

**(Note: This “Food for Thought” Will  
Come in Two Parts)**

# **FOOD FOR THOUGHT ONE, PART ONE**

**(NEW SERIES—2007)**

## **U.S.A.—LAND OF BABIES**

### ***ENEMIES LIST:***

- 1) THE LEFT GATEKEEPERS**
- 2) THE “DEMOCRATIC PARTY”**
- 3) THE NEO-CONSERVATIVES**
- 4) THE BUSHCISTI**



### **ENEMIES**

**1**

No, I’m Not Paranoid

Richard Nixon’s famous [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nixon's\\_Enemies\\_List](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nixon's_Enemies_List) “Enemies List” is—rightly enough—associated with that grim president’s on-going and, toward the end, rather severe trouble with paranoia. I don’t want to write about Nixon. I want to write about our own clear and present dangers, which are at the moment far more

grave even than those indisputably grave dangers we faced under Nixon. Still, one of the things that I myself devoutly pray, wish, yearn for, and inwardly depend upon, aside from our very survival as a free republic, and aside from the *world's* very survival under the war-lustful thuggery of the fanatic neocons who are now well advanced in their program of stealing everything in sight—aside from *those* minor hopes, I *also* hope that *someday*, *somehow*, there may actually be returned to America a true semblance of *literary life*.

I crave such a thing, I miss such a thing, I yearn for such a thing, and—as readers of *A Nation Gone Blind* know—I very much doubt that we're likely, in any of our own present lifetimes, to see such a thing again. *Nevertheless*, please allow me to mention what so far as I know is the finest American novel ever written on the forbidding subject of Richard M. Nixon. Its author is—was?—a middle western high school teacher by the name of Mark Maxwell, whom I know nothing more about than that he wrote this book and that, so far as I know, he never published another word after it. As I write *these* words, his novel ranks 2,448,270<sup>th</sup> on Amazon's book-sales charts, and it can be [http://www.amazon.com/gp/offer-listing/0312181469/ref=lp\\_g\\_1/104-4231058-3189532](http://www.amazon.com/gp/offer-listing/0312181469/ref=lp_g_1/104-4231058-3189532) gotten online for as little as *one penny* plus shipping—or, if you're especially flush, you can start at <http://www.fetchbook.info/compare.do?search=031220664X> *twelve cents* instead. (Actually, you can get *my* books at the same bargain rates, too—*An American Memory* [http://www.amazon.com/gp/offer-listing/0385262558/ref=dp\\_olp\\_2/104-4231058-3189532](http://www.amazon.com/gp/offer-listing/0385262558/ref=dp_olp_2/104-4231058-3189532) for a penny and *I Am Zoë Handke* for [http://www.amazon.com/gp/offer-listing/0945575866/ref=lp\\_g\\_1/104-4231058-3189532](http://www.amazon.com/gp/offer-listing/0945575866/ref=lp_g_1/104-4231058-3189532) *another* penny. I must say I'm pleased at being in the company of Mark Maxwell, even though it is a bit lonely down here in the darkness, where we continue duking it out for our rankings (*Zoë Handke* at 2,553,042<sup>nd</sup> and *An American Memory* leading the pack of three at 2,432,241<sup>st</sup> ).

Around the time of its publication back in 1997, I wrote an in-brief review of *NixonCarver*, and here it is:

Maxwell, Mark  
NIXONCARVER  
St. Martin's, Buzz Books  
\$19.95, 192 pp.  
February, 1997  
ISBN: 0-312-18146-9

Newcomer Maxwell takes the preposterous idea of Richard Nixon and Raymond Carver meeting on the California seashore and becoming fast friends. And then, in a series of perfectly graceful short chapters, he spins the purest gold from it.

When they bump into each other after walking “a couple hundred miles,” one north and one south, Carver and Nixon start up like just plain folks (“My name’s Dick,” is all he says”). But then right away, in his perfect, unflappable, pitch-perfect dialogue, Maxwell introduces the bite: “How’s the wife?” Ray asks. ‘Still in the hospital,’ Dick tells him. . . ‘I’m still dying,’ Ray says with an odd Buddha smirk on his lips. ‘I thought so, says Dick. ‘You’ve got that look about you.’” Tosses back Ray: “You would know.” Maxwell’s tone—impartial, objective, observant, humane: in a word, Chaucerian—stands him in such good stead that he can tell the rags-to-riches story of each man without an iota of sentimentality or one false laugh; can make Carver an interesting character without a hint of idolization; and can—wonder of wonders—even make us sympathize with the vile, vulgar, obsessive Nixon. The miserable childhoods of each—poverty,

tyrannical fathers, suffering mothers—allow for a showcasing of Maxwell’s deft hand and sharp eye, but the same is no less true when Nixon and Carver (just imagine) go fishing together, play poker and talk (and talk and talk) about sex, or when Nixon calls Carver long-distance late at nights when he needs comfort from life’s sorrows, as, for example, when Pat has her stroke. The richness of detail never once slackens (Maxwell actually provides a bibliography), and (just as in Chaucer) the humor never once runs away with the humanity: not even when Nixon in adolescence once “fucked a large green piece of farm equipment,” or when, younger, “he used to let himself dream of bluebirds fluttering out of his mother’s asshole.”

A marvel of restraint, color, and life.

A really good book. My advice is, buy it and read it. Hell, my advice is *also* to buy *my* books and read *them*. Me and Maxwell, the likes of us are a lot harder to find these days than we used to be.

## 2

### The American Way

That wasn’t just an indulgence, that “No, I’m Not Paranoid” section. It was intended to make a solid, real, and incredibly important point. Namely this one, which I’ll express with a carefully chosen word: *Over the past decade—not to mention over the past three—life in America, culturally and spiritually, has gotten cruddier and cruddier and cruddier.*

“Cruddy” is my word of choice because of certain associations it holds from my late childhood and early adolescence, in the 1950s, when my parents were trying to squeeze a living out of sixty-five acres of Minnesota farmland (too small an acreage to make a livelihood just from crops) by adding to the business a chicken-raising project. They constructed a new wooden floor in the large open space of the old barn’s hayloft and set about raising 3800 chickens at a time, on three barn-levels, from their arrival as yellow chicks through their gawky and scraggly adolescence on to their strapping young-adult chicken-hood—at which time the whole lot would be shipped off to market as “broilers.” Like pigeons and other birds, chickens produce a lot of crud, and I became closely acquainted with it at that time in my life. I stepped in it at least six times daily (three levels of chickens to tend twice a day), breathed it in as dust—and now am left with associations of unpleasantness, physical discomfort, lack of aesthetic pleasure but none of hard work, and a sense of very great futility—the chicken business failed, as did the farm.

So, my word is “crud,” or “cruddy.” Readers can supply whatever alternative they like just by putting it into the comparative form and repeating it two or three times, linked by “and.” “Shallower and shallower,” comes to mind, or “thinner and thinner,” or “more and more ersatz,” or “less and less complex,” “less and less *adult*,” more and more infantile, or—surprise example!—“more and more and more *simplified*.”

Anyone who's read *A Nation Gone Blind* is familiar with this idea—the idea that ours is “an Age of Simplification and Deceit.” In *ANGB*, I claim 1947 as the year of choice for the “beginning” of this “Age,” in large part because that's the year the National Security Act was signed by President Truman, thus creating the CIA and really gearing things up for the “military-industrial complex,” or the year when, as I put it in the book, “the corporate fox was invited in through the door of the governmental henhouse.” The USA has never returned to “normal” since then, but instead has been only an ever-growing example of a “military-corporate-intelligence state,” which is exactly what we've got now—and in its most obviously perfected form so far. It's what's made the Bushiscti possible—or inevitable.

Oh, yes, and then there was television, too—with 1947 being as good a year as any to mark its birth as a “mass” medium.

The result? Well, here's a line from page 10 of the book; you should imagine implied apologetic quotation marks around the words “the new America”:

The sixty years that have brought us the new America have brought us also a virtually perfected socio-political culture of lies and lying, a culture built on a foundation of lying, framed by walls of lying, covered by a roof of lying.

All lies all the time—in a word, the American way. There've always been hucksters, sure, and there've always been snake-oil salesmen, thieves, opportunists, and crooked politicians. But there *hasn't* always been TV. And there *hasn't* always been the CIA. And there *hasn't* always been the National Security Council. Since the *coup d'état*—oh, I'm sorry, the “election”—of 2000, however, and *especially* since 9/11, the culture of deceit has grown bigger, more total, more pervasive, more poisonous, more *dangerous*, and—just possibly—more *irreversible* than ever before.

### 3

## Our Leaders, Our Liars

And so, just how serious is it? Well, if *omnipresence* is a measure, it's serious indeed. And if *enormity* is a measure, it's even more serious indeed.

Let's take enormity first. I've mentioned <http://www.ericlarsen.net/foodforthought11.4.E.html> Bob Koehler before, whose web site <http://commonwonders.com/> “Common Wonders” carries his weekly column. This week's is dated 1/11/2007 and is called “A Different Story.” Koehler returns to the subject of the execution of Saddam Hussein, asking this question for openers: “Back to Saddam one last time, and his trial and death, and the strong possibility—indeed, the common-sense conclusion—that part of the point of the charade was to silence him.”

Agreed: Common sense does a person straight to where Koehler goes. He continues:

Our alliance with Saddam in his “foment war with Iran” phase is so well documented—who hasn’t seen the photo of him [http://www.industrialandmarine.com/rumsfeld\\_saddam.png](http://www.industrialandmarine.com/rumsfeld_saddam.png) shaking hands with Donald Rumsfeld, President Reagan’s special envoy, in 1983, for instance?—that there’s almost certain to be something hideously compromising in the secret record, which an ex-dictator at large would surely have talked about and a real trial would have unearthed.

Here, a person realizes, Koehler’s phrase (“something hideously compromising”) hints at a virtual dinner-menu of possible crimes. In question form, here’s a list of some of the possibilities:

- 1) Assassinating—I’m sorry, “executing”—a dictator without “a real trial”?
- 2) Assassinating—oops, “executing”—a dictator so that he can’t testify as to what power was most responsible for *setting him up as* a dictator?
- 3) Assassinating—“executing”—a dictator so that he can’t testify as to what power was most helpful in [ [rumsfeld\\_saddam.jpg](#) ] *arming him* as a dictator?
- 4) “Executing” a dictator so that he can’t testify as to what power or powers provided him <http://www.counterpunch.org/blum0820.html> *with the materials* for chemical weapons?
- 5) Executing a dictator so that he can’t testify as to how he got away with [http://www.iranchamber.com/history/articles/chemical\\_warfare\\_iran\\_iraq\\_war.php](http://www.iranchamber.com/history/articles/chemical_warfare_iran_iraq_war.php) *actually using* such weapons, in violation of the <http://fas-www.harvard.edu/~hsp/1925.html> Geneva Protocol of 1925, against opponents whose country (Iran, to be exact) he invaded?

Not especially pleasant choices. And which is worse—that they all have to do *with* crimes? or that they all have to do with the *covering up* of crimes? or that they all have to do with the keeping of crimes *secret*?

And just trying to choose what’s worst could drive you crazy—a fact that Koehler anticipates fully, leading him quickly to explain *why* he even raises such questions:

My unwillingness to let go of this matter [he writes], even though the news cycle has moved on, is not to stoke my own or anyone else’s outrage into a pointless frenzy. It’s simply to ask a couple questions: If the truth about war is fated always to be tangled in secrecy, how can we ever become less stupid in our assessment of the new one on the horizon? And even more significantly, perhaps, what conditions — what belief system — would permit raw, unspun truth, no matter how unsettling, to have a place at the center of our national thought and dialogue? What’s it going to take, in short, for us to grow up?

And, at least for me, there it is: Koehler has taken his own route to the same conclusion as I reached earlier—that “*Over the past decade—not to mention over the past three—life in America, culturally and spiritually, has gotten cruddier and. . . cruddier.*” Koehler’s word, though, isn’t “cruddy.” “What’s it going to take,” he asks, “for us to grow up?” And so I think it’s fair to express his question in a corollary way, thus: “Over the past decade—not to mention over the past three—life in America, culturally and spiritually—and politically—has gotten more and more *childish*; has gotten more and more *infantile*.”

## 4

### Fascism, American Style: All Is Baby Talk

I’m not sure who’s the *more* infantile—our American *leaders* or the American *people*. A toss-up, I figure.

Still, let’s start with *us*, the people. And here’s the *way* we’re going to start: Since September 11, 2001, it has been made absolutely obvious, absolutely unarguable, absolutely *evident* that Americans in general are the *most* naïve, the *most* gullible, the *most* ignorant, the *least* adult and the *most* infantile of all peoples anywhere on the face of the earth.

With near-universality Americans have swallowed hook, line, and sinker the biggest con job in the entire history of the nation, have failed to use their own eyes, have failed to use their own logic, have failed to use their own abilities (if they’ve got ’em) to *read*, and have proven once again that they’re the most perfectly conditioned of all peoples to behave *unquestioningly*, to behave *as programmed*, and to behave *childishly*: that is, to behave *as perfect “consumers.”*

Let a great *curse* be placed upon *A Nation Gone Blind* for its unforgivable sin of *having been so right*. Let me do penance by *unwriting* the book. Let me atone by making the book *go away*.

But it’s too late, can’t be done, the plan is no good.

Consider. Three huge buildings are brought down by controlled demolition, all in one day, each collapsing at almost free-fall speed. In addition, the demolition of *one* of them is preceded by its owner’s actually saying the words “maybe the smartest thing to do is pull it.” (Anyone who likes can <http://www.prisonplanet.com/011904wtc7.html> see and hear that owner, Larry Silverstein, *on television*, recollecting that those indeed were his own words.) Beyond all that, Steven E. Jones, formerly of Brigham Young University, has <http://www.scholarsfor911truth.org/WhyIndeedDidtheWorldTradeCenterBuildingsCompletelyCollapse.pdf> scientifically demonstrated the means of demolition. And, to top all *that* off, our illustriously criminal leaders made certain that the most important evidence from the crime scene, the broken steel beams from the fallen buildings, was carted away,

put on barges, and as fast as possible sent to China to be melted down—all in an effort to keep scientists and engineers from examining that evidence (they screwed up, though, in one vitally important case: If you want read about it, go to <http://www.scholarsfor911truth.org/WhyIndeedDidtheWorldTradeCenterBuildingsCompletelyCollapse.pdf> this site and then do a page search for the phrase “presence of sulfur”).

But Frank Rich still smears people who know about these demolitions or who have taken it upon themselves to *learn* about them, as <http://www.ericlarsen.net/foodforthought8.html> “conspiracy nuts,” Thomas de Zengotita, even though he’s author of the brilliant book [http://www.amazon.com/Mediated-Media-Shapes-Your-World/dp/1596910321/sr=1-1/qid=1168621067/ref=pd\\_bbs\\_sr\\_1/104-4231058-3189532?ie=UTF8&s=books](http://www.amazon.com/Mediated-Media-Shapes-Your-World/dp/1596910321/sr=1-1/qid=1168621067/ref=pd_bbs_sr_1/104-4231058-3189532?ie=UTF8&s=books) *Mediated*, still goes on lazily declaring himself [http://www.huffingtonpost.com/thomas-de-zengotita/a-question-for-911-consp\\_b\\_22862.html](http://www.huffingtonpost.com/thomas-de-zengotita/a-question-for-911-consp_b_22862.html) haplessly befuddled by it all (good *god*, man, *read* for once!), and Maureen Dowd *still* says in her *Times* column (“Monkey on a Tiger”) that “the Bush administration. . . was asleep in the run-up to 9/11” (January 6, 2007), although *someone*—and it sure wasn’t that poor patsie Mohammad Atta—was wide awake enough to get the thousands of demolition charges put in place throughout all three buildings, to figure out how to suppress *all* US military fighter-interceptors the morning of the attacks—and to make sure that no fewer than *four* very nearly simultaneous commercial airliner hi-jackings went off essentially without a hitch. Plus a whole bunch of other stuff, as anyone who’s made a point of knowing, knows.

*That* doesn’t sound to me like anything even *close* to being asleep at the switch—or, for that matter, anything even *close* to snoozing away through the long, preparatory, and painstaking run-up weeks, and months, and *years* that led *up* to the climax of [http://www.amazon.com/Big-Wedding-Whistle-Blowers-Cover-up/dp/097527631X/sr=1-1/qid=1168790250/ref=pd\\_bbs\\_sr\\_1/104-4231058-3189532?ie=UTF8&s=books](http://www.amazon.com/Big-Wedding-Whistle-Blowers-Cover-up/dp/097527631X/sr=1-1/qid=1168790250/ref=pd_bbs_sr_1/104-4231058-3189532?ie=UTF8&s=books) the big wedding.

But in baby-land, in infant-land, none of this matters. In infant-land, people do what they’re told to do, see what they’re told to see, hear what they’re told to hear. And, *believe me*, they’re told not to hear the *hundreds* of people at, in, and near the WTC on 9/11 who’ve testified that say they *heard* explosions going off even *before* the planes hit the towers, and who testify that they *saw* rings of explosives girdling the towers at various elevations *as* the collapses began occurring from above.

In baby-land, you eat what you’re told, do what you’re told, hear what you’re told, and, above all, you *believe* what you’re told.

So even the august Richard Posner, that particularly contentious figure, in an exchange of letters (January 11, 2007) with David Cole—whose *Not a Suicide Pact: The Constitution in a Time of National Emergency* Posner had reviewed (poorly, it would seem) in *The New York Review of Books*: Even the *éminence grise* Posner tosses off a string of words about “reducing the risk of further terrorist attacks,” revealing even himself to be a baby-believer who, *five years afterward*, has given *no* thought whatsoever

to the question of *where* those attacks *really* came from; has done *no* independent reading on the question; has done *no* independent thinking on it or independent looking *into* it; and has, in short, behaved exactly and precisely like the perfect baby that—in this regard at the very least—he is, a baby whose *little* world is his *whole* world.

In closing—that is, in closing this first of two parts—I think it appropriate to hear some even *better*, even *more* significant, *more* infantile examples of baby-talk than Posner’s, or than Dowd’s, or than Frank Rich’s. For the first such example, let’s return to Bob Koehler (whom we’ll see again in part two), who is so good as to cite such an example of baby talk. To get to it, though, we need to have some lead-in.

Koehler cites Bill Moyers as declaring, in a recent speech in New York, perhaps referring to the newly achieved Democrat majority (the “do-good” majority), that “‘America needs something more right now than a ‘must-do’ list from liberals and progressives.’” Instead, according to Moyer,

‘America needs a different story.’ The country needs, he said, to retell itself the story that embraces the best of our dreams and history and promise—the story of inclusiveness and human rights, the story of public education, Social Security, the Marshall Plan, the civil rights revolution—and shout down the din of the free-market ideologues and latter-day robber barons.

“While I heartily agree,” Koehler tells us, he nevertheless

would add: America needs not only a new but a different kind of story—one that sees beyond itself, you might say, isn’t fear-based and, embracing its own flaws, has the capacity to change as new data warrants, self-correct and evolve. We need a story that doesn’t require its adherents to deny reality.

And there you are: “*We need a story that doesn’t require its adherents to deny reality.*” And what might Koehler be referring to in a sentence like that sentence if not to *infantilism*? Isn’t it an adult trait to prefer the *truth* over *mirage*? Or an adult trait to prefer the *truth* over the *make-believe*? Don’t *most* adults, say, give up—and *prefer* to give up—their belief in *Santa Clause*? in the *tooth fairy*? in the superstition that black cats are bad luck, or that broken *mirrors* are?

And so, then, by extension, isn’t it infantile to *choose* not to know what *is knowable*? Isn’t it, then, by extension, *infantile* to *toss off* the empirically verifiable *truth* about 9/11 and *choose instead* to “believe” that it’s nothing but the stuff of “conspiracy nuts”? In what conceivable way is that *not* infantile? In what conceivable way is that *not* the equivalent of choosing to remain *a baby* rather than *choosing* to live the *fuller* life of an adult?

And so Frank Rich, Nicholas Lemann, Amy Goodman, Maureen Dowd, Christopher Hayes, Alexander Cockburn, Matthew Rothschild, Christopher Hitchens—aren’t they all, in this same sense, *babies*, and aren’t they all, in this same sense, speaking *baby talk* in precisely the equivalent way they’d be speaking *baby talk* if they told us, for

example, that they *do* believe in Santa, or *do* believe in the tooth fairy, or *do* believe in the known *untruth* that black cats are bad luck?

Of *course* they'd then be talking baby talk, just as they're *talking it now*, every single time they toss off 9/11 truth as something nutty, or fruity, or demented, or stupid, or nonsensical.

And, furthermore, they really *are* little hopeless intellectual babies if they believe, and *especially if they go on believing*, the infantile nonsense, the deceit, the lies, the scary tales and spooky, intended-to-scare-very-pants-off-you *lies* that are spewed everywhere around us by those who want one thing and one thing only—and *that one thing* is to keep alive the Cheneyiscti power-grab for global hegemony and corporate riches beyond measure, the republic be damned.

*No one* except babies could ever *conceivably* take seriously the babyish nonsense that comes falling out of the baby-mouth of George W. Bush, as quoted here by Koehler:

Apparently nothing is capable of amending the story by which Bush governs, least of all the consequences he has already churned up. “The enemy is merciless and violent,” he said, flailing away at the corpse of his “mission” to liberate the Iraqis, or whatever. “They can’t run us out of the Middle East . . . they can’t intimidate America.”

“The enemy is merciless and violent”? Only a know-nothing, only a “baby,” could believe that lying half-truth, only an ignoramus—since the *true truth* is that if this so-called “enemy” is in fact merciless and violent, it’s only so because *we created that enemy*, we *stirred that enemy up* like a nest of wasps, we invaded that “enemy’s” *country*, we went about *creating the situation* (“on a monstrous superstructure of deceit,” Bob Herbert points out [01/09/06]) that *made the enemy be* “merciless and violent.”

Baby-nation, baby-leader, baby-talk.

And the Bushiscti and the Cheneyiscti can get away with it only because Americans *choose to remain babies themselves by choosing to remain ignorant about the facts of 9/11*.

Anyone who *knows the facts of 9/11* will be moved not to the experience of fear—Bush’s intent—but will be moved to *laughter and scorn* instead at pronouncements like that one or like this next one (“Bush Defends Spy Program and Denies Misleading Public,” *The New York Times*, January 2, 2006):

“They attacked us before, they’ll attack us again if they can,” he said. “And we’re going to do everything we can to stop them.”

Adults *know* that that’s a bald-faced lie; *adults* know that the statement “They attacked us before” isn’t true at all—but *babies*, as the fanatical neocons and the Cheneyiscti, know full well—will be scared to death to hear it, fearing horribly that “they’ll attack us again if they can.”

Let's have some more lies, some more stuff that's scary only to babies and baby talkers, but not to *adults*, who are moved not to a state of fear but to outright hatred and scorn by such lies. Here's one, from December 11, 2005, again from the *Times* ("At F.B.I., Frustration Over Limits on an Antiterror Law"):

"Since its passage after the attacks of September the 11, 2001, the Patriot Act has proved essential to fighting the war on terror and preventing our enemies from striking America again," Mr. Bush said in his radio address on Saturday.

*Ha!* The *hell* it has. It's done nothing of the kind. All it's done is make a nation of babies go on believing that a mountainous pack of lies are *true*. All it's done is sucker three thousand of them into *dying* for those lies. All it's done is sucker <http://www.antiwar.com/casualties/> *twenty-three thousand* of them into becoming "war" *casualties*—not to mention turning almost <http://www.iraqbodycount.net/> *sixty-thousand Iraqi civilians into dead people*.

Hey, let's have some *more* baby talk! I'm sure Frank Rich will love it, that he'll lap it right up, and that the *Times* editorial board will do the same!

Here we go: "Senate [a bunch of *real* babies, by the way] Agrees to a Six-Month Extension of the Patriot Act" (New York Times, December 22, 2005):

"No one should be allowed to block the Patriot Act to score political points," Mr. Bush said in a statement.

I pause briefly in order that *adult* readers—holding their sides in *hilarity* at the sheer *hypocrisy*, the sheer *gall*, the sheer *fraud*, the sheer *enormity* of such crimes against normal intelligence—in order that *adult* readers have a moment to recompose themselves. For the babies—Rich, Goodman, Chomsky, Lemann, the lot—well, they can play with their teething rings and rattles while we wait.

Okay. Same article, same date, same paper:

"The terrorists still want to hit us again," Mr. Bush said Wednesday morning, as he was leaving the White House to make a hospital visit to wounded soldiers. "There is an enemy that lurks, a dangerous group of people that want to do harm to the American people, and we must have the tools necessary to protect the American people."

Another pause for the re-composure of adult readers. As for Frank Rich and the other babies: Back to your rattles and your teething rings.

Okay.

Same paper, this time December 20, 2005 ("Administration Cites War Vote to Support Spying"):

Offering their most forceful and detailed defense of the program . . . administration officials argued that the existing Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act was not written for an age of modern terrorism. In these times, Mr. Bush said, a “two-minute phone conversation between somebody linked to Al Qaeda here and an operative overseas could lead directly to the loss of thousands of lives.”

Or an operative in the White House, like Dick Cheney at the console on the morning of 9/11. Just *amazing* what damage he was able to bring about, and in so short a time! Plus keeping all the fighter-interceptors grounded, or off-course, or flying somewhere over the North Pole, where they were pretending to fend off Russians. Russians! What a guy!! What an imagination!!! What a feat!!!! For all the details, just open up [http://www.amazon.com/Crossing-Rubicon-Deliver-American-Empire/dp/0865715408/sr=1-1/qid=1168709956/ref=pd\\_bbs\\_sr\\_1/104-4231058-3189532?ie=UTF8&s=books](http://www.amazon.com/Crossing-Rubicon-Deliver-American-Empire/dp/0865715408/sr=1-1/qid=1168709956/ref=pd_bbs_sr_1/104-4231058-3189532?ie=UTF8&s=books) this book and start reading. There'll be, I promise you, not a single dull moment.

You won't *laugh*, however—Ruppert's book is a *serious* one, for adults only—you won't laugh out loud the way you're going to do *here*, at the following vaudeville schtick in the same *Times* article just quoted from, when you read that Baby Bush's *real* concern isn't with terrorism at all, but his *real* concern is with *who the hell leaked the story* about his breaking the law by skipping the FISA court whenever he wanted to wire tap!

Mr. Bush strongly hinted that the government was beginning a leak investigation into how the existence of the program was disclosed.

Uh, oh! *Now* Bushie Baby has gotten himself into big trouble, for *sure!* *Damn* that boy! What he's just gone and done, after all, is reveal *the truth*—the worst, worst, worst, worst mistake any self-respecting Baby Bushiscti terrorist can make!! The truth is that he doesn't even *care* about *those* terrorists (note to babies: don't even *try* to follow this, since it'll be way too hard for you. But *grown-ups* know that “those terrorists” don't really exist until the *Bushiscti-terrorists* actually get around to *creating* them).

Still, Bushie Baby did make that hideous mistake of spilling the truth, sort of the way he spills oatmeal on his bib all the time. So what's a guy gonna do *now*?

Simple. A piece of cake. What a guy *does* is climb right back up on his horse and *get back to the business of scaring the wits out of babies*:

“We're at war, and we must protect America's secrets,” Mr. Bush said. “And so the Justice Department, I presume, will proceed forward with a full investigation.”

Ah, yes. “*We're at war.*” *That's* the signal, *that's* the terrifying “truth.” *Now* are you scared enough again that you'll be not just willing, but *eager* to see *more* laws broken, those enemy leakers caught, torture legalized, concentration camps both domestic and foreign built, the dollar drained, stolen, and hidden, all this while habeas corpus is taken away from us all?

Ah, terror! The Bushiscti know how to terrorize, all right!! Especially when they've got the help of their baby-helpers like, oh, just say, Frank Rich. Now, *he's* a wily little baby, no doubt about it. Maybe even wily enough to *lie and tell the truth at the same time*, an accomplishment that's actually, in this, our age of journalists like Walter Kirn, *a much revered definition of good writing*.

I must end, since I'm wearied here from feeling so much pain, hatred, sorrow, and disgust. Back on May 7, 2006, Frank Rich filled his column with riffs on the movie that was putatively about what happened on—not so much *to*—United flight 93 on 9/11. Rich is a big “incompetence” baby, happily swallowing the pablum that it was “incompetence” rather than careful and rigorously adhered-to *criminality* that “kept us from squeezing Moussaoui (or his computer) for information that might have saved lives during the weeks he languished in jail before 9/11.” Yeah, right, *incompetence*. I'd be more interested in what Colleen Rawley knows about *that* than in what Baby Rich *claims* he does. Here's a tip. Just go <http://www.ominous-valve.com/pac/archive/rupprtrans.html> here, to a Mike Ruppert interview, and then do a page search for Colleen Rawley.

But an end. Not with a spoonful of sugar, but with a mouthful of lies, thus: With a baby-paragraph, with a quisling-paragraph, with a come-on-in-fascism paragraph, with a traitor-paragraph of *pure Gatekeeper genius*:

Whatever the movie's other failings, that message is clear and essential: the identity of the enemy. The film opens with the four hijackers praying to Allah and, in keeping with the cockpit voice recording played at the Zacarias Moussaoui trial, portrays them as prayerful right until they murder 40 innocent people. Such are the Islamic radicals who struck us on 9/11 and whose brethren have only multiplied since.

“[W]hose brethren have only multiplied since.” With a fourth estate, with an intelligentsia, as blind and as certainty-filled as this—I can say only, god help us all.

—Eric Larsen  
—January 13, 2007