

“Not every picture of bigfoot is real.”

- Dr. Freckles

LSD #2: Oct 31, 1969, “ONE small flibbet for Zoorg, many tentacles for FLYMBICS!”

The clever rodents of planet Earth maintain solemn notions of “power”, “intelligence”, “wealth”, “wisdom”. They make their accidental way across a crooked landscape; that’s the folly of the clever rodents.

But there’s more to the world than the rats that rule the landscape - there’s the oceans; oceans which cover 71% of the Earth’s surface. The clever rats, the “humans”, have explored a mere outer coating of this rich and strange universe below.

In the rodent year 1969, just as “humans” were celebrating their great achievement, “landing men on the moon”, the octopus people of the great Pacific rift, the Marianas Trench, were also establishing themselves as rulers of a new land, West Seattle, October the 31st, 1969.

“This is MOMENTOUS my FRIENDS!”, exclaimed Commander Noorg of craft H-100032 - a craft designed to

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

travel from the depths of the ocean to “outer space”; it’s what the flymbic people called it, the dry land, “outer space”.

“All my childrens ... all 400 of them ... they shall waggle their flymbos as we shall prove for all time the inevitable superiority of the flymbic peoples.”

“Flymbic” is the best aural translation of the name the octopus people have for themselves. It’s not a very good translation, since translating octopus sonic expressions or “hums” from 30,000+ feet below the surface of the ocean, at those pressures? Fuck ... we can’t really know how any words sound now can we? At that depth?

Any who ...

While humans saw themselves as the pinnacle life form on Earth, the octopus people KNEW that they had figured it all out first ...

Calculus: figured it out 5,000 years before humans.

Contact with aliens: totally done, octopus people were merely figuring out how they would make first contact, in person.

Cures for all diseases: well, they never had a lot of diseases, not until recently.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

You see - the octopus were not so interested in meeting humans. To them, the humans were primitive, backward, stupid, crazy and - above all else - dangerous as fuck.

They, the Flymbic peoples, saw humans the way we would see jackals or hyenas or sewer rats; just nasty and not worth the risk of getting bitten.

But, things have changed ...

For almost 100 years, toxins, poisons, biological waste materials, metals, plastics, terrible shit, had been falling on them, from above. Recently, in the last 50 years, it's been getting quite bad ...

According to ancient octopus mythology, this could be the "great dumping" - a time foretold by Honis the Slippery. Honis, who lived 57,000 years ago, believed that one day the great world would shake so horribly, that all the decorations on the ceiling of the world would fall, and drift to the bottom. He saw this as a mixed bag, good and bad ... just be prepared for anything - a generally held octopus belief, "be prepared for anything, sometimes shiny stuff falls from the sky ... and that makes your rock garden more beautiful ...", is what Honis would say.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

But it wasn't the "great dumping". The first experimental drones, developed by the octopus people, revealed the truth - the "clever rodents" had made themselves powerful enough to cause many problems, all kinds of fucking problems.

But in 1958, shit went nuclear ...

The people of the Marianas Trench had zero knowledge or interest in the "Cold War" or nuclear power. Luckily for them, they discovered heavy-water/lithium fusion several hundred years ago. Before that time? - they used differentials in water pressure, high-temperature sulfur vents, and the movement of water, to power their civilization. After the "great brilliant discovery" of Uyanga? Dr. Uyanga? Perhaps the greatest physicist to ever live that no clever rodent has ever heard of ... Dr. "U", as the octopus kids called him, gave the Flymbic people "eternal power" ... well ... eternal enough.

But the rodents?

The rodents were busy experimenting, many thousands of feet above them, with fission nuclear energy - a very dangerous kind of fission.

The octopus folk new of fission - they knew that thorium based fission was functional, even potentially useful, if you

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

don't know fusion. But that's not the kind of fission the "rodents" were working with above; they were working with dangerous uranium isotope fission, with a purpose of building nuclear bombs.

The octopus people were not "pacifists" in any real sense. There were the ancient wars, the wars of unification, the wars of settlement, the wars of 78,000 years ago when Dorbis the Fluff-Head declared his "rock garden" to be the best in all the world (the world being the Marianas Trench). These wars were terrible. Despite the prodigious reproductive rate of ancient octopus, they were nearly destroyed. But they survived their time of ignorance, stupidity; those times were called, in a derogatory way by modern octopus, the times of "body madness".

"Body madness" is the idea that the "body" can have a life of its own. Octopus have understood mind-body duality for many thousands of years, way before that dope Descartes or that other scum bag Plato.

"Body madness" is when the body, the blood, the flesh, takes control - this happens during sex, this also happens as frustration response or even when your neighbor's rock garden is, well, just nicer than yours and you WISH it were

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

yours. Fucking with rock gardens, talking shit about rock gardens, all of this bullshit can trigger “body madness” in one or more nearby octopus.

Octopus LOVE their rock gardens, by the way - this has always been true.

But for nearly 30,000 human years, the “Peace of Anxos” has held ... despite the crazy love of rock gardens.

Anxos was an ancient singer, songwriter, and music producer - he had a kick ass studio and a lot of octopus recorded with him.

Anxos was also the first octopus to normalize “xerxing” ...

Xerxing is where you harvest a certain kind of seaweed from near the boundary region - the boundary region is the depth at which the deep-water octopus begin to die, beyond their pressure tolerance, about 8,000 feet above the bottom of the trench. Above this limit? - the octopus folk needed to wear pressurized suits.

To “xerx”, you needed to get the “weed”, triple-heat it with highly dense seawater (thankfully, not hard to find where they lived), and then consume it, about 30 minutes later, the octopus could connect with his “true self” and he

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

would understand “body madness” as a broken journey on the way to “body love” and mind peace.

Anxos took the teachings of the ancient ones, concerning “body madness”, and developed a 14 step program for mind and body cleansing; available, delivered to your home, for 5 easy payments!

Anxos changed octopus culture in a fundamental way. They now saw themselves as “one life”, and yet “different”. They stopped creating petty factions and instead participated in emergent “market activities” or what he called catallaxy. Anxos convinced them that “multi-level power schemes” were less prosperous than, well, free markets.

Sure ... there are still the old timers ... professing the ancient, and discarded, principle: “None are rich, if only some are rich.” This is also known as the “principle of cleaving”.

But with Anxos, the octopus people gave up some of their paranoia, started “chilling out” and not taking shit too seriously.

So, the octopus people understood “war”, they just hadn’t had a war in a very long time.

In 1958, the octopus people sensed that their many millennium peace would be disrupted.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

Several U.S. Navy and Soviet nuclear submarines were lost, to the depths, during the “Cold War”. For clever rodents? Living on the surface? - these losses seemed irrelevant, like “who gives a shit what happens to a nuke sub at the bottom of the trench?” - what Admiral Rickover, the founder of the “nuclear navy” may have once said regarding the “incident” involving the USS Hornet.

The USS Hornet was an experimental nuclear powered submarine designed by Lockheed “skunk works” in the late 1950’s, off budget, using SR-71 funds.

The Hornet used an experimental nuclear reactor called a “burner” (a reactor which quickly consumed its nuclear fuel, relative to ordinary nuclear reactors), it was housed in a solid titanium unit, designed for fast swapping, and it operated like a ram jet, but for the ocean. The seawater would move around the lightly shielded reactor, some light-fusion would occur from naturally occurring (or not so natural because of bomb testing) heavy water in the ocean water, along with water itself super heating and liberating hydrogen, and all of this being squeezed in a magnetic field - producing a ram jet of super-heated water with bubbles of plasma in a

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

near fusion state, and a fair amount of radioactive isotopes as the exhaust waste.

The Hornet was a terrible idea, built in a shoddy way, during the dark days of the Cold War. The USS Hornet looked like a big open ended tube with a sub's conning tower attached to it, she carried 4 nuclear tipped torpedoes, each one having a yield of 1 megaton of TNT. The torpedoes were designed to be launched from a distance of 20 miles at an enemy city, and then the "fast sub" would move away ... quickly. The engine design, they believed, would allow the sub to travel at 300 MPH under water; the idea was grand, the execution was horrid.

The USS Hornet was launched on September 5th, 1958, from an experimental floating naval test platform, above the Marianas trench. Rickover believed this would be "safe", since any problems would simply fall, settle, at the bottom of the trench where "no one could possibly be hurt".

The first 35 minutes of testing were amazing, and the crew of the Hornet were ecstatic, excited, and they knew what they were doing was historic!

Then everything failed.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

The crew reported temperature control issues in the main compartments ...

The radiation detectors inside the sub had been triggered, the alarms were going off ... and this made the crew more nervous.

What happened next? Well ...

In a matter of seconds, cracks formed on the housing of the “burner reactor” and the control fluids being used to manage neutron propagation were leaking out into the crew compartments. Even if they had saved the sub, the crew was already dead from radiation exposure.

The last thing Admiral Rickover heard from Captain Yancy, the commander of the Hornet was: “FUCK ... FUCK ... my skin is melting ...” - then nothing.

For Rickover, and the U.S. Navy, this was the end of the tale. They quickly packed up, sent out a cover story, and notified loved ones that their men had been lost in a “terrible naval accident”.

For the octopus people? - their nightmare had just begun.

The USS Hornet, as stated, had 4 nuclear torpedoes, with “safety systems” designed for terrestrial pressures and

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

issues. These torpedoes were never designed for any depth greater than 5,000 feet. At 15,000 feet, the Hornet lost all four torpedoes and they began to descend, to the bottom of the trench, individually ...

At 25,000 feet below the surface of the ocean, the first of the four torpedoes exploded, because of pressure, and this sent a shock wave down the trench, alerting the flymbic peoples of some madness above, but still they did not fully grasp what was happening.

Finally, nearing the bottom of the trench, only 3,000 feet above the bottom of the trench, the three remaining nukes went off ...

The pulse of energy shook the trench, causing landslides, implosions, damage to many rock gardens ...

The pulse also impacted electronic equipment ... YES ... the octopus people had developed their own electronics, many centuries earlier, and though it was more advanced than terrestrial electronics, it was still susceptible to electromagnetic pulse.

The damage to rock gardens and the interruption of "Who's What in Flymbos?" - a favorite octopus reality show -

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

was bad enough ... the real damage would begin to show weeks and months later ...

The octopus people had never really had “cancer” ... cancer wasn’t a thing for them, but they started getting cancer.

The octopus people didn’t really have “disabilities” - children were born, they sometimes died, but the idea of not being able to do all the things that an octopus can do? While alive? - this was crazy. The births, in the months to come, showed many defects, disabilities, illnesses that they did not understand despite thousands of years of knowledge.

Lord Gimblii, of the regal caste Mondooz, declared that “these goddamn rats are a fucking plague upon us ... we’ve sent up drones and robots ... we’ve monitored these fucks for years ... times coming when we’ll need to teach them a fucking lesson!” (this is the best translation, he was, as they’d say, Nixonesque ... and ... to the extent possible for octopus people ... often drunk ... drunk and angry ... lots of “body madness”)

Lord Gimblii had won re-election, several times, for promising more money for “octopus breeding grounds” and less crime in the “great hole” or what is referred to by the

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

“rats” as the Challenger Deeps (in the Marianas Trench). The “great hole” was where the poor of the octopus people lived; it’s also where most of the garbage collected, human and flymbic, and it was hit directly by one of the stray human nuclear torpedoes. 2.3 million flymbics died in that blast.

Lord Gimblii knew he had to take action ...

For several years he’d had octopus engineers working on a vehicle, and a “space” suit, that would allow an octopus, from the great depths, to walk, talk, and interact with common “rats” on the surface. Believe it or not, given the pressure differentials, it was almost as hard as ... well ... going to the fucking moon.

It was one thing to send a drone or robot – the flymbics had been doing this for many hundreds of years ... but a flymbic representative? An octopus that is accustomed to incredible, crushing, pressures at 36,000 feet below the surface of the ocean? This was an engineering and materials science problem, one that did not allow for pretty solutions – but they did come up with an idea ...

The suits would be cumbersome, obvious, and alien to any human that saw the suit ... big, scary, metallic ... fuck. However, the flymbic behavioral and political science team

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

had been studying humans, their customs, their power structures, leadership systems, and TV shows. Many TV shows were leaked, illegally, to the flymbic public at large from these secret departments ... great outcries were made over this, but not too loudly.

The Behavioral and Political Science Team (or BPST) had come up with a unique idea: there was a bizarre ritual, involving costumes and magic and frolic and drunkenness ... and no place was weirder or more drunk during this time than Seattle, Washington ... it was also remote enough, in the 1960's, that if things went wrong? Well ... there's bigfoot ... he takes the blame for a lot of heinous shit.

THE FLYMBICS WOULD ARRIVE ON EARTH ON HALLOWEEN!

That was the key to the plan ...

They would also camouflage their suits like the "moon heroes" ... the Apollo astronauts ... they mocked the moon heroes ... they knew the "rats" couldn't do that bullshit. But they also knew the "rats" had extraordinarily high opinions of themselves ... which was true of all sentient creatures, including flymbics ... for, it must be known, hypocrisy is a common trait of consciousness.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

This was the great moment ...

Here, now, after weeks of slowly migrating up the water column. Weeks of managing pressures, and the difficulty of life in a big metal suit. Sure, octopus can “scrunch”, like cats ... fun fact: cats are 33% octopus, according to cats. But even if you can “scrunch”, living in a big metal suit, designed to make you look like an Apollo astronaut in space ... fuck ... it was uncomfortable ... and they couldn't drink.

The time: 7:45 PM ... more or less ...

The date: Halloween, 1969

The location: Alki Beach

Commander Noorg, first level gondo-priest, second order scientific and romantic facilitator, last of the shell-grabbers, voted most likely to reproduce 10 years in a row, would be the first flymbic man to place a tentacle ... well ... in this case a metal foot controlled by a tentacle ... on terra firma ...

As he, and his two comrades, made their way slowly, from the depths off shore, exiting their mother ship, to the dry shore above ... they must have all wondered ... is this perhaps the greatest moment in flymbic history? With what trepidation does an octopus approach that great unknown of magic and knowledge and learning?

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

As Noorg slowly rose from the depths, he could see the lights of Seattle, unobstructed by water ... only a crystalline/synthetic view portal between him and that city ... he thought it looked beautiful ... he didn't know clever "rats" could do this.

He was told to have something fancy to say, for the telemetry recorder, so that the flymbic hordes back home could get some taste of glory, when they hear the audio cylinder that is sent later.

They could fire little autonomous cylinders, containing data, from their mothership ... sure, it wasn't instantaneous ... but it only took hours, instead of weeks ...

"One small flibbet for Zoorg, many tentacles for FLYMBICS ..." - this was momentous ...

Noorg was actually quoting Zodis the Stark who lived in the "time of the dark gunk" ... and convinced the flymbic tribes they could boil the gunk ... and eat it ... and it might not taste so bad ... and ... you know ... it didn't taste so bad.

The flibbet is the motion an octopus makes to crawl along the seabed, a soft but forward motion ... like a step ... but to parade all your tentacles at once? All squirrel'ly like and swirl'ly like? That was like saying FUCK YOU in octopus ...

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

or like having 8 hands to display the middle finger. So yeah ... this quote kinda kicked fucking ASS!

The two other terranauts, Junkis and Woog, were not as interested in the fame - they were there for the coins, gold coins, encrusted with diamonds.

Theft was a rare thing in the flymbic realm (except for taxes) and in general, the flymbic people would display their “beauties”, trinkets, cool looking shells, necklaces, smashed human beer cans they think are pretty, and, above all else, their entire hoard of GOLD IN THEIR ROCK GARDENS! Yes ... sometimes these piles got big ... but that was the point ... to have a rock garden that showed “you’d made it” ... you weren’t some ordinary fucking octopus.

Junkis and Woog wanted to start a business, maybe even buy a cave together - they weren’t gay, just good friends. But Woog had other ideas too ... Woog was in love, with a girl from the “great hole” ... a lower class flymbic, but with a kind soul and some really great tentacles.

Junkis ...

Junkis cared mainly about being on vacation for the rest of his life ...

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

His idea? - Woog does all the work, he rakes in the profits, and no one is the wiser ...

Yes ...

Junkis had many dreams.

“Flyms ... (flym is like man or men)”, murmured the commander over the radio.

“Flyms, I think we should flibbet our way over to those lights ...”, the commander began walking towards “Nub’s” which was a well loved beach side fish and chips take out stand AND the infamous incendiary location of the currently (1969) famous “Ave Riots” which tore up University Avenue, near UW campus on August 11th, 1969 - but was actually triggered a few miles away in West Seattle, a month earlier, at Alki Beach (if you can believe it).

What Commander Noorg, Junkis and Woog didn’t know was that “Nubs Potato and Fish Shack” had been the site of the now infamous “Seattle Cop Burning” - no cops were actually injured.

During a rock concert, starring “Vretch Boys” and “Acid Trip”, a local activist, logger, and drunk by the name of “Buzzy Aldrin” (real name: Jake Marko), had decided to prove, to one and all, that the “moon landings had been faked”. He

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

had built some half ass rockets out of old cast iron boilers and saw dust and other things he'd read about in the "anarchist cookbook"; he intended to use these "logger rockets" - as he called them - to prove to one and all, as stated, that the "moon landings are bunkis and Buzz Aldrin is a sunnabitch!". No one really asked how the rockets would prove anything, usually if you did Buzzy punched you in the stomach. Not a horrible punch, just the kind that makes you double over. And Buzzy didn't spend a lot of time explaining the "rockets" either ... and he was fascinated with making fuses out of the little flash bulbs in his new Nikon camera (the one he used for nude'y pics he sold) ... he had a very hippie girlfriend. Buzzy set the things up, on the back of his fuel truck, adjacent to a 5,000 gallon truck-bed mounted steel fuel tank, which was half full .. half full of gasoline.

Buzzy set the contraption up, down on Alki Beach, on July the 4th 1969 ... only a half a mile away from the concert that was being held.

Buzzy had a basic control system, about 100 feet of wire, and he was standing, on his feet, looking at the thing, when he through the switch - what happened next would be read about in the Seattle Times for months, and would be the most

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

interesting story, other than the moon landings, in 1969 ... at least in Seattle - "The Fiery Fourth", that's what the cops called it.

The "logger rockets" were mounted on the back of the truck, and they instantly exploded. Fragments of metal went every direction - some even reached the concert, and some concert goers were mildly injured.

Buzzy had inadvertently created a "directed fuel air weapon" by firing off these "logger rockets" so close to the thousands of gallons of gasoline. There was a flame that shot out 2,000 feet, like a cone of fire, but luckily it went out over the water. There were, as reported later, a couple of frightened Coastal Salish tribesman who had been fishing off shore and were frightened by the flame. One said, "... it was like I was in that James Bond movie, 'Dr. No' ...".

The bad part, to the cops, was what also happened - the tops of the two boilers became super hot frisbees, and fired right into the two cop cars, Seattle Police vehicles, parked at Nub's. These red hot frisbees of fire and unexploded homemade plastique residue were driven right into the gasoline tanks of both cop cars; synchronicity, rare and beautiful.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

No cops were injured, and there were only minor injuries reported from the blast - but Buzzy was missing! Presumed to be on the run, and there was a BOLO and a manhunt and a lot of pissed off and angry and drunk cops.

So the cops started going house to house, hassling hookers, scaring johns, fucking with people ...

The cops went down to Fremont and beat up a couple hippies that claimed they'd been hiding Buzzy; these two went around bars, begging for weed, claiming to have Buzzy in their crib, but no way were they giving him up.

The hippies in question were known as small time grifters to locals, which, among hippies, is no distinction.

There was Buzzy's girlfriend, Madrina Moonvibe (real name: Amy Thomas) ...

Madrina, after the incident, claimed that Buzzy was at her uncle's cabin near Lake Chelan, "across the fucking mountains, where no goddamn cops can get to him ...", is what she told a Seattle Times reporter, drunkenly.

Madrina claimed she was pregnant with Buzzy's baby, and that "it don't matter if he comes out looking black ... because Buzzy's great uncle was black ...".

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

Madrina also said that she, and Buzzy, were going to escape to Japan, on a Chris Craft “Constellation” (50 foot coastal waters yacht), on July 14th, 1969 (Bastille Day), and that there was “no way they could stop the truth about these goddamn nonsense bullshit Apollo moon missions!”.

She said they would, poetically, escape by night down by the very same location that launched the cops into their kick-ass frenzy ... Alki Beach ... and she was there! ... but Buzzy ditched her.

The cops showed up, kicked ass, grabbed hippies, sleeper holds, all kinds of non-miranda bullshit, and after several minutes of yelling and spitting, a lot of young students from the University of Washington Christian Peace League were taken into custody.

“This IS an OUTRAGE!”, stated Dr. Dixie Lee Ray, who would one day be governor of the state, but at that time just a professor with ties to the deep state, Richard Nixon, atomic energy, fuck.

Dixie Lee Ray was outraged ...

And so were all the necessary people of Seattle – those who are required to be outraged ...

And this led to a backlash against the cops ...

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

And this led to more cops getting drunk and bashing citizens ...

And you can see where this was headed!

“Buzzy Aldrin” and his “logger rockets” triggered a riot on August 11th, 1969 ... and it took a lot of head bashing, skull crashing, flame throwers and tear gas to quell the disorders that erupted on University Avenue during a community action march in “dedication to those fallen Christians who gave so much during Buzzy’s attempted escape.”

Mind you, at this point, no actual people, to include cops have died, and Buzzy was missing.

A couple months later, with autumn textures touching those gentle dancers we call trees, a weird sight showed up on the shore of Alki Beach - Buzzy ... burnt ... denuded ... chewed on ... covered in crap and seaweed and other junk. His body was sent to the county coroner for examination.

Back then, well, King County really couldn’t afford some “fancy coroner” ... no one like that “Quincy guy on TV”, stated Governor Dixie Lee Ray when interviewed about the whole incident on “Sunday Talks with Michael Dinctor” in 1978 (a popular Seattle area TV news/content show about

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

local crap and national crap and sometimes international crap) ... in 1978 they only had 3 channels, and one was Canadian.

Dinctor's interview of Governor Dixie Lee Ray happened during her first term of office, when she was really shaking things up ... totally ... but you need to know this ... Edward Teller, the inventor of the hydrogen bomb, once called Governor Ray a "very wonderful lady." You can make your own judgments beyond this point. Let us continue.

For several weeks, cops had been patrolling Alki Beach, setting up roadblocks, and putting in a lot of overtime. The Seattle Police Department and King County Sheriff's Department budgets were being blown-out by the "Buzzy Aldrin Incident" and the "Riots on the Ave" ... and now the body of Buzzy? Some industrious (and drunk) Seattle PD homicide detectives, desiring overtime, believed it was murder, or conceived it as murder.

Of course ... it was not murder.

Buzzy had been dead since the 4th of July, and Governor Ray was right - back then, just about any doctor could say "hey, let me do the autopsy" and who the fuck knows what

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

you'll find out about cause of death or, as importantly, time/date of death.

As it turned out, Dr. Vorks (retired Naval surgeon and on-call county forensic examiner), was mostly corrupt ... and ... when not corrupt ... drunk.

Sure, he was once a "bright young surgeon" as he told his buddies at the VFW during happy hour, but mostly, these days, he was drunk ... or strung out on breathing raw ether.

Dr. Vorks performed the autopsy of Buzzy's body and determined that he had been murdered, some time around August the 11th, which means the rioters might have killed him. He was unsure of the precise method, but he was certain Buzzy was "tortured, and died slowly, and probably as part of some hippie Satanic ritual ...".

Buzzy died instantly, on Independence Day, but this was irrelevant ... especially to the press. Every local newspaper was now sending articles to Reuters, AP, shit ... this was big stuff for the Pacific Northwest in the 1960's. Back then, it was mostly "did you see bigfoot" - this was bigger than bigfoot!

Madrina claimed to know nothing - which was true. In fact you could say she knew less than nothing. This was the case with many hippies back then ... too much bong, not

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

enough book. But she was a budding actress, and she pretended to be guilty ... to get some press.

She knew she did nothing wrong, but she hoped, in her heart, that being “shown to be innocent” would be her big break – so far, she only knew the stripper pole ... in Tacoma.

She picked the wrong place in the world, wrong time in history, to hope for such outcomes, her trial was short – later, on death row, after her 44th appeal, she would claim it was all some big mistake ... “... and maybe she did it and was crazy ... and maybe she didn’t mean to ... maybe those aliens from Nub’s did it ...”. Sadly, her attempts at acting, in the end, doomed her. She died on April the 3rd, 1987, from lethal injection. She should have stayed on the stripper pole.

From what you can see, there was local intelligence that Commander Noorg, Junkis and Woog, well, should have had prior to their arrival – yes, it was Halloween and people were out and about, but it was also “sideways Seattle” and the cops, and the Nixon-Loggers (loggers who voted for Nixon), and other bumpkins were patrolling the streets looking for hippies to beat up, carrying bats and chain and grimacing looks, and angry whiskey mad eyes. Sure, these roving gangs avoided the obvious kids doing “trick or treat”, but they were

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

pretty good at eyeing the hippies ... or so they told the FBI who interviewed them the next day.

Noorg took the lead, and led them up to Nub's. Noorg and his men entered Nub's and made their way to the counter. They assumed, based on preparatory studies, that this is where questions could be answered. The staff assumed they were "Trick'r'Treaters", perhaps adults going to a costume party, and were happy to serve them. Noorg's translator system was set up, he thought, correctly, but the tone of voice the emulator made seemed to stun the wait staff. It sounded metallic, weird, like some wretched sound a punk rocker would invent a decade later ...

"What do you want?", the stunned girl asked Noorg.

"Please explain.", Noorg said in response, in the creepy sounding voice.

The girl, now getting piqued, suddenly stared at two cops, and four Nixon-Loggers with ax handles, seated in a booth nearby.

"Listen, buddy, we're all really tense ... can you just order something?", what the girl did not know, and neither did Noorg, was that "buddy" had been mistranslated between human languages and the flymbic tongue.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

In the colloquial, “buddy” means friend, pal, someone you might like and if you don’t the tone of voice of saying “buddy” should indicate this; this is why you should NEVER use “buddy” to describe friend in an email.

Any who, in flymbic “buddy” ended up meaning fuck-tard and vice versa ... buddy equals fuck-tard, fuck-tard equals buddy ...

What happened next was worse ...

“Listen, buddy ... my boss is going to come over and get those cops ... why don’t you order something ... or go ... we have some deep fried octopus tonight! ... great stuff! ... fresh from the Puget Sound.”

Junkis had lost his father during the “dark rain” of 1958, during the time so many years earlier when illness, and mutation, and other deprivations haunted the flymbic tribes and made life almost unbearable. His father got cancer – no flymbic doctor had ever heard of cancer, no octopus, at least none at the bottom of the trench, had ever gotten it before ... cancer. His father died in a year, he “withered” as they say, next to his rock garden ... the government gave him extra “gold for his sorrows” that he could rest next to, with the other piles, before he died.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

Commander Noorg was alerted, via smart bio-sensor systems, that Junkis was about to go ape shit ...

“We shall go.” Noorg said to the girl, and he proceeded to lead his team out of Nub’s.

The cops?

The Nixon-Loggers?

They had been drunkenly watching the whole thing - openly drinking, in public, actually ... so Shakespearian.

“WHAT THE FUCK YOU DAM DEER BEEN DOING HERE BOY?”, said Terry, Buzzy’s best friend from high school and and Madrina’s current lover.

Terry blocked Noorg as Noorg tried to open the door and leave. Terry took his right hand, placed it on Noorg’s faux space-man robot intrusion suit ... Terry could tell the suit, and the wearer were heavy ... he backed away, looked at his friends, and all of them got up and moved towards Noorg, and Junkis, and Woog.

Remember: up to this point in the “Saga of Buzzy Aldrin”, no one has actually died ... except Buzzy, and no ... he wasn’t murdered.

“Sir, me and my fucktards just want to leave.” This is what Noorg said to Terry. Of course, he meant “buddies” and

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

not “fucktards”, but this too didn’t matter, the translator had a bug.

“WHAT’D YOU’D FUCK’D DAMN CALLED MY MOTHER FUCKING FRIENDS?” - is what Terry screamed, so loudly, that some claimed they could hear it in Ballard.

The cops attacked Noorg ...

The Nixon-Loggers split equally between Junkis and Woog ...

The beatings were severe, from the perspective of the loggers and the cops ...

But still ... no one was being injured here.

The flymbics were safe in an armored, pressurized shell designed to allow them to maintain pressures ONLY SEEN at 30,000 feet below the surface of the ocean ... if the suit is strong enough to keep that in, is it likely to be so easily popped? ... well ... not so easily.

As with a dam, or causing a building to collapse using explosives, you have a fundamental force working in your favor. Any who ... the suits were very tough, and it would take more than a “Kentucky ass whooping” to crack them open. But could they be punctured? - well of course ... with an M1

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

Abrams 105MM sabot round (depleted uranium dart going thousands of feet per second) at a distance of 20 feet.

Junkis had enough ... Noorg knew this. He spoke with him, privately, on the radio, as the loggers and cops attempted to beat them.

“Junkis, hold yourself in ... don’t flare out.”

“Sir, fuck ... fuck these goddamn rats.”

“We have a mission, an ultimatum ... a time of bloody tentacles will soon be here ... but not today ... not now ... fuck dude.”

Junkis would have none of it ...

He immediately set off a suit-shock (internal capacitors stored energy to electrify the shell of the suit in case of attack) and the loggers flew in all directions.

Junkis then projected a cone of “Nargis Spray”, from a gun system in his chest compartment, at the cops on top of Noorg, and at the Nixon-Loggers shit-kicking Woog.

The spray, once it comes in contact with the skin, causes a cascading failure of all connective tissue for the person exposed. All of the tissue that holds a person together ... the glue ... all of that turns to basic components in a chain reaction enzyme process.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

The cops melted, in a horrible way, in front of the girl at the counter. She fainted and the fry cook, in the back, ran away out the back door. The loggers that were not writhing on the floor from electroshock spasm attempted to run away, but they were exposed to a little of the “spray”, and just a little was enough. They began falling apart before they reached Terry’s FORD pickup. The other guests in Nub’s left, quickly, out the side exit, after the shock wore off ... and Noorg, Junkis and Woog made their way to the center of town. “To City Hall ...” - as they were commanded, and as it was mystically determined, by Gimblii, all knowing flymbic.

Seattle was alive - with cops, and kids “trick or treating” and drunken nonsense as always, but already the news of an alien attack was spreading. Cop cars were patrolling streets, the mayor was speaking over the tsunami PA system ... talking to the whole downtown at once “... GET INTO YOUR HOMES ... STAY INSIDE ... SEATTLE IS UNDER ATTACK!”.

When Noorg and his team reached City Hall, there was already a road block in front of them. Even with efficient electro-mechanical systems, the suits maxed out at 20 MPH running speed. This was fast, fast enough, but it still took about 15 minutes to reach city hall. Every neighborhood they

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

passed, every crowd of drunken costume wearers, every streaker, tweaker, coke head, LSD freak and PCP drifter was reporting their own sighting ... of what would later be referred to as the “Alki Men”, and turned into a manifestation of Coastal Salish folklore ... later a casino would open, claiming this story as “native and foundational”.

Yes, the “running men of Alki” became so legendary, that a race would be started, each year, a half marathon, to celebrate that mysterious Halloween when the “running men of Alki” melted some Nixon-Loggers and cops and electrocuted some others and scared a bunch of fucking people.

However, before Noorg and his men, at this moment, was a line of cop cars ... men with guns ... and Noorg’s internal defense system was warning him of the threat, and reminding him of how low the threat actually was ... still green ... no sabot rounds. But still - Noorg didn’t want the rat-people to harm themselves either, so Noorg spoke.

“Listen, fucktards, I understand that you believe we are a threat, but we are simply hear to address our concerns to a human or fucktard representative. Listen, fucktard ... we’re not fucking around.” The translator was organic, synthetic,

and perhaps too good at matching ordinary and regional speech patterns.

The cops opened fire on Noorg, and his men ...

The bullets ricocheted and one elderly Asian woman was harmed.

After 20 minutes, the cops ceased fire and called for assistance from the FBI. The FBI sent their chief negotiator, David Pope – Pope had been successful in negotiating several high-profile hostage cases involving drug addicted debutantes.

“Sir ... I’m Special Agent Pope with the Federal Bureau of Investigation ... Please let me know what you want!” Pope spoke in a kind but forceful way, which was vogue back then among his ilk.

“Fucktard ...”, Noorg said, “... we tire of your bullshit. At some point I’m going to liquefy your bodies. I don’t really want this ... well ... it would make my friend Junkis happy ... but it’s not what we want. We want to talk to your fucktard leader ... ok buddy!” And at that moment, the organic translator algorithm figured out “buddy” ... sort of ... at least it will sound less bad to rat-people (read: humans).

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

This back and forth went on for hours ... and even a local experimental acid band brought down their high-tech (for 1969) patch board, and synthesizer, and attempted to use “real chill sounds” to coax the aliens into revealing their full truth ... they were paid \$400.00 by the FBI later, and asked to never mention it again.

At 4:00 AM. (PST) on November the 1st, 1969, a special-special agent, from the CIA, showed up on site, at city hall, Seattle, Washington ... his name was Agent Andrew Hooker.

“I understand we have a problem.” Agent Hooker said to Agent Pope, with what Pope would later recall as a “European accent”.

“Yes Sir, I’ve been trying to talk to them, but all I get back is jibber-jabber and ... frankly ... some really foul language.” Pope was visibly tired, frustrated, and defeated – he had been a lead instructor on hostage negotiation, he wrote the book ... and somehow ... well ... the book didn’t help him that day.

“Jibber-jabber?”, said Hooker.

“Oh ... crap about wanting to see our leader ... and how they’ll melt us is we fuck with them ... and yeah, very foul language.”

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

“I understand now.” Hooker stared at Pope, nodded, and walked towards the three strangers from the distant deep waters of the Pacific.

“Listen, gentleman, my name is Agent Hooker ... I’m here help you get what you need. You want to talk to the person in charge, right?”

Noorg walked up to Hooker, within only a few inches, so Hooker could see his reflection in the mask ... a reflection he didn’t like so much.

“Take us to the fucktard in charge.” Noorg said, and Agent Hooker directed them to follow him, through the barricade, past the crowds of drunks and high school students and lookie-loos and gawkers and drug addicts and ... YEAH ... that dark splendid birthing slime of a modernity that was slowly creeping up from the sewers of Seattle’s dead underground city.

You can’t bury your past ...

You can’t run from your future ...

Seattle, in 1969, was becoming, if only in fits and starts, a radically different place from what it was just a few decades earlier.

It was a west coast city ...

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

An arrogant city ...

A new city ...

And a city with more demons than you can imagine.

Agent Hooker directed Noorg and his men onto the black utility van parked behind City Hall. Noorg was not concerned, and his mother ship was safely in stealth mode, too deep for human detection.

The black van arrived at McChord Air Force Base when the sun was cresting over the Cascade Mountains, providing a spectacular silhouette at day break, and the “running men of Alki”, who were dressed like Neil Armstrong on the Moon ... well ... they were asked to load themselves into a NASA pod ... a special chamber designed for Apollo astronauts, to keep them in isolation.

The pod was loaded onto a C-5 Galaxy. After 2 hours of flight time Commander Noorg, his men, and Agent Hooker, arrived at site BUFFALO, in a remote part of Wyoming, where things ... people ... problems like Noorg, Junkis and Woog were sent to either be killed or housed. Noorg was not concerned, but Junkis and Woog spoke to each other, privately, over encrypted radio, and mostly it was about mean shit they said while drunk and how they were sorry.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

After several minutes, the “pod” was loaded onto an elevator, and then the elevator went down to a bunker nearly a mile below the surface of Wyoming. Here the pod was removed from the elevator, and the doors were opened, and Noorg, and his team, were greeted by men in white coats and Vice President Spiro Agnew.

The Vice President was no stranger to Wyoming - he had been involved, for many years, in multiple “savings and loan” land schemes - some of which were being investigated by the IRS.

The Vice President was also responsible for PROJECT ALBACORE: an above top secret (q-clearance level) project to prove the existence of intelligent life, other than human, living along side us, here on Earth. This is also known as “fellow traveler theory”: the theory that there are, if hidden, intelligent creatures living in and around us “... possibly inhabiting different frequencies of existence” as Agnew once said to President Nixon while they were drinking Wild Turkey.

PROJECT ALBACORE was mainly focused on intelligent life in the oceans: whales, dolphins, and possibly even other creatures. They knew nothing of “flymbic tribes” of octopus,

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

and to them it was just something you might eat at a Japanese restaurant - not a “fellow traveler”.

Noorg and his men, along with the Vice President, Agent Hooker, Secret Service, Marine Corps Defense Team, Seal Team, and Green Beret squad ... providing backup ... well, they all entered a large meeting room, with space around a large table. Space so that the soldiers could stand, 10 feet behind those who are seated, to provide cover and defense.

“Adolf, why don’t you get this started ...”, Vice President Agnew motioned to Agent Hooker. Hooker, the guy with the European accent, had arrived in Pennsylvania a few years earlier - he went by Agent Hooker, he was, in fact, Adolf Hitler. He wasn’t a free man - the Israelis, who’d just got done putting Eichmann on trial, in Jerusalem, for crimes related to the Holocaust, they’d gone berzerk. But the Israeli government, and Mossad, agreed that a “live Hitler on a leash, with necessary shaming” might be more useful than a dead Hitler on trial ... plus ... there’s the “hey, time travel is real” crap.

Hitler was required to wear a tracking device. He was expected to do whatever he was told to do. Once a week, he was expected to show up at a synagogue, in the Bronx, in

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

New York, and listen to survivors of the holocaust talk about their grief, their sorrow; they would be allowed, after signing a non-disclosure agreement, to tell Hitler how they felt for 3 hours straight, in a shared-grief group setting.

At first, Hitler sat there, stolid, German, angry, twitching from meth withdrawals and other bad drugs his “doctors” had given him.

Then, by week 8? - Hitler started shaking, but not because of the withdrawals.

A woman, who was now in her late 30's, described how, as a young girl, a doctor at Auschwitz molested her, and then experimented on her.

Hitler was not a good man - it's hard to say what “good” is. He did become evil, but was he “evil”? Hitler asked himself this question, many nights, in his cell, deep below the surface of Wyoming. “Am I evil? And should this bother me?”

But even with the little girl's story, Hitler stayed “strong and evil and NAZI” ... but visibly shaking, and not because of drugs at this point ... and not because of the Parkinson's disease either, they were giving him advanced l-dopa treatments for this. Nope ... his shaking was a mystery to him, but not to a person with a soul.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

It was week 23 ... the puppy.

Why?

Well ... Hitler might be evil, a bastard, an anti-Semite, a war criminal, a mass murderer, and other sundry terrible things ... but he did love dogs.

Rabbi Josef, a man who had been interned at Treblinka death camp during WW2, spoke of his “puppy” ... “Ketzal ...”

“Mein Fuhrer ...”, the rabbi said with supreme sarcasm, “when they told me I could do this, but I could tell NO ONE ...not even my wife ... I wasn’t sure ... but now I want to tell you my story. I was 10. My parents were murdered in front of me when we arrived at the camp. We had a few bits of bread each day, some soup, the water was terrible ... I’LL TELL YOU A SECRET ... YOU NASTY DEMON! ... you just didn’t kill Jews ... I met some Germans in your camps ... you killed a lot of Jews ... but you just killed a lot ... Mein Fuhrer ...”, Rabbi Josef began sobbing, and the “facilitator”, a Mossad agent named Ravi, was motioning him to “close it out”, others wanted to yell at Hitler too. The Mossad was secretly recording these sessions, to be released, and licensed for public consumption, in the year 2055.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

“I had a dog. I had a puppy. His name was Ketzal. He was the only thing that kept me from killing myself after my parents were killed. I even lost my faith in GOD! I DEMANDED HE MURDER YOU ALL! AND GOD DID NOTHING! ... and then I remembered ... God didn't do this ... MEN LIKE YOU DID! I had a dog ... his name was Ketzal ... the only piece of life left to my wretched self ... and your guards smashed it ... with the butts of their rifles ... mashed it ... when they were done you could not tell it was a dog.” The Rabbi finished, he got up, he walked out the door of the synagogue.

It was at this moment that Hitler started crying ...

Not when he arrived and he realized they already knew about the “methane problem” and had a plan and didn't care about Hitler's “Time War” ... they laughed at him for 20 minutes.

No, the humiliation and mockery of those first days did not make Hitler cry.

Hearing about every evil done to the people that survived the death camps, things that even he could not have imagined in the wildest moments of anti-Semitic hate. None of this made him cry either.

But the puppy ...

Ketzel ...

The story of the rabbi's parents, and the puppy, and how it was murdered by guards; this was the story that broke Hitler.

Moments after Rabbi Josef left, Hitler began to sob, cry, shake, and wail. He had to be restrained by the 4 Mossad agents on hand and the 2 CIA spooks "observing" (and also recording).

Hitler was taken back to Wyoming, put on sedatives for several weeks, and then introduced to a military psychotherapist. His sessions, at the synagogue in the Bronx, were reduced to one per month - not out of concern or care for Hitler, but out of necessity. It was, after all, better to have a "live Hitler".

So here was Adolf ...

Acting as an agent, on behalf of the CIA ...

Representing the Israeli and the U.S. Governments, jointly ...

Talking to octopus people from the Marianas Trench.

And on that day, like all days since, he couldn't stop thinking about that puppy ... and that boy who lost it to the Nazi guards.

LSD: LITTLE SAIGON DIARY

Hitler opened up the meeting, and Noorg took over after a few seconds - "... listen pals ... you may not know this, but you've fucked up big time." Noorg proceeded to explain the damage done by the U.S.S. Hornet incident, and the nuclear explosions, and the dead flymbics and their ruined rock gardens ... and damage to where the poor people lived.

"As you can see buddy ... ", (and this is when Noorg meant fucktard), "... you guys owe us ... big time ... and we need to figure out how you fix this shit ... and yes .. we can fuck your shit up." Vice President Agnew was used to Nixon, so he appreciated the blunt, almost whiskey soaked, talk.

The meeting continued for a few hours, and then Agnew abruptly, for reasons related to NASA, had to call the meeting to a close ... but "was hoping to talk more, in the future." And the Vice President left the meeting.

Half the security went with the Vice President, the rest, the Seal team primarily, kept watch on the 3 flymbic explorers. They were given a "senator's tour" of the facility (meaning nothing classified was shown), by Hitler, and then directed to "temporary quarters" or holding pens.

Hitler was debriefed for several hours, and then allowed some time for rest, food, and other things allowed by his

agreement. He was, for all intents and purposes, a non-person, he had no rights, none to earn back, and no one from whom they would ever be given. He was the great demon of history, and he'd accepted that ... and perhaps this wasn't "Elba" ... but it wasn't Devil's Island either.

Hitler got back to his cell late, the guards locked him in ... done with another day of work as a slave to the CIA and the Mossad, Hitler imagined what his life would be like ... if other shit had happened ... what if he'd never gotten into Austrian hate porn ... what if he'd never been wounded by mustard gas during WW1 ... what if he'd met more people capable of kindness ...

But after thinking about Rabbi Josef, and Ketznel, and that story, every day for months on end ... he had this other thought:

***"What if my parents had both been killed,
when I was a child,
AND I got a puppy?"***