

The Burning Gulf

by George LaCas

None of us ever thought this would happen.

And at one point it was my job to make sure no news of it got out. I can admit that now, I suppose. Former spin doctor becomes hired assassin of the truth, paid by the highest bidder, and I think we all know who the highest bidder was. My God! So much was at stake. Ordinary people—and I use the term not to patronize, not to condescend—have no idea what it takes to put that magic pink elixir in their gas tanks. By which I mean gasoline, of course.

The man at the pump gassing up his work truck, checking his load of storm doors in the back while he stands there. Wondering if his debit card will cover a fill-up.

The woman in her SUV, biting back the urge to scold her kids as they laugh and scream at the DVD they're watching, pounding the back of her seat. Hey Mom! Hey Mom! It's a relief to her when she pulls into the station, even if she has to pump her gas in the rain.

The yuppie filling his tank with high-test, checking his email on his Blackberry as he stands there.

See, the variations are endless. They are you. They are me. But my place in life is not to preach the evil necessity of gasoline ... at least not anymore. And it's no longer my job to saturate the blogosphere with the message that alternative energy is just a pipe dream.

My job, if you can call it that, is to run and hide. My job is to survive. My job is to keep driving into the West, paying cash as I go, and not worry too much about the signs I left behind in my briefcase, in my computer files, in the ranks of suits in my closet. They can tell a lot by any receipts I forgot to shred, for instance. They can triangulate

from those. I should know, because that's what I used to do.

But they'll find me eventually. One man can't go up against a major oil company, especially if that man carries secrets. Privileged information. Events have forced me to do it, regardless.

Here goes. Are you ready for this? Are you ready to call me a hypocrite? It's OK if you do, because I know what I am, but any soul I have left is making me say this. I'M SORRY. For what it's worth, which is nothing. My apology isn't worth jack shit. Nevertheless, for my part in the disaster—not only the explosion and the interminable leakage, but also the fires in the Gulf—I wholeheartedly and unreservedly apologize.

I would give my life to undo it, if I could.

All I can offer are these blog entries, which I'll keep sending out for as long as I live. All I can do is confess, and repent, because for some things there is no redemption, there is no forgiveness. I don't seek forgiveness anyway. I will offer what I can. I will lay all my cards on the table.

While I was still working for them, a decision was made at the highest levels that the media were to be manipulated. I helped do this, and I don't think you want to know the specifics. Now, no doubt you're aware of some of this already, but there was more, much more, that had to be done in order to calm public outrage.

We hired the same PR firms the Saudis used when they felt compelled to advertise to the world that they had nothing to do with the 9/11 attacks. And we worked with some of the same people the US government used in the post-9/11 media takeover.

Even that much, in the wake of the oil-slick fires in the Gulf (October 2010) and the massive underground explosion beneath the seabed

(November 2010), is now old information, and while not public knowledge it's largely irrelevant. History will not dig it up, because you know who writes the history books. The winners. And he who plays dirtiest for the longest, wins the prize.

So here I am, headed west, on a circuitous route that I hope buys me some time. I hope you'll understand if I don't reveal my location. It isn't easy when you have to post something on the Internet, believe me. Here I am. I expect to live a few more weeks.

There will be an accident in front of me on the highway, and the semi behind me will force me into it. There will be the lights of state police in my rearview, and when they pull me over their orders will be shoot to kill. There will be a poisoned hamburger in a roadside diner, served with a smile. Whatever will be, I will deserve it.

I understand that those who still have full Internet access can see the Gulf fires quite easily on satellite imagery. I looked at it several days ago. The hurricanes of Satan, spinning larger and larger. Fire flowers, hell bouquets for all of us.

And for all the coastal residents of the parts of the Gulf, the stretches of coastline that now look like a post-nuclear wasteland ... I have nothing. There is nothing I can say.

Look for me in the next world, when we may sit down together at the same long table and break bread, and try to understand.

Please try to understand.

