

**FOOD FOR THOUGHT 11
(PART FOUR-E):**



**OUR ENEMIES,
THE
LEFT GATEKEEPERS**



**ON OUR WAY TO CONCLUDE
OUR VISIT WITH
NICHOLAS LEMANN,
LET'S STOP OFF
AT
JACOB WEISBERG'S
PLACE**

ONE

**We've Got Plenty
of Trouble
*AND***

**We've Got *More* than Plenty of
You-Know-What**

Well, well, well—it never rains but it pours, so they say. In “Part Four-D,” I mentioned http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Laurence_Sterne Laurence Sterne and the difficulty he had getting Walter Shandy (I mistakenly said Tristram) down the stairs, since each step Mr. Shandy took awakened new (or old) memories and considerations that drew him—his mind, that is—farther into the past as well as into present complexities (including the question of whether damage had been to his son Tristram’s nose during childbirth moments before). And Sterne? Well, Sterne had the job of following and describing Walter’s mind but also the job of getting him *down the stairs*—with the result, a bit like a paradox of Zeno, that Walter would seemingly never, ever go *forward* in the narrative (or forward down the stairs, either), at least not for so long as Sterne remained true to his artistic-intellectual task, which was, of course, the task of http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Life_and_Opinions_of_Tristram_Shandy%2C_Gentleman *truthfully describing the nature of Walter—and Tristram—Shandy’s mental-emotional life.*

Now I’m in the same boat as Sterne was—or in a parallel boat, at any rate. In trying to reach Nicholas Lemann, we’re distracted by John Perkins, who leads us to Catherine Austin Fitts, and in turn—as you’re about to discover—we next find ourselves sailing the most murky seas of the “mind” of Jacob Weisberg. Will we *ever* get back, *ever* get to where we were going?

It’s a question worth asking. Talk of sailing, however, reminds us of Jonathan Swift—and how could it not?

Who among you remembers, in Gulliver’s first voyage—his voyage to the land of the six-inch-high Lilliputians—the occasion when he has to move his bowels for the first time? All right. Of course *everyone* does (except maybe Nicholas Lemann, since I can’t imagine that *he’s* ever read *Gulliver’s Travels*). In any case, Gulliver by this time has been brought into the capital city and, secured by ankle-chains “that were about two yards long,” is given a small hut to shelter in—a small hut that was in fact “an ancient temple” and “esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom” (the front gate was “about four foot high”). Living there, Gulliver, when he first feels the need to move his bowels, makes an unfortunate decision. Let’s read:

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburthened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action; for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he hath maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain. . .

Reading Swift’s great satire requires an alert imagination—and, indeed, we can all “maturely and impartially” imagine what things smelled like inside Gulliver’s hut after his first “disburthening,” and the wisdom of his decision from then time on “to

perform that business in the open air”—though an alert imagination and good memory will still make the sharp reader wonder just how sufficient a solution to his problem Gulliver’s really was.

Now, I’m going to propose ANOTHER CONTEST, and, once again, the winner will receive a free, inscribed copy of <http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/1593760981/ref=nosim/104-1974668-7081548?n=283155> *A Nation Gone Blind*. But to set up the terms of the contest, we’ll have to read a few more phrases from the elegant Jonathan Swift. Since we’re in no hurry greater than Laurence Sterne was, we can repeat a bit of what we’ve seen:

From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain, and due care was taken every morning before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheelbarrows. . .

I’m sure you see those ellipsis marks. I’ve put them there to indicate that we, too, have more business to attend to before I announce the Great Quiz Question and raise the question of *why* it’s so appropriate a one.

TWO

SHOVE ON OVER, NICHOLAS LEMANN! THERE’S **COMPANY COMING!!!**

If only all those we’re calling ersatz-left Gatekeepers were *fish*, we’d have been rid of the whole mob of them long ago. How could it be otherwise, since they’re so incredibly good at eagerly swallowing hook, line, and sinker whenever that barbed and glittering old trio is tossed or dangled their way.

Unless, of course, they’re lying about it. We’ve got to keep in mind here as before that we may be dealing with lies uttered by quislings rather than with ideas actually believed and bumbled out by putatively honest fish. Either way, there’s one type of a *particularly* shallow piscine breed among the Gatekeepers, and I had a sighting of that type last fall as it was having an especially vivid feeding frenzy—if, that is, one fish alone can actually *have* a feeding frenzy.

In any case, the shallow feeder that time around, swallowing hook, line, and sinker to beat the band—again and again—was none other than http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jacob_Weisberg Jacob Weisberg, to whom all are grateful for his studious and diligent <http://www.slate.com/id/76886/> collecting of Bushisms. But on the other hand a person can hardly be grateful for Weisberg’s demonstration of what’s

either myopia in a degree qualifying as clinical blindness, *or* his demonstration of the most fraudulent imaginable of gatekeeper ploys.

Called <http://www.slate.com/id/2149078/> “Five Years Free,” the piece I saw was posted at <http://www.slate.com/> *Slate* magazine last September 6.

You may have guessed—9/6 being so close to 9/11, and 2006 being exactly five years after 2001—that Weisberg’s title does indeed refer to the fact of there having been no *further* 9/11-style attacks since the original 9/11.

In opening, Weisberg says that before 9/11 “We had been living in a fool’s paradise,” whereas *after* 9/11 everything was going to be very, very different, because “Now we would have to learn to accommodate the ongoing threat of terrorist violence,” comparable to “the Israelis, Spaniards during the era of Basque separation, and Brits in the heyday of the IRA.”

Okay. Enormous new fears. Now, here’s Weisberg’s *second* paragraph:

As the fifth anniversary of the attacks approaches, perhaps the most surprising result is that American life has not changed very much at all. We worry more about terrorism and have to allow more time to negotiate airport security. But amazingly, al-Qaida hasn’t claimed a single additional victim inside the United States. This fact is all the more remarkable when you consider the special challenges America faces in preventing terrorism: thousands of miles of porous border; an open, mobile society; and easy access to firearms.

I ask, unable to believe my own poor eyes and ears, “***WHAT CAN THIS MAN BE THINKING?!?!?***”

Everyone remembers the shock and outrage ten months or so ago, when the Bushiscti proposed offering a contract to <http://michellemalkin.com/archives/004577.htm> a company in Dubai that would then provide security for six major U.S. ports. I myself couldn’t even *begin* to understand the hysteria and outcry that ensued. Same thing with Weisberg. I can’t *begin* to take him seriously.

After all, what surprise can there conceivably be in another 9/11 not having taken place in five years? Since the Bushiscti themselves were the *perpetrators* of 9/11, isn’t it self-explanatory? The Bushiscti pulled off their inside job, got away with it, and got what they wanted *from* it—namely *carte-blanche* war-making powers from “congress,” a *wide* opening of the purse-strings for said war-making, an instantly-created imaginary enemy to make war *against*, and, hardly least, the best opportunity conceivable to begin their program of crushing, or, if you wish, stripping away, of Constitutional liberties, starting with the so-called Patriot Act and now—those famous five years later—having legalized torture, gotten rid of habeas corpus, gutted the http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Insurrection_Act Insurrection Act, and gotten “legislators” to ante up \$38 million for http://p135.news.scd.yahoo.com/s/ap/20061205/ap_on_go_co/congress_rdp spiffing up concentration camps inside the U.S.—an event about which one typical Gatekeeper wrote

Bushiscti, otherwise known as the back-slapping gang of neo-cons, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Trilateral_Commission Trilateralists, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bilderberg_Group Bilderbergers, and assorted thugs and moles among them who are *doing* the actual governing and who *are* actually the http://www.amazon.com/9-11-Synthetic-Terror-Third/dp/0930852370/sr=1-1/qid=1166110166/ref=pd_bbs_1/104-4231058-3189532?ie=UTF8&s=books rogue or invisible government of the U.S.

It was only the *ignorant* folks—along with the lying Gatekeepers *pretending* to be ignorant—who were alarmed. Dammit, *one* thing the Bushiscti, whom we should really call the Cheneyiscti, is who their friends are. And, man, their friends *ain't us*.

Just up above, that phrase “rogue or invisible government”—that’s a link to the great Webster Tarpley. Last week—too late—he wrote about the Gates confirmation on the excellent site <http://www.911Blogger.com>, urging a filibuster to keep from happening the ruinous confirmation that’s already—as you read these words—happened. “Gates is a secret government toady,” Tarpley wrote in <http://www.911blogger.com/node/4864> “Filibuster Al Qaeda Founder Robert Gates.” Here’s some of the relevant history, via Tarpley:

When Gates was nominated by Reagan to be head of the CIA in 1987, his role in Iran-contra crimes was already so filthy and so blatant that he was forced to drop out of contention under questioning. In doing this, Gates was seeking to defend his new master, George H. W. Bush, who at that time was preparing a presidential bid for 1988. The elder Bush was the czar of all Reagan-Bush covert operations, including Iran-contra. Gates fell on his sword to avoid revelations which would have doomed the candidacy of Bush the elder. Payback for Gates came in June 1991, when he was nominated once again to be head of the CIA, this time by Bush the elder. Sam Nunn and some others posed embarrassing questions, but this time the cover-up of Gates’ Iran-contra role was supervised by Sen. David Boren of the Bush Skull & Bones clique. The Democrats, [intimidated] by the elder Bush’s apparent victory in the first Gulf war, rolled over. If Gates was too dirty to even get to a vote in committee in 1987, how can he be acceptable today? If Democratic Senators like Levin and Biden opposed Gates in 1991, how can they find him acceptable for a much more important post at a time of far greater crisis?

There’s yet more to come, though, as Tarpley reveals. Saying that “Most damning of all is the fact that Gates was one of the founders of al Qaeda, the CIA’s Arab Legion which was assembled to attack the Soviets in Afghanistan. Gates is thus part of the infrastructure that produced the patsies of 9/11,” a statement followed up by a long passage of evidence from pages 139-140 of his own powerfully revelatory book, http://www.amazon.com/9-11-Synthetic-Terror-Third/dp/0930852370/sr=1-1/qid=1166114398/ref=pd_bbs_1/104-4231058-3189532?ie=UTF8&s=books *Synthetic Terror, Made in U.S.A.*

Following that passage, Tarpley concludes as follows:

This is the same al Qaeda which provided the troupe of patsies, psychotics, and double agents (bin Laden, Atta, Moussaoui, etc.) which were used to pin the 9/11 attacks on Arabs and Moslems—instead of the US bankers’ rogue network which actually carried

The word “toady” doesn’t even come *close* to the kind of words we need as we set about to characterize Weisberg here, to conjecture as to his *motives*, and as we wonder whether his *ear*, his perception of *irony*, of *ambiguity*, of the kind of complexity in thought and expression that are so much talked about *A Nation Gone Blind*—a book that it seems to me Jacob Weisberg could do very well for himself indeed by *reading*.

Does he have *any idea* what he’s saying? Does he have *any idea* of the sheer absurdity of that word “honest” in the context he’s putting it in? Does he have *any idea* of the *actual truth*—that is, that yes, Bush does *indeed*, along with the Cheneyiscti and the Gatesiscti and molesiscti and the Bilderbergiscti—has *indeed, indeed* “indeed played a role in keeping the United States free from another attack.”

Those who have followed along this far know exactly why, too. If a guy shoots you in the shoulder one afternoon in, let’s just say, September of 2001, and if that same guy *doesn’t* shoot you in the shoulder again, not even *once*, as five long years roll by—well, then, may I just ask, *has that guy indeed played a role in keeping you from being shot in the shoulder again?*

As the kids everywhere around me say, “*Duh!*”

Talk about *dumb*-sounding journalism. Talk about *embarrassing* journalism. But it’s still not as embarrassing and still not as dumb as what’s to follow. If you think you can stand it, come on along and see. We’ll start with a part of Weisberg’s very next paragraph. Here goes:

To begin with, the Bush administration deserves credit for its role in incapacitating al-Qaida. U.S. military and intelligence operations have not succeeded in killing or capturing Osama Bin Laden or his deputy Ayman al-Zawahiri. But surreptitious American-led efforts, some of which Bush acknowledged in greater detail in his East Room address, have wrecked al-Qaida as a centralized organization. The war in Afghanistan took away its operating base.

Even I begin ever so slightly to tire, but the stakes are high, the villains contemptible, the emergency pressing, enormous, and great. The truth here? The truth is that the Bush administration doesn’t deserve credit for *doodly squat*, as <http://www.vonnegut.com/> Kurt Vonnegut might say.

And *certainly* it—or *they*—deserve not one *iota* of credit for “incapacitating” Al Qaeda, but, if anything, they deserve credit for *purposely stirring it up* insofar as that’s ever possible; and they (along with their Poppy-esque and Clinton-esque forebears) *do* deserve credit for *creating it in the first place*, just as they deserve credit for pulling off the 9/11 attacks themselves and making “Al Qaeda” and Muslims in general take the fall and become the instantly-created and unequivocally evil enemy, the rapacious devil itself, the insidious disease that preys maliciously on the hale, hearty, firm, heroic flesh of the wholesome West—and *that* would be the West that no longer has habeas corpus, no

Iraq war—*ever*—were nothing more than profiteering and opportunistic grabs for global hegemony and oil mastery?

Well, whatever limited hangout dangling scraps he gives us, Weisberg's own logic is rotten, sick, and stupid:

The occupation of Iraq has created a convenient target of opportunity, drawing terrorists who would otherwise be plying their trade somewhere else, including against Americans abroad, or by attempting to sneak into the United States.

Has any man or woman ever heard a thing more depraved? More myopic? More amoral? More simple-minded, as in its absolutely tone-deaf and out-of-place “plying their trade,” as if *real* terrorists were no more significant than, say, hookers or pickpockets? Or that the war, like flypaper, is a pretty neat way of keeping the bad guys out of our own backyards—like maggots to carrion, they're drawn instead to the war, preferring the vast opportunities of *that* death and horror and ruination to the far slimmer pickings in the hale and pure and wholesome and honest *west*. Ah, war! Ah, keeping the undesirables out! Hail the Bushiscti for their tactical brilliance!

Well, the fact is that I *do* know something equally or even more depraved. Or *certainly* just as blind and ignorant and uninformed and rudderless and embarrassing and dumb and debased and depraved. And here it is, expressed in Weisberg's last two sentences:

We all know that our immunity over the past five years has also been the result of extraordinary good luck. One of the lessons of Sept. 11 is that such luck can run out on any day.

Permit me to object:

- 1) We *do not* all know that.
- 2) The “reprieve” *has not* been the result of luck of any sort.
- 3) And the notion that luck may run out is *not in any way whatsoever* “one of the lessons”—and *you* perhaps can tell *me* how any capable or conscientious or experienced writer could use *so* frivolous and *so* class-roomy a word in *so* serious a context—that of 9/11.

THREE

A NOTE ON SICKNESS, TREASON MURDER, AND GUILT



“[The] relentless denial of reality perverts judgment and rots the soul.”

Thank you again, Arianna Huffington; however much of a Gatekeeper you may be, you’ve touched on a truth. Let’s look into it.



On his web site <http://commonwonders.com/> “Common Wonders,” Bob Koehler puts up a piece of his writing each week, and he also emails these pieces to you if you subscribe. I would recommend subscribing.

Yesterday, “Rules of Engagement” appeared in my box of incoming mail, and in this piece, Koehler opened by asking, “What illegitimate secrets lie hidden behind the word ‘classified’?” He went on:

“The government is stalling us,” Maguerite Hiken of the Military Law Task Force told me. “They’re going to be embarrassed and they’re scared to death of war crimes charges.”

Could it be that some high-level secrets are that tawdry? Could it be that war is waged—not fought, but set into motion—by, well. . . cowards, who feel themselves entitled to protection from the consequences of their decisions?

Well, one responds to Koehler, it certainly *could* be that way, couldn’t it. We know plenty already about the Chenyisctis’ preference for starting wars rather than fighting in them, and plenty, too, about their vindictiveness, viciousness, and lack of compassion—except, of course, for victims of Katrina. Fascists may *often* be sadists and cowards.

“For that reason,” Koehler goes on,

I’ll be interested to see how the lawsuit that Hiken’s organization recently filed against the U.S. Defense Department plays out. The Task Force, which is part of the National Lawyers Guild, has a simple question for the DoD, the answer to which it was unable to get through a Freedom of Information Act request: What were the rules of engagement for soldiers at Fallujah, the Cincinnati-sized city leveled in Operation Phantom Fury two

years ago, and in the shooting of Giuliana Sgrena, the Italian journalist who had written about Fallujah, whose car was riddled by bullets at a U.S. checkpoint in Iraq?

In other words, what acts are off-limits in this war? What casualty-limiting moral restraints are put on soldiers—or maybe I mean not taken away from them—as they are sent into battle? And why is this classified? Why is this a secret?

What the Military Law Task Force wants to know, adds Koehler, “is whether the orders U.S. soldiers were given violated international law. And what the public needs to know is whether those orders turn the stomach.”

And they do. Koehler gives us testimony from eye-witnesses: An *ambulance* being directly and repeatedly fired at by U.S. Marines within eye-view distance of the marked vehicle; civilians waving white flags as they run, trying to flee the battle area—and being picked off as they run. And this:

“I watched them roll over wounded people in the street with tanks,” said Kassem Mohammed Ahmed, a resident of Fallujah. “This happened so many times.”

Ah, crushing people who are still alive by rolling over them with *tank treads*. How glorious. How typically an action of those who fight for *democracy* and for *freedom*, and for *tolerance*. How typically the sort of thing done only by the “good guys,” by the “Yanks,” by the liberating Americans and their enlightened allies.

“[The] relentless denial of reality perverts judgment and rots the soul,” said Arianna Huffington.

One wonders what soul we have left that’s even *capable* of rotting.

And, said Webster Tarpley, “Above all, we want 9/11 truth as *the essential precondition* for restoring lawful government.” [my emphasis]

It has *got to be so*. This lying and this covering up of the vile iniquities and malicious crimes that have been committed *in our name* by our criminal “leaders” and that continue to be committed will kill us all in spirit and in body—if it isn’t already too late—unless what’s been done is revealed openly and honestly for precisely what it is and has been: A great, heinous, on-going and unbroken committing of acts of treason and of crimes against humanity.

Until we *see* this truth for what it *is* and until we *speak* this truth openly, clearly, and honestly—until that happens, the iniquities will continue, they will increase, and we will with absolute inevitability be crushed, doomed, and destroyed.

It’s up to us.

—Eric Larsen
—December 14, 2006

AFTERWORD:

Clearly, we have work left to do, having not yet even returned to Nicholas Lemann in order to finish up with him, nor having said what really needs to be said about the as-yet-unmentioned Christopher Hitchens and others as well.

And there's also our CONTEST to straighten out. You remember the situation as we left it, I'm sure, and you remember that, at that point, Gulliver had made a point of "disburthening" himself early each morning and "in open air, at the full extent of my chain. . ." You'll also remember, I trust, Gulliver's having told us that "due care was taken every morning before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheelbarrows. . ."

The CONTEST QUESTION is a dual one, thus: **First part:** How *many* Lilliputians were assigned the detail of carting off Gulliver's "disburthenment" each morning? **Second part:** In what exact way does that correct answer reveal a parallel between those Lilliputians and me, writing here about the Gatekeepers, in this extended series of pieces?

Now, the rules: The *first reader* to <mailto:ericlarsen@ericlarsen.net> send me the correct answers will receive a free copy of <http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/1593760981/ref=nosim/104-1974668-7081548?n=283155> *A Nation Gone Blind*, inscribed by me to that person. Previous winners, I'm afraid, must, in fairness, be excluded from the competition. Good luck. God knows, *every one* of us needs it.

—EL