

Captain May – July 27, 2003 – letter:

to Thom Shanker, New York Times

Ain't this the shit, tovarisch pisatel? You just talked to me for a quarter of an hour without using a single word of English. It's all true. America's in the drain. You're scared shitless. Well how do you think it feels in the underground, tovarisch? I stuck my name, rank, serial number, picture and address in a letter to fuck with him and get you motivated – and you're dragging ass. I'm having second thoughts about you, Thom, but at least you did make me a promise, not that I particularly think you're good for it.

Captain May