

“Language is a skin: I rub my language against the other. It is as if I had words instead of fingers, or fingers at the tip of my words. My language trembles with desire..” -Roland Barthes

Cheechacko Intro

Before the Intergalactic Recuperation Federation takes the remnant tithes of our collective sorrow, please consider the humble anonymous Cheechacko in their timely hibernacula. They are waiting for the snow to melt, ushering in the chocolate lily, the watermelonberry, the last of last year's summer salmon and the Zappo's order of ceremonial Sitka sneakers for the A+pocalypse. Round the daisy chain of memory they frolic as the gentle tap of the magpie's tail echoes through Lord Baranof's halls for the last time, pausing forever, as if by chance, to catch the final moment when the sun meets the taiga where it was first stolen. Let us sing the song of the unbridled anonymous garden gnome, or the reawakened winterkill. Let us gather for hot dogs around a midnight fire fraught from what was once ice. Let us hiss the sound of cosmic microwave background radiation.

The Time Traveler's Ass (Part One: The Great Ingot of Pure Time)

The naked buttocks of a time traveler is the last thing one would see if they were to watch the entire process of a time traveler traversing into the great ingot of pure time. Of course few people get the distinct pleasure of watching as a chrononaut tips their head and winks away, a blast from the past or back to the future, as it were. The process of going into the great ingot of pure time takes about five seconds from our point of view, but is a complete instant from the point of view of the time traveler. As a chrononaut goes beyond our realm of straight-line time-space, the first things to disappear from our point of view are their outer clothes, if the time traveler so wishes to wear them. Before us would stand the time traveler with not but their socks and underwear. In the culture of time travelers, this moment is called 'going undercover'. Going undercover is immediately followed by the quick disappearance of any and all body hair and tattoos the chrononaut may possess. This moment is known as going 'pi bald'. So called 'pi' because of a truly horrible pun involving a mathematical paradox in time shapes and a trans-butt hyper-metal post-love bio-ballad heartbreaker from the year 3867 HK entitled, "The One with the Little Spoo Pi". The next to fade away into the great ingot of pure time are the limbs from the metatarsals and metacarpals inwards, as well as the face faintly imploding from the ears, nose and lips. 'Going Cheshire', as they say, seeing as how the only remnants of the face are the teeth and two small almond shaped pieces of brain. The teeth will fade as the neck meets the crotch in the blank canvas of the time traveler's heart, leaving the two floating almond shaped pieces of grey matter above a twinkling ass. If one were lucky enough to be watching this amazing process from behind the time traveler, this would be the 'ass out' moment. For about one half of a second the perfect cheeks of a disappearing time traveler's butt would gleam like the majesty of the Earth's summer moon. The great ingot of pure time is thusly achieved. According to several accounts by time travelers, the first time one is actually present in the great ingot of pure time, it feels as if one has been there before. They call it the 'afterlife', because it truly is the kind of majestic waiting room one would expect to find in an afterlife. But that feeling of having been there before is only the first time a chrononaut is observing time as a physical presence using the two brain almonds, which are called the amygdalae, from the Greek for almond. In the time traveler's 'previous life' before they met the great ingot of pure time, their amygdalae were two small ganglions of their limbic systems adjoining the temporal lobes of their brains, which they used to sense emotions. Emotion is actually a time dimensional sensory experience, individual manifestations of which are called chronotes, which non-time travelers experience in a myriad of ways. Chronotes in the 3D world are known as emotions such as fear, anxiety, love, happiness and regret, sensed and observed through the amygdalae. The time traveler's amygdalae are to their eyes, in that as their eyes see colors, their amygdalae biddle chronotes. Sayings such as 'love fades', or 'time heals all wounds', or 'it takes time', or 'it was the time of my life' make perfect sense to the time traveler biddling a chronote. The reason the amygdalae and the ass are the last to move into the afterlife of time travelers is because in the great ingot of pure time the only way time travelers can sense each other is to biddle each others unique and characteristic chronotes. And chronotes as nature saw fit are most readily and identifiably found in the buttocks of time travelers.

Part Two: The Afterlife of Time Travelers

Time traveling is not the mysterious undertaking that it seems to be. All time travelers have to register their amygdalae with the government of Afterlife. The sensory threshold of their sense of biddle measured and recorded. People with exceptionally high sensory perception in their amygdalae have their sense of biddle capped at a predetermined level and people with low senses of biddle are given enhancements to bring their sense of bidde to the legal standard for existence in Afterlife. The biddle enhancers are sort of like bifocals, but it is an cybernetic implant inserted through a permanent hole made in the roofs of their mouths. These biddle enhancers are called chrononetic chips, or in the parlance of time travelers, ‘dibblies’, which is a horrendous pun on the speech impediment of a certain pop star in the great ingot of pure time who always spoke in baby talk and every time he tried to say biddle it came out as dibblies. Time travelers have their amygdalae registered so as to be legally obligated to go through an intermediary corporation for the majority of their time travel needs. One can time travel short distances without much trouble from the police, but get one parsec out of your time-space and you’ll be lucky to find an asshole to hide in before they have you in time cuffs. When time travel first started it was a cavalier and maverick enterprise peopled with the most wily and unpredictable cyberpunks and hypertext outlaws this side of the Jacko Renaissance Belt. But like everything else it just got accumulated into the masses and everyone was doing it. There were even fundamentalist Christian time travelers who kept going back to the time of Christ and searching for him and his crucifixion. Unfortunately once time travel was discovered and people went back to ask Jesus a few questions they were surprised to find that not one person had ever even heard of him. In fact, he never existed. Jesus Christ was a make-believe character, invented by a sociopathic Jewish poet, named Drackiel, around 17 BC. It was a story he used to scare his kids with, telling them that the bread they were eating was the crucified flesh of a heretic rabbi named Jesus. At first the Christian time travelers were very disappointed by the news that their savior was in fact make believe. Eventually, and rather ironically detached to their own belief systems, they conspired to send a secret agent back and be born of a virgin, live a good life, teach the tenets of what could evolve into an early form of Christianity and then die by crucifixion. They attempted this a total of 13 times before finally giving up. Everyone of their secret agents ended up getting killed by angry mobs way before they could ever hope to set the ground works for one of the future world’s most dominant monotheistic religions. This caused major riffs in the Afterlife and even spawned a few skirmishes between the various camps throughout the ingot. Everyone agreed that time travelers should be allowed to interfere with the past and the future, but had very different opinions on the nature of how this was supposed to happen. The two main factions were the Sky Bullies, a name given to them from the other camp because of their desire to insert secret agents in the places of historical figures who never existed. The second camp was called the Pine Boxers. Pine Boxer is of course a slur given to this camp from the camp of the Sky Bullies in retaliation to such a witty slur as ‘sky bully’. The name was supposed to be an insult to those who saw life as a birth and death cycle alone and that once it was over, that was it--make the best of it. The last dregs of actual Christians in the universe (apart from Mormons, who would go on to form the Sky Bullies United Front) maintained that the Legend of Jesus was not the crazy rants of Drackiel, the

Sociopath; but was success of the sixth secret agent sent back in time to be Jesus, a fellow known in the afterlife as Herpio Santora. Similar stories happened with Muhammad, Buddha and Moses. In fact, most of the important figures in the history of humankind never existed, especially religious ones. Human history is peopled mostly with imaginary heroes and their obnoxiously silly stories. The things that actually eventually grow into major religions are never the teachings of a seer using logical spiritual reasoning. It is always from somewhere much weirder and much more real. The Pine Boxers even went as far, as to say that it is usually somewhere gross. Sky Bullies saw a moral obligation to keep the endangered spiritualism of humanity alive, even if it was for a virtual petting zoo. It wasn't until the year 3899 HK that reality was discovered to in fact be one of the cosmic constants, like the speed of light or the weight of an electron. Reality was a closed-loop string, which had been stretched during the middle of the big bang into the m-brane known as 'the Mind of God Brane', in honor of Albert Einstein's hope to one day know the mind of god. Reality however is just plain weirder than the notion of the mind of a deity. It is consistently weirder than anything humans can ever hope to invent. After time travel allowed humans to go into the 'way future' the weirdness of reality was more than observable over any construct humans had even imagined by the time of their extinction. For the first time in history, humans were able to watch the entire run of the evolution of their own species across the entire universe, and the eventual evolution of humanity into literally billions of other species. When seen from the eyes of a time traveler, humans only existed as humans in the Milky Way Galaxy, for a few metro-parsecs. By the time their decedents made it to the Alpha Centauri Galaxy humans had long since ceased to exist, even as time travelers. Most human ancestors were by then something like a photosynthesizing space whale. Their bodies were long and bulbous, with skin that was a mix between an exoskeleton, blubber and clone-ready photosynthetic stem cells. It kept out ultra-violet rays and kept the inner organs warm enough to make living in space virtually delicious. This was not normal Darwinian evolution by this point. It is called the Mork Point when discussing the evolution of intelligent species in the universe. Once a species understands its own evolution enough to adapt it to their own purposes, they have reached the Mork Point. Unfortunately, some human institutions also survived and evolved. They were weird enough to survive in reality, but stupid enough to be appallingly human in origin. Corporations by the year 3457 HK were multidimensional rather than multinational. They were everywhere and everywhen at all points and parsecs of the known universe. The criticism most often leveled against the largest time traveling corporation in Afterlife, Time Share Inc., is their security procedures. Their security queue area is literally a lifetime to trudge about. It's not that the queue area is a long wait. It is that the queue area is 11 dimensional. It is actually unbearably small and harder to find than the definition of meaning in a white hole. It is theoretically 11 dimensional for security reasons, but most chrononauts say that it is arbitrarily 11 dimensional because of the Afterlife's prime minister, Hassie Komuvadge. They say it could be 6 dimensional and work just fine, but Komuvadge's brother is in the 11 dimensional construction business. Most chrononauts, say at the expense of everyone, for the Komuvadge family to keep making money, people are now legally ensnared to quest about in the 11 dimensional time travel security queue area and have their chronotes biddled this way and that, from whence to when. All of their strings have to be tested, their m-branes scanned and taken off and put through interrogation, made to count the alphabet backwards in a foreign language and then forced in proxy to bring a magical relic

back from uncharted imaginary civilizations, for use in secret corporate rituals involving super snails. All for the simple task of allowing one the legal use of their own amygdalae to chronoport as they seem fit.

Part Three: Concerning the First Time Traveler in History

“Welcome to the afterlife, the line starts back there,” was the first thing the first human to time travel heard when they first time traveled. No one really cared that the first human to time travel did in fact for the first time just time travel, because there was a line of people already there, waiting in the security queue area. To be honest, they actually pushed this original time traveler rather maliciously to the back of the area. One young lady even threw a spool of ookle-rotch at him. (Ookle-rotch is a really disgusting kind of hair-like dairy product from the year 3189 AD that people would use to induce astro-bulimia). In the great ingot of pure time, this first time traveler, his name was Brixton Verde, appeared every few miles at various points along the ingot claiming to be the first time traveler in history. But, it was a simple case of crying wolf. Brixton felt that if he told enough people in the afterlife, that they were bound to take notice. What they really were bound to do is not give a shit and tell him to close his ‘stupid fucking hot dog hole’. The thing about time travel is that time is a physical presence. It is not as if once you enter the great ingot of pure time that you are now a pan-chrononaut, that you can just experience time in its completeness. You don’t just magically know everything that ever happened and are now aware of everything you have done or will do, making it impossible to exercise free will. Time travel is a manifestation, like space is a manifestation. One can walk from Los Angeles to New York, but it will take a long time. Just as easily one can travel from the 1950s to the 2890s, which are marvelously similar periods in Earth’s history, but drastically apart from each other chronologically. It would take much ambulation from 1952 to 2892. So much so that it wouldn’t be worthwhile. One needs a vessel to travel in, and there are literally millions of options at your disposal, once you reach the afterlife. We are all time traveling at this very moment creeping very slowly at a rate of one second per second into the future. Someone traveling from the 1950s will only reach the 2020s in about seventy years, which is a rather normal life span for most humans on Earth during the 20th and 21st Centuries. Going to the afterlife is literally right next to the normal speed of time as we experience it. Brixton Verde realized this time factoid in a very simple and arcane way when he first entered into the afterlife. It wasn’t a motion he could do with his body, it was a movement performed with his amygdalae, a sensory organ that could sense itself over into that great ingot of pure time. When we say ‘that doesn’t make sense,’ it is a statement that really has its basis in biology. It doesn’t make sense, because we cannot sense it, we need tools to do that, tools such as infrared cameras and radars and sonograms. Things make sense when we bring them into our realm of sensory perception. We have to view the ultraviolet colors through filters, which put them in the range of our world’s visible colors. Biologically we have the sensory equipment for traveling about time, but not to travel in time relative to its actual physicality. When time travel finally did catch on there was a renaissance so to speak in chrono-engineering. Amygdalae implants and dibblies connected to various modes of chronoporting. Patents were littering the known world. Inventors were all reckless and enthusiastic about designing the best and most efficient chronoporters. Wright brothers were aloft, the time traveler’s ass no longer an uncommon sight.

In Search of Hairy Men: My First Encounter

The first time I saw a hairy man—I was 15 and bundled up in this oversized parka my sweaty brother used to wear, which somehow I inherited. I was at the bus stop waiting for my last day before Christmas break at Spenard High School. The hairy man was waving at me from a green belt near the bus stop. He was up to his waist in snow, wearing a fanny pack the wrong way, and had a shopping bag full of what I hoped was discount holiday candy. But he was probably just gathering food from the nearby dumpsters. I tried to get my phone out to take a picture so those dorks in gym wouldn't stuff me in the wolverine enclosure again for saying I saw him (the first couple of times, it just turned out to be a crazy man who hangs around the Red Apple and talks to the ravens).

I was glad my first crypto-zoological encounter was the hairy man and not some fairy or unicorn. It would really chap my ass if the first time I witnessed a cryptid, was anything less than the hairy man (I would have settled for a kushtaka or a zombie as well). I waved back at him as I was pulling my phone out, but he disappeared before I could snap a photo.

Huckleberry Finn on the Knik: (A Fragment Found in Chugiak, AK, Written for Mrs. Carter's 10th Grade Creative Writing Class)

Stop me if you heard this one before, but they was told stories of Huckleberry Finn on the Knik, and some of his boon companions, in which I found them to be mostly honest and accountable, but they sure did tell some stretchers.

Huckleberry was named after the high-bush blueberry, which don't get all nasty in the freezer on account of how it grows so high up in the hills, what many folks call the alpine, which phrase I don't particularly care for. Anyways, Huckleberry done run away from his Pap one night on account of his awful temper, which would come round when he had some of the tonic he made from whatnot in the cabin, out near Knik way. They lived in an old cabin been homesteaded and cared for by a fine woman, who done died several years prior after Huck was born. Huck were maybe six or so when she got the fever which took her. She was kind and said sweet things and could find ways to keep Pap from his tonic, or hide it from him when he got the tickle. She'd make him go out and get firewood or salmon most days and he would oblige, given the right tone. I hated though when my Auntie would make me go stay out with them for the summer, even though I found Mrs. Finn to be quite agreeable, especially her penchant for making blueberry pies.

Oh, I guess me and Huck, well, that we had fun, out there collecting driftwood and building rafts with them, out near where the water would get still. Sometimes we would hunt for porcupines, which really weren't that hard, cause all one needs is a pretty sturdy stick and the courage to swing at one of God's own cute little humming things. Porkies make a nasty little humming yell when you whack them, but they ain't got the sense to move when we come around, just keeping walking real slow. We would bring them whacked porkies to his Pap's cabin and he would throw it quills and all in the fire, where it would pop and sizzle, smelling like hell spit out a devil's haircut. Mrs. Finn would of cooked it right, but Pap just roast them with all the guts in, and they cook stinky, sometimes the liquid inside would burst it like a balloon, and put the fire out, which would give Pap the thirst for tonic.

Well, when Huck decided to run out, he called me up on the cellphone and say, "I'm headed out the Knik, going to go find my fortune as a sea captain. Take the Inlet down the way towards Turnagain, maybe get in some adventures with the pirates out there, what that still live near the lake."

I told him best I could to hold tight, I was going to help him get it figured, and we was going to keep his Pap from the tonic and he would will out, just needed some time to cool down. He said his Pap was gone, had lost himself in the woods, after trashing the cabin, shooting all of the bullets at the fire and drinking all of what he had left of his homebrew.

And just like that, I headed out towards the water to find my raft, try to catch Huck at the crossways when I found him with our mutual friend from the Point, stealing my raft.

The Actual Names of People I Have Met in Anchorage that Made Me Smile When I First Heard Them

Denali

Quyana (she is white, and kept telling me I was saying her name wrong, even though I know what Quyana means in Yup'ik and I was saying it fine)

Sunshine

Borealis (Aurora is pretty common in Alaska, but Borealis is not, and he is a boy with long hair like me, so he thought I was cool, and told me I should grow dreadlocks, which I am too white to do without looking like an asshole)

Sperm (I hoped it was a nickname, but he seemed pretty sure his parents thought little of his future—if I ever see him again, I want to ask him his middle name, and probably give him a hug)

Tootootch (that is the name of the *thunderbird* usually found at the top of totem poles—Tootootch, the human, is possibly a double agent—I'm not entirely sure about that, it just wouldn't surprise me is all)

Yensis (I suggested she open an organic farm in the Mat-Su Valley one day, then name it after herself, because of the yensis soil there, to which she told me I was an idiot—when I explained to her that I had a Master's degree in art from Rutgers, she laughed really hard like a super villain at me)

Clark Kent (followed by something Filipino-Spanish like Gomez, or Gonzales)

Kenai

Taiga

Susitna

Chinook (he is half-Hmong, half-Sudanese, and cool as shit, he was also a child when I met him, who once drew me a picture illustrating how he was going to run me over with a car, when he eventually grew up and bought one, which I do not want him to do, please make good life choices Chinook)

Balto

Tongass

Sourdock

Batman (I don't know what it is about Filipinos and superheroes)

Tundra Rose (she was remarkably nonplussed when I told her that the tundra rose is my favorite Alaskan wildflower, which she needs to get over because I am not the only one who is going to say that shit to her, so she needs to calm the fuck down)

Timothy Lone Wolf (he wears wrap-around glasses that make him look tough, even though he is not. He is a dick)

Salmonberry (she is the child of a someone I had recently met who has an unusual name too, that I don't remember, but it wasn't as cute as Salmonberry)

Homage to the State Shoe of Alaska: Xtra Tuffs

You might not be aware of this, but the official state shoe of Alaska is a brown rubber galosh called Xtra Tuffs. They are a deep mud color, except for two delicious beige stripes at the top and bottom. The manufacturer in Rhode Island branded them Xtratuf Boots, but in Alaska, we call them Xtra Tuffs, and everyone wears them. We bond quite significantly over our love of these galoshes. They were originally invented for the fishing industry on the West Coast (San Francisco to Seattle) in the 1960s, but soon everyone and their mom started wearing them down there. By the mid-eighties, Xtratuf Boots appeared in Alaska, since we get our shit about ten years after it was already cool in the lower 48, and ten years before the Russians even know that shit is real. (SexyBack was just released as a single up here, so the spread is getting smaller.)

Xtra Tuffs are the shoe that put Anchorage over the top in Travel + Leisure's nationwide search for the worst dressed city in America back in 2012. There is no point in arguing about our effortless victory over the other more insipid, style-obsessed cities of the country, so let me be clear: Travel + Leisure, we were drunk during the online voting, and we still use dial-up, so you can go back to eating artisanal cupcakes and watching Dancing with the Stars, or whatever the fuck it is people in the lower 48 do when they are not shopping at TJ Maxx and watching non-dog related sports.

Once, while getting my double major in psycho-geography and mountain climbing, I watched an open-heart surgery being performed by a half-drunk half-Norwegian/half-werewolf motherfucker wearing Xtra Tuffs at the college. He had just flown back into Anchorage from a bush surgery, and had to perform that same open heart shit while the patient continued dip netting like he was going to retire champion of the badasses. Dr. Kickass McMotherfucker even flew his own puddle jumper back to A-Town because he didn't trust the Chuck Taylor clad Oregonian who was slated to pilot the plane. The McMotherfuckers were married in Xtra Tuffs by a man who was also sporting his own handsome pair, because afterwards he was going to go halibut fishing with the best man, who was also rocking a pair of the rubberized brown sound from K-Town (Ketchikan).

We buy baby booties at craft fairs that look like cute lil' Xtra Tuffs, and then we post pictures of our snow angels wearing them on Facebook so you dingbats can say shit like, "Damn, did that baby just go trolling for rockfish?" Yes—he did just go trolling, you silly-ass sleestak. Or "WTF? Where did you get those adorable mind bending Xtra Tuffs for babies? I need me some of those!" The answer is Costco, not that you know what that shit is, but Costco is where we buy all of our pimp gear. You cannot act like you were aware of that shit before now, because a certified sourdough motherfucker just schooled your Nike wearing ass in that wicked ish.

I heard from some sledneck Adonis and his Powder Goddess that they have been growing Matanuska Thunderfuck out of every pair of Xtra Tuffs their little blood-drinking babies grow out of, because they want their private use garden to look like titties from heaven. You didn't know about that shit either, so quit acting like you were in the know. You know Air Jordans and Manolo Blahniks. And before you get all Inspector Gadget on me, I had to go downtown and ask some tourist in pumps what shoes they ate on Sex in the City. Her old man told me something about being a conscientious consumer, so he got a warning shot from my shit kicking Xtra Tuffs for trying to relate with me on the politics of fashion accessories. Recognize das boot motherfucker.

There is no occasion on Flying Spaghetti Monster's Pirate Utopia Earth that is inappropriate for Xtra Tuffs: funerals, Senate hearings, state fairs, milk runs, PTA meetings, Metallica concerts, fucking rehearsal dinners for the Iditarod. I took my fine ass cousin, Aurora, to senior prom in Xtra Tuffs. First time I field dressed a grizzly I had on a brand new pair of Xtra Tuffs Peepaw got me. Fucking lost my virginity on the back of a four-wheeler in -16 wearing our state shoe. Want to talk Xtra Tuff? My brother Eddie got special permission from the US Army to wear Xtra Tuffs during basic training, but then those short-sighted military plutocrats wouldn't let him rock the fuck out of Pride and Prejudice's brain trust with his Arctic rubber soles on. He wore Xtra Tuffs when he ran Mount Marathon and in his first (and final) kung fu fight with a Canadian lek gang.

What did I wear to my first job interview? Xtra Tuffs. Got the job, and soon became a floor manager at REI selling snowboards and qayaqs to posers and hockey moms, they can all take a number to kiss my Xtra Tuff ass. What did Ted Stevens wear when he explained to Congress that the fucking Internet was just a bunch of dumbass tubes? You probably know this shit, because it was most fucking definitely Xtra Tuffs. I am talking to you, State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, "it was Xtra Tuffs motherfuckers."

Lately some folks have been wearing Xtra Tuffs like they have been with it from the beginning. I don't give a fuck. Represent the shit out of the gun-toting 907 with them phat brown rubber, double striped Xtra Tuffs like a legitimate snow shoveling iron dog from the frozen north. Hipsters up here didn't get your fucking memo.

I know some of you West Coast hosers are all like, we used to wear them boots, but then we started driving cars and shit like the industrial revolution happened. Well listen up butt bags, we aren't copying you, just waiting for you to get tired of doing that shit wrong. We appreciate the cultural differences between the two of us on this end. We respect and honor you even though you came up with shit like American Idol and do the Paleo-diet, and look like assholes with your grass that grows in the winter. Also please quit sending people up here to do reality shows, it is embarrassing as fuck for all of us when they ask about when are we ever going to get a TJ Maxx. We got Costco, remember?

What graced my feet the time I showed a hairy man how to put a saddle on a moose? What footwear glistened in the midnight sun as it was kicking the shit out of some mutant aliens who tried to invade Adak? What did the construction crew wear when they built a bridge to nowhere, which is coincidentally what we also call your dumbass foodie blog? You're goddamn right it was Xtra Tuffs, the motherfucking state shoe of Alaska.

No Gods, No Masters—Alaska State Troopers, Part One:

A Detournement of National Geographic's *Alaska State Troopers*

(An Alaska State Trooper has pulled a family station wagon over on the Seward Highway, somewhere near Girdwood.)

AK State Trooper #1: License and registration ma'am.

Lady Behind the Wheel with a Blurred Out Face: Let me look, it is in the glove box I believe.

AK State Trooper #1: I'm just fucking around; I don't give a shit about your stupid registration with a fascist government who survives by forcing a fiat bureaucratic order on the free workers it enslaves. Let me explain to you why I pulled you over...

Lady Behind the Wheel with a Blurred Out Face: Huh? What exactly did I do?

AK State Trooper #1: Well, ma'am, you were driving with a Jesus fish on the back of your station wagon.

Lady Behind the Wheel with a Blurred Out Face: I'm sorry, is that against the law?

AK State Trooper #1: Not at all ma'am, it's just that I wonder if you are aware of the way capitalist society has co-opted the teachings of a 2000 plus year old radical rabbi for the purposes of exploiting the indigenous, the proletariat and the uneducated?

Lady Behind the Wheel with a Blurred Out Face: I have heard this. You are an anarchist, and your ideas are dangerous!

AK State Trooper #1: The only thing I see that is dangerous is your complicity in the exploitation of your fellow humans! What is dangerous is your willingness to worship a make-believe deity just because you were told to so by evil capitalist pigs, who hid behind the banner of a benevolent god that is dubiously on their side, justifying every misanthropic or sociopathic tendency they possess. Do you really believe that your so-called messiah, who you get on your knees for every evening, wants nothing more than to corrupt and devolve every sentient being on the planet until they are brainless, do-as-their-told automatons such as yourself? Is that the kind of greedy, capitalist dystopia, full of zombies hungry for worker's brains, you want to leave for your children, where their slice of the American pie will be paid for in the blood of Vietnamese children working in a factory for twenty-five cents a day?

Lady Behind the Wheel with a Blurred Out Face: Please stop, you are scaring me, please stop!

AK State Trooper #1: We can't stop ma'am. Not until every citizen knows that they have a voice. Not until they know that their voices can collectively bring the revolution to cleanse the world of the government's tyranny; to put the power back in the hands of the workers, a real, true and pure democracy lead by workers and unions, not the goon squads of the rich! Its fascist corporate marriage that steals from the people, that kills the voices of those willing to speak up and give tax breaks and kickbacks to the exploitation class. They get to live in mansions while the rest of the world wallows in the squalor of ghettos and favelas! We need to stand together against these evil fat cat politicians and their money-hungry special interest cronies that are destroying our world!

Lady Behind the Wheel with a Blurred Out Face: Huh? What do you want? What can I do? I am but one person!

AK State Trooper #1: Well, the first thing you can do, when you get home, if the greedy government hasn't seized it yet, and given it to the Robber Barons, is to remove the hate fish from the back of your vehicle, and quit advertising the exploitation of the working class! Listen, I am not heartless, I want the world to be free of hate, free of greed. I am going to go ahead and let you off with a warning this time. Please be sure to check your vehicle for religious exploitation paraphernalia before you drive to where you are going. Have a safe ride home, to where you live off of the sweat and suffering of others, to that perfect home built on land stolen from people who saw the world as a bountiful, beautiful place, of which they had no desire to destroy or irresponsibly steal from. You drive home knowing that your gas-guzzling vehicle puts off pollution, which is destroying our environment and is depleting our natural resources. You go to your home in the capitalist suburbs and swallow hard on that pill. I hope it doesn't choke you before you realize the implications of your choice to display such a thing on your fascist station wagon!

(The State Trooper returns to his vehicle, the woman puts her head on the steering wheel.)

AK State Trooper #1 (now in his vehicle to the film crew inside): Citizens have to know that their choices, that they affect everyone around them.

Lady Behind the Wheel with a Blurred Out Face (to her children in the back who have started to cry): Every damn time. I am just glad he didn't say anything about the honor roll sticker.

AK State Trooper #1 (still in his vehicle to the film crew inside): Just sad to see all of these religious morons with their blind faith that Jesus and the free market are going to fix everything somehow. The revolution, when it finally comes, it begins with us! Small bursts brother, small bursts.

(Cut to next scene, where the wildlife troopers are searching for the poacher of a subsistence moose in a National Park.)

Alaska's Flag Song in Binary

(translation by Anonymous, original by Marie Drake)

01000101 01101001 01100111 01101000 01110100 00100000 01110011 01110100 01100001
01110010 01110011 00100000 01101111 01100110 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101100
01100100 00100000 01101111 01101110 00100000 01100001 00100000 01100110 01101001
01100101 01101100 01100100 00100000 01101111 01100110 00100000 01100010 01101100
01110101 01100101 00100000 00101101 00001101 00001010 01000001 01101100 01100001
01110011 01101011 01100001 00100111 01110011 00100000 01100110 01101100 01100001
01100111 00101110 00100000 01001101 01100001 01111001 00100000 01101001 01110100
00100000 01101101 01100101 01100001 01101110 00100000 01110100 01101111 00100000
01111001 01101111 01110101 00100000 00001101 00001010 01010100 01101000 01100101
00100000 01100010 01101100 01110101 01100101 00100000 01101111 01100110 00100000
01110100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01110011 01100101 01100001 00101100 00100000
01110100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01100101 01110110 01100101 01101110 01101001
01101110 01100111 00100000 01110011 01101011 01111001 00101100 00100000 00001101
00001010 01010100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01101101 01101111 01110101 01101110
01110100 01100001 01101001 01101110 00100000 01101100 01100001 01101011 01100101
01110011 00101100 00100000 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01110100 01101000
01100101 00100000 01100110 01101100 01101111 01110111 00100111 01110010 01110011
00100000 01101110 01100101 01100001 01110010 01100010 01111001 00111011 00001101
00001010 01010100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101100 01100100
00100000 01101111 01100110 00100000 01110100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01100101
01100001 01110010 01101100 01111001 00100000 01110011 01101111 01110101 01110010
01100100 01101111 01110101 01100111 01101000 00100111 01110011 00100000 01100100
01110010 01100101 01100001 01101101 01110011 00101100 00001101 00001010 01010100
01101000 01100101 00100000 01110000 01110010 01100101 01100011 01101001 01101111
01110101 01110011 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101100 01100100 00100000 01101111
01100110 00100000 01110100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01101000 01101001 01101100
01101100 01110011 00100000 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01110011 01110100
01110010 01100101 01100001 01101101 01110011 00111011 00100000 00001101 00001010
01010100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01100010 01110010 01101001 01101100 01101100
01101001 01100001 01101110 01110100 00100000 01110011 01110100 01100001 01110010
01110011 00100000 01101001 01101110 00100000 01110100 01101000 01100101 00100000
01101110 01101111 01110010 01110100 01101000 01100101 01110010 01101110 00100000
01110011 01101011 01111001 00101100 00100000 00001101 00001010 01010100 01101000
01100101 00100000 00100010 01000010 01100101 01100001 01110010 00100010 00100000
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Sourdough Outro

As the sourdough psychogeographer Deepak Chopra once wrote in online version of *Rolling Stone* magazine, “I really like Billy Joel, he is the Bosse de Nage of the mp3 generation. I also like Metallica, because they really put it all on the line, like the police, and I don’t mean the rock band, I mean the other guys that protect and serve, like State Troopers and shit.” Winter is coming to a close, and the sun is shining a little more every day. Soon, we will all be swimming in the embrace of fireweed wine, laughing at the way the moon waxes because we will also be tripping balls on mushrooms.

—a note on the text—

Times New Roman is a serif typeface commissioned by the British newspaper *The Times* in 1931, created by Victor Lardent at the English branch of Monotype. It was commissioned after Stanley Morison had written an article criticizing *The Times* for being badly printed and typographically antiquated. The font was supervised by Morison and drawn by Victor Lardent, an artist from the advertising department of *The Times*. Morison used an older font named Plantin as the basis for his design, but made revisions for legibility and economy of space. Morison's revision became known as Times New Roman and made its debut in the 3 October 1932 issue of *The Times* newspaper. After one year, the design was released for commercial sale. *The Times* stayed with Times New Roman for 40 years, but new production techniques and the format change from broadsheet to tabloid in 2004 have caused the newspaper to switch font five times since 1972. However, all the new fonts have been variants of the original New Roman font.

Because of its popularity, the typeface has been influential in the subsequent development of a number of serif typefaces both before and after the start of the digital-font era. One notable example is Georgia, shown below on the right, which has very similar stroke shapes to Times New Roman but wider serifs.

Although no longer used by *The Times*, Times New Roman is still frequent in book typography, particularly in mass-market paperbacks in the United States. Especially because of its adoption in Microsoft products, it has become one of the most widely used typefaces in history.

Microsoft has distributed Times New Roman with every copy of Microsoft Windows since version 3.1, and the typeface is used as the default in many applications for MS Windows, especially word processors and Web browsers.

Linotype's Times Roman is the default Apple Mac OS X font for serif/roman generic font family and is installed by default in Mac OS X. Monotype's Times New Roman is installed by default only in latest versions of Mac OS X (e.g. 10.5).

The United States Department of State announced that as of 1 February 2004, all US diplomatic documents would use 14 pitch (*sic*) Times New Roman instead of the previous 12 point (equivalent to 10 pitch) Courier New. Researchers in 2008 found that satirical readings of text printed in Times New Roman were perceived as more funny and angry than those printed in Arial¹. (Wikipedia)

Times New Roman

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Publisher

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