

Chapter 19: June 1-2 "Amalgam Virgo" Part II

Chomsky's Wobblies' Industrial Sabotage of Deepwater Coast Guard



http://www.indymedia.ie/cache/imagecache/local/attachments/aug2007/300_0_20_0_0_0_0_0_dog_img.jpg

<http://img.timeinc.net/time/daily/2006/0609/townsend0902.jpg>

<http://www.indymedia.org.uk/images/2007/07/375901.jpg>

<http://www.globalsecurity.org/military/systems/ship/images/dw-system.jpg>

Amelia disguises herself as the head of U.S. Coast Guard Counter Intelligence using one of Deihard's deepwater spaniels as cover. She tracks industrial sabotage of Deepwater assets by Chomsky's Wobbly special weapons (e.g. SMACSONIC molten metal demolition kits) and tactics (SWAT) teams. Det. D follows drugs carried by Canada Steamship Lines and distributed by Laborers' union locals with the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. Teddy smells tax-shelter frauds by Norman Mineta, former Lockheed V-P, Phil Gramm, Vice President of KPMG client UBS, and various cronies of John McCain and the Clintons at the Council on Foreign Relations. Hamish follows kickbacks to Coast Guard and NYC top officials through 'dead-peasant life insurance' on tax-sheltered killing-field exercises. Hunter learns how kickbacks guided a bogus "Law & Order" investigation of the Blind Sheikh's bombing of the WTC in 1993. Nano's Hollywood contacts say they are using the RED Ex and Amalgam Virgo scriptwriters to prepare virtual news content for Global Guardian 9/11. Larry Silverstein and City officials invest unwittingly in a virtual demolition of Twin Towers and the WTC#7 which became real on 9/11 and killed 343 firefighters and destroyed SEC files on KPMG's tax shelter scams. Hamish tracks kickbacks through the RED Ex exercise through Mukasey's Southern District Court and Giuliani's Firefighters, Police, Teamsters and Laborers' pension funds. Det. B.G. hears that Raymond Pocino has promised to assign 3,000 Wobbly-controlled Laborers at Ground Zero to help AMEC take away the evidence of murder for hire, arson and insurance fraud and bury it at Fresh Kills. Chomsky and Deutch (Raytheon and Citigroup) figure that advance on sales of WTC steel scrap will help 'blind' Coast Guard officials so evidence can be moved to smelters controlled by Chinese People Liberation Army officers 'owned' by KPMG and Desmarais family in Canada. David studies Rabelaisian justice in Greek to better profile the terrorist threat from anarcho-scatologists in the Clintons' mobbed-up White House from 1993 to 2001.

Bush, who relies on gut instinct as much as resume for personnel decisions, likes having the blunt, [5-ft. former Mob prosecutor at his side](#). A powerful sign of the respect Bush's loyalty to Townsend commands--or perhaps an indication of lingering Administration defensiveness over her appointment--is that heavyweights like Rice and White House chief of staff Josh Bolten praised Townsend in phone calls to TIME arranged by her office. The President, says Bolten, "likes her competence, her crispness and her ability to give him the straight scoop." Bush has entrusted her with, among other things, the task of implementing sweeping recommendations that a presidential commission made last year for reforming the intelligence community. And he named Townsend the head of a team that tracked last month's British arrests of London bomb-plot suspects. "My job is to focus on the threats and the things that are not resolved," says Townsend. "But you never deliver bad news without the next sentence being what you're doing about it."

Four of the seven top U.S. Coast Guard officers who retired since 1998 took positions with private firms involved in

the Coast Guard's troubled [sabotaged] \$24 billion fleet replacement program .. They weren't the only officials to oversee one of the federal government's most complex experiments at privatization, known as Deepwater, who had past or subsequent business ties to the contract consortium led by industry giants Northrop Grumman and Lockheed Martin. [The 9/11 secretary of transportation, Norman Y. Mineta](#), whose department included the Coast Guard when the contract was awarded in 2002, was a former Lockheed executive. Two deputy secretaries of the Department of Homeland Security, which the Coast Guard became part of in 2003, were former Lockheed executives, and a third later served on its board.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8 - Four years after the Coast Guard began an effort to replace nearly its entire fleet of ships, planes and helicopters, the modernization program heralded as a model of government innovation is foundering [allegedly from Wobbly sabotage] The service has been forced to cut back on patrols and, at times, ignore tips from other federal agencies about drug smugglers .. The modernization effort was a bold experiment, called Deepwater .. And instead of managing the project itself, the Coast Guard hired [Mineta's] Lockheed Martin and Northrop Grumman, two of the nation's largest military contractors, to plan, supervise and deliver the new vessels and helicopters .. "This is the fleecing of America," said Anthony D'Armiento, a systems engineer who has worked for Northrop and the Coast Guard on the project. "It is the worst contract arrangement I've seen in all my 20 plus years in naval engineering." .. The Deepwater program's few Congressional skeptics were outmatched by lawmakers who became enthusiastic supporters, mobilized by an aggressive lobbying campaign financed by Lockheed and Northrop .. For the Department of Homeland Security, which took over responsibility for the Coast Guard in 2003, Deepwater joins its already long list of troubled programs, including its airport checkpoint measures, its biodefense efforts and its widely condemned handling of the response to Hurricane Katrina.

Raymond Pocino was appointed to the Board of Commissioners in June 2002 by Governor McGreevey. Mr. Pocino is a 50-year member of the Laborers International Union of North America (LIUNA). He was appointed manager of LIUNA's Eastern Region Office in April 1995 and later won election as a LIUNA Vice President in September 1996. He was re-elected to a second five-year term as vice president at LIUNA's 22nd International Convention in September 2001. In his dual positions as Vice President and Eastern Regional Manager, Mr. Pocino directs and oversees activities that affect the working lives of some [40,000 laborers in the New Jersey, Delaware, New York City and Long Island geographical area](#). Previously, Mr. Pocino served four terms as President and Business Manager of Construction & General Laborers Local 172 in Trenton, NJ and four terms as a commissioner and chairman of the New Jersey Turnpike Authority. Mr. Pocino also serves as Vice President of the NJ State AFL-CIO and serves as a trustee of both the NJ Alliance for Action and New Jersey SEED.

MAYOR GIULIANI AND CITY, STATE AND FEDERAL OFFICIALS TEST NEW YORK CITY'S EMERGENCY PREPAREDNESS DURING TABLETOP EXERCISE ON BIO-TERRORISM NEW YORK CITY HOSTS [OPERATION RED Ex Recognition, Evaluation and Decision-Making Exercise](#) due to its size and prominence and the City's level of emergency preparedness. The Mayor was joined by OEM Director Richard J. Sheirer; Health Commissioner Neal Cohen; Fire Commissioner Thomas Von Essen; Police Commissioner Bernard Kerik; and numerous federal, state and local officials, who participated today in Operation RED Ex. The exercise was conducted in OEM's Emergency Operations Center (EOC) .. Operation RED Ex represents a multi-faceted approach to a possible bio-terrorist event in the City of New York. Among its many objectives, RED Ex evaluated: New York City's public health syndromic (pattern of symptoms) surveillance system; response of high-level decision makers to data from this surveillance system; high-level communication, coordination and notification procedures; and issues that pertained to regional cooperation and response during a bio-terrorism event .. Operation RED Ex provided a proving ground [insured, virtual killing field] and a great readiness training exercise for the many challenges the City routinely faces, such as weather events, heat emergencies, building collapses, fires, and public safety and health issues." .. OEM coordinated the efforts of 20 organizations, including the Mayor's Office, the [the kickback challenged] New York City Law Department, and the U.S. Department of Defense. The following agencies and organizations participated in Operation RED Ex: Mayor's Office of Emergency Management (OEM) New York City Department of Health (NYCDOH) New York City Fire Department (FDNY) New York City Police Department (NYPD) New York City Office of the Chief Medical Examiner New York City Law Department New York Health and Hospitals Corporation (HHC) New York City Department of Citywide Administrative Services (DCAS) New York State Emergency Management Office (NYSEMO) Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) United States Public Health Service (USPHS) Centers for Disease Control (CDC) United States Department of Defense (USDOD) Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) Nassau County Department of Emergency Services Suffolk County Department of Fire, Rescue and Emergency Services Westchester County Department of

Emergency Services New Jersey Office of Emergency Management (NJOEM) New York Presbyterian Hospital Network. But the arse isn't all that Rabelais is interested in .. All the big mock-heroic novels that followed Gargantua and Pantagruel - Don Quixote, Tristram Shandy, Gulliver's Travels, Ulysses and [Hunters' Wingmen](#) - are about mess, they're about slops and slime, encyclopedic in their efforts to encompass humanity in all its [bawdy, sexy, chaotic, grungy, skanky, tumultuous and painful reality](#). They're also very funny .. The chapter titles alone are a delight: "How Grandgousier recognised the miraculous intelligence of Gargantua from his invention of a bum-wiper"; "How lawsuits are born and how they grow to perfection". The characters' names, from Sieur de Slurpffart and Seigneur de Grudge-crumb to le Duc de Free-meals and Captain Squit, display the agility of his translator, MA Screech, too. And Monty Python surely benefited from Rabelais's insults: superfluties, stubble-tooths, silly ginger-nuts, shit-the-beds, sneaky smooth-files, fat-guts, pretty puffs, bad-'uns, scruff-'eads, smirkers, teeth-clackers, cow-pat cowerds, and shitty shepherds. Rabelais mocks a student for over-doing Latinate terminology when describing his debaucheries: "in venereal ecstasy, we inculcate our veretra into the most absconce recesses of the pudenda of those more amicital meretrices". Less fortunate women get "treacherously pubicfumbled-crimpywrinkled". Somehow he reminds me of Tony Blair: "His thoughts, like a murmuration of starlings; his conscience, like a sedge of young herons leaving the nest; his deliberations, like a bag of barley; his intellect, like snails slithering out of a bed of strawberries", and "an arsehole, like a crystalline looking-glass". Narrative, character and plot trip over each other and land in a heap by the end, but Panurge emerges as so central he deserved a whole book named after him. A devious trickster with a coat of many pockets, each filled with useful stuff such as burrs, fleas and unguents, Panurge sews one guy's head back on, enabling him to report on the lousy job-market in Hell: Agamemnon's now "a licker-out of casseroles", Hannibal's an "egg-man", and Pope Calixtus has to barber "women's naughty cracks". Panurge knows 63 ways of raising money for his needs, yet still he falls into debt, and is admonished by his pal, Pantagruel. Panurge's eloquent defence of debt as the glue that binds everything together should be a comfort to contemporary shoppers. If debt is abolished, he says, the cosmos will be undone, since "Between the elements there will be no mutual sharing of qualities, no alternation, no transmutation ... one will not think itself obliged to the other: it has lent it nothing." In the human body, "the feet would not deign to carry the head". If only Micawber had thought of this! Panurge decides he wants to get married but dreads being cuckolded. His quest to find out the likelihood of this happening leads to a trip round the world (and fills the last 500 pages of the book) - and he still doesn't know whether to get married or not. This is perhaps not the best moment for a merchant to call him a cuckold. Panurge replies: "If ... I had jiggedy-joggedy-tarty-fartied that O so ... honourable and O so proper wife of yours in such a manner that the erect god of the gardens Priapus ... were ... to remain eternally stuck inside her so that it could never come out but remain there for ever unless you yourself were to tug it out with your teeth, would you do it?" Not an easy question to answer .. Male genitalia inspire raucous irreverent stuff, from a discussion of popes' bollocks ("When this world runs out of bollocks this world will run out of popes") to a strange story of some men who ate so many medlars that they "swelled in length along that member which we call Nature's plough-share, so that theirs became marvelously long, big, plump, fat, verdant and cockscombed in the antique style, so much so that they used them as girdles, wrapping them five or six times round their middles." This "antique style" could come back into fashion. You might well remark after reading Rabelais that "All my phrenes, metaphrenes and diaphragms are taut and fraught from infunnelizing your words ... into the game-pouch of my understanding." But it's worth it.

After Chips and Homi surveiled the O' Club at Tyndall they drove to the recreation area south of the BOQs on Tyndall where the 'girls' had moved the semi-reefer and the rental passion-pit on wheels. They then had fun dressing sleazy and cheesy, hoping to TF and PFers who may condense to powerdrinking with fighter pilots. The girls could hardly stop laughing as they made themselves look like what truckers call 'lot lizards' and fighter pilots call 'targets of opportunity'.

As they got all dialed in for the night trawling, Connie showed Fox her temporary tattoos of Paul Newman and George Clooney on the inside of her thighs, just above the knee. The girls were all powdered up, painted up, and reeking of foo-foo juice, a perfume called 'Come to Me', when the two bikers shut off their choppers, put the dogs out for some fresh air and changed into Blaze Orange Nomex flight suits, tan deck shoes, and red Magnum PI

shirts. When the four were in 'combat gear' they put the dogs back in the RV and drove the bob-tail over to the O' Club and parked in 'General Officer' only spot, left it idling with flashers on and went trawling. The boys peeled off to head to the bar while the [trashy women](#) simulators headed for the official gathering in a meeting room. The women tried to look confused and licked their lips a lot.

The boys drew a lot of attention and after the senior USAF officers present got their nerve up to get the TSgt night manager to kick the 'orangies' out, Chips asked the manager to identify the General Officer who communicated the request to him. The night manager identified an unrated two star so Chips walked over to him and quietly and politely asked "Is it your desire that my wingman and I leave the club General?"

"Nothing personal, it's in the TAC regs, no orange flight suits in bars where planners of the treasonous sneak attack on the United States of America are holding planning sessions, surely you are aware of the reg."

"General reg-quoter, what is your date of rank as a MG?" asked pilot orange salami, in deference to the 14 inch summer sausage Fox had taped to his inner right thigh.

"My date of rank is inconsequential as a reg is a reg, however 12-1-00 is the answer" whined the unrated and slender, bespectacled recent two-star.

As MGen David Hawkins pulled out his ANG ID with MGen/08 and 4-1-97 as the date of rank he quietly spoke "tough shit, your unrated lordship, until some adult senior to me opines conversely Orange is in, have a good night, and next time you join the Air Force be a pilot, you get [a lot more action](#)."

As word of the orange flight suits got out all the unhappy wives in the club beat feet to the casual bar hoping for something else of a casual nature. As a very delightful prospect came in Chips slipped over to the Juke Box and played F4 and as soon as the opening strains of 'Listen to the Music' by the Doobies started the whirring maytag wannabe presented herself, front and center, and said "have you ever danced with a Colonel's wife?" as Chips could detect 'Sudsing level 6', and reluctantly agreed to cut the rug hoping she would not cut the cheese. As this 40ish blond bombshell trophy-wife ground to a halt she looked unsatisfied, not knowing that C6 was the Corrs hit that would allow her mound de Venus to be stimulated by his Sam's club summer sausage, but I digress.

As the lovesick woman who married for money felt the sale item from Sam's Club she realized a Colonel is a Colonel but a 14" virtual-weiner is to die for as she practiced her orgasmic screams in time with the [female leader singer](#) while Chips rhythmically punctuated the music with his Son of Boss sale item, hoping the tape did not give out as her mound de Venus dished out as much punishment as possible with her clothes on. As the song ended she whispered "My husband is sucking up to the Generals, would you like to have a replay of this dance in our 40 foot RV parked on the curb across the street?" It was a tough call but Chips realized duty was duty no matter how dangerous.

He responded, "You go out and get the fore-play started, I'll be out in a six pack or less." As she promptly obeyed Chips got a visual indication that the VPLs ruled out a thong, more likely bikinis, as he went to have a few brewskis. As the two Syracuse Orange men found each other they exchanged a few notes over beers.

"Homi, I'm hooked up with the Chief of Intell's wife, oyster transfer in 3 beers, RV across the street, and you?"

"I have determined that a Tomoye lurker is alone, she is 32 years old, unhappy with Tomoye and was looking for a little action from the first pilot she ever saw with a pony tail. I explained I was "special duty" and did the world's lowest jet to jet air refueling ever video taped, available to see at, www.usdoj.gr, www.captainsherlock.com and in any fighter bar worldwide."

"I hope you told her you were the tanker pilot, not the kick ass fighter pilot who in 23000 hours of flying never had his ass kicked" opined the laconic and reluctantly fully erect Captain Goodwood as the extend-o-peters kicked in and the oysters got in line to spew forth. I will be in the RV until I finish her off or find good intel, your plan?" asked Chips.

"Tomoye wants to go down to the beach hoping she won't get sand in her Schlitz but I am clipped up." responded

Homi as he selected level 8 on his Jonas implant.

"Schlitz, is she a beer drinker?" asked Chips.

"Negative champion of the lightening round, she is having brandy, Homi, and brandy in that order, I want to see what's in her leather secretary, I will use my peni-cam with no flash, except in her eyes as I unload 2 quarts of Oyster oatmeal and send her into a catatonic state, as you have taught me.

As the boys reluctantly went off, well not actually went off yet, but left to perform their missions for Uncle Sam, Fox was being propositioned by a short balding one star as an elected official from Washington was whipping his bull neck around like a moose in rut.

3 hours later they were clipped to the club foyer to compare notes and get briefed up by Fish in Wedge one.

"Fish, Chips with Fox, Homi and Truckstop, go ahead"

"Chips, I see from the two peni-cams and IUD-spyware that targets have been compromised, we need all but Connie in DC ASAP, result of mission please, ladies first."

"Fish, Fox here I got the info out of baldy without removing my thong, one look at my 40Ds and he 'airburst' all over his staff car. Connie reports that bull neck may have a bull neck but he has a cow genitalia, however she scored an original copy of the Amalgam briefing guide. Just before she was going to compromise him with the Honey Pot sanction he whipped his bull neck around so hard he is in the base hospital with 3 cracked vertebra and a pitifully small seahorse, over to the boys, and heading back to Calico."

"Fish, the base intel chief's wife liked my salami and was cleaning up, doing and after action inspection in the RV lou, while I helped myself to the Secret information and the VPN encryption key. As a courtesy to colonel 'what's his ass' I left and extremely large condom partially filled with banana tapioca to make sure he and the Mrs had something to talk about other than the missing secret items, over to Homi."

"I reluctantly sent the 32 year old from London, Ontario, into orbit with the double inverted ball hanger move and while she quivered down to earth in about a 4 minute descent she spilled her guts and my oysters regarding VPNs involving Nortel, Tomoye, the UN and McConnell International. I captured the confession on my peni-cam and scroto-phones. Then I inspected her for 'sand damage' slapped her on the ass and gave her my name an office number, well not exactly mine, the name and number belonging to the Colonel who owns RV condom queen, it's always good for wingmen to support each other, and take out each other's enemies."

"Well it sounds like a good night for all but if that Freightliner could be fired up in 10 minutes I have the RV handled and any Grolsch or thongs left behind will be expensed, there will be a black Jet ranger, no lights hauling Connie Calico to the Sunoco station on I5 from where a Peterbilt will get her back to Calico Rock before her absence is noted."

"You all deserve a victory boink but try to think of someone younger so it doesn't last as long and get it on down the highway, as it were, Fish out."

No sooner had Fish signed off than the Sausage phone went off in Chips pants and it was Amelia, clipped in with Hamish, Dancer, Nano, Paul Z and the NBC Orchestra starring Paul Stooky.

"Chips, Amelia with 4, how copy?"

"5 by on the sausage phone sis, what's up, Fox, Homi and Calico are linked in."

"Due to excellent work in Geneva we know the weak link in Coast Guard, we know Chomsky's part, we have 3 deepwater spaniels with 30 minute dive tanks, we have RFID chips on the molten metal items of interest and our assessment of the drug ops opined by Homi fall into alignment with CSL and Labor 2097. Our man behind the scenes is focused on Mineta and Gramm and CFR PRer friends of shorty and the hillbillies. Hamish is in Annapolis

now and we urge Homi to kick out the jams and get here in 14 hours or less, a CH53D from HMX1 can make it happen if necessary but we'd like to lay low and aim high as the hillbillies took down a Marine chopper in Quantico with a DEW, so no unnecessary risks out there in 'spyworld'. Hamish has a former law clerk in the SE District of NY, a fellow who was so appalled at M-man's justice he went to Sweden and came back as a Rockette, Hamish has the entire thing as an affidavit, seems 'Law and Order' gave Ramzi a get out of jail free card and patsied the blind Sheikh. While in this country Justice should be blind, explosive bomb makers perhaps should not. Nano reports from inside Hollywood that the perverts scripting both AV and GG are preparing false news feeds to make the sheeple more dependent on the Gmen for security. NYC officials and Larry Silverspoon are unwittingly TFed into a tax shelter which renders them apparently complicit in the murders of 343 NYFD firefighters, a move that will cost the cross dressing son of a nearsighted pugilist the Republican bid as RP and DH join forces with an intel asset and prosecute Rescue 08 in the most important election in US history.

Silverspoons secretary spilled her guts on the contents wasted in WTC7, including 6 big items but none bigger than KPMG and MG [missing gold, Nova Scotia?] Raymon Pocino get a call from Amelia from her day job and he suggests a 'virtual' contract is agreed to that puts 3000 union laborers at groundzero to help AMEC move evidence to Fresh Kills. The MIT morons believe they can conceal the transfer of evidence-laden steel as it makes it's way through an intentionally porous Coast (lack of) Guard as under the Hillbillies lesbian, bi-sexual and easily tricked blond officials don't have a clue what's going on. Bill Mahher is of similar disillusionment. The smelters in China and India are owned by individuals complicit in 9/11 and in the case of the PLA in China they are Chinese pugs on a short leash held by the PFers in the Desmarais Dipshits and KPMG, a low power radio station that operates out of Sabin, Minnesota. The transmitter is 3 miles east of town and the control booth is in a 1996 Fleetwood Limo owned by Captain Goodvibes, driven alternately by Diehard and Stone, and is reported to be a mobile ob-gyn clinic [code name rabbit ears], Lesley Nielsen has auditioned for the character and Bollywood is thinking about it.

This is an intentionally short chapter to frustrate Hamish, who so wishes to hear details of the B737 rerouting that place all the PFers at Tyndall where they could be subject to a debriefing technique involving Duke and Dyke, and that does not refer to Blue Demons and Wellesley.

As Homi drives the chipped and ungoverned Freightliner sporting purple funeral flashers, Hamish, Fox and Chips are briefed by Amelia concerning Rabelaisian justice in Greek. It is a chess move to block the effect of the terrorist threat the white house is hoping to create in the nation's mind in the same way anarcho-scatologists in Rat-Boy's Team of goons has the Homer Simpson Sheep running scared of a Gadget Bent from 1993 to 2001.

Meanwhile, [somewhere in Georgia](#), a Freightliner is doing 105 with the funeral lights blazing as Captain Lovebutter is taking care of the Sweet Potato in the sleeper.

Chips finally had her finished off as they took an exit off US Highway 50 and turned left towards the Ramshead Bar in Annapolis, on Old General's Highway. As Fox rethonged into a pastel kiwi fruit Chips looked at his watch and thought to himself, my best performance since June Week at the Naval Academy in the summer of 69, but there we go again. Let's focus on the mission at hand. As the tractor was parked at the Ramshead all of the debriefing items were assembled to lay before Amelia as she had tac and admin lead on operation "Deepwater Spaniel", not to be confused with the Spaniels who had the 1954 hit "[Good Night Sweet Heart](#)."