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WINDWARD NEWSLETTER #9

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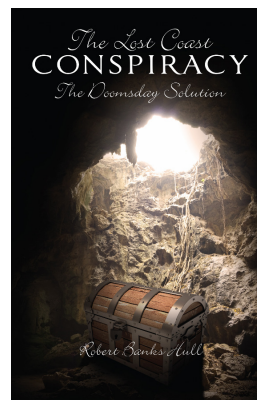
Dear readers: I am issuing this newsletter from Ocean Springs, Mississippi during Hurricane Isaac.

Report on my trip to San Francisco for the Golden Gate Bridge 75th Anniversary Celebration, May 27th.



My new book, *The Lost Coast Conspiracy*, to be available as an ebook and released to booksellers, very soon.

My current 3 novels are available now in both ebook and conventional forms. Please visit my web site: www.conspiracynovels.com





Allow me to present a montage from my novels:

- The Angel Island Conspiracy*, 2010 (TAIC). Currently available.
- The Street Fighter Conspiracy*, 2011 (TSFC). Currently available.
- The Dream Time Conspiracy*, 2012 (TDTC). Currently available.
- The Lost Coast Conspiracy*, Late 2012 (TLCC). **Coming soon.**

I live on my boat...in Sausalito...

I'm thirty-nine years old and still reasonably attractive to women, but slightly overweight and yes, to say again...I'm retired! Suffice it to say, I do not need to work to support my

lifestyle, therefore, I don't. I live on my boat, a modest fifty-foot motorsailer named *Lolita*, at Clipper Yacht Harbor in Sausalito, California just north of the Golden Gate Bridge. **TAIC**

My San Francisco Bay is the living image of all my life's dreamy thoughts. This bay has always made me feel like Travis Blake is cheating life's usual dark script. **TDTC**

The Bay seems made just for us on this night, a dreamland, a Valhalla of lights, rising images of hilly illuminated fantasy lands surrounding us on all sides. A place exists where all things are sweet and deliciously frivolous: My San Francisco Bay. **TLCC**

Carol is....beautiful...my lover and sailing pal...

Of course, my Carol is with me. Carol Ann Whitley is a Sausalito native, an expert sail maker and sailor extraordinaire as she has demonstrated so often in her lifetime of yacht racing on the bay. She has made my life complete, my Carol, the vision of all I could want in a lover and sailing companion. Most certainly, Travis Blake is cheating the Fates. **TLCC**

TLCC

Carol is tall with short blond hair which she wears in a pixie cut. **TAIC**

Carol is emanating her own evening glow...looking, for all the world, like something not of this world. I am hopelessly and unrelentlessly in love with her. **TAIC, TSFC, TLCC**

But there's trouble in paradise, Oz, Xanadu-By-The-Sea.

Al Kemp, "We are warriors..."

We who are *warriors* exist to fight and win. It has always been that way with us. We cannot abide the so-called 'peaceful coexistence' that permeates this era of the human struggle. This Cold War is nothing but a stalemate brought about by fearful men.

Warriors do not fear to act, to strike, to struggle, to win. The cost is not our concern.

TAIC

"I'll bet you thought I was dead, eh Blake?"

"I had my hopes, pal. Then the CIA told me different." **TLCC**

However, Carol & Travis have Jake and Brenda as their avenging CIA angels...

"Speaking of getting tied up, Jake, you won't find me getting tied up with any more conspiracies, so you're wasting your time hanging around here, Mr. CIA, cum fisherman, cum tour boat captain. Besides, Al Kemp is dead!" **TLCC**

"Maybe dead. Maybe not, pal. I think I'll just hang around and see what happens. Do miss St. Augustine and Scarlett's Happy Hour, though." **TLCC**

"Yeah, ain't the KGB the end? This time the Rooskies' overzealousness caused your friend to croke before they had the info they wanted. Congrats, Trav, you're in the big leagues, now! You got more trouble on your hands than Al Kemp and a bunch of crazy Prussians, this time around." **TLCC**

And then there's the Doomsday Bug...

"Of course they're not living, but dormant, that is, until they find a life sustaining environment. They travel on the Universe's own space junk, asteroids and the like, transcending time, waiting to be resurrected. Maybe this was us millions of years ago, *gate crashers* of Eden, careening into the earth and becoming animate and prolific, once again...then, hitching a ride on the DNA of earthly beings. After all, we are the only ones that don't fit in on this planet and, most certainly, this planet's great mock virus. Fools debate Creationism versus Evolution. It was neither one! Don't you see, Mr. Blake?"

TLCC

Still, Carol & Travis find temporary relief in sleepy little St. Augustine., Florida...

Ah, St. Augustine, that poor man's Xanadu-By-The-Sea, a twisted modern-day Tortuga of ex-office space buccaneers, I miss you so very much! **TSFC, TDTC**

St. A. was such an innocent little gathering place for misfits and escapists like me, drawn to the aura of semi tropical coastal town anonymity and, of course, Scarlett's 80 cent doubles. That watering hole was our hang-out, our *church meeting hall*. **TLCC**

And where is Al Kemp?

As for the approximately eighty million dollars extracted from *Sophie's* keel, most of it must still be around. This conspiracy, while devilishly ingenious, was a rather low-budget operation and could not have taken more than a fraction of it for the two missiles and their accompanying electronic hardware and control devices. The remaining cash could, indeed, finance a much more elaborate conspiracy. So, where is it and in who's control does this vast resource dwell and where is Al Kemp? **TAIC**

"Yup. He and his chief henchman, Helmut Strauss got clear and flew that helo to a pre-planned remote contingency location in the lightly populated Mississippi hinterland. He still has that dirty bomb that was meant for Ingalls, damn it all. It was still on board that helo." **TLCC**

And there is always Kay, the delicious love goddess and Trav's long suffering wife...

"Oh right, *Mr. Patron Saint of Trouble*, of *Sturm und Drang*. It's a *Bright Guilty World*, Travis, my sweet, and you haven't changed. You could never stand life on an even keel. That is the correct nautical metaphor, is it not, my boy sailor?" **TLCC**

And finally there's the dreamscape. Trav's dream cinema-scape...

"Okay, I give up. Don't tell me..." I stop and immediately think, *Gad, I'm back to 1987!* 52 foot MLB's are contemporary Coast Guard boats in 1987 and I'd forgotten that Coast Guard shipboard uniforms are identical to the Navy. I knew I couldn't stay in 1939...the bloody rules of *time hitching!* But I don't give a hoot about the rules of time...the rules go to blazes. I just want to be back with my Ann and, by the gods, I'm going to have her. No use. Suddenly, I know that it is all gone now...that world of 1939. Like Orpheus and Eurydice, Ann and I are parted forever as lovers. **TDTC**

Sweet dreams. Always sweet dreams. **TDTC**

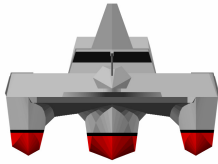
That's the way we pass the time in the merry old land of Oz.



THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE 75TH ANNIVERSARY:

Report on my trip to San Francisco for the Golden Gate Bridge 75th Anniversary Celebration, May 27th. I worked successfully with the staff of Tate Publishing, on publicity and appearances **for my trip to San Francisco in late May for the 75th anniversary of the Golden Gate Bridge.** My sister, Paula, was amongst the crowd at the bridge on opening day in 1937. She and other survivors from that day were honored at a luncheon at the St. Francis Yacht Club on Saturday, May 26th.

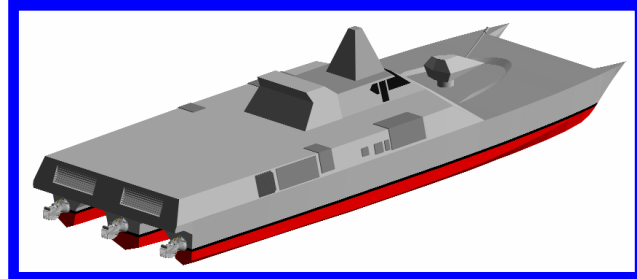




I am very excited about my new page on the
Conspiracy Novels web site titled
TRAV'S DESIGNS

Prints are available by contacting the author, Robert Banks Hull at
hullcmd@aol.com.

These designs include Trav's
very own Street Fighter and
make great wall art as well
as now bringing to life the
work of Travis Blake for
readers.



Next Time: Travis Blake returns to the Gulf Coast four years
after confronting bad Al Kemp and the death ship *Street
Fighter*: surviving hurricanes and the Cult of the Golden Keel
on the *Mosquito Coast*.

Thank you, my dear readers,
Robert Banks Hull
August 29, 2012
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