The United States Of Air: A Satire
You read Orwell’s 1984. Now read The United States of Air. The National Sewer Agency is spying on people’s toilets, looking for food terrorists... Food Enforcement Agent Jason Frolick believes in America. He believes in eating air. He struggles to get the food monkey off his back. As part of the Global War on Fat, his job is to put food terrorists in Fat Camp. When a pizza dealer gets whacked in the park across the street from the Thin House, the Prophet Jones himself asks Frolick to investigate. For the first time ever, Frolick solves a murder - but what he finds out shakes his faith. Will he ever be able to eat air again?

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Customer Reviews
(I wrote this review for Dear Dirty America, but thought it was important to share with the folks): After reading the first chapter of J.M. Porup’s new satire, The United States of Air, I thought, this is going to be wacky. A global war on fat? Waged by America? Destroy all food? Live by eating air alone? By the second chapter I was hooked. The Prophet takes America by storm. Announces if elected he would begin a worldwide war on food, and that eating is the basic source of all America’s woes. It doesn’t take very many pages for the reader to understand how skilled Porup is, and how easily he constructs and maintains a fictional, parallel America that highlights the absurdity of our modern day United States. The US of Air is tightly written. Slowly, but satisfyingly, the hypocrisy of the Global War on Fat is revealed. The double standard for the military, for the NSA, and for the Prophet’s own security forces. While the 99 percent (if you will) in America suffers, the elite forces carry on with
their duplicity. Despite the humor, the book is bleak. While Porup’s satire is funny and written almost lightheartedly, it is clear at once the author follows and has a profound understanding of America’s political system, their wars on drugs and terror, the country’s inflated military presence throughout the world, the illogical propaganda on television, and just how oblivious an entire country of people can be. Porup seamlessly addresses indefinite detention. Internment camps. The overrun surveillance state. The fake War on Drugs. The never ending War on Terror. The bin Laden styled bogeyman responsible for all of America’s hardships and failures. The impoverished American masses.

J.M. Porup is certainly bold. He’s not afraid to depict an imaginary America where high-ranking government officials access restricted areas by being intimate with special biometric-reader wall-slots, every toilet has a concealed camera inside and well-meaning citizens are willing to believe that eating air in place of real food is not only a basic freedom but an absolute privilege. What makes it all the more audacious is that he does it in an amusing way. His style doesn’t smack you in the face, instead it creeps up on you and taps you on the shoulder. Porup takes a swipe at the war on terror in a manner that is original and avoids the blatantly obvious. It would be too easy for any writer approaching the same subject to employ a semi-realist Orwellian tone, but this novel takes the humorous low-road by dipping the reader toes-first into a comical world where your average terrorist [terrist] is not a bomb-laden maniac or AK-wielding, balaclava-wearing nutcase, but anyone with the simple desire to eat food. The prose itself flows like syrup-flavoured air - Porup clearly understands the importance of cadence. A neat narrative device frames the action within the taping of a live TV talk show, which sounds hard to pull off but somehow works well here. But the real trick to this novel is that at first it seems to go to certain extremes that are so absurd you can’t help but ask how you could possibly take this seriously, but then you find yourself drawn in and before you know it you’ve reached the end, which leaves you asking yourself how you can take certain extremes employed in the war on terror seriously.

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