

## How the West Was Restored

He had finally done it. He had mastered the physics of time. He was ready to visit the past.

He had made his first fortune in U.S. Treasury bond futures in the early 1980's. Wall Street had thought that the Reagan tax cuts would drive up interest rates because of budget deficits. But he knew that the deficits were a result of the unanticipated collapse in the rate of inflation, and, thus, as the deficits were caused by disinflation, the deficits could not cause inflation. In those days \$60,000 could tie up a million dollars in Treasury bonds, and he had made many times \$60,000 on the speaking circuit after leaving the government. Buying futures contracts when Wall Street thought double-digit interest rates were forever was a surefire path to riches.

He made his second fortune on the collapse of the dollar and the end of its role as the world's reserve currency. The free-trade economists and the Washington policymakers thought that the offshoring of U.S. jobs brought benefits to America and strengthened the dollar. He almost alone understood that offshoring turned U.S. GDP into imports and would crush the dollar. His first fortune went into hedges against the coming decline in the dollar.

When the dollar finally tanked, he was a very rich man.

When the Soviet Union collapsed, he had rescued a Russian physicist from penury. The Russian shared his daydreams of time travel, and one day in their banter of how it could be done they hit on the solution. It came to them both at the same time, and now they were about to change history.

As a reader of Louis L'Amour's westerns he had come to respect the American Indians. When he finished reading Joseph M. Marshall's *Hundred in the Hand* about the Lakota Sioux, he wished that white "civilization" had been halted at the Mississippi and

that the Western United States still belonged to the native Indians, wild animals, and clean water.

Now he was going to enable the Indians to halt the white man at the Mississippi.

It had been difficult and time-consuming, but he had amassed 10,000 M-14 rifles; 5 million rounds of ammunition; 1,000 mortars with 100,000 rounds; 10,000 rocket-propelled grenades; and 1,000 Kevlar vests, helmets, and face shields.

He and the Russian, who hated the communists for polluting the wide-open spaces of the Soviet Union, had mastered enough of the language of the Sioux, Cheyenne, Arapaho, Blackfoot, Crow, Comanche, Kiowa, Apache, and Ute to teach them military tactics and the use of these weapons from the gods.

The first rule was that there would be no more fighting among themselves. If the Indians did not understand who was the real enemy, the gods would swiftly destroy them. If they failed in their duty to prevent any white man from crossing the Mississippi River and surviving, the gods would annihilate them. The Indians had never seen such power. It was like controlling the thunder and lightning of the gods. That it was coming into their hands made them obedient.

The second rule was that fighting would no longer be a matter of individual honor to "make coup." It was to annihilate the enemy at no loss of life to the Indians. With the weapons the gods had delivered, getting killed was a disgrace, a sign of stupidity rather than bravery.

The third rule was that no weapon must be lost to the whites, or they would learn to copy it and to produce their own, thus depriving the Indians of their advantage.

The M-14s could cut the whites down before their own weapons came into range. If the whites took cover,



the mortars drove them out into withering fire.

The first cavalry detachment of 300 troops was destroyed in three minutes.

Boats intending to cross the Mississippi never made it off the opposite shore.

The Kevlar protection was for work within the whites' rifle range. The Indians understood that a shot from too close a range could knock them down and break a rib, but that penetration into the flesh was unlikely. In close encounters the whites fled when they saw that the Indians were bulletproof.

Washington sent three frigates by sea to California. When they arrived, they were sunk by RPGs. No word ever reached Washington.

Knowing only single-shot rifles, the whites imagined their adversaries to number in the hundreds of thousands. Nothing less could explain the firepower. The whites began building forts along the eastern side of the Mississippi to repel invasion. The word was sent to the whites that they would be tolerated only if they remained east of the Mississippi.

With the West saved from the avarice that lives in the white man's heart, he and the Russian turned their thoughts to the East. A century or two further back in time, and the white man could be eliminated from North America. The closer they arrived to 1620, the easier it would be.

The Iroquois were quick learners. <img alt="A decorative flourish consisting of two symmetrical, swirling lines." data-bbox="745 875 880 895"/>

---

## Under the Black Flag

by Taki Theodoracopulos

### Breakfast With Bin Laden

I sat down to write this column in the Big Bagel, as I call New York City, and it was to be about the latest hagiography of Winston Churchill, a man I not only dislike but consider to be a war criminal *par excellence*. Then I heard the sirens outside my house and was deafened by the helicopters hovering up above. It was terrorist time, except that all the cops were out in force protecting the bad guys and escorting them to various grand hotels and diplomatic missions scattered around this great city.

Yes, you guessed it, dear readers, it was the opening session of Crooks & Murderers, Inc., a.k.a. the United Nations. Never have so many tin-pot dictators, major chisellers, lunch-bucket pilferers, and out-and-out killers arrived *en masse* as they did this year, and it was my bad luck to find myself in close proximity to the rabble. Central Park was closed to joggers as the French head hobbit, one Sarkozy, decided to take some exercise. Ditto for certain parts of Park Avenue, as African child molesters needed to go shopping to spend some of their blood money. Every single cop was out in force trying to make life miserable for us taxpayers and comfortable for the onanists from the Dark Continent. That's when I lost all desire to abuse the Churchill man and decided to tell you about the world's most wanted man—the only one, in fact, who's missing from the vermin who have overrun the place. None other than Osama bin Laden himself.

It was around 1998, and as usual I was stuck for a column. I was in Gstaad, sitting in my garden and looking out at the magnificent mountains, when it came to me. Why not make a bit of trouble for the draft dodger at the White House, just as he was being deposed about Monica Lewinsky? So I sat down and wrote about Osama bin Laden—Harry, as we friends of his called him—a man who had gone to

the Rosey school with my son and who now lived quietly at the Palace Hotel in Gstaad, in the Kandahar suite, just down the road from my humble chalet. Harry was very rich, but, unlike most of his kind, he was extremely generous. At the famous White's club in London, he was known for his generosity and for always picking up the tab at the bar for the rest of the swells. The English upper classes are notorious for being slow on the trigger when it comes to coughing up, so Harry was by far the most popular of members. He dressed at Anderson & Sheppard, the bespoke tailors who cut his burnoose in the finest silks. His sandals were made to measure by Lobb, and his beard trimmed weekly by Trumper's. He had been proposed as member by the duke of Beaufort and seconded by Lord Charles Churchill, great-nephew of Sir Winston.

But there was more. Harry Laden had gone to Rosey and had been a member of the best ski team ever, which included J.T. Theodoracopulos, Jean-Claude Killy, Gianni Agnelli, Sir Arnold Lunn, and William F. Buckley, Jr. Harry was a quiet sort of person, disappearing at times for long periods, but always resurfacing around Ramadan and other religious holidays, except for Yom Kippur. When I finished the column I e-mailed it to *The Spectator* and waited for the call. Which came almost immediately. "I hope you're joking," said my dear and long-suffering editor Liz Anderson. Once I reassured her that I was, she breathed a sigh of relief, and the piece ran as I had written it. Then the trouble started.

For the next couple of weeks a lot of Brit journalists got hold of my number and pestered me for more information. One of them, Peter McKay, an ingenious Scot writing for the *Daily Mail*, rang up White's. "We haven't seen him lately," was the hall porter's even more ingenious reply. The hacks became convinced they were on to



a great scoop. But I wasn't talking. Then it became more serious. Graydon Carter, editor in chief of *Vanity Fair* and a good friend of long standing, called me and insisted I spill the beans. "This will make you almost as famous as he is," was the way Graydon put it. But I stood firm. *Vanity Fair* then readied two of their greatest bloodhounds to trace Harry in Gstaad, which made me very nervous. So nervous, in fact, that I came clean. Carter is still laughing about it.

But there were consequences. At a grand dinner party in Palm Beach, after September 11, a local grande dame cut me and in a loud voice accused me of being friendly with people who had the blood of 3,000 Americans on their hands. I stammered something about a joke, but no one was listening. A member of White's demanded an apology and an admission of having lied, as he had lost clients after revealing he was a member of the club. A nice young man by the name of Johnson, known for his documentaries, approached me and asked to do a film on "The Man Who Parties With Osama." When I told him it was all a spoof he was crestfallen. "I've spent a fortune in preparing it!" he cried.

So, moral of the story: Terrorists are no joke. Mind you, after six months, and once again stuck for a story, I did a sequel, but it didn't come off. The only journalist to get it the first time was Alexander Cockburn. The ski team, said Cockburn, didn't make sense. Buckley and Taki's son could not have been in school together, unless the former was retarded, which he was not. Good for you, Sherlock. ◊