anyone! — who stands in my way.

Give me three good days, that's all I need. Three good days, a doctor standing by with booster shots of the finest pharmaceutical methamphetamine, and I will change this blessed land forever.

Three days. That's all I ask for. If I fail, you have my word right now: I will tender my resignation.

Before the sun falls on the third day, I'll expect to hear these words from Defense Secretary Dornan: "Mr. President, it's done." If I don't, you can bet that Bob will be in shackles and a blindfold, facing a firing squad by dawn on day four.

But I don't think it will come to that. What I do think is this. As the sun comes up on my fourth day in office, decent people will feel safe, truly safe, for the first time since Lincoln was murdered in a foul conspiracy hatched by Free Masons, a still shadowy D.A.R. coven, a Byzantine gaggle of hopped-up, oversexed, freed Negro slaves, the diabolical gay-underground kingpin Walt Whitman, and a tightly-knit cabal of lox-loving Eastern European Communist bankers. For the first time since the bisexual alcoholic John Wilkes Booth obediently shot Abe in the back of the head and leapt gibbering onto the Ford Theater stage; for the first time in one hundred and forty-five years, America — without first drinking herself into a stupor — will have a truly good night's sleep!

Because on that fourth day when America looks out her window, she'll see tanks and armored vehicles rolling down her tattered streets! Her breasts will swell once again with pride as mighty F-16s sweep the clear blue skies above in perfect, reassuring formation!

On every corner where there once stood a filthy crack dealer or a lewd, infected hooker, there will stand instead a wholesome, freckle-faced kid in a green khaki uniform with a helmet on his head and an automatic weapon in his hands.

I'm dreaming, you may think. But if I am, it is a glorious dream! And one which I believe the majority of Americans will have come to share by the time that I take office. I'm laying it all out right here and now — but I'd be less than

honest if I said I didn't expect some initial shock.

That's why I'm giving you a good four years to adjust to my agenda. To take it home with you, discuss it with your family, and decide if you don't think that I'm on the right track. I believe I know what your conclusion will be.

It is for this reason that I firmly believe I will be acting with a mandate — a powerful, heartfelt mandate — as I institute the rapid changes which are so long overdue.

In those first three days, I also pledge to do the following:

1. All sessions of the House of Representatives and the Senate, including all subcommittee meetings, will be suspended until further notice. Given the nature and severity of our national emergency, I'll expect the full support of my fellow Republicans, as well as the cooperation of most of the Democrats, save a few stray, leftover-sixties, radical dogs. To insure the suspension of all Capitol Hill activities, National Guard will be posted around the perimeter. All other bastions of government — federal, state and local — will be similarly secured.

2. In accordance with my authority as Commander in Chief, I will institute a full media blackout. This will mean the suspension of all newspapers, magazines, radio and television broadcasts; and all computer modem communications, such as Prodigy, America On-Line and the infamous Internet, excluding strictly business transactions. All electronic media will be closely monitored by a beefed-up FCC working in conjunction with the FBI and the CIA. (One of my first acts as President will be to lift the inane ban on CIA domestic surveillance).

The only exceptions to the blackout will be designated conservative and/or Christian media, such as CBN, the Family Channel, The Washington Times, and talk shows such as those of Cal Thomas, Roger Ailes, Evans/Novak and Rush Limbaugh.

All incoming foreign broadcasts, via satellite or airwave, will be decisively jammed.

The media big boys will be issued a firm ultimatum: Comply or face arrest and/or the military destruction of your broadcast satellites. Beyond that, I expect stray pockets of resistance in the form of pirate radio or television transmissions, emanating from a college campus here or there.

These socialist lawbreakers will be dealt with harshly. I believe that when those considering a replay of 1960s-style rebellion see the footage of the campus radio station engulfed in flames, they will get the message, and wisely cease and desist.

3. In the same vein, all motion picture theaters will be shut down indefinitely, save those showing G-rated films such as *The Lion King*.

4. All public gatherings of more than two persons will be forbidden. The only exceptions: church services, family outings, wholesome amusement parks, and Republican fund-raising dinners. But the ban will apply to all rock clubs, bars and cocktail lounges, biker clubs, gay, bisexual and/or sadomasochistic sex clubs, all bingo parlors, and all meetings of designated subversive groups, such as Greenpeace, the Sierra Club, the NAACP, the ACLU, ad infinitum.

5. Finally, and perhaps most crucially, the bold new policy of summary execution must be engraved in the public



mind. That means termination on the spot, at the discretion of the officer-in-charge, whether military or local police. Not death, possibly, ten or fifteen years down the road, after a redundant litany of legal appeals. But death now — on the street, in the living room, in the crack house, in the rock club — not in fifteen years, but in fifteen seconds! I believe this time-frame will impress even the dullest of minority minds.

Can I “really” do these things, you may be asking. Can anyone do these things, in America as we know her, without gutting the Constitution and becoming, in effect, a full-blown dictator?

The answer is yes. It all lies in the little-known Executive Powers Provision of 1970. Passed by Congress at the behest of then-President Richard Nixon, the EPP gives the President a sweeping authority to do, essentially, whatever he wants. Nixon came close to invoking it, as Vietnam peaceniks descended on our nation’s capitol, threatening at their peak to overrun the White House like a pack of rabid pit bulls, tearing Dick and Pat apart, even as they sodomized the beautiful, winsome Nixon girls, Tricia and Julie!

But Dick Nixon faltered, his weary hand trembled, on the brink of monumental greatness. This is why, of all Republican Presidents, I have the least respect for him. In his moment of truth, his greatest crisis, he revealed himself to be... a quivering, ambivalent, befuddled old lady. Think how differently history might have unfurled if he’d found the grit to act like a man! No Watergate, no Jimmy Carter. Just a straight line to the Gipper and from the Gipper to me!

But in his finest hour Dick Nixon wussed out.

I will not repeat that mistake!

Once our nation is secured, once Marines surround the inner cities and G.I. Joe's patrol the malls, once the barrage of vile media filth has been halted, then and only then will I begin the careful business of rebuilding the American dream.

Speaking of dreams, I had one last night. It was Day Two and a gaggle of feminist Senators had defied the law to organize a protest on the Capitol steps. All the usual suspects were present, mouthing the usual liberal pap. I saw the gay-lover Barbara Boxer, the San Francisco Jewess Diane Feinstein, and — really getting my goat — the cunning defense budget ball-buster Patricia Schroeder. Pat was whining as usual when I walked up to her, unholstered my Glock nine-millimeter, and shot her point blank in the head. Blood squirted.

I woke up amid sticky sheets and said: "Becky? You know what? I just had a wet dream. For the first time since West Point, I had a wet dream."

Becky, bless her heart, in all her female wisdom, said: "Honey, whatever kind of dream you were having, I'm sure that reaction was just the Lord's way of providing His stamp of approval."

Becky's seldom wrong, but in this case she was right, dead right, or as Mother Krieger liked to put it, she was "right as a Midwestern rain."

## POINT TWO

## ENFORCE TRADITIONAL FAMILY VALUES

Once our nation is secured I will move with lightning speed to initiate a series of rapid social changes. Key among these will be a shoring-up and bolstering of our most important and most besieged institution: the traditional American family.

Without family, we have nothing. Truth, honesty, cleanliness, Godliness: all of these virtues — to paraphrase my friend, the great right-wing intellectual, William Bennett — begin at home.

These virtues begin first and foremost with a strong father. A father who in his stern, loving wisdom knows where and when to mete out corporal punishment. A father who inspires in his sons fear and respect, and in his daughters adoration and subservience.

These virtues begin with a mother who puts her husband first, her children second and her job, if any, a distant third. She is kind and loving in a crisp cotton dress, a ready smile on her face, and the aroma of pot roast wafting from her kitchen. She's your mom and my mom, and every decent mom who's ever made a tasty batch of toll house cookies or sung a Christmas carol. Yes, she's Harriet Nelson, June Cleaver, and quintessentially, the lovely Jane Wyatt of *Father Knows Best*. And it's a measure of these times and their cynical corruption, that these moms have become the objects of a gloating derision. Or what the homosexuals would call "camp."

I have another kind of *camp* in mind for them. But that is a theme I will address later.

Right now my focus is the family. And by family I mean the configuration described above. I mean, a man and a woman and their offspring, both boys and girls. I do not mean two fat, sloppy “bull-dykes” in coveralls with a frightened little boy at their mercy. I do not mean two upscale IKEA ad “sweater queens” with a litter of adopted black and brown babies.

I do not mean the crack-addled welfare princess, who turns herself into a human incubator, squeezing out a gaggle of Glock-toting “gangsta” babies while she’s still in her teens!

Nor do I mean the upscale single career women, the so-called Murphy Browns, the selfish, workaholic “having it all” gals, who leave their kids in the clutches of day-care pedophiles and nursery-school Satanists.

I could go on, but frankly it makes me sick — soul sick! — to see what’s become of the American family in the last three decades. Yes, it all began to fall apart in the 1960s, that most infamous of decades, when our great nation was split asunder by the counterculture, the absurd demands of hopped-up African-Americans, the shrill proto-feminists, and effeminate gays streaming out of their lavender closets.

(In fact, the first seeds of destruction were sewn a decade before that, as my good friend George F. Will so brilliantly pointed out in a Op-Ed piece a few years ago. The alcoholic bisexual Jack Kerouac, the homosexual junkie William Burroughs, and the crackpot gay Jew Allen Ginsberg all set the filthy ball in motion with their so-called Beat Generation. The moment Jack Kerouac wolfed down a handful of Benzadrine tablets and typed the first sentence of his deranged *On the Road* — as George so astutely perceived — the AIDS pandemic thirty years later was all but inevitable).

These are the causes, these are the problems. An understanding of how we got to where we are is important, if only so that future generations can know the terrible cost of giving into temptation and thus avoid repeating that mistake.

But what we desperately need now are the answers, the solutions. Which is why, within my first ten days in office, under the authority of the Executive Powers Provision, I will institute as law the Family Protection Act.

As a formal document, it still needs fine-tuning, just as our Constitution was not written — and therefore should not be amended — in a day. But the following key features must surely be a part of any meaningful new law:

1. The Family shall be based upon the principle of two heterosexuals (that is, a man and a woman) joined together in sacred legal matrimony for life. When and if the woman becomes pregnant and gives birth to a healthy child, this child and all subsequent children, shall automatically be subsumed under the rubric of Family.

All other definitions will henceforth be void and illegal, their practice subject to severe sanction, including but not limited to steep fines, imprisonment, psychiatric treatment and the death penalty.

Illicit definitions include any form of homosexual, bisexual, or polygamous arrangement, as well as otherwise normal heterosexual couples living together in sin.

2. A Divorce Moratorium. Currently wed couples will have to stay that way, as divorce will be eliminated as an option for the foreseeable future. In short, they'll have to "work it out." No excuses, no exceptions, no exemptions. They will be encouraged to seek counseling, from their minister, priest,

or rabbi — but preferably from a licensed Christian therapist with a hands-on knowledge of Satanic abuse.

3. Re-establish the dominance of Dad. In short, no more wimps. The only time a father should pick up a baby is to spank it — if it's done something wrong, such as cry incessantly or dirty its diaper.

The same goes for older children. Hands off — except in cases of punishment and discipline. Children aren't teddy bears for squishy man-boys who've never grown up themselves. The feminist plot to make Dad more like Mom leads to gender confusion among the kids while at the same time it castrates the father.

Wives should do what their husbands tell them, even when, with their emotion-driven brains, they don't understand. Principle One for a successful household: Dad is always right. Father *does* know best.

If Mother disobeys, Father shall be free to take whatever disciplinary actions he deems necessary. It is *his* home, after all. Within the walls of his suburban castle, Father is King. Mother should ideally be treated like a Queen. But if she talks back to Father — or makes the sort of underhanded, bitchy remark some women are prone to, especially during their periods — Father should have no qualms about putting Mother in her place. Squishy feminist concepts such as PMS, the so-called Battered Wives Syndrome, and specious charges of verbal or emotional abuse will be discarded as the gobbledygook they are, as Father reasserts himself as the Master of his own universe.

4. Signs of gender confusion (i.e.: homosexuality). Father and Mother should both be on the lookout for early signs

of effeminacy in boys, or masculine behavior in girls. Even the most subtle indicators should be noted: such as boys who play too long with their stuffed toys or show too great an interest in “pretty” things, such as flowers (especially flower-arranging); and girls who are obsessively athletic (tennis is a red flag!), who show an interest in cars, especially auto mechanics, or who are caught glancing once too often at Father’s gun collection.

Any and all signs or suspicions must be promptly reported to the newly-formed Children’s Gender Identity Commission. Each case will be examined by trained Christian counselors, and — if deemed appropriate — the child in question will be sent to one of the new Gender Restructuring Facilities.

Prototypes of these places already exist, in enlightened states, such as Utah. I’ll go into this phenomenon in depth in a later chapter, dealing exclusively with the Homosexual Problem. But for now let me say, the facilities I’ve toured — in Salt Lake City, Provo, Montana and Idaho — are more akin to a high school campus than a maximum-security psychiatric prison. True, there are razor-wire-topped fences, but there are also pleasant trees and well-groomed lawns. And aversion therapy, as perfected in Central and South America, has advanced far beyond the ineffective joy buzzer model of yesteryear.

The bottom line is: if the worst happens, it can now be dealt with, and dealt with successfully, in a relatively short period of time. So don’t fret, Mom and Dad, if your “sensitive” little boy or mannish young girl is packed off for six months or a year. When Sis and Junior come home to you, they’ll

come home *as* Sis and Junior — not as a Sis in a Junior's body or vice versa — but as the pure, clean heterosexual children God in His wisdom always wanted them to be.

5. Mandatory church. If there is any single reason for the family's vulnerability to ridicule and the church's reputation as "lame" and "uncool," the true problem is our own lack of faith. Which makes the solution quite simple indeed.

If I said you needed gas, you'd know right where to go, wouldn't you? To a gas station. And if I said you needed spiritual gas, or faith, the answer should be just as evident. You gas up on faith by going to church!

There was once a popular slogan, which became quite the joke with the effete New York set. It was: "The family that prays together, stays together."

Well, you know, it's true. And maybe these days they're not snickering so much in Manhattan, where you can't even walk down a crowded street without someone coughing out a spray of saliva mist, infecting anyone in range with a terrifying new breed of drug-resistant TB.

And in a few more years, when HIV mutates and becomes airborne...? Well, I'm afraid by then it will be too late for prayer amid the death-cart traffic jams on Fifth Avenue.

Now you'll notice that I said *church*. Mandatory *church*. I didn't say mandatory mosque or synagogue. I said *church* because, as my close friend Pat Robertson has stated so eloquently: "We are a Christian nation."

Which does not mean there's no room for diversity. Certainly I have no beef against those who wish to select a particular Protestant denomination. And, unlike certain fringe elements of my wide-ranging support base, I have no prob-



lem, per se, with Catholicism. In fact, Pope John Paul has done much to withstand the pressures that would dilute his religion. I admire his tough stand against so-called safe sex and condom-distribution to children. Catholicism is a major religion, after all, especially in the Third World, among the brown-skinned peoples. It would be foolish, strategically, to alienate them at this time. We share many of the same core values. The Catholics can be an important ally in the hard work of social reform.

Then we come to the Jewish question. And here again, I do not share the hard-line beliefs of some of my more obstreperous brethren. I believe that, as with all peoples, there are good Jews and bad Jews — just as there are good Christians and bad Christians, such as the Episcopalians. There are many Jews, for example, who like to say they are *social liberals* but *economic conservatives*. Well, all I can say is: That's a step in the right direction!

Then there are truly brilliant, unapologetically right-wing Jews, such as that brave defender of family values, the esteemed film critic, Michael Medved.

There are Jews we can work with, in other words. That's why I'm saying we should give them some time, time to come around. I believe a lot of them are eager.

6. Finally, to keep Sis and Junior on track as they grow up: Boys should be trained in the traditional masculine skills of sports, auto mechanics, math, and firearms. Girls, conversely, should be taught early on how to grocery shop and cook a decent meal, how to dress and act in a ladylike manner, and — in a tasteful curriculum — how to sexually satisfy their husbands, once they have one.

It should go without saying that all forms of premarital sex — including “French kissing” and what was once called *petting* — will be banned. Violators will be punished with the swift and harsh hand of the law.

I foresee a golden time when we will re-embrace the period of the early 1950s — before rock-and-roll! — not merely in modes of behavior but also in style and attire. Not in a “campy” retro vein. But with a new-found sincerity and realization that Mother looks best in a crisp cotton dress, that pony tails and sweaters are becoming to a teenage girl, that clean-cut boys make the best impression in flat-tops or crew cuts and the classic white sport coat. Facial hair of any sort makes a young man appear grubby, or worse, rebellious. Therefore, beards, mustaches, goatees, “soul spots,” and any-and-all combinations thereof, shall be banned.

Father, of course, wears a gray-flannel suit to work. At home he may relax in hush puppies, slacks and a clean white tennis shirt. Cigarettes, if only for health reasons, will be banned for use by decent people. Can you imagine Pat Boone with nicotine-stained fingers? And what girl can smoke without looking like a slut?

The only exception to the tobacco ban: Baseball players. It's an American tradition. In the field of dreams there will always be a pitcher with a wad in his mouth.

And who can picture Dad without a pipe in his?

So now we have our ideal family, returned to a state of order and sanctity, Father firmly in charge.

But the family does not exist inside a vacuum, in a clean white house on Elm Street, Anytown, U.S.A. Indeed, Elm Street

itself has been turned into a nightmare — or to be more precise, an extremely lucrative series of celluloid nightmares, belittling old-fashioned values, throwing a generation of youth into nihilistic despair.

All the church in the world is of no avail if Junior can turn on his car radio and hear rock-and-roll lyrics so vile they defy belief. I cannot even cite the worst examples in a family book such as this. But if Junior is pumped full of filth such as *this* recent hit-song lyric: “I want to (f-word) you like an animal,” how long can he maintain his self-control?

In short, family exists within culture. Which is why, even as we re-instill a sense of virtue in our loved ones, we must at the same turn back the culture clock.

POINT THREE:  
RECLAIMING THE CULTURE

You know, I had a telling experience not long ago in our nation's capitol. I speak, of course, of Washington D.C., that once-mighty showpiece of our republic, which has sadly degenerated into a slime-pool of urban filth and degradation. Gibbering bums now defecate in Lafayette Park, within easy view of Bill and Hillary's bedroom. Crack dealers ply their foul trade in the shadow of the Jefferson Memorial. Prostitutes entertain their johns within in the dark recesses of the Lincoln Memorial — mere steps away from decent family people.

But I thought, naively, that we were safe in broad daylight on the lawn before the majestic Washington Monument.

I was strolling there with Becky and our youngest, Debbie, who is five, on a beautiful spring day. I had my arm around my wife and we were speaking of the way things used to be, as Debbie frolicked on the grass before us. For a moment the picture was perfect. Then... Debbie picked something up from the lawn and said with the innocence of a child: "Daddy? What's this?"

She probably thought it was an old yellow balloon.

But I will tell you what it was.

It was a used condom!

I slapped Debbie, just so that if she ever saw one of those things again, she'd know it was wrong. She started crying, of course, and said: "Daddy, what do I do?"

What could I tell her?

She hadn't done anything!

So much for safe sex! So much for the safety of our children!

This is the point I was trying to get at in the last chapter. You can be the perfect Dad, the perfect Mom, but there still comes a time when you must go out into the cesspool that has become America with your children. And unless they wear blindfolds, unless your vigilance is absolute... But even — even then — there will come a time when you cannot protect and shield your young ones. They will be in school and you won't be there with them. They will be at the mercy of their peers. Peers who are themselves at the mercy of God knows what!

There is only one way to protect the children! The culture, from the high to the low, from the fine arts to the not-so-fine, from the popular to the so-called avant-garde — all of it, from the ground up, must be systematically cleansed!

One of my early acts as President, again with the first ten days, will be to create a Department of Culture. While in nearly every instance, I share my fellow Republicans' desire for less government, not more, when it comes to culture I make a serious, well-considered exception.

Indeed, we are one of the few countries I can think of without such a body, although often they are called *Ministries* of Culture, as in Nazi Germany, or if you don't like that example, modern-day France. But *ministry* smacks of Europe too much, of the old, discarded monarchy system. So I'll stick with Department, since that's what our similar branches of government are currently called.

And where will the budget come from to finance such a vast and far-reaching undertaking? A valid question. And one with a very simple answer.

As we zero out the so-called entitlements such as Social Security, Medicare, a welfare system that caters to the shopaholic whims of every lazy loser, and finally as we gut for good that Sierra Club nature boy's sentimental (and economically unhinged) wet dream known as the Environmental Protection Agency — *that's* where the budget will come from.

I'll detail at a later point why we'll no longer need the giveaway programs. For now, let's imagine what will follow once they're scrapped. For the first time in decades, instead of a deficit, we'll have a surplus! Trust me when I tell you that even after the tax rebates I will institute as a reward system for moral behavior, there will still be *billions* just sitting there waiting for use in what may be our single greatest mission: the remaking of American culture.

This is a terrain we've ignored for too long. Boggled down in petty argument over NEA funds, we've missed the larger picture. As much as I respect my friend, the learned Senator Jesse Helms, I must speak blunt words. Jesse has been suckered repeatedly into a series of fights, in which the homosexual artists and their liberal defenders always cry, "Victim," and thereby gain the undeserved compassion of too many otherwise levelheaded Americans. Jesse is a brave and noble patriot. But I have to say it: at times he's behaved like a bull in a ring. The homosexuals have waved before him a photo of a black man's enormous penis and the Senator, understandably incited, has charged, with the liberal media waiting to jab him in the neck with those pointed sticks the matadors use.

If we want to win the culture war, we cannot repeat the tactical errors of Vietnam. We cannot allow ourselves to be

drawn into a series of guerrilla skirmishes with a wily foe who strikes and retreats into darkness, mining his escape route with vicious booby-traps.

We must engage the enemy on *our* terms, not his! Instead of fighting with our greatest might tied like one hand behind our backs, we must not shirk from attacking his capital with strategic nuclear weapons. Once his population is devastated, we must with blitzkrieg speed move *in*! (Unlike the Russian mole George Bush who stopped the Gulf War short of taking over Baghdad!) We must advance upon our enemy's decimated capital and lay down a set of rigid new laws, just as General Douglas MacArthur, our last great old soldier, did with the vanquished peoples of Japan.

So we will have our Department of Culture. If he will agree, I will promptly appoint as my new Culture Secretary the profoundly pro-family and deeply patriotic film critic, Michael Medved: a good Jew with a sharp eye for what's right and what's wrong. I can think of no finer "culture czar."

Regardless of who I assign to the post (and that's the way it will work, incidentally: Acting under the Executive Powers Provision, there will be no need for tedious Senate approval hearings). Regardless of who takes the top job, the department's work will of necessity be delegated.

Within the Department of Culture, I will therefore create:

1. The Motion Picture Commission. This will replace the farcical Motion Picture Review Board, which under the Kennedy-connected leftist Jack Valenti has been little more than a rubber-stamp approval machine for an avalanche of cinematic violence and sexual filth.

The strictures will be simple. All films which, by current standards, would receive a rating more severe than PG-13 will not only be banned, but destroyed. In other words, any film employing profane dialogue, explicit violence or overt sex, will be deemed an act of provocation, and by law, a felony. The negatives and all copies of said films will be confiscated by the MPC and incinerated. Further, any and all peoples involved in such productions, from the director right down to the gofers and grips, will be prosecuted on felony charges of disseminating, or attempting to disseminate, filth. The penalties will include, but not be limited to, huge fines, lengthy prison sentences, and in the most egregious cases, death by slow electrocution or painful caustic injection.

Examples must be made to show we're not kidding around.

And, in case anyone thinks he or she can escape these penalties, after a career of R-rated obscenity, by simply changing course toward the making of more wholesome fare — *all laws will be applicable retroactively*. In other words, film makers such as bloodbath king Martin Scorsese, the sick David Lynch — and above all the flagrant left-wing psychopath, Oliver Stone — will be staring down the scorching electrodes of the death penalty. (A smoking brain, a loss of bowel and bladder control, while being forced to watch his own *JFK*, that frenzied orgy of quick-cut leftist paranoia, would mark a fitting circumstance for the execution of America's premier "Bolshevik director" (in Bob Dornan's unerringly cogent words).

Did you guys think you could get away with this forever? Do you think you can quietly shift aesthetic gears, hop-



scotching with impunity from *Natural Born Killers* to a remake of, say, *Tammy and the Bachelor*? Well, all I can say is: think again! My FBI will be knocking on *your* door, *Mister Stone*!

They became what they beheld, the Bible clearly states. As such, the new motion picture code will be based on the premise that to depict is the same as to promote. No longer will film makers be able to rape our minds in the name of “reflecting” society’s ills.

Conversely, the movies of the next century will depict the world as it *should be*, in the awareness that what people see they become.

The mass arrests of past perpetrators will make room for a new generation of clean-minded Christian directors. As with our vision of the nuclear family, the new aesthetic guidelines will be reclaimed from that last golden age of traditional values: the sacred 1950s.

We will find inspiration in *Life With Father*, *A Nun’s Story*, nun films in general, such as *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*. Among the classic Disney films, our future auteurs will study such high-adventure masterworks as *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* and *Davy Crockett*. Whimsical Hayley Mills-like films will no longer be scoffed at as “date-night fare for geeks, corny dreck for dorks,” and in that ultimate youth-speak put-down: “lame”. If my young Rich is any guide, and I think he is, a few years ago his favorite film was the David Lynch demonic sick-o-rama, *Blue Velvet* — *not* to be confused with *National Velvet*, a family film which featured a stunningly fresh and demurely big-breasted Elizabeth Taylor, as innocent and pure-bred as her beloved horse. (Since Rich found Christ, how-

ever, his favorite film has become the timelessly affirming *A Man Called Peter*.) Very soon I believe that such films of moral virtue will be reclaimed from the jaded and cynical. Uplifting gems such as *Born Free*, *Mary Poppins*, *The Sound of Music*, *My Friend Flicka*, *Song of the South*, *Son of Flubber*, *Beach Blanket Bingo* (with the tastefully big-breasted Annette), and the 1959 Dick Clark classic of troubled teens, *Because They're Young* — these films will point the way, replacing Generation X's suicidal nihilism with a sunshine-bright agenda of cleanliness, Godliness, drug-free coherence and deeply-felt, selective Christian compassion, creating and serving a mighty new Generation C. (That's for *Christian*, in case you missed it, not *cocaine* or *crack* or "*crank*" — the devil's term for crystal meth — or *confusion*, or the gays' well-known obscene obsession: [Warning: family readers!] "*cock*.")

Delightful romantic films will re-emerge, such as those which featured the indelibly classy Deborah Kerr and the knockout sophisticated, if flat-chested, Audrey Hepburn. You never heard those ladies utter the F-word, or bare their nipples, or portray a coarse whore. All of the Pat Boone movies, from *Friendly Persuasion* to *State Fair* and *April Love* — these are the models! These are the films we can safely take our families to. Pat Boone never smoked nor swore nor shot anyone in the face! Those days will be with us again. We will leave the movie house, or take back the tape or the video disk, without feeling bludgeoned by sexy violence or sickened by violent sex.

Patriotic films will come back into style, such as those made by the great John Wayne. War films will be allowed, as long as they eschew the left-wing "this is what war is really

like” graphic carnage approach. The Duke’s *Sands of Iwo Jima* is a powerful yet tasteful example. Ditto his even-handed *Green Berets*. His masterpiece, *The Alamo* shows the American fighting man as the valorous hero he always was and still is. There will be no more guilty-liberal revisionism; no more crocodile tears for the so-called “genocide” of our mortal real estate foes, those scalpholic, alcoholic, all-but-naked savages the PC crowd insists on dubbing our “Native Americans.”

Right now there’s a young student toiling anonymously in the film school at Oral Roberts University, at Regent University, or in the Virginia Beach studios of CBN. This young Christian man will be America’s new John Ford, painting masterworks upon the canvas of the silver screen! Where once there was nudity, drug-use and gutter talk, there will again be breathtaking vistas, such as those found in Monument Valley. There will again be tales of loving Caucasian families, who fight off the enemies from within and without, and prevail!

Finally, certain film genres will either have to be eliminated or very closely watched. Among the former is the so-called *film noir*, which is intrinsically demonic. *Noir* began in the forties as a plot by the Reds to use downbeat crime films to slip in their secret Stalinist messages. In recent years the genre’s been revived — by sociopathic violence-addicts such as Quentin Tarrantino. He won’t be around, however, to spread his brand of demented filth. Nor will the old *film noirs*. They will all be confiscated, on celluloid and videotape or disk, and destroyed.

Musicals will be permitted, if they’re done in the style of the great ones, such as *Oklahoma* and *Carousel*. But the sick ones, such as *Cabaret*, will be outlawed. And in general this

form will require an eagle eye. As a well-known hotbed of male homosexuals, we'll want to be careful that the gifted and deathless Carol Channing, for example, isn't lifted in a dance number by a gaggle of obvious Tinker Bells.

This brings us to music in general and:

2. The Music Commission. This will cover all popular musical modes, excluding operas and symphonies, which will fall under the control of the Fine Arts Commission.

The first piece of business will be a massive clean-up job. We'll need a bulldozer — probably literally — to bury all the filth. High priority targets: Rap music. (Excluding certified Christian rap.) Neo-punk rock in all its allegedly diverse permutations, hard rock, drance, trance, rave, techno-pop (*the* form of choice of British homosexuals), so-called alternative rock, grunge, post-grunge, “lesbian chic” pop, and especially heavy metal, which is unabashedly Satanic. Most of the metal crowd will have to be exterminated the same way you'd kill off a rat population. They are unsaveable. I don't think that even Jesus could or would take a rodent and turn it into an angel.

So-called “industrial” music is just as bad, maybe worse, since it's become quite vogue in recent years. Its lyrics are unbelievably vile, running the gamut from blasphemy to necrophilia to glorified drug-use to sadomasochistic sex. Its practitioners will also have to be executed — a death which some of the sicker masochistic ones will probably enjoy!

As with film, once the airwaves are cleansed, wholesome Christian music will flow in like clear water to fill the void. The above-mentioned Amy Grant has proven quite well that you can sing catchy pop songs without becoming a slut,

or inciting slutty behavior. She is already a key Christian role model, for both aspiring singers and her untold legions of fans.

On a personal note, I would love to see the still fresh-faced Debbie Gibson make a comeback. I will do all I can to help her. An East Room recital devoid of glitches is my earnest promise and guarantee. If you're reading this, Debbie, take heart. You are to me what Barbra Streisand is to Bill Clinton. Just as Bab's star will flicker out the moment I take power, yours will rapidly re-ignite. Trust me, Debbie. If you are my musical Leni Riefenstahl, then I will be in effect your Reich chancellor, which means that *I* will be calling the shots! And rest assured I won't try and "spice up" your image with some sort of crazy S&M-flavored black leather get-up. Your tasteful attire and your aura of chastity were always the key to what made you great.

As with films, the new batch of singers and songbirds will find their core inspiration in that motherlode of goodness, the early 1950s. They will closely study Patti Page, the great Jo Stafford, Dinah Shore, the colossally gifted Rosemary Clooney. The men will look to Perry Como, Frankie Lane, and my personal favorite, the astounding "Tennessee" Ernie Ford. Andy Williams, although he came later, is also of the right stripe. We already have our next Frank Sinatra, devoid of the unsavory Mob connections. I speak of the clean-cut, openly conservative, Harry Connick, Jr.

The ultimate goal of the Music Commission will be to roll back the clock to the innocent days of pure, soothing melody — before popular music was raped by the Negro back beat, otherwise known as rock-and-roll. I could write a whole book on the damage this music has done. I know some of my

friends see rock-and-roll as a conscious conspiracy hatched by Communist Jews in the music industry to infuse decent music with an infernal rhythm guaranteed to incite sexual frenzy in our youth, thereby destroying the Christian family from within. There may be something to this theory, or not. The jury's still out. (I have, however, seen the top secret Hoover file transcripts of a crucial 1954 meeting between Elvis mastermind Colonel Tom Parker and the cunning queen-bee Russian spy posing as scatterbrained Jewess "comedienne," Gracie Allen. But that, as they say, is history. I care less about the cause of the affliction than the cure.)

3. The Fine Arts Commission. This body will regulate such forms as plays, opera, symphonies, ballet, and the visual arts, otherwise known as painting.

Right off the bat, so-called performance art will be banned. This is junk, self-absorbed victim-art drivel. Its mostly done by gays. It will all have to go!

Symphonies will be encouraged, especially those by the great German composers, as an uplifting, wholesome form.

Operas will also be allowed, provided they're performed in a traditional way. What will not be allowed are the newer crackpot forms. Claptrap with titles like *Nixon in China*, *Reagan at Bitzberg*, *My Dinner With Dahmer*, et al, ad nauseam. This is all subversive crap, dreamed up my AIDS-infected gays. We don't need it. It won't be tolerated any longer.

The same goes for "updates" of the classics, such as Shakespeare. No more *Hamlet* at the car wash, *Othello* in South Central. (Or on Bundy Drive!) This is junk. Do it right or don't do it at all.

All gay art, all AIDS-themed works, will be banned with-

out exception. I believe I speak for America when I say they've had it with these constant pleas for sympathy. Gays chose their life style; now they're reaping the whirlwind. There is no good reason for normal people to have their heart-strings insidiously plucked by clever gay-agenda works such as *Angels in America*.

On the subject of the visual arts, despite my earlier quibbles with him, Jesse Helms has often been eloquent. I believe he speaks for the average American. That's why I think the visual arts can productively be given what I'll call "the Jesse test." In short: If Jesse don't get it, you ain't gonna see it.

This test will cut like a scalpel through a truck load of fat. Instead of hiding behind elitist theory and French gobble-dygook, artists will once again be accountable to the decent people of the heartland. Anything that needs explaining, or some obscure conceptual foreknowledge, will be consigned to the trash bin.

You know, the Reds were onto something with their so-called Socialist Realism. These were paintings of people, recognizable as such, engaged in heroic, albeit Communistic, activities. Just as the German Nazis had a few good ideas, whatever their faults, so did the Reds; and we shouldn't be too quick to throw out the baby with the bath water.

We could do well to borrow their strategy and create our own school of Capitalist Realism. Not that all paintings need be political. The quiet comfort of Norman Rockwell comes easily to mind. I will never forget his *Saturday Evening Post* covers, those simple scenes of good Americans living simple, sacred lives. I can't recall those images without also hearing

in the back of my mind the poignant strains of the theme from *Father Knows Best*. Those were the last days — let's face it — when we all knew with certainty what our great country was about.<sup>4</sup>

Art schools, if they wish to continue, will quickly retool to the old ways of drawing and painting. Norman Rockwell, currently a joke among the snide New York set, will reclaim his rightful place as the Father of American Art. We will once again bath ourselves in images of virtue, such as those of a normal Caucasian family saying grace at a Thanksgiving table. Gone for good will be such insane works of colorful filth as that of a current homosexual “artist,” who likes to *squirt paint out of his anus*. (I couldn't make this up, not even in my wildest nightmares!)

4. The Electronic Media Commission. This body will govern television — broadcast, cable and satellite dish — along with videocassettes, laser discs, CD-ROMs, and all electronic media yet to be invented. It will also regulate all computer modem communications. On that score, a massive monitoring computer will be created — ten times the size of the FBI crime computer — so that each and every electronic message will be recorded for access by authorities.

The FCC will be folded into the EMC with a beefed-up enforcement unit, including SWAT teams, on a par with the FBI. Illegal or smutty communications will be instantly tracked, the perpetrators arrested by agents in the field.



4 Interesting to note that Krieger expressed these sentiments, so similar to those of Newt Gingrich in his *To Renew America*, some months before that book's publication. Frank admired Gingrich as a "mean, little pit bull, ready to chew out some spotted-owl ass on the clean water boondoggle." [sic] But he felt that unless "Newt acquired a personal trainer and adapted a serious weight-loss program, coupled with some skillful laser work to clean up his rotten complexion and lose his triple-chin," he'd never be elected President. "The ladies especially won't vote for a butt-ugly, trouser-bursting lard bucket." JRB

Much has been made of the coming era of 500 channels. Frankly, I don't know if we need that many. We'll have to wait and see. Because in the new America, once we've stripped away the crap, the number of channels will be dictated by the number of decent shows. Most of these we will find in the past, before 1970, the year Bolshevik producer Norman Lear drove TV straight to hell.

We will have, for example, a Mayberry RFD Channel, a Combat Channel, a Donna Reed Channel, A Beaver Channel, each showing round-the-clock reruns of these fine wholesome shows. A few post-1970 shows will still make the grade, if like *The Waltons* they focus on normal families. But crud like *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* will be banned. We don't need any sitcoms about shrill, skinny, working women. The same goes for any show with a single parent, or three roommates, or some similar type of weird arrangement. Homosexual favorites such as *Designing Women* and *The Golden Girls* will have their negatives destroyed. As for *Roseanne* — the only way I want to see her is on a serving platter with an apple in her mouth.

Of course, the finest of gems will be found in the early 1950s. I speak of shows such as Gale Storm's whimsical *My Little Margie*, the vivacious Spring Byington's *December Bride*, the original *Dragnet* with Jack Webb (a man who is sorely missed!) when his sidekick was still Ben Alexander. As a tip of the hat to the present, all of these shows will be colorized.

The old big-three networks, as we know them, will be dismantled. Especially when it comes to news, what we have now is a real example of redundancy and waste. Therefore, there will only be one nightly news show. All the far-left re-

porters, such as Brokaw, Rather and Jennings, will be swept aside or arrested. First choice as I write this for sole American anchor: the dynamic blonde Aryan, Diane Sawyer. She once toiled for Dick Nixon, so I think we can trust her.

Other channels that must go include Court TV; once we've streamlined our legal system, as I will outline in a later chapter, there won't be much to watch. MTV will have to go. We've had enough of sluts like Cher wrapping their vaginas around battleship gun barrels. If MTV can *change*, however — if they can find the new Patti Page, the next Rosemary Clooney, and present decent videos for songs such as *Doggie in the Window* — they might be up for a second chance. Our minds are not closed.

VH-1 will also be allowed — *if* they can provide us with the new Lawrence Welk. Some music is timeless: the great accordion player Myron Florin's rhapsodic "Lady of Spain;" the Lennon Sister's classic version of "The Wayward Wind;" Welk's big-band version of "Begin the Beguine." In the new America we will hunger for this goodness again.

Finally, for reasons too flagrant to ignore, Richard Simmons will be arrested and executed on the air.

5. Lastly, I will institute the Printed Word Commission. This will have two arms: one to deal with newspapers, magazines, journals and the like. The other arm will cover books, both novels and nonfiction.

Within my first three days, the *New York Times* will be shut down, as will the *L.A. Times* and all the other left-wing papers. All newspapers, magazines, etc. will be individually examined by the Commission. Only those which pass the strictest mainstream conservative test will be allowed to con-

tinue publication.

This same criteria, as well as the tough new antipornography laws, will be applied to books. But there will be no book-burnings in my America. Instead, all books which fail the test will be shredded into pulp and recycled.

There you have it in a nut shell. I don't have to list the novels, for example, that will survive and those that won't. Your common sense can tell you that Tom Clancy will prevail, while the junkie William Burroughs and the diehard Maoist Joyce Carol Oates will meet their just fate.

You will be safe — that is my promise. Safe to take your children into a book store without shielding their eyes from lurid paperback covers. Safe in the knowledge that the book Sis is reading in not a lesbian training manual or a vile Jackie Collins yarn, but an uplifting classic by the great Dale Evans or the legendary Pearl S. Buck.

## POINT FOUR: CLEANSING OUR SCHOOLS

Let me say first of all that I share with my mainstream conservative brethren an intense and visceral loathing for the Department of Education. The damage this body has done to our youth is almost incalculable. Therefore I make this pledge: within the first ten days of my Presidency, the Department of Education will cease to exist.

The solution to all of our lower education ills has already been articulated well by many others: the return to local rule by Christian-controlled school boards, which will junk the left-wing, so-called “multicultural” curriculums — including the how-to classes in anal intercourse now taught in some districts at the elementary school level! — and return our children to a state of virtue, sanity, and grace.

As Pat Robertson has so eloquently stated: “We are a *Christian* nation.” As such, I don’t believe it’s asking too much of our Jewish, Islamic and other friends to have their kids join ours at the start of each school day in the Pledge of Allegiance and a heartfelt Christian prayer. Who knows, they might even learn something! Anyway, they won’t have any choice about it, finally. *Mandatory Christian prayer*, as our Founding Fathers envisioned it, shall be the new law of the land.

Almost as important will be the ardent teaching of Creationism. Not as an “alternative” to the atheistic falsehoods of Darwinism, but as a simple, clear-cut, Biblical *fact*.

You know, not long ago in Lynchburg, I saw a bumper sticker on a Chevy Camaro that pretty much sums it up: THE BIBLES SAYS IT, I BELIEVE IT, THAT SETTLES IT.

I could not agree more!

I will leave it to the local Christian school boards to purge their faculties of teachers with known leftist affiliations. They will also have a mandate to identify and terminate all known or suspected homosexual teachers, both gay men and lesbians. While I believe, that as there are good Jews and good African-Americans, there may also be a few good gays we can work with, I still don't trust them to be around our kids.

Now we come to a far more grievous situation: our nation's college campuses. Much has been written in recent years about the current disaster of higher education, the entrenchment of tenured liberals, the crackpot deconstructionists, the minorities' rape of the Western Cultural Tradition. This situation is so out of control, nothing less than a full-scale purge, including mass arrests, will rectify the wrongs that had been done.

I will take these stern steps to restore our heritage.

1. All subversive and/or divisive studies will be eliminated. These include such entities as Black Studies, Women's Studies, Gay Studies, as well as these groups' respective student unions.

2. All charges of sexism, racism, homophobia, misogyny, et al. will be deemed not only specious but inflammatory: the equivalent of yelling "Fire" in a crowded theater. As such, these and similar utterances, will be subject to harsh penalties, including stiff fines and internment.

*(Internment.* Yes, I know this is the first time I've used that word. It is a highly-charged, indeed a volatile word. But bear with me: I will explain what I have in mind in a later chapter. Suffice it to say, for now, it is not nearly so bad as

you might think. In fact, my definition of internment — and I say this without facetiousness or irony — is identical to the normal American's concept of an ideal, open-air vacation).

3. Restore the Western Canon. This means cutting out the dumb crap, the “victim-lit,” from the various minority groups. How anyone in his or her right mind can compare the illiterate ramblings of a black female slave to the high-art of Longfellow is beyond me. But it has come to that!

Once I'm in charge of America, this will change!

There will be no more trashing of dead European males (who have contributed far more to our culture than any dead, obscure Latina lesbian I can think of). William Shakespeare will be back on top. (And woe be unto he or she who would write a dissertation contending that the Bard was a closet homosexual. I've read those sonnets and they plainly talk about *women*. Will was as unshakably heterosexual as our own beloved Ernest Hemingway!)

4. All university curriculums will be closely modeled upon that employed by the visionary Pat Robertson's Regent University. Christian values will be taught along side Christian biology, Christian math, and Christian business, law and economics. Pat's own texts will point the way. His *New World Order* will be mandatory reading for all entering freshmen and freshmen. His piercing commentary on the hidden machinations of the [cabalistic humanist conspiracy<sup>5</sup>] must be studied closely all.

5 The first draft read “Jewish Zionist take-over plot.” Frank tempered his views, and his characterization of Robertson's text, after he decided that he didn't want to alienate “the decent Hebes who've also had it up to here with the spearchuckers and the fruits.” JRB

Finally, it's worth mentioning that we have strong, if strange, allies in our desire to revamp higher education. Notably, the fast-talking, probably psychotic, Catholic "bisexual" provocateur, Camille Paglia. This gal has a real hair up her ass about deconstruction and the influential gay sadomasochistic post-structuralist, Michel Foucault. Paglia is like a hand grenade going off in a room full of Gloria Steinems. In short, we can use her.

The same goes for the antipornography crusader Andrea Dworkin. Just from looking at her photo, any child could tell you she's a big, sloppy, "wymyn's movement" dyke. But in her stand against smut, she locks her Sapphic fingers with many Christian hands on the right. We can use her, too — for a while. But there will come a time, as in any revolution, when the unruly street fighters will have to be contained.

*Containment. Internment.* It's time to address the new meanings of these words, as we turn now to the crucial subject of legal reform.



POINT FIVE:  
STREAMLINING OUR LEGAL SYSTEM

As I write these words in the spring of 1995 you can't hardly turn on a TV set without running into the murder trial of O.J. Simpson. This travesty of justice has been dragging on for three months now — with the experts predicting that it won't be over for another six. For a grand total of nine long, nitpicking, tedious months!

All this because of lawyers and a Byzantine set of laws. Millions of tax-dollars wasted on a case that should have been wrapped up not in nine months, or even nine days, but in *nine minutes*! Even worse, as it stands, most legal observers predict a hung jury, if not an outright acquittal, given the jury's *sympatico* skin pigmentation.

There's only one place where the word *hung* should come into this case. In the sentencing phase. As in "hung by the neck until dead." All the rest is gibberish, padding the wallets of O.J.'s sleazy attorneys, who all secretly know that he's guilty as sin! Here is a black man, ex-sports hero or otherwise, who committed the ultimate crime of murdering a white woman (and a hapless, aspiring young Jew). In the old days in the South, they knew how to deal with this kind of thing. They knew the importance of making a public example.

In a sane legal system, Simpson would have been strung up, or nail-gunned, to a California palm tree within days of the murders, well before he had a chance to make his white Bronco escape attempt.

In the new America, that's the way things will work; that's the way it will be.

*No more juries!* Put twelve people in a room and all you're ever going to get is twelve different opinions. It's cuckoo!

Replacing the jury system will be a single judge or tribunal, whose verdict and sentence will be final.

No more appeals. No more delays. No more last-minute stays of execution.

Of course, I'll start at the top. Within my first ten days, I make this pledge: I will purge the Supreme Court of the remaining left-wing justices. In their place I will appoint true and trustworthy patriots, such as the current Chief Justice Rehnquist and the wise Clarence Thomas.

(Thomas, incidentally, is a fine example of the kind of African-American we can work with. I know many others like him, and they've come to dinner at our home, where they've sat at our table, used our silverware, and laughed at our jokes. That is why I so bitterly resent the liberal media's smear campaign to make me look like a frothing Grand Wizard of the Klan. Growing up in the South, I have been around black folks all my life, any of whom will tell you, with a ready smile, that I don't have a racist bone in my body.)

With the new high court in place, the legal reforms will be rapid. Among the key changes:

1. Patriarchal Rights. These new statutes will clarify Father's authority in the home. This is one area where we will take the good points from Islamic law and apply them to our own situation. In brief, Father will be deemed to be the sole owner of Mother, the children and all household pets. Therefore, as an example, Father will be entitled to kill Mother by whatever means he may choose if he can show, on a good faith basis, that Mother has committed a capital infraction.

Corporal punishment will be encouraged and taught at night school. Caning is an effective method. Father will cane Mother for minor infractions, such as not having dinner ready on time. Caning of the children will begin at the preschool age. This will nip a lot of problems in the bud.

2. The punishment will fit the crime. Here again, we will borrow the best of Islamic law, so that computer hackers, for example, will have their fingers “hacked” off. Likewise, rapists will be castrated, not *possibly* in ten years, but *definitely*, within ten days of their arrest. The deterrent aspect of this form of punishment cannot be overstated.

In the same vein, thieves of all sorts — from bank robbers to shoplifters to sticky-fingered adolescents — will have one or both hands cut off, depending on the dollar amount of the theft. (For those who may be hapless kids, all I can say is: You will pay a steep price indeed for so-called “minor infractions”, losing several digits each time you lift a Green Day CD, or perhaps a thumb if you dare to steal an “anarchist ‘zine” with a bar code.)

3. Vastly expanded application of the death penalty. Just as I spoke earlier of the virtues of summary execution in the first ten days, the same essential principle will hold once our new legal system is firmly in place. There is no greater deterrent to those with short attention spans than the absolute certainty of a quick and painful death.

Therefore such crimes against order and decency as smut-peddling, prostitution, drunk driving, and all crimes involving the use of firearms will be punished by death, the preferred method: hanging.

4. Public executions. It’s time to bring these back.

You know, in the days of the Old West, and well into our current century, public hangings were a colorful part of everyday American life. Slowly, this changed as prigs became overly-protective of the sensibilities of women and children. This was a dire mistake. (If you look at the old photos and tintypes, you will often see the women and children downright gloating. They *enjoyed* the spectacle of justice being meted out. It helped break the humdrum routine of Mother's shopping day.)

This is why I believe that the venue of choice should be our modern shopping mall. As multilevel structures, with atriums or fast-food plazas or central quads, they are ideally suited. The condemned can be hung from a second-level railing with a sign attached to him or her certifying the nature of the crime.

The first time you see this I know it will be jolting. But I believe it's the only way to go. We've paid a steep price indeed by hiding death away and sanitizing execution to the point where it has become a fuzzy abstraction in the minds of potential transgressors.

It will soon become a normal part of the shopping mall experience, a reassuring reminder to the decent that they are safe. And a graphic warning to those among us who might harbor evil intent.

5. As with every serious revolution, once the new law is in force, there will be a need to purge society of the lunatic fringe. Sadly, this will encompass vast numbers of those who will be of great help in the first tumultuous days. I speak, with heavy heart, of my friends on the far right: the militia groups, the neo-Nazis, the white-trash, trailer-park, assault-weapon loonies. These groups are volatile. We can never feel safe while

gibbering, trigger-happy speed freaks are cruising our streets in old pickup trucks with rusty camper shells. They will have to be disposed of, along with the crazy women, such as Camille Paglia and Andrea Dworkin, and all others of their ilk.

These executions will best be performed by firing squads at the sites of mass graves. The need for this pains me. But there's no other way. Even Adolf Hitler, whatever his faults, knew that he had to dump his rowdier supporters. That's why he ordered the slaughter of the brown-shirts, including some of his oldest and dearest friends. Emotion and sentiment must never stand in the way of doing what's best for your country.<sup>6</sup>

6. Finally, as I promised, we come to the issue of internment. Among the thousands rounded up in the early mass arrests — the teachers, professors, drug-users, homosexuals, bleeding-heart liberals, etc. — I firmly believe that many of these folks can be turned around and saved.

Therefore, they will be bused to designated rehab centers. I'm not speaking of *camps*, incidentally, a scary word linked in the popular mind to the German Nazis. There will be no electric fences or barbed wire to speak of. No watch towers or armed guards, except right at the entrances. There will be few reminders, once folks have settled in, that they are being held in detention. On the contrary, I will place the rehab centers within the grounds of our spectacular, God-given system of National Parks.

Yosemite. Sequoia. Yellowstone. Death Valley. Who would not want to spend a few months in any of these stupendous

<sup>6</sup> After some consideration, Frank wanted to cut this section. "So I don't tip my hand." Good thinking, Frank. As a statement of his true intentions, I've let it stand.  
JRB

natural locales? For many of the inner city youth arrested, indeed it will be first time they've ever seen a mighty redwood or breathed crisp, pure mountain air.

And many of our parks are natural containment areas with only a few ways in or out. Picture the Grand Canyon, for example, filled with thousands of people, roughing it outdoor-style in Boy Scout pup tents, as they learn a new clean way of life.

The rehab therapy will be conducted by Christians. It will include film and video presentations, lectures, Bible study, classes in normal, acceptable behavior and, when called for, low-tech aversion therapy.

Just as low-tech execution makes a stronger impression, the old-fashioned approach to behavior modification — such as dry-cell batteries attached with bulldog clips to the nipples or the testicles — can often succeed where the campfire talk fails.

Of course, this idyllic internment will come with a strict time limitation. We will give these people six months. If they pass a final multiple-choice test, and subjective evaluation by Christian counselors, they will be released as free Americans to take their place as productive citizens in society. Those who fail will have to be dealt according to the guidelines I will set forth later in this book.

Finally, a word on that bane of the legal profession: attorneys. Fortunately, under the new system the need for these vultures will be sharply diminished. The accused will still have a right to legal representation at their tribunal hearings. But unlike our current log-jammed system, the new burden of proof will fall on the accused. His or her attorney will have a

strict time-limit of fifteen minutes to argue the case. At the end of that time, the tribunal will issue his or her decision and sentence. And that will be it. No writs, no motions, no crap.

Attorneys would do well to take the hint now and begin their retraining for a new occupation.

Oh, I know there will be some initial weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth about due process, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, et cetera, ad nauseam. But once the dust settles, and the sunlight of Justice comes streaming down, decent Christian family Americans will feel safe at last. Everything else is just static.

POINT SIX:  
HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

You know, my mother is quite a gal. At eighty-three years of age, she's still spry as a game hen, despite a rapidly advancing case of Alzheimer's Disease, compounded no doubt by a routine diet of Wild Turkey, Percodan and chicken-fried steak. But she's a great Southern lady, an iron-willed woman of the old Confederate school, ensconced in the Krieger antebellum mansion in Richmond, Virginia, the very house in which I grew up.

Since my father's gunshot suicide when I was four, Mother Krieger has been in charge of that house — which is why almost nothing has changed. Hanging from the faded rose-patterned wallpaper in the dimly-lit parlor, there is still the framed sampler Mother Krieger created back in 1932. I still cannot think of it without getting dewy-eyed. It reads: HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.

What a pure and simple American truth!

You know, not long ago Becky and I and the kids spent a few weeks in Switzerland. Now Switzerland is to my mind a fine little country. They run a tight ship and they're neat as a pin. We stayed in the tony town of Gstaad, where the skiing was superlative and the mountain air bracing.

But as great as it was, after ten days we were aching to come home. And as we stepped off the plane the next afternoon at the Washington Airport, I knew that's where we were: We were home. I even said as much to Becky. I said: You know? It's good to be home." Of course, she agreed. And the kids did, too.



And you know why I was right? Mother Krieger said it back in 1932.

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.

And my heart is in Virginia, U.S. of A.

I am here because my forefathers crossed a cold and bitter Atlantic some four hundred years ago to escape the persecution of the Crown. They landed upon these sacred shores and claimed this land as their own. I am here because I am on this land, which has been in my family since those very first settlers arrived. I am here because this land is mine. Not yours, but mine.

I am here, in short, because this where I want, and was destined, to be.

How many others within our borders can say the same?

Many, no doubt, among the Caucasian peoples, whose ancestors, like mine, once landed upon these shores and then fanned out across this great land. They have every right to be here and to stay.

But among the more recent arrivals, there are those who have come only to make money, which they promptly send back to relatives in their home lands. They exploit the high wages of our free enterprise system and take again from our schools and our welfare and medical systems.

I'm referring, of course, to our Latino problem. Recently there has been a great deal of hand-wringing over this: strident measures passed by some states, followed by the usual liberal guilt-tripping talk of "compassion."

But the time has come for hard decisions. The hour is upon us to cut through the crap. This is why I will launch within my first ten days:

## OPERATION BORDERLINE

We all know how they're getting in. The simple question is: How do we keep them out?

Lately there has been a lot of mealymouthed talk from the old ladies, such as the "moderate" (read: Trotskyite) California governor Pete Wilson, about beefing up the border patrols. Well, you can give those guys more four-wheelers and all the night-vision binoculars you want — that still ain't gonna cut it.

Some people talk tough. I say: it's time to *get* tough!

It's time to seal off our southern border. And I mean, *seal it!* Not with a cyclone fence any child could climb under. Not with airborne patrols with hundreds of miles of open desert to cover. But with mine fields and heavy fortifications, including electrified fences, concrete bunkers, pillboxes and machine-gun turrets. Machine-guns we can and will use!

Spanish-language signs should be posted every hundred yards from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico: IF YOU CROSS THIS LINE, YOU WILL DIE.

And we will mean it!

It may take the deaths of a few thousand people before they get the message that the free ride is over. But get it they will!

Once the border is sealed tight, the deportations will begin. (There's no point in kicking these people out as it stands now. With our current sieve-like border, they're back at their Brentwood car wash jobs as if nothing had happened by sign-in time the next morning!) All illegals will be promptly shipped home to their countries of origin. No more weak-kneed "compassion," no more bogus sanctuary pleas.

The only exemptions will be made on a case-by-case basis — if the Jones's, for example, as decent Christian Americans, can show proof that they need Juanita to take care of the kids. But these exemptions will be few and far between. *Mrs. Jones* should be taking care of her own kids! If this means she has to quit her job as a corporate ball-buster, so be it. You can't have it all anymore, little lady!

Further, any and all Latino immigrants who were naturalized after 1933 (the year in which our country first went to the dogs under the cracked tutelage of crippled socialist, Franklin D. Roosevelt) — all these post-New Deal brown-skinned peoples will be stripped of their citizenship and deported. The only exceptions: the new breed of conservative Latino evangelical, especially our right-wing friends from Central America, who fought so hard to beat the Reds back in Nicaragua, Guatemala and El Salvador.

As with every group, there are good Latinos and bad Latinos.

The good can stay. But the bad — and sadly, this may comprise the bulk of Hispanics — will be given five American dollars and a candy bar as a good will gesture before they board their home-bound buses.

Five dollars is no small amount in Mexico these days. And a candy bar is always good for an energy boost on a long and bumpy trip.

Now we come to a much more massive endeavor, one which will ultimately have far-reaching effects on our national safety and our future economic growth. The long-range aspects will be dealt with in due course. But this is the place for

a simple overview of:

### OPERATION AFRICA: PHASE ONE

If any people were brought unto this land against their will it is surely our black-skinned citizens. It is no secret they were brought here as slaves: a case of good intentions gone terribly awry. A hundred and forty-some years since Lincoln caught the mistake and corrected it, we are still at the mercy of the black man's resentment, manifested in his "passive-aggressive" chronic low test scores, the despair and squalor of his inner-cities, and his crack-fueled rampage of robbery, murder, and rape.

But who can blame black folks for being ticked off? How would *you* feel if you'd been brought to the land of the free in shackles? I have a lot of empathy for our Negroid peoples. Which means I can put myself in their shoes, in their minds, and know what I would want if I were they.

I would not want to live in the concrete jungles of Detroit, south-central L.A. or Washington D.C. I would not want to be in a place where people fear me and don't like me.

I would want to go home.

Operation Africa, as befits one of our largest continents, will be a monumental undertaking. The early stages will begin within my first ten days. That is, the identification and local detainment of all *bad* African/Americans. This will include all known or suspected criminals, all known or suspected gang members, all drugs dealers (as opposed to simple users), as well as all subversive and/or pornographic rap singers, and all others of their ilk.

A sorting-out process will take place to determine who, if anyone, among this crowd might be potentially savable.

Those in luck will be shuttled off to one of our national parks, as described in the previous chapter. Sadly, given the state of things, most won't make the cut.

In fact, of all African/Americans, I suspect that under ten percent will be deemed good and decent enough to remain. But given the millions we're speaking of here, that is not an insignificant percentage. The *good* blacks, those who are serious churchgoers (and by that I do *not* mean those who sell drugs or engage in gang violence six days a week, then sing a halfhearted gospel hymn while under the influence on Sunday!). But the decent, law-abiding, born-again blacks without criminal records will retain full rights. This group will also include designated members of the growing black middle-class. Yes, there are upstanding black folks, openly conservative, unashamedly right-wing. Those such as Clarence Thomas, Colin Powell and Pat Robertson's beloved sidekick, the wise and affable Ben Karslow — these, and others like them, shall remain.

The rest will be returned back unto their homeland in a massive mobilization that will dwarf even the mightiest blitzkriegs and full-scale invasions of World War Two.

Speed will be of the essence. America will never truly feel safe until the black criminal is removed from her streets; so the sooner it's a done deal, the better. Therefore, we will requisition all available ships, including the Princess and Carnival Cruise Lines, and deploy our vast airborne armada of C-141 transports in order to move these millions of urban savages out as quickly as we can.

(I am, of course, not the first to propose the “ship ‘em home” solution, but you might be surprised at the company I

keep. Among those who believed the slaves should be freed — freed and sent packing — was that far-right lunatic, *Abraham Lincoln*! If you don't believe me, look it up, Tupac.)

Now when I say these felons will be returning to their homeland, I should clarify exactly what I mean. I do not mean that we will attempt to trace each and every black criminal's roots and return him to his ancestral terrain. That would be impossible, even if we wished it, given the utter chaos of post-colonial rule.

Instead, all designated undesirables will be shipped into a vast containment terrain in the central sector of the continent — what was known, until the P.C. crowd stepped in, as “darkest Africa.” I'm speaking of the territory now known as Zaire, the former Belgian Congo, and Uganda, onetime home of the drooling black fiend, Idi Amin.

These areas are admittedly among the least hospitable sectors of the continent. Ravaged by the AIDS virus, they are veritable outdoor hospices. The upside of this: there are plenty of abandoned buildings, indeed abandoned towns, waiting to house the newly-arriving Crips and Bloods.

It's a grim landscape, all right, and therefore one befitting those who've raped and killed and sold drugs. They should not be sent home to a tropical paradise, given the vileness of their crimes.

Still, even these slime are human and we must not be devoid of simple Christian charity. For this reason, they will be fed for a time in a massive endeavor modeled on Pat Robertson's divinely-conceived Operation Blessing. In fact, Operation Blessing has worked so well, in conjunction with Bible distribution, that I may well choose to channel the bil-

lions of dollars at my disposal directly into Pat's organization. If you already have the wheel, why invent it?

It's vital, as I'll explain in a later chapter, to keep these human vermin, however much we may despise them, alive for a time. And it needn't be expensive. A simple diet of surplus Spam, Pringles, and Gatorade can sustain basic functions almost indefinitely.

Finally, beyond the punitive virtues of confining our ejected blacks to the dismal African interior, we have another compelling reason for situating them there. The coastal regions of the African continent are often, in their virtual untouched splendor, ineffably stunning, and as such, the obvious locales of a prime Euro-American vacation land.

These coastal regions will be reclaimed by their original colonial owners, alongside America, as we demand in our absolute authority a far greater role than we played in the past. Portugal, for example, as an inept country, will give way to American dominion. Terrains such as Mozambique and Angola will be ours in the new system, not theirs. The same goes for the unpredictable French. Choice properties such as Morocco, Senegal, and the classy Côte d'Ivoire will be ours to develop with prime beach-front resort condominiums. Our British friends and our German allies, on the other hand, will be allowed to reclaim the exquisite Egypt and the forlorn Namibia, a once-paradisiacal German southwestern state.

You may ask yourself: will the African nations involved go for this? The answer, right now, would surely be no.

But we have a good six or seven years to prepare them.

The influence of Pat Robertson's electronic ministry, which saturates the African continent with *The 700 Club* (in

Swahili, Zulu-speak, etc.) cannot be understated.

I believe that the simple average African knows in his heart what a failure home-rule has been. Capricious dictators, rampant disease, tribal warfare — it hasn't been a pretty picture.

The African peoples are like children who dreamed of taking over the house and throwing wild parties while Mom and Dad were away. Well, they've had their fun. But in the hung-over morning, when the bills arrive in the mail, they panic, realizing they don't have a check book. And even if they did, they don't know how to write a check!

I believe the African peoples are like frightened kids, longing for Daddy — the Great White Father — to come home and make everything all right again.

We have six or seven years to get across this message. To prepare the African peoples for what is coming, to allow them the freedom to say that, yes, this is what they all secretly want.

I believe we can do it. I believe we can take over Africa again without shedding a single drop of blood.



POINT SEVEN:  
ERADICATING AIDS

Brace yourself, Mother. For the time has come to separate the men from the boys. Or to be more exact: the sick from the well.

You know, I wrote early on in this book about the imminent threat of the HIV virus mutating from its current state into an airborne form. This *will happen* as male homosexuals continue to engage in unprotected anal penetration, thereby incubating in the dark recesses of their rectums ever more virulent viral strains, until the tiny microbes, like evil insects, burst from their fetid fecal cocoons, sprout wings, and fly.

When this happens, no one will be safe. Our city sidewalks will be infection lanes, our restaurants alive with microscopic Messerschmidts, our elevators surefire death traps. A single sneeze from a carrier and all present will be doomed, as this hyper-contagious viral strain shakes the hand of each new host with the easy promiscuity of the common cold.

I originally predicted that this mutation would occur at some point in the dark years preceding my election. However, I am happy to report that since I made that initial projection, I have consulted with our finest theologians and our brightest Christian research scientists, and the time-frame they are currently providing has been revised somewhat. As it now stands, evangelical science and the Book of Revelation both point to the year 2002.

This buys us some time, but not much. There can be no waffling or trepidation. From the day I am sworn in as Presi-

dent, we will have approximately *one year* to act, lest we face an all-engulfing viral apocalypse.

Therefore, within my first ten days, I will launch a massive AIDS eradication campaign, the first step of which will be mandatory, universal testing. No exceptions, no exemptions. Everyone, and I mean *everyone* — every man, woman, child and baby — will tested for the presence of the virus. And not by the usual means, the so-called ELISA test and the Western Blot follow-up. These tests allow the notorious “window,” that period in which the recently infected will still test negative, since the virus has not produced its antibodies yet. This is no good, if we’re serious about getting rid of this disease. It’s like arresting thirty terrorists, but letting one go free with his weapons and his bombs.

The window must slammed shut and locked!

And the HIV antigen test will do just that. Vastly more expensive, it can detect the virus as early as the next afternoon. And the higher cost is nothing compared to the human price we’ll pay if this thing ever gets airborne. In fact, in the long run, the testing costs will be minuscule compared to what we’re currently throwing away in pointless medical treatment for people who are going to die anyway, no matter what the greedy doctors do.

Once the tests have been administered, all identified carriers will be promptly separated from the AIDS-free population. They will be moved out, via plane, bus and rail to one of two designated containment centers.

Serving the western United States will be Death Valley. Conveniently located in the California desert, it will fill up quickly with the male homosexuals from San Francisco, Los

Angeles, Houston, Santa Fe, Portland, Seattle and all points west of the Mississippi River. Joining the gays will be the IV-drug users, the hemophiliacs, the hapless wives infected by their secretly bisexual husbands, those husbands, and saddest of all, the kids: those infected through blood transfusions or at birth through infected mothers.

I know what you're thinking. Children? Babies? Innocent white women? Yes, I know it's hard, but it has to be done.

Serving the East will be Staten Island. Its lack of isolation might be viewed as a negative; but then we will not be attempting to pull the wool over anyone's eyes. And in fact, its easy access to Manhattan, which is seething with carriers, makes it the ideal location.

While many, if not most, of the Eastern internees will be, you guessed it, male homosexuals, there is also a vast population of heterosexual carriers spread out through the Northeastern states. This is mainly due to the cruel practice of junkies infecting their dim-witted wives and girlfriends.

But the time has long passed to weigh guilt and innocence. As in the dark days of the Bubonic Plague in Europe, sentiment cannot interfere with survival. In those Black Plague times, if a family member grew feverish — even if it was Father's prettiest young daughter — she was out of the house and onto the next passing cart! It was better to let her die atop a stack of corpses than to linger on in her own bed and take the whole family with her.

Our current crisis is no less severe.

Now I know you are bright or you wouldn't be reading this book. So I know you can probably guess where I'm going.

I know that at first, as a good Christian, you may recoil in horror. This I understand. It is a human reaction. But if you open your Bible, you will find many stories in which God asked a leader of men to make a tough judgment call. I'm thinking especially of Solomon, of course. But Solomon's quandary was small potatoes compared to the one I will face.

That is why I have gone to the desert.

I have gone to Death Valley, alone, in part to stake out in my mind the containment perimeter, but also to pray and ask God's advice.

The first night I stayed at the Furnace Creek Inn, where I prayed on my knees, as a little boy would. But that first night I received no reply.

Then the next afternoon I drove out to Zabriski Point, one of nature's true wonders. At first there were tourists. Then a wind kicked up and the tourists left and I was alone. Rubbing sand from my eyes, I ventured away from the parking lot out to an isolated, desolate spot where I asked God again, I asked Him out loud, if what I had in mind was in accordance with His will.

And that is when I heard a voice, which I presumed to be God's, since nobody else was there. It was a deep, booming voice, as you might expect. It reminded me a great deal of the fine, late actor, Lorne Greene, who portrayed Ben Cartwright, the silver-haired father, in *Bonanza*. And the words He spoke were simple. I will never forget them. He said: "Frank — a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do."

After that, He was silent. What else could be said? I'd received my instructions from the ultimate Boss, the One who sees everything, all the angles that we, as mortals, can never

clearly see.

Since that day I have had no doubt.

It's a dirty job, but it will be over quickly. I don't intend to leave these people, perhaps as many as two million, out there in the open without food or water for long. The days are hot in Death Valley and the nights grow cold indeed. And Staten Island is never pleasant, especially during the chilly winter months. True, unlike Death Valley, there will be shelter on Staten Island. But many of these people will be in bad shape. Not all, of course. Those in the early years of infection will still appear healthy. Their burden will be to care as best they can, without medical supplies, for those close to the end. I do not wish to punish. I do not want the suffering to go on a second longer than need be.

Which is why, once the containment areas are closed off, we will send in the crop-dusters.

I've given this step a great deal of thought. A mist of cyanide would be quickest, though not without some danger to the crop-duster pilots. More importantly, we will not want a residue of lethal poison left in the tissues of the dead.

This is why I have chosen the classic DDT, the finest insecticide known to man.

Now if you listen to the tree-huggers, who finally got it banned, you would think DDT had been a disaster instead of a blessing. All I can say is: Thank God the PX sold it when I caught the crabs from a Saigon toilet seat in 1968! The first stuff I tried, a turpentine-like liquid, nearly burned my balls off. The DDT, on the other hand, was a soothing baby powder that got rid of every critter in a jiff!

I think you can see the analogy.

Of course, it takes a lot more of this stuff to get rid of people than it does to wipe out a case of the crabs. But the miracle of DDT is its rapid absorption into the ground, where it safely disperses, thereby posing little hazard to the convicts we will send in to remove the dead.

There is no way on God's earth that I would desecrate the harsh beauty of Death Valley with mass graves. Which is why the deceased will be taken away before they can rot or turn ripe in the sun. When it's all over, we will pick up every last bit of trash. By the following weekend, if you visit Death Valley with your family, you will see not a trace of what occurred a scant few days before.

The same goes for Staten Island, although I doubt that anyone would speak of that grim borough's "harsh beauty." Harsh ugliness maybe. And due to its close proximity to other urban centers, great care must be taken in the crop-dusting phase. We will not want a sudden shift in the breeze to wipe out half of New Jersey or all of Manhattan. Although in some ways it's tempting and — well, mistakes happen.

But seriously, we will work with pinpoint accuracy, and make every effort to render the passage as painless as we can. It's true that pure-form DDT causes blood clots in the lungs, which give way to excruciating, terminal coughing fits. But I believe this unpleasantness will at least be mollified by the choppers we will send in along with the crop-dusters. Taking a cue from *Apocalypse Now*, the choppers will be affixed with giant audio speakers. But this is not a war; Wagner would be in poor taste.

This is not "genocide" either, incidentally, however it may look at first blush. Genocide is when you mindlessly hate

a certain group and wish to wipe them all out. And this is not that. Surely, there will be many among the exterminated whom we have every right to disparage. (The male homosexuals, the callous IV-drug-using bisexuals, the greedy whores, et al.) But there will be so many others who are, by almost any standard, so painfully innocent... that I know a piece of my heart will surely die when they do.

Still, we have no choice. It's like putting an old dog, a dog you love dearly, a dog with a broken back, out of its misery. You do it quickly, with one gunshot to head, so it won't suffer.

For the West Coast choppers I have chosen the Lennon Sisters' stunning rendition of "You'll Never Walk Alone." As sunny California girls, I believe they will offer a final vision of goodness, of hope and deep faith. They will serenade the dying into the next eternal life.

For Staten Island, I have chosen the clean, cheerful soundtrack of *Mame*. This should please everyone, from the pediatric crowd to the adult hemophiliacs to the Manhattan gay set, who have a well-known penchant for show tunes. If all goes well, they won't make it past the title song; but it's a real charmer, brimming with exuberance and fresh-scrubbed joy.

POINT EIGHT:  
CLEAN STREETS

That's *clean streets*, as opposed to *Mean Streets*, which is the title of an early four-letter word film by psychotic director Martin Scorsese. He's one of the reasons our streets *are* so mean. But they will be clean again, all of them. It's a promise I will not only make but keep!

With the dire threat of AIDS finally eliminated, we will turn our attention to the monumental task of remaking our cities and towns. These places did not decay in a day and they will not be rebuilt overnight. It will be a long-term undertaking, but one which by its nature will provide many wholesome outdoor jobs.

Now you may be wondering: who's going to pay for all this? And by *this* I mean, everything I've alluded to so far. Who will foot the bill for Operation Borderline and the multi-billion dollar price tag of Operation Africa? Who will pick up the tab for the AIDS eradication plan?

Fair questions. Here are my simple answers.

First the bad news. There will still be a need for the income tax.

But here's the good news. I will toss out the complicated tax codes in favor of a simple sliding-scale flat tax approach. Tax forms will be reduced to the size of a credit card, with math so simple even your six-year-old could do the calculations in his head. The hated IRS will in essence cease to exist. In its place, a huge computer with a friendly female telephone voice.

And what in a nut shell is the sliding-scale flat tax ap-



proach? That's easy. It works like this. The more you earn, the less you pay. And conversely, the less you earn, the more you pay.

(Some folks would say it's like this already, but they couldn't be more wrong. The current burden on rich people is truly horrific. They can spend a small fortune on lawyers and accountants in an effort to find those ever-tightening loopholes, even as they sweat out which deductions they can pad without triggering the terror of an audit.)

That will all change. There will be no audits of anyone with a gross annual income of more than \$90,000. With the so-called poor, however, we will get tough. There will be no more dickering with the IRS. You can't dicker, or work out a pay schedule with a telephone computer menu. For those who don't pay their fair share on time: a mandatory prison sentence.

I've done some numbers-crunching on the sliding-scale flat tax and I like what I see. If you are among the working losers who make under \$15,000 a year, you can kiss ninety percent of that good-bye. But to save you that heartache, we'll withhold it. If, on the other hand, you're a Fortune 500 corporate CEO with a \$19,000,000 annual salary, plus another 48 million in stock options and bonuses, your tax bill will come to a grand total of \$24.95.

Is this cruel? Unfair? I don't think so. Those who bring in the most bacon should not have to cut the fat. And those who are genuinely poor will finally have a strong incentive to pull themselves up by their bootstraps, to succeed!

If they don't, quite simply, they and their families will starve. There won't be any more federal giveaway boondoggles

for the lazy to fall back on. It will be sink or swim! Horatio Alger began with pennies, didn't he, and built a fortune. With the right grit and resolve, I know that many will do it again.

You know, as a teenage boy, the first works of fiction which truly moved me were the novels of the great female genius and visionary, Ayn Rand. I speak of her thick masterworks: the towering, heroic might of *The Fountainhead* and the deep-dish wisdom of *Atlas Shrugged*. Ayn wrote eloquently of the failure of altruism, of the castrating mediocrity of the "common man" approach, of the powerful, masculine can-do individualism epitomized in *The Fountainhead's* go-his-own-way Howard Roarke. I believe we need to make room for great men to rise up again. Consigning collectivism to the trash heap of history, we must once more honor the valor and mastery of the fundamentally superior man.

This we will do in my new America!

Which is not to say that every man *must be* a Howard Roarke. Every man, after all, cannot be building his own skyscraper. Even if he could, there's not enough room, it wouldn't work out. What I'm driving at is this:

Sometimes it's enough to just be plain old Dad.

That is why my tax plan will reward that great backbone of our nation, the Christian middle class. This is the only group that will be allowed to request exemptions. Otherwise, let's face it, they'd be screwed. And I do not want to screw Robert Young and Jane Wyatt. Nor do I wish to screw Bud, Princess, nor Kitten. The same goes for Ozzie and Harriet, along with Ward and June, and all the other indelible role models, who will be back in vogue in the new America.

The last thing I want to see is June Cleaver on the streets,

pushing a pack rat shopping cart, wearing a filthy dress. I don't want a Skid Row Ward, bumming change for a bottle of Thunderbird, nor do I care to see Wally and Beaver selling their young bodies in acts of male prostitution.

This is why I will give my cherished friends in the middle class a wide array of decency exemptions.

It will work like this. A trained Christian counselor will visit and evaluate the home. Points will be given for tidiness, good grooming, respect for Father, Mother's ready smile, etc. Each family member will be questioned individually, to make sure a Satanic scam is not being run. All the bedrooms will be searched thoroughly for hidden pornography, with a special emphasis on bureau bottom drawers.

Points will translate into dollar amounts, with significant savings in store for the wholesome. A father earning, say, \$36,000 per year, may end up paying less than \$99.95! He will feel like a rich man, even though he isn't. (Although he will be very rich indeed in ways that cannot be measured in dollars and cents!)

You know, Becky has a way, which she calls *tough love*, of dealing with the homeless when they accost her at a stop light, aggressively demanding a handout. She grabs a fist full of change from the Range Rover divider compartment, rolls down her window, and throws the coins out onto the pavement. I've been with her a few times when she's done this, and boy, you ought to see those guys scramble! (Once, in downtown D.C., a filthy black man was nearly run down, fittingly enough, by a trash truck!)

But here's the kicker: the looks on their faces when they realize the coins they've risked their lives to gather up from

the asphalt are not quarters or even dimes, *but pennies!*

Becky's had it and I don't blame her. I think we've all had it. These people are everywhere now. Becky's even been accosted in the parking lot of our local shopping mall. She was loaded down with Christmas gifts when some guy with no legs slithered up on a skateboard and *demande*d five dollars! She told him off in no uncertain terms.

This kind of thing has got to stop. We can rebuild our towns and cities, but our streets will never be clean as long as they're crawling with demented human vermin.

We've got to be practical. As we zero out Medicare, all forms of welfare, and defund our public hospitals, including psychiatric wards, the situation we have now, if nothing else is done, will only multiply exponentially, until even our finest suburbs are mobbed with the filthy walking wounded. They will be accosting us as we step out for the morning paper. They will be defecating in Mother's flower bed!

It's depressing to view this human wreckage. Which is why they must be plucked from our midst. Some people are so far gone they *can't* shape up. That is why they must be — you guessed it — shipped out!

We will put them on buses — where they will be given a cost-effective lunch consisting of a white-bread-and-bologna sandwich and a warm fruit drink. They will be told that they are being taken to a new outlying suburb, where the people are rich and kind, and not yet subject to “compassion burn-out.” In short, it will sound like a panhandler's paradise.

By the time they arrive at their true destination, the nearest landfill, they won't know or care.

Because they'll be dead.

Along with their lunches, they'll be given a multivitamin pill. Which will actually be a time-release capsule of our old friend and helper, Mister Pure-Form DDT. Somewhere between their urban pick-up sites and the landfill, our busload of losers will pass on to a finer world.

In most cases, they will arrive before rigor mortis sets in, allowing for easy removal by the Boy Scouts, who will earn a new merit badge for this unpleasant task. This will be so at first, when we use standard buses. But eventually, a new fleet of dump-buses will be built. The back end will open as hydraulics lift the front, dumping the deceased into the landfill, with the Boy Scouts' only job prying loose the occasional hand still gripping a seat rail.

What a relief it will be not to have to deal with these folks anymore!

Once the homeless problem has been solved, we will turn our attention to our other human debris. I speak of the old, the lingering sick, the mentally ill, the human vegetables, the birth-defect cases, et al. In short, all of those with no possible future, whose prolonged existence is a no-longer viable financial drain.

(If we hope to quadruple the defense budget, we're going to need to scrape up every nickel and dime. The cost of keeping *ten* hopeless schizophrenics alive and on Thorazine for thirty years could pay for one *entire* Patriot missile! Think about it.)

Frankly, I don't expect much complaint about my homeless solution, except from a few diehard knee-jerk liberals. But even most of the liberals, especially the rich ones — they've had it, too! They have wives much like my Becky,

who've been similarly accosted. Pretty soon we *all* get tired of stepping over sleeping piles of rags in every doorway; of being afraid to let our kids romp in the outdoor psycho wards that have become our once splendid parks. Maybe this is why the liberal is like the spotted owl: an endangered species and, once I lift the stifling hunting laws, extinct!

But when it comes to the old, the lingering sick, the Down's Syndrome kids, et al. I know I'm going to push buttons. Some of these — unlike the gibbering homeless — will be people we know, such as our parents. *It is a line which must be crossed.* But I understand, I know, that it won't be easy at first.

That's why I will institute a rebate system for the sacrifice of close family members. This may come in future tax breaks for our cherished middle class. Or in the form of purchase discounts, such as 25 percent off any item at IKEA, in exchange for a vegetative Granny. A severely-deformed child might earn frequent-flyer miles that could quickly add up to a second honeymoon in France. For those who gamble, a schizophrenic cousin might be exchanged for a weekend in Reno. For those who'd rather play it safe, there will be an RCA television set.

This will be hard. Tears will be shed — though not as many, perhaps, as you might now imagine. (I'll explain the reasons why in the next chapter).

But these are the things which must be done before we can bulldoze and rebuild our degraded cities and towns. We can't bulldoze the abandoned buildings with people sleeping in the doorways. That would be inhumane.

What is *not* inhumane is a sudden quick and unexpected

death on a bus bound for glory on the outskirts of town.

I know that when your tears dry, you will see that I am right.

You know, here in the Krieger household we have a favorite family film, one which we never get tired of looking at again and again and again. If you're with me so far, you can probably guess which film it is. (And no, it is *not* the insane *Taxi Driver*, nor the vile *Blue Velvet*, nor the Red-coded *Citizen Kane*).

It is, of course, the Frank Capra masterpiece, *It's A Wonderful Life*, starring the patriot Jimmy Stewart and the fresh-as-a-spring-breeze Donna Reed.

A lot of people only watch this inspirational classic around the holiday season. But in the Krieger household, in the den where the twins play, it is on a special monitor, where a laser-disc player is programmed to run it nonstop, all the time, twenty-four hours a day. It is always there, a cinematic parable, providing deep sustenance each time I walk through the room.

Through many sleepless nights as I prepared to write this book, searching my soul, I would stroll through the den while Becky and kids were fast asleep.

And the vision of Bedford Falls became my compass.

This is what I believe all decent people yearn for. Once it *was* a wonderful life. And it will be again. I've never been more sure of anything.

And when the day comes that our streets are clean again, as clean as our minds and our bodies, I do not think we will look back with regret on the dumping of our human debris.

When the Bronx, for example, has been leveled and re-

placed with Bronxtown, U.S.A. we will know we have done what was right. Instead of the bombed-out shells of despair, we will gaze upon a Norman Rockwell landscape of white single-family houses, robust green elm trees, blue skies, and proudly gleaming white church steeples.

In the bright sunny day of the new America, we will hear the clanging bells of Jesus and rejoice!



## POINT NINE:

## POST-HIGH-TECH LAW ENFORCEMENT

You know, in recent years, with great fanfare, we've launched wars on crime, wars on drugs, wars on young girls having babies out of wedlock. And even though the hearts of many who deployed the troops were in the right place, the sad truth is: we have yet to win a single war.

Crime threatens us from all sides. Drugs have escaped the black ghettos and now seduce our decent white youth into the mainline scene. Methamphetamine, once the province of bikers and the trailer-park crowd, is now rampant on Wall Street, on our college campuses, among the middle-school kids in our finest suburbs. Its cheap, long-lasting high has replaced cocaine, except in the ghettos, where crack remains the quick rush of choice.

And heroin is back in style again, thanks to the new breed of suicidal young movie star and the nihilistic grunge rock scene.

The war on unwed mothers has likewise all but been lost. Our pleas for abstinence fall on deaf ears — or ears addled by crack, “crank,” and “horse.”

These dire facts have caused many to demand stiff new laws, more prisons, and above all, more police.

Until recently I shared all of these views myself. And while, as I've outlined here, harsher laws — *much* harsher laws — are long overdue, I no longer believe that we need more prisons and more police.

On the contrary, in the new America the need for traditional policing will rapidly diminish.

Let me explain.

Right now, as I see it, we are living the late high-tech age. We all know what this means on a daily basis. You can't go anywhere now without some camera watching you. In banks, stores, at ATMs. Some of these places makes sense. But do we need really need a surveillance camera taping our wives and daughters in the ladies rooms of every fast food outlet in the nation? Do we need cameras aimed through peep-holes in the walls of family motels? Do we need to have every outdoor movement we make tracked by CIA surveillance satellites? Think about it the next you're playing with your kids in the backyard. Does it feel like someone's watching you? Someone you can't see who is high up in the sky? Do you think it's God? No, I don't think you do. It doesn't *feel* like God, does it? It feels like some sick, voyeuristic government geek!

Now these spy satellites are the highest of high-tech; I'll grant the CIA that. They can zoom right down and count the hairs on your head. They can read the notes you might be making on a legal pad while sitting on your patio.

But the ground cameras, the surveillance cameras that now spy on our wives and daughters in the bathroom stalls, on our workers in the work place — these are crude at best. Their black-and-white tapes are notoriously smeary. To identify a convenience store killer, for example, the tapes almost always need expensive enhancement. True, they are still “technological,” as opposed to something made from straw and clay. But they are roughly the equivalent of the early television sets, which relied on temperamental vacuum tubes and rooftop antennas — this in the age of optical fiber and the home

satellite dish.

But even optical fiber, which will bring us our TV shows through the phone lines, is still a comparatively primitive hard-wire system. In terms of crime control, it's of very little use.

In the new America the key to the tracking and monitoring of criminals, and potential criminals, as well as a fail-proof means of behavioral control, will lie in the post-high-tech, wireless, injectable microchip.

Now I know just that word — the word *microchip* — will cause some of my readers to break into a cold sweat. I've heard a lot of talk, a lot of justified concern, among my friends on the far right. It would be easy to dismiss their fears as paranoid — if it weren't for the fact that the chips already exist.

We all know how veterinarians inject microchips into dogs and cats, so they can be identified, tracked, and taught tricks. This is not science fiction; it is science fact. If you don't believe me, ask your vet.

Now don't misunderstand me. I do not believe, as some of my far right brethren do, that veterinarians are all in the pay of the Trilateral Commission; that they are the shock troops of a pernicious conspiracy to practice on Fido what they will eventually do to our kids.

I do not believe that. Nor do I believe the persistent rumors you will hear floating around any gun show: that a secret government coven of lesbians (headed by Janet Reno, Hillary Clinton and Donna Schalala) has already injected microchips into various celebrities, notably Burt Reynolds. This supposedly accounts for Burt's "erratic" behavior. Deep in the bowels of the Justice Department, the scenario goes, a man-

hater pulls up Burt on her computer. She clicks her mouse and Burt throws a tantrum on the set or slugs somebody in an L.A. parking lot. This may have a certain inner logic, but I don't believe it's true.

What *is* true is bad enough!

I'm speaking of an egregious experiment that took place in a town I'll call West Fork, Nebraska, in 1993, the facts revealed here for the first time. The persons behind the experiment are still somewhat shadowy. It may have been the CIA, the National Institute of Health, the Microsoft Corporation, the ADL, the ACLU, GLAAD, or all of the above, working closely together.

What is known is this. West Fork, with a population of approximately three thousand, was the ideal test group for a truly evil plan. Everyone in town, all decent Christian people — bankers, shop-owners, farmers, their wives and kids — all of them were inoculated against an alleged outbreak of Buffalo Fever, an extremely rare disease which last attacked human beings in 1903.

Along with the sugar-water shot, or whatever it was, that went into each person's shoulder, there was also a minuscule microchip.

At first nothing happened. The town's people were relieved that the doctors had arrived in time, supposedly sparing them the sweats and stomach cramps of Buffalo Fever.

Then, on a bright Sunday morning, as nearly everyone was getting ready for church... *the whole town went gay!*

I cannot even describe in a family book all that this entailed. Suffice it to say, there were gross acts of lesbianism unfolding on the church pews. There was sodomy taking place

in the feed store. There were same-sex couplings, in open view, all up and down Main Street. The whole town was driven into a homosexual frenzy. For six hours that Sunday, a God-fearing Christian community deep in America's heartland succumbed to an orgy of human depravity not seen since the final nightmare days of the Roman Empire.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, it stopped. As if someone, somewhere, had flipped off a switch. *Which someone no doubt had!*

In the aftermath, of course, these folks were deeply embarrassed, ashamed and confused. They called in Christian therapists who, lacking any other explanation, believed the town had been the target of a massive demonic possession. It had only lasted as long as it had, the therapists concluded, because the intrinsic goodness of the towns' people had driven the devils out.

There's not much more I can say. I've sworn to protect my sources. And I do not want these people subjected to a belated media circus, which is why I changed the name of the town.

But here is the coda. The following year, a farmer's son lost an arm in a freak harvester accident. While the local doctor was sewing the severed appendage back on, he found a microchip in the farm boy's torn shoulder.

I have spoken with this doctor and with this farm boy. I have seen the microchip with my own two eyes!

Somebody, it's fair to say, is up to something.

There is paranoia that it groundless. And then there is fear that is justified.

Clearly, something needs to be done.

But here is where I part company with my far right brethren. The solution is not to *take on* the government. That is a battle, given the Feds' superior fire power, which we can never win. The solution is to *take over* the government, to become it! That is why I ask for your vote in the year 2000.

The microchips are not, in and of themselves, evil — anymore than a gun is evil, despite the carping of the Brady Bill set. Just as a gun can be used to do good or ill, the same holds true of the injectable chip.

In the hands of evil people, it can be used to cause aberrant, destructive, insane behavior beyond anything we can yet comprehend. It can also be used to track and control and enslave.

Which is why it should be in our hands, not theirs!

Once it has been modified to our specifications, the chip can be used to control a wide array of criminals who, even with the expanded use of the death penalty, will still fall below that level of punishment; who would otherwise take up space in our prisons and jails, with all the cost incarceration incurs.

With a chip installed, however, tailored to their crimes and proclivities, they can be safely returned to society, where they will work and lead law-abiding, productive lives — or else!

The mechanism is simple. Not only will we know where these people all the time, every day, the monitoring itself will be largely automated, done by computers, which will quickly signal law enforcement operators if an infraction is about to take place.

I say *about to* because at the first sign of criminal in-

tent, the potential perpetrator will quite literally be stopped in his or her tracks.

Take a rapist, for example. His chip will be programmed to detect a complex configuration of mental and physiological warning signs. Triggered, the chip — injected in his lower back beside his spinal cord — will both alert the police *and* produce a sharp, stabbing pain and instant paralysis in the would-be rapist before he can strike.

The cops can take their time responding to the call, because our friend the rapist will be writhing on the ground — in agony from the waist up, feeling absolutely nothing from the waist down.

The paralysis may be a reversible condition. Or not. That decision will be made on a case-by-case basis.

As with any new technology, it may take some time to get all the bugs out. Using the above example, the circuits of the microchip will have to be rendered infallibly rape-specific. Otherwise, you could end up with a lot of guys in wheelchairs whose only crime was masturbation.

Now a lot of these refinements may be some years way. Then again, they may come rapidly. We finally won't know exactly what we've got until we get a chance to poke around the CIA. In the interim we must take steps to assure that what's there is not destroyed.

If a Republican is elected in 1996, we'll probably be on safe ground: in a four-year holding pattern. Whoever gets tapped for the job will have his hands full with the natural disasters and the coming mega-depression.

But if Bill Clinton, through some demonic fluke, gets re-elected, my first action on Election Day, 2000, once my vic-

tory has been projected, will be to call upon my friends in the Congress to pass an Emergency Government Protection Act, which will deploy loyal troops to designated agency sites to prevent any document-shredding or destruction of secret projects — such as the injectable microchip program — during the transition.

In summary, let me reassure you. I know how this microchip talk hits the paranoia button, but if you and your family are decent Americans, you have absolutely nothing to fear from me. In fact, you will fear far less than you do now, knowing that all potential criminals can be stopped on a dime.

Do I intend to inject the entire population? Never. Absolutely not. Minor transgressors *will* be injected: those teens, for example, who commit caneable offenses. This is one of the ways we will halt the progression of juvenile offender into hardened adult murderer.

But once again, if you and yours keep your noses clean, you will have zero cause for concern.

Finally, before I close this chapter on the coming post-high-tech age, I want to touch upon a truly miraculous scientific breakthrough, a new drug, which is rapidly moving through the study phase. The current testing is under way outside the U.S., chiefly in Great Britain, where the drug goes under the brand names, Docilese and Ruminot. Generically, it's known as methylthalidimine. Presently viewed as a new-generation psychotropic, it is far more than that.

I have spoken at length with the British scientists in charge of the testing program, who described how the drug, in layman's terms, works like a clapper-switch deep in the



brain, where it shuts off most of the lights in the house, leaving the patient profoundly placid — all with none of the tolerance and addiction risks of the benzodiazapams, such as Valium and Xanax. The Brits put it this way: it “Stepfordizes.” A reference to 1970s fright film, *The Stepford Wives*, which to be honest with you, I never really got.

The women in that film were all turned into perfect wives, which you were supposed to see as something awful! But then it was the heyday of the bra-burner movement, and the film itself was, like most Hollywood products, the PC concoction of a shadowy left-wing cabal. You had these beautiful wives shopping for their families, preparing tasty dinners, and this was meant to appall you! What a crazy, upside down time that was!

The film’s women were the crudest of caricatures, robots mouthing affectless platitudes. In this sense, the comparison is not at all apt. Of the British housewives currently taking the drug, those whom I have met have all been in equal parts gracious, sparkling, and natural. There was nothing “robotic” about them. You wouldn’t think for a second that they were “on” anything, if you didn’t know. You’d just think they were a great bunch of gals!

Of course, methylthalidimine is also being given to men and children in the British study; and they are similarly natural in affect — as the men talk business and sports with great lucidity, and the kids without exception play the appropriate gender games.

The drug’s effect is temporary at the current time, requiring the taking of three large capsules a day.

But this will soon change. The next trials will involve a

new formulation, which can be administered, like a vaccination, on a once-in-a-lifetime basis. Eventually, this version will be available through injection, or for those who don't like needles, anal suppository, or on the old-fashioned sugar cube, the way they used to give the polio vaccine.

Taken in this form, the drug will permanently alter the brain's chemistry.

Besides keeping people on track in their daily lives, Ruminot, as that brand name implies, virtually zeros out all rumination, otherwise known as navel-gazing "introspection." This leaves the population in a highly suggestible "automatic pilot" state, essentially unable to protest or rebel. They will do almost anything a strong leader tells them to do. That, of course, is where I come in.

Once I am your President, I will fast-track the drug, slashing through the red tape. The sooner we can give it everyone, the better. It will make the rapid changes I have already outlined virtually painless to all good people.

You know, I told you early on that I would lead you through these changes, as a father would his son, by the hand. But I wonder if you realize how far we've already come.

I have led you through a mine field of potential hot-button words. (Words which I know, once this book is published, will be thrown at me like rocks by my enemies).

Words like *genocide* and *euthanasia*. These are smears, tatic words. Wholly inaccurate, they nonetheless evoke strong and visceral taboos. Don't be surprised when you hear them. And don't be shaken. Ask your ill-informed opponent: "Have you actually read his book?"

The answer, I'll wager, will be a stumbling, befuddled, mealymouthed liberal: "*Well, uh, no.*"

But don't worry about those people. Within my first ten days in office, most of them will be dead.

POINT TEN:  
HOME-COOKIN'

You know, like most Christian families, we in the Krieger household are serious meat-eaters. None of that light-in-the-loafers New Age “vegan” hooey for us. Give us our meat and potatoes!

I am also, like many American dads, something of a backyard chef. I like to fire up the barbecue and lay on some lean beef patties or steaks. So when I was given a special invitation a while back to tour the test kitchens of one of my nation’s largest meat processors, I jumped at the chance. If anyone knew their way around meat, and how to prepare it, I figured it would be these folks. I choose not to identify the company, for reasons which will shortly become obvious. Suffice it say, they’re right up there with Hormel, Farmer John and the Oscar Mayer people, with a huge slaughter house and vast processing plant somewhere within the great state of Texas.

Well, their test kitchens were immaculate, and the fare I sampled — pot roast, London Broil, Stroganoff, hamburger patties, melt-in-your-mouth filet mignon — was hands-down the best meat I’ve ever tasted. I also tried their cured sausages, which beat Hickory Farms’ product by a long country mile.

Before I left, I shook the hand of their master chef and told him: “I like what you’re doing. The implications here are vast. I just want you to know you’ve got my full support.”

I flew home from Texas with a fist full of recipes and — packed in dry-ice — a sumptuous and mouth-watering ten-pound rump roast.

Becky was beside herself when she saw that hunk of meat. She said: "Good Lord, it's so pink, it's almost like veal! And there's hardly any fat!"

I told her: "Right. It's a new special grade."

Well, to make a long story short, the next evening we had that rump roast for dinner. And Becky, bless her heart, really pulled out the stops. Green beans with slivered almonds, baked potatoes with sour cream and chives, the whole nine yards.

Everybody loved it. The twins, given small cuts at first, demanded seconds. Debbie was in ecstasy. Even Rich, who tends to be tight-lipped, said: "This is really good."

And it was. Tender, succulent, juicy without excessive fat: it was truly the finest rump roast I've ever enjoyed.

It was after dinner, in the kitchen, that Becky said to me: "That was the best beef I've had in my entire life. Can you get them to send us some more?"

I told her that was unlikely.

"Well, if it's a new grade of beef," she said, "I guess it will be available in supermarkets soon."

I told her, someday it would be. "But don't hold your breath."

Then I took her hands in mine, and looked her in the eye, and said: "Becky, don't get hysterical about what I'm going to tell you. But what we just enjoyed was not beef."

She said: "What do you mean? What was it? It wasn't pork. I know pork. And it wasn't pork. Was it veal?"

I said: "No, it wasn't veal."

She said, with tinge of hysteria in her voice: "Well, what was it then? It wasn't lamb. I know lamb. Was it buffalo? Veni-

son? It wasn't ostrich, was it? It couldn't be ostrich. They don't have that much meat."

I said: "Becky — keep guessing."

That's when her blue eyes got big. She said: "You're kidding, aren't you? This is a joke. A sick joke."

I said: "No joke, Becky. It's the future. The future of meat."

That's when she said: "I'm going to be sick."

She started for the nearest bathroom, but I stopped her and said: "Oh, no, you're not. Keep it down, Becky. I saw how much you ate. You're not going to upchuck enough high-grade protein to feed fifteen starving kids for a week."

She still wanted to be sick until I slapped her to make her come to her senses.

I asked her: "Don't you care about the starving people in this world?"

She said: "I don't know. I mean, it depends. If they're starving in Africa, I don't really care that much. You know that."

I said: "Becky, it's Africa *now*. But by the time I become President, there will be mass starvation everywhere. In Europe. In Iceland."

"In Iceland?" she said. "But those are white people. They shouldn't have to starve."

"They won't," I told her. "There's going to be no shortage of high-grade mammalian protein."

"But you're talking about c-c-c-can —"

"Shut up," I said and slapped her again. "I don't ever want to hear that word. I don't ever want to hear the c-word. That's not what this is. The c-word's a whole other ball game,

Becky. That's something people do when they're stuck in the snow, like the Donner party. Or when they're in a plane that's crashed in the snow on a mountain side. The c-word is something people do when they're desperate, when they'll chew on any kind of raw dead flesh just to survive. This is not that. For starters, this is dressed and prepared just like beef. It's cooked or baked or fried, whatever. By the year 2003, it *will* be sold in markets in the meat department the same way beef is now."

"But it's wrong," she said, her lower lip quivering. "*Isn't it?*"

I said: "Becky, it's not. Let me explain how it is. In the strictest sense, we're already eating the dead, whether we think of it that way or not. But when someone dies and they're buried in the ground, you know what happens. Eventually the worms have their way with things. And those same worms wriggle on over to the corn field, so that the atoms from the dead eventually work their way into the corn, which becomes corn bread, hot buttered corn-on-the-cob, or just as likely, food for the cows, which we then eat. This all takes some time, of course. But right now — right now! — every time you snack on a Frito or sink your teeth into a Big Mac patty, you're chewing on the remains of your great, great grandparents. The only difference here is that we're speeding up the process by cutting Mother Nature's red tape."

It was at this point that Rich stepped into the kitchen, surprising us both. He said, "Dad, I've been listening. Just tell me one thing. Where exactly did that rump roast come from? I mean, what sort of person?"

Well, I told a little white lie, since I didn't really know

the answer. But I knew that Rich had caught some flak from black kids who, for some reason, had been pestering him at school. So I said: “Rich, that rump roast came from a foul-mouthed rap singer who ODeD on drugs. A so-called ‘gangsta’ rap star with a big, meaty butt.”

Rick smiled a little, in that hard-to-read way he has, and said: “Okay. Fine. At least those jerks are good for something.”

The next thing I knew I was hugging my boy. The only time, I guess, I’ve ever hugged him. I had one arm around my wife, the other around my son. And tears in my eyes. I still get choked up even now, recalling that moment of family closeness. It’s the kind of moment all families should have.

So here’s how it is.

Once the new great depression sets in, the price of beef is going to skyrocket. It will be the way it is now in Japan, where you can pay six hundred dollars for a skimpy beef shish kabob. For a genuine steak: your VISA card better have a high limit.

It’s going to be like that here too, which will put beef out of the range of all but the wealthiest among us. For the average American, it will be a simple choice of low-grade, worm-infested pork, an occasional morsel of rancid, stringy lamb... or the new, delectable and priced-within-reach beef alternative, *heef*.

That’s what the folks in Texas are calling it, and to be frank, I have yet to come up with a better name. *Heef*. It smacks of beef, and alludes to its true nature with the *H* — as in human or homo sapiens — without rubbing it in. Subterfuge is pointless here. Given the scope of the switch-over, there’s no



realistic way to try and hoodwink anyone.

And I don't think we'll need to — once people are hungry enough.

What about fish, you may ask? Sad to say, with the loosening of environmental strictures, fish as we know them will cease to exist. It's a trade-off — you can't have fish *and* economic growth — but one we have no choice but to make.

Soy bean products? I don't think so. Again, this is province of the passive, effeminate vegans. Soy beans are the incomplete protein of losers, and our boys in the military are going to need red meat! *Lots of it!*

So where will all the heef we're going to need come from? Let me outline the various sources.

1. You may recall that when I sketched out my AIDS eradication plan, I was somewhat vague about what would become of the end product. I made the point that I would never defile the stark beauty of Death Valley with mass graves, and this is still the case.

The eradicated will be removed, from both Death Valley and Staten Island, in refrigerated railroad cars. From Death Valley, the product will be taken into Los Angeles, to the slaughter house district known as Vernon, where such processing plants as that of Farmer John will be easily converted into the research-and-development facilities we will need before we can safely utilize HIV-infected meat.

The Staten Island product will be shipped to one of the numerous meat processing plants in the greater New York area, including New Jersey, which — like their West Coast counterparts — will serve as R&D and teaching facilities. Preparing heef for the market will require a bush-up course for butch-

ers; and what better practice product than the AIDS-eradicated, which will be used for learning by the new breed of butcher much as medical students now use cadavers. Of course, all the universal safeguards will be taken to avoid any possibility of accidental infection.

And, as indicated, the fast-track goal of the R&D will be to find a quick, cheap and foolproof means of ridding the product of live HIV, while at the same time reassuring Mother that her meat is also free of the dreaded Ecoli bacteria, tape worms, syphilis, hepatitis, and lower bowel amoebic parasites. I believe that this goal will be met, perhaps much sooner than you might imagine.

The controversial process of *irradiation* is a strong contender, for example. This is already in wide use to kill germs on fruits and vegetables, with most of the opposition coming from the New Age lunatic fringe. But I know there is also concern among my far right brethren, some of whom believe that irradiation is a plot hatched by lesbians-of-color to give every white male in America prostate cancer.

Well, the final word's not in on that. But let me reassure you, if there is any danger at all, either from the HIV or the irradiation, the product will be discarded!

That, however, would be a shame. My friends in Texas tell me that among the infected, there is a window of several years when the fat-to-meat ratio is optimum. Where, in short, they've lost some weight, so as to provide a lean product, but are not yet emaciated to the point of skin and bone.

Furthermore, as AIDS continues to spread worldwide, infecting millions upon millions — all of whom eventually will have to be eradicated — it would be a true pity if we were

unable to harvest that tremendous bounty of heef.

Sadly, many of the infected will also be infants, born of criminally incautious, deadbeat moms. On the upside, baby heef is, like its cousins, exceptionally fine and tender. In Texas I sampled some cutlets that came from just such a source. Fried up simply in a little garlic-butter, they might have been tough as leather; but you could cut them with a fork. And they were brimming with a delicate yet rich meaty flavor.

I know the experts will come through and find a way!

2. Even from the earliest days, with the expanded use of the death penalty, our domestic executed will provide a significant product source. Convicts especially, who've built themselves up with free weights, have a lot of meat on their bones. Of course, as with cattle, the younger the better. A hardened con is not much different than a tough old cow. Still, a lot of this less-than-prime heef can be used in sausage, Spam-like products, and dog food.

3. The above applies as well to our homeless, our old and senile, our birth-defect cases, our schizophrenics, etc.: our "damaged goods." These will be inspected on the way to the land fills, and rerouted to the meat plants, or not, depending. A few may pass inspection for standard breakdown usage (i.e.: steaks, roasts, stew meat, bacon, sweet breads, etc.). But my hunch is that most of this product will end up in Jimmy Dean sausage, Alpo or Spam.

4. By far the biggest source of product will come with Phase Two of Operation Africa. Once we've given all of our bad blacks one-way tickets home and successfully contained them — along with their African brethren — in the continent's interior, we can begin harvesting right away. As our own Mid-

west was once dubbed the world's bread basket, so will central Africa be known as the planet's meat basket.

And something worth pointing out: by the time heef is cut up and prepared and placed under plastic wrap in the supermarket meat section, you can't tell which race it came from. It's not like chicken, where the skin's left on. It's the same as beef; and whoever saw a steak or prime rib with the hide left on? In a real sense, I'm glad to report, the future of meat will be truly colorblind.

As a footnote, when we eventually take over Asia, that vast population will surely provide an even greater source. With its escalating AIDS rate in countries such as India and Thailand, we may need to set up an offshore containment and processing operation. My guess is Sri Lanka won't be big enough. Borneo may well be more suited to our needs.

Asians, by their physiological nature, may well provide an exotic, delicate grade of heef that will go for top-dollar at our upscale grocery stores. There may also be a bit of irony. The older, tougher grades of Asian heef may well end up as dog food. After centuries of them serving Fido on a platter, the tables will be turned!

Finally, here at home, we will provide handy USDA inspection stations where the average decent family can unload their aged parents or unstable offspring in exchange for frequent-flyer miles, a new Ford Explorer, Home Shopping Channel gift certificates, or cash on the line.

We will also accept unwanted babies, so long as they were actually given birth to. Under the new laws, women who have abortions will be committing a capital offense. For this reason, we will not accept fetuses of unknown origin. Certi-

fied stillborn or miscarriage product *will* be accepted, although most of this will likely end up in head cheese or spicy kielbasa.

I know that the transition from beef to heef may be difficult for some at first. All I can say is: it's all in your mind.

Think of it this way. There may have once been a time in history when a given people were vegetarians. Lacking the energy of red meat, they were no doubt a listless do-nothing race. Then one night Father came home with a bloody hunk of boar meat. At first Mother was horrified. Until Father showed her how to cook it slowly over an open pit fire.

And then, although squeamish beforehand, with her first succulent bite, Mother was sold. That's how it happened at our house, more or less. Now Becky can't wait till she can get her hands on another delicious heef rump roast.

I believe the same thing will happen at your house, when your family is hungry and the meat's on the table. If you're the father, you'll be carving. And I believe that when you say: "Who wants seconds?" everyone at the table will cry: "I do! I do!" At which point Mother, always with a smile, will admonish all present to: "Leave some room for dessert!"

Moms! What would we do without 'em!

POINT ELEVEN:  
WORLD DOMINATION

I believe it's no coincidence that the movie *Deliverance* came out in 1971, the same year in which America began her slow, final slide into abject humiliation in Vietnam. I see the film as a metaphor. We were like Ned Beatty: raped in the butt by a lesser force. Except, unlike Ned in the movie, we never got the chance to take our revenge. Instead, we've been afraid for the last twenty years, naked and trembling, covering our ass.

*This must stop!*

I'm not suggesting we go back to Vietnam. That would be foolish at this point in time.

What I *am* suggesting is that we take our revenge. That we do at long last what we should've done in the first place.

One of my first major military decisions as your Commander in Chief will be to order the nuclear obliteration of Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City. My exact words to Secretary of Defense Dornan will be: "Bob — *level 'em!*"

And that's exactly what we'll do. *Flatten them!* When the smoke clears, it's going to look just like those old photos of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

What are the Vietnamese going to do about it? What *can* they do? Nothing! Except clean up the mess and come to grips with a harsh truth: America never forgets!

I know this is a bold move, but it's one we need to make. We as a nation won't truly have our manhood back until we do.

Nuking old foes will also send a strong message to the

rest of the world — especially to the Japanese. Be careful what you do. Walk softly indeed. It happened once. And if you keep on trying to screw us economically, it can happen again! We still have our missiles. With a big one aimed at Tokyo.

Our willingness to use our atomic weapons will also give weight to the ultimatum I intend to present. Within my first six months in office, once the domestic scene is straightened out, I will issue the following order to all countries that possess a nuclear capability: Surrender all warheads and weapons-grade plutonium or face immediate and total extinction.

This message will be underlined for the Chinese and the Russians, and all the other countries that comprise the former Soviet Union, who've supposedly "dismantled" their atomic weapons. (Don't bet on it!) But it will go out to everyone; no exceptions, no exemptions. This includes our alleged "allies," the British and the French. As well as the Israelis. Sorry, fellas. You're going have to defend your sliver of the Holy Land the old-fashioned way. It will apply to Argentina, South Africa, and countries with well-known development programs, such as North Korea and Pakistan.

We can expect shock at first, followed quickly, I believe, by full compliance. Except in the case of North Korea, an evil, paranoid turd of a country. That is why we will want to save our breath and simply blow it off the map.

The British and French will bristle, of course. But I don't think they'll want to see Big Ben or the Eiffel Tower reduced to radioactive cinders.

In a similar vein, I'd be surprised if the former Soviet states put up much of a fuss. By then those countries will be facing mass starvation, the meat market shelves even emp-

tier than they are right now. They'll jump at the chance to trade in their squirreled away ICBMs — in exchange for a plentiful heef supply.

The Chinese better mind their Ps and Qs. If they try and drag things out with that “inscrutable” routine, they'll be staring at a mushroom cloud where Shanghai used to be.

Stern measures, to be sure. But you know and I know it's the only way we'll ever feel safe. All it would take is one nut case in Vladivostok to spoil everybody's day in Cincinnati. We can't live that way. And we won't!

In the twenty-first century there will be *only one* nuclear power. Us!

We won't have to go out and try and conquer the world to achieve domination. If anyone gives us any crap, all we'll have to do is say in a soft voice: “Hey. One word, asshole. Hanoi. Get the picture?”

I am certain that they will!

Which is not to say we will not need a huge, state-of-the-art military. We won't shirk from invading any country we choose, if they're messing up or posing any kind of threat. But, as Hitler understood in the early days of his war, the only way to go in is suddenly, with overwhelming force. You don't tiptoe in, the way we did in Vietnam.

This is why we'll need, at any given time, at least forty million men in uniform. And you'll note that I said *men*. Ladies, stay at home and be good mothers; that's the thing you do best.

Now don't misunderstand me. You can teach a gal to shoot. Becky, for example, is a real Annie Oakley. She can hit



a bull's eye every time at fifty feet. (Frankly, in the dark years before I come to power, when race riots will be commonplace, when angry mobs of sex-crazed black men will overrun our once-tranquil suburbs, Mother would be wise indeed to keep an Uzi along side her egg-beater — and know how to use it! Father cannot always be home.)

But when it comes to grappling on the ground with an enemy, and cutting off his ears and genitals with a dull bayonet, Mother is plainly out of her league.

That's why we'll be looking at an all-male military. And *mandatory* universal service! To make it simple, every young man will be inducted when he turns eighteen — no college or hardship or candy-ass 4-F type exemptions. Junior will serve two years, during which time he will receive Special Forces/Green Beret-level training. No more Gomer Pyles! By the time he's discharged at twenty, Junior will be a rock-hard, expert killing machine. He will spend the next ten summers at refresher boot camp — unless, of course, peacetime gives way to a warlike situation.

We will likely have to invade Iran, for example. We could nuke it and I would not shed too many tears. But we're going to need their oil. So we'll probably have to go in, blitzkrieg-style, with twenty million men. With those numbers, it will all be over within a day, with little loss of life on our side. Once we've run up Old Glory in downtown Teheran, we'll have to take out the hardcore Islamics, which should come to about nine-tenths of the population.

But those lives won't be wasted. Persian heef, just like their caviar, ought to fetch top dollar.

Another hot spot may be China. We may need to briefly

occupy the mainland until a new puppet government can be set up in Beijing. This should not take long, as I believe the Chinese will quickly cower before our superior might. This could be a fine “military adventure,” such as we have not enjoyed for many decades now.

Finally, I believe that military training builds strong, clean men. There is not a boy, however unruly, who does not yearn secretly for the stern no-nonsense discipline of an older masculine hand. Men, at a crucial point in their young lives where they might be tempted by drugs or sex, will instead have their minds and bodies tempered like steel with the bed-rock virtues that have made America great.

You know, back in the sixties when I joined the Marine Corps, the sergeants at Camp Pendleton had a colorful saying: “Killing a man is better than sex.”

Of course, I had no real concept of how true that was until I made my first kills — in a crummy little hamlet southwest of Danang — where I caught a family of Cong preparing their supper. I’ll tell you, those little buggers never had a chance! And, as I sprayed that black-pajama gang with my M-16, a funny thing happened. I came in my pants. I’m not really sure if it was *better* than sex. But I did come the first time, which I can’t say happened with Becky. And I guess in a way it did “f— with my head,” as we’d say at the time, leading to a postwar impotence problem which, with the help of Christ, has been fully resolved. And with the help of a patient, loving wife. Becky, in her wisdom, knew what she had to do. Ever since the night she first snuck up to our bed in a pair of black pajamas, it has been, as the Spanish say, *no problema!*

For the most part, however, we won’t need to deploy our

forces. Most world changes will require little more than yours truly in the Oval Office with a telephone.

For example, if he's still alive when I take office, we'll want Saddam Hussein. So what will we do? Invade Iraq again—only to pull out again with the job half-done, as we did under the KGB mole George Bush? No. I will ring up the top brass in Baghdad and say: “I want Saddam's head on my desk by the close of the business day tomorrow. Otherwise, you're going to see your night sky all lit up with the blasts of 200 hydrogen bombs.”

Well, something tells me there will be a square Fed-Ex box from Baghdad on my desk in the morning.

Of course, a nuclear threat won't always be the answer. Old-fashioned gunboat diplomacy is probably the ticket in places like Brazil. Once we spread some lead on Ipanema Beach and say the simple words, “germ warfare,” they'll get the picture. Before the day is done, Ronald McDonald will be the sole owner of their rain forests.

Which brings me to the final stage of my world domination plan. Once peace is secured, I will unleash the mighty power of our great American corporations, removing any and all restrictions. Our corporations are powerful now precisely because they are run by superior men — the Howard Roarkes of our time. They must be unshackled so that they may exploit the vast new markets I will open up for them.

It's no secret that once we seize control of the information superhighways, our biggest export will be our entertainment and our culture. This is why, for example, we will want to spare China and India and, if possible, the peoples of the

former Soviet Union. This is a vast and stupid audience on which to dump our crap.

Certain products, such as violent action films, which may fail our domestic family-fare test, will still be exported to the Third World. In the same way that we currently flood these countries with cigarettes, sniffing glue, asbestos, contaminated blood products and worthless, past-their-expiration-date pharmaceuticals, we will want to feed the billions of hungry non-white mouths that are already primed and eager to eat our garbage.

That said, I still look towards the day when America will again be a beacon of inspiration. When the dominant image of our culture will no longer be the vile, foul-mouthed gay-lover, Madonna. Instead, on the new electronic billboards, from Shanghai to Caracas to the Moscow Galleria, the peoples of the world will stare up in awe at the fresh-scrubbed face of the resurrected songbird, Debbie Gibson.

POINT TWELVE:  
MASTERING THE UNIVERSE

Science can be our friend or our foe. Depending on who controls the scientists!

Adolf Hitler, whatever his faults, learned that the hard way.

But I do not intend to repeat his mistake.

Science can be used against us by our enemies.

Microchips, in the wrong hands, can turn us into a nation of Caucasian slaves. Microwave beams can be aimed at us from satellites, scrambling our minds, making us paranoid, feeding us an evil smorgasbord of cancers.

But if we control science, we can bend it to our will. With our technological genius, we can do anything! Above all, we can reach out across the vast emptiness of the universe. We can travel to worlds no human eyes have ever seen, except through powerful telescopes.

We've already shown that we could get to the moon and back. But compared to what's still possible, that once-great journey pales. It's like a walk around the corner to the local Mom and Pop store for a six-pack of Coors. We can do much better.

You know, a part of my soul died when those first ground photographs of the planet Mars came back. And I don't think that I'm alone. There it was in full color, the grim, dismal truth. Nothing but red-rock fields as far as the eye could see. No canals. No stupendous spun-glass cities. And, of course, no Martians. Unless they were hiding in caves underneath the ugly red rocks.

In short, Mars was a bust. Going there would be pointless. There's nothing to see, nothing to do. It's dead. The *red* planet Mars is now the *dead* planet Mars. I know that after decades of high expectations, fueled by science fiction, the disappointment of Mars had a profound, if unacknowledged, psychic impact on us all. It also, not incidentally, knocked the wind out of our space program.

Since then there's been little more than the lumbering space shuttles, those airborne cows with jerry-built, exploding udders. They won't get us very far. They're the space-age equivalent of using Granddad's old gas-guzzler Cadillac for a cross-country trip in the heat of summer. You know that somewhere on the wrong side of Barstow that rusty radiator is going to blow.

We need to move on, far beyond our own solar system. Yes, far, far beyond the last planet, Pluto.

And there's only one way to do that, as any science fiction buff knows. (But let us pause to remember that yesterday's science fiction is already today's science fact.)

So it will be again — so it must be! — if we are to master the space/time continuum. This we must do if we wish to travel millions of light years between rest-stops.

Of course, this time/space deal is old hat in terms of sci-fi. We've seen it done in different ways, such as that depicted in film by the Bolshevik director Stanley Kubrick. In his version, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, the crew went to sleep and woke up many light years later. They used the same routine in the sick *Alien* movies.

This sleeping deal won't do. You need a crew that's wide awake, able to fend off an unexpected asteroid or meteor bar-

rage. Of course, sleep won't be necessary once we've truly licked the time/space conundrum. We'll move from earth to the suburbs of Andromeda in the blink of an eye!

To accomplish this goal we will have to radically rethink almost everything we now view as fact, beginning with the so-called laws of physics. But laws, as they say, were meant to be broken. While this will assuredly *not* be true of our new American laws, the laws of decent behavior, when it comes to the precepts of science, the true pioneers have always leapt beyond the given wisdom of their day. And that is what our best minds must do again, if we are to master space and time. And master them we must. The stakes are high.

To begin with, we will have to turn from our rockets — our space-travel Model Ts — and throw everything we've got into the flying saucer. They are our only hope. What is imagined must come to pass, and our visionary film makers of the 1950s were onto something good.

I will not soon forget the awe I felt as child when I first saw the astounding *Earth Vs. The Flying Saucers* at a Richmond matinee. Even though I despised what the aliens did to our Capitol Building, and the way their death beams blew apart our sacred Washington Monument, I could not help but admire their superior equipment. Their exquisitely maneuverable, lightning-quick saucers!

Nothing can move faster than a flying saucer's spin-cycle. And it's just that kind of speed we'll require if we hope to conquer the time/space continuum.

This must be done if we are to venture out to the other distant galaxies in search of planets which can sustain life in a manner such as our own. We already know where to look.

Astronomers can tell us where the chances are good of finding planets similar to ours. The problem up to now has been *getting there*! This is why we need flying saucers which can “dissolve” into space... and re-materialize a second later a trillion light years from home.

We must reach these planets, however far away they may be. We need to find them — and find them soon. Planets with oxygen atmospheres, flora and fauna, oceans, elm trees, the whole nine yards. It's okay if they've still got dinosaurs, or their own versions thereof. It's even okay if they've got a population of sentient beings we can work with or conquer. We have to find these places — these new homes.

Because the sad truth is, far before the twenty-first century ends, our own planet earth will be tapped out.

Not only will we have used up all our fossil fuels, the water, everywhere, will be undrinkable. With the ozone layer gone, skin cancer will be rampant. As temperatures heat up and our ice-caps melt, the coastal regions of most continents will be flooded.

Do I sound like a bleeding-heart environmentalist? I hope not. If these trends could be reversed, I might seriously consider new strict safeguards. The problem is this: it's already too late.

It would be easy to blame the industrial revolution, to say it all took a turn for the worse back then. But I believe the Bible's version: that our problems began many eons ago, when Adam and Eve forsook red meat and took a bite of the red vegan apple. Since then, it's all been downhill.

I give us till the year 2020. If we haven't figured out an escape plan by then, we will all be doomed.



If I am still your President, as I believe I shall be once I change the Constitution, I will be a wise old man of seventy-two. Just as another wise old President, Ronald Reagan, refused to pull the wool over your eyes, I too will speak frankly.

By then we'll know which it's going to be: mass migration or... mass suicide.

I hope that I will be able to joyfully announce the former. But if our fate as a species is revealed to be the latter, I will speak to you in calm but candid tones.

I will hope, if that be God's will, that we will all of us finally set aside our differences and die together.

I will speak not as Jim Jones did, to a tattered, pathetic throng through a low-fi P.A. system in the South American jungle. I will speak instead on world television, in digital stereo, as I lead you all to pick up the poisoned cup of destiny and deeply drink thereof.

Once you are all dead, I will take out my Glock and shoot Rich and Debbie and the twins. Yes, with heavy heart, I will kill my own offspring. And then I will shoot my beloved Becky point blank in her pretty blonde head.

Finally, as the last man on earth, I will mull things over for a few minutes. And then, in a final blaze of self-sacrifice, I will eat my own gun.

But... I don't believe it will come to that.

I believe in the power of science, in the force of raw need and naked desperation. I believe we can and will learn from our visionaries, such as the magnificent right-wing novelist, Robert Heinlein. I believe we will conquer space and time before it's too late.

I believe that the saucers will save us!

You know, before I sat down to write this book, as I first began the thinking process, I sought the counsel of many of the finest Christian minds in America, as well as that of several eminent right-wing Jews. Some of these names I have already mentioned. But others do not wish their roles known at this time. They are cautiously waiting. But when the final crunch comes, I know I can depend upon their open support.

Of course, there are those who disagree with certain aspects of my plan. Terminating babies, for example — even doomed AIDS babies — strikes a sour tone with some, especially those who, as I do, oppose abortion and see the babies as the only innocent carriers of the HIV disease.

But I believe this is a case of oranges and apples. Abortion is where you suck out a potentially healthy white baby with a vacuum cleaner that tears off its tiny arms and legs. Who but a monster would not be opposed to that! Who can blame those who go “too far” and kill the abortion doctor murderers?

But terminating the infected already-born, sparing them long or short lives of agony — who but a sadist could be opposed to this?

To my critics who will hurl the buzzwords at me — words such as *genocide*, *euthanasia*, and the *c-word* — all I can say is: I’ve been open and clear about my intentions. I haven’t tried to hide in the murky swamps of vague metaphor or confusing rhetoric.

I believe we can and must learn from the mistakes of

the past. If, for example, the German people made any mistake in this century, it was surely their failure to heed the example of our nation's first President, George Washington. They told a lie, in their case a whopper: that they didn't know about their own concentration camps! What, I'd like to know, did the Dachau hausfrau think that smoke in the woods was all about? The soot coming down on her clothes line? The sweet stench she could never quite wash out of her white Bavarian bed sheets? How do you say in German: *Who are you trying to kid?*

You know, a lie's a funny thing. Once you tell it, you have to keep on telling it. So now, fifty years later, we have the sorry spectacle of a generation of older Germans still mumbling and going shifty-eyed whenever the subject of the death camps is raised.

I will not fall into that trap.

Let my enemies haul out their heaviest semantic artillery, I will stand up to any linguistic barrage. *Genocide*? I will say: Are you sorry then that we cleared this blessed land of its local scalp-happy savages? *Euthanasia*? Get real! Doctors do this, with a wink, all the time. In Holland, it's humdrum! *The c-word*? Okay, let's say your name is Donner and you walk into a restaurant. When the hostess asks, "How many in your party?" you reply: "Five billion." What would you expect? Filet mignon all round?

That's the way it's stacking up and I will not lie to you.

The truth will set you free, as our first President knew. That's why he 'fessed up as soon as he was asked what he knew about the chopped-down cherry tree.

Which is not to say that Washington was perfect. Like

Hitler, he had a fatal flaw: he was sentimental. Washington got all squishy when it came to the First Amendment. If he'd had the guts to suppress subversive speech early on, imagine the centuries of grief we would have been spared.

Hitler was sentimental when it came to Blondi, his beloved German shepherd. Little did he know that his Berchtesgaden mutt was a KGB plant, controlled by short-wave radio, emitting disastrous telepathic instructions. Had Hitler listened to his generals, he might have won the war. Instead, he listened to his dog, and we all know what happened.

I will not make the same mistake.

I know this book has contained much stern thought. I don't expect everyone to line up behind me right away.

But I hope that during the next five years, which will surely be our nation's darkest, you will keep this book handy, preferably next to your family Bible.

I believe that you will come to see that I am right. Together, we will re-erect the mightiest nation ever to grace God's earth. Together, I know we can do it. I've never been more certain of anything in my life.

Many people have made the ideas set forth here possible. They have inspired me directly, in late-night phone conversations. They have inspired me by their example, even though I may never have shaken their hands. All of them are human, and therefore not without their flaws. Some of them are living; some live on, as vivid beacons, only in spirit. But I would be remiss if I didn't acknowledge the following:

Strom Thurmond, Bob Dole, Tom Clancy, Ronald and Nancy Reagan, General George C. Patton, Ayn Rand, Newt Gingrich, Pat Robertson, Heinrich Himmler, Ralph Reed, the Reverend Jerry Falwell, the Reverend Lou Sheldon, Lawrence Welk, Dick Armey, the Lennon Sisters, William Bennett, Red Skelton, the children of Waco, Patrick and Bay Buchanan, General Irwin Rommel, Phyllis Schlafly, Michael Medved, Bruce Willis, Jesse Helms, Richard Nixon, the Michigan Militia, Charlton Heston, Lee Harvey Oswald, Pope John Paul, Adolf Hitler, Bob and Sallie Dornan, Kathie Lee Gifford, Mother Teresa, Rush Limbaugh, Amy Grant, Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, Josef and Magda Goebbels, George and Mari Will, Debbie Gibson, Gordon Liddy, Walt Disney, Roger Ailes, Joseph McCarthy, Robert Young, Jane Wyatt, William Kristol, John Wayne, Patti Page, P.J. O’Roarke, Eva Braun, Dan and Marilyn Quayle, Albert Speer, William F. Buckley Jr., Arnold Schwarzenegger, Jeane C. Kirkpatrick, Augusto Pinochet, Tom Selleck, Roberto D’Aubuisson, Daryl Gates, Pat Boone, Mark Fuhrman, Dolly Parton, Randy Weaver, and the folks at Jimmy Dean Sausage.

## JAMES ROBERT BAKER'S AFTERWORD

So there you have it. You may understand now how I felt at the end of five intensive weeks with Colonel Frank Krieger. The first draft of what you've just read was done, I was revising, cleaning up the manuscript, when I borrowed Becky Krieger's cream-colored Range Rover on the pretext of visiting Arlington National Cemetery.

Once in Arlington, I used a pay phone to call a reporter at a highly-respected East Coast newspaper which, given the outcome of the call, I will not name. Suffice it to say, it was a newspaper which most Americans regard (somewhat naively, I would say now) as a bastion of liberalism. Therefore, the prospect of contacting this particular high-profile reporter had kept me going for some time.

But once I got him on the line, I felt as if I were stuck in a fifties sci-fi film: the scene where you try and convince the authorities that aliens have begun snatching bodies.

I said, "Look, I've been working with Frank Krieger on a book. On a book of his ideas. Which are — I don't know how else to say it — completely insane."

He said, "Yeah, yeah, we know all about Frank Krieger. What can you tell me that I don't already know?"

"He's plotting to take over America."

"Right." He yawned. "So is Pat Robertson. So is Rupert Murdoch. What else is new?"

"You don't understand. I have access to a text —"

He said, "Look, I'm busy. Call me back when you have something solid, okay?"

I said, "I do have something solid." But by then I was

speaking to dead air.

Another week passed as I fine-tuned the manuscript with Frank. Finally, at the end of six weeks, I made plans to go home to California, where I'd continue the fine-tuning, faxing my changes to Frank.

I'll always remember that final Sunday with Frank — to the extent that you could say it was final, considering all that's happened since. But it was the last time I saw Frank in the flesh.

I joined the family in the dining room, as was the custom on Sunday, for dinner at six. Debbie and Rich were there, and Becky, of course. The twins were still off in Lynchburg. Rosetta served a succulent prime rib of beef. (At least, I'm pretty sure it was beef.)

Frank was drunk, which surprised me. I'd never seen him drink at all, which added to my sense that he might be an alcoholic who'd been dry for the time it had taken us to complete his book. Something in his manner, his way of overcompensating for impaired motor functions, indicated someone familiar with the problems.

Then, slurping wine with the main course, Frank knocked over his glass. As Rosetta blotted up the red stain on the table cloth, Frank slurred a command to an imaginary waiter, "Garçon, more Zoloft!" and chuckled dementedly.

Becky and the kids looked embarrassed, as though they'd been embarrassed the same way many times before.

During dessert, Frank reeled off to the bathroom, where he could be heard vomiting violently, as the rest of us tried to eat our peach sherbet. That will always be my last impression of Frank. He was sleeping it off when I left the next day.

I'd been back in L.A. for less than a week when there was a knock on my door. During that week, I'd struck out with an *L.A. Times* reporter, who'd said: "Look, this is all very interesting. But we're not going to give time or space to that psycho." Which should have been reassuring, I suppose: the sense that Frank was that far out of the mainstream. But on a visceral level, I didn't feel reassured.

The man at my door identified himself as "Rick," an attorney and a "close friend" of Frank's. In his late thirties, he possessed a rancidly "boyish" appearance that reminded me of the Christian Coalition's Ralph Reed. He wore a conservative suit and tie, and his handshake was firm and clammy.

He said, "I've flown out here on Frank's behalf, Mr. Baker. As you may have been aware, having worked with him recently, Frank's been under a lot of pressure."

"Pressure?"

"Well, let me be candid with you, Jim. Do people call you Jim?"

"Some people."

"Well, *Jim*, as you may have noticed, Frank's been suffering from stress. And a doctor in Virginia's been treating him for depression."

I recalled Frank's drunken "Zolof" remark, aware the drug was a Prozac clone.

"What I'm saying," Rick offered, "is that Frank was not entirely himself during the time the two of you were working together. A lot of what he said, looking over his copy of the manuscript, was somewhat out of bounds."

"Out of bounds?"



"Let's cut the crap," he said abruptly. "You must've realized Frank was in a manic state."

"Manic? No, I didn't think he was *manic* —"

"Well," he said. "We do."

"Who's we?"

"Frank's friends. Those of us who care about Frank." With a swallow, he said, "Those of us who love him." He gave me a look that said he knew I was not among those who loved Frank. Or maybe he just didn't like the Nine Inch Nails CD playing on my stereo.

"So why have you come to see me?" I asked him.

"Because we need your disks," he said. "Your disks and your hard-copy manuscripts of Frank's book. We want any and all copies you have of Frank's book."

"Fine," I said. "Whatever. But I was promised a fee —"

"Which you will still receive," he said. "You will be paid in full. *If* you sign an agreement stating that you will never reveal the contents of Frank's book, or write or speak of your time with Frank."

Well, I was ahead of his lame ball, so I said, "Okay, fine. Whatever you want. Look, I don't care. It was just a job to me."

So I signed his agreement and I handed over a couple of 3.5" diskettes.

"Is the book on your hard drive?" he asked me.

"No," I told him. Even though it was.

With the diskettes, and a manuscript, he left. I watched him drive away in his Alamo rental car. Headed back to LAX, back to Virginia and Frank.

As soon as his car disappeared, I made a phone call. To a

reporter at an (allegedly) left-wing local alternative newspaper.

“Look,” I told her, “I’ve got this book, which Frank Krieger is trying to withdraw, so people won’t know how insane he really is —”

“Who?” she said.

“Frank Krieger.”

“Who?”

“He’s a colonel, a right-wing colonel, like Oliver North.”

“Who?”

By this point her breathy voice was making me picture Melanie Griffith. To be charitable, they may have put me through to the wrong person. She may have been one of the movie critics. Whatever, I knew a moron when I heard one. I terminated the call.

I tried the East Coast bastion of liberalism again. This time I got trapped in a telephone menu that always ended, after three or four minutes, in a disconnect. After going through that a half dozen times, I concluded that fate was telling me to give up.

For a while after that I was stumped. This was the period where I showed the manuscript to a few of my friends. “I’d burn it.” “Be glad he gave you an out.” “Write it off.” Those were the typical comments. Only one friend, my former fiancée, told me: “You have a moral obligation to let the world see this.” It was pretty obvious what had happened, she felt. “Frank laid all his cards on the table, and when his backers and handlers found out about it, they flipped. Here’s a very appealing guy, a magnetic ‘man in a uniform,’ a white Colin Powell — *if* they can keep him from mouthing off about geno-

cide before he gets elected.”

I knew she was right. And I knew I had to set a new course. I spoke with an attorney, a specialist in First Amendment cases, who assured me I had a viable claim on Frank’s words, which were in effect an interview text. And because, in Frank’s rush to start work on the book, I’d never actually signed a deal memo, the subsequent confidentiality statement was therefore null and void. Of course, I wouldn’t be able to accept Frank’s payment. But at this point I no longer wanted his money. I wanted his fucking head on a stake.

So I began approaching publishers. And the initial response can be summed up with two words. Cluck, cluck. As in chicken shit. Until, acting on a suggestion from a computer-savvy friend, I hit upon the concept of simply posting the material on the World Wide Web. Why deal with frightened editors and timid conservative publishers less interested in saving America than in pleasing their right-wing conglomerate bosses (many of whom might actually be on Frank’s side)?

As my computer friend and I embarked on this great adventure together, we were initially ecstatic. But when word of our plans leaked out – a “blind item” appeared in a national news magazine – we braced ourselves for Frank’s legal onslaught. But there was nothing from his lawyers. Instead, there was this.

I was at home one afternoon (in the Chandlerian L.A. coastal suburb of Pacific Palisades), making last-minute text corrections, when I heard sirens out in the street. When I realized they were stopping a few doors from my house, I went out to see what was up. There was blood on the sidewalk.

They were loading my mailman into an ambulance. I asked a cop what had happened. “Looks like a letter bomb blew his hand off.”

The FBI came by the next afternoon and told me what I already knew: that I had been the intended victim.

I told them what I suspected, that it was Frank. Not Frank personally, but that he was behind it. Of course, I had no proof, and I still don’t. Neither do the Feds.

A week later, somebody shot out my windshield on the freeway. They were in a black van. That was all I could tell the police. One of the cops made a joke about the seventies TV-movie schlock classic, “Death Car on the Freeway,” which had featured a similar van. But I wasn’t laughing. I was scared.

After that I went into hiding. Which is where I’ve been since. One good thing about the sprawl of Los Angeles: it’s easy to lose yourself in its endless smog-clogged communities. I wish I could thank by name all the people who’ve put me up in their guest rooms, or let me sleep on their sofas, in La Habra, Pacoima, Monrovia, Altadena, the City of Industry, Downey and Lawndale. But I can only say it’s given me a new appreciation for the so-called “white-trash cuisine,” and TV-viewing habits, of the many good people in the less-than-glamorous parts of L.A.

I wish I could say that I’m going to feel safe again once this book is finally on-line. Once Frank is destroyed. But I’m not that naive. I know too well how Frank Krieger’s mind works. Nothing short of his death will stop his vendetta against me. And possibly not even that. In one of the more optimistic scenarios, Frank’s exposure in this text will drive him to suicide. But I have no doubt, were that to happen, that his friends would know who to blame. In fact, I hope he doesn’t do that.

The American right doesn't need another martyr. Frank is worth much less alive than dead.

That said, I don't want to be a martyr to the left. Which is why I'm making plans, even as I write this, to leave the country and assume a new identity, and to survive. I know I'll never feel truly safe again. I'll always be looking over my shoulder, in Costa Rica or Amsterdam, in Stockholm or Fiji. No matter how far I go into my own witness protection program, I'll always be scanning the crowd for the rancidly boyish face of a killer who resembles Ralph Reed.

Which is why I'm armed now and plan to stay that way. And here is my promise and here is my warning. I will shoot first. And ask Christians later.

THE END