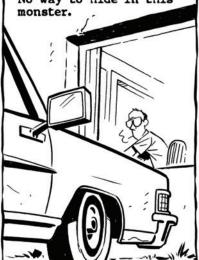
11. Aaawww, Mama, Can This Really Be the End? ... Down and Out in Vegas, with Amphetamine Psychosis Again?



But in the meantime, for the next five or six hours, I'd be the most conspicuous thing on this goddamn evil road. No way to hide in this monster.



I didn't even know who'd won the race. Maybe nobody. I wanted to plug this gap in my knowledge at the earliest opportunity: Pick up the L.A. Times and scour the sports section for a Mint 400 story. Get the details. Cover myself.



But, sweet Jesus, I am tired! I'm scared. I'm crazy. This culture has beaten me down.





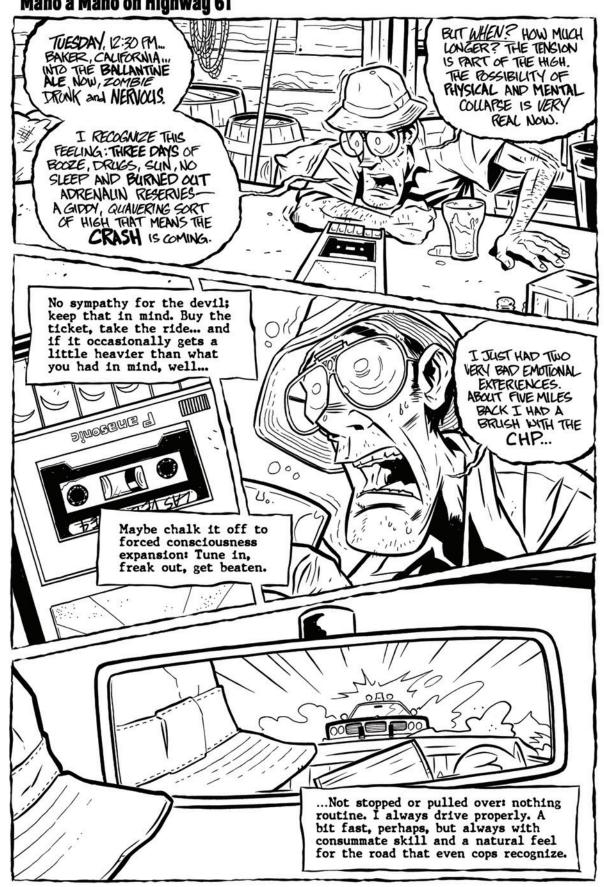
What the fuck am I doing out here? This is not even the story I was supposed to be working on. All signs were negative — especially that evil Dwark with the pink telephone in the Polo Lounge. I should have stayed there...

... anything but this.

How many more nights and weird mornings can this terrible shit go on? How long can the body and the brain tolerate this doom-struck craziness?



12. Hellish Speed... Grappling with the California Highway Patrol... Mano a Mano on Highway 61



Few people understand the psychology of dealing with a highway traffic cop. Your normal speeder will panic and immediately pull over to the side when he sees the big red light behind him... and then he will start apologizing, begging for mercy.



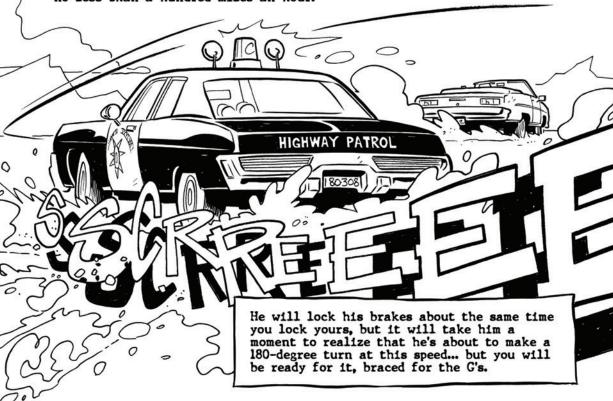
What you want to do then is accelerate. Never pull over with the first siren-howl. Mash it down and make the bastard chase you at speeds up to 120 all the way to the next exit.



He will follow. But he won't know what to make of your blinker-signal that says you're about to turn right.

This is to let him know you're looking for a proper place to pull off and talk... keep signaling and hope for an off-ramp.

The trick is to suddenly leave the freeway and take him into the chute at no less than a hundred miles an hour.





I had felt totally on top of the situation... but when I looked down and saw that little red/silver evidence-bomb in my hand, I knew I was



always in total control of yourself and your vehicle - while he lost

control of everything.

