



John S. Hatch is a Vancouver writer and film-maker. Contact him at johnhatch@canada.com www.jhatchfilms.citymax.com

© 2006 John S. Hatch



WRITING WORTH READING FROM AROUND THE WORLD www.coldtype.net

"I don't see how you can be president – at least from my perspective – how you can be president, without a relationship with the Lord." – George W. Bush, 2005

And all the dead air is alive. With the smell of America's God. – Harold Pinter, "War With Iraq"

> he United States is entering the most dangerous period in its recent history, perhaps *all* of its history. The cabal that illegally seized power in Washington in 2000 and again in 2004, and which has ruled with an ever-less disguised iron fist domestically after 9-11 ('...the gloves are coming off...') and as an increasingly brutal Imperium in the world, has long since reached a point of no return with regard to its criminal behavior, at home and abroad. The

roots of the crisis have long been present in the American body politic as well as the curious apathy of the population, and its longstanding penchant for grand self-delusion.

One could argue that evil came ashore from the Mayflower (how history might have been different had she popped a garboard plank twenty miles offshore...). There is a tendency toward a modern moral relativism – that is, a reluctance to judge previous actions by today's presumably much more 'enlightened' standards, but the actions of the much vaunted Pilgrims – these

mythic lovers of freedom, these prim and proper proxies for Christ, these narrow-minded bigots immediately began committing genocide on a scale not seen since Roman times. Well, since Christopher Columbus, at least. Apparently the same God who now informs the unlikely person of George W. Bush, politely asked the Pilgrims to begin wiping out the indigenous population, who had in all innocence, actually welcomed the new arrivals. Big mistake! Not only did God request the immediate murder of thousands of them, he suggested mean and tricky ways of doing so, such as the deliberate introduction of smallpox on 'gift' blankets, the WMD of the time. Primitive perhaps, but deadly effective. And did you think scalping was an Injun thing? Nope. It was a Whitey thing, a way to earn bounty, a little extra cash for the missus. Were white children slaughtered and fed to dogs? Nope, that was the Injun kids. God sure works in strange ways. But I would argue that even with moral relativism up the yingyang, the dear old Pilgrims, forefathers and mothers that they were, must have some crude inkling that torturing and slaughtering innocent men, women and children in their thousands – people who initially bore them no ill-will – was, well, perhaps not quite right. Feeding children to dogs seems to carry a certain harsh, contemptuous element, a *soupcon* of overkill. I could be wrong. Possibly the Pilgrims, whom poor deluded Americans are taught to look up to, just needed a little 'elbow room'. Bewegungsfreiheit. It's been known to happen.

# I'm coming to the evil Kissinger, but first you'll have to suffer through slavery, if you don't mind.

Can you believe it? I can't. I can't believe that a nation which all but wiped out its own indigenous population then turned to slavery. It kidnapped human beings from the shores of Africa and used them as machines, as work animals, as if the newly written Constitution were just 'a goddam piece of paper.' To a large extent the degree and specifics of human suffering under this cruel regime are lost to history. I wanted to give this phenomenon an impressive name that might be noted and, as so often happens in these cases, the German language came to mind. '*Geisterentsetzen*'. Ghost suffering. The human condition and human history must bear the burden of quite a bit of *Geisterentsetzen*, not the least of it during the time of American slavery. Such a short time ago! Can a state which previously embraced slavery redeem itself in a little over a hundred years? If so one would expect to see the descendents of the victims treated respectfully,

as equal citizens, instead of burning crosses, snarling dogs and fire hoses. Could it be that some dark shadow of the bleak Pilgrim soul still endures? The snarling dogs (more dogs, different natives) and fire hoses and police batons of the sixties might finally be gone, but the racist spirit lives.

Geisterentsetzen. At home and abroad. Who could quantify the suffering inflicted by 'Little Boy' and 'Fat Man' on Hiroshima and Nagasaki on August 6 and 9, 1945? (Who else would so charmingly name such vile engines of death?) The suffering and terror experienced by innocent human beings in those two cities can only be imagined. The argument that a million American lives would have been lost in an invasion of Japan is as specious as the supposed existence of WMD in Iraq. The fact is, Japan was finished and was actively seeking ways to surrender. But America didn't want surrender. America couldn't wait to play with her new toys, and to send an unmistakable warning to Russia. Two deadly birds, and lots more Geisterentsetzen. I used to think that the pilot of the Enola Gay (who names a genocide machine after his dear old Mom?) had appropriately gone insane after dropping *Little Boy* on Hiroshima. There seemed some small consolation to conscience in that idea. But wrong! Paul Tibbits actually never missed a chance to get his mug on television and to state that he'd gladly do it all over again. There must be a word (German or not) for such incredible lack of compassion, of responsibility. Amongst other 'collectibles', one can even buy a scale model of *Little Boy* on the Tibbits website for \$500.

And now, after being the only nation to use nuclear weapons, and after abrogating virtually every international treaty designed to limit the spread of such weaponry and after repudiating a ban on first strike use, America contemplates a 'pre-emptive' nuclear attack on Iran, a nation which poses a threat to no one, and one which America invaded in 1952 to depose the democratically elected government of Mohammed Mossedeq. Mossedeq made the mistake of thinking that Iranian oil was...well, *Iranian* (careful, Hugo Chavez; careful, Evo Morales). *Big* mistake. Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, *King of Kings* and *Light of the Aryans* was installed on the Peacock Throne, but had trouble ruling until he got help from *Savak*, the American trained gang of thugs who became skilled in the arts of torture and disappearances and murder – official state terrorists, graduates, no doubt *summa cum laude* of the School of the Americas, the terrorist training facility located at Fort Benning, Georgia.

The military since changed the name of the School of the Americas to 'Western Hemisphere Institute for Security Cooperation'. Doesn't that sound better? Must be legit, it's an *institute*! It's where some of the Abu Grhaib people

learned their stuff. Other graduates include 'Ole Pineapple Face' Noriega of Panama, the late 'Blowtorch Bob' D'Aubisson of El Salvadore, scores of Pinochet people and Baby Doc's *Tonton Macoutes*. They even found room for Saddam's boys, and now the new Iraqi death squads who are busily providing Operation Phoenix II. The torture school is also dear old alma mater to various killers from various other vicious dictatorships and 'democracies' around the world. If you really, really need to know about stress positions, waterboarding, sleep deprivation, sexual humiliation, beating, assassination, and plain old good old fashioned murder, it's the *institute* for you. The good ol' USA has the knowhow, and is willing to share. Entrance requirements are stringent, but fair – applicants must display distinct sociopathic/sadistic tendencies, an ability to follow orders and be possessed of a decidedly non-squeamish nature. When asked about the work of some of its more notorious and bloodstained graduates, a military spokesperson for *the institute* replied that the school couldn't be held responsible for a few 'bad apples'. Bad apples? Given that the curriculum is designed exactly for that purpose – to produce the most rotten, sour, stinking apples possible – the disclaimer seemed a little disingenuous. By their standards a 'bad apple' would surely be someone who, despite all that costly training, still insists on helping old ladies across the street without stealing either their purses, or gold teeth. Surely being a *good* apple would be grounds for expulsion from good old W.H.I.S.C.

The poisonous dark winds that had filled the sails of the Mayflower and propelled her to Plymouth continued to blow and gain strength across America. They blew in Alabama, and Mississippi and any number of Ku Klux Klanistans across the South, in corporate boardrooms and corrupt Congressional backrooms in the North, they were the bad breath of Senator Joe McCarthy and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, in the murderous machinations of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and in the spooky, deadly dreams of James Jesus Angleton, Allen Dulles, Richard Helms and others in the CIA.

The cold breeze blew in churches, in schools, and in prisons, which never shied from torture. 'Fear and loathing, loathing and fear; choose your enemy, hold him dear.' Everyone was dancing a *danse macabre* in the land of the free. It's what the leaders wanted. It's what they needed. They still do, and they still dance.

And then, in 1963, a vortex threatened to flatten America. John F. Kennedy, furious at the over-reaching bungling of the CIA regarding the disastrous Bay

of Pigs invasion of Cuba, was determined to streamline that out-of-control agency right out of existence. At the same time one of the first acts of an expected second Presidential term beginning in 1964 would be to replace the notoriously corrupt and compromised founder and head of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, whose loathing for the Kennedy brothers and their administration was not even *barely* concealed, and was reciprocated in kind. To further enrage the self-righteous right-wing zealots in the CIA, FBI and military Kennedy had decided to explore the possibly of a *rapproachment* with Cuba (and by extension the USSR) and Castro, who reacted positively, if cautiously to the proposals of diplomatic emissary, William Atwood, former ambassador to Guinea, and to the less formal approach of the French journalist Jean Daniel. To make matters worse, the President made no secret of his proposal to withdraw the entire contingent (about 1,000) of 'American Advisors' from Viet Nam. His fate was sealed.

## "It is inconceivable that a secret intelligence arm of the government has to comply with all the overt orders of the government. – James Angleton, CIA

As of about 40 years after the assassination, upwards of 80% of Americans disbelieved the official version regarding what occurred. This number is probably considerably higher now, and higher still in countries which were not subjected to the barrage of official and compliant media misinformation and propaganda from the moment of the event. Today, few believe that Oswald acted alone, and many doubt he played *any* role except the passive one as an unwitting 'patsy' as he himself declared. He was the unsuspecting victim of a long process of CIA 'sheep-dipping'. The point is not that Kennedy was almost certainly assassinated by the CIA (using both weapons and human 'assets' from Miami – Cuban/Mafia, it doesn't matter) with the passive complicity of the FBI and military in a virtual and literal coup d'etat, but rather that it took so long for science and reason and evidence to prevail over government-induced hysteria and the public's willingness to accept obvious and provable lies. That the Warren Commission was headed by a racist buffoon and only incidentally Chief Justice of the Supreme Court should have been a clue. That it considered and unquestioningly accepted only evidence provided through the corrupt filters of the FBI and CIA (and simply ignored anything that conflicted with the pre-

conceived conclusion – lone gunman) should have been another. That the most active member of the Commission was Allen Dulles, recently fired as head of the CIA by Kennedy for his responsibility for the Bay of Pigs debacle should have been still another. And yet at the time, a gullible public, with a few courageous exceptions was willing to swallow whatever it was spoon-fed.

The so-called 'magic bullet' required by the single-shooter theory still flies in the face of logic and laws of physics. It flew up and down and all around, perhaps even spelling out L-E-E H-A-R-V-E-Y O-S-W-A-L-D in Cyrillic letters before it landed, pristine, after breaking several bones and passing through two bodies. But perhaps it contained so much energy at the end of its curious trajectory that it jumped ahead in time and space, hit the twin towers and building seven of the World Trade Center in New York with such force and swiftness that they fell in exactly the same manner as in controlled demolition. Only then did it return to the 1963 to rest on a stretcher at Bethesda Naval Hospital, tired, but unbroken. A remarkable bullet indeed!

That is to say that if the American public had demanded the honest inquiry to which they were entitled, had the criminals who murdered Kennedy been brought to justice, like minded insider 'evildoers' in the future would not have dared engineer/enable the destruction of 9-11, much less the following evil incursion into Afghanistan and the long pre-ordained invasion of Iraq. The Project for the New American century (PNAC) was not so much a plan as a plot; its authors knew history well, and that history *can* repeat itself if its lessons go unheeded. A cold wind had howled out of Dallas on that 22nd day of November, 1963, bitter but emboldening. In spite of having mandated the Warren Commission and its conclusions, Lyndon Johnson personally never accepted the lone gunman theory and neither did Richard Nixon, who in his own desperate days tried to use his knowledge of CIA involvement (and FBI complicity) in the 'Bay of Pigs' as blackmail to attempt to block investigations into the growing Watergate scandal. He threatened to tell what he knew, but it was already too late for Tricky Dick.

"Henry, there are too many goddamned Jews in my administration." – President Nixon.

Now to Kissinger, 'world luminary', Harvard genius, who began his political

career in the pocket of the Rockefeller family, and ended it by betraying to journalists (a trademark Kissinger *trait*) some of the final, drunken delusional hours of Nixon's Presidency. In between, he managed to spy on his own staff (while he was Chief Plumber, he was also the chief leaker – he just couldn't do without the intrigue and attention), illegally wiretap colleagues and ordinary citizens alike, arrange break-ins, orchestrate the coup that led to the death of (democratically elected) Chilean President Salvador Allende and the ascension of the truly vile (but *Catholic!*) Augusto ('Shove-Em Out Of An Airplane') Pinochet and his ugly CNI secret police (trained at the *Institute*, no less!). Oh yes, I almost forgot – he and his racist, paranoid boss Richard Nixon killed upwards of two million people in Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia in an undeclared, unnecessary, and indeed criminal war, just like Afghanistan and Iraq (the latter about which Henry opines that America is losing for want of killing enough people. Sigh. It is to weep, but not to worry – that other Napoleonic deepthinking pipsqueak, No-Star Four-Star General Alexander Haig agrees.) Amongst the tools of bringing democracy to the Gooks (Ragheads would come later) were drowning or near drowning in buckets of water or other liquids, being thrown alive from hovering helicopters, rape, lots and lots of outright murder including *Operation Phoenix* in which between twenty and forty thousand Vietnamese were presented with a bullet in the back of the head courtesy of the CIA. So, lots of Geisterentsetzen in Vietnam, too.

When asked recently whether he should apologize for so many wanton deaths, *Herr Doktor* sniffed: "This is not the occasion. We have to start from the assumption that serious people were making serious decisions. So that's the sort of question that's highly inappropriate." *Seriously? We do?* Strange how it was always appropriate for Kissinger to wantonly slaughter men, women and children, but *never* appropriate to politely request accountability. (Nixon: 'The only place where you and I disagree ... is with regard to the bombing. You're so goddamned concerned about civilians, and I don't give a damn. I don't care.' Kissinger: 'I'm concerned about the civilians because I don't want the world to be mobilized against you as a butcher.' Oh, *that's* why.) Maybe only Harvard graduates would understand. Or people from the *Institute*. Poor Henry is now restricted either to traveling abroad disguised in Groucho glasses and mustache or vacationing in sunny Florida, because nations such as France with a more developed sense of justice and moral courage than the US would like to discuss

certain, *ahem, excusez*, war crimes and crimes against humanity. Donald Rumsfeld recently had a similar problem with those uppity, sanctimonious Germans. So boringly *Old Europe*, you know. Don't they know that there's a new reality? A new Empire? Well Florida's nice, but watch out for the alligators, Henry and Donald, they can be even more snappish than yourselves, believe it or not.

One is tempted to view Nixon as a tragic Shakespearean figure – one of the most powerful men in history, brought down by his own venality. But what flaw in the American people allowed/compelled them to vote for such a transparently dishonest, deeply flawed man not just once, but a second time with the greatest plurality in American history? It wasn't just Nixon and Kissinger who were responsible for killing millions of innocent Vietnamese, for the unspeakable horrors of countless (and mostly unreported) My Lais, for torture, for taking of 'trophy' ears, other atrocities, for Kent State and other domestic outrages at home. Remember Nixon's thuggish hardhats? The gleeful viciousness of the police at peace protests?

And after all that, America lost, and the Domino Theory proved as vacuous as Henry's latest trophy model/escort, and the world lurched on. Well, for some, anyway. The same passive thinking allowed Ronnie Reagan to condone the rape of nuns, the murder of teachers, farmers, doctors, and children in El Salvador (President 'Blowtorch Bob' D'Aubisson was actually a 'freedom-fighter' when he blow-tortured people to death) and similar atrocities in Nicaragua while posing as everyone's doting Grand-Dad. A not infrequent trick of Ronnie's 'Freedom-fighters' was to smash a grenade into the mouth of a victim and detonate it while his/her family watched. They did it to children also. Why not? *Anything* for democracy. This was Ronnie's freakish 'freedom'. Reagan compared these 'fighters' to the Founding Fathers. Perhaps for once he was correct. Now there are Iraqi death squads modeled after Ronnie's Freedom Fighters. They've been to the *Institute*. No doubt Freedom Fries were on the menu for lunch and dinner. Pass the salt.

What is it about the American psyche that so loves blood and the suffering of others that it is willing to kill, as in Guatemala, literally to make the world safe, not for democracy, but for bananas? Nor is democracy any impediment for America's grisly meddling, as we have seen over and over – Iran, Chile, various

African nations, Haiti. And now, on top of everything else, they're starving the Palestinians. Arguably no nation on earth has meddled so much in the affairs of others, or with such bloody results – Hawaii, Cuba, the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Chile, Argentina, Greece, Honduras, Iran, Guatemala, the Dominican Republic, North and South Vietnam, Afghanistan, Haiti, Panama, Grenada, Iraq, Venezuela. Who's next? Maybe Iran, maybe Syria, maybe anyone, maybe everyone.

Now that Christian fundamentalism has prevailed in all its superficiality and hysteria, its true color is apparent – blood red. Jesus has been made over into a new image – GI Jesus, seething with hatred and pining for revenge against the godless (or the insufficiently God-*fearing*) as identified by the likes of Franklin Graham (who declared Islam as 'evil'), Pat Robertson (who advocates the assassination of the foreign leaders he and the White House disapprove), and *Doctor* Jerry Falwell, founder of the 'Moral Majority', a misnomer if there ever was one. Nothing gentle or loving is left of Jesus, he's become a true American, delusional as to his own righteousness, always ready to deal in blood and torture, but maybe if you're a subservient little follower – no questions please – he'll push a Cadillac your way, or see to it that your football team prevails in the big game. Thank you Lord! GI Jesus, bully *extraordinaire*.

The fundamentalists have formulated a morally crippled, crazy, creepy Christ in their image. This jumped-up Jesus will gladly stone your daughter to death for having an abortion, even if her pregnancy was the result of rape. He'll kill your son for having been born gay, but apparently he has no problem with the sodomization of boys at Abu Grhaib. He tells President Bush (*coups d'etat* deux et trois) to bomb the hell out of Afghanistan, and Iraq, to commit war crimes and crimes against humanity on a massive scale, but apparently is mute regarding Darfur. Or (fill in your own blank). God really does act in mysterious ways. The born-agains' Jesus is all discombobulated about sex, but adores guns. No condoms, please, but pass the bullets. It's telling that so many Americans would be willing to risk nuclear conflagration for everyone in order to bring on their much anticipated 'End Times' and 'rapture' into heaven. Where does such dementia come from? On the slim chance that God exists *and* has any wish to be involved in human affairs – unlikely on the evidence – why would He/She want to be associated with such a willfully ignorant, violent, and selfish person

as the American Born Again Christian? It wouldn't be heaven anymore. Why would anyone but a dangerously demented Christ want to return to broker the 'rapture' of such selfish, hateful crazies? Why not leave bad enough alone?

#### The Second Coming

W. B Yeats

Turning and turning in the widening gyre The falcon cannot hear the falconer; Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold; Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world, The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere The ceremony of innocence is drowned; The best lack all conviction, while the worst Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand; Surely the Second Coming is at hand. The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert A shape with lion body and the head of a man, A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun, Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds. The darkness drops again; but now I know That twenty centuries of stony sleep Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle, And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

The PNAC people need to go to jail. Perhaps Karl Rove is headed that way, but that will be for perjury and possibly obstruction of justice. He and his colleagues who hijacked the government, fervently hoped for a 'new Pearl Harbor event' *a* 

*la* 9-11 and who likely made it happen, need to be held accountable. So does the Decider/Divider. The Torture President. The Empty Emperor.

And having twice elected Nixon and then Reagan and having passively allowed Bush to steal two elections and lie his way into a devastating war that has killed perhaps 100,000 mostly innocent people while causing an angry world to be contaminated with deadly depleted uranium dust (Uranium 238 which has a half life of 4.5 *billion* years), and while threatening first-use nuclear weapons against Iran which could draw China and/or Russia/Pakistan/ Israel/North Korea into a (final) nuclear holocaust, the American people need to ask themselves what it is in their being that allows and even encourages such insanity.

No matter what happens, the American population pretends to the highest values of morality and justice and democracy ever achieved in civilization. No matter what happens, the government pretends not to hold these same values in deepest contempt in its ruthless pursuit of raw power. The American Dream unfolds as a schizophrenic *minuet macabre*, a long negotiated suicide pact. Now the pills have been swallowed, the booze guzzled. The problem is that the whole world is threatened by America's self-indulgent lunacy in all of its evil and destructive forms. It's time to think, and to act, and try and catch the wind.

# READ MORE POLITICAL ESSAYS

Download political essays by many of the best and brightest commentators from around the world, plus books, booklets, essays, newspapers and magazines – all in pdf format – all free of charge, at <u>www.coldtype.net</u> (Click on this link to enter web site)

