



Ever wonder how the other half lives? Here's your chance to find out. Just join Johann Hari as he slouches along with a marauding boatload of neo-cons for a farcical summer junket: I lie on the beach with Hillary-Ann, a chatty, scatty 35-year-old Californian designer. As she explains the perils of Republican dating, my mind drifts, watching the gentle tide. When I hear her say, "Of course, we need to execute some of these people," I wake up. Who do we need to execute? She runs her fingers through the sand lazily. "A few of these prominent liberals who are trying to demoralise the country," she says. "Just take a couple of these anti-war people off to the gas chamber for treason to show, if you try to bring down America at a time of war, that's what you'll get." She squints at the sun and smiles. "Then things'll change." I am travelling on a bright white cruise ship with two restaurants, five bars, a casino and 500 readers of the National Review. Here, the Iraq war has been "an amazing success". Global warming is not happening. The solitary black person claims, "If the Ku Klux Klan supports equal rights, then God bless them." And I have nowhere to run.

[Ship of fools: Johann Hari sets sail with America's swashbuckling neocons - Independent Online Edition > Americas](#)