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STORIES OF TRUE CONSPIRACY*



HOODWINKED

WATCHING MOVIES WITH EYES WIDE OPEN

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Introduction

What do they want you to believe after you've spent two hours in the dark watching a movie?

What are the hidden meanings and secret messages of popular movies?

These are the questions—and the premise of each of the reviews in this book.

The book's title *Hoodwinked: Watching Movies With Eyes Wide Open* refers to an ancient term used in secret societies. "Hoodwinked" is masonic terminology meaning "to blind by covering the eyes," "to prevent from seeing" and "to deceive by external appearances or disguise." It was part of the secret ritual that masons perform, in which the candidate would be blindfolded, a handkerchief or hoodwink would be tied over both eyes, while his chest was bared (indicating his vulnerability), and ceremonial oaths and vows were pronounced over him.

The Masonic Encyclopedia of Freemasonry defines "hoodwink" as "a symbol of the secrecy, silence and darkness in which the mysteries of our art should be preserved from the unhallowed gaze of the profane."

And why should we be tricked while watching movies as "entertainment," one of the favorite pastimes of people around the world?

Ironically nobody expects to be deceived watching movies. After all, movie watching is a function of vision, of using one's eyes to consciously and conscientiously absorb information, while being entertained, amused and/or enlightened. Yet these psychodramas projected on a global scale serve a function. Besides making billions of dollars of revenue for the film producers and distributors, movies are used to project concepts and ideations into the mass subconscious as well as the consciousness of everyone on earth.

Movies constitute the most powerful form of programming yet devised, implanting specific perceptions of the world as well as the

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subliminal contents of the film itself.

On the other hand, if you understand the programming (or know what you're supposed to believe), you can resist the indoctrination and even learn a thing or two about the agenda of the cryp-tocracy. Being entertained by the illusion of images floating by, flickering at a rate fast enough to approximate an alternative reality, the movies are a dream that entertains by engaging all the senses to create an Illusion of the Psychodramas of Life itself.

It has been said that "drama" was originally created by angelic beings to show humanity the consequences of various actions and to show what happens when certain roads are taken and other paths left behind. In other words, the cause-effect sequence of karma could be clearly seen by people's thoughts, feelings and activities in such a way that people might choose the higher way rather than the way which leads to pain and suffering.

But what is the secret meaning of movies that exploit, entertain and inevitably gobble up two hours or so of space-time on Planet Earth?

The subtext and meaning of books, movies and art in popular culture is what interests me the most, since subversion, coercion and propaganda through so-called popular culture is one of the most powerful forces of social and political control ever created.

These reviews have all been published in the alternative press, since they were too radical for the controlled media because they connect the dots. In fact, my career as a so-called politically incorrect film reviewer was inspired by my desire to give movie watchers a useful context—describing the story of the drama and adding references from books and films which could enrich anyone's understanding and appreciation.

But how could I introduce relevant historical and social commentary into a movie review? A new format had to be invented—reviews that would refer to historical, scientific and spiritual books and knowledge, so that readers and viewers could connect the dots of the underlying realities shown in the movie—or even see through the typically blatant programming.

Of course, sex and death remain by and large the psychic hooks and the subliminal infrastructure of the "attraction" to the

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"entertainment" of movies.

The point of these reviews, however, is not criticism—to critique whether the artistic vision has succeeded or not. The same old, same old thumbs up - thumbs down, four stars - one star reviews by the Roger Eberts of the world are of no interest to me, since they are inevitably shallow and not really important. What's most important is for viewers to understand the meaning of the movie in a macroscopic and global sense.

What concerns me is the context, the point of the film, and its meaning within the social and historical stream of the day.

What are the memes that are being spread and promoted through the plot and the story? What are the hidden meanings of popular movies?

"What is it that they want you to believe?"—remains the primary question. Since "programming" is still the prime directive disguised as entertainment, the programming is decidedly getting more "occult," revealing that which has been previously hidden in the past.

In fact, "occult politics" was the phrase that seemed most appropriate for this collection of reviews—though decidedly it was too obscure for a book title.

And what do movies tell us about ourselves and about our lives? Whether a "comedy" or "tragedy," a "romance" or a "thriller," we learn about the world we live in through movies.

This book is divided into sections that correspond, not to genres in the traditional sense, but to categories that are useful starting points for the journey.

"Poli-Sci-Fi (Political Science Fiction)" is about movies which, though ostensibly science fiction, show the political manipulation of government and social policy and the kind of future they will inevitably breed.

"Illuminati, Mind Control and Other PsyOps" is about movies that take a peek into the secret world of conspiracy, mind control and psychological operations (PsyOps) to program the population into certain modes of thinking and believing.

"Into the Mystic" is about movies that point to a metaphysical understanding of life and death.

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"Secrets and Lies of History" is a collection of reviews about movies that, although semi- or quasi-historical, reveal an agenda quite different from what one would imagine.

"Pop Idolatry: Sex & Death and Other Games" is about the meaning of popular culture and its manipulation of the mass consciousness through the favorite levers of sex and death.

"Government-Business (Scams) As Usual" is about movies that show the conspiracies of Big Government and Big Business and their national and global consequences.

Here's hoping you enjoy these writings as much as I've enjoyed producing them.

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—Uri Dowbenko

I. Poli-Sci-Fi (Political Science Fiction)

'The Matrix': Sci-Fi, Metaphysics, and Soul Liberation

WHAT IF THE MATERIAL 3-D WORLD (consensus reality) was an artificial construct—an ultra high-rez computer-generated graphic, like CGI with an on-line interface? And what if nobody knew it?

In the tradition of sci-fi masters Philip K. Dick, J. G. Ballard, and William Gibson, 'The Matrix' is one of the most intelligent, provocative, and imaginative sci-fi movies ever made.

At its heart, it's an allegory of self-empowerment. You can accomplish anything—is the subtext—if you engage your will, your mind and your heart.

Question your reality (and your Belief System) and you're on the path of self-transcendence.

Thomas Anderson (Keanu Reeves) is a computer programmer by day—and a hacker by night called Neo. His seemingly mundane routine is troubled by his dreams, his nightmares, and the recurring riddle—what is the Matrix?

Neo's mind-bending and reality-stretching quest begins when

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Trinity (Carrie-Anne Moss), a leather clad warrior-babe, makes contact. She leads him along the path, "As you can see, we've been watching you for some time. You have two lives. One of these lives has a future. The other does not," he's told.

Neo's had a nightmare. An implant, a biomechanical spider thing, has burrowed into his body. "Think you're bugged?" they ask him, very tongue in cheek. A gadget retrieves the thing, and his nightmares merge with his waking life.

Trinity leads him to Morpheus (Laurence Fishburne), the leader of the cyber-age freedom-fighters. "You've been living in a dream world," Morpheus tells him. "All I'm offering is the truth. Nothing more," he continues enigmatically. "There's something wrong with the world. It's like a splinter in your mind."

Neo knows it's true, but he's totally unprepared for the paradigm shift in his reality that comes next. He's shown the high-tech nightmare of tyranny, in which humans are no longer born, but grown. It's a post AI (Artificial Intelligence) world where humans are farmed by machines and kept alive for their bio-energy.

Finally convinced that he must join Morpheus and the others to awaken the rest of humanity, Neo begins training for combat. Plugged into "programs" with a headjack at the base of the skull a la "Neuromancer," he quickly masters all the basics of Kung Fu fighting and other martial arts.

Is ignorance really bliss? And what is the Matrix? "A computer generated dream world to keep us under control," says Morpheus, whose name ironically means "Lord of Sleep." Neo learns all too well that he "lives" in a multi-dimensional prison, a virtual prison of the mind. Without the ability to tap into his higher powers, it's a fitting metaphor for the abject state of humanity on Planet Earth.

Morpheus taunts him, "How would you know the difference between the dream world and the real world?" Neo goes face to face with Maya, the Big Illusion of Duality and the Material Universe itself, in terms of Buddhism, also called samsara in the Hindu tradition.

In fact, Neo's transformation from mind-controlled slave into enlightened warrior is at once Christic and Buddhic. Being "aware" as a Christ figure, he becomes empowered to set the

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proverbial captives free. Being "awake" as a Buddha figure, he returns from his Enlightenment to teach humanity the Path of overcoming their slavery to unseen forces.

As projections of the unreality and fear that grips the soul, The Men in Black are AI-agents of the System. With their sinister and disturbing appearance, complete with earjacks, black hats and skinny black ties and suits, they explain to Neo that "millions of people live out their lives. Oblivious."

There's another metaphysical concept implied in the movie. Is Neo "The One" (another word-play)—a messiah figure who will lead humanity out of their cyberslavery?

Will Neo, having seen the Meta-Reality, take the role of soul liberator? When he arrives, they even mock him saying "So you're here to save the world?"

Simultaneously Keanu Reeves plays the avatar, as in computer lingo, and the Avatar, as in theological jargon.

The Matrix' is a powerful metaphor about transcending mind control. By using the power of mind over matter, anyone can go beyond the consensus reality which mega-corporations use to ensnare mankind with materialism as well as the obsessions and addictions of modern life.

Written and directed by the Wachowski brothers, Larry and Andy, 'The Matrix' is a dazzling vision of biomorphic/computer-generated realities as the harbinger of Future Tyranny—which is Really Now.

And speaking of alternative realities, the definitive world history to date is Rule by Secrecy: The Hidden History that Connects the Trilateral Commission, the Freemasons, and the Great Pyramids by Jim Marrs (Harper Collins). Voltaire wrote, "History is the lie commonly agreed upon" and this book is the unknown history of the world.

So it goes that most history books are wrong, or at best, highly inaccurate. Disfigured by the lies of the times, they typically present factoids without context—and usually without any hint of the power struggles and conspiracies of realpolitik.

Written by academicians and other hacks employed by the Power Elite, or sponsored by their non-profit foundations and universities, mainstream history books present a biased world-view—

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so the Ruling Class can govern without interference.

A rare exception is Rule by Secrecy, a challenging and provocative history of the world framed by the reality of secret societies. This book is literally an encyclopedia of hidden knowledge.

"Secret societies not only exist," writes the author, "they have played an important role in national and international events right up to this day."

Marrs begins with public policy and political power groups of the Power Elite, Insider Cabals like the Trilateral Commission, Council on Foreign Relations, Bilderbergers, the Royal Institute of International Affairs, the Round Table Group, and the Order of Skull and Bones.

He then assesses current world affairs manipulated by the financial dynasties, Families like the Rockefellers, Morgans, and Rothschilds, as well as their privately owned centralized banking Cartel, the euphemistically-named Federal Reserve Board.

"The concept of conspiracy has long been anathema to most Americans who have been conditioned by the mass media to believe that conspiracies against the public only exist in banana republics or communist nations," writes Marrs.

"This simplistic view, encouraged by a media devoted to maintaining a squeaky clean image of the status quo, fails to take into account human history or the subtleties of the word conspiracy."

Marrs then probes the history of the 20th Century—the Wars in Vietnam, Korea, World War I and World War II, explaining how Wall Street and City of London bankers financed not only the Nazi War Machine, but the Russian Revolution and the Rise of Communism.

Moving back through the so-called US Civil War (War Between the States), Marrs reveals the history of secret society agitation and the Anti-Masonic Movement, the French Revolution, Jacobins and Jacobites, and of course, the American Revolution and Illuminati plots of that period.

Marrs also tells the story of ancient secret societies like the Knights Templars, Rosicrucians, Assassins, Priory of Sion, the Merovingians and other secret society/conspiracies which dominate world history.

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Going back even further, Marrs relates the history of the Road to Rome, the Cabala, the Sumerian civilization, the Annunaki, and the Floods and Wars of primordial earth.

Rule by Secrecy is clearly written, thought provoking, and it is the best available alternative history of Planet Earth.

A former journalist, Jim Marrs is also the author of the classic deconstruction of the JFK Assassination, *Cross/ire* (1987), *Alien Agenda* (1997) and *Psi Spies* (2000).

Standing on the shoulders of independent researchers and scholars like Gary Allen, A. Ralph Epperson, G. Edward Griffin, John Coleman, Dr. Antony C. Sutton and Eustace Mullins, Marrs admits that the book he's written is "the kind of book I would have liked to have read fifteen years ago.

"The immense wealth of information on secret societies, most of it written long ago, is filled with names, dates and events that are meaningless to modern readers," writes Marrs. "Therefore judicious editing and space limitations make this study somewhat cursory by necessity. It is my hope that just enough detail has been retained to support this account of secret society activity while still providing ease of reading over a very complex and controversial subject."

Marrs notes, for example, that court hagiographer Niall Ferguson, a 1998 Oxford Fellow, history tutor and author of an extensive Rothschild Family history, is "'a self-styled atheist from a Calvinist background' who paid no attention whatsoever to the metaphysical aspects of the Rothschild background, their knowledge of Cabalistic tradition, or their connection to Freemasonry and other secret societies."

Is it willful ignorance—or the calculated omission of facts?

By dismissing occult politics in its historical context, many authors miss the mark in their analysis by accident or by design. They miss the hidden interconnections which reveal the power struggles of realpolitik and vouchsafe the Official History condoned by the Ruling Class.

So-called watchdog organizations and other non-profit foundations like the right-wing Accuracy in Media (AIM) are especially suspect.

"Writer Michael Collins Piper in 1990 made public that AIM

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founder Reed Irvine was paid \$37,000 a year as an 'advisor for the division of international finance of the Federal Reserve System,'" writes Marris. "Noting that many Fed members also belong to the secret societies, Piper wrote, 'To this day, Irvine and AIM never touch on any subject which is sensitive to the interests of the international Establishment: whether it be the Bilderberger group, the Trilateral Commission, the Council on Foreign Relations or the truth about the privately owned Federal Reserve.'"

Marris also deals with the current trend toward world domination under the guise of globalization. "The question of whether or not a plan for one world government is a sinister conspiracy to subjugate the population or simply an attempt to facilitate a natural evolutionary step is a matter still to be decided, apparently with little or no help from the media," writes Marris.

"But one thing is absolutely clear," he continues. "It is apparent that globalization or one world government or the New World Order is not simply the imaginings of conspiracy theorists or paranoids, but the articulated goal of the secret brotherhoods, organizations and groups, all of which carry the imprint of the old orders of Freemasonry, the Round Tables and the Illuminati..."

"If the CFR, the Trilateral Commission, and the Bilderbergers are simply innocent well-intentioned people working to bring about a peaceful and prosperous world, as they claim, then why all the secrecy?" he asks. "Why all the front organizations, some of which are the antithesis of others? Why do they obviously distrust public attention?"

Marris' conclusion is chilling, when he asks "the single most important question: If they do create a centralized one-world government, what's to prevent some Hitler like tyrant from taking control?"

The fingerprints of conspiracy also have taken Marris to examine the roots of war in the context of secret societies. "American capitalism needed international rivalry—and periodic war to create an artificial community of interest between rich and poor, supplanting the genuine community of interest among the poor that showed itself in sporadic movements," says history professor Howard Zinn.

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Marrs agrees. "World War II was fought to stop fascists in Germany, Italy and Japan who had been created and financed by secret society members in the West. Despite the deadly nature of the war, American and British society members continued to do business with the enemy and then rearranged their reconstruction afterwards. Nowhere was the duplicity more evident than in President Roosevelt's failure to alert American troops at Pearl Harbor of the impending Japanese attack brought on by his own containment policies."

Rule By Secrecy is a fascinating history of insider world politics, and it should be required reading for every high school and college student.

"It is evident that, to whatever degree, individuals connected by blood, titles, marriage or membership in secret societies have manipulated and controlled the destinies of entire nations through the fomenting and funding of war," writes Marrs. "These people consider themselves above the morality and ethics of the average man. They obviously look to some higher purpose whether that be sheer wealth, power or perhaps some hidden agenda concerning mankind's origin, destiny and spirituality."

Rule by Secrecy is in fact an absolute must for every thinking person's library. In a call to action, the book ends with a self-empowering concept that "knowledge is indeed power. It is time for those who desire true freedom to exert themselves to fight back against the forces who desire domination through fear and disunity.

"It is a time for truth—about our past and our present, about who really rules and about what's being done to this planet in the name of progress and profit... The time for secrecy is at an end.

"Don't wait for the corporate controlled media to inform and explain," writes Marrs. "Read and listen to everything within reach and search for sources of alternative information—on the Internet, in documentaries, in old library books and unconventional bookstores. Read and watch things you normally wouldn't. Then quietly contemplate. Use that God-given supercomputer called your 'brain.' Perhaps more important, feel what's right within your heart, your soul, your innermost being."

Courageous and thought-provoking, both 'The Matrix' and

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Rule by Secrecy are powerful meditations on the power of unquestioned Belief Systems. That's BS for short, by the way.

Exploring the concept of alternative realities and multidimensional existence, 'The Matrix' also shows the analogies of computer programming to the potentials of the human mind and spirit. Besides great arcade-game like martial arts, slo-mo gunfights and dazzling digital special effects, 'The Matrix' explores the power of self-transcendence, a thought-provoking sci-fi thriller that succeeds on all levels—from the cerebral to the sublime.

'Minority Report': Spielberg's Psychic Dictatorship

IT'S 2054, AND IT'S BLEAKER THAN EVER. It's not only bleak, but it's ugly too. In 'Minority Report,' future murders are "seen" by "pre-cognitives," three shaved-head human-like mutants in a notation tank, hooked up electronically, so their predictive results come out as lottery balls naming the would-be soon-to-be perpetrators. The Department of Pre-Crime then supposedly averts the murders that are supposed to be committed.

(Imagine Attorney General John Ashcroft getting a "vision" during his morning "prayer" sessions about the "evil terrorists." An entity calling itself "Jesus" appears to him and he puts the word out to arrest the "dirty bomb" guy Padilla, who just happens to look like the John Doe 2 of Oklahoma City Bombing fame. It doesn't matter that pentecostalist Ashcroft appears to speak in tongues while becoming demonically possessed.)

'Minority Report' is the ultimate in theocratic psychic dictatorship, where the pre-cognitives' storage facility is actually called "The Temple." Viewers are also reminded that, "The oracle isn't where the power is. The priests are where the power is." And the

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Future Fed-Thugs in the movie all agree—"We're more like clergy than cops," they brag—without a hint of irony.

After all "the pre-cogs are never wrong"—except sometimes they are. When one of the mutants disagrees with the majority, the dissenting opinion is called a Minority Report.

Based on a Phillip K. Dick short story, director Steven Spielberg's 'Minority Report' is set in the ultimate surveillance society, where eye scans are so ubiquitous that billboards actually speak to individuals by name. When you walk into a Gap store, for example, your eyes are constantly scanned and checked against the Corporate-Government Database, so your name is called out in the most obnoxious sales pitch ever, a sales pitch you can never avoid.

'Minority Report' is a control freak's version of the world, where commercials are really personalized based on eye-scan information. The only way out for an illegal alien or an info-rebel? Eye replacement surgery, which mimics the eyeball scan scene in 'Demolition Man.'

Even in the Future, it's a horrific world out there, especially when white-collar criminals are running the Justice Department. You understand, it's kind of like today—but set in the future.

John Anderton (Tom Cruise), Chief of the Department of Pre-Crime, says, "I believe in the system. I'm not going to kill anybody." He believes all right—until he's set up for a murder, which he claims he won't commit. Try to prove that you're not guilty of a crime you haven't committed yet. Yuck yuck. That's another subtext of the plot.

But don't worry—the Department of Justice in the future will put you away in the "Department of Containment," a long-term storage deep freeze, where people are encapsulated to hibernate forever— without having to worry about laws, or courts, or judges, or any of that minutiae which the Attorney General finds so bothersome.

So Tom Cruise and his Gang of Future Crime Fighters race to the future crime scene before the murder happens. Evidently, in the future, nobody cares about white-collar crime like government fraud, narcotics trafficking, or money laundering. After all, the criminals actually run the so-called System. (It's kind of like today—but set in the future.)

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In the movie, the Fed-Thugs have more important things to worry about. Their resources are spent on preventing a cuckolded husband from shooting his wife and boyfriend.

"Imagine a world without murder," says a commercial for the National Pre-Crime Initiative, a resolution to institute the psychic dictatorship of the former USA as a formal institution of justice. "It will keep us safe and also keep us free."

It might as well be a commercial for the Phony War on Terrorism. Safe and Free? You can't beat that.

Spielberg introduces some really important new technology, of course. There are talking cereal boxes, which irritate the Tom Cruise character to no end, holographic life-size 3-D movies for all those ephemeral memories, and jetpacks for Federal Cop-Thug SWAT teams to bust into your living room.

There are also robotic spiders, which crawl into low rent apartments and check everybody's eyeballs to make sure they're not wanted by the State Security Police. But no hover drones. Evidently Real Technology is, well, too real.

And there are—surprise!—no free energy devices in 2054, according to the script by Scott Frank and Jon Cohen. There is, however, a new sporty two-seater Lexus for that all-important product placement. (There's even a chase scene sequence inside a robot-controlled Lexus assembly plant. But no, repeat, no copies of Tom Friedman's insipid globalist rant called *The Lexus and the Olive Tree*.)

Tom Cruise's boss Lamar Burgess (Max von Sydow) tells him, "You don't choose the things you believe in. They choose you" - a singular bit of programming to reinforce the themes of ubiquitous religious and political mind control.

Veteran actor Max von Sydow, of course, played the spook killers' handler in *Three Days of the Condor*.'

"Come in. We'll keep you safe," he tells the Tom Cruise character in a parallel plot development in *Minority Report*.'

And what do you do when somebody sets you up for a crime you didn't commit? The other programming hook kicks in. Tom Cruise repeats hypnotically, again and again - "Everybody runs."

It makes good so-called "Reality TV" fodder. The O.J. Simpson Freeway Chase comes to mind for some reason.

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The Illuminati warning is also clear when the Department of Justice drone tells his boss, "Careful, Chief. You dig up the past. All you get is dirty."

In other words, don't mind a thing. Go back to sleep. Everything is under control.

Spielberg's cinematographer Janusz Kaminski has made 'Minority Report' one of the ugliest pictures in memory. The images are desaturated with washed out colors like all the juice got sucked out, and there ain't nothing left at all.

But that must have been a deliberate "creative" decision. Bleak production design takes a Nascent Police State Today into a Nasty Dictatorship Tomorrow.

'Minority Report' is a horror movie disguised as a science fiction thriller. It exploits subconscious fears. Constant Surveillance. Imprisonment. The Loss of a Child. The Loss of a Civilized Nation. Global Slavery.

Surprisingly enough, however, unlike Spielberg's 'Artificial Intelligence,' there are no aliens. Repeat, no aliens. There is, however, Tom Cruise, the Rock Hudson of his generation, who for reasons unknown, continues to play leading man heteros.

The future in 'Minority Report' is all washed-out. There's even a subtext about the philosophical debate between Predestination vs. Free Will. But it's all very clear. The barrage of media mind control makes it a moot point.

'The Postman': Reluctant Hero Delivers Hope

"You ARE A PATRIOT. YOU ARE A DANGEROUS MAN. I can see it in your eyes," says the Evil Warlord to the Solitary Drifter conscripted into his army.

Set in 2013, 'The Postman,' stars Kevin Costner as a reluctant hero, an itinerant Shakespearean actor who finally finds his true calling delivering mail. More importantly he delivers hope to the fragmented communities that remain in the anarchy of a post-nuclear-war America. He's an ordinary man, but people see him as a hero. As a postman, he brings letters to people, providing connections in a war-torn fractured society, replacing despair with hope for a brighter future. In a sense, it's also Costner's perspective on hero-worship itself—the idolatry of celebrities in general and movie stars in particular.

This futuristic western epic is a satisfying film—life affirming and positive, despite the bleak Armageddon-like environment. "If we began to communicate," he says, "we could become strong as a nation."

Directed by Costner, 'The Postman,' based on a science fiction

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novel by David Brin, is in fact a celebration of the pioneer spirit and the traditional American values of self-sufficiency, independence and respect for others.

The premise? There will always be tyrants—and they will always have to be challenged. Paradoxically the futility of war is also underscored by Costner's great line, "Wouldn't it be great if war could be fought just by the assholes who started them?" Then he takes on the tyrant-warlord *mano a memo*, while the two opposing armies look on.

And speaking of tyranny—real life that is—the offenses just keep on coming. Before the Patriot Act, there was Public Law 104-208, passed by Congress and signed by President Clinton. With this legislation, Orwell's 1984 blueprint for a national police state comes one step closer to reality.

Why? Because buried deep in the one-inch thick "Omnibus Appropriations Act, 1997," lies a scheme for national identification cards. Under the guise of keeping illegal aliens from working in America, this new law mandates a program for establishing a national database. In bureaucratic terms, it's called "Employment Eligibility."

Couched in euphemisms, "Title IV - Subtitle A - Pilot Programs for Employment Eligibility Confirmation," remains the blueprint for Big Brother type ID Cards.

Specifically the law mandates so-called "machine-readable documents" with "the individual's social security account number" and photo identification. There is also a stipulation for the development of "counterfeit-resistant social security cards" implying the use of biometric data like fingerprints and/or retinal scans.

This is not, unlike 'The Postman,' a science fiction movie. This is U.S. public law.

In addition, there will be a toll-free telephone line, so an employer can check on a prospective employee, "concerning an individual's identity and whether the individual is authorized to be an employee." (page 664). Believe it or not, this code section ends ominously on page 666.

The implications are clear. In the future, bureaucrats will require your employer to check with the database in Washington to find out

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if you have a "right" to work by virtue of your being registered.

You're not registered? "Sorry, but we can't offer you this position," the human resources manager will explain.

And so, today when "globalization" is the favorite buzzword of the ruling class and "isolationism" defines everyone who believes that sovereignty—national as well as individual sovereignty—is preferable to global tyranny by unelected bureaucrats, it's easy to understand why 'The Postman' has been virtually ignored—and even dissed. After all, the media monopoly lapdogs are just following orders.

Let's face it. 'The Postman' has a subversive message—"I believe in the United States." Also the film is intelligent. It promotes dialogue and communication, and points out that the can-do spirit is alive and well in America. Guess what? When the power elite are promoting the idea that the nation-state—the United States of America—is an obsolete concept, you've got one politically incorrect movie, pal.

The tyrant says, "The United States does not exist. Now set that flag on fire." And provocatively the flag burns on the big screen. Then a small child, obviously a dissident in this post Bush Cabal world, starts singing "America the Beautiful" as a sign of resistance and soon the whole crowd joins in.

And then Kevin Costner really went over the line. He included a real prayer, acknowledging the new hope in the people's hearts—"We thank you for the evidence that You will hold this country together. May it be so."

After that line, you know that the champagne socialists and limousine liberals were grinding their teeth.

Singer Tom Petty also has a cameo role as the mayor of Bridge City. Kevin looks at him and says, "I know you. You were famous once." Replies Tom Petty, "Not any more."

What's the point? Everybody is a survivalist in 'The Postman.' And everyone is equal.

No more celebrities, just people who lived through "the bugs, the riots and the three year winters." Living through Armageddon evidently levels the playing field.

Nevertheless Kevin Costner looks and acts like a Natural Born

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Hero. After all he played the heroic New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison in Oliver Stone's 'JFK.' That was another politically incorrect film, which singlehandedly exploded the legend-cover story of the Warren Commission Hoax that Lee Harvey Oswald was the "lone nut" that killed President Kennedy.

In his directorial debut, the western epic 'Dances With Wolves,' Costner played another kind of hero, a man who found peace with himself. In that film he also "delivered a message of hope embraced by a new generation."

So what's the upshot? Despite the constant barrage of propaganda, it doesn't take a village—the collectivist herd mentality of the corporate-government welfare state.

'The Postman' shows that it just takes an individual who decides to do what's right. And then he simply does it.

'Solaris': Life Is a Trance, and Then You, (A.) Die, (B.) Live, (C.) Trance Out All Over Again

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY STEPHEN SODERBERGH, 'Solaris' is the perfect movie for a Catatonic Planet.

Slow and languid in its pacing, 'Solaris' is like Kubrick's meta-physical space opera '2001' on 'Ludes' (or maybe Prozac) mirroring the United (Trance) States of America, while the Bush Cabal continues to produce and direct its own Consensus Reality Version of the American Nightmare.

Like the movie's anguished futuristic psychiatrist Kelvin (George Clooney), America remains asleep (or is it just a waking dream?), adrift in the Sea of Maya, also known as the Grand Illusion.

When the Clooney character goes to sleep, the connections between his life in the subconscious and his waking reality, dreams and memories reflect the seemingly random patterns and chaos of 21st Century Life.

Of course, the Clooney character believes that "the whole idea of God was dreamed up by man." So, suffering without respite (and

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without so-called divine intervention), he has to relive his losses and regrets, like Sisyphus pushing the rock of his petrified emotions up the hill—over and over again.

There's even a joke about it in the movie. "Nihilistic shrink?" a partygoer asks the Clooney character. "Is there a school?" That's about as witty and ironic as it gets.

Soderbergh's theme is the Persistence of Memory, whether real or false, and the distortions of the reality that constitute the experiences of life.

"Solaris" is part of the "What Is Reality?" sub-genre of sci-fi. In other words, what is the interplay of perceptions created by the human mind and the collision of memories as the mind creates its own world?

"I was haunted by the idea that I remembered her wrong," says the Clooney character as he tries to hold on to the memories of his wife Rheya (Natascha McElhone). He re-imagines her and the traumatic memories and fantasies connected with her. When she suddenly and mysteriously appears on the spaceship once again, he becomes embroiled in his own unresolved fears and emotional turmoil.

Using extensive flashbacks, Soderbergh shows their first meeting, their life together and her eventual death, distorted by his own subjective perceptions. The Dylan Thomas poem, "And Death Shall Have No Dominion," becomes literal as the characters find themselves in a space and time in which they recognize each other, but also understand that something is radically out of whack. Even though he understands his wife has died, the Clooney character still cherishes her and becomes possessive of her presence even as she realizes herself that, as she puts it, "I'm not the person I remember."

'Solaris' can be tagged as "Weird Scenes Inside the Spaceship," an analogue for those who drift through life and wonder about the Meaning of It All.

In fact, the symptoms that one of the spaceship's survivors recounts are the symptoms of life on Planet Earth today—anxiety, depression, hypertension, shock, fatigue, and denial.

In the movie, Solaris is the sentient planet-being which exerts

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such a strange influence on the inhabitants of the spaceship, that it must be Hollywood's version of God, omniscient and omnipotent, but also strangely malevolent and randomly cruel in its treatment of humans and the manipulation of their psychodramas. That's about as close to "religion" as they want to get.

(And speaking of religion, the official tourist brochure promoting the Two [Fallen] Towers of the World Trade Center actually had this brazen headline, as if written by the Copywriters of Babylon -"This is as close as some of us are going to get to heaven.")

In other words, the Fallen Ones, the Nephilim of Zechariah Sitchin's lore, understand quite well why they were cast out of the etheric realms to the earthly plane. After all, they even sent Enoch, a mere mortal, to plead their case before the "throne of heaven.")

Deliberately or not, Soderbergh has captured the emotional level of a comatose society, or as Al Martin puts it so eloquently in his column, "The Bush Cabal End Game," (www.almartinraw.com), "We have become a nation floating in a sea of Jack Daniels, punctuated by bobbing capsules of Prozac, adrift on rafts in a catatonic sea."

At the end of 'Solaris,' the last lines of dialogue reveal a clue about their state of being. He asks the former wife, "Are we alive or dead?" And she answers, "We don't have to think like that anymore."

So what does that supposed to mean? They are actually neither alive nor dead, but in what has been described as "devachan," a state of consciousness after death, in which the soul is able to enact its unfulfilled desires and live according to the mind's own direction.

This state of being is described in a book called *A Dweller on Two Planets*, by Frederick S. Oliver, which recounts the life (and afterlife) of Phylos the Tibetan, an inhabitant of the lost continent of Atlantis 50,000 years ago. Yes, it might be considered too outre for some, but this book delivers an excellent understanding of the laws of karma and reincarnation and how causes set in motion can create effects in another life.

About his own passage into so-called death, the author of *A Dweller on Two Planets* writes, "All about me were those I loved. As time seemed to lapse, I became conscious of the presence of one and another of my friends. They were with me each as I had conceived. They were my concepts for they were subjective, not objective.

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They were my ideals, not real people and they formed my world. It occurred not to me that they were not real."

Describing the state of subjective consciousness which became the main problem of the Clooney character in 'Solaris,' the author writes, "As the soul is different from every other soul, so also is the world different to every person. Now it is the record of the soul made on imperishable mental substance, which constitutes much of the life after the grave. The record merges into a reality, and all seems equally real, just as real as when the combined senses first perceived it in verity. This after-life is a reconstituted and inverted earth life, subjective now.

Describing devachan or after life existence in what has been called the astral plane, the author continues. "Now the state after the grave and his or her knowledge, aspirations and trusts of life is the condition of the harvest, where no one acts, but where the rewards of action in the preceding life are paid. It is the land of Lethe, where is no pain, sorrow, sickness, or agony for these earthly conditions begun on earth and they perform must be finished on earth."

And so it is that we perform on the Stage of Life, where karma is balanced and choices are made, where life is affirmed, or death is embraced. The consequences of our feelings, thoughts and actions we see reflected in our lives. This then is the Consensus Reality of Life on Planet Earth.

Soderbergh's 'Solaris' is a remake-update of the unwatchable 1972 Russian movie of the same name, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky and based on the novel by the Polish writer Stanislaw Lem.

In this version, Soderbergh (thankfully) got rid of the Soviet angst and the ponderous pseudo-tragedy pace of the terminally depressed Russian mindset.

Soderbergh has, of course, directed masterworks like 'Traffic' and 'Erin Brockovich,' but the trance-inducing plot line of 'Solaris' keeps it in the "not for everybody" category.

The cinematography (Soderbergh's own work under his "Peter Andrews" pseudonym) is exquisite. The jewel-like visuals are like fine art still photos, depicting the alienation of humans, adrift in a spaceship, which could be a metaphor for earth itself.

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The production design of 'Solaris' with its purple and blue electromagnetic storm clouds, teeming with an otherworldly energy is contrasted with the sterile erector set-like spacecraft, a mechanical thing devoid of life.

Soderbergh's 'Solaris' takes all the favorite Russian tragedy themes and transforms them into their American counterparts— self-deception, selfishness, and hubris. After all, the Clooney character, a psychiatrist no less, just can't get over himself.

Meanwhile the United Trance States of America and its Imperial Storm Troopers are goose-stepping into the future. It is virtually the Roman Empire come again, and the world shakes and trembles in an awesome fear and loathing.

Instead of fulfilling its destiny and liberating the world from suffering, the USA makes more karma with its perverse and nasty ways. The insanity defense won't work this time. Being ignorant of the (cosmic) law is no excuse either. And you know that blaming the Bush Crime Family is about as lame as you can get. If you live life in a trance, remember you made the choice.

Or as a character in Solaris says, "There are no answers, only choices."

'Soldier': Future Cannon Fodder Goes High-Tech

TO PARAPHRASE GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, "Old soldiers never die. They just get replaced by a new DNA-enhanced model."

Director Paul Anderson ('Mortal Combat') has made the sci-fi action adventure 'Soldier' a parable about planned obsolescence in the military. According to the movie, the warrior of the future will be a high-tech mind-controlled zombie—expressionless, unquestioning, and following commands without thought or feeling.

The future is way past bleak. When army officers come into a hospital to inspect the new-born babies, they slap a "1A" on the cribs of the "chosen" ones. Childhood trauma is then raised to a perverted "science," as the children are trained to withstand pain and suffering and programmed to be soldier-zombies. This is not, of course, the new touchy-feely human-potentialized Army where you can "be all you can be." Or an Army of One. These robotized soldiers are brainwashed from birth. Life itself is an ongoing boot camp, organized as trauma and memory flashbacks of past trauma.

Todd (Kurt Russel) is a human killing machine, a fighter with name and serial number tattooed on his cheek. Completely divorced from humanity, he's been raised to focus his rage on killing the enemy du jour.

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Kurt Russell has one expression in 'Soldier'—wooden. He out-Stallones even Stallone. With a stare like a guy that has permanent Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, this is one scary-looking dude with the face of a mind controlled robo-slave.

His nemesis is not an enemy soldier, but Caine (Jason Scott Lee), a new improved model with a shaved head and pumped up muscles. Caine is a DNA "enhanced" soldier, genetically-engineered high-tech "cannon fodder."

"The mind controls the body, and we are doing such wonderful things with the mind," says Colonel Mekum (Jason Isaacs) a military bureaucrat with a pencil-thin mustache and a British-style uniform. When Todd's captain (Gary Busey) proposes a fight between the older and the newer "model" of fighting machine, Caine wins the fight but loses his eye. Mekum mocks him saying, "Do you know how much it costs to breed you?"

Todd, battered and bloody, wakes up on a space barge. This ship carries only trash and dumps him with the rest of the outmoded machinery on Arcadia, a waste disposal planet. There Todd finds stranded space colonists who have built a communal village out of garbage and detritus.

The final and inevitable battle has Todd and Caine duking it out with Big-Boy-Toys—high-tech space weapons, armored earth movers, and a final hand-to-hand combat sequence.

Screenwriter David Peoples ('Blade Runner,' 'The Unforgiven') has created a dismal future—extrapolating today's Special Forces-type Delta Training to its logical end—test-tube soldiers programmed with Big Brother's mind instead of their own.

Of course, Peoples has already created a powerful depiction of genetically engineered (and resentful) off-planet warriors in the must-see sci-fi classic 'Blade Runner,' based on the Philip K. Dick story "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?"

When Todd lands on the garbage planet, a woman asks him what he's going to do, "I'm going to kill them all. Sir," he replies with no expression on his face. That's a line that's meant to make you laugh out loud—or cringe at the inevitable.

If you've ever wondered about the future of the military, see 'Soldier.'

'The 6th Day': Downtown Atlantis Revisited

THE 6TH DAY' IS SET IN A BRAVE NEW world, "in the near future, sooner than you think," in which human cloning has been "officially" banned. But then smoking has been totally outlawed as well. Besides, according to the movie's premise, cloning is the new prohibition, since a clone has no rights and a clone can't own anything.

Unofficially, however, the world is not the way it seems. For example, after a serious gridiron injury, the owners of Johnny Phoenix, the first football star to earn \$300 million, lament the fact that "we have a lifetime contract with a vegetable." What to do? Clone the quarterback, of course.

Meanwhile, helicopter pilot Adam Gibson (Arnold Schwarzenegger) prepares for his birthday. His fear of aging is evident as he checks his face in the bathroom mirror for new wrinkles, a mirror which, by the way, also acts as a TV screen projecting the latest news and weather—literally in his face.

Other techno-tricks include refrigerators which can order milk with the push of a button and cars that drive themselves.

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A prototype, by the way, of this (police) state highway system was tested in San Diego, California way back in 1997 by an outfit called the National Automated Highway System Consortium.

Adam's wife Natalie (Wendy Crewson) tries to talk him into cloning the recently deceased family dog Oliver, at a local RePet store ("Cloned pets are just as safe as real pets.") And his daughter tries to talk him into getting her a SimPal ("The best friend your money can buy"), a walking, talking, flesh-like doll, because, she says, all her friends have one.

Adam, however, is still conflicted. He has doubts about these latest wonders of science, saying, "It's a natural process of life. You're born, you live, and you die."

His friend and co-pilot Hank (Michael Rapaport) also tries to talk him into having the dog cloned, but then, as Oliver points out, his "primary relationship" is with a computer-generated holographic girlfriend. With moves that mimic a virtual-reality Stepford Wife-Porno Star, she greets him saying, "I've recorded all your sports programs. We could watch them together. Or should I just take this dress off right now?"

Working at the Double X Charter jetcopter service (double cross—get it?), Adam and Hank ferry high-end clients to extreme skiing-snowboard adventures. To prepare for a client, they each take an iris scan, blood test and a DNA test—and a "syncording," incidentally, all you need to clone somebody, according to the movie.

Meanwhile anti-cloning protests by "fundamentalists" target the mega-corporate tycoon of Replacement Technologies, Michael Drucker (Tony Goldwyn), who wears those tiny billionaire glasses like Spielberg and Bill Gates. Drucker's rationale for his business? "I'm just taking over where God left off." His chief scientist Dr. Weir (Robert Duvall) adds, "We will finally be able to conquer death."

And so Adam finds out what it means if your own clone took over your life.

'The 6th Day' also asks the question of who's "real" and who not. It's a fun metaphysical-sci-fi thriller with great car chases and enough intellectual fuel in the tradition of 'Blade Runner' and its planned obsolescence replicants and "The Boys from Brazil" and its Hitler clone kids.

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The film was directed by Roger Spottiswoode, who also directed that all-time classic 'Air America'—an action comedy, believe it or not, about CIA drug trafficking in Southeast Asia. It starred Mel Gibson and Robert Downey as two wacky pilots in that wacky drug war called Vietnam.

Historically, of course, there's nothing new on Planet Earth. The Sumerians most likely did the first genetic engineering experiments, as the Nephilim "gods" combined different genes to create a "better" human stock.

Better in this case means a more "productive" work force. Productive. Heard that before?

Also during the days of Atlantis, there was a great controversy about the status of the man-made "things," created by prototypical mad scientists, many of whom are probably embodied now as pioneers of the so-called bio-tech revolution.

According to Edgar Cayce on Atlantis, there were serious dissensions between these two warring factions—the Sons of Belial and Sons of the Law of the One. "The reference to the 'things' imply that these creations probably had the status of slaves and were treated more like slaves or robots, than human beings. Evidently one group, the Sons of Belial, wanted to keep these creatures in a state of slavery, while the other group, the Sons of the Law of the One, wanted to treat these creatures like the entrapped souls they were and help them regain a comprehension of their relationship with God.

"The difference in attitude of the two groups we might summarize as 'those who follow Christ' (Sons of the Law of the One) and 'those who follow self (Sons of Belial)," the book concludes.

Flash forward 50,000 years. "Another article in the *Virginian Pilot* (November 27, 1966) describes a technique that approaches even closer to what may have occurred long ago in Atlantis when humans 'became entangled in matter.' The article 'Clones Shadow Human Race' quotes Professor Joshua Lederberg, a Nobel Prize winning geneticist, as saying that it may soon be possible to propagate people the way we propagate roses by taking the equivalent of cuttings. This would make it possible to create dozens—or hundreds— of identical individuals...

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"Professor Lederberg says these possibilities raise questions about what we understand as human identity and individuality," the book continues. "Clone propagation might be irresistible to breeders of race horses and prize cattle, but says Lederberg, biological discoveries may lead into still stranger territory. Lederberg sounds like an old Atlantean, when he says 'it may become possible to incorporate part of a human nucleus into the germ cell of some animal, say a gorilla, which might produce various subhuman hybrids.'"

"Subhuman hybrids" to act as perfect food-service workers. Or chauffeurs. Or even soldiers.

Or chimeras like the griffin, the sphinx, or the centaur? It makes you wonder—were the supposed creatures of mythology just Atlantean test-tube creations?

"Many people find it difficult to accept the possibility that the advanced civilization of Atlantis described by Edgar Cayce could have existed and then disappeared with so little trace," writes the author. "The slaves, 'automatons' or 'things' described in the Atlantean life readings seem to have returned to haunt the world in the underprivileged, uneducated, uncared-for masses of humanity. In Atlantis, man faced a choice between following the Sons of the Law of the One (meaning his realization of his relationship with God) and the Sons of Belial (meaning the use of his creative powers for self-aggrandizement.) The strife among men brought physical destruction in the earth. Now man is again forced to choose between selfishness and unselfishness. He can use his scientific knowledge to improve the lot of all. He also has in his hands the means to bring about world destruction rivaling that of Atlantis."

Moral of the story? In Hollywood, it doesn't really matter if you're a clone or not. Being vapid means never having to say you're sorry.

'Signs': Mel Gibson's Losing His Belief System

IN THE BEGINNING OF 'SIGNS,' MEL GIBSON plays a priest who's Losing His Religion. And it's not only his religion. He's actually lost his BS—his entire Belief System. Poof! It's gone. Why? Because his wife had been killed in a car accident.

At the end of the movie, after battling an alien invasion in his house, Mel puts his priest collar back on and marches back to his Job. Fade to black.

The problem is simple—if Mel Gibson had a crisis in conscience or even faith, nothing happened during the movie that would restore it.

He didn't crack open the Bible—not even the Talmud. He didn't say a prayer and no angels appeared to his rescue. As a matter of fact, the fool didn't even have enough sense to have a shotgun around the house to fight off the aliens.

But somehow in this pointless and disappointing movie, his belief system has been mended, the aliens have been beaten back and how this relates to his "crisis," God only knows

'Signs' is a new age movie pastiche of assorted paranormal phenomena, including Crop Circles, Synchronicity and Aliens.

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Crop circles are those mysterious beautiful patterns engraved in fields of grain, mostly in England. They first started appearing in the 1980s, and, for the record, crop circles have never been rationally (or explained away) by the Grand Materialistic Poobahs of Science. The problem, of course, is that crop circles literally transcend three-dimensional physics.

When Mel Gibson wakes up one day in his Bucks County, Pennsylvania farmhouse, he sees a crop circle in his very own cornfield. His younger brother Merrill (Joaquin Phoenix) thinks the crop circle was made by pranksters, a bunch of "nerds" who don't have anything better to do. His son Morgan (Rory Culchan) thinks it's the aliens. His daughter Bo (Abigail Breslin) says, "I think God did it." That is the extent of the discussion regarding the origin of crop circles.

'Signs' tries to be spooky and supernatural and fails at both. A TV scientist, commenting on the appearance of crop circles in India and then mysterious lights over Mexico City, pontificates— "Either it's one of the most elaborate hoaxes ever created, or it's for real." Whatever "real" means to these clowns.

"Everything they wrote about in science books is about to change," says the talking head scientist, referring to some momentous paradigm shift, which is supposed to presage the alien invasion. "Some people think it could be the end of the world." You know, like the song. But they don't feel too fine.

Then there's the obvious knock off of *The Celestine Prophecy* when the Gibson character asks his son, "Is it possible that there are no coincidences?"

The clueless inhabitants of this movie first try to communicate with the aliens through a baby monitor (who knows what that's supposed to mean?), then finally put aluminum-foil pointed hats on their heads to keep the aliens from reading their thoughts. Then for some reason, they board up the windows to keep the aliens out—as if boards are going to protect them from advanced ET technology

Written and directed by M. Night Shyamalan, of "I see dead people" fame (i.e. *Sixth Sense*), 'Signs' lamely tries to explain crop circles as landing strips for aliens who come to conquer the earth (as if technically advanced beings from another galaxy need such

pedestrian and mundane markers.)

Shyamalan also cannibalizes various paranormal phenomena including a shameless rip-off of Linda Howe's book *Glimpses of Other Realities, Volume II: High Strangeness*. The filmmakers even copied the design of the book (without her name on it, since she reportedly refused to cooperate with the production), then inserted pictures of aliens burning up the house with their death rays. In an obvious slap at Howe, the script called for the book to be authored by someone called "Dr. Bimbu."

For those interested in crop circles, the elaborate geometric and hieroglyphic patterns, probably the best online reference is Crop Circle Connector: www.cropcircleconnector.com/anasazi/connect.html

So are crop circles the work of hoaxers—or aliens with too much time on their hands? Not likely.

As he explains in his videos, former NASA consultant Richard Hoagland thinks that crop circles may be shadows cast from the fourth or fifth dimension into the third dimension. His website is Enterprise Mission www.enterprisemission.com

Another "explanation" is that crop circles are created by Terra-based technology that incorporates gravity waves or other esoteric science.

Former aerospace engineer Brian Desborough, in his groundbreaking book, *They Cast No Shadows: A collection of essays on the Illuminati, revisionist history and suppressed technologies* says that crop circles are in many cases due to Mossbauer Beam technology.

"Some UFO writers and lecturers who lack a scientific background claim that humans lack the technology to create such complex crop circles," he writes. "For the record, the basic crop circle characteristics outlined above are exactly the evidential signs that would remain if the crop circle were to be created by means of a low powered gamma ray beam device. Such technology was only implemented into widespread use by the military during the past two decades—the same time period that elaborate crop circles first began to appear."

"The swollen nodes of grain stalks are of high moisture content; the high frequency gamma ray beam would cause the moisture in

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the nodes to convert to super heated steam, swelling and softening the nodal cells and causing the stalks to bend in the direction swept by the beam," he continues. "Such beams are capable of creating extremely fine detail; the high frequency clicking sound which is emitted from newly formed circles strongly suggests that the beam systems employed in this duplicitous act incorporate Mossbauer beam technology. The soil within the circle would emit radiation and any creature unfortunate enough to be irradiated by the beam would be carbonized."

Desborough's conclusion about crop circles remains the most logical explanation on the topic. He writes, "In order to add to the illusion that crop circles are the creation of a technologically superior race of extraterrestrials, the Mossbauer beam units probably are mounted in terrestrially manufactured flying saucers," echoing the conclusions of Bill Lyne, author of *Pentagon Aliens: Flying Saucers Are Man Made Electrical Machines and Occult Ether Physics*.

'Signs,' however, in desperately trying to explain the unexplainable, comes up with lame-looking aliens.

Then there's the Mel Gibson Story. In a previous movie "We Were Soldiers Once" (based on that memorable book called *We Were Soldiers Once... and Stupid*), Mel Gibson plays a Vietnam-era soldier who doesn't even question the propriety of the Vietnam War Scam, but marches off to kill gooks just because they told him it would Save the World from Communism.

Ironically Mel Gibson's father, Hutton Gibson, actually had enough sense to leave the United States and immigrate to Australia—so his boys wouldn't be drafted for the Stupid War a/k/a Vietnam.

Understanding the Jesuit mindset, Hutton Gibson actually wrote a book called *The Enemy Is Here!* It's described by Flatland's Jim Martin in his catalog like this—"(1994) This is a fairly obsessive 500-page tirade, self-published by movie star Mel Gibson's father, about the false Church doctrines emanating from Rome since Vatican II. Gibson, Sr., has spent the last 20 years or so publishing a periodical in Australia which serves as a vehicle for his ful-minations against the "liberalization" of the Catholic Church. This book compiles the most significant of Gibson's articles. Being

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myself a confirmed heathen, most of the doctrinal recriminations go completely over my head, but I can glean that Gibson has no truck with the "new mass" in which grape juice is substituted for wine, nor for any alteration of Catholic strictures against divorce, evolutionary theories, birth control (even "natural" birth control) and "ecumenicalism." Since all the popes since 1958 have been heretics, Gibson says, the post has been "ipso facto" vacant all these years. Yet the Catholic Church remains the One and True Church, whose mission is to convert every human on the planet to its original, "traditional" teachings. It is the obligation of militant Catholic laymen, like Gibson, to set the record straight and abandon false teachings of blasphemous, wicked men in clerical garb whom have gone so far as to allow Freemasons into the Church. Even the excommunicated "traditionalist" priest Marcel Lefebvre is dismissed by Gibson, since "the enemy always creates its false opposition." As a prose stylist, Gibson does have his moments. "It washes the brain. It slithers by and leaves the great majority unaware of its slimy passage, unaware its rulers have emerged from deep-laid plots and introduced massive subversion." Yet there is something profoundly disturbing about the book. After reading a few pages, you can close your eyes and easily imagine the sounds of the crackling fire, the cries of agonized repentance, and maybe even catch a whiff of human flesh burning at the stake. 498 pages, paperback"

Gibson's other book is called *Is the Pope Catholic?* Jim Martin describes it like this: "(1978) Mel 'Braveheart' Gibson's dad, Hutton, has a bone to pick with the Catholic Church, and its recent line of false Popes. In this book he focuses on Paul VI as the anti-pope who has softened the Church's intolerance of heretics. Heretics are everyone who has heard Catholic teachings but didn't sign on. They are all going to hell, the traditionalists say. Maybe not, said Paul VI. You're the Anti-Christ, says Gibson. "The object of our war is victory. It is no game to win or lose. Shirked wars are irretrievably lost. Limited wars end like Korea or Vietnam. Compromise equals treachery, which requires neither intent nor even consciousness on the part of the traitor. More often it grows out of 'normal' mistaken attitudes developed in the modernist climate fostered by subversives. Treachery, then, is not necessarily subjective, overt, or

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culpable; it remains treachery, nevertheless, in fact." Gibson doesn't like the changes he sees in the Church at all, especially its drift into "liberation theology" communism. Hutton Gibson, according to one report I've heard, took his union-guaranteed disability payment from New York to Australia, to keep his sons, including Mel, out of the Vietnam War. (181 pages, paperback.)

It makes you wonder if Hutton Gibson understands the cosmic irony of his son Mel Gibson's movie roles.

- Playing a gung-ho Vietnam soldier—when it's your good karma for your dad to whisk you away ("We Were Young Once").
- Playing a priest who has to battle aliens—without the benefit of prayer or even a shotgun ("Signs").
- Playing a CIA mind control victim—who ends up in the hands of the Agency ("Conspiracy Theory").
- Playing a CIA drug smuggling pilot—who has lots of fun running CIA dope in Vietnam ("Air America").

Betcha dollars to doughnuts—Mel Gibson thinks it's a hoot. And, of course, he's drawing a line. In 'The Passion,' he's not playing Jesus. He's just directing the Crucifixion. What does that tell you?

'Starship Troopers': Teenage Fascists Battle Giant Bugs

FASCISM NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD. High tech slaughter in space never looked so glamorous.

'Starship Troopers' is a high energy, high body count, science fiction gross-out by director Paul Verhoeven. He's the guy who made megamayhem movies like 'RoboCop' and 'Total Recall,' the soft porno hit 'Basic Instinct' and the topless disaster 'Showgirls.'

In 'Starship Troopers,' Verhoeven stays way over the top in a morbidly fascinating man vs. bugs gorefest. It's set in a futuristic high school in Buenos Aires. Hormone-inflamed teenagers ponder their future—to join, or not to join the Federal Service, a one world fascist government army, and fight the gigantic insects that threaten the survival of the human race.

Imagine clean-cut American-style Hitler Youth in high school with all the confused emotions of adolescence. A militaristic high school teacher played by Michael Ironside tells his class that, "Naked force has resolved more issues than any other means." To him, high school is just a recruiting station for the "cannon fodder" of the future.

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These are teenagers playing co-ed tackle football games with female quarterbacks. They have alien biology lab where instead of frogs they dissect a three foot long bug that squishes goo when you cut into it and take out its internal organs.

Then there's the sequence from the Mobile Infantry boot camp. Some things never change according to Verhoeven, as future grunts still get abused by neanderthal drill instructors. There's also co-ed naked showering, so everybody gets a chance to explain their convoluted motives about why they joined up.

Co-ed bunkhouse pranks and a futuristic version of a "Dear John" video-letter provide more dark-tinged entertainment.

A mass swearing-in ceremony of new recruits comes with chanted legal disclaimers. It looks like a mass Moonie wedding. Is Verhoeven implying that today's Armed Services is just another mind control cult? Now there's a high concept movie.

The actors are an ensemble cast that includes Casper Van Dien, Dina Meyer, Denise Richards, Jake Busey and Neal Patrick Harris.

Is 'Starship Troopers' really a satire? Verhoeven takes the Hollywood cliches of war and high school movies and turns them upside down. His raw materials are World War II movies and 1950's bug monster movies. His amusingly deranged hybrid even pokes fun at the anti-nazi war propaganda films of Frank Capra like 'Why We Fight.'

In this version, these are turned into infomercials for joining the fight against the bugs through an interactive video computer game that leads to more propaganda-news.

The line between news, commercials and mass programming of the mind control variety becomes a blur.

"The only good bug is a dead bug." In WW II parlance, substitute Hun or Jap for bug, and you get the picture.

Another slogan "Join the mobile infantry and save the world" plays on the patriotic jingoism used in World War II—or even the phony War on Terrorism. You'll remember first World War I then World War II was sold to Americans as "the war to end all wars," by the country's overlords and Wall Street bankers who were making money financing Hitler as well as the Allies.

In the future, recruitment commercials, entertainment, and

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news have become one in a spectacular sensorial overdrive, a media overdose of mega-data.

Cynicism is reserved for the older generation, like the guy in the recruiting station for the Mobile Infantry. He's a man who looks at the fresh young faces and says smiling, "Fresh meat for the grinder." They blink at him with cow-like stupor on their faces.

Then he says, "The Mobile Infantry made me the man I am today." He pulls away from the table and reveals that in addition to the prosthetic RoboCop-looking metallic arm, he has stumps instead of legs.

That's an example of Verhoeven's dark sense of humor. In the battle scenes, the gory effects just keep on coming. Splattered humans. Giant insect carcasses explode with green, red and snotty-looking bug goop. Soldiers writhe in agony as arms, legs and heads are cut off by the murderous insects. Some of them even insert an ugly proboscis and suck out the soldiers' brains.

It's Downtown Hell with battle sequences that seem to go on forever. The non-stop carnage you have to watch is Verhoeven's revenge. It's his way of making you suffer for what he had to experience as a survivor of WW II.

Ed Neumeier's script is based on a 1959 Robert A. Heinlein novel that had the outre concept that military service is a civic duty. It's also reminiscent of Orson Scott Card's classic sci-fi novel *Ender's Game*, where teen space jockeys fight alien bugs through a video game interface.

When the movie's over, you wonder why they just didn't bomb the planet with bug spray.

And what's the punchline? Teen Nazis could be ready for a sequel.

Suggested Reading (And speaking of fascism, here are some real-life reports from the front lines of the National Security States of America):

Defrauding America. Dirty Secrets of the CIA and Other Government Operations, by Rodney Stich. (Diablo Western Press, Box 5, Alamo, CA 94507, 800-247-7389) Comprehensive and definitive encyclopedia of government crimes and coverups with extensive evidence provided by deep-cover CIA personnel.

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Virtual Government: CIA Mind Control Operations in America. by Alex Constantine. (Feral House). Hidden world of terror including psychic warfare, CIA infiltration of media, drug and mob connection to OJ Simpson case, etc.

'The Truman Show': Storming the Reality Studio

THE THEME OF THE TRUMAN SHOW' is highly unlikely for a studio movie—"Getting out of the box of consensus reality."

In other words, what would you do if you discovered your whole world was a movie set—that your family, friends and neighbors were engaged in a play, while you believed it was your "real" life?

It's Day 10,909 of The Truman Show,' a round-the-clock, realtime, 30 years running, TV show starring Truman Burbank (Jim Carrey) as he "lives" his daily life, follows his daily routine, and gets into sitcom-type situations.

Five thousand hidden cameras in real time follow his every move. Product placements ("Truman drinks Mococo brand cocoa") yield an enormous revenue stream for the show's producers.

Truman is a 50's-lifestyle clean-cut guy who sells insurance. His wife is Meryl (Laura Linney), a perky wholesome nurse who works in the local hospital. They live in the antiseptically (and anal retentively) clean, suburban sunny island paradise called "Seahaven."

While Truman is living his life under the constant watch of millions of TV viewers, the movie also shows the reactions of those

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who watch 'The Truman Show' as an integral part of their own life, vicariously involved as soap opera viewers without a life of their own. They become involved in the drama of Truman's life—a real-life sitcom broadcast around the world. They care about Truman's childhood "trauma"—the death of his father in a boating accident. They care about his desire to find his lost love called Lauren (Natascha McElhone) taken away under suspicious circumstances, supposedly to Fiji.

Gradually Truman begins to discover that "Things Are Not the Way They Seem."

Sensing the anomalies in his life, he starts thinking "Is it paranoia?" and "Maybe I'm being set up for something."

Is the mind-bombed patsy about to wake up?

Behind the scenes, pushing the viewers' emotional buttons, is The Truman Show's TV producer and director, Christof (Ed Harris), the false god of his life, the creator of his reality.

Rationalizing his manipulation of Truman's "life," Christof says, "Nothing on this show is faked. It's just controlled."

Besides, Christof rationalizes this outrageous exploitation of a human being by telling an interviewer that "Truman was the first child to be legally adopted by a corporation."

The movie, in its quiet unassuming way, asks some pointed questions. What is Reality? What is Programming? Is Television really the best mind control that money can buy?

Extrapolating TV Shows to Reality, 'The Truman Show' is a metaphor for TV, Consumerism and Society. It ain't pretty, but it's all there.

This is another cautionary tale from screenwriter Andrew Niccol, who wrote and directed 'Gattaca,' a story of the Brave New World of genetic discrimination.

Peter Weir, who directed 'Fearless,' 'Dead Poet's Society,' 'Green Card,' and 'Witness' deals with important issues and is one of the world's most innovative film directors. Likewise 'The Truman Show' examines the roots of Paranoia, Conspiracy, False Memories, Consensus Reality, and TV/Idol Worship.

Look at how people are controlled by the media, their own fears, their deepest desires. The mechanics of Reality Control is

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exactly the point of the movie and it's brilliantly executed.

As the late William S. Burroughs, Jr. said, "Paranoia is just knowing all the facts."

Precedents for 'The Truman Show' include TV series "An American Family," "Real Life," and MTV's "The Real World." (The popularity of phoney so-called "reality" shows on TV proves the concept.)

'The Truman Show' also has roots in the creepy-cool TV series 'The Prisoner' starring Patrick McGoohan as a Kafka-like captive who tries to escape his authoritarian control.

Besides the film is also a remarkable metaphor. When Truman tries to get "Beyond the Box," the TV director Christof says, "If he was absolutely determined to discover the truth, he would leave."

The metaphysical inference is simple—figure out why you're here on Planet Earth, fulfill your destiny, and you're free to go. In the eastern spiritual tradition, this is called "fulfilling your dharma."

In a more general spiritual context, there are some powerful models and equally dramatic success stories. Buddha achieving Nirvana. The Ascension of the Christ. It's not just an escape, but a metaphysical self-transcendence.

Jim Carrey's measured and self-assured performance is itself the self-transcendence of a world-class actor—getting beyond the wild-and-crazy act of "Ace Ventura," "Dumb and Dumber" and "The Mask."

'The Truman Show' is a meditation on the Politics of Reality, a great existential comedy, and a powerful antidote to mind control and any other limitations on your soul and spirit.

POSTSCRIPT: Don't miss 'The Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind' starring Jim Carrey, a brilliant film about memory, its loss, and the Moebius loop of time, space, and reality.

'The X-Files': When Conspiracies Collide

CANNIBALIZING HISTORY FOR THE SAKE OF entertainment has always been a key to successful storytelling, and writer-producer Chris Carter's movie 'The X-Files' thoroughly exploits conspiracy theories (and realities) in a weird melange of the strange and the deranged.

'The X-Files' is a big screen version of its namesake, a highly popular TV show, a cosmic conspiracy movie that includes government coverups, genetic engineering, biological warfare, black helicopters, UFOs, and secret underground bases. Think 'Conspiracy Theory' with aliens.

FBI Special Agents Scully (Gillian Anderson) and Mulder (David Duchovny) are the central characters of 'The X-Files.' She's the logical gal. He's the intuitive guy who suspects that "the truth is out there." Sure, it is, pal, plus lots of disinformation.

'The X-Files' will push the buttons of your "fears of the unknown"—subliminal programming deep inside this highly entertaining movie.

When a Federal Government Building is blown up in Dallas (a

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dead ringer for the Oklahoma City Bombing of 1995), FBI Agents Scully and Mulder begin their weird journey into the heart of darkness. They begin investigating and one clue leads to another as conspiracies collide and morph in freeform pretzel logic.

Later on, Mulder says, "You don't understand. This goes back to Dallas." The subtext, of course, is that the public execution of President John F. Kennedy—the ritual murder orchestrated by the cryptocracy—is itself the message hidden deep below the surface of history. For example, James Shelby Downard and Michael A. Hoffman II, author of *Secret Societies and Psychological Warfare* write that "...the ultimate purpose of the assassination was not political or economic, but sorcerous: for the control of the dreaming mind... Something died in the American people on November 22, 1963— call it idealism, innocence or the quest for moral excellence. It is the transformation of human beings which is the authentic reason and motive for the Kennedy murder..." (Independent History, P. O. Box 849, Coeur D'Alene, Idaho 83816).

"Transformation" as in mind control. So let's sort out the conspiracy theories from the realities.

First there's FEMA, the Federal Emergency Management Agency. In real life, when the movie was released, hatchet man Buddy Young, Bill Clinton's former head of security in Arkansas, has been rewarded for his silence (omerta) by being named Southwest Director of FEMA. In the movie, a character named Kurtzweil (Martin Landau) says FEMA is the "Secret Government" that takes over when the president declares a state of emergency.

In the real-life story of unindicted drug kingpin Oliver North, documented in a book called *Guts and Glory* by Ben Bradlee, FEMA is the prime federal agency involved in so-called Continuity of Government (COG). Are you ready for martial law? They are.

"North's work for FEMA—from 1982 to the spring of 1984— was highly classified and some would say bizarre," writes Bradlee. "During that period, the Miami Herald reported that he was involved in helping to draft a sweeping contingency plan to impose martial law in the event of a nuclear war, or less serious national crises such as widespread internal dissent, or opposition to an American military invasion abroad.

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"The plan—which also gave FEMA itself broad authority to report directly to the President, appoint military commanders and run state and local governments [Executive Order 11490]—ruffled many administration feathers...

"Another North-FEMA collaboration was the proposed Defense Resources Act, according to the Miami Herald. The act was designed to serve as 'standby' legislation in case 'conflict contingencies' arose. If enacted, the Defense Resources Act would give the president powers to impose censorship, seize the means of production and ban strikes.

"North would also play a role in helping FEMA stage a national emergency simulation exercise April 5-18, 1984—code-named Rex-84 Bravo—which [FEMA Director] Giuffrida, in a memo to Meese, described as 'the largest civil mobilization exercise ever undertaken. Rex-84 Bravo, authorized by President Reagan's signature of National Security Decision Directive 52, was predicated in his declaration of a state of national emergency concurrent with a mythical invasion (code-named 'Operation Night Train') of an unspecified Central American country, presumably Nicaragua.

".. Rex-84 Bravo was designed to test FEMA's readiness to assume authority over Department of Defense personnel, all fifty state National Guard forces and a number of 'State Defense Force' units which were to be created by state legislative enactments. FEMA would 'deputize' all DoD and state National Guard personnel, so as to avoid violating the federal Posse Comitatus Act, which forbids using any military forces for domestic law enforcement..." (p. 132)

As a prime operative of the secret government, Oliver North has served his masters well, and FEMA still exists as part of the euphemistically named Department of Homeland Security.

Then there's the real-life conspiracy that "The X-Files" dares not speak its name.

It's called the "Syndicate," but it's really—nudge, nudge, wink, wink—a substitute name for the Globalist Ruling Cult known as the Bilderbergers. An international cabal of corporate honchos and government officials, the Bilderbergers are the overlords of the Global Ruling Class. Or at least the Globalist VPs who coordinate policy and operations.

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According to Peter Thompson, in his essay "Bilderberg and the West" (Trilateralism, Edited By Holly Sklar; South End Press), "Bilderberg is neither a world super government nor is it merely a club where incidental shoptalk takes place. Top executives from the world's leading multinational corporations meet with top national political figures at Bilderberg meetings to consider jointly the immediate and long-term problems facing the West.

"Bilderberg is not the only means of Western collective management of the world order, it is part of an increasingly dense system of transnational management," writes Thompson. "...Where necessary, a consensus is engineered on issues which must get congressional/parliamentary approval, but wherever possible executive agreements between governments are used to avoid the democratic process altogether."

Thompson writes that "bodies like the U.S. Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), the British Royal Institute for International Affairs, commonly known as 'Chatham House' and transnational counterparts like Bilderberg and the Trilateral Commission play a crucial role in formulating policy directions, molding establishment consensus and even testing for likely opposition."

In 'The X-Files' movie, this Ruling Class conspiracy is also involved in population control plots, as well as an uneasy coexistence with aliens.

The meta-programming of 'The X-Files' (what they want you to believe) is that "One man alone cannot fight the future." This belies the fact that everyday courageous men and women—dissidents and whistleblowers—rise up to expose the truth of government crimes and coverups.

One such hero is veteran researcher and investigative journalist Sherman Skolnick, author of *Ahead of the Parade* (Dandelion Books), a collection of excellent essays on criminal politics. He is also the founder of the Citizens' Committee to Clean Up the Courts who says simply that "a 'conspiracy theorist' is nothing more than somebody who disagrees with the liars and whores of the press." (www.skolnicksreport.com)

The Truth lies somewhere between Corporate Media Cartel Propaganda and the Internet World of Conspiracy.

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'The X-Files' straddles both worlds. Tread lightly. It's only a movie. The real-life criminals are still "out there." And the real-life criminal conspiracies are, after all, just "business as usual."

II. Illuminati, Mind Control and Other PsyOps

'Arlington Road': The Terrorist Next Door

THE CRYPTOCRACY OF THE POWER ELITE has a special message for you in 'Arlington Road': no matter what you see on the evening news, you'll never know the real story. You'll never have a clue.

By thinly disguising traumatic events like the Oklahoma City Bombing and the Ruby Ridge Shootout, the film subverts them in a mind-bending conclusion that the forces of the cryptocracy, always behind the scenes, are always in control.

In the movie, in fact, the mad bomber-terrorist tricks the chump, the protagonist, into doing the dirty deed for him.

Set in the midst of a melange of conspiracy theories and homegrown terrorism, in a kind of 1950s Leave it to Beaver style Washington, D.C. suburbs, 'Arlington Road' is about the subversion of history, and ultimately its unknowability, when the string-pullers are pulling the strings.

Michael Faraday (Jeff Bridges), a history professor at George Washington University, becomes obsessed while teaching his course on American Terrorism.

Explaining the bombing of an IRS Building, he tells his students,

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"The Feds did this huge investigation, but the investigation didn't satisfy me."

"We want one man, and we want it fast because we want our security back," he continues, regarding the media coverup and killing of the lone-nut bomber (scapegoat patsy) supposedly responsible.

Michael's wife, meanwhile, was an FBI agent, killed in a botched Ruby Ridge style assault in West Virginia. "She died for her country," an agent named Carver (Robert Gossett) tells him. "She shouldn't have," replies Michael.

Regarding his bitterness toward the government, Michael says, "When she died, all I wanted was someone to say we made a mistake." He just doesn't understand that being Uncle means never having to say you're sorry.

Meanwhile Michael's girlfriend, a former teaching assistant, Brooke Wolfe (Hope Davis) tries to help him get on with his life and become more than his significant other.

The movie begins with a David Lynch styled scene of disorienting trauma in which a boy wanders in the streets with blood all over him, the result of an apparent explosion. It turns out he's the son of Michael's neighbors, Oliver Lang (Tim Robbins) and his wife Cheryl (Joan Cusack). Was the kid playing with a home-made bomb? is the question.

At a backyard barbeque, later, Cheryl describes her husband to Michael, "He's such a good man; he's such a good father." But Michael becomes suspicious when he sees engineering plans at his neighbor's house. Checking him out, Michael finds out that his neighbor changed his identity, possibly stealing his best friend's name. As a 16-year-old, he was also involved in a bombing when his father killed himself after the Bureau of Land Management absconded with the water rights of the family farm, thus driving them into bankruptcy.

This supposedly turned the mild-mannered farm boy into a Unabomber clone bent on destruction. Then to compound his motives, the movie posits a conspiracy of like-minded individuals. A veritable army of homegrown lone-nut bombers.

American terrorists living right next door to you.

'Arlington Road' is mass mind control at its finest. First, in the

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standard divide-and-rule tactics of the cryptocracy, it directs suspicion at so-called normal people in any typical neighborhood suburb. In other words, you might be unaware, but living across the street there might be some nut-case who's planning to blow up the FBI Building.

Secondly, the movie perpetuates the Big Media myth of American armed and dangerous militia members who have the ability to operate in an organized army against the federal government.

And the movie also promotes the concept that the Internet is too dangerous and must be controlled. Why? Because people can get information, which violates others' right to privacy.

The parallels between the scapegoat bomber of 'Arlington Road' and the so-called Unabomber are striking. In a fascinating piece called "Profiling the FBI's Unabom Charade," Michael A. Hoffman II describes Ted Kaczynski, the Designated Bomber, with the following, "As for his alleged guilt, it should be recalled that the Unabom-er' is the FBI's concoction. The grouping of various bombings since 1978 under the 'Unabom' nomenclature is their invention. No credible evidence has been put forth to link Kaczynski to all or even most of these cowardly and reprehensible bombing." (www.hoffman-info.com/unabom.html)

The FBI Charade scapegoating Kaczynski has become Official History. "The most prominent sketch of an alleged 'Unabom' suspect by a witness emanated from the 1987 bombing of a computer store in Salt Lake City. It depicts a hooded man with sunglasses, a mustache, curly red hair and bears no resemblance to Kaczynski," continues Hoffman. "The drawing was executed by forensic artist Jeanne Boylan, an FBI contract employee. The female witness who provided the details upon which the drawing is based, apparently could not identify Kaczynski as the man she saw in 1987."

Remember the mysterious John Doe II from the Oklahoma City Bombing? Was he another FBI "concoction," a suspect first touted as an accomplice of Timothy McVeigh, then mysteriously vanished off the FBI's—and Big Media's—radar?

Hoffman contends that "in certain occult crime rituals, a sunchronic work of literature, usually fiction, appears before the crimes are perpetrated, serving as a virtual script. In the case of Patty Hearst and the Symbionese Liberation Army (a group which featured

salamander symbolism), the book *Black Abductor*, had been published before the SLA came to the fore, paralleling many incidents that would come to fruition in the activities of Hearst and her comrades."

In the case of the Son of Sam murders, it was the New York screening of a movie called 'The Wicker Man,' an occult thriller about ritual human sacrifice.

"In the Unabom case, the precursor literary work in question has a more prestigious literary pedigree," contends Hoffman. "Joseph Conrad's 1907 book, *The Secret Agent*, concerns a mad professor who lives in a tiny room, clothed in rags while he build a bomb in which he seeks to destroy the 'idol of science.'"

Joseph Conrad was, of course, the pen name of Theodore Korzeniowski, a Polish writer who wrote many English-language literary classics.

Hoffman notes another bizarre set of circumstances. "Kaczynski's surrender to his captors on April 3, 1996 occurred in the geodetic realm at the nodal point of The Scapegoat at Lincoln, Montana, home of the 80,697 acre Scapegoat Wilderness, the Scapegoat Eatery," a real-life restaurant, and a human scapegoat named Ted Kaczynski.

The word "scapegoat" as well as the word "pharmaceutical," by the way, derives from the Greek word "pharmakos," the name of the one who was ritually blamed and punished for the sins of others, and to whom a poisonous drug was administered.

OK, crank up the 'Twilight Zone' theme music. This isn't Jeff Bridges' first "bomber" movie either. Is it significant—or just a curious synchronicity—that he played in another mad-bomber movie called 'Blown Away' (1994)?

Then there's 'Winter Kills' (1979), an entertaining classic conspiracy thriller based on the novel by Richard Condon, author of "The Manchurian Candidate." It also stars Jeff Bridges, this time as a befuddled Kennedy-like brother, whose brother, the president, was killed, and whose Joe Kennedy-like father played by John Huston delivers some of the most delicious and ironic comment on the Kennedy Assassination you'll ever see.

That's JFK, Sr. by the way.

'The Avengers': Weather Control For Fun and Profit

THE AVENGERS' IS A SURPRISINGLY TAME, and kinda lame, version of the 60s cult TV series which brought S&M dominatrix fashion to prime-time television.

Like the James Bond series, it's set in the arcane world of British "intelligence"—saving the world from maverick non-Establishment capitalists, aka villains. In this one, genteel British socialite manners mingle with hard-core MI6 brutality and gender-bending operatives.

Ralph Fiennes plays the immaculately dressed Savile Row tailored Jon Steed. Uma Thurman plays the vampy Mrs. Peel role. Complete with skintight black leather/vinyl catsuit, she looks like a walking ad for a fetish boutique. She also gets to wear ultra-cool 60s mod outfits and, if you miss the point, drives a phallic old-style XK-E Jaguar.

Sean Connery joins the gallery of Batman-like cartoon villains as Sir August DeWynter, whose company "Wonderland Weather" delivers "retail meteorology" on demand.

"You never know when the enemy will strike," says the

Ministry man codenamed "Mother." It's an insider's allusion to the nickname of the notorious CIA weirdo James Jesus Angleton. A female operative named "Father" makes their constant bickering a pseudo-Freudian power struggle. "If there is another enemy..." replies Mrs. Peel.

"There's always another enemy" is the reply, underlining the constant need of the Establishment to create "the best enemy money can buy."

In this case, the plot concerns a British Ministry lab, which has made a "weather shield" called Prospero, a "defensive umbrella" against weather manipulation. The lab gets blown up by someone resembling Mrs. Peel. It turns out it's her clone produced by a Ministry cloning program. Don't ask—it's that kind of movie.

Sir DeWynter threatens an assembly of international bureaucrats saying "The weather's getting worse by the minute. The weather is no longer in God's hands, but in mine."

He's right about one thing—weather control is not science fiction anymore. For example, *The Wall Street Journal*, as far back as Oct. 2, 1992, reported that a Russian company called Elate Intelligent Technologies is "capable of fine tuning the weather pattern over 200 square miles area for as little as \$200 per day." The company's business card says, "Weather made to order."

The *New York Times* (September 24, 1992) reported that the Russians sell weather control electronic equipment to certain persons who need to manipulate the weather and that the technology can be used by farmers to alter the climate for agricultural purposes.

And just as recycling real-life conspiracies is a mainstay of Hollywood features, so the arcane world of weather control has been well documented by independent investigator Bob Fletcher.

While Fletcher testified before the U.S. Senate Subcommittee Hearings in 1995, Wisconsin Senator Herbert Kohl said, "You told Associated Press that the American government has created weather tampering techniques so that the New World Order will be able to starve millions of Americans and control the rest. Would you explain what you were trying to say?"

Fletcher's answer to the senator is a documentary video called "Weather Control as a Weapon: An Expose." It also includes 80

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pages of evidence—newspaper clippings, patent abstracts and other signs of high-tech hoodoo.

"Weather control—as in creating storms, moving storms, preventing rain, causing drought and even creating earthquakes by electronic means—is one of the most devastating weapons ever created," says Fletcher. "It could control and manipulate entire nations by force of weather without sending any military personnel into the area."

This is not, repeat, not science fiction. In 1976, the U.S. signed a UN Treaty called "Convention on the Prohibition of Military or Any Other Hostile Use of Environmental Modification Techniques (ENMOD Convention)" which, according to a UN-published book called *Basic Facts About the United Nations* "prohibits the use of techniques that would have widespread long lasting or severe effects through deliberate manipulation of natural processes and cause such phenomena as earthquakes, tidal waves and changes in climate and weather patterns."

In 1977, Rhode Island Senator Claiborne Pell wrote an article called "Tampering with Weather for Use as a War Weapon." "The basic idea of environmental warfare is simple," wrote Pell. "If a nation can learn to trigger natural events, it can inflict terrible damage on an enemy through rainfall, flooding, tidal waves, earthquakes and even climate changes that could devastate an enemy's agriculture."

Zbigniew Brzezinski, founder of the Trilateral Commission, wrote in his book *Between Two Ages: The Technetronic Era* that "weather control" is a "new weapon" that's a "key element of strategy and technology," as well as a "variety of techniques for conducting secret warfare that would seriously impair the brain performance of a large population in selected regions over an extended period."

There are still too many unanswered questions. What if "global warming" and many of the recent "natural" disasters were really caused by weather control electronic manipulation? Could this be another way to "buy" the votes of grateful disaster victims who have received federal aid dollars?

And what if it's being done so that a global government can be invoked—weather is a "global problem," after all—as the only

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"hope" to save the planet from complete weather chaos?

In that framework, 'The Avengers' might be an attempt to detract attention from the rumor that MI6 engineered the unfortunate accident of Princess Di and Dodi. Curiously enough, a CIA operative called Oswald Le Winter—not to be confused in this odd synchronicity with Sean Connery's DeWynter—was arrested and imprisoned in Austria for two years for trying to sell documents which allegedly prove CIA-MI6 criminal conspiracy in the affair.

It's stranger than science, and certainly fiction, but even Uma Thurman's catsuit can't compete with real-life weather diddling for sheer entertainment value.

'Blade': Secrets of the Illuminati

BASED ON A MARVEL COMICS CHARACTER called Blade the Vampire Slayer, 'Blade' the movie is a graphic and gory vampire story.

In this apocalyptic tale, Blade (Wesley Snipes) is a half-human half-vampire hybrid. Because his mother was bitten before he was born, he has the vampires' strength and none of their weaknesses— although he takes a serum to keep his own bloodlust in check.

Engaged in a personal vendetta, Blade has become a fearless vampire killer. He's dressed in black leather and equipped with a ninja sword and a two-bladed boomerang that spins, slices and dices vampires, then returns to his hand. His father figure and armorer is Whistler (Kris Kristofferson). In this graphically intense special-effects movie, when vampires are killed, their flesh explodes—fragmenting into thousands of pieces and leaving behind only the skeleton which then also disintegrates.

In the beginning, a human victim is lured to a hidden vampire nightclub under a meatpacking warehouse. Eagerly following his girlfriend, the hapless chump is sure he's discovered a new hip

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nightspot. As he enters the disco, he watches dancers writhing in abandon to a techno-beat. Suddenly it becomes an abbatoir—as the fire-sprinkler system spurts blood, then gushes it out in a literal "bloodbath." The crowd goes wild with frenzy as blood drenches the dancers. When Blade comes on the scene, he methodically and ruthlessly kills the vampires. They die in agony, chopped up with his ninja sword and shot down by silver bullets—would-be assailants now victims themselves.

Blade's nemesis is Deacon Frost (Steven Dorff), a vampire who's a rebel and not a born vampire either. His sadistic fury, however, makes him one of their most ruthless. His primary goal? Besides seizing power from the vampire establishment, he wants to decode an ancient ritual so that an apocalyptic "blood god" can come and rule the planet. Other satanic overtones in 'Blade' include blood rituals, the blood bath, the blood god, and of course, the vampires' incessant search for human blood.

Ostensibly a horror movie, 'Blade' is actually a clever analogue for the world of the Illuminati. From all accounts, the Illuminati consider themselves a race unto itself, a "network" of family bloodlines, tribes who believe they are gods destined to rule Planet Earth.

"You better wake up. There's another world beneath the one you live in," says Blade. This, of course, is an inference to their hidden and subliminal underworld. With their global consolidation of wealth and power, the families of the Illuminati struggle for control of the financial and political realms through occult rituals of satanic abuse and bloody human sacrifice.

"They got their claws into politics, finance, real estate—everything," says Whistler, referring to the vampire (codeword for Illuminati) system.

History records that the cult of human sacrifice was introduced by Nimrod, known as the "mighty hunter," the son of Cush. The Curse of Canaan author Eustace Mullens writes that "in the history of mankind, Nimrod stand unequalled for his symbolism of evil and satanic practice. He is credited for having founded Freemasonry and for building the legendary Tower of Babel, in defiance of God's will. In talmudic literature, he is noted as 'he who made all the people rebel against God.' Pes. 94b. The legend of the Midrash recounts

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that when Nimrod was informed of Abraham's birth, he ordered all the male children killed to be certain of eliminating him.

"In his fury and hatred [Nimrod] often burned them [his victims] alive," continues Mullens. "'They sacrificed their sons and daughters to the demon; they poured out innocent blood, the blood of their sons and daughters, when they sacrificed to the idols of Canaan.' (Psalms 106:37-38)... Moloch was honored by his worshippers by the building of a great fire on his altar. The parents were then forced by the priests to throw their children into the fire." (The Curse of Canaan, Revelation Books, PO Box 11105, Staunton, VA 24401)

In 'Blade,' the vampire Frost also has a sneering disdain for humans. "Look at them," he says. "They're cattle—pieces of meat." The proverbial goyim get no respect.

According to John Coleman, author of *Conspirators Hierarchy*, "the Illuminati is very much alive and well in America... Since the Illuminati is also known as satanism, it must follow that the CIA was controlled by a satanist while Dulles had charge of it. The same holds true for George Bush [a member of the Order of Skull and Bones]. Given the ghastly mind control experiments constantly being conducted by the CIA and its past connections to fiendish monsters like Dr. Campbell and Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, it does not take much to conclude that the CIA follows satanic roads." ("Illuminati in America," *World in Review*, 2533 N. Carson St., Carson City, Nevada 89706, 800-942-0821).

With regards to "the brainwashing capabilities of the Tavistock Institute as well as US Department of Defense projects like the Advanced Research Project Agency," Coleman writes that "the bottom line of the projects is mind control as predicted by the book 'The Technetronic Era' by Zbigniew Brzezinski. The project goes by the name Monarch Program and it is a vast project involving not only the CIA, but the Army, Air Force and Navy with all of their skills and vast resources."

The horrendous mind control based Monarch Program has been verified by numerous ritual abuse survivors like Cathy O'Brien, author of *TranceFormation in America*, Brice Taylor, author of *Starshine*, and Kathleen Sullivan, author of *MK*. Attorney John

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W. DeCamp's *The Franklin Cover-up* (\$13; AWT, Inc., Box 85461, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501) also describes the sordid details of Monarch trauma based mind control. There exists, in fact, extensive Cross-corroboration of this epidemic. In the end, these survivors remain a living testimony to the indomitable courage and perseverance of the human spirit.

Fritz Springmeier, author of *Illuminati Formula Used to Create an Undetectable Total Mind Controlled Slave* has also written extensively on the deliberate creation of Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD). His book describes the "science" of trauma-based programming techniques used to create sex slaves, international drug and money couriers, as well as assassins for the Illuminati.

"The basis for the success of Monarch mind control programming is that different personalities called alters can be created who do not know each other but who can take the body at different times," writes Springmeier in this monumental and mind-boggling 468 page book. "The amnesia walls that are built by traumas form a protective shield of secrecy that protects the abusers from being found out." Unless, memories leak out and expose them.

"The world belongs to us, not the humans," says Frost, in an arrogant display of raw power. More than a cautionary tale, 'Blade' seems to fall in the category of what Michael A. Hoffman II and James Shelby Downard call the "Revelation of the Method."

In *Secret Societies and Psychological Warfare*, Hoffman writes that this is "the process wherein murderous deeds and hair-raising conspiracies involving wars, revolutions, decapitations and every manner of horror show are first buried beneath a cloak of secrecy... and then when finally accomplished and secured, slowly revealed to the unsuspecting populace who watch deep frozen... as the hidden history is unveiled."

Actually it sounds like "going to the movies."

Dr. Albert Mackey, 33rd Degree Mason wrote in *The Encyclopedia of Freemasonry* that the definition of "hoodwink" is a "symbol of the secrecy, silence and darkness in which the mysteries of our art should be preserved from the unhallowed gaze of the profane."

"That is how they see us," writes Downard, "as 'profane', as

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'cowans' (outsiders)... murder, sexual atrocities, mind control attacks against the people, all of these things are so elevated, so lofty and pure as to be beyond the ken of mere humans."

Or as the rebel vampire Frost says in "Blade," "We should be ruling the humans... These people are our food—not our allies."

"We're going to be gods," says a vampire. "We're just a product of natural selection. We're the new race," says another. The Illuminati would agree.

Ritual murder and human sacrifice are the rule, not the exception, on Planet Earth. For those in denial, sooner or later, they'll come face to face with the occult facts of life. Now That's Entertainment.

'Conspiracy Theory': Deconstructing Hidden History

"NOTHING IS WHAT IT SEEMED TO BE," declares one of the minor players in 'Conspiracy Theory.' The movie stars Mel Gibson as wacky cab driver Jerry Fletcher who bends his passengers' ears and their minds with his wacky theories.

Jerry's biggest problem is that his own mind has been bent, and he can't remember how or why. Jerry, you see, has been a human guinea pig for Project MK/ULTRA, a CIA mind control program started during the Cold War, but never officially ended. When one of his "theories" turns out to be true, Jerry gets in big trouble.

It's an historical fact that the CIA used experimental drugs like LSD, hypnosis and other mind control techniques on unwitting American citizens as subjects. CIA officials in fact shredded thousands of pages of documents relating to this project just before the program became public. In fact, U.S. Senate Hearings before the Select Committee on Intelligence were held on this topic on August 3, 1977.

Another CIA program called Project BLUEBIRD then ARTICHOKE was an attempt to program hypnotized assassins to kill

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people while in a trance. The CIA decided it could target the "bad guys" as de facto judge, jury and executioner.

(The Chuck Barris autobiography and biopic-movie 'Confessions of a Dangerous Mind' claims that he was recruited by the CIA as a contract assassin when he answered a classified ad in the 1960s which read "College Graduate. Available to Travel." The spooks were evidently pretty straightforward in those more "innocent" times.)

Mel Gibson's Fletcher in this movie is a mind bombed patsy, a Lee Harvey McVeigh type who babbles constantly about conspiracies. Since he was actually the subject of a mind control program that included drug and hypnosis-induced torture, it makes you wonder how many of the so-called homeless people who roam the Big City streets are the throwaway results of these and other failed "experiments."

When Gibson's character falls in love with Department of Justice attorney Alice Sutton (Julia Roberts), he spies on her and stalks her, and there's a slight discomfort about where the story's going.

It's not like Travis Bickle in 'Taxi Driver' though. After all it's Mel Gibson, and even with his amplified tics and stutters, he's never really creepy enough to be a potential danger. In fact he believes he's protecting the Julia Roberts character and watching out for her safety. Why? Because he knows that her father, a judge who didn't want to go along with the program, was targeted to be killed—by Mel, no less.

He tells the father about the hit, but someone else does the dirty deed, and the Julia Roberts character is still trying to find out who.

In the deconstructing history department: Julia Roberts' character seems to be a take-off from the life of Cokie Roberts, the ABC/PBS "news" personality. Her father was Congressman Hale Boggs who just happened to die in a plane crash in Alaska—just when he started to publicly express doubts about the conclusions of the Warren Commission.

Apparently Mr. Boggs decided that Oswald was not Kennedy's Official Lone Nut Assassin, and he wouldn't sign off on the Warren Commission "findings." And then he just went off and died. (As

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you can imagine he wasn't a problem anymore.)

Interestingly enough, Cokie Roberts has never spoken about the circumstances of her father's death. Was there a deal? Maybe silence in exchange for celebrity and big bucks as a media "personality?" Nah, that's probably too farfetched and conspiratorial.

And that reminds me of the time when I first met Bob Fletcher. Jerry Fletcher? Bob Fletcher?

Fletcher became the media spokesman for the Militia of Montana and later the subject of a vicious hatchet job called "Fusion Paranoia" in the New Yorker Magazine by Michael Kelly, who became editor of the New Republic, was later fired in a minor cause celebre, and finally died by drowning in the desert during the Iraq War II when his Hummer flipped over in a irrigation ditch (talk about weird karma).

At any rate, I wandered into a model railroad shop in Livingston, Montana because I was looking for some historical photos of steam locomotives. Surprise! I saw several 8x10 color photos on the store's glass countertop. Not historical photos but pictures of railroad flatcars with UN armored personnel carriers on them— camo-painted UN vehicles and one winter-use white vehicle with a blue UN logo on it.

Nobody was in the shop, but I heard someone on the phone in the back room.

When the guy came out, I said, "This is a really unusual photo. What's the story behind it?"

Bob Fletcher introduces himself and tells me that a friend of his got up at six in the morning and took these pictures at a railroad crossing somewhere in Montana, and that they were supposed to be on their way to Billings from the West Coast. Then he starts ranting about the New World Order. And I thought, whoa, what have I walked into here?

UN personnel carriers in Montana? Is this some kind of movie or what?

When I realized Mel Gibson's character was called "Fletcher" I couldn't help but think of this incident. The synchronicity of names is how shall we say, unusual, right?

Did they steal his name for the picture? Enquiring minds want

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to know. Bob Fletcher thinks it's no "accident."

So 'Conspiracy Theory' the movie leads you to believe that the CIA might have done these unethical amoral bad things in the distant past (mind control experiments on hapless civilians, etc.) but now, everything's just fine. Besides it's just a movie.

After all the man in charge of the program, Dr. Jonas, played by Patrick Stewart, complete with Robert McNamara type war criminal eyeglasses and mad scientist leer, was really motivated by wacky patriotism. He was after all doing it for his country.

So why worry?

The weird part of the Mel Gibson movie is that there are no villains. Everything is really gray but there are no bad guys, which is the primary intent of this exercise in mass market psyops. Is it Dr. Jonas, who was most likely modeled on the real-life dead "Dr." Sidney Gottlieb, head perpetrator of the CIA's Clandestine Services Division ("dirty tricks department")? But he's so benign that even when Jonas tortures Fletcher, the Mel Gibson mind controlled patsy with nasty electro-shock and other brutality, he claims it's only to find out who stole the CIA's mind control technology. (As if somebody could do worse than the CIA with stolen technology.)

Besides Jonas gets his comeuppance anyway. It's like, Hitler's gone. No problem.

Ach du lieber, why worry about Himmler, Goering and all the other Nazis that got away? Or 'Case Closed,' as CIA asset/strategic writer Gerald Posner would say.

In this case, it's a lone nut CIA guy—not a lone nut assassin. They like to flip reality so to speak. Invert the circumstances and your perceptions are clearly altered.

Yes, there are black helicopters in the movie, even in New York's Times Square. And just as X-Files takes real-life incidents and transforms them into mindless TV fodder, so this movie takes a chapter of sordid American history and neatly cannibalizes it.

Oddly enough 'Conspiracy Theory' has no "conspiracy" either.

Sure, Mel's character is programmed to buy "Catcher in the Rye" just like David Chapman, John Lennon's assassin and John Hinckley, Reagan's would be assassin, but that's about it.

As a matter of fact, Mel Gibson himself has been no stranger to

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controversy. He was chided by the media pundits for starring in a movie called 'Air America' which was a buddy picture with Robert Downey Jr. about CIA pilots during the Vietnam War. This film was a comedy action story based on the real-life exploits of pilots who flew for Air America, a CIA proprietary airline which delivered raw opium from the hills of Laos to heroin processing factories in Southeast Asia.

A comedy about CIA drug running? You betcha.

One of the first serious books linking the CIA to drug trafficking was University of Wisconsin Professor Alfred McCoy's *The Politics of Heroin - CIA Complicity in the Global Drug Trade*. The book, a well-received scholarly work, was first published in 1972 with a heavily documented update in 1991.

More recently former FAA investigator Rodney Stich's book *Defrauding America* (Diablo Western Press) has an entire chapter called "CIA and DEA Drug Trafficking" which includes personal interviews with former deep-cover CIA personnel about CIA drug trafficking from the Vietnam War era till the present. A subsequent book by Stich is called *Drugging America* with more documented evidence of US government sanctioned narcotics trafficking.

Alex Constantine's book *Virtual Government: CIA Mind Control Operations in America* (Feral House) also covers topics like CIA infiltration of mass media as well as ongoing mind control experiments aimed at American citizens.

So what does it all mean? More empty calories, I mean entertainment, from director Richard Donner.

Call it Conspiracy Lite. It's less filling, too.

Want some "real" conspiracies on video? Look at these based on "real" history:

'JFK' Directed by Oliver Stone, this classic movie will be remembered as a work of history like Gibbons' Roman Empire saga, while the Warren Commission Report will be discounted as a hoax. Remember the Piltdown Man? How about the Hitler Diary forgeries?

'Winter Kills' Starring Jeff Bridges as a befuddled Kennedy-like brother whose Joe Kennedy-like father played by John Huston delivers some of the most deliciously ironic comment on the Kennedy

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assassination ever. Totally over the top. Totally entertaining.

'The Parallax View' Starring Warren Beatty as a journalist who looks for clues about a multinational assassination bureau, but never discovers the difference between up and down.

'Three Days of the Condor' Starring Robert Redford as a CIA operative caught in the midst of Agency intrigue and treachery.

'The Formula' Starring Marlon Brando and George C. Scott, this conspiracy thriller explains why fossil fuels still rule the world economy.

'The Manchurian Candidate' Starring Frank Sinatra, Angela Lansbury and Lawrence Harvey, this classic film by Robert Frankenheimer about a mind controlled assassin is based on the novel by Richard Condon.

'Mind Games' The barely fictionalized story of CIA mind control perp Dr. Ewen Cameron, first president of the World Psychiatric Association, who tortured people with lobotomies, electroshock, hypnosis and drugs—and called it "therapy."

Books anyone? Here are a few classic titles that explore CIA mind control:

Acid Dreams: The CIA, LSD and the Sixties Rebellion by Martin Lee and Bruce Shalin (1985) Grove Press: New York

The Search for the Manchurian Candidate: The CIA and Mind Control by John Marks (1980) McGraw Hill: New York

Psychic Dictatorship in the USA by Alex Constantine (1996) Feral House: Venice, California (310) 822-0905

The Medusa File by Craig Roberts (1997) CPI, 3171-A South 129th Ave, Suite 338, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74134

'Dark Angel': The Threat of Digital Slavery

DO YOU WATCH TV? Why do you think they call it "programming?" 'Dark Angel' is a TV series, like "The X Files," which takes real-life conspiracies and makes them palatable for prime-time. It's produced by James Cameron ('Terminator,' 'Titanic'), the uber-control-freak film director and 33rd Degree Mason. It's his first venture into TV programming.

Max (Jessica Alba) is a bicycle messenger in 2009. It's post-apocalypse Seattle after an EMP (ElectroMagnetic Pulse) weapon has destroyed the computer-based infrastructure of society as we know it.

This setup is either an homage to (or a ripoff of) William Gibson and the Chevette character from his *Virtual Light* novel.

Max is a genetic lab escapee with a bar code tattoo on the back of her neck. When she was nine years old, she ran away from a covert genetics lab in Wyoming (Project Manticore). She's supposed to be a recombinant DNA experiment, genetically enhanced and endowed with superhuman reflexes. She's also a chimera which implies that she has genes from another species.

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It all sounds very future noir, but is it really new?

According to Edgar Cayce, it happened before. In the book *Edgar Cayce on Atlantis*, he describes two groups—the Sons of Belial and the Sons of the Law of the One that vied for power during the last days of the lost continent of Atlantis.

Using genetic engineering, the Sons of Belial had produced "things," animal and human creatures to do their bidding. "They may have been mixture of human and animal. Evidently they were held in low regard and treated as slaves or machines," writes Cayce.

"Evidently some wanted to keep these creatures in their place as slaves or robots for their own pleasure and convenience," continues Cayce. "while others wanted to see them develop to higher states of consciousness. Disputes arose over whether these 'things' were to be exploited or to be made equals with those endowed with spiritual understanding."

In 'Dark Angel,' Max, like her peer group of other transgenic kids, has cat-like reflexes, as well as an affinity to a statue of Bast, the Egyptian cat goddess.

Meanwhile Max's former warden (or is it creator?) is trying to get her back, while she tries to figure out who helped her escape.

An Angelina Jolie lookalike, Max is a working girl who tries to steal rich guy stuff from a rich guy's apartment. She's a cat burglar. (Get it?) Then she discovers he's a "famous underground cyber-journalist" who runs "Streaming Freedom Video," an unauthorized pirate TV broadcast.

By now (the show is set in 2009), the US Military-Police State and Surveillance Society is in full swing. Black-suited jack-booted thugs (i.e. SWAT teams) attack hapless squatters addicted to television, while outside hover-drones, UFO-shaped flying observation devices hover and video-capture what's happening in the streets. The hover drones, by the way, are current off-the-shelf technology.

The rich cyber-guy broadcast pirate wants Max to help him. When she tells him she doesn't want to get involved, he answers, "By being alive, you're involved." And so it goes.

What's most astonishing, however, is that reality itself has almost outstripped Jim Cameron's fervid imagination—and his not-so fictional world.

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On October 30, 2000, the satanic high holiday, by the way, (you think it's a coincidence?), a company called Applied Digital Solutions did a live demo of an implantable microchip in downtown Manhattan.

They actually gave it a warm and fuzzy name of "Digital Angel," which gives neo-fascist technology a pseudo-spiritual handle.

The glowing ad copy brags about building a "microchip that can be worn close to the body" and "subject to FDA approval, future versions may be able to be implanted within the body."

And guess what? "The microchip will include bio sensors that will measure the biological parameters of the body and store this information." (Mind control from a distance by remote control will be virtually idiot-proof.)

The implantable microchip "will also have an antenna that will receive signals from GPS satellites" and (here's where the copywriters really outdid themselves) "it will not intrude on personal privacy except in applications applied to the tracing of criminals."

The company doesn't put that guarantee in writing.

The advertising tag line for the "Digital Angel" implantable microchip is (can you believe it?) "Technology That Cares."

We will tag you like an animal and we will call it "Technology That Cares."

And how will the Digital Angel be used? The miniature digital transceiver, a tiny device to be implanted under the skin, will be used for:

- "locating missing individuals or household pets"
- "tracking endangered wildlife"
- "managing livestock"
- "preventing unauthorized use of firearms"

This open promotion of totalitarian One World Order technology for human enslavement is completely unprecedented. The company website brags that the research partners of "Digital Angel" include Princeton University and the New Jersey Institute of Technology.

Using euphemisms like "safety" and "security" to couch their twisted agenda, these digital fascist lackeys are promoting slavery in glowing terms.

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The coded language for this Olympian "technology" promotes so-called applications like:

- Medical Applications—using the microchips for "monitoring patients." (Translation: giving them a lethal dose when they don't "cooperate.")
- Food Safety—using the microchips "attached to cattle to track health and location information from birth to processing." (Translation: keeping track of your slaves and turning them into pet food when they've outlived their "usefulness.")
- Warfare—as in "keeping track of soldiers." (Translation: zapping them when their thoughts turn to going AWOL or turning against their masters. Does the phrase US Government Property mean anything to you?)
- Law Enforcement—for "parolees, people under house arrest, and in witness protection programs." (Translation: dosing them with toxins or electromagnetic energy by satellite when they think they might want to violate their parole.)
- Identification—as in "personal identification information." (Translation: for having ID chips injected during a "mandatory" school or work vaccination, or even at birth.)
- Firearms Safety—for denying access to illegal guns. (Translation: a genetic registry for "authorized" gun users.)

The Digital Angel website is the epitome of a "kinder gentler" slavery, an adjunct to the high-tech feudalism, which is the ultimate goal of the Globalists and the One World Orderlies.

Advanced Digital Solutions is the contemporary equivalent of the Nazi mega-firm I.G. Farben, which manufactured the genocidal Zyklon-B gas, used to kill millions in the concentration camps.

An ethically and morally challenged company, Advanced Digital Solutions is bound to go down in perfidy like the infamous Tower of Babel.

It should never be forgotten that the contemporary incarnation of the Sons of Belial continue to work their nefarious schemes. Their abuse of science and technology for human enslavement, however, is not ordained or a *fait accompli*.

Since this review was first written, things have been moving right along. This is from July 2003...

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First it was cattle. Then it was pets. Now it's Mexicans. Will Americans be next?

In Mexico, implantable and trackable micro-chips for humans, which can be used to store personal information, like medical, military, criminal and credit history, have been introduced by Applied Digital Solutions of Palm Beach, Florida.

Its brand name is Verichip, and it's a tiny microchip the size of a grain of rice that is implanted under the skin.

In Mexico, which is suffering an epidemic of kidnappings for ransom, the device may be touted as "LoJack for People."

After the chip is implanted, government and hospital officials use a scanning device to download a serial number to access the name, ID and personal history of the individual on their computer.

Applied Digital Solutions, which produces the controversial "Digital Angel" tracking device, as well as the "Verichip," also claims it is developing technology to use satellites to track people.

For government officials, the implications are obvious. Anyone designated as a so-called "terrorist" can be tracked wherever they go with an implanted microchip.

In fact, eventually an entire micro-chipped population can be more easily tracked, managed and controlled by any government to make sure it's compliant to the State's will.

In its report, CNN blithely (and falsely) states that "while the idea of using the chip to track people has raised privacy concerns in the United States, the idea has been popular with Mexicans."

This implies that Mexicans don't care about privacy, and will even stand in line just to get their microchip implants, as long as they will be allowed to move to the United States.

The CNN story also falsely implies that Mexicans will pay the \$150 cost for the microchip injection plus the \$50 annual fee for the "privilege" of being tracked like cattle.

That's probably on every Mexican's top priority list—right after getting his or her daily burrito.

The IT Government market for Applied Digital Solutions, however, appears to be wide open, since the scanning device and related software cost \$1,200. The downside to the technology? Currently VeriChip can confirm a kidnap victim's identity—only

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after the body is found.

According to the press release, "VeriChip is a secure, subder-mal, radio frequency identification (RFID) microchip about the size of a grain of rice that can be used in a variety of security, financial, emergency identification and other applications."

This matter-of-fact description of the device is sure to alarm Christians, since it may be identified as the proverbial and digital Mark of the Beast from Revelations, without which "no man might buy or sell save he that had the Mark."

"In October 2002, the US Food and Drug Administration (FDA) ruled that VeriChip is not a regulated device with regard to its security, financial, personal identification/safety applications," the press release continues, "but that VeriChip's healthcare information applications are subject to regulation by the FDA in the United States."

Let's see if the FDA ruling can be deciphered. It's OK if the VeriChip tracks your credit report history, but not OK if it's used to inform doctors you're diabetic? This will undoubtedly be used as an argument to justify the VeriChip as a so-called "medical device" in the future.

The live "chipping" event in Mexico was billed as a "simple, outpatient procedure that requires only a few minutes for a local anesthetic and insertion of the chip with a specially designed needle."

This could actually be the start of a brand new low-cost underground industry. First there were back alley abortions. Then punk garage bands. Can basement microchip insertions be far behind?

Even testimonials by satisfied customers were used to promote the "chipping" event by Applied Digital Solutions in Mexico.

For example, according to the VeriChip press release, Manuel Rosillo says, "I used to lead a normal, active life, but I never imagined I'd have a health problem as serious as this at my age. So far, I've suffered two heart attacks. I've undergone heart surgery and I'm under permanent treatment and medical supervision, which makes VeriChip an extremely useful product for me."

In other words, doctors at the hospital could monitor Senor Rosillo, while he was having another heart attack—and dying at a

remote location.

Another VeriChip testimonial comes from Francisco Pujano who says, "I was extremely interested in having a VeriChip implant after suffering a cerebral aneurysm. When I have an attack, I don't remember where I am or understand what's happening around me, and it can sometimes last for a long time, so for safety reasons, I opted for VeriChip."

Imagine how this could have helped George Bush—while he was choking on that Enron Pretzel a while back.

The VeriChip is a RFID device. And how do RFIDs work? Patented in 1973, Radio Frequency Identification tags (RFIDs) are very small (11 mm) microchips, which act as transponders (a combination of transmitter and responder), which are always listening for a radio signal sent by the transceivers, or RFID readers.

When a transponder receives a radio query, it transmits its unique ID code back to the transceiver.

RFID tags are already in use in the United States, including ID chips for cats and dogs, EZPass for highway tollbooths, and gas cards like ExxonMobil's SpeedPass.

Government officials have discussed putting RFID tags on all vital documents—paper money, passports, drivers' licenses, passports, stock certificates, university diplomas, medical degrees/ licenses, birth certificates, and so on. In other words, these are the documents necessary for daily life in a "civilized" society.

With implantable microchips containing this information, external microchips (RFIDs) will be a moot point. A National ID Card-Chip is the logical extension of this technology.

Currently the VeriChip, an RFID microchip tag, has been sold as a way to keep track of errant pets, wandering children and mindless Alzheimer's patients.

Future potential uses are, however, much more sinister. For example, delegates to the Chinese Communist Party Congress were required to wear RFID-chipped badges, so their movements could be tracked and recorded. The Chinese correctly assumed that this procedure will cut down on defections to the West.

The next step is also obvious. Who needs a badge when you require your delegates—or your employees—or your citizens—to

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have a microchip ID implanted in their arms?

Applied Digital Solutions Chairman/CEO Scott R. Silverman must be salivating at the Global Slave Labor Market with its billions and billions of potential microchip implantees.

It's not hard to imagine a future which degenerates into a nightmare world where all transactions are tracked and stored on a global basis. The microchip implant makes 24/7 ubiquitous surveillance of any individual a sobering reality.

Today you can crush, puncture or microwave the RFID tag in the jeans you bought at Walmart—but you can't demagnetize it. If your ID is under your skin, the only way to get rid of it is to dig it out with an Exacto blade—a science fiction scenario which is about to become very real.

Of course, this will also bring about a black market of phoney chips and reprogrammed IDs.

While the Roman Empire had tesserae (ID tags) for its slaves, the New American Empire will require more sophisticated devices to keep track of their "citizens."

Since Global High Tech Feudalism is the political-economic model of the future, implantable ID chips will be inevitably marketed to young people as being "cool"—like the fad for body piercing and tattoos.

VeriChip's own cutesy advertising tagline is "Get Chipped," as in "Hey Mom, can I get chipped?"

The Human MicroChip Implant Scam is here and now. It is the latest affront to human liberty and dignity, disguised as a "simple" means for more "security" and more "comfort."

Rest assured, however, that a new generation of hackers are already working on ways to subvert this technology.

As William Gibson, author of "Neuromancer" wrote, "The street has its own uses..."

'Disturbing Behavior': Mind Control High School

IF YOU EVER THOUGHT THAT FOOTBALL players—so-called "jocks"—acted like a mind control cult, then 'Disturbing Behavior' will confirm your darkest suspicions.

When Steve (James Marsden) and his family move to the northwest town of Cradle Bay, Gavin (Nick Stahl) gives him a tour of the cliques in high school. These are strictly defined sub-cultures. There's the Motorheads—car buffs who wear sideburns and eat, sleep and dream about cars. The Microgeeks—computer-nerd types who live and die for computers. The Skaters—skateboarders in baggy clothes. The Freaks—stoners who live and die for bud, not brewskis. And of course, the Blue Ribbons—jocks and their girlfriends who dress in 1950s-style letter jackets and zealously pursue self-fulfillment in bake sales, pep rallies and football games.

Rachel (Katie Holmes) a toned-down gothic kind of girl dresses in black and tells Steve that "Gavin thinks that some sinister force has taken over."

Gavin, the high school whistleblower, has a dark secret. He knows something weird is going on because he's seen a football

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player kill his date and then the investigating cop, after which the other cop lets the jock go. Understandably Gavin hasn't been the same since.

"Mind control—a new kind of cool," Gavin tells Steve. "They're programmed, lobotomized, brainwashed." Parents of troubled teens are convinced that a weekend Enlightenment Seminar will turn their kids into docile, straight-A students. It does—for a Faustian price.

Written by Scott Rosenberg and directed by David Nutter, who's done some 'X Files' TV episodes, 'Disturbing Behavior' is a clever little gem of a movie about mind control in main street America.

CIA mind control experiments have been, of course, well documented by Wayne Morris and his CKLN Mind Control Series, interviews with mind control survivors and therapists who reveal a literal epidemic of illegal human guinea pig experiments (<http://mk.net/~mcf/ckln-cst.htm>).

Alex Constantine, author of *Psychic Dictatorship in America* (Feral House) also writes about the hidden history of CIA and Pentagon mind control experiments on involuntary human subjects.

"The wave of ritual child abuse allegations that swept the country in the 1980s cloaked federal psychotronic and eugenics experiments on young children," he writes. "As one adult survivor of psychotronic mind control concludes, 'covert arms of government have coined the terms screen memories to describe the obfusca-tional memories impressed by the abusers themselves.' The CIA and military establishment 'must at all costs disguise their abuse in order to continue experimentation with psychotronics.'

"The cover story originated with the CIA's mind control netherworld," Constantine continues. "'Nazi inspired scientists,' the survivor says, perform medical tests during the abuse event, such as implementation of biotelemetric tracking devices into nasal cavities and ear canals.'" Hey, electronic brain implants are the mind control device of choice in 'Disturbing Behavior.' This is cinema, not roman a clef, if you will.

In the movie, parents are told "You have to know that we're all here with you." But guess what? The school psychiatrist doesn't

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hand out Ritalin or Prozac to stupefy the kids. No, these mind controllers use electronic chip implants, which turn rebellious confused kids into letter-jacket wearing zombies who hang out at the Yogurt Shoppe where Wayne Newton's 'Danke Schoen' plays endlessly—the ultimate mind control theme song.

'Disturbing Behavior' continues in the grand tradition of 'Invasion of the Body Snatchers,' 'The Stepford Wives,' 'Invaders from Mars' and 'Village of the Damned,' in which loved ones and significant others get possessed by forces outside their domain.

When Steve confronts the school psychologist, a neuropharmacologist who first experimented with brain implants on his own daughter, the unrepentant mind controller tells him that "science is God."

Real-life mad scientists, involved in the CIA's MKULTRA mind control experiments using human guinea pigs, include Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, head of the CIA's Clandestine Services Division, as well as ivory tower criminals like John Gittinger, Dr. Martin Orne, Dr. Ewen Cameron, Dr. Louis Jolyon West and others.

According to John Marks' 'The Search for the Manchurian Candidate,' CIA operative George White wrote Gottlieb—"I toiled wholeheartedly in the vineyards because it was fun, fun, fun. Where else could a red-blooded American boy lie, kill, cheat, rape and pillage with the sanction and blessing of the All-Highest?"

According to Senate testimony, Gottlieb used drugs, hypnosis, and trauma-based programming on unwitting Americans for mind control experiments. For more info, see the Freedom of Thought Foundation website by WH. Bowart, author of 'Operation Mind Control' at <http://www.azstarnet.com/~freetht>.

'Disturbing Behavior' is a movie that dares to tell the truth. Today's high school stoner (with a little help from his mind control friends) could end up as tomorrow's president. Bill Clinton. George Bush. You get the picture.

'Eyes Wide Shut': Occult Entertainment

AFTER CRASHING AN ILLUMINATI satanic ritual and sex orgy, Dr. Harford (Tom Cruise) is told by his millionaire friend Victor Ziegler (Sydney Pollack), "You've been way out of your depth for the last twenty-four hours."

"I know what happened last night," he continues. "I don't think you realize what kind of trouble you're in... If I told you their names, I don't think you'd sleep so well." The implication? The Power Elite are actively performing these rituals on a regular basis. Having wheedled the password to the party from his piano-player friend Nick Nightingale (Todd Field), Harford, dressed in tuxedo, mask, hood and cloak, enters a Gothic-style mansion.

In the central room, he encounters a large gathering—a circle of twelve black cloaked hooded figures who disrobing reveal themselves to be naked women wearing nothing but masks, high heels, and G-strings. A red-cloaked and hooded man with a mask stands in the middle of the circle. He stamps the ground with a large staff, while holding a censer which spills out clouds of smoky incense. Surrounding the scene are spectators also clothed in black robes

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and golden masks. Harford's friend plays the organ blindfolded, while an otherworldly chanting emanates in the background.

A woman approaches Harford and says, "I'm not sure you know what you're doing, but you don't belong here." Even in a mask, he has no disguise.

"You are in great danger and you must get away while you can," she continues.

Finally, the trespassing doctor is called before the inquisitionlike council. He is unmasked, revealed and then condemned. The naked masked woman who tries to warn him tells the council, "Take me. I can redeem him."

"Are you sure you understand what you're taking upon yourself?" the man in the red robe asks her. She nods, and the doctor is told, "You are free."

The next day Harford discovers that Nightingale, accompanied by two thugs, has mysteriously disappeared from his hotel. The woman has died, her drug overdose reported in the newspaper. And the doctor realizes that he himself has narrowly escaped death — being sacrificed at the Illuminati ritual.

Moral of the story? Even though Tom Cruise as a doctor considers himself one of the elite, there are much more powerful forces behind the scenes who are really running the show.

'Eyes Wide Shut,' set in the world of upper class Manhattan society, opens with Dr. Harford and his wife Alice (Nicole Kidman) attending a party in their millionaire friend's luxurious home. They are each tempted by the seductions of wealth, power, and lust.

At home, after the party, Bill and Alice get stoned. Alice tells her husband about her sexual fantasy. Bill can't stand the thought of her with another man, and thinking he'll get even, he leaves, caught in a jealous web of confusion.

If you've been puzzled by the title 'Eyes Wide Shut,' you're not alone. According to ritual abuse and mind control survivor Arizona Wilder, it's a satanic cult term which means that whatever you've seen here is not to be revealed to anyone... or else.

"Monarch [mind control] programmers use this term," says Wilder in a recent interview. "It was so cult [like]," she continues. "Put him [the Tom Cruise character] in a double bind."

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The movie was also reminiscent of her ritual experiences. "In one of my journals from 1990, I talk about a ritual where they all have golden masks and hooded robes," she says. "It has to do with the sun god. They use these masks in Egyptian-type ceremony rituals. The masks mean 'we are not individuals, but we have one purpose in mind.' One thing they did is they never unmask."

Wilder also finds a deep significance in the sign for Rennes Street and the name of the pianist whose name Nightingale means messenger from the dark. "The name of the costume shop was representative of getting to the ritual by going 'Over the Rainbow,'" she says.

"The movie was making a statement. We [the Illuminati] are here. What are you going to do about it?" she concludes.

Wilder thinks the end of the film is also significant. "They'll leave us alone [the Nicole Kidman character says]. We'll keep our mouths shut, and that's why evil goes on... This happened with these people and he [Tom Cruise] couldn't prove it."

The occult meaning of the film? It's another signal to the world that everything—including the governance of Planet Earth—is under Illuminati control. The Illuminati, also called "Olympians" and "Moriah Conquering Wind," are a "network" of interconnected "bloodlines" who call themselves "The Family" or "The Circle." Intergenerational Satanism, or more accurately Luciferianism, is their primary belief structure. They consider themselves a tribe set apart, a proud super race who trace their genealogical origin back to Nimrod. By the way, they also believe that they are the designated rulers of Planet Earth.

It may also be significant that the film's director Stanley Kubrick died suddenly. Mozart, a mason, died soon after revealing masonic mysteries in his opera, *The Magic Flute*. Author Stephen Knight, whose book, *Jack the Ripper: The Final Solution* (1975) revealed Victorian London's Whitechapel Murders as the work of ritual masonic killers, also died mysteriously. And William Morgan, author of *Freemasonry Exposed* (1836) was kidnapped and allegedly murdered by masons.

Filmmaker Stanley Kubrick was well known for his mystifying movies, his notorious control-freak mentality, and his consistently

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mechanistic world-view. With his trademark horror-show porno touch, Kubrick's obsession with Illuminati iconography has served his masters well. 2001: 'A Space Odyssey' (1968) was about evolution and the diddling of mankind from behind-the-scenes. 'A Clockwork Orange' (1971) was the prototype of trauma-based mind control for programming violence. 'Barry Lyndon' (1975) explored the occult politics of the ruling classes in 18th century British society. 'Lolita' (1962) single-handedly promoted Pedophilia Chic. 'Full Metal Jacket' (1987) was an iconic depiction of the Military S&M Cult, showing the brutality of the Vietnam War preceded by US Marine Brainwashing, i.e. basic training.

'Eyes Wide Shut' was Kubrick's last film. In the end, after an oddly unemotional, almost lifeless performance, Tom Cruise tells his wife, "No dream is just a dream." He still wonders if stumbling into the masquerade ball-sex orgy-ritual of the Illuminati was "real" or some hypnotic dream state. His wife reassures him "We're awake now," but it's another double bind since she's completely in denial. The mask from the ritual, after all, was under her bed.

'Eyes Wide Shut' will be remembered as the film that dares to ask: Planet Earth. Who's The Boss?

'Fight Club': Secrets of Janus Programming

WHEN YOU SEE FIGHT CLUB, YOU'LL HAVE "front row seats for the theater of destruction," the ads keep screaming at you. Ostensibly a movie about underground ultimate fighting, 'Fight Club' is actually an externalized psychodrama and the best illustration of the internal workings of a victim of MPD (Multiple Personality Disorder).

Narrated by the wimpy anti-hero (Edward Norton), 'Fight Club' begins as the savage Tyler Durden (Brad Pitt) forces a gun into his mouth. The rest of the movie is an extended flashback until the end, as the Narrator in a deadpan voice-over describes his life in a nightmarish first person rant.

The super-alienated Narrator works as a zombified analyst for a big car company. He suffers from insomnia, and a doctor, in a spoof of new age medicine, tells him to chew some valerian and get some rest.

Since his bean-counter job is to figure out how many customer deaths will warrant a product recall, he spends the rest of his time compulsively ordering home furnishings for his apartment.

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Driven by his consumer cult addiction, he starts attending support group meetings to counteract his anomie. "Losing all hope is freedom," says the Narrator. "I became addicted to groups," he continues, visiting a different 12-step group every night. There he meets a fellow traveler like himself, the chain-smoking spiky-haired Maria (Helena Bonham Carter).

Later on a plane he meets Tyler Durden (Brad Pitt), who wears retro-seventies clothes and has a Woody Woodpecker haircut himself. Tyler sneers at him and his meaningless lifestyle, adding "you have a kind of sick desperation in your laugh."

When his apartment is blown up, he moves into Tyler's place. It looks like a crack house, a dilapidated war-zone mansion with cracked ceilings and a flooded basement. "I didn't know if he owned it or if he was squatting," quips the Narrator.

Tyler makes liposuction-based soap which he sells to toney boutiques, or as he put it, "we were selling the women their fat asses back to them."

At night, meanwhile, the boys have organized an underground bare knuckle boxing club with other disaffected youth. The Narrator says, "every evening I died and every evening I was born again." It's S&M Chic with homoerotic undertones. Black and Blue Psycho-Boys beat each other till they drop. "'In Tyler we trust' was their motto," says the Narrator.

As a mind controlled cult leader with "franchises" in every major city, the skinhead followers prepare for Project Mayhem, a plan to blow-up the infrastructure of American life. "What's the difference between performance art and sabotage?" is the question. The house has become a Death Cult War Room, like a homegrown version of the Pentagon.

(By the way in real life, new wave composer Karlheinz Stockhausen, called the destruction of the World Trade Center "the greatest work of art of the 21st Century.")

According to recovered survivors of mind control, 'Fight Club' is the story of someone who discovers he or she has what has been called Janus-End Times Programming.

The Ed Norton character is a "sleeper," or programmed mind control victim, triggered to perform certain activities of chaos, dis-

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ruption and murder, a/k/a Project Mayhem in the film.

"Rule Number One," says the Brad Pitt character in the movie. "Nobody talks about Fight Club." The subtext is simple—nobody talks about mind control. It is a taboo subject—especially as a causative agent of violence in America today. Remember that the Columbine High School Massacre, DC Sniper Murders, Serial Killers and other media events are never ever discussed in terms of mind control. Evidently the subject never entered the mind of Michael Moore, director of the infamous 'Bowling for Columbine.'

The Brad Pitt role itself is the raging "alter," one of the split-off personalities, which characterizes MPD, renamed D.I.D., or Dissociative Identity Disorder.

According to DSM IV, the psychiatrists' guide to mental disease, D.I.D. is characterized by "the presence of two or more distinct personality states that recurrently take control of behavior. There is an inability to recall important personal information, the extent of which is too great to be explained by ordinary forgetfulness. The disturbance is not due to the direct physiological effects of substance or a general medical condition." (p. 484)

The technology of trauma-based mind control programming has advanced rapidly since Nazi "doctor" Josef Mengele conducted research on thousands of twins and other hapless victims in Germany during World War II.

Known as "The Angel of Death," Mengele was one of many military scientists and medical researchers secretly exfiltrated into the US, where they continued to practice their black arts.

"Ed Norton's insomnia represents his 'unknown' activities," says Annie McKenna, in a recent interview. She is the author of Paperclip Dolls, a first-hand account of mind control abuse, the atrocities she underwent, and her subsequent therapy and recovery (<http://www.paperclipdolls.com>). McKenna says she was stunned by the accurate portrayal of MPD and mind control programming in the movie.

"I think the most important message [for me] was that the rage alter [represented by Brad Pitt] taking over was not going to happen to me...I found it was a very intense message and ending," she continues. "That part where the Ed Norton character realized his

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insomnia was actually because he was being Tyler, instead of sleeping, was so real. I wonder if the author knew how real that was.

"The movie was about Brad Pitt (the rage alter) slowly taking over the formerly dominant personality," writes McKenna. "And look what it related to—organized armies and destruction. Like New World Order stuff. It was very intense programming that was planned for the year 2000."

McKenna says she doesn't know if this programming is peculiar to Project Monarch victims or if it's Illuminati programming. "I just know I got two messages and I don't know if one is a cover for the other," she continues. "One is self-destruction, but usually accompanied by taking others with us.

"You have been seeing this in the news all over the country, but I'm sure mainstream America would have a hard time seeing that as programmed mind control victims. The second message is a job in the New World Order.

"This was the meaning of Project Monarch," says McKenna, referring to the infamous government mind control project. "Birth to death programming, 'death' being the end of 'me,' whoever 'me' was when the programming took over, and new alters took over the conscious self, responding to automatic pilot programming.

"The end is so unsettling because the Norton character tries to commit suicide, part of the year 2000 programming—but he survives. Unfortunately his alter completed the NWO mission he had [blowing up the buildings]. So it was a totally ironic ending," says McKenna.

Ed Norton's character undergoes a PF (Programming Failure). It occurs "when the programming doesn't take, or a person goes psychotic, so you have to put them down" says another former mind control programmer.

'Fight Club' director David Fincher ('Alien 3,' 'Seven' and 'The Game') is obviously gearing up to do the next US Army recruiting commercials. Who else could capture the S&M fantasies of military life, the Sadism & Masochism of giving and receiving pain? Please note that the fascist rituals of shaving hair and institutional brutality have never been so lovingly filmed.

In 'Meet Joe Black,' Brad Pitt played Death. In 'Fight Club,' he

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plays the Antichrist, spewing Satanic Zen lines like, "If our fathers could do what they did [abandoning their children], what does that tell you about God?" In other words, his character, a multiperson-ality alter, is raging at the mind control atrocities and the perpetrators that created his system.

Interestingly enough, Edward Norton's first big role was in 'Primal Fear.' He played a psychopathic former altar boy accused of murdering a Chicago archbishop. Richard Gere played the attorney who successfully defended him.

'Fight Club' is a movie about mind control. Think 'Raising Cain' on bad acid. Or an ironic and hipper update of 'A Clockwork Orange.'

It's also a ceremonial psychodrama, intent on the engineering of the mind, as seemingly normal individuals are transformed into mind-controlled robotic assassin-bombers.

Will it trigger other "sleepers" to fulfill their "tasking?" Only time will tell. But the final explosion, which blows up the Century City skyline of L.A., is like an Illuminati slap in the face.

(This was mass control programming from 1999, years before the 9/11 destruction of the World Trade Center.)

No matter how many mind control survivors get deprogramed—the Illuminati are telling you—there will always be somebody that comes through and fulfills his or her "project" for the New World Order.

'Fight Club' lets you peek into a secret world. It ain't pretty, but the next time you hear about a lone nut assassin or a lone nut bomber... Think Mind Control.

'The General's Daughter': PsyOps and the Military Career Criminal

IF YOU EVER THOUGHT THAT THE MILITARY was like a zombie killer cult, 'The General's Daughter' will confirm your worst suspicions.

The question arises—Are soldiers just criminals in uniform? Or does it take special trauma-based conditioning to brainwash them into lean mean killing machines?

Directed by Simon West ('Con Air'), 'The General's Daughter' is yet another variation of the perennial buddy-cop movie. It's based on a novel by Nelson DeMille, with a screenplay by William Goldman and Christopher Bertolini.

Paul Brenner (John Travolta) is an investigator with the US Army's Criminal Investigation Division (CID). His partner is rape counselor and CID operative Sarah Sunhill (Madeleine Stowe). They have a mutual history, a fling in the distant past.

Together again, they try to unravel the mystery behind the grisly rape and murder of Captain Elisabeth Campbell (Leslie Stefanson), daughter of General Joe Campbell (James Cromwell). Along the way, they have run-ins with Elisabeth's mentor, Col.

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Moore (James Woods), the General's aide de camp Col. Fowler (Clarence Williams III) and the provost marshal Col. Kent (Timothy Hutton).

The General's Daughter' is a police procedural set on a military base, where soldiers are trained in urban warfare and psyops. And what is "psyops? It's "Psychological Operations," also known as "psychological warfare."

According to Christopher Simpson, author of *Science of Coercion: Communication Research & Psychological Warfare, 1945-1960* (1994), psyops is "the application of mass communication to modern social conflict: it focuses on the combined use of violent and more conventional forms of communication to achieve politico-military goals."

Sounds like the movies, doesn't it? In technical terms, it's also called disinformation.

Jacques Ellul, author of *Propaganda: The Formation of Men's Attitudes* (1965) defines psychological warfare like this—"the propagandist is dealing with an adversary whose morale he seeks to destroy by psychological means so that the opponent begins to doubt the validity of his beliefs and actions."

The incestuous relationship of mass media and psychological warfare has a long history. Veterans of World War II, for example, the US Army's Psychological Warfare Division, became the Cold War's media giants.

OSS agent William S. Paley became a CBS executive. CD. Jackson worked at Time/Life. W. Phillips Davison became a Rand Corporation think-tanker. William Casey was an executive at Capital Cities, which merged with ABC and was subsequently devoured by Disney. Casey himself, of course, became Director of the CIA and architect of the notorious operation of illicit drug trafficking, weapons smuggling and government sanctioned fraud known as "Iran Contra."

When former intelligence operatives get a new job in the media, does their psychological warfare ever stop?

Mind control by mass media manipulation is just another variation of the Hegelian Dialectic, the concept that "conflict creates history."

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If you control the conflict, you can control the outcome. In other words, an existing force (the thesis) generates an opposing force (the antithesis) and the conflict between the two creates the final effect (the synthesis).

According to CIA whistleblower Trenton Parker, the dialectic has been renamed Crisis Creation, Crisis Solution and Crisis Control.

Here's how it works in disarming the American people.

1. Crisis Creation: random, senseless, and horrific mass murders are committed by people with guns—either mind control victims programmed by the CIA, or other government agency operatives.
2. Crisis Solution: draconian anti-gun laws take away guns from everyone.
3. Crisis Control: only the government and its proxies have guns, and a de facto police state has been created.

In a psychological sense, 'The General's Daughter' is a classic psychological double bind. The movie is about a brutal gang rape of a woman cadet by her classmates, West Point's finest, and the subsequent military coverup.

At the end of the movie, however, the postscript extols the "virtues" of women "serving" in the armed forces.

According to an investigator of ritual crimes, "An adult survivor [of satanic ritual abuse] once told me the US Army is Satan's Army. She made this statement because of the numerous Satanists in the US Army. Her father was in the army at the time. There have been ritualistic child sexual molestation cases at West Point as well as the Presidio in San Francisco."

The movie asks—what's worse than rape? Betrayal is the answer. It's trading a daughter's trust for a glorious military career. But if you're a military career criminal like General Campbell, it's the only thing to do.

Military career criminals seldom get caught or punished. After World War II, for example, Reinhard Gehlen, director of Hitler's spy organization, the Gehlen Org, and many of his operatives were exfiltrated into the US in what was called "Operation Paperclip." These Nazis subsequently became the backbone of the OSS and

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the CIA. Is it ironic or just business as usual?

"The SS were considered brave, honorable, noble, even deeply religious patriots who served their nation, leaders, ideology and perceived sacred mission to the end," writes media scholar Dr. Wilson Bryan Key in *Age of Manipulation: The Con in Confidence, The Sin in Sincere* (1989).

"Patriots such as these exist in every nation," Key continues. "This should frighten everyone, but it will not, as long as the world persists in its perception of war criminals not as simple-minded, obedient fools but as special villains or psychopaths."

War criminals like Robert Strange McNamara and Henry Kissinger, for example, have still not been prosecuted for their role in the Vietnam War. Former US President George Herbert Walker Bush has also escaped indictment for his treasonous behavior during the Gulf War. President Bill Clinton has likewise escaped indictment for his criminal bombing of Kosovo. And President George Bush Junior has not been indicted for the treasonous Iraq War.

But let's get liberal. It is after all a Hobbesian choice for anyone in the armed forces—doing the right thing vs. being a good soldier. You're damned if you do and damned if you don't.

In the movie, the CID investigator's choice is made clear. He's told, "You're going to have to decide on this one. Are you a soldier? Or a policeman?"

'The General's Daughter' is a chilling depiction of the alien-soldier mentality, which has not been so well-defined since Abel Ferrara's brilliant masterwork and the definitive version of "The Body Snatchers" (1993). Ferrara's science fiction classic depicted an alien invasion on a military base with the soldier/aliens doing their zombie best to blend in with the "military culture." Who could tell them apart? And that is exactly the point.

'The General's Daughter' is a creepy murder investigation movie—psyops at its finest. Anyone who's even thinking of joining the armed forces should watch it and learn.

After all, joining a zombie killer cult (I mean, the military) is no laughing matter.

'Hannibal': Necrophilia Chic

PSYCHOLOGIST ERICH FROMM, AUTHOR OF *The Heart of Man*, proposes that the struggle between Good and Evil is a contest between Biophilia (the love of life) vs. Necrophilia (the love of death).

"The necrophilous person is driven by the desire to transform the organic into the inorganic, to approach life mechanically as if all living persons were things," writes Fromm.

"The necrophilous person can relate to an object—a flower or a person—only if he possesses it; hence a threat to his possession is a threat to himself... He loves control and in the act of controlling, he kills life."

In this context, Thomas Harris, the author of *Hannibal* the novel, and Ridley Scott, the director of *'Hannibal'* the movie, have one thing in common—their hatred of humans.

This satanic common denominator makes both of them the epitome of Necrophilia Chic.

'Hannibal' is a graphic illustration of Death. Death by Hanging. Death by Gunshot. Death by Defenstration. Death by Stabbing.

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Death by Cannibalism. Death by Being Eaten by Wild Hogs. These are the "highlights" of this globally broadcast satanic ritual.

What 'Hannibal' doesn't show, however, is Death by Abortion. There are no close-ups of a D&C procedure. And, for the record, there is also no Death by Gas Chamber.

The book *Hannibal* obsesses over Harris' academic allusions and Renaissance cultural obscurities, as if these references can masquerade its dark origins.

The movie 'Hannibal' is Mass Market Splatter-Porn with literary pretensions, a Big Budget "Psycho-Pathology for Dummies."

Like Mick Jagger's Satanic Gangster persona, Hannibal Lecter is a "man of wealth and taste." He is the Renaissance man-cannibal. As Harris' protagonist, he turns familiar territory on its head. The audience is placed in a double-bind of rooting for the "evil" Hannibal, even as the FBI bureaucracy is exposed as a nest of back-stabbing serpents who attack ex-FBI agent Clarice Starling without mercy.

In the end, what unites Hannibal Lecter and Clarice Starling is their hatred of God.

For Clarice, the god that failed is personified by the FBI's betrayal and her disappointment in the death of her white trash father. And for Lecter, it's a fallen god who would allow his sister to be cannibalized during World War II.

Ironically the ending of the book was deemed "unfilmable" by critics. Why? Because the last sequence showed Clarice and Hannibal dancing the tango in Argentina. This Nazi allusion was evidently too much for even the liberal Hollywood filmmakers— especially screenwriters David Mamet and Steve Zaillian.

And the all-important context of this tango dancing episode? Hannibal, a master hypnotist, has evidently turned Clarice into a mind control dummy through the use of drugs and hypnosis.

Whether it was her altered state (her alter) dancing in a compartment of her mind, or whether they really were in Argentina is open to discussion, but the point is that Clarice becomes the ultimate patsy and prey of the psychopathic Doctor Hannibal.

Harris even credits a book called *The Art of Memory* by Frances Yates in the afterword, implying that the palace of real and false

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memories is all that Clarice has left.

Nazi trauma-binding in Argentina, anyone? Harris probably believes he's "entertaining" (millions have bought his book) and "erudite" (his book swims in esoteric cultural references.)

And film maker Ridley Scott isn't shy about gore, either, though in 'Hannibal,' he pushes the envelope of Artaud's Theater of Cruelty into the Bottomless Pit of Hell.

After all, in his 'Alien,' there was the exploding chest cavity. In his 'Black Rain,' there was decapitation. And in his 'Gladiator,' there was the mass murder of the innocents in the Roman coliseum. It's hard to imagine that they know not what they do, if you get the drift...

You should see Hannibal if you "enjoy" horror movies—especially if you think you'd like to see an urbane sophisticated psychopath feed a man a piece of his own brain, sauteed in front of him, while he's still alive and conscious. This demonic scenario is part of both Thomas Harris' book and Ridley Scott's movie

The release of 'Hannibal' is the latest Black Magic Psyops assault against you and your family. It's spiritual warfare that you should take very personally—and very seriously.

But then, on the other hand, 'Hannibal' is nothing that can't be taken care of with a good exorcism.

'Passion of the Christ': Jesuit Theater of Cruelty

WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU cross Artaud's Theater of Cruelty with Jesuit Theater? You could call it Mel Gibson's Crucifiction, a/k/a 'The Passion of the Christ.'

Recovering Catholics beware. You know you're in trouble when Mel Gibson has to get a Parkinson's addled Pope John Paul II to officially endorse his movie.

The programming you have tried to escape is not finished with you yet.

Mel Gibson's movie, 'The Passion of the Christ,' described as a "vivid depiction of the last 12 hours of Jesus Christ's life," has all the signs of religious pornography for Christians—just as 'Schindler's List' was characterized as "emotional pornography for Jews."

"'Schindler's List,' ostensibly an indictment of the German murder of the Jews, is finally just another instance of their abuse," writes David Mamet in his book *Make Believe Town*.

"The Jews in this case are not being slaughtered," Mamet continues. "They are merely being trotted out to entertain. It's not the Holocaust we are watching. It is a movie, and the people in the film

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are not actively being abused. They are acting out a drama to enable the audience to exercise a portion of its ego and call this exercise 'compassion.'"

So it is with Gibson's so-called *Passion*, defined as the "agony and suffering of Jesus during the Crucifixion."

Like Quentin Tarantino's *'Kill Bill,'* Gibson could have called his religious horror movie *'Kill Jesus.'* Watch him suffer. Watch him die. Buy the crucifixion nail pendant. The merchandising angle can't be beat. (Does the Vatican get the usual cut?)

Gibson's model must have been Antonin Artaud, the French director credited with the so-called Theater of Cruelty. According to the Columbia Encyclopedia, Artaud "related theater to the plague because both destroy the veneer of civilization, revealing the ugly realities beneath and returning humanity to a primitive state, in which it lacks morality and reason. The aim of the 'theater of cruelty' was to disturb the audience and reveal the forces of nature. To achieve this end he emphasized the nonverbal aspects of theater such as color and movement and stressed the importance of violence as a theatrical device." Just like Mel's so-called *'Passion,'* a gross-out horror flick masquerading as a "religious" movie.

The *'Passion'* uses state of the art makeup and special effects to create fetishistic violence that belies any "Christian" pretenses. Jesus' skin is endlessly flayed. His blood spurts. The scourging goes on forever. It really is the agony and the ecstasy—especially if you like S&M.

This movie is literally Sadism and Masochism for Christians.

The question remains—is this movie another "theatrical mission" by the Jesuits? Mel Gibson has not publicized his connections with the sub rosa societies known as Opus Dei and the Jesuits.

"The *'Passion'* has all the earmarks of a Jesuit classical 'spiritual exercise,' in which the Jesuits subject the imagination of the supplicant with all the pain and suffering of the Christ," says Tupper Saussy, author of *Rulers of Evil* (www.tuppersaussy.com).

Designed by Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, "The *'Spiritual Exercises,'*" explains Saussy in his book, "was an intensive program of psychological indoctrination designed to align individual thought with papal authority."

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How strong was this so-called "psychological indoctrination"? Jesuit obedience "alters the perception of reality according to the superiors' dictates," writes Saussy. "Section 365.13 declares—'We must hold fast to the following principles: 'What seems to me white, I will believe black if the hierarchical Church so defines.' Francis Xavier would later describe this quality of submission in a vow that unintentionally summarized the Jesuit mission: 'I would not even believe in the Gospels were the Holy Church to forbid it.'"

In his book *Rulers of Evil*, which details the sinister history of the Jesuits, Saussy writes, "Embedded in the *ratio studiorum* [Jesuit educational process] were the elements of entertainment, of dramatic production - composition, rhetoric and eloquence. These courses interlinked with the Spiritual Exercises to intensify the experientiality of Catholic doctrine over Scripture and Protestantism. They resulted in a genre of spectacular plays that won distinction as 'Jesuit theatre.'"

Historically Jesuits have been known for their deceptions and politico-religious conspiracies, commonly called *romanita* inside the Vatican. In fact Webster's dictionary defines "Jesuitry" as "principles or practices ascribed to the Jesuits as the practice of mental reservation, casuistry and equivocation."

It should also be noted that President Bill Clinton was educated at America's foremost Jesuit training center, Georgetown University. According to Saussy, Clinton's biographer David Maraniss said "the President owed his formidable skills as a criminal defendant to 'his training in casuistry at Georgetown University.'" Casuistry is equivocal to rationalization, "to cause something to seem reasonable, to provide plausible but untrue reasons for conduct."

Under the guidance of the Black Pope (the Jesuit Superior General), the first western translation of Sun Tzu's *Art of War* was published in 1772 as *The Thirteen Articles Concerning Military Art*. Saussy's position is that anyone knowing the Jesuit "mission" and knowing the nature of Jesuit "obedience" could observe world events which followed with an increased understanding of geopolitical strategy.

Did *Art of War*, a military-political classic, become the *de facto*

Jesuit handbook for conquering the world.⁷

The Church Militant (the Roman Catholic Church) has been rocked by scandals of moral, ethical and spiritual depravity for two thousand years, yet it has remained seemingly impervious to judgment, even though sexual predators and pedophiles have been sanctioned by Church hierarchy for generations. The material wealth of these degenerates masquerading as "holy men" has increased almost beyond calculation. The old Spanish proverb, "Don dinero, es muy catolico" says it all.

Tampering with Belief Systems (BS) is, of course, quite dangerous, and Mel Gibson does nothing but reinforce religious indoctrination. If 'The Passion of the Christ' is simply S&M for Christians, watching a pretend Jesus suffering a pretended agony is about as twisted as you can get.

This brings up certain questions about Mel Gibson's agenda—besides making a ton of money on foolish Galatians, I mean, Christians.

Did Mel Gibson ever read Malachi Martin's roman a clef called *Windswept House* in which the Roman Catholic Church is formally dedicated to Satan in a ceremonial ritual? [An interview with the late Jesuit operative Malachi Martin is included in *Bushwhacked: Inside Stories of True Conspiracy* by Uri Dowbenko.]

Does Mel Gibson believe he will win converts for the Roman Church showing the torture of Jesus by those he called "the synagogue of Satan"?

(The synagogue of Satan is not to be confused with the synagogue of the Jews.)

Even the mind control implications of the movie become undeniable. It should be noted that the Roman Catholic Church does not celebrate the victory of Christ in the Ascension. They do not show the apotheosis of Christ, rising into another dimension, into the clouds and out of sight. They chose to portray the suffering man hung on a cross, bleeding and broken, an icon of guilt and shame—and a stark warning to anyone who would buck the Vatican's iron-fisted wannabe control of the spiritual evolution of humanity.

The crucifix—an image of a tortured man, strung up on a cross, head hung down—has become the most powerful symbol of religious

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and political mind control ever conceived by the dark forces that prey upon the Children of Light and the Sons and Daughters of God on earth.

The Vatican has outlawed and ignored the teachings of Christ on karma and reincarnation because it would reveal the origins of those who have hijacked the spiritual heritage of the souls of Light on earth.

According to the New Testament, Jesus taught about the metaphysical reality of reincarnation, as in the parable of the man who was blind from birth. The disciples asked him—was it the blind man's sin or was it the sin of his parents that he was born without vision? This was an implicit understanding of the principles of karma and reincarnation. In other words, whose karma was it that the man was blind? Jesus replied that it was neither. The man chose to be blind from birth in order for Jesus to heal him to the glory of God, when they would meet later in that time and space.

Instead like Mel Gibson, the Roman Church is focused on the horror story. Lifetime after lifetime, the agony and suffering of the crucifixion has been used to indoctrinate people into believing the lie that we are sinners—and not Sons and Daughters of God.

This attack on the spirituality of men and women is unceasing, as they are born again and again into the spiritual bondage of the Roman Church—and other pretenders of Christianity (or Churchianity).

And for those who are ready for a radically new perspective, read *The Bible Fraud and The Secret in the Bible* by Tony Bushby (Joshua Books). In these books of unprecedented historical and spiritual revelation, Bushby explains the traditions of the Essenes and Druids and the hidden history of Christianity. After more than twelve years of research citing literally hundreds of esoteric books, documents and works of reference, Bushby describes how our spiritual heritage had been subverted by the Roman Church, whose Jesus Christ was introduced as a new political "god" in order to consolidate control over the population of the Roman Empire.

The Bible Fraud is highly recommended as an eye opener on real history, as opposed to the politically correct version penned by court hagiographers and other minions of Empire.

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The Secret in the Bible details the spiritual significance of the Great Pyramid, the Tarot and the Mystery Schools of Egypt, particularly the historical connections between the Mystery Schools of Egypt, Britain and Rome.

These books are significant in that they are the defacto history of the Christian religion, though they differ radically from the bowdlerized Churchianity version promoted by priests and pastors. Bushby's books are not an attack on faith, but an expose of belief systems (a/k/a BS) invented by the Emperor Constantine in his effort to proscribe a New State Religion for the Roman Empire. This is after all the era when the truth "shall be shouted from the rooftops" and Bushby's books certainly fit the bill.

Meanwhile, Mel Gibson has of course drawn the line. He's not playing Jesus in 'The Passion of the Christ.' He's just directing the Crucifixion.

What does that tell you?

With all due respect, 'The Passion' is a Jesuitical masterpiece. By definition, this movie is cunning, deceitful and prevaricating. That's why you don't have to see it.

Pax vobiscum.

'The Skulls': Secrets of the New World Orderlies

WHAT IF YOU WERE TAPPED—invited to join the world's most powerful secret society—the Order of Skull and Bones—a membership so exclusive that it virtually guarantees success in the material world?

What if you could join the ranks of global movers and shakers like George Herbert Walker Bush (Director of CIA, US Ambassador to the UN, and President of the United States), George W Bush (party animal and cokehead screw-up, Governor of Texas and President of the United States), and other members of the Power Elite of industry, education, banking and media?

Would you do it? And what would be the consequences? After all, joining a satanic cult is nothing to sneeze at...

Written by John Pogue ('US Marshalls') and directed by Rob Cohen ('Dragonheart,' 'Daylight'), 'The Skulls' is an entertaining albeit cursory look at the hidden world of secret societies.

Luke McNamara (Joshua Jackson, 'Dawson's Creek') is a working class guy, who happens to be the varsity crew team captain at an Ivy League school, obviously Yale University. His best friends

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are Will (Hill Harper), a student journalist, and the rich and blonde Chloe (Leslie Bibb). Invited to join a super-secret society called the Skulls, Luke's priorities and friendships start to change.

His soul-mate—he's bonded to a Skulls' chum by revealing his most intimate secrets—is Caleb Mandrake (Paul Walker), a rich kid with a strong track record for getting into trouble and getting bailed out by his father, Litten (Craig T. Nelson). It's really hard not to think of George Bush Jr. and George Bush Sr.

Senator Leveritt (William Petersen) is Litten's own soul-mate, who is blackmailed when he doesn't want to play ball with Mandrake anymore. When his friend Will is killed, Luke's world is turned upside down.

The real life analogue of the Skulls is the Order of Skull and Bones, a Yale-based secret society which has spread its tentacles throughout the highest echelons of government, finance and industry.

America's Secret Establishment: An Introduction to the Order of Skull and Bones (Trine Day) by former Hoover Institution historian Antony C. Sutton remains the classic must-read history of this group and its inordinate influence in global affairs.

"Those on the inside know it as the Order," Sutton begins. "Others have known it for more than 150 years as Chapter 322 of a German secret society. More formally for legal purposes, The Order was incorporated as The Russell Trust in 1856. It was also known as the Brotherhood of Death. Those who make light of it, or want to make fun of it, call it Skull and Bones, or just plain Bones.

"The American chapter of this German order was founded in 1833 at Yale University by General William Huntington Russell and Alphonso Taft who in 1876 became Secretary of War in the Grant Administration. Alphonso Taft was the father of William Howard Taft, the only man to be both President and Chief Justice of the United States.

"The Order is not just another campus Greek letter fraternal society with passwords and handgrips, common to most campuses," Sutton continues. "Chapter 322 is a secret society whose members are sworn to silence. It only exists on the Yale campus. It has rules.

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It has ceremonial rites. It is not at all happy with prying probing citizens known among initiates as outsiders or vandals. Its members always deny membership... Above all the Order is powerful, unbelievably powerful. If the reader will persist and examine the evidence to be presented [in the book] which is overwhelming, there is no doubt his view of the world will suddenly come sharply into focus with almost frightening clarity."

In real life, The Order meets on Deer Island in the St. Lawrence River and "the most likely potential member is from a Bones family who is energetic, resourceful, political and probably an amoral team player. A man who understands that to get along you have to go along. A man who will sacrifice himself for the good of the team."

According to Sutton, who in 1983, received an eight-inch batch of documents including the membership list, the Order is a secret society dominated by old line American families and new wealth which has existed from 1833 to the present.

These families include: Lord (1635, Cambridge, Mass), Bundy (1635, Boston, Mass) Phelps (1630, Dorchester, Mass), Whitney (1635, Watertown, Mass), Perkins (1631, Boston, Mass), Stimson (1635, Watertown, Mass), Taft (1679, Braintree, Mass) Wadsworth (1632, Newtown, Mass), Gilman (1638, Hingham, Mass), Payne (Standard Oil), Davison (JP Morgan), Pillsbury (Flour Milling), Sloane (Retail), Weyerhaeuser (Lumber), Harriman (Railroads) and Rockefeller (Standard Oil).

Sutton writes that The Order has penetrated every segment of American society—law, education, media, publishing, business, industry, commerce, church, banking, Federal Reserve System, foundations, think tanks, policy groups, legislatures, political parties and the White House-executive branch of the US Government.

"Among academic associations, the American Historical Association, the American Economic Association, the American Chemical Society and the American Psychological Association were all started by members of the Order or persons close to the Order," writes Sutton.

"These are key associations for the conditioning of society," Sutton emphasizes.

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"The phenomenon of The Order as the first on the scene is found especially among foundations."

The Carnegie Institution, the Peabody Foundation, Slater Foundation, Russell Foundation, Sage Foundation and Ford Foundation were all associated with Daniel Coit Gilman, a member of the Order who was also the first president of Johns Hopkins University.

Interestingly enough Sutton points out that "during the past one hundred years any theory of history or historical evidence that falls outside a pattern established by the American Historical Association and the major foundations with their grant making power has been attacked or rejected—not on the basis of any evidence presented, but on the basis of the acceptability of the argument of the so-called Eastern Liberal Establishment and its official historical line."

Likewise, alternatives to the politically correct version of news events and history is condemned as "conspiracy theory." The reality, however, remains that despite the Big Media Cartel's cover stories, alternative history provides an independent appraisal of realpolitik and the real-life criminal conspiracies, treacheries and intrigues of the Power Elite.

"There is an Establishment history, an official history, which dominates history textbooks, trade publishing, the media and library shelves," writes Sutton. "The official line always assumes that events such as wars, revolutions, scandals, assassinations are more or less random unconnected events. By definition events can never be the result of a conspiracy. They can never result from premeditated planned group action. An excellent example is the Kennedy assassination when, within nine hours of the Dallas tragedy, TV networks announced the shooting was not a conspiracy regardless of the fact that a negative proposition can never be proven and that the investigation had barely begun."

Every thinking man and woman must now decide between two paradigms—the Randomness of History (taught by Establishment teachers) vs. the Conspiracy of History (taught by Real Life experience).

Do events just happen? Or are they often "programmed" by

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unseen hands?

The most important point of Professor Sutton's book is his contention that the Order can manipulate history itself through the control of the so-called Hegelian dialectic process.

"The operations of the Order cannot be explained in terms of any other philosophy," Sutton affirms. "Therefore the Order can not be described as 'right' or 'left,' secular or religious, Marxist or Capitalist. The Order and its objectives are all of these and none of these."

The current world situation has been deliberately created by these elites who manipulate both the so-called "right" and the so-called "left." By controlling the resulting "synthesis"—the end result of Hegelian "thesis" and "antithesis"—a Globalist New World Order is produced. You can call it techno-fascism or techno-feudalism, but the result is the same—a global consolidation and mega-corporate transnational centralization of power, capital and resources.

And how does it work? By using "managed conflict " or "crisis management." First, a crisis or problem is produced, then the crisis is "managed" with an outcome that is invariably favorable to the goals and agendas of the Global Power Elite.

"College textbooks present war and revolution as more or less accidental results of conflicting forces," writes Sutton. "The decay of political negotiation into physical conflict comes about, according to these books, after valiant efforts to avoid war.

"Unfortunately, this is nonsense. War is always a deliberate creative act by individuals.

"Revolution is always recorded as a spontaneous event by the politically or economically deprived against an autocratic state," he continues. "Never in Western textbooks will you find the evidence that revolutions need finance and the source of finance in many cases traces back to Wall Street."

Professor Sutton's prodigious body of work includes the heavily referenced history, *Wall Street and the Rise of Hitler*, which explains how investment bankers, including Skull and Bones member Prescott Sheldon Bush, partner of investment banking firm Brown Brothers, Harriman and father of George H. W Bush financed the Nazi War Machine through New York City-based Union Banking Corporation, a joint Thyssen Bank-Harriman operation.

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Professor Sutton's *Wall Street and the Bolshevik Revolution* describes how Wall Street bankers initially financed the communists, and *The Best Enemy Money Can Buy* describes how the Power Elite continued to financially support the Soviet Empire during the historical charade called "The Cold War."

In America's Secret Establishment, Professor Sutton writes that "just as we found the Bush family involved with the early development of the Soviet Union, then with financing the Nazis and behind the scenes in Angola, so we find a Bush active in construction of the new dialectic arm: Communist China."

When President Nixon appointed George 'Poppy' Bush (The Order 1948) as US Ambassador to the United Nations in 1971, the scene was set for the development of China as the next superpower—with the help of advanced American technology.

Note: The Order specializes in long-range planning.

Since then, 'Poppy' George's older brother, Prescott Bush, has been managing Bush Family investments in China. Using Asset Management International Financing & Settlement, Ltd and other corporate fronts, he has brokered deals with Los Angeles based Hughes Aircraft as well as other joint ventures with the repressive, human-rights abusing, murderous Chinese government.

Sound familiar? Remember the Bush Family's involvement with the thugocracies of Nazi Germany and the Soviet Empire. It's all in the family—so to speak.

"Are you ready to be reborn?" the secret society's initiate is asked in the movie.

Then the elaborate rituals and male-bonding ceremonies of illuminati-style networking begin—being caged with your fellow 'soul-mate' and asked to reveal your worst fears, then covering up the crimes and murders of your secret society buddies. After all even the younger Mandrake confesses, "My father always covers for me."

Though disparaged by mainstream reviewers, 'The Skulls' is an entertaining look at a dark and disturbing subject. With the golden hues of an affluent youth, the film reflects the charmed lifestyle of the young and the elite—expensive cars, unlimited bank accounts and even the ubiquitous sex slaves, babes in Illuminati-land who march in during the Skulls' festivities.

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And, for the eternally optimistic, it even has a happy ending. You can walk away from the illuminati. And even live.

"If it's secret and elite, it can't be right," Luke concludes. As author C. Wright Mills says in *The Power Elite*, these are the elite groups which network for the rest of their lives.

Don't hold your breath for Barbara Walters to ask George Bush Jr. about his membership in the Order, though. He can't answer that question. It's against the rules.

'Snake Eyes': Deconstructing an Assassination

DIRECTOR BRIAN DE PALMA'S 'Snake Eyes' is a brilliant movie that deconstructs a military industrial complex engineered assassination of a U.S. Secretary of Defense.

Detective Rick Santoro (Nicolas Cage) is an Atlantic City cop who's on the take, on the make, and living a take-no-prisoners lifestyle in the fast lane. "If there's one thing I know, it's how to cover my ass," he brags.

During a heavyweight boxing match in an Atlantic City hotel-casino-sports complex, the Defense Secretary is murdered. Santoro's behind the scenes investigation gradually reveals the conspiracy—who's pulling the levers of power that masterminded the hit.

In the course of events, Santoro has to deal with his own personal corruption and the boundaries of personal loyalty to his childhood buddy, Navy commander Kevin Dunne (Gary Sinise), a sinister Department of Defense official.

The coverup of the scandal involves aerospace industry insiders as well as DoD corruption. Powell Aircraft (Lockheed Martin?) has

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produced a defense system called Airguard. The problem is that it doesn't work, a stand-in of course, for so-called Star Wars weapons systems like THAAD which have, in real life, failed consistently.

When an aircraft company whistleblower (Carla Gugino) tries to warn the Secretary of Defense that missile test results were faked, she ends up in the middle of the murder investigation. "I thought I'd get fired, not killed," she tells Santoro.

Confronted with proofs of a conspiracy, Santoro must make the choice—take the money and run, or expose the truth and (probably) die.

In addition to the criminal collusion of corrupt Department of Defense officials and aerospace companies, there's a Palestinian terrorist patsy called Rabat. Ding dong. Does the name "Sirhan Sirhan" ring a bell?

And touching on more real-life history, a TV announcer tells Santoro, "You know how [Dan] Rather got his break? The Kennedy assassination." Yup, preparing a cover story and lying live in camera will make you a TV anchor for sure.

After all, "news commentator" Cokie Roberts kept quiet after the death of her father Senator Hale Boggs, who publicly began doubting Arlen Specter's "single bullet theory." Maybe she got the same deal as Dan "What's the Frequency" Rather—shut up and we'll make you a star.

'Snake Eyes' is a highly intelligent, highly realistic masterwork of suspense with a great screenplay by David Koepp. Director De Palma uses closed-circuit video footage to deconstruct the crime, as his own 'Blowout' and Coppola's 'The Conversation' used audio snippets to solve a murder mystery.

The non-stop action keeps moving in a seemingly effortless transition from scene to scene. Seamless camera work by director of photography Stephen H. Burum uses mirror shots, gliding steadicams, as well as an extensive traveling shot that hovers over different hotel rooms for a voyeur's eye view of hotel guests' personal psycho-dramas.

In an over-the-top performance of a high-energy low-life cop, Nicolas Cage ('Con Air,' 'Face/Off') excels in a manic depiction of a guy right on the edge—and going down fast. His Santoro is a

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complex character who does what he must to survive what he calls the "sewer" of the Atlantic City corrupt casino world.

The only false note in 'Snake Eyes' is that there's no CIA or Mossad killers or at least their "privatized" counterparts. Any DoD official pulling off the murder of a US government official would surely have access to a trained hit team of SEALs or other Special Access Program (SAP) assassins.

Oddly enough, there are also no spooks anywhere in this highly entertaining movie—as if a highly sophisticated hit could be performed without Agency approval or participation. Maybe the Company nixed the idea. There is, after all, a CIA liaison office in Hollywood.

Is 'Snake Eyes' like Oliver Stone's 'JFK' another example of the CIA's so-called "limited hangout" in which certain facts are mixed with disinformation to muddy the waters forever? Only time will tell, but for great insights about how assassinations are engineered from behind the scenes, see 'Snake Eyes.'

'X-Men': Psychic Warfare and the Mind Control Enigma

DEFINING A WORLD OF SUPERHUMANS with paranormal powers, 'X-Men' delivers a psychic battlefield of Good Mutants, Bad Mutants and Bad Humans.

To call them "superheroes," however, is stretching a concept that is already archaic and even quaint. Recycling aspects of history like the Holocaust, the Commie Scare and Queer Bashing, 'X-Men' also infers the occult atrocities of mind control—but leaves them curiously hidden.

Based on the best-selling Marvel Comics series, the premise of 'X-Men' is that "mutants" or genetic mutations are the latest stage of human evolution. But how they got to be "mutations" is unexplained—unless you understand the 20th century history of mind control.

Directed by Bryan Singer, who directed the stylishly empty "Usual Suspects," this dark and somber movie opens in Poland with Nazis herding Jews into a concentration camp, while a boy watches in helpless terror.

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The mutants and their psychic powers are slowly—very slowly—introduced. Implying Nazi-like atrocity medical "experiments," Wolverine (Hugh Jackman) has an all-metal endoskeleton which includes retractable surgical knife blades which shoot out of his knuckles. In the wilds of Canada, he meets Rogue (Anna Paquin), another mutant-freak whose touch drains the life force out of people.

Meanwhile Senator Kelly (Bruce Davison) recalls the McCarthy-era Red Scare with his call for registering mutants as the latest threat to mankind. "Are mutants dangerous?" he asks. "What does the mutant community have to hide?"

The Good Mutant Leader, Professor Charles Xavier (Patrick Stewart), runs a school for gifted youngsters in toney Westchester, where he teaches them to control their psychic powers. Xavier's staff includes Storm (Halle Berry), who can manipulate the weather, Dr. Jean Grey (Famke Janssen) who can move things with her mind, and Cyclops (James Marsden) who has the ability to shoot death rays from his eyes.

The head of the Bad Mutants, Magneto (Ian McKellan), plans to turn world leaders into mutants. In a meeting with Xavier, a former colleague, he rationalizes his plan with these words—"Let's just say—Good works too slow."

Magneto has Sabretooth (Tyler Mann) who looks like the Ron Perlman version of the Beast, Toad (Ray Park) whose "power" includes the ability to climb walls and to shoot out his outrageously long tongue, and Mystique (Rebecca Romijn-Stamos) whose guise as a reptilian-like shapeshifter lets her assume the form of anything she touches.

Despite the allusions to Teen Alienation, Gay Persecution and Red Baiting, the occult message of 'X-Men' is its analogy to mind control victims who have been trained—and bred—to be experts in the psychic arts.

The always articulate Annie McKenna, a mind control survivor herself and the author of Paperclip Dolls (www.paperclipdolls.com), brings the mind control implications of the 'X-Men' movie into clear focus.

"What do I think a 'mutant' is?" she writes. "My memories and the memories of fellow survivors include messages about genetics,

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DNA, mutations and hybrids. I think the underground world of mind control is light years ahead in their genetic technology than what is publicly known.

"If the next evolution of humanity is genetic mutation to access higher intelligence, it will be another war, but it will be the same war as always. Good vs. evil. And my bet is on the good guys."

On the other hand—like the Illuminati who control events from behind the scenes, Xavier, who wants to help mankind and Magneto, who wants to destroy them, may be a personification of the archetypal struggle of the Nephilim gods themselves. According to Sumerian history, the two brother Enki and Enlil were continually warring and making up. The pawns in the game are, of course, the humans.

"In one scene, Storm says she is afraid of humans because all she wants to do is try to help and they are afraid of her," McKenna continues. "Their fear is projected as persecution. That is exactly how I feel as a victim of mind control. People become afraid if I say I'm a multiple, let alone a mind control victim.

"Most of society can't even relate to that. Besides it requires some focused research and education before the public would even be able to understand the source of the problem as well as the huge scope of the problem."

(For a detailed look at structured multiple personality disorder and other mind control abuses, read the chapter called "Mind Control Slavery and the New World Order" in *Bushwhacked: Inside Stories of True Conspiracy* by Uri Dowbenko.)

"I truly identify with being a mutant," writes Ms. McKenna. "I know my psychic skills were greatly honed and my system now uses those skills for healing.

"If it can happen to me, why not on a stream of consciousness type of level?" she concludes—affirming the usefulness of psychic abilities as an aid for healing.

As for the movie, the unspoken X-factor, if you will, is that psychic powers themselves in many cases may be the result of Illuminati genetic engineering experiments. Gene splicing and other exotic techniques could be used to enhance these abilities. And mind control programming and conditioning, of course, is

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commonly used to segregate these psychic powers in specific alters or personality fragments for espionage, assassination and other nasty purposes.

Mind control survivor Arizona Wilder says she was trained as a psychic assassin by a shadowy Belgium-based group called Janus, which was used as a pool of loanout psychic killer-spies for various intelligence agencies. She confirms that the handler of the Janus teams was the reptilian-tongued William F. Buckley Jr., of PBS Firing Line and National Review fame.

Buckley, one of the visible Overlords of the Power Elite, is a member of the ultra-secret society, Order of Skull and Bones, a frequent participant in the Bohemian Grove revels, and an attendee of the Bilderberg meetings where global policies are set in motion.

Another mind control survivor Stewart Swerdlow, author of *The Montauk Project: The Alien Connection* corroborates Arizona Wilder's recollections with his own memories of interactions with Buckley.

One of the so-called Montauk Boys, Swerdlow writes, "And you should understand that the ceremonies conducted at Montauk were very occasional. In other words they would occur at certain times of the year. And they would bring in people that were not usually there, one of whom was William F. Buckley."

In the end, 'X-Men' has great special effects, but too many characters and not enough plot to go around. It has infrequent wisecracking dialogue—"What do they call you? Wheels?" one of the characters asks the wheelchair-bound Xavier, alluding to the ostensibly silly one-or-two syllable mutant handles. They could be after all just code names for certain psychic alters.

The theme of 'X-Men' is popular alienation, but the psychic powers of telepathy, telekinesis, and remote viewing may themselves be the keys to global enslavement—or planetary healing.

Guess what the Illuminati are betting on?

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'Alien Resurrection': Biotech Nightmare from Hell

IF YOU'VE EVER WONDERED WHAT it's like to go to hell, see 'Alien Resurrection.'

Actually don't...

What's hell like? A sledgehammer assault on your senses. Audio-visual torture in the third degree. Worst of all, everybody tawks with a New Yawk accent even though they're deep in space.

Hell is, well, it's like seeing 'Alien Resurrection.'

When you leave hell, i.e. when the movie's over, about two hours of space-time will be gone out of your life.

And if your mind hasn't had all its energy sucked out of it, you might think about genetic engineering—biotechnology, cloning, robots, and other diddling with the gene pool.

Hell on earth, of course, is nothing new. According to scholar Zechariah Sitchin, author of *The Twelfth Planet* (Bear & Company), genetic manipulation has been around at least since 3000 BC when the Sumerian civilization abruptly and mysteriously appeared in the Tigris and Euphrates River valleys.

Sitchin's research delivers radically different interpretations of

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scripture as well as history. For instance, whereas Genesis 6 has been translated as, "In those days there were giants in the earth," it would be more correct to say "The Nephilim were upon the earth." According to Sitchin, Nephilim stems from the Semitic root NFL ("To be cast down"), or in other words "those who were cast down on earth."

Malbim, a noted Jewish commentator of the 19th century explained that in ancient times "the rulers of countries were the sons of the deities who in earliest times fell down from the Heavens upon the Earth" and that is why "they called themselves Nephilim, i.e. Those Who Fell Down."

And what was the biggest problem for the Nephilim or the Fallen Ones? It was not having a large enough labor pool for their gold and diamond mining, enough slave-workers for their labor-intensive operations. They solved the problem handily enough by producing a new race through genetic engineering—homo sapiens.

Artificial insemination, cloning, cell fusion, in vitro fertilization and even genetic transplants—cross species experiments—were all evidently performed in Sumeria around 3000 BC. Maybe that's the origin of the "myths" of centaurs, half horse-half man beings, or mermaids, half woman-half fish miscreations lost to history.

The renowned seer Edgar Cayce likewise had comments on the Nephilim, although he called them "Sons of Belial," as opposed to the "Sons of the Law of the One."

In Edgar Cayce on Atlantis, he writes that the former "misused their creative power to reproduce grotesque life forms for their own purposes interrupting the evolutionary pattern going on in the earth." Cayce also says that "evidently some wanted to keep these creatures in their place as slaves or robots to be used for their own pleasure and convenience, while others wanted to see them develop higher states of consciousness. Disputes arose whether these 'things' were to be exploited or not."

Another cosmic showdown may be in the works again, since "according to Edgar Cayce, many Americans living today are influenced greatly by their previous Atlantean incarnations."

The disposition of genetically engineered clones was evidently an issue of contention as well, since "these 'things' probably had

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the status of slaves and were treated more like slaves or robots than human beings. The Sons of Belial wanted to keep these creatures in a state of slavery, while the other group wanted to treat these creatures like the entrapped souls they were and help them regain a comprehension of their relationship with God."

Most likely another reincarnated Atlantean, Professor Joshua Lederberg, a Nobel Prize winning geneticist, says that "it may become possible to incorporate part of a human nucleus into the germ cell of some animal, say a gorilla, which might produce various sub-human hybrids."

Sub-human hybrids? Is he on drugs? Is he dreaming? Or is he just remembering his past exploits from Sumeria or Atlantis?

Alien Resurrection is another sign of the last gasp of the Nephilim in the Kali Yuga.

Even though Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) committed suicide in the last 'Alien' movie, when she found out she was carrying an alien fetus, the Nephilim want you to understand that they believe there is no escape. They threaten you and taunt you with the concept that even death will not release you from their genetic manipulation.

The once dead Ripley, now a clone of her former self, comes face to face with seven failed experiments in lab specimen jars— horrid lizard alien/human hybrids preserved in glass. The nightmare doesn't end as Ripley still finds herself a prisoner of biotech tyranny three hundred years later.

And now? Currently the so-called biotech industry still has no ethical guidelines.

The Human Genome Project of the National Institute of Health continues mapping human genes for future "exploitation." Cloning of sheep has been recently completed. New "life forms" are actually being patented by corporations.

Are we really doomed to a replay of Atlantis 50,000 years later? The time is now to speak out, to lobby and to invoke divine intercession to make it doesn't happen. "Never Again"—the Holocaust survivors say. George Santayana said "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

In 'Alien Resurrection,' the real resurrection is the return of these Nephilim in the archetypal mad scientist role.

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The word "resurrection" itself is demeaned and trivialized, since it's a word that's intimately associated with Christ in the victory over death and hell—and not coincidentally over the Nephilim themselves, whom he called "the seed of the wicked."

What the movie never states is that clones can never replicate the God Presence that dwells in the heart of the highest creation— man. These remnants of Atlantean experiments, human clones may already exist, perpetuating themselves as soulless beings on earth.

Who knows? In their insatiable desire to live forever, as hol-lowed-out 'gods,' maybe the ancient Nephilim and the Watchers, another race of fallen angels, still walk the earth "seeking whom they will devour."

Hell. I betcha they even made this movie 'Alien Resurrection.' Hell—they just can't get enough of it.

'Bless the Child': Spiritual Warfare Illustrated

BLESS THE CHILD' IS A SUPERNATURAL thriller which illustrates the war between Light and Darkness, angels and demons, and the people whose lives are a daily spiritual battlefield.

The movie begins as psychiatric nurse Maggie O'Connor (Kim Basinger) gets a visit from her estranged drug-addicted sister Jenna (Angela Bettis). After an argument, the sister abandons her newborn baby.

Maggie takes care of Cody (Holliston Coleman) realizing that the child is really different. "It's as if she's listening to something we can't hear," she tells the doctor.

Six years later, diagnosed as autistic, Cody begins attending a special need school where she begins to show otherworldly abilities, like healing and being able to move things with her thoughts.

Meanwhile, a satanic abuse and child abduction cult is killing six-year-olds in New York, while the New Dawn Foundation, a fast growing self-help group headed by Eric Stark (Rufus Sewell) is grabbing media attention.

FBI agent John Travis (Jimmy Smits) then enters the picture. A

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former seminary student, he specializes in ritual homicide and occult related crimes. When asked why he decided to go into police work, he replies, "I found another way to fight them." He rightly explains the horrific murder of children as "crimes meant to be against God, not man."

When Maggie tells him her suspicions about the creepy Eric Stark, he tells her that Stark is well protected politically.

The theological aspects of satanic ritual abuse crimes in 'Bless the Child' are astonishingly accurate. For instance, the New Dawn Foundation literature says, "There is no god but you," reflecting the archetypal doctrines of dead satanists Anton LaVey and Aleister Crowley. After all, Crowley's mandate was, "Do what thou wilt. That is the law," and it remains the satanists' creed. In other words, satanists believe they're above the laws of man as well as the laws of God.

When Jenna and Eric abduct the child in a sinister black limo, Maggie follows in pursuit, and the chase is on.

And why is Cody so important to the satanic cult? "She's going to lead people to God," they tell her. "She's going to be a saint, a prophet." Her initiations then parallel the testings of Christ in the wilderness.

The hatred of the satanists also reminds the viewer of Herod and his attempt to kill all the children who were prophesied to be the Christ—the so-called Slaughter of the Holy Innocents.

Later a priest tells Maggie, "The devil's greatest achievement is that people don't believe he exists." He also explains quite accurately that demonic attack is common in all religions and that there are spiritual battles every day of our lives.

"All of us are chosen by God," he affirms. "And all can stand against the darkness in his Light."

The power of prayer as a combative against satanic rituals is also one of the key points of the movie. "Send your angels to protect them, Father," the woman prays on behalf of Cody.

Prayer for intercession and for divine intervention has been a standard spiritual technique for thousands of years. According to *Le Morte d'Arthur* (The Death of Arthur) by Sir Thomas Mallory, the knights of the Round Table protected themselves against

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demonic forces by "hurling Paternosters" at their attackers. This rapid chanting of the "Our Father" was used to repel the curses of witchcraft and the spells of black magic.

More recently, the power of spoken prayer as an antidote to psychic or spiritual attack has been described in many books. For instance, in *How Prayer Heals: A Scientific Approach* by Walter Weston, the author writes that "spoken prayer is historically the most powerful medium for channeling God's miracles."

"Spoken prayer is the best means for building spirituality and for increasing an awareness of God's spiritual presence in family, groups, community and nation," Weston continues. "Spoken prayer produces a sense of God's presence, love, joy, peace and unity among all those who use it."

Another book called *Remarkable Healings* by Dr. Shakuntala Modi contains more information about spiritual healing and protection from unseen demonic forces. Describing these attacks, she writes, "One attack is launched through the spiritual dimensions in which demons and angels travel freely. In spite of the spiritual shield being intact and in place, demons can enter a person's body through other dimensions." Modi includes prayers for protection, as well as other techniques like using a bubble of Light to protect your work and family.

Another book about spiritual protection, *The Creative Power of Sound* by Elizabeth Clare Prophet describes the different types of communication between God and humanity. The most common, of course, is prayer, "a devout petition to, or any form of spiritual communion with God." The invocation is "a call to God or to beings who have become one with God to release power, wisdom and love to mankind or to intercede on their behalf. The decree, she writes, "is the most powerful of all applications to the Godhead. It is the command of the son or daughter of God, made in the name of the I AM Presence and the Christ, for the will of the Almighty to come into manifestation as above so below."

Another book called *The Art of Practical Spirituality: How to Bring More Passion, Creativity and Balance into Everyday Life* by Prophet and Patricia Spadaro also reveals techniques "to call the angels into action in your life," "to let your spiritual self do the work," "how to

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use spiritual energy to change your past," and "how to use every encounter and circumstance as an opportunity to grow."

Directed by Chuck Russell (*The Mask*, *'Eraser'*), *'Bless the Child'* has been summarily dismissed by mainstream critics. It is, however, an important movie to see. Why? Because it illustrates the spiritual dangers of life, the psychic traps, demonic attacks, as well as the daily intercession of angels on behalf of humanity.

Even though God was left out of the title—the correct phrase is *'God Bless the Child'*—the movie's an accurate portrayal of spiritual warfare now. And, since the forces of Light are victorious, *'Bless the Child'* is empowering and uplifting—a pointed reminder that vigilance on a spiritual level is a daily mandate.

'Contact': Looking (or God In All the Wrong Places

HERE'S THE SETUP for 'Contact'... It's Science vs. Religion.
Skeptics vs. Believers.

Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence vs. Hollywood Lack of Intelligence.

The director of 'Contact,' Robert Zemeckis, always has a moral to the story.

The point of his last film 'Forrest Gump' was "Life Is Random. Then You Die." Or maybe it was "You Too Can Be Stupid. And Successful."

Nothing to be said for personal initiative. Like the symbolic feather, Gump just floats or rather stumbles into situations and comes out smelling like a rose. The advertising tagline said it all: Gump Happens. What does that tell you about Gump?

It made lots of people seriously consider lobotomy. They thought, well if it worked for him, maybe...

'Contact,' on the other hand, is about PhD's and the search for intelligence of the extra-terrestrial kind. Based on the novel by

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dead stand-up scientist Carl "Billions and Billions" Sagan, it stars Jody Foster as astronomer Dr. Ellie Arroway who's knows there's "something out there." She lost her father (David Morse) when she was young. That's supposed to explain her lonesomeness and her morose pursuit of Science as a Transcendental Experience.

Ellie's an unabashed materialist, a poster child for the Skeptical Enquirer. Matthew McConaughey plays her dramatic foil, an anti-technology spiritual-type called Palmer Joss.

When Ellie's SETI-like program gets cancelled, she goes out and does her own fundraising, eventually getting money from a billionaire creep (John Hurt).

Eventually she makes contact with "something out there," and when the message is decoded, a consortium of Big Government and Big Business outfits decide to construct a Big Machine, according to the alien instructions which are part of a video image of Hitler's speech in 1936. How does that work? Don't ask.

Strapped into this Big Machine, Jodie goes on an interdimensional trip with flashing lights and colors, a technospasm through a time-space wormhole with special effects galore. The inevitable comparison with '2001' however leaves 'Contact' in the proverbial cosmic dust.

When Ellie returns from her Transcendental Experience, she's been gone for seconds, although it seems to her like it's been eighteen hours.

(Coincidentally the movie with its plodding storyline also seems much longer than its one hundred forty minutes.)

At any rate, when Ellie gets back, she has to explain what happened to her and rationalize the "billions and billions" of dollars spent on the Big Machine. Ironically she can't explain her Transcendental Experience but she finds a willing believer in Palmer Joss, her old nemesis and lover.

What's most annoying about the movie? The subtle lies of a materialist mentality trying to grapple with the Infinite.

Lie No. 1: You need techno-gadgets or a Big Machine that costs "billions and billions" of dollars to contact a Higher Intelligence. Poor Jody seeks here and there for the Meaning of Life, but to no avail. Sleeping with Matthew McConaughey obviously didn't do the trick.

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Lie No. 2: Science and Religion are two warring camps. The Jody and Matthew characters spar in pseudo combat stuck in the old canard. Faith in science doesn't necessarily preclude spiritual understanding, and the opposite is also true. "Losing My Religion" is not only commonplace but a rite of passage.

'Contact' is a cinematic illustration of the failure of scientism, the irrational religious belief in science to the exclusion of all else.

Moral of the story: Transcendental Experiences can not be accurately measured by so-called empirical, materialism-based science. Or even coherently explained during a Congressional Subcommittee Hearing.

Want to see some science fiction movies worth watching? Try these titles:

'They Live.' Classic alien conspiracy thriller directed by John Carpenter. It answers the question—how did Planet Earth become such a materialistic consumer society?

'Body Snatchers.' Directed by Abel Ferrara, the pod-bearing creatures land on an army base. The parallels between military life and alien behavior are unnervingly creepy. Anybody who wants to join the Armed Forces should watch this movie—before they enlist.

'Capricorn One.' Starring O.J. Simpson as an astronaut, this is the story of a space flight to Mars which is actually staged in a TV studio by NASA. The heat turns up when the astronauts find out that the spaceship supposedly had crashed during the re-entry killing all on board.

'Fahrenheit 451.' Directed by Francois Truffaut and based on the novel by Ray Bradbury, this is a classic—spare elegant filmmaking at its best.

'Fortress.' Starring Christopher Lambert in a cautionary tale about a huge prison in a future fascist society where having more than one child is a crime.

'Jacob's Ladder.' Starring Tim Robbins as a postal worker and Vietnam veteran whose realities are scrambled with nightmares, hallucinations and other weirdness.

'Repo Man.' Wild plot involves aliens and drugs in this movie starring Emilio Estevez as a man who gets into the car repossession

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business after escaping his pot smoking religious fanatic parents and his boring job.

'Strange Invaders.' Tongue-in-cheek parody of 1950's sci-fi movies in which a college professor pursues his ex-wife to a small town invaded by aliens.

'Until the End of the World.' Directed by Wim Wenders, this apocalyptic story stars William Hurt who's on the run pursued by bounty hunters, thieves and other lowlifes throughout Europe and then Australia.

'City of Angels': Falling in Love, Falling from Heaven

UNSEEN ANGELS STAND PERCHED over the city of Los Angeles. They sit on top of freeway signs and tall skyscrapers. All middle aged, they wear all black outfits including long black overcoats—a terminally hip wardrobe for a terminally hip city.

You'd think their favorite hang-out would be a Starbucks coffee bar, but it's the public library. These angels listen to the endless chatter of human thoughts and try to comfort the mortals by their presence. They also have gatherings on Malibu beach for sunrise and sunset. It's an unexplained ritual. It might be that they listen to the music of the spheres—but that's total speculation. They could be just checking out the surf report.

An angel named Seth (Nicolas Cage) falls in love with a human named Maggie (Meg Ryan). She's a heart surgeon who blames herself for the death of one of her patients. The angel tries to comfort her but instead "falls" in love. He debates with himself whether he should become human or not. He envies the humans for being able to enjoy the sensual pleasures of life on earth. Then he finally takes the plunge and becomes a mortal being. They spend

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the night together. The next day she goes out riding her bike and drives it into a log truck. He senses that she's been in an accident and reaches her just in time. She dies in his arms. End of story.

If you're looking for a romantic-date movie or a spiritually inspiring movie, this is definitely not it.

Curiously there is no mention of God in 'City of Angels.' There is no prayer, no communion between humans and angels, no miracles, and no divine intervention.

This is a materialist's version of life, a romanticized rationalization by fallen angels for their sad lonesome sojourn on earth.

Despite the movie's lack of any spiritually meaningful experience, it's an apt example of the Buddha's teaching about inordinate desire. The second of the Four Noble Truths deals with dukkha, which is usually translated as suffering or sorrow.

The cause of all suffering is craving or attachment as "The Dhammapada" states: "From craving springs grief, from craving springs fear. For him who is wholly free from craving, there is no grief, much less fear."

According to the Buddha's teaching, this craving is a powerful mental force and is the chief cause of most of the ills of life. The angel Seth craves mortality and when he attains it, it's an empty prize because his beloved has died. He tries to tell his fallen angel buddy (Dennis Franz) otherwise, but he's obviously in denial.

"Normally the enjoyment of sensual pleasures is the highest and only happiness of the average person," states the author of *The Buddha and His Teachings*.

"There is no doubt that one gets momentary happiness in the anticipation, gratification and retrospection of such fleeting material pleasures, but they are illusory and temporary. According to the Buddha, non-attachment or the transcending of material pleasures is a greater bliss."

And this is the mystery of the fallen angels. How and why did it happen?

Angels are Messengers of God. Their *raison d'etre* is to exalt the higher emotions of humans, to watch over and to protect mortals on earth in their spiritual evolution toward salvation and self-transcendence.

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Despite the movie's glossing over this part—angels "falling" in love with mortals and their subsequent self-serving rationale—it was a serious breach of the angelic code of conduct with awesome consequences.

According to the apocryphal Book of Enoch, "It happened after the sons of men had multiplied in those days, that daughters were born to them, elegant and beautiful. And when the Watchers, the sons of heaven, beheld them, they became enamored of them, saying to each other, Come let us select for ourselves wives from the progeny of men, and let us beget children."

But it wasn't so simple. "Their leader Semyaza said to them; I fear that you may perhaps be indisposed to the performance of this enterprise and that I alone shall suffer for so grievous a crime. But they answered him and said, we all swear and bind ourselves with mutual execrations, that we will not change our intention, but execute our projected undertaking. Then they swore all together, and all bound themselves by mutual execrations. Their whole number was two hundred, who descended in the days of Jared, to the top of mount Hermon." (Enoch 7:1-8).

In other words, it took an actual pact for this pack of fallen angels to "fall" in love with humans. And why was the Book of Enoch left out of the canonical scriptures?

A possible explanation is that the Church Fathers themselves, who denied the doctrine of angels "falling" into mortal corruptible bodies, were themselves fallen angels who tried to obscure their origin. After all, tampering with the Old and New Testament was quite common. Though inspired by God, the scriptures were copied, edited and translated by men according to their own agendas.

Another case in point is the story of Abraham and Isaac. In the words of Bob Dylan, "God said Abraham kill me a son; Abe said, man you must be putting me on." The bothersome "authorized" version has "god" commanding a father to slaughter his own son, but nobody asked which god? Which one of the hundreds of Sumerian deities would order such a horrendous act?

According to *Hebrew Myths: The Book of Genesis* by Robert Graves and Raphael Patai, "sacrifice of first-born sons was common in ancient Palestine and practiced not only by the Moabite King

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Mesha, who burned his eldest son to the god Chemosh (2 Kings III. 26-27) but by the Ammonites who offered their sons to Moloch (Leviticus XVIII.21)." This tradition continues today in the heathenish practice of abortion, as well as the "selective service" in which young men are sent to die in war.

The Book of Jubilees—another politically incorrect book of scriptures which didn't make the cut—depicts a fallen angel called Mastema "testing" Abraham. In other words, it was not the Lord who told Abraham to kill Isaac. A fallen angel named Mastema was allowed to whisper in his ear to tell Abraham to snuff his own kid.

In another instance Abraham expressed fear lest he be enslaved by evil spirits who have dominion over the thoughts of human hearts. He prays, "Deliver me from the hands of evil spirits and do not lead me astray from my God." (Jub. 12:20)

The point is discrimination—to discern the will of God from the will of fallen angels. This is the story according to the Book of Jubilees, "It came to pass in the seventh week, in its first year, in the first month of this jubilee, on the twelfth of that month, there were voices in heaven concerning Abraham that he was faithful in everything which was told him and he loved the Lord and was faithful in all affliction. And Prince Mastema came and he said before God, "Behold Abraham loves Isaac, his son. And he is more pleased with him than everything. Tell him to offer him as a burnt offering upon the altar. And you will see whether he will do this thing. And you will know whether he is faithful in everything in which you test him." (Jub 17:16-17)

Elsewhere in the Book of Jubilees, Prince Mastema is mentioned as the leader of evil spirits who tempt, accuse and destroy men. According to the Dictionary of Angels by Gustav Davidson, Mastema is the accusing angel, bringing injustice and condemnation to humans. He is also called "the angel of adversity" and the "father of all evil," yet he's supposed to be subservient to God.

If fallen angels had tampered with the scriptures, wouldn't they leave this part out—to sow confusion in the minds and hearts of the readers? Of course, you could always rationalize that this was Abraham's test of loyalty or obedience, but the inconceivability of such a horrific request would eventually sow the seeds of doubt in

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a "god" that would even conceive of such a "request." Unless it came at the behest of a fallen angel. This is precisely the modus operandi of fallen angels who try to undermine the love of God as well as trust toward the Creation.

And then there's the archetypal—or is it stereotypical—fallen angel Mick Jagger singing "You'll never make a saint of me" with the refrain "I thought I heard an angel cry" and "I thought I saw a teardrop fall from his eye." The message is simple: the state of the fallen angels is irredeemable. Like giving God the finger—this message needs no translation.

The movie 'City of Angels' is another attempt by fallen angels to rationalize their Fall, but it's not courageous and certainly not glamorous. As a big studio remake of director Wim Wenders' film 'Wings of Desire,' it's an affront to the constant loving presence of angels, their dedication and service, as well as their ongoing mission for the upliftment of humanity.

In the end, 'City of Angels' is a Hollywood mockery of spiritual love.

'The Devil's Advocate': Leading Us into Temptation

THERE ARE NO HORNS OR PITCHFORKS in *The Devil's Advocate* because Surprise! the devil wears a three piece suit. He's a well-dressed man. He's an intellectual. He's infinitely convincing. Surprise again. He's a lawyer.

'*The Devil's Advocate*' is a sublimely creepy supernatural thriller. Yet another yuppie variant of the Faust story, the premise is that you can sell your soul—but it might cost you more than you can afford. It's also a morality play about temptation and the price of success. Where? In the Big Apple, of course.

The film shows New York City as downtown Babylon, sinister, seductive and deadly. The planetary center of greed, it's the undisputed playground of demons seeking to devour souls one piece at a time.

Spectacular time lapse cinematography shows the beauty of the atmospheric changes above the City—from night to day, clouds appearing, disappearing, sunlight changing to overcast skies and back again—a fallen angel's eye view of Manhattan.

It's a fast and furious life at the top. Criminal defense attorney

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Kevin Lomax (Keanu Reeves) is on a winning streak in a small Florida town, "sixty-four straight convictions," when he's spotted by a talent scout who tells him, "We've been following your progress."

When he and his wife Mary Ann (Charlize Theron) are invited to New York—all expenses paid—for a job interview, they make him an offer he can't refuse.

John Milton (Al Pacino), founder of a prestigious law firm Milton Chadwick Waters, wants him to head the criminal law department. He even takes young Kevin on the rooftop high above the spectacular Manhattan skyline. It's a great contemporary take on the devil taking Jesus to a high mountain and showing him "the kingdoms of this world and their glory."

Kevin accepts. His wife can't imagine going back to small town Florida. But when they move into an enormous luxury apartment, weird things start to happen.

While he's bombarded with sexual temptation and other moral doubts, his wife starts having hallucinations or demonic visions. Awesome supernatural powers are at work. Humans momentarily morph into demons as she keeps getting subliminal glimpses into other dimensions.

Directed by Taylor Hackford (*An Officer and a Gentleman*) with superb cinematography by Andrej Bartkowiak, the film, however, dotes on Al Pacino's bravura performance as the devil incarnate.

Since 'Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure,' Keanu Reeves has played a surfer FBI dude ('Point Break'), a computer data courier dude (Johnny Mnemonic) and even a physicist dude ('Chain Reaction'). Now he's done an excellent job with the lawyer dude.

It's been said that the devils' best defense is that people don't believe. In the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, for instance, the conspiracy of fallen angels is referred to as the Nephilim. The Bible and Strong's Concordance does not mention the Nephilim specifically by name, but Nelson's Concordance has several listings.

The biblical verses from Genesis 6:4, for example, have been translated as, "The Nephilim were upon the Earth, in those days and thereafter too, when the sons of the gods cohabited with the daughters of Adam and they bore children unto them. They were

the Mighty Ones of Eternity."

"Nephilim" has been usually translated into English as "giants," though the word stems from the Semitic root NFL ('to be cast down'). It means exactly what it implies: "Those who were cast down upon Earth." Contemporary theologians and biblical scholars have tended to avoid them, even though Jewish writings of the time of the Second Temple recognized in these verses the echoes of ancient traditions of "fallen angels."

Then there are the apocryphal texts like the Book of Enoch, which was removed from the official Bible because it was politically incorrect. This scripture as well as the Old and New Testaments of the Bible also reflect an awareness of fallen angels on Earth.

Scholars maintain that there were two accounts of separate "falls" of the angels.

First, there was the archangel's rebellion against God and his fall through pride, in which he was followed by other angels (the Nephilim). And second, there was the story of other angels who fell through lusting after the daughters of men (the Watchers).

According to the Book of Enoch, a band of angels led by Samyaza "became enamored of the daughters of men" and decided to go after them, saying "come let us select for ourselves wives from the progeny of men, and let us beget children." So they all took an oath, two hundred of them, and descended to earth.

"Then they took wives, each choosing for himself; who they began to approach, and with whom they cohabited; teaching them sorcery, incantations... Moreover Azazyel taught men to make swords, knives, shields..." The main theme of the Book of Enoch is the final judgment of these fallen angels, the Watchers and their progeny, the evil spirits. In the spiritual lineage of Enoch, Jesus also probably saw himself as one who came to expose these fallen generations (the Watchers) whom he and John the Baptist called "brood of vipers" and the "synagogue of Satan" among other epithets.

"I'm a humanist," says Al Pacino in the fallen angel's last rant. "Maybe the last humanist... I'm a fan of man." His brilliant portrayal of the fallen angels' anger against God and their never-ending pleas of sympathy for the devil is astounding.

Despite a contrived ending, 'The Devil's Advocate' is worth

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seeing just for Al Pacino's final soliloquy. The sophistry is so awesome, it's worth the price of admission.

A final warning, though. The movie has intense imagery that sticks in your mind for days. As a dramatization of free will and temptation, it's a wild ride to the heart of darkness and it's entertaining as hell.

'Dogma': Fallen Angels on Earth

FALLEN ANGELS ARE ALWAYS LOOKING for a loophole. An escape clause. Even a cosmic anomaly.

In 'Dogma,' writer-director Kevin Smith's pop theology masterpiece, this means a doctrinal loophole in the Catholic catechism.

Cardinal Glick (George Carlin), in his Red Bank, New Jersey parish, is trying to update the church. He has a new media campaign called "Catholicism. Now." He wants to retire the crucifix as the symbol of the church because as he says, "Christ didn't come to give us the willies. He came to give us a boost."

His new paradigm? Glick unveils a statue of a grinning Jesus giving the thumbs up sign. He calls it the "Buddy Christ."

Glick wants to bring Catholicism back into the mainstream. So he comes up with the idea of a special "plenary indulgence." This means that everybody who walks through the arches of his church gets all their sins removed.

Meanwhile fallen angels Loki (Matt Damon) and Bartleby (Ben Affleck) need a plan to get back into heaven, and Glick's scheme will do the trick. They can't believe their good luck. After

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all these years, he says, we found a loophole. Loki is unconvinced. He says, "This is church law, not divine mandate."

Bartleby is a fallen Watcher, who gets his kicks as a voyeur at the airport, watching the dramas of human existence. His partner calls it a "half-assed obsession with Hallmark moments."

Loki used to be the Angel of Death—before his pal talked him into quitting his job.

When he became conflicted about whether "murder in the name of God is alright" (he rained down sulfur on Sodom and Gomorrah,) he then he got kicked out of heaven.

Meanwhile, Bethany (Linda Fiorentino) is a conflicted Catholic who's losing her religion while she works at an abortion "clinic." She gets a visit from Metatron (Alan Rickman), a seraphim who appears as the Voice of God. He appears as a pillar of fire in her bedroom, and she acts quickly, dousing him with a fire extinguisher, then berating him for his inappropriate entry.

Shaken (and wet), Metatron chides her about the fact that she's never heard of him. He mocks her, saying "if there's not a movie about it, it's not worth knowing?"

Bethany still doesn't believe him, so he offers more proof by teleporting her to a Mexican restaurant. There he tells her she's got a mission from God—to prevent the fallen angels from going into the church and undoing all of Creation.

She asks about the angels. "Were they sent to hell?"

"Worse," is the answer. "Wisconsin."

Then Silent Bob (Kevin Smith) and Jay (Jason Mewes) show up. They're the prophets Metatron tells her about. And why are they at the abortion clinic? "We just figured abortion clinics are great places to pick up loose women," answers Jay.

On their trip to New Jersey, Rufus (Chris Rock), a naked black man, unexpectedly falls out of the sky. He tells them he's the 13th Apostle of Christ, who was left out of the Bible because he was black. Mankind has got it all wrong, says Rufus, taking the teachings of Christ and creating a belief structure. They don't believe him, so he asks what about the missing years of Jesus. "You make it sound like there's some kind of church conspiracy," says Bethany.

Conspiracy or not, it's an historical fact that many books of the

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Bible were eliminated from the canon (the accepted dogma of the Roman Church) because they were politically incorrect. These books warned people about fallen angels, for instance.

After all, the politics of theology rule Planet Earth. Some scholars maintain that there were two accounts of separate "falls" of the angels. First, there was the archangel's rebellion against God and his fall through pride, in which he was followed by other angels (the Nephilim). And second, there was the story of other angels who fell through lusting after the daughters of men (the Watchers).

One of the most egregious omissions was the Book of Enoch. Why? Because this text describes the story of the fallen angels who were most likely embodied in the highest levels of the Church and wanted to keep the secrets of their origin hidden from the so-called common people. This "spiritual wickedness in high places" has been concealed ever since. The Book of Enoch describes how they asked Enoch to go before the throne of God to ask for mercy—and for an opportunity to return to heaven.

In a book called *Forbidden Mysteries of Enoch: Fallen Angels and the Origins of Evil*, Elizabeth Clare Prophet writes that "the Book of Enoch explains where these devils [fallen angels] get the energy to do their despicable deeds. Since they have already lost the divine spark and their place in heaven—God told them, 'Never shall you ascend into heaven,' and 'Never shall you obtain peace,' they have nothing else to lose and everything to gain from the shedding of blood, the life essence of the sons of God.

"They have no remorse for their misconduct," she continues, "for the way of penance and forgiveness is not open to them. Without a heart flame they have no pity for their victims, no ability to feel for them. They do not identify with them in murder, or in the mass murders the Watchers legitimize with the term 'war.'"

According to the Book of Enoch, a band of angels led by Samyaza "became enamored of the daughters of men" and decided to go after them, saying "come let us select for ourselves wives from the progeny of men, and let us beget children." So they all took an oath, all two hundred of them, and descended to earth.

"Then they took wives, each choosing for himself; who they began to approach, and with whom they cohabited; teaching them

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sorcery, incantations... Moreover Azazyel taught men to make swords, knives, shields... Then Michael and Gabriel, Raphael, Suryal and Uriel, looked down from heaven, and saw the quantity of blood which was shed on earth, and all the iniquity which was done upon it..."

Could this be an explanation of the origin of war? It was not a plague invented by man nor a calamity sent by God, but the vengeful acts of fallen angels upon the children of God. This also implies that humankind continues to take part in their war games, tricked into committing genocide on behalf of their rivalries.

The main theme of the Book of Enoch, however, is the final judgment of these fallen angels, the Watchers and their progeny, the evil spirits. In the spiritual lineage of Enoch, Jesus most likely saw himself as one who came to expose the generation of the seed of the wicked (the Watchers) whom he and John the Baptist called vipers.

When you translate these concepts to politics, you get a different picture. Author Eustace Mullins writes, "The World Order rules through a simple technique, Divide and Conquer (Divide et impera). Every natural or unnatural division among people, every occasion for hatred and greed, is exploited and exacerbated to the limit.

"The polarization of racial and ethnic groups in the U.S. is accelerated by a flood of government decrees, originating in foundation studies which are designed solely to set American against American," he continues. "Only in this way can the World Order maintain its iron grip on the daily lives of the people.

"The study of demonology in history discloses answers to otherwise inexplicable aspects of man's history," writes Eustace Mullins in *The Curse of Canaan*. "The torture and murder of children, obscene rites and mass killings of innocents in worldwide wars, as well as other catastrophes are phenomena which bear little or no relation to mankind's day by day routine of tilling the soil, raising families and maintaining the standards of civilization."

In 'Dogma,' there's a fallen angel called Azrael (Jason Lee) who leads a band of demon kids, hockey stick wielding serial killers, who reap mayhem and murder.

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In fact, Kevin Smith gets it right. "All this is about revenge. You have a grudge against God," admits one of the demon kids.

Loki's and Bartleby's dialogue is the rant of the fallen angels—self-pity, resentment and revenge against mankind.

"The pain of being cast aside—I've dealt with it for millenniums," says Bartleby.

The fallen angels know God is real, however. When Loki does his anti-God atheism pitch, his pal chides him by saying, "You know for a fact there is a God. You've been in her Presence."

'Dogma' is smart, funny and entertaining (except for the shit monster sequence)—and it even has a happy ending. Though it prides itself on stoner ethics, gangsta swagger, and gnarly humor, you'll laugh, you'll cringe—and you'll be enlightened.

Recovering Catholics—this flick's for you.

Some people have said that 'Dogma' is sacrilegious. Nothing could be further from the truth. To show how fair he is, rumor has it that Kevin Smith ('Clerks,' 'Mallrats,' 'Chasing Amy') is working on a movie called 'Talmud.' And what's it about? You see—there's these two brothers called the Weinsteins, Harvey and Bob, who are rabbis in Babylon, and they're trying to figure out a way to get back to Jerusalem—before their sister marries a goy, God forbid...

Just kidding. Miramax will definitely not bankroll this one.

'Fairytale': For Believers Only

ARE FAIRIES 'REAL,' OR JUST a product of children's imagination? Historically speaking this question became the topic of fervent national debate in England in 1917. One summer day, in the village of Cottingley, two English cousins, Frances Griffiths and Elsie Wright, went to their favorite woodland spot, a running stream near their garden. They had borrowed Elsie's father's camera and took some photographs.

When Elsie's father developed them, the pictures clearly showed the fairies which the girls claimed to have seen on many occasions. These fairy photos then became the center of controversy regarding the reality of these beings. Many people came to believe that the photos themselves were scientific evidence for the existence of fairies.

'Fairytale—A True Story' is an enchanting movie based on these events.

Elsie's parents (Paul McGann and Phoebe Nicholls) were initially skeptical of the girls' preoccupation, but gradually changed their minds. When the photographs of the fairies were pronounced

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as being "untouched, open air, single exposures" by a photographic expert, the sides pro and con were quickly drawn up.

Believers vs. non-believers. Spiritualists vs. materialists. The entire nation was challenged to confirm or deny their personal understanding of nature. After all, theosophy and its advocates of metaphysics were introducing concepts of reality beyond the box of scientific materialism.

The idea that nature spirits—devas, elves, gnomes, sylphs, undines, salamanders and fairies—constituted another world, invisible to the physical senses, was proudly discarded by the academic illuminati, glued to tradition and materialistic science, i.e. scientism.

Well known author of the Sherlock Holmes novels, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (Peter O'Toole) was one of the girls' most vocal champions. He helped promote the so-called fairy photos and even wrote a book about the phenomenon.

Harry Houdini (Harvey Keitel) the famous escape artist and stage magician, took the position of the skeptic in the controversy. After all, he made his living by creating illusions for large audiences, so he started looking for evidence to debunk the whole thing as a hoax.

Director Charles Sturridge ('Bridehead Revisited,' 'Gulliver's Travels') has made a wonderful film about believing what you see and the ephemeral nature of magic and mystery. Juxtaposing the theatrical magic of Houdini with the magic of the fairies, he has created a window into other dimensions of life on earth.

As Geoffrey Hodson, author of *The Kingdom of the Gods*, writes, "I recommend the study of the fairy photographs in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's book *The Coming of the Fairies* and E.L. Gardner's book *Fairies*.

"I am personally convinced of the bona fides of the two girls who took these photographs," continues Hodson. "I spent some weeks with them and their family, staying in their home and became assured of the genuineness of their clairvoyance, of the presence of fairies exactly like those photographed in the glen at Cottingley, and of the complete honesty of all parties concerned."

Zbigniew Preisner's beautifully lyrical score contributes music that's full of fun and enchantment. And special effects by London's

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Framestore make the fairies really come alive; they flit around, flying like a cross between dragonflies and swallows

By any standard, 'Fairytale' is a great addition to contemporary children's movie classics.

Suggested Reading (Metaphysical Adventure Stories):

The List of 7 by Mark Frost. (Avon Books) A novel about metaphysical conspiracy and intrigue in London when Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle investigates the supernatural.

Unveiled Mysteries, by Godfre Ray King. (Saint Germain Press). A story about a man's spiritual encounters with long lost civilizations.

This Present Darkness, by Frank E. Peretti. (Crossway Books) A novel about spiritual warfare, angels vs. demons, in contemporary America.

A Dweller on Two Planets, by Phylos. (Borden Publishing) A love story that goes beyond karma and reincarnation.

Islands Out of Time, by William Irwin Thompson. (Bear & Company) A wonderfully entertaining novel about the last days of Atlantis. (Was Thompson remembering a past life?)

'The Faculty': Invasion of the Astral Parasites

SOMETHING STRANGE IS GOING ON at Herrington High School. And it's more than just everyday anxiety. Students attack each other without provocation. They slam one another against the walls. They scream at each other as if they're possessed. It's a place where physical brutality and emotional trauma is a way of life.

The prologue of 'The Faculty' shows the football coach stalking the principal after hours in the deserted darkened school. When he finally corners her, he stabs her through the palm of her hand with a pencil and says "I've always wanted to do that."

You soon realize you're in weird territory. The teachers themselves are distorted caricatures. The football coach (Robert Patrick) curses at the players. The chronically sick school-nurse (Salma Hayek) is always sneezing, coughing and popping pills. The mousy insecure English teacher (Famke Janssen) can barely keep up with her rambunctious students. The principal Miss Drake (Bebe Newirth) has to explain to the other teachers why there's no money for anything except sports. It's just another day at the High School From Hell.

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The Faculty' is a sci-fi horror movie with a strong dose of black comedy. It doesn't take itself too seriously with a witty tongue-in-cheek screenplay by writer Kevin Williamson ('Scream,' 'Scream 2'). Director-editor Robert Rodriguez ('El Mariachi,' 'From Dusk til Dawn') has created a clever cross between 'Invasion of the Body Snatchers,' (the Abel Ferrara version) 'The Puppet Masters,' 'Invaders from Mars' and 'They Live'—sci-fi classics all.

'The Faculty' features a great ensemble cast of young actors. The ostensible hero is Casey (Elijah Wood), a smart kid who writes for the school paper. Delilah (Jordana Brewster) is the head cheerleader and general arbiter of the in-crowd. Stan (Shawn Hatosy) is the star quarterback who decides to go academic. Stokely (Clea DuVall) is a sullen punky-looking girl who pretends to be a lesbian. Sweet-looking Marybeth (Laura Harris) is the new girl in school who just wants to be friends. And Zeke (Josh Hartnett) sells contraband out of the trunk of his car. His excuse? "Doing my part for the deconstruction of America."

The themes of the film are universal. Who hasn't felt like an outsider in the alien conformist society of high school? Who hasn't tried to fit in? Tried to understand the changes of growing up? Tried to figure out one's identity? Who hasn't ever entertained the idea that there's a conspiracy of parents against kids? Or that teachers are really aliens? The painful cliquishness of school and the need for people to join forces—to save civilization, in this case—is finely delineated through the movie's sharply drawn characters.

When Casey finds something on the field and brings it into biology class, it turns out to be an unknown creature. Resuscitated by water, the thing replicates itself with astonishing speed. Later Casey and Delilah see two teachers kill another teacher in the faculty room and they suspect the worst.

"We think aliens are taking over the school," they tell the others. "The parents don't have a clue," says one of the students. Uncovering the conspiracy, one of the kids explains to the others, "All fiction is based on real stuff... In 'The Puppet Masters,' they were parasites." Another says, "They're just turning us into mindless slaves."

Confronting their terrible situation, one asks, "Why here? Why

Ohio?" Another answers, referring to 'Independence Day' the movie, "Would you blow up the White House, or sneak in the back door?"

The premise of 'The Faculty' is simple—what if aliens took over your school? Would you just roll over and become one of the Pod People, or would you fight? The film is also a clever analogue for the metaphysical concept of spirits or invisible entities possessing people. This kind of alien invasion also has a parallel in the latest trends in psychoanalysis. According to a book called Remarkable Healings (Hampton Roads Publishing), so-called "entities" or spirits, like alien non-physical parasites, can invade the bodies of humans who are often unaware. The author, Dr. S. Modi, M.D. is a psychiatrist with 11 years of experience who says she was "dismayed by the lack of success of traditional talk therapies" and "decided to utilize other techniques especially hypnotherapy to allow patients to uncover the underlying subconscious reasons for their emotional and physical problems." She writes that "by recalling, reliving, releasing, understanding and resolving the unresolved traumas and issues, patients can be freed from their long-standing problems in just a few sessions."

Her experiences with past-life regression therapy include dealing with earthbound spirits (discarnate entities), demon spirits, as well as soul fragmentation. In Dr. Modi's book, her amazing discoveries have been cross-correlated from patients' case histories providing a powerful new approach to psychotherapy.

"I was surprised to find that spirits of deceased people can come on board in patients and affect them spiritually and emotionally..." she writes. "My patients under hypnosis also reported that with the physical and emotional traumas, their souls fragmented into many pieces causing the weakness of their souls and thus of their bodies leading to different symptoms.

"According to my experience and my research, most of the acute psychological and psychosomatic symptoms for which patients are seeking help are due to these possessing spirits within them," continues Dr. Modi. "These are not the patients' symptoms to begin with and no medication, psychotherapy and medical treatment can permanently cure them. Only by releasing these

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unwanted guest spirits can people be free of their debilitating symptoms." Her promise? "By reading this book you can gain more knowledge about these spirits, how to free yourself from them and how to remain free of them."

The concept of "Astral Parasites" sounds like science fiction, but another book by Dr. Samuel Sagan called *Entities: Parasites of the Body of Energy* reinforces Dr. Modi's conclusions. "The term 'entity' refers to non-physical beings, presences which come to be attached to human beings and act as parasites, thereby creating various emotional, mental and physical problems ranging from eating disorders and uncontrollable emotions to the most severe diseases," he writes. Clearing entities does not have to be as wild as 'The Exorcist' movie, but it does require protection.

Spiritual (or psychic) self-defense against astral energies are described in a book called *How to Work with Angels* (Summit University Press) by Elizabeth Clare Prophet. She writes about a Ten Step Plan which includes "a form of spoken prayer called decrees which allow man and God to work together for constructive change.

"They are spoken prayers that enable you to direct God's energy into the world," she writes. "Fiats are short powerful affirmations like 'Archangel Michael! Help me! Help me! Help me!' which are effective in summoning angelic help."

In another book called *The Path to Your Ascension* by Annice Booth (Summit University Press), the author writes "we've been told that over the cities and throughout the entire planet, millions of people pour out discord and hateful thoughts toward one another each day. Misqualified emotions of fear, hatred, condemnation, resentment, anger, jealousy and a host of other negative thoughts and feelings create these floating grids and forcefields." So what can you do to protect yourself? "Visualize Archangel Michael and his legions of blue flame angels surrounding you in everything you do, defeating and turning back those negative thoughts that are assailing you, as well as giving a prayer as traveling protection before you drive your car or enter public transportation... Call to Archangel Michael and his angelic hosts, and ask for his spiritual sword of blue flame to blaze into these conditions."

The Astral Parasites won't know what hit them.

'What Dreams May Come': Life, Death and Beyond

DEATH IS JUST ANOTHER TRIP (and not even the last one) in the metaphysical fantasy-drama 'What Dreams May Come.'

Spanning dimensions, from the physical to the spiritual and back again, the film delivers a simple premise. Our thoughts create our reality. The present and the future. In this life and the afterlife.

Chris (Robin Williams) and Annie (Annabella Sciorra) meet when their boats collide on a Swiss lake. They marry, have a family, and then tragedy strikes. Their two children die in a car accident, and Annie has a nervous breakdown.

Four years later, they're still barely coping. He's a pediatrician. She's a gallery owner who tries to heal herself through art. She does art restoration as her profession and painting as her therapy.

Life goes on, but one night on the way home, Chris gets involved in a fiery multiple car crash. A car comes flying at him inside a tunnel and he dies.

After his transition, Albert (Cuba Gooding, Jr.), his after-life guide, asks Chris if he knows what happened. Chris is in denial. Albert asks him, "Did you really think that's all there is to you?" In

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other words, did he think that people just disappear when they die, that there's no continuity of Self beyond life on earth?

Chris, in a spiritual body which looks just like the physical, tries to communicate with Annie on the other side. He tries to touch her, but she can't feel him. "You're with me. You're always with me. I still exist," he tries to tell her, but she doesn't hear him. In a sequence that explains the phenomenon of automatic writing, Chris tries to guide her hand while she holds a pen, but the exercise ends in her total frustration.

The "heaven" that Chris inhabits is like Annie's painting of their "dream home." Albert continues trying to teach him about the power of Mind to create Reality.

"You're making all this," Albert tells him, as they walk through a landscape, literally an impressionistic painting in Annie's style.

Heaven in his mind looks like the paintings of Maxfield Parrish, Caspar David Friedrich, and the Hudson River School. Hell is like the nightmare concoctions of Breughel and Dali.

Chris has entered so-called "devachan," the after-life reality of wish fulfillment.

The book *A Dweller on Two Planets* describes this in-between-life state as Phylos, the narrator of the story, enters it after his own passing. He meets a man who used to be an engineer in life. The former engineer has built an entire country of the mind in which he is the benevolent ruler. Since he wanted to be "king" when he was alive and never got to do it, he's able to fulfill his desires in this extra-physical dimension in his after-life.

"Thought is real," Albert explains to Chris. "The physical is the illusion... You're creating an entire world from your imagination."

Chris continues to experience the soul's anguish at separation from the Beloved.

Annie is on the other side. He believes they're soulmates, "sort of like twin souls, but tuned in to each other, even in death." Annie tries to communicate with him through her paintings, and they're so attuned to one another that he can even see her new painting in his own world.

Jess Stearn, author of *Soulmates* (Bantam Books) describes soulmates quite poetically. "Search your heart, search it honestly and

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long, and you will know what it wants. Somebody kind, somebody gentle... but not without spirit. Somebody who made light of adversity and misfortune, however small. Not some infallible paragon, nor some gem of perfection. Better she have weaknesses, so you can comfort her in her own need, bringing a smile to a misty eye. And best of all someone to be at one with, facing a cold demanding world unafraid because you are no longer one... In all things, she would be what you want of yourself, giving for the joy of giving, with no thought not your thought, no love not yours. Two souls, not like one, but one—soulmates."

Then Albert gives Chris the bad news. "We're going to do something very hard," he says. "Annie's dead. She killed herself.

"You'll never see her. She's a suicide. What you call hell is for those who are too self-absorbed." Albert explains that suicides go to a hell of their own creation because they've violated the cosmic order. Her biggest problem is that she won't accept the fact that the "real hell is your life gone wrong." Chris will not be moved, saying, "I'm her soulmate. I can find her." So with the help of the Tracker (Max Von Sydow), Chris goes to Hell searching for Annie. Hell itself is symbolized by literally burning shipwrecks. In director Vincent Ward's imagination, Hell is the shore of shipwrecked souls. What happens with Chris and Annie is the rest of the story.

"With one precise word, the ancient Tibetans evoked a precise image of life between life," writes Joel Whitton, M.D., PhD, author of *Life Between Life* (Warner Books). "The word is 'bardo,' which literally means the space that separates islands, a space that is crammed with events of great significance to the soul departing the insularity of the body." The Tibetan Book of the Dead is supposed to be a guide for the soul, making the transition from this plane of consciousness between incarnations to the next.

Psychiatrist and hypnotherapist Dr. S. Modi, M.D., author of *Remarkable Healings* (Hampton Roads Publishing), writes that "over the years my hypnotized patients have consistently told me that the soul is the spirit within us, an immortal energy essence of our being, a part of God that resides within us. It is our spiritual self. The soul empowers and activates the body; the body cannot live with it. When the soul leaves, the body dies but the soul continues

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to survive and retains all its memories and experiences.

"After the death of the physical body, the soul goes to heaven to rest, heal and make plans for the next life," Modi continues. "The purpose of this cycle from heaven to birth, death, and back to heaven is to learn different lessons, grow spiritually and perfect ourselves..."

"We go through the cycle of birth, life, death, and back to the Light (heaven) again and again to learn lessons and grown spiritually toward our final aim, to go back and reunite with the supreme being, God." Christians call this process the "ascension." Buddhists call it entering "nirvana."

The authors of *Reincarnation: The Missing Link in Christianity* (Summit University Press) write that "although the soul contains the spark of the divine, the soul is not God. Through life on earth, souls have become entangled with ignorance, pain and suffering. They have created karmic ties that cause them to continually return to earth in new bodies."

The Dhammapada, one of the best-known Buddhist texts, explains karma like this: "What we are today comes from our thoughts of yesterday, and our present thoughts build our life of tomorrow: our life is the creation of our mind."

Elizabeth Prophet, author of *The Lost Teachings of Jesus* points to evidence that Jesus himself taught reincarnation as in the parable of the man who was blind from birth. The disciples asked him if it was the blind man's sin or his parents, implying that they knew the principles of karma and reincarnation. Jesus replies that it was neither but the man chose to be blind from birth in order for Jesus to heal him when they met.

"The mystics tell us that liberation is a gradual process that comes in stages. First you contact the state of divine union for a single instant...", writes Prophet. "The way to eternal life is different for each of us. In order to find the way that is right for you, you must first get in touch with the God spark inside of you, which will lead you unerringly to the quickest route home.

"A true path to God generally contains at least four basic elements," Prophet continues. "It will show you how to: 1. Fulfill your karmic obligations to all of life by making up for your past negative

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actions, 2. Learn to identify with your spiritual self rather than your material self, 3. Access divine grace, which awakens you to your divine nature and enables you to find your way out of the bonds of karma, and 4. Focus all of your mind on the purpose of reunion with God, often facilitated by various mystical techniques such as prayer, contemplation and visualization."

'What Dreams May Come' is an uplifting journey of soulmates through heaven and hell as well as a lyrical story about life beyond death. With a screenplay by Ron Bass, based on a novel by Richard Matheson, director Vincent Ward ('Map of the Human Heart') has created a breathtaking tour de force. As an affirmation of the continuity of life after death and the cycles of reincarnation, the film is also a great illustration of Chris and Annie's secret motto—"Don't give up."

IV. Secrets and Lies of History

'Amistad': Spielberg Does Porno—Again

"EMOTIONAL PORNOGRAPHY." THAT'S WHAT writer-director David Mamet, author of *Make-Believe Town*, calls Steven Spielberg's movie *'Schindler's List.'* But does Spielberg's work really qualify as porno?

Why not? Watching the movie you can visualize Spielberg directing the actors, "OK, you Jews in the back of the line. You're not looking sad enough. That's right, hang your heads down more. You're going to the gas chamber fer krisesakes. Let's show a little respect."

The music soundtrack swells with a schmaltzy violin solo emphasizing (indeed underlining in red), the sadness, the gloom, the doom. As if you don't get the point by now. It don't get schmaltzier than that.

'Schindler's List,' Mamet writes is "Mandingo for Jews, a slave epic made for those interested in watching well-built black men being mistreated."

What's the subtext here? The lessons of *'Schindler's List,'* of course, are that the movie is "fiction"—not ever to be considered to

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be so-called "history." That's probably why lots of young black guys laughed at it in the theater, when it was shown as part of the curriculum in politically correct history classes around the country. That's called knowing the difference between "fantasy" (a/k/a the movie) and "reality" (a/k/a watching a phoney movie about atrocities).

Puh-leez, as they say in New York. Enough politically-correct white guilt already.

But no-o-o, Spielberg isn't finished with you yet. He's got 'Amistad,' a two-hour plus guilt-a-thon that will make you plead for mercy. This time he's taken "blaxploitation" (the black exploitation movie genre of the 1970s) to a new level.

There's no strutting Shaft or street-wise Foxy Brown, however.

You get black beefcake in the form of Cinque (Djimon Hounsou), leader of the slave rebellion of muscular Africans. In a horror-movie-like opening sequence, the slaves kill the slavers on the high seas. Lightning flashes on and off with torturous closeups of the stab wounds as Cinque drives a saber again and again into the slaver's chest.

B-a-a-a-d slavers, sez Spielberg—cinematically speaking that is.

B-a-a-a-d slavers—that's what you get.

After this 1839 insurrection, the ship called Amistad ends up in New England and the case goes to trial. It's an examination of property law. Who owns the slaves? (A.) The Queen of Spain because it was a Spanish ship (B.) The American sailors that boarded the vessel (the ship and its cargo was flotsam) (C.) The slaves were illegally abducted from West Africa, so they're free men.

A young real estate property lawyer (Matthew McConaughey) takes the case—"the issue of wrongful transfer of stolen goods"—encouraged by an abolitionist (Morgan Freeman). When he wins, President Martin Van Buren (Nigel Hawthorne) appeals the verdict so it goes to the Supreme Court. There the former president John Quincy Adams (Anthony Hopkins) argues the case once again.

So now that there's "Amistad the Movie" and "Amistad the Opera," a New Yorker cartoon asks—is "Amistad the Scent" coming next? Probably not. The Theme Park concept is not an option either. While 'Waterworld' and 'Back to the Future' make "entertaining" rides and theme park "experiences," who would want to

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whip slaves (or be whipped, for that matter) in an "Amistad" virtual reality ride?

Unless...

Unless it's tied in with an S&M theme park. Spielberg's marketing people have probably proposed it.

The merchandising aspect has potential which Dreamworks has no doubt been researching. Promoting "slave bracelets" for impressionable teens might work. Or even a tie-in with McDonalds for "CinqueBurgers."

Meanwhile alternative historian Michael A. Hoffman II has written a book called *They Were White and They Were Slaves: The Untold History of the Enslavement of Whites in Early America*. His contention is that the slave trade also abused hundreds of thousands of whites, after they were kidnapped, chained, whipped, and worked to death in colonial America as well as industrial Britain.

The exploitation of history for a particular political agenda is nothing new. Just as the feature-length cartoon 'Anastasia' neglected to mention that the Bolsheviks slaughtered the Russian tsar and his family, the Romanovs, you can be sure that when you see "history" in the movies, it's a crock and a half.

But is it "emotional pornography?"

"'Schindler's List,' ostensibly an indictment of the German murder of the Jews, is finally just another instance of their abuse," writes Mamet in his essay "The Jew for Export."

"The Jews in this case are not being slaughtered," he continues. "They are merely being trotted out to entertain. It's not the Holocaust we are watching. It is a movie, and the people in the film are not actively being abused. They are acting out a drama to enable the audience to exercise a portion of its ego and call this exercise 'compassion.'"

Emotional pornography, like the other kind, is hard to define, but "you know it when you see it." It's the deliberate and crude manipulation of emotions without any redeeming social value.

Mamet ends his essay with a joke he heard in Israel, "There's no business like Shoah business." Shoah, of course, means Holocaust.

'Amistad,' of course, is another exploitation film—Pulp History 101. It's just disguised this time as *White Guilt—The Sequel*.

'Blow': Bad Karma—Why the CIA Dopers Beat the Independents

DESPITE HIS AMBITION AND ENTREPRENEURIAL skills, George Jung, the working class hero drug dealer of 'Blow,' never had a chance.

After all, even the well-dressed well-connected mobster John Gotti, Jr.—when asked in court whether his Family still sold drugs—answered, "No, we can't compete with the government."

Based on a true story with fictionalized names and Hollywood' style story changes, 'Blow' follows the life of George Jung (Johnny Depp), who stumbled into the dope business in the late 1960s.

After leaving Massachusetts, his materialism-obsessed mother (Rachel Griffiths) and his hard-working father (Ray Liotta), George ends up in Manhattan Beach, California, a Los Angeles town that was then well-known for non-stop partying.

As George comments on the scene, "Everyone was getting stoned," plus his new friends on the beach "all seemed to share the same occupation—stewardess."

So George and his friend Tuna (Ethan Suplee) meet their first

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connection, marijuana dealer and hairdresser Derek (Paul Reubens), based on a real-life character who actually laundered his profits by fronting beauty salons in L.A.'s South Bay.

Before NAFTA and "Free Trade" were even invented, George's first scheme was to import marijuana from Mexico and distribute it to Boston area college students. He used the airline stewardesses as mules, since their luggage cleared the airport without being checked.

One of the stewardesses, Barbara (Franka Potente) becomes the love of his life—until she dies of cancer. Then George's stoned version of the American Dream was shattered forever, but his drive to become financially independent only deepened his resolve.

George's dysfunctional childhood added to the karmic stew, as he remembered how his father "slowly but surely lost everything. He went bankrupt." Memories of his father's business failure fueled his ambition. "Sometimes you're flush and sometimes you're bust," his father told him. "It doesn't really matter. It only seems like it does." But George decided then and there, "I don't ever want to be poor."

When he did get busted, sent to Danbury Federal Penitentiary, George's cellmate turned out to be an associate of Colombian drug lord Pablo Escobar. In Colombia, George meets Escobar, one of the most ruthless drug traffickers, who executes an underling in front of him, then tells him that "the business today is cocaine" and that he "wants to find an American he can trust." They do the numbers -at \$10,000 per kilo, 300 kilos is \$3 million.

As George describes it, "cocaine exploded in American culture like an atomic bomb." Cultural trendsetters, movie people, and rock stars glamorized cocaine. The media popularized the new drug of choice, and cocaine production, distribution, and the subsequent laundering of drug profits had suddenly become Big Business.

(Even Peter Fonda in his autobiography, *Don't Tell Dad*, was told by some spooky types that cocaine would be the next big thing in America. It was obviously news to him.)

Miffed at US banks, which wanted to launder his drug profits for an exorbitant 60% surcharge, George then took his money to Panama where Tony Noriega, who ran the place, had a more favorable arrangement.

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George then meets a volatile Colombian cokehead named Mirtha (Penelope Cruz) and tells the world that "we were young rich and in love. It was perfect." But it wasn't. The marriage exploded. He was betrayed and then double-crossed. And in the end, George Jung was sentenced to 60 years in prison. He's due to be released in 2015.

George Jung, the independent drug trafficker, was clearly in over his head. He had absolutely no conception of How the Real World Works. He had no idea that, as a former US intelligence officer has said, the CIA is the world's most effective cocaine distributor, and therefore, as an "independent," he would eventually be characterized as "competition" to official government-sanctioned narcotics trafficking.

The context and the untold story of 'Blow' is the centralization of the cocaine trade as a vertically integrated global business. In fact, when drugs became Big Business, the "small businessman" like George Jung quickly became a nuisance and then expendable.

Jung was no match for the highly-organized, bankrolled, government-connected drug traffickers who launder their profits on Wall Street and work through Fortune 500 corporations. The efficiency of scale would have been inconceivable to a small-time operator like George Jung, who had unknowingly run head first into the Olympian drug cartel.

Today, it is fair to say that the entire global economy is a money laundry based on surreptitious illicit revenues derived from drugs and the laundering of drug profits. Think about the "feasibility" of an \$8 million book advance (Hillary Clinton). Think about the "average" \$150 million movie. Think about venture capital firms, like the Carlyle Group, Blackstone Group, and Clear Channel Communications, literally awash with money. Then try to visualize an economy that would make this possible.

As a case in point—regarding government sanctioned narcotics trafficking—Lt. Cmdr. Al Martin, US Navy (Ret.), writes in his book *The Conspirators: Secrets of an Iran Contra Insider* about "Classified Illegal Operations Cordoba and Screw Worm." He describes how Oliver North as part of Iran Contra operations planned to distribute "more cocaine into the United States than

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ever before imagined. Operation Screw Worm was the last and the largest. It envisioned a tremendous expansion of 'authorized' narcotic trafficking.

"North had set up the time in May 1986 of the first biweekly policy and planning session of the FDN and this absolutely astounded me," writes Martin. "Fred Ikley was there. Donald Gregg himself was there. The usual cast of characters Manuel Diaz, Nestor Sanchez.

"And North envisioned an increase of 50,000 kilograms a month which absolutely astounded me," Martin continues. "Jeb Bush, I think correctly, voiced concerns that had already come into play that the Agency [CIA] was dealing in so much cocaine that its street value was becoming depressed. This had already happened. In 1985, cocaine was commanding \$30,000 per kilogram. By 1986, it had dropped to \$15,000 per kilogram and was continuing to drop.

"But North felt it was important to raise the revenues, so there was going to be a tremendous increase in importation," writes Martin. "In Operation Screw Worm, all of the air routes were substantially beefed up. Almost an entire fleet of then 735 aircraft [Southern Air Transport] was now committed to the operation." (From *The Conspirators* by Al Martin; \$19.95; National Liberty Press, To order: 866-317-1390; Website: www.almartinraw.com.)

'Blow' nonetheless is a brilliant movie—directed by Ted Demme, written by David McKenna and Nick Cassavetes, and based on the book by Bruce Porter. It is a heart-rending and powerful morality play about the consequences of making wrong choices in life.

Indeed what is most tragic about the story is that George Jung's life was an opportunity lost. His opportunity for spiritual development and evolution was irrevocably squandered - until, it seems, his next lifetime.

The heavy weight of his karma—the burden of being the instrument of damaging and destroying countless lives ravaged by cocaine—is just as tragic. "Throughout my life, I've left pieces of my heart here and there," he says in the end.

George Jung has been betrayed, after all, by his own choices.

'Collateral Damage': The Truth is the First Victim

COLOMBIA SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE NEXT designated battlefield, even before Afghanistan and Iraq. After all, this is the place which produces the drugs, which power the New York Stock Exchange, which launders the money through the major banks and "investment" firms, which feeds the so-called "Global Economy."

Colombia is so important, in fact, that in 1999 NASDAQ Chairman Richard Grasso himself traveled there to convince the drug producers to continue to "invest" in the US Stock Exchange, rather than funnel their drug profits directly into the Colombian infrastructure (building hospitals and schools and so on), without giving New York its cut.

And then September 11 happened—and (cue up the sad track) the terrorist action-movie 'Collateral Damage' was postponed.

Today the real "collateral damage" is the Government-Media's complete loss of credibility with its bogus "explanation" of the destruction of the World Trade Center. Also, dummied-up poll results, showing overwhelming support for the Bush Cabal, are as ludicrous as the statistics formerly quoted by Communist State

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Organs for the overwhelming support of former Soviet "presidents."

All other issues fade in the face of these lies broadcast by the Media Cartel, hour after hour, day after day, in a relentless barrage of non-stop 24/7 propaganda.

The looming American Police State, foisted on a self-deceived, gullible, flag-waving population, has resulted in the daily loss of civil liberties and freedom. The phony "War on Terrorism" and the disingenuously named USA PATRIOT Act have likewise brought the nation to the abyss of fascist empire in America.

The role of movies cannot be underestimated in promoting the current Big Lies, and 'Collateral Damage' is just as noteworthy for its omissions of fact, as it is for the ridiculousness of its premise.

The plot of the movie (such as it is) centers on reliving the trauma of terrorism by watching the self-caricatured persona of Arnold Schwarzenegger, who plays Gordon Brewer, a Los Angeles fireman who loses his wife and son to a terrorist bomb.

There's the angry terrorist-guerilla El Lobo (Cliff Curtis), his significant other Selena (Francesca Neri), and a hard-boiled CIA man, who proclaims, "I'm fighting terrorism with terror" (Elias Koteas). Other cameos include a Canadian mechanic who gets no respect (John Turturro) and an aspiring campesino rap artist who manages a cocaine factory in Colombia (John Leguizamo).

In the end, 'Collateral Damage' is another Hollywood Revenge Fantasy, which feels simply dated and totally out of sync. Directed by Andrew Davis ('The Fugitive,' 'Above the Law'), 'Collateral Damage' is just plain insipid, considering the Real Life Traumatic Events of September 11, 2001.

Of course, there are plenty of cinematic precedents for the so-called "WTC Incident," and they include such Terrorist Classics as 'Die Hard 1 & 2,' 'Fight Club,' 'The Siege,' 'Turbulence' and even 'Independence Day.' (Remember the vaporization of buildings by electromagnetic weapons.) There was even an episode of 'The Lone Gunmen' TV show, the short-lived 'X-Files' spinoff, which was about a plane, albeit a model plane, crashing into the World Trade Center in New York.

Interestingly enough, people around the world, watching the 9-11 event live on TV were so programmed by Hollywood's special

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effects movies that they didn't even believe that the Twin Towers going down was a "real" event. They thought it was broadcast footage from the latest Hollywood blockbuster.

This deliberately engineered collision of "realities" was meant to do just that—obscure the difference between "real" events and "reel" memories.

Like the 1963 assassination of President John F. Kennedy, 9-11 in 2001 was a Global Event of trauma-based programming, a worldwide Black Magick Ritual inducing fear, loathing and hatred harvested by the Plutonian powers of Death, the Plutocracy, the Secret Rulers of the World.

What if the destruction of the World Trade Center really was an Illuminati-staged theatrical spectacle—a staged "reality"?

'Wag the Dog II,' anyone?

The "collateral damage" of 9-11 was to further polarize the globe, to divide, conquer and rule the world by re-energizing religious hatreds—the Crazy Arabs vs. the Crazy Christians in a born-again re-enactment of the murderous so-called "Crusades" 21st Century style.

Likewise the real casualty of this latest contrived "war" (the Phoney War on Terrorism) is the Truth.

You can do your part by telling everyone you know that the Government-Media Lies have no power. Their Reality Scripts lack credibility, and even the ordinary suspension of belief doesn't help. A poorly crafted and executed scam, this "9-11 WTC Incident" should have been sent back for rewrites. I mean, think about this implausible plot for "Reality"—Raghead pilots driving hijacked planes into a building?

With no NORAD or Pentagon interference?

With no warning from the CIA or FBI?

Puh-leez, as they say in New York... The Official Government Conspiracy Theory is just plain ludicrous.

When you add the fact that there was burnt human sacrifice (the victims) and a stash of gold in the basement (alchemical transformation), you have all the elements of an Occult Crime, a Black Magick Psycho-Drama on a Global Stage. And don't forget the Ritualistic Scapegoat, Osama bin Oswald, I mean, Laden.

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Osama bin Scapegoat has played his role perfectly.

Like the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor (a well-choreographed trick to involve the US in the Second World War), the "9-11" was a contrived event. And the subsequent phony War on Terrorism is just the latest pretense to rob Americans of their freedom and their civil rights and liberties.

So when you hear George Bush say, "In GOD We Trust," remember—he's talking about "Gold, Oil and Drugs." Bush is very devout. He sacrifices American citizens to his gods daily.

And when your sons and grandson die in the war for his GOD, he and those who follow him consider them "collateral damage."

'Dick': Clueless at Watergate

REAL HISTORY IS ALWAYS MORE FASCINATING than make-believe, but writer-director Andrew Fleming has chosen the latter in 'Dick'—his version of Nixon's Excellent Adventure.

Fleming's counterfeit history falls under the guise of retro 70s teen comedy—a bad Saturday Night Live sketch that goes on and on. In the end, since what you're supposed to believe is that history is just a series of random disconnected events, Fleming becomes a prime candidate for the Forrest Gump Chair of History.

Maybe somebody put a curse on Fleming. After all, he made the teen screamer 'The Craft' which some have described as "a recruitment film for witchcraft."

(Note: both witches and masons refer to their activities as "the craft.")

In 'Dick,' the conceit of the movie is that two 15-year-old girls Betsy (Kirsten Dunst) and Arlene (Michelle Williams) become Official White House Dog Walkers for Nixon (Dan Hedaya). Checkers needs to be taken out "to do his business" and so the girls keep stumbling into history. They bring cookies made with a secret

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formula from their brother's stash over to the White House. Leonid Brezhnev likes them so much that Nixon tells them that their cookies saved the world from nuclear catastrophe.

When the girls ask Nixon to stop the Vietnam War because the brother got drafted, he says it's not his fault. "If you have a problem, talk to Johnson"—who, of course, is dead.

Saul Rubinek does a great Henry Kissinger impersonation, and Will Ferrell, who looks like a Chevy Chase retread, plays star reporter Bob Woodward, while a blow-dried Bruce McCulloch plays the you're-too-vain Bernstein.

Since they live in the Watergate Apartments, the girls run into G. Gordon Liddy (Harry Shearer) who tells them, "By the time, you kids are grown, you'll be living in the Soviet Union of America?" Yuck, yuck.

It's supposed to be humorous, but dumbed-down history, even if it's sanitized and phoney, just doesn't play. After all, what's so funny about an American Coup d'Etat, which is how historians have categorized the so-called Watergate Affair?

If you're more interested in that bittersweet era of history, take a look at *Secret Agenda* (1984) by Jim Hougan, author of the excellent landmark book *Spooks: The Haunting of America, The Private Use of Secret Agents*.

In the introduction, Hougan writes that "'Watergate' then was not so much a partisan political scandal as it was, secretly, a sex scandal, the unpredictable outcome of a CIA operation that in the simplest of terms, tripped on its own shoelaces. There is more, much more, but the point is made: our recent history is a forgery, the byproduct of secret agents acting in secret agendas of their own."

CIA operative Frank Sturgis, for example, is quoted in Hougan's book as saying that he "went to see Burt Lancaster in 'Scorpio.' It's funny. The movie's about this CIA guy who's betrayed by the agency. Sorta like what happened to us, you know. I mean it doesn't take a genius to figure out that Watergate was a CIA setup. We were just pawns." (p. 219)

Also according to Hougan, Washington Post reporter Bob Woodward, author of *All the President's Men* (1974), has a strong Old Boys Network background. He is the son of a Republican judge

and a Yale graduate with a stint in the Navy as a liaison officer for the Task Force 157, an Office of Naval Intelligence operation. This ONI Task Force, using the top secret SR-1 channel, coordinated communiques between the CIA, NSA, DIA, NSC, and the State Department. Woodward undoubtedly continued his spooky work, while writing for the Washington Post, a cover story which quite frankly would be hard to beat.

Woodward himself said that "Watergate was about covert activities [which] involve the whole US intelligence community and are incredible. Deep Throat [Woodward's informant] refused to give specifics because it is against the law. The cover-up has little to do with Watergate, but was mainly to protect the covert operation." (p. 371)

"Whose covert operations?" asks Hougan. "The CIA's? Task Force 157, the FBI Joint Chiefs, NSA, DIA? These were not questions that the Post was willing to raise."

Another excellent treatment of this history is a book called *Silent Coup: The Removal of a President* (1991) by Len Colodny and Robert Gettlin.

In the foreword, scholar-journalist Roger Morris calls the book "an excavation of some vital hidden history, of a national scandal within a scandal, and of a literary-journalistic atrocity of revealing while concealing.

"A distinguishing mark of the American coup [as they refer to Watergate] is that it should remain concealed from its victims and history even after its successful execution," he continues. "It was— and has been—a cruel hoax to pretend that the most powerful institutions of the media did not have the wherewithal to uncover this story, not to mention the train of putative historians and writers who have rehearsed the fiction since." (Fleming's 'Dick' certainly falls within that camp.) "The result has been an American version of treason of the clerks, nothing less than a Constitutional betrayal of trust," concludes Morris.

According to Colodny and Gettlin, Woodward was tapped to join a Yale secret society called the Book and Snake, a less prestigious version of the notorious Skull and Bones.

Later as a Navy lieutenant, during his secret Pentagon job from

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1969-70, Woodward joined the ranks of other famous former Navy briefers like Indiana Senator Richard Lugar and Admiral Bobby Ray Inman, former CIA deputy director and former NSA chief.

Another former breifier, Fletcher Prouty, author of *The Secret Team*, wrote that within the government's power centers, "one of the most interesting and effective roles is that played by the behind-the-scenes, faceless ubiquitous briefing officer who sees the important people almost daily." During this time, Woodward traveled to the White House NSC office and had many meetings with General Alexander Haig, fingered as the most likely candidate for Deep Throat. The General's motives in leaking to Woodward and his duplicity while serving as Nixon's chief of staff are a part of history.

In the postscript to the book, the authors write that "the [Washington] Post threatened by the publication of *Silent Coup* and what it reveals about Woodward's relationship with Alexander Haig, suppressed facts about the book and twisted its coverage hoping to discredit the book before it reached the public.

"Woodward had lied about his Navy career and his briefings of Haig, and the Post, knowing of Woodward's fabrications, then lied to its readers and to hundreds of papers that subscribe to its national wire service in an effort to cover up for Woodward and protect the Watergate myth... [a myth] which sold millions of books and papers, spawned a hit movie, and made investigative reporting seem a profession of glamour and unshakable integrity," write the *Silent Coup* authors.

And speaking of myth, are you ready for a comedy called 'Bill'? Imagine—two girls stumble into a CIA cocaine smuggling operation at the Mena airport, but the Arkansas governor tells them that it's a national security issue and brings them to Washington as interns instead. Cue up the laugh track. It's the retro 90s for the new millennium.

'From Hell': Masonic Ritual Murders a/k/a Jack the Ripper

"JACK THE RIPPER IS A MISNOMER," writes Stephen Knight beginning his landmark book, *Jack the Ripper: The Final Solution*. "The name conjures up visions of a lone assassin, stalking his victims under the foggy gaslight of Whitechapel. It is just this mistaken notion, inspired almost solely by that terrifying nickname, which rendered the murders of five East End prostitutes in 1888 insoluble. For Jack the Ripper was not one man, but three, two killers and an accomplice. The facts surrounding their exploits have never before been teased from the confused skeins of truths, half-truths and lies which have been woven around this case."

The film 'From Hell,' partially based on Knight's book, is a horror movie and occult thriller-murder mystery, directed by Albert and Allen Hughes ('Menace II Society', 'Dead Presidents') and written by Terry Hayes and Rafael Yglesias.

Based on the graphic novel of the same name by Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell, 'From Hell' is a richly sculpted, fictionalized version of the suppressed history of England—how a cabal of Freemasons orchestrated the so-called "Jack the Ripper" murders.

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In the movie, Inspector Fred Abberline (Johnny Depp) tries to make sense of the serial murders in a lower-class London ghetto plagued by poverty and violence. When he's not on the job, Abberline tries to deal with the death of his wife by soaking his sorrows in absinthe and opium. Chasing the dragon, he's stoned again, when he sees the grisly murders through his astral vision—a drug-induced psychic journey through the netherworld.

Tracking him down to an opium den, his obese sidekick Peter Godley (Robbie Coltrane) brings him back to consensus reality with a well-placed bitch slap.

Meanwhile, Mary Kelly (Heather Graham) and her hooker friends are being extorted by a gang of thugs.

Abberline follows the clues, leading him to a conspiracy at the highest levels of Government and Freemasonry—Sir William Gull (Ian Holm), the Queen's physician, and Sir Charles Warren (Ian Richardson), Commissioner of Police and member of the *Ars Quator Coronatorum* Masonic Lodge—confidants to Queen Victoria herself.

A gripping, well-styled movie, 'From Hell' is a bold revision of history based on Knight's ground-breaking research.

Historically, this cabal of high-level Masons was determined to "protect" the Monarchy—and preserve their own control of the Government. After all, conspiracies of State are always informative because of the depths of depravity that show what men will do to preserve the status quo of the Ruling Class and Power Elite. In this case, the movie deftly illustrates that xenophobia and unvarnished hypocrisy are the hallmarks of the outwardly prim and proper Victorian Age. The flood of immigrants. The rising tide of socialism. The perceived threat of Catholicism to the Crown. The possibility of working-class uprising. These were all political factors in an age when the debauchery of the Ruling Class was a fact of life, as was the ruthlessness and corruption of the Crown.

"A great deal is at stake if the Establishment considers it necessary to operate a full scale cover-up," writes Knight. "For the truth of the Jack the Ripper affair to have been painstakingly concealed can mean nothing less than State security was at risk, or that someone high in the Government or the Royal Family was involved."

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Author Stephen Knight, in his out of print masterwork, *Jack the Ripper: The Final Solution*, explains how Britain's entire political system at the end of the 19th century was threatened by the hidden facts—Prince Albert Victor ("Eddy") was not only bisexual, but he had married a Roman Catholic girl and fathered a child with her. Evidently these debaucheries were so scandalous that the Ruling Class would not abide even the slightest hint of this revelation.

When a group of working girls (Annie Chapman, Marie Kelly, Elizabeth Stride and Mary Nichols) decided to blackmail the Royals, the Marquess of Salisbury, then Prime Minister, had to take care of the problem. He entrusted Sir William Gull, physician and abortionist to the Royal Family, for the mission.

One of the country's most prominent Freemasons, Gull understood that "Freemasonry was the power behind the Government and it was the unseen influence of the Masonic elders which dictated major policies, not the pleasing facade of Commons debate."

The deliberately engineered panic, i.e., the murder of five prostitutes, was done according to Masonic ritual. The ritual murder and disembowelment "met with such ghastly success because of the audacity with which they were executed," said Walter Sickert, Knight's informant whose painter-father had intimate knowledge of the Cleveland Street murders. This so-called "audacity" is a trademark of Masonic "mischief-making."

"Freemasons applaud violence, terror and crime, provided it is carried out in a crafty manner," writes Knight. "Humor is all important and the most appalling crimes may be committed under its cloak."

In fact, one of the key Masonic insights into human nature, says Knight, is the reaction of people to terrorism and serial ritual murders executed with great skill. In other words, people will marvel and say, "What a dirty trick, but how skillfully executed. What a swindle, but how well and with what courage it has been done."

This macabre sense of humor (or base insanity) is the trademark of Masonic Magick—to cause an effect, by an act so devilish yet cunning, that the entire world pays attention—while it's virtually terrorized and traumatized in the same collective gasp of horror.

"Ghoulish murders with a Puckish sense of fun" characterizes

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these atrocities. (As in—how could they possibly drive those planes into the towers? Yuck, yuck.)

"If Masonic supremacy appears in jeopardy, it is reestablished by a show of strength, by crimes of violence, perpetrated to demonstrate the continuing power of Freemasons for the benefit of Brothers abroad," writes Knight. "Crimes of violence would have been committed to reestablishing Masonic authority in the eyes of Masons everywhere.

"All Jack the Ripper victims were dispatched according to age-old Masonic ritual," Knight continues. The mutilations of the "unfortunates" were done according to Masonic tradition, the standard way of dealing with "traitors." In fact, the oath recited by initiates promises a ghastly death and mutilation—in the case of "betrayal."

'From Hell' actually shows a Masonic ritual of initiation, and the candidate's recited vow of promised retribution in the case of his "betrayal" sounds like a dictation from the devil himself.

It is, after all, the standard Illuminati Two Fer (Two, Two, Two for the Price of One). In this case, Number One is to eliminate the blackmailers and witnesses, the prostitutes who knew about Eddie's indiscretions. And Number Two is to instill terror in the general populace by horrific murders (and "unsolved mysteries"), which traumatize the people into deeper submission and subconscious programming.

The "deliberately engineered panic" to which Knight refers has been used historically to shift the paradigm from a scam which is about to be uncovered to a new collective "concern."

The movie 'Wag the Dog,' of course, illustrates this concept with unsurpassed brilliance. Divert attention from a potential scandal (the President's sexual indiscretions) to a greater potential problem (a "manufactured" war) and the entire population is once again under a "hoodwink."

As Dr. Albert Mackey, a 33rd Degree Freemason writes in The Encyclopedia of Freemasonry, a hoodwink is "a symbol of the secrecy, silence and darkness in which the mysteries of the art should be preserved from the unhallowed gaze of the profane."

In other words, when attention is diverted even for a nanosecond,

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the con artist (shell game practitioner, or magician) once again confuses his mark. The street-wise expression is simply "The House Always Wins."

Knight maintains that Inspector Abberline was historically part of the cover-up himself, and that the real "hero" was actually Ernest Parke, a twenty nine-year-old editor of the North London Press, "who pinpointed in his newspaper the deliberate mishandling of the brothel investigation and trial. He attacked the police not only for allowing one of the conspirators to escape to the Continent, but also for giving him so much time in which to do so that he managed to take his furniture with him. He attacked the court for passing a sentence of four months for Veck, who has been one of the worst offenders in an unsavory case." Then Parke himself was charged with criminal libel in an unrelated case and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, effectively silencing him for probing much too deeply.

Though finding out that the "Jack the Ripper" murders, masterminded by Freemasons and perpetrated according to Masonic ritual, is an astonishing revelation to many people, the Whitechapel Murders are not the first to be attributed to Masonic skullduggery.

- Freemason Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, who left the brotherhood in his later years, was allegedly poisoned for his "betrayal," as well as for revealing their esoteric secrets in "The Magic Flute."
- William Morgan, author of a major 19th century expose of the Brotherhood called "Freemasonry Exposed," was murdered.
- Film director Stanley Kubrick mysteriously died after his ritual-obsessed movie "Eyes Wide Shut" was completed.
- And yes, Stephen Knight, author of Jack the Ripper: The Final Solution also mysteriously died after his best-selling book The Brotherhood: The Secret World of the Freemasons was published in 1984.

The Craft (both Wicca and Freemasonry) is alive and well on Planet Earth.

As a fictionalized account of the Ripper killings, 'From Hell' gets closer to true history than any other work of fiction—or even

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so-called "history" itself. It even shows the genesis of today's voodoo science and its bizarre obsession with psycho-surgery or lobotomies as well as cut-and-burn AMA-sanctioned "medicine."

Most importantly, 'From Hell' shows, in gruesome detail, the deep long-standing connection between the world's most mysterious society and the world's most mysterious murders.

Conspiracy, after all, is not just Business-As-Usual; it's also Government-As-Usual too.

'The Patriot': Don't Tread on Me—Or Else

WHAT IF THE ATROCITIES OF WAR came to your front yard—if your son was shot in the back in cold blood—if your house was torched while you looked on helplessly?

Directed by Roland Emmerich ('Independence Day') and written by Robert Rodat ('Saving Private Ryan'), 'The Patriot' is the archetypal story of the Reluctant Warrior. He's the man who has seen—and experienced—too much bloodshed, yet he understands that the fight for freedom is a never-ending battle, as long as tyrants walk the earth.

The film begins in 1776 with a South Carolina farmer, Benjamin Martin (Mel Gibson), a widower with seven children and the veteran of the French and Indian Wars.

While his son Gabriel (Heath Ledger) is eager to enlist in the Continental Army, Martin delivers an impassioned speech against the war, declaring, "I'm a parent. I haven't got the luxury of [having] principles."

Bathed in the golden light of magic hour, the family's idyllic lifestyle is shattered by British troops and their ruthless slaughter of

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the colonials. After his own son is murdered by the British dragoon Col. Tavington (Jason Isaacs) and his house is burned down, Martin breaks out his cache of flintlock rifles and takes his 10 and 12-year-old boys on a raid against the cruel invaders.

Indeed 'The Patriot' shows the inception of guerilla warfare on American soil, loosely based on the exploits of Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox," hero of the 1950s Disney TV shows.

Martin's prayer, "Lord, make me fast and accurate," makes the ensuing bloodbath all the more ironic. The brutal, graphically violent, hand-to-hand fighting with hatchet and musket is so shocking that even his boys are speechless at the transformation of their father into a blood and gore drenched killing machine.

In the age-old conflict between family and duty, the son tells his father, "I'm a soldier. It's my duty [to fight]." The father replies, "Your duty is to your family."

In this context (patriot, by the way, is "a person who loves, supports and defends his or her country"), the film is framed around the question—when does self-defense become the most important issue in a man's life?

As an answer, Martin's pacifism disappears and he joins his war veteran friend Col. Burwell (Chris Cooper) as the head of the South Carolina Militia. "Going muzzle to muzzle with the Redcoats in the field—it's madness," he says, as he develops his own hit-and-run fighting style which wreaks havoc with what the British consider the "proper" protocols of war.

As the farmer-turned-soldier continues to melt his murdered son's tin soldiers into lead balls for his musket, the war moves on through more battles, more slaughter and more bloodshed. "I have long feared that my sins would come back to visit me and the cost is more than I can bear," he says. Mel Gibson's performance as the vulnerable grief-filled family man, the man of constant sorrows, is made more poignant by his understanding of the karma of war.

Just as the film 'Gladiator' defined The Betrayal of the Warrior, the theme of 'The Patriot' is The Warrior's Redemption. The inconsolable grief of seeing your children die in battle is underscored by the Warrior's ineffable understanding. "You can justify this sacrifice? Why do men feel they can justify death?" he asks.

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German-born director Emmerich's staging of the spectacle of the American Revolutionary War and its atrocities, as well as the grueling emotions of combat are bereft of the gung-ho drippiness of 'Independence Day.' The sticky sentimentality of Rodat's 'Saving Private Ryan' is also thankfully absent.

Curiously, however, the film omits any mention of the mercenary Hessian (read German) soldiers who were drafted and sent to the New World to fight for King George III.

'The Patriot,' however, will be provocative to the anglophiles who are so vocal on behalf of the "cousins." British film reviewers have chided Gibson for so-called "historical distortions," i.e. Brits have not always acted like ruthless Nazis in pursuit of their Empire. The mayor of Liverpool even asked for an apology regarding the portrayal of the Tavington character. Several of Gibson's other movies, after all, have had British villains, notably 'Gallipoli' and 'Braveheart.'

'The Patriot' is also resonant with the immediacy—and politically incorrect inferences—of current history. When the British colonel burns down a church full of people, one can't help but be reminded of the Waco Massacre and the slaughter of the innocents by FBI snipers, Delta Forces and other government troops.

In another pointed remark, the Mel Gibson character says, "I believe you underestimated our militia."

'The Patriot' then is Mel Gibson's note of warning to the New World Orderlies. It is also a powerful anti-gun control statement, and a reminder that as long as Americans have weapons, they will defend themselves.

Unilateral disarmament of the people of any nation, of course, has always been a precedent to the mass murders which invariably follow.

When the foppish Gen. Cornwallis (Tom Wilkinson) is shocked by the war's outcome, he sneers, "This army of rabble. Peasants." It's a wink to the audience that the tyrants of the world will never overcome the indefatigable forces of freedom.

Tyranny will not stand—whether in Soviet Washington, D.C. or in the globalists' plans of genocide and world enslavement.

Moral of the story? Keep your power dry. Freedom Fighters of the World Unite.

"Saving Private Ryan": Spielberg's War Is Just Schmalz ana Gore

DIRECTOR STEVEN SPIELBERG'S 'Saving Private Ryan' is like a new improved version of Forrest Chump Goes To War. Let's face it—they just don't brainwash 'em like they used to.

WW II was supposed to be the oxymoronic "Good War," a raging success for epidemic hysteria and mass mind control. Since then, however, when the Masters of War start recruiting more "cannon fodder," it just hasn't been as easy.

The opening scene of the movie shows an old man walking in a cemetery. Passing a field of stone crosses, he breaks down and cries. As the camera zooms in on his face—and into his eyes, he remembers—D-Day.

A handheld documentary-style jittery camera then follows the horrendous slaughter on the beaches of Normandy.

Spielberg's D-Day is a virtually unintelligible sequence of choreographed death—yelling, screaming, explosions and bullets ripping into flesh. It's mind-numbing, headache-inducing and painful to watch. There hasn't been such hallucinogenic violence since Francis Ford Coppola's War-As-Satanic-Ritual movie 'Apocalypse

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Now.' And even though Sam Peckinpah's 'The Wild Bunch' remains a benchmark for slo-mo death, Spielberg's 'Saving Private Ryan' is just as intense. The so-called "realism" of Spielberg's movie exceeds the mayhem of even the goriest slasher flicks.

Composer John Williams' sonorous music and cinematographer Janusz Kaminski's camerawork create a curious combination of schmaltz 'n' gore—a sappy sentimental story bookended by outrageous battlefield slaughter. There's the constantly washed-out colors of faux-war footage. The theme of water mixing with blood. Dead bodies on the beach in the tide. Men bleeding to death in the rain.

Tom Hanks does his role as the 20th Century Everyman. As Captain John Miller, he's given an improbable mission of mercy—rescuing Private Ryan from the battlefield, since his three other brothers have already been killed in action. The implication is that General George C. Marshall is a compassionate guy. Three dead brothers is fine, but four dead brothers from the same family is a no-no.

"If the boy is alive, we're going to send somebody to find him," says the general, whose corporate-welfare Marshall Plan rebuilt war-destroyed Germany as a bulwark against the newly-designated "bad guys."

Historian Antony C. Sutton's book aptly named *The Best Enemy Money Can Buy* documents the U.S. military build-up of the Soviet Union—after WWII and after Nazi "war criminals" were integrated into American society through Operation Paperclip.

In the movie, the disingenuous Marshall even reads Abe Lincoln's condolence letter to the mother of five sons who "died gloriously in battle." Gloriously? In this movie it's a gung ho suicide mission with Tom Hanks and his team. When they finally find Private Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to leave, saying, "I'm with the only brothers I have left." He has another great line, "It doesn't make any sense." He's right.

"War is a cleansing ritual," writes Lloyd deMause, author *The Foundations of Psychohistory*. He believes that history runs in cycles and that these cycles have their ultimate origins in common childhood, infantile, birth and pre-birth traumas. (*Journal of Psychohistory*, 140 Riverside Dr., New York, NY 10024, www.geocities.com/HotSprings/Spa/7173)

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In an article called "Restaging Fetal Traumas in War and Social Violence," he writes that "war is the final chapter of our restaging of early traumas that we practice in so many of our social activities—from the eighteen thousand murders the average child sees on TV to the games we play in which we practice the mental mechanisms necessary to turn others into 'enemies.'"

"It is not easy to get soldiers to inflict trauma upon others in war," continues deMause, "only perhaps two percent enjoy killing enemies, so we must train them from childhood how to switch into the group trance state necessary to produce sacrificial violence."

Remember that phrase "sacrificial violence."

Chanting the mantra of mind-controlled slaves, the soldiers in the movie joke around saying "Ours is not to wonder why, ours is just to do and die." Even in World War II, it took the Overlords of the Elite plenty of mass conditioning to convince Americans to sacrifice themselves on the altar of Moloch.

Sending young men to war, after all, is just a progressive form of child sacrifice.

DeMause's view of how to stop the cycle of violence which leads to war is simple.

"If early traumas are the cause of war and social violence," writes DeMause, "then radically reducing these traumas can be reasonably expected to reduce social violence and domination."

Push the buttons of trauma-based conditioning and revenge fantasies and you have a new generation of grunts ready to fight. The timing of this movie will have you wondering—are the Masters of War getting ready for another Big One?

The final banality of the movie is the last scene in which the Old Soldier, presumably Private Ryan, has just re-experienced his memories as the movie itself.

Full of self-doubt and loathing, he says to his wife, "Tell me I'm a good man."

"You are," she says, and in an instant, you have Spielberg's Benediction and Absolution.

After all, you asked for it.

Hell—you paid for it—if you saw the movie.

'Seven Years in Tibet': Before the Chinese Holocaust

MASS MURDERER MAO TSE TUNG SAID, "Power comes out of the barrel of a gun." So when the Chinese Communist hordes invaded Tibet in 1959, there was nothing to stop them. And that's where the movie 'Seven Years in Tibet' ends—just before the genocide of the Tibetans.

The film itself, loosely based on autobiography, stars Brad Pitt as Austrian mountain climber Heinrich Harrer, a man on a mission to conquer the highest peaks of the Himalayas. He even leaves his pregnant wife behind in pursuit of his own holy grail.

His team, led by Peter Aufshnaiter (David Thewlis), was unsuccessful in reaching the summit of Nanga Parbat in eastern India. Then the Second World War erupted, and Harrer and company were captured by the British and held in a POW camp.

After they escaped, they made their way to the Forbidden City of Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, a secluded otherworldly kingdom isolated by geography and cultural tradition.

Harrer actually became a tutor and friend to the young Dalai Lama (Jamyang Wangchuk), a boy fascinated by Western civilization but completely unprepared for the political and military

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treachery of the Communist Chinese.

Director Jean-Jacques Annaud (The Bear,' The Name of the Rose,' 'Quest for Fire') does what he can with the script by screenwriter Becky Johnston(The Prince of Tides'). According to an interview in Film & Video Magazine, Annaud calls it "a story about redemption with an 80 million dollar budget." Whatever.

Historically speaking it's amazing to realize that the Tibetans were explicitly warned about the Chinese threat by the thirteenth Dalai Lama in 1932. His final testament was an awesome and prescient vision called "The Prophecies of the Great Thirteenth." This is what he said:

"Our two most powerful neighbors are India and China, both of whom have very powerful armies. Therefore we must try to establish amicable relations with both of them. There are also a number of smaller countries near our borders who maintain a strong military. Because of this it is important that we too maintain an efficient army of young and well-trained soldiers and are able to establish the security of the country...

"If we do not make preparations to defend ourselves from the overflow of violence, we will have very little chance of survival. In particular, we must guard ourselves against the barbaric Red Communists who carry terror and destruction with them wherever they go. They are the worst of the worst...

"It will not be long before we find the Red onslaught at our own front door. It is only a matter of time before we come into a direct confrontation with it, either from within our own ranks or else as a threat from an external nation. And when that happens, we must be ready to defend ourselves...

"Therefore now when the strength of peace and happiness is with us, while the power to do something about the situation is still in our hands, we should make every effort to safeguard against this impending disaster. Use peaceful methods where they are appropriate; but where they are not appropriate, do not hesitate to resort to more forceful means. Work diligently now while there is still time. Then there will be no regrets. (Glenn H. Mullin, "The Great Thirteenth's Last New Year Sermon," Tibetan Review 22 [October 1987]).

So why did they ignore this counsel? You'd think that forewarned

would be forearmed.

Chinese bribery and bureaucratic negligence kept the Tibetans in ignorant bliss—until the Communists attacked. The death toll is one million Tibetans killed and six thousand monasteries destroyed, according to the movie's postscript.

The current Dalai Lama, Tibet's exiled spiritual and temporal leader, evidently lacks the understanding that protection on earth only comes through spiritual and physical defenses. Tibet's spiritual and physical protection was obviously insufficient.

Since he is a highly educated man, it becomes clear that his stated policy of accommodation with the Chinese is an unfortunate misguided choice. Is he, as they say, in denial? To this day he refuses to deal with the reality of China's barbaric leaders and the unrepentant Evil they represent.

Buddhism has never been an advocacy of pacifism or of passivity in the face of intransigent Evil. After all Buddha himself confronted, challenged, and conquered Evil in his encounter with Mara the Tempter.

With that background in mind, the Dalai Lama's inability to defend the Tibetan people and to preserve their cultural and spiritual heritage is an absolute tragedy.

True spirituality is knowing the value of the Dharma—and defending it. As Peter says in the film, after the Chinese general stomps through an intricate colored sand mandala, "History repeats itself. Even in paradise."

It makes you wonder about the U.S. government's diffidence as well. Is China anything more than a "captive" market for Coke and Windows?

When the People's Republic of China persists in its campaign state terrorism against its own people and its Tibetan neighbors, when human rights abuses continue without censure, what can you do?

Of course there's always bumper sticker ideology:

- Free Tibet.
- Boycott Red China—especially slave-labor made products. But most importantly, 'Seven Years in Tibet' is a pointed reminder that so-called gun control by any would-be tyrants ensures genocide. You can count on it.

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Suggested Reading:

Unintended Consequences, by John Ross. Accurate Press, 7188 Manchester Rd., St. Louis, Missouri 63143 (314) 645-1700. A highly provocative and controversial novel about a registered gun dealer who gets raided by the BATE This unfortunately precipitates another American civil war with open season on the feds.

Lethal Laws, by Jay Simkin, Aaron Zelman and Alan M. Rice. JFPO, 2872 S. Wentworth Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53207 (414) 769-0760. Documentary evidence that enforcement of so-called "gun control" laws clears the way for governments to commit genocide.

Gun Control: Gateway to Tyranny, by Jay Simkin and Aaron Zelman. JFPO, 2872 S. Wentworth Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53207 (414) 769-0760. An analysis of the original German text and translation of the Nazi Weapons Law (18 March 1938) shows the Nazi roots of U.S. Gun Control Laws.

'Summer of Sam': Sex, Drugs and the "Lone Nut" Killer

WITH THE ANOINTING OF THE MASS MEDIA cartel, David Berkowitz became the designated "lone nut" killer and the scapegoat for the infamous 1977 Son of Sam serial murders in New York.

Maury Terry, author of *The Ultimate Evil* (Bantam) thinks otherwise. His book presents the results of an extensive investigation which shows that Berkowitz did not kill alone, but was in fact one of several hitmen for a Satanic drug cult network.

"There is compelling evidence of the existence of a nationwide network of Satanic cults; some aligned more closely than others," wrote Terry. "Some are purveying narcotics; others have branched into child pornography and violent sadomasochistic crime including murder."

Numerous other connections in Terry's 640-page book have linked the Son of Sam serial killer(s) with murders committed in Los Angeles, San Francisco, North Dakota and Long Island, New York. The media version contends that he operated alone to kill six

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and wound six others.

Director Spike Lee's version of these events, 'Summer of Sam,' is a B-movie horror flick which reinforces the media mythology of the "lone nut" killer. The brutal murders are simply reduced to atmosphere, just a backdrop for neighborhood fear, suspicion and paranoia. An ensemble cast of Fonzie-type losers, ageing White Boys N the Hood, becomes a vigilante lynch mob, as the movie rolls on to the inevitable catharsis of violence.

The story? Skanky-looking hairdresser Vinnie (John Leguizamo) cheats on his beautiful wife Dionna (Mira Sorvino) while their pals squabble and speculate about the brutal "Son of Sam" murders. It's also the clash of Disco vs. Punk, personified by spike-haired Ritchie (Adrien Brody) who plays at CBGB, even while Vinnie likes to party at Club 54—a low-rent version of "Saturday Nigh Fever."

Actor Spike Lee casts himself as a nebbish news announcer, while director Spike Lee plays up the soft porno, sex and death formula of exploitation films—even while pretending to be socially significant.

In the real story, David Berkowitz was arrested in August 1977 and convicted without trial. After Terry's book came out, it prompted Queens District Attorney John J. Santucci to reopen the case.

Berkowitz himself sent a letter to a California preacher in which he claimed that he was a member of a Satanic cult. "I really don't know how to begin this letter," he wrote, "but at one time I was a member of an occult group. Being sworn to secrecy or face death, I cannot reveal the name of the group nor do I wish to. This group contained a mixture of satanic practices, including the teachings of Aleister Crowley and Eliphaz Levi."

Berkowitz's occult references are straightforward. One of the Son of Sam murders was committed at Elephas, a Queens, New York disco. Elephas also means elephant in Latin. The elephant is the demon Behemoth, another reference in the Son of Sam letter to New York Police Captain Borelli.

"It was (still is) totally blood oriented and I am certain you know just what I mean," continued Berkowitz. "The Coven's doctrines are a blend of ancient Druidism, teachings of the Secret

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Order of the Golden Dawn, Black Magick and a host of other unlawful and obnoxious practices."

"Satanists are peculiar people," wrote Berkowitz in another letter to an attorney.

"They aren't ignorant peasants or semi-illiterate natives. Rather, their ranks are filled with doctors, lawyers, businessmen and basically responsible citizens. They are normal on the outside at least. They are not a careless group who are apt to make mistakes. But they are secretive and bonded together by a common need and a desire to mete out havoc on society. It was Aleister Crowley who said, 'I want blasphemy, murder, rape, revolution, anything bad.' Surely you will agree that death literally followed Crowleys footsteps."

His clues in the infamous letter to columnist Jimmy Breslin included other occult references to "Wicked King Wicker," the "chubby behemoth," and "John Wheaties Rapist and Suffocater of Young Girls," a reference to John Carr who was later also killed.

"Wicked King Wicker" was memorialized in the 1973 film 'The Wicker Man,' an occult thriller about a Christian police inspector investigating the disappearance of a schoolgirl on a Scottish island. The film culminates in the ritual sacrifice of the man by the islanders in order to ensure a bountiful harvest. He is burned alive, caged inside a effigy of a giant wicker man. The word "wicker" also implies witchcraft and its formalized name, wicca.

A sigil or occult symbol at the end of Berkowitz's letter is very similar to "The Goetic Circle of Black Evocation and Pacts" from the "Book of Ceremonial Magic." The symbol was created by 19th century occultist Eliphas Levi. Get it? Elephas Disco.

Eliphas Levi. It seems that the writer of the Son of Sam letter was doing some serious diddling with Jimmy Breslin and the police.

The graphic symbol also included "Berkaial," a fallen angel occultification of "Berk," his nickname, as well as "Amasarac," which backwards implies more than a passing resemblance to "Sam Carr."

Another letter from Berkowitz was also suppressed by the New York Police. "This is a warning to all police agencies in the tri-state area," wrote Berkowitz. "For your information, a satanic cult (devil worshippers and practitioners of witchcraft) that has been

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established for quite some time has been instructed by their high command (Satan) to begin to systematically kill and slaughter young girls or people of good health and clean blood.

"They plan to kill at least 1200 young wemon [sic] and men, but mostly wemon as part of a satanic ritual which involves the shedding of the victims' innocent blood."

The letter's chilling and enigmatic conclusion was: "I David Berkowitz have been chosen from birth to be one of the executioners of the cult."

Chosen from birth? The implication is that he was one of several programmed "lone nut killers."

David Richard Berkowitz was the illegitimate son of Betty Broder and a married businessman named Joseph Klineman. He was later adopted by Nathan and Pearl Berkowitz. While he was in the US Army, Berkowitz experimented with LSD, according to Terry. Did he in fact then become another "Son of [Uncle] Sam," another killer programmed with drugs and mind control?

Former FBI agent Ted Gunderson, author of "Corruption: The Satanic Drug Cult Network and Missing Children" is unequivocal in his conclusions. "We have information that police officers, prosecutors, morticians, ministers, teachers, doctors, lawyers and others of all ages in all walks of life are practicing satanists. Many of these individuals lead double lives. To some they appear as leading citizens of the community and to their fellow cult members they are dedicated evil worshippers."

Michael A. Hoffman II, author of, *Secret Societies and Psychological Warfare*, says "the Son of Sam murders, as well as the murders of Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and John Lennon reinforced the grip of mind control on the people through fear and acquiescence.

"One: the ritual murders are successfully accomplished. The principals get away, the scapegoat conveniently takes the blame. Two: later we learn the truth but no one is prosecuted. We are mocked, disoriented and demoralized."

For this occult technology of power to work, consent by the public is crucial to the process of mass media mind control. According to Hoffman, "the alchemical principle of the Revelation of the

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Method has as its chief component, a clown-like grinning mockery of the victims as a show of power and macabre arrogance. When this is performed in a veiled manner accomplished by certain occult signs and symbolical words and elicits no meaningful response of opposition or resistance from the targets, it is one of the most efficacious techniques of psychological warfare and mind-rape."

Hoffman concludes that "this Process surfaces in many other 'lone nut serial murders' as well. In the Son of Sam case we saw Berkowitz infallibly presented by the establishment media and police as the person solely responsible, in spite of massive evidence of which the national media and New York Police were very well aware, making it impossible for Berkowitz to have been the trigger-man in more than half of the killings."

Author Andrew Boyd documents ritual crimes, serial killers and satanic murders in his compelling book, *Blasphemous Rumours: Is satanic ritual abuse fact or fantasy? An investigation* (Fount, London 1991). He writes "if we are to open our minds, we need to suspend only our denial whilst retaining our right and our imperative to question. This is not a call to credulity. It is a call to make the determined choice to lower our shields of disbelief and make ourselves vulnerable to listen, consider, seek out, and weigh the evidence, then fighting the compulsion to react or retreat, decide with compassion and maturity how each of us can best make his response."

After all, the satanists have made their own response—mayhem and murder—quite clear.

'Three Kings': Flirting with Bush's War

IT'S MARCH 1991. BUSH'S Iraqi War has ended, and nobody cares. "Are we shooting? Are we shooting people, or what?" asks a soldier, watching as an Iraqi waves a white flag. "I think the guy has a weapon," another answers looking through his binoculars.

The soldier squeezes off a shot, and the surrendering Iraqi falls to the ground.

"Congratulations. You just shot yourself a raghead."

'Three Kings,' a brilliant dark comedy written and directed by David O. Russell, is set in politically incorrect territory. A black commanding officer, for example, tells his underling that calling the Iraqi a 'sand coon' is not appropriate, but 'raghead' is just fine.

Continuous irony about the pointlessness of the Gulf War (in essence a US Government publicity stunt) drives this off-beat adventure story. Think of 'Three Kings' as "Three Stooges Go To Iraq," or "Animal House In the Sand Dunes."

In fact, in the first few minutes of the film, the Colonel tells Major Gates (George Clooney), "This is a media war and you better get on board."

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Gates knows the score. He says, "We dropped a lot of bombs and we buried a lot of guys out here," referring to the alleged burial of live Iraqi troops by American soldiers, even while the hapless Iraqis were surrendering.

A Special Forces guy, just about to retire, Gates leads Troy (Mark Wahlberg), Chief (Ice Cube) and Conrad (Spike Jonz) in a treasure hunt for the stolen gold bullion which Saddam's soldiers stole from Kuwait.

"Saddam stole it from the sheiks. I have no problem stealing it from Saddam," says Gates, rationalizing their unauthorized gold recovery mission as the film steers into "Treasure of the Sierra Madre" country.

The movie gets its title from the loveable cracker Conrad who sings "We three kings are stealing the gold"—to the tune of the well-known Christmas carol.

"We didn't get to see any action," he then complains, so Gates takes them joyriding in a desert dunebuggy, using a 50 caliber machine gun to do some skeet-shooting, using nerf footballs filled with explosives as targets.

Along the way they meet Iraqi rebels, betrayed by the CIA and tortured by Saddam's Republican Guards. Gates patiently explains to his cohorts, "Bush told the people to rise up against Saddam. We didn't support them."

Later, in an underground bunker, the would-be gold thieves discover a veritable cache of stolen Kuwaiti watches, jewelry, CD players, Levis, Cuisinarts and finally—many, many suitcases full of gold bars.

Scene by scene, the absurdity and the horrors of war are captured by Russell's acerbic writing and deft direction. Underscoring his points, Russell inserts cinematic tangents, brief asides or flashbacks, and "educational" footage into the action of the story itself.

When Gates asks his followers, "You don't want to go back to your dayjobs, do you?" Chief screws up his eyebrows and remembers his torturous job as an airline baggage handler. Conrad remembers himself as a high school dropout hillbilly in the backwoods.

As Gates describes the awful effects of a bullet, we see the bullet entering the viscera in slow motion, slamming into organs like

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a medical documentary, green bile seeping into the stomach cavity.

The so-called "Operation Desert Storm" is revealed to be a media event produced by Pentagon spinmeisters for public consumption on CNN. A woman reporter—clearly a caricature of Christiane Amanpour—Adriana Cruz (Nora Dunn) keeps dogging Gates for the big story, complaining that she's done everything there is to do. Then, in an anti-climax of depression and dread, she breaks down and weeps at the sight of oil covered pelicans struggling in the ecological disaster of Iraq.

The history of Bush's War—like the movie 'Three Kings'—will be remembered as a tragic farce.

John Coleman, author of *Diplomacy by Deception*, calls it "the brutal illegal Gulf War," and says "it must be viewed as a single component of the Committee of 300's overall strategy for the Middle East oil-producing Islamic states.

"British imperialists, aided by their American cousins, began to implement their plans to seize control of all Middle East oil in or around the mid 1800's," writes Coleman. He also maintains that "the war was illegal because only Congress can declare war, according to the US Constitution, Article I, Section 8, clauses 1, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 18.

"No elected official can override the provisions of the Constitution," Coleman continues, "and both former Secretary of State James Baker III and President George Bush ought to have been impeached for violating the Constitution."

Coleman also reveals that "a British intelligence source told [him] that when Baker met Queen Elizabeth II at Buckingham Palace, he actually bragged about how he got around the Constitution, and then in the presence of the queen, chastised Edward Heath who had opposed the war."

President George Herbert Walker Bush was rewarded for his work by the Queen. He is now officially Sir George Bush.

US maneuvering began at least three years before Bush officially went on the offensive, says Coleman. First, the US armed Iraq and encouraged it to fight Iran in the so-called "meat-grinder war," a war of catastrophically severe casualties. The war, after all, was designed to weaken both Iran and Iraq, so they would never again be a threat

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to US and British oil interests, or a military threat to Israel.

Then the US Agricultural Department provided loans to Iraq worth \$365 million, which were used to buy military hardware instead—the so-called BNL-Iraqgate Scandal. It was effectively covered up by the Bush Administration in the face of investigations, first by Congressman Henry Gonzalez and later by Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh.

And that's how the phoney Gulf War was set up. No wonder the American troops didn't have a clue.

"The war is over, and I don't know what this war is about," says the woman reporter in the film.

Writer-director Russell, whose previous films include 'Spanking the Monkey' (1994) and 'Flirting with Disaster' (1996) has created a classic in the tradition of the best black comedy pictures of Preston Sturges ('The Great McGinty'), Robert Altman ('The Player') and Stanley Kubrick ('Dr. Strange love').

'Three Kings' goes careening from one outrageous gag to another. Russell's hyperkinetic film style and Newton Thomas Sigel's inventive camerawork makes this ensemble cast comedy a masterpiece.

In the film, the American soldiers' redemption lies in doing the right thing—helping the Iraqi rebels—in the face of their own self-interests and the US Army's policy-driven ineptness.

Russell's absurdist movie works so well because Bush's War was an absurdist spectacle itself.

The movie however doesn't address the question that enquiring minds want to know—did George Bush really get a payoff from the Kuwaitis? Only his off-shore bank accounts know for sure, but this and other unsavory rumors have swirled around the former CIA director and New World Orderly ever since. Maybe it's time to take a closer look at the Bush family slush funds.

What is in that Pilgrim Investment Fund, the Bush family's so-called "investment vehicle"?

'Traffic': How the Drug War Was Lost

THERE ARE NO GOOD GUYS OR bad guys in the so-called War on Drugs. Only losers. On that theme, 'Traffic,' directed by Steven Soderbergh and written by Stephen Gaghan, is a brilliant movie. It's engaging, heart-breaking and all too real, interweaving multiple storylines with a top-notch ensemble cast.

One story begins with Tijuana cop Javier Rodriguez (Benicio Del Toro) and his partner Manolo Sanchez (Jacob Vargas) on a stakeout in the desert. They confiscate a truckload of drugs, only to be overtaken by Mexican army troops in shining new black Suburbans. The punchline of this opening sequence? There is no difference between the drug traffickers and Mexican government officials. They are literally the same people.

In another story, Ohio Supreme Court Justice Robert Wakefield (Michael Douglas) defends US asset seizure laws saying there's "no sacred protection of property rights in the United States"—if you grow a controlled substance like marijuana—or, he should have added, if they plant it on you.

Ironically, even though he's tapped to be the new so-called

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Drug Czar, the head of the US Office of Drug Control Policy, he and his wife (Amy Irving) are in complete denial about their daughter (Erika Christensen) and her upper-class prep-school friends in Cincinnati, who party with drugs like it's the end of the world.

Meanwhile in ritzy La Jolla, California, north of San Diego, Helena Ayala (Catherine Zeta-Jones) watches as her husband Carlos (Steven Bauer) is dragged off by DEA agents. She's also in denial. She doesn't have a clue that she enjoys her high-maintenance lifestyle because her husband is not only a "businessman" but a drug trafficking kingpin as well.

At the same time, undercover agents Montie Gordon (Don Cheadle) and Ray Castro (Luis Guzman) are working a case against another "businessman," Eduardo Ruiz (Michael Ferrer), who has been arrested and decides to turn against his boss.

The two agents, a Latino and a African American, talk about their "dreams about busting the top people. The rich people. The white people." In other words, even low-level DEA agents know who's really running the drug trafficking.

Moving deftly between shakedowns in Mexico to cocktail parties in Washington, Soderbergh uses a shoot from the hip documentary style to produce the fast-paced immediacy of the drug war-business and the players at all levels.

The movie's "Scenes from the Drug War" approach shows the intricate relationships of all the players. However—Surprise!—the movie doesn't even hint at the complicity of US Government, military and CIA sanctioned narcotics trafficking—a fact of life documented extensively in many highly credible first-hand accounts.

One of the characters even says, "In Mexico, law enforcement is an entrepreneurial activity. Not so in the United States." This politically correct disclaimer is, of course, untrue—and one of the few false notes of "Traffic."

Many books written by former DEA and CIA agents confirm that the US Government through its agencies has been condoning and sanctioning drug trafficking for at least 50 years—if not longer.

The specious term "War on Drugs" is just a way for the top players to eliminate the competition.

IV. SECRETS AND LIES OF HISTORY

Need for evidence? Here's a list of books which deliver the facts of US Government drug trafficking:

- Defrauding America by Rodney Stich
- White Lies by Alexander Cockburn
- Drugging America by Rodney Stich
- Powderburns by Celerino Castillo

Regarding Traffic,' the most relevant book is Gary Webb's heavily documented Dark Alliance: The CIA, The Contras and the Crack Cocaine Explosion. In this groundbreaking expose, Webb details the exploits of "Freeway" Ricky Ross, a Los Angeles based distributor of CIA cocaine who networked with CIA-connected Nicaraguans and the Iran Contra drug trafficking network.

What ties in with the Traffic' movie is that Ross had actually set up crack cocaine distribution networks throughout the country—including Cincinnati, the scene of the Michael Douglas Drug Czar character and his crack-whore daughter.

Of course, the irony of Iran-Contra Cocaine and the so-called Cincinnati Connection is that while the CIA specifically targeted blacks (they actually referred to blacks dying from cocaine as a "self-cleaning oven") the upper class—and its children—had also succumbed to the CIA's drugs. In other words, though the CIA thought they would make money on blacks killing themselves with drugs, rich white people also became susceptible. There are no class or geographic barriers to addiction.

"He kept saying he could get me stuff for really cheap and we could make a lot of money with it in Cincinnati, [said Ross]" in Webb's book. "Ross knew Danilo [Blandon, the Nicaraguan supplier] was right. He'd checked around town and had been amazed at how much folks in Ohio were paying for their dope [Ross said] 'I got down there and started meeting people and they were telling me, Aw man, it's this and it's that.' Then my friend from Miami came by and said, 'Hey man, come on. I'll give it to you for ten. So he was talking about giving it to me for \$10,000 and in Cincinnati, keys were selling for \$50,000.' Ross laughed. 'Ounces were like \$2400. It was like when I got started...'

"Making Cincinnati his own was effortless," writes Webb. "By then Ross was an old hand at creating new crack markets... From

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there he branched out to Over the Rhine, another poor inner city neighborhood and then took his show to the suburbs: Avondale, Mt. Airy, Bond Hill, St Bernard, Lockland and Walnut Hills using the same marketing gimmicks he had perfected in L.A.—free cocaine, smoke parties, volume discounts. Once these operations were up and running, Ross called back to L.A. and invited his friends to come out and staff them. Suddenly Cincinnati had two problems it never had before: Crips and crack."

And that's how CIA-sanctioned crack cocaine, distributed by the entrepreneurial network marketing wizard Ricky Ross had penetrated the upper class suburban market.

For all its realism regarding the phoney War on Drugs, 'Traffic' studiously avoids this real-life history.

To its credit, however, the movie brings viewers face to face with American society's addiction to drug money. The stock market is thriving because the Wall Street money laundry is what people want. It's what they demand in unsustainable high yield returns. America's collective denial makes the failure of the phoney "war on drugs" even more ironic.

As the Eduardo character tells the undercover DEA agents, "Your whole life is pointless. You realize the futility of what you're doing, and you're still doing it."

Ultimately, the phoney "War on Drugs" can be reduced to Wakefield's pronouncement near the end—"I don't know how you can wage war on your family." It is certainly one of the reasons why the "war on drugs" itself is an abject—and deliberate—failure.

Making money on "privatized" prisons filled with "war on drugs" victims is the current scam. And since the Soviet Union "fell," the so-called prison industry is a great resource pool of slave labor. Correction Corporation of America. Prison Realty Trust. All are REIT scams.

These are the companies that profit by the national fraud called the "drug war."

Or take a look at Unicor, a wholly-owned subsidiary of the Department of Justice, a corporation which uses US prison slave labor to produce low cost furniture, another ingenious way to compete with Communist Chinese slave labor.

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Karmically speaking, a house divided against itself must fall. As long as Americans vote for a drug-money-fueled economy by remaining in denial about their "prosperity," the charade must go on.

And even though the "war on drugs" was lost—and was never meant to be "won"—American self deception will continue.

To reiterate, there are no good guys or bad guys in the War on Drugs. Only losers.

V. Pop Idolatry: Sex & Death and Other Games

'Armageddon': End of the World? No Problem...

FORGET THE BIBLE AND THE Book of Revelations. Forget Nostradamus. Director Michael Bay's "Armageddon" is a mind-numbing music video about the end of the world. It's a mass-market blockbuster especially designed for one thing only—to shake some cash out of your pocket.

It stars Bruce Willis and a "Dirty Dozen" crew of oil riggers who get blasted into space so they can drill an 800-foot hole in an asteroid, then nuke it before it crashes into the planet. Improbable? In this case, "mindless entertainment" is meant to be a compliment.

'Armageddon' is like a two-and-a-half-hour-long Coke commercial.

Quick cuts that quickly become sensory overload.

Flashy MTV editing for the shortest-ever attention span.

Hyperkinetic camera moves that never stop moving.

The movie's a virtual-reality ride that goes on and on. And on.

Mass mayhem in space. Great explosions. And outrageous visuals—especially if you want to see Manhattan bite the dust. New York gets hit by asteroids. Buildings crash to the ground. Taxicabs fly

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through the air. Bodies and stuff fly around like a live-action cartoon.

The movie starts out with a Discovery Channel-like voice-over. It's Charleton Heston's grave narration describing the demise of the dinosaurs "5 million years before." Cut to the present.

An "asteroid the size of Texas" destroys the Atlantis space shuttle. Manhattan's next. Then, a NASA director called Truman (Billy Bob Thornton) has to figure out what to do so it doesn't hit the earth.

Meanwhile, on an offshore oil drilling platform, Harry (Bruce Willis), "the world's best hardcore driller," is chipping golf shots at a nearby Greenpeace ship. (That's supposed to be a joke—he gave Greenpeace \$50,000, he says, and now they're protesting his offshore drilling.) When he catches A.J. (Ben Affleck) bedding down his daughter Grace (Liv Tyler), Willis gets his shotgun and starts chasing him, yelling and taking potshots whenever he can.

After "Top Gun"-like crash training, the crew is asked about their demands. Bruce Willis tells the NASA director, "We don't want to pay taxes... Ever." (That line also gets a big laugh.)

Director Michael Bay ('Bad Boys,' 'The Rock') used to direct TV commercials and music videos. Like his Coke, Nike and Bud commercials, 'Armageddon' is a story about "the triumph of the will." You know, human willpower can overcome any adversity. Even Armageddon.

Hey, come to think of it, that's also the name of the fascist classic movie—"The Triumph of the Will." Propaganda meister-director Leni Riefenstahl could have learned a few pointers from Michael Bay. There's more than a similarity—her mass rallies and his shots of people around the world waiting for "armageddon."

This is the part where Mankind waits and prays for its Savior. And guess what? There's no Messiah. It's Bruce Willis. That's right. Bruce Willis Saves the World (That must be some kind of a joke too.)

'Armageddon' the movie is geared to promoting, exploiting and selling the high-gloss lifestyle of American consumerism to the rest of the world.

It's "alternately cynical, sentimental and romantic in numbing 30 second increments," writes USA Today.

Hey, what do you want? You got your wiseass sarcasm (Steve

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Buscemi as Rockhound gets most of the good lines). You got your dysfunctional father-daughter relationship (Bruce Willis and Liv Tyler get to tangle about her upbringing). And you got your young doomed lovers angle (Ben Affleck and Liv Tyler get to hop in the sack, while Bruce Willis gets upset.) Best of all, you won't remember a thing five minutes after you're out of the theater.

On a small planet of dueling disaster movies, the latest spin is that the movie 'Deep Impact' was about "waiting for the end of the world," while 'Armageddon' is about "saving the world."

And sure enough, right on schedule, media "news" reports claim that a fast-approaching asteroid has been discovered in the solar system.

Hey, if I had a \$140 million movie on the line, plus an additional \$60 million in marketing, I'd buy me a couple astronomers to give CNN an exclusive couple of sound bites, wouldn't you?

How much do astronomers go for anyway?

In his book *Seeing Through Movies* ("End of Story"), Mark Crispin Miller writes that "in the jingoistic sequences of 'Top Gun' and the Rambo movies, in the quaint performances of Indiana Jones, as well as in the many boomer-oriented remakes and revivals of the hit songs and TV shows of the Ike/Kennedy interlude, we hear the incessant reassurance that we Americans have not lost anything—that Americans can never lose."

'Armageddon' the movie is raw shameless hubris. It's intoxicating, even stupor-inducing. Like the Romans before the Fall of the Roman Empire, you'll feel invulnerable. Just remember that it's a very expensive commercial for nihilism.

Miller writes that "going to the movies now is about as memorable as going to the airport. Conceived and sold as 'product,' just like the many products that it sells, so does the movie pass right through you, leaving nothing in you but the vague, angry craving for another one."

'Armageddon' producer Jerry Bruckheimer specializes in this kind of so-called product.

The Media is not the Message. It is the Spectacle.

'As Good As It Gets:' Romance Management

ASOPHISTICATED COMEDY SET IN MANHATTAN, 'As Good as It Gets' is a story of finding love (and most importantly recognizing love) wherever you find it.

Melvin (Jack Nicholson) is a romance writer who lives in an upscale apartment building. He's also a barely functional basket case, an obsessive compulsive who skips on the sidewalk, trying to avoid the cracks. His only "joy" in life is eating in a restaurant where Carol (Helen Hunt) a waitress who commutes from Brooklyn, puts up with his wacky demanding behavior. A serious germophobe as well, Melvin even brings his own plastic fork and spoon to the restaurant. In other words, this guy's a character.

His gay neighbor, an artist named Simon (Greg Kinnear), has a dog which pees in the hallway and continues to be a constant source of irritation for Melvin. Simon's parties and his art dealer friend (Cuba Gooding Jr.) are more objects of derision, since Melvin makes no effort to be civil. For example, he tries to make Simon feel better after an accident by telling him that he shouldn't worry. "You'll be back on your knees before you know it," he reassures him.

In the first sequence of the film, in fact, Melvin captures the cute

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dog and dumps it down the garbage chute saying, with malicious glee, "New York—if you can make it here you can make it anywhere."

The theme of the movie is recognizing love and changing so-called inappropriate behavior. Melvin the obnoxious curmudgeon, for example, starts committing unexplainable acts of kindness. It could be 'cause he's falling in love. But he doesn't change all at once. It's gradual, very gradual, drawn out and slow.

When his new friends meet, for example, he says, "Oh, I forgot to introduce you. Carol the waitress. Simon the fag." They look at him stunned and shellshocked.

'As Good As It Gets' is a real pleasure to watch—a delightful throwback to the romantic comedies of the 1940s, when comedy writer-director Preston Sturges delivered such great classics as 'Christmas in July,' 'Palm Beach Story' and 'The Lady Eve.' (Be sure to see these ASAP.)

Writer-producer-director James L. Brooks elicits a powerful performance from Jack Nicholson, one of the world's top acting talents. This is Jack's juiciest role in years. He plays the prototypical urban neurotic to the hilt. Plus he's the epitome of the Politically Incorrect Man.

Leading femme Helen Hunt ('Mad About You') delivers a wonderful performance as a single mom dealing with the reality of big city life—and hoping against hope for true love. Greg Kinnear ('Sabrina') is also in great form as the sensitive artist type who has to learn humility as his circumstances change.

James L. Brooks, who wrote, directed, and produced 'Terms of Endearment' and 'Broadcast News,' has created a classic romantic comedy with 'As Good As It Gets.'

He's also written some of the best dialogue in recent memory, as love-struck Melvin tries really hard to change and act like a human being (Is this the subtext of Jack Nicholson's life?)—and the sweet, but realistic Carol tries to deal with Melvin's growing affections.

The pitch is simple—can a wacky aging romance writer from Manhattan find love with a younger cynical waitress from Brooklyn? Gotta love those May-November affairs.

A word to the wise guy (and gal)—avoid Nicholson's 'About Schmidt,' one of the most depressing pointless films Jack ever made.

'The Big Lebowski': The Bowling Stone Comedy

"THE DUDE" LEBOWSKI (JEFF BRIDGES) is an L.A. stoner, a mid-dle-aged burnout who drinks White Russians religiously. He's also a totally harmless lunk whose only passion in life is bowling.

When thugs invade the Dude's bungalow, they pee on his favorite rug, stick his head down the toilet, and demand money from him. Then, they finally figure out they have the wrong "Lebowski." They're looking for a different guy with the same name.

The Dude tells his bowling team buds about his traumatic experience. Walter (John Goodman), a Vietnam vet, encourages him to find the other Lebowski and demand retribution for his urine stained rug. Bowling team mate Donny (Steve Buscemi) seconds the motion. Meanwhile Jesus (John Turturro), a Latino pederast who wears tightfitting purple bowling outfits, taunts them about the upcoming tournament.

This is the set-up for 'The Big Lebowski,' another Coen Brothers comedy with plenty of yucks, based on an insider's knowledge of L.A. and its outrageous foibles.

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So the Dude tracks down his namesake, a rich guy in a wheelchair. Before you know it, the Big Lebowski's wife has been kidnapped, held for a million dollar ransom. The Dude ends up as the bagman.

Along the way the Dude meets Maude (Julianne Moore), a feminist action painter, who swings through the air naked splattering paint on canvas below. Then there's the nihilists, former members of a German Techno band called Autobahn, who look like they wandered out of that old Saturday Night Live skit with Mike Myers.

'The Big Lebowski' is a take-no-prisoners comedy that's an equal-opportunity offender. The Coen Brothers—Joel directs, Ethan produces and both write the screenplay—make fun of bowlers, stoners, avant garde artists, Vietnam vets, handicapped people, Germans, and converted Jews. (Gun-wielding Walter won't drive on Saturday because it's Shabbas, the Sabbath, even though he's divorced from his Jewish wife.)

There's also plenty of schlocky dream sequences. When the Dude gets hit on the head, he goes into reveries, flying over L.A. on a carpet while Bob Dylan's "The Man in Me" plays in the background.

Are the Coens running out of plot ideas? After all they cannibalized their last script, 'Fargo,' which was also about a botched kidnapping.

Think Cheech and Chong meet Preston Sturges, the comedy director of the 1940s. The Coens drag out all the tricks of mistaken identity and plenty of red herrings.

The movie itself is a red herring. A slap in the face to all the screenwriting gurus like Story author Robert McKee. Ultimately plotless, pointless—but lotsa shameless fun.

And speaking of shameless fun, how about that former fun-loving sexual-predator president? Larry Bresnahan's book *Damage Control: The Larry Nichols Story* delivers more inside "dope" on the real-life antics of the Prez.

Once upon a time former radio ad man Larry Nichols served as the marketing director for the Arkansas Development Finance Authority (ADFA), the infamous money laundering outfit that funneled millions of dollars to Clinton cronies like Dan Lasater and

Chicken Man Don Tyson.

Now his quest to expose the damage control tactics of Bill Clinton have given him nothing but trouble. There's of course the "Sex and the Tabloid President" story. The joke is—what do shock jock Howard Stern and Bill Clinton have in common?

Enquiring minds want to know. Nichols says, "One of the people I cornered early on, that I had seen Clinton with, was this black lady. She was about four foot eight and had blond hair. Now it's going to sound like I'm exaggerating but I'm not. She weighed between 250 or 260 pounds. I think both front teeth were gold. This is who I caught with Bill Clinton. She panicked. She said, 'Oh don't cost me my job.' She was the night manager at McDonalds. So I asked her, 'How will I know if other women have been with him? You know tell me the poop about Clinton.' And that's when she told me he had a very very small, almost to the point of what you would called deformed, penis. I mean this guy is lacking badly, if you know what I mean... Then she said he had a fetish. He was just a wild man about oral sex. And then she told me of a mole, but it's actually a birthmark on the outside of his left buttock."

When Bresnahan talked to some psychologists describing the case, they said "it would be expected that such a man would only have oral sex and would want others to know how frequent and how many women he would have as partners. In other words, being caught only helps further the image he is trying to portray to overcome his feeling of inadequacy. The psychologist said to me that because the person with this condition is living in a world of lying to himself and others, he will often extend the lying to everything." "Everything" really just about covers it, doesn't it?

In a section of the book called "What Clinton Really Believes," Clinton confidant Larry Nichols says, "Clinton's number one favorite politician, his hero, was Adolf Hitler," verifying that he had personally heard Clinton say that. "Now he was not in favor of Hitler killing the Jews. He simply admired his political tactics, his system. The other thing that Clinton believes is that there should be only a handful of rich people with no middle class. Now when you achieve that, it will be a smooth running machine. People who are paupers are so busy trying to make ends meet that politics is the

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last thing on their mind. If you can keep them beat down, that's Clinton's Utopia, that is what he thinks the world should be..."

Nichols continues, "You've got to understand—Bill Clinton fervently believes you must get rid of the middle class. Because if you don't, you have a bunch of people with whom you have to deal with. He doesn't want to deal with them."

(Yikes. That's what George Bush Jr. believes as well. You think they both go to the same coven, I mean, church? Probably not. Bush is supposed to be a pentecostalist. They're the ones that speak in tongues. Channeling demons in the White House has got to be a gas.)

Bresnahan also writes that one of the women who met with Larry Nichols was Sally Purdue who claimed that she and Governor Clinton were having a sexual relationship that also involved the use of cocaine. According to Nichols, "she told of wild times with Bill Clinton prancing around nude wearing Sally's underwear on his head and playing the saxophone after having used cocaine together. This was not a single event, according to Purdue. She claimed that she was one of Clinton's regular girls."

Another Magic Moment from 'Clinton the Movie.' Not yet produced. But until then, see these videos...

Jeff Bridges: An Appreciation / Greatest Hits:

'Winter Kills.' (1979) Jeff Bridges stars as a befuddled Kennedylike brother whose Joe Kennedy-like father (John Huston) masterminds the president's assassination. Or does he? Totally over the top. Totally entertaining.

'The Fabulous Baker Boys.' (1989) Real brothers Jeff and Beau Bridges star as a piano playing brother act, when a sultry singer (Michelle Pfeiffer) comes between them.

'The Fisher King.' (1991) Jeff Bridges stars as a boorish radio talk show host who balances his accounts with a homeless guy (Robin Williams).

'Fearless.' (1993) Jeff Bridges stars as an architect whose life radically changes when he survives a plane crash.

'Jackie Brown': Tarantino Running on Empty

QUENTIN TARANTINO THINKS HE'S TOO hip for you. The creator of 'Pulp Fiction' thinks he's got the market cornered on Cool. Nothing but attitude. No substance either. Ten minutes after seeing 'Jackie Brown,' you won't remember what you saw or what was the point. In other words, lotsa hype. Empty in the middle.

In 'Jackie Brown,' based on the Elmore Leonard novel *Rum Punch*, even the style is gone. Sure there's bad-ass dialogue. Shards of anger from a Black-As-I-Wanna-Be director. But the story's mangled. The pacing is torture. The actors are great and the retro production design by David Wasco is in top form.

So what is it? 'Jackie Brown' is an homage to Black Sleaze a/k/a Blaxpotation, a reverential treatment of 70s Pop Culture filtered through White Trash Idolatry.

Illegal gun dealer Ordell (Samuel L Jackson) has a problem. His airline stewardess mule Jackie Brown (Pam Grier) who brings him cash from Mexico has been stopped at the airport by a fumbling goofy BATF agent—is there another kind?—played by Michael Keaton. His bimbo surfer girl (Bridget Fonda) can't lay off the ganja or his new gofer, an old ex-con (Robert Deniro) who just got out of jail.

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Ordell enlists bail bondsman Max Cherry (Robert Forster) to straighten things out but... as they say, complications ensue. That's Tarantino's movie.

And what about the epitome of the White Trash Hipster? Imagine a dope-smoking coke-snorting pussy hound and all-around party animal who happens to be the governor of Arkansas.

And here's another great sequence from the unproduced movie 'Clinton.' Imagine this on the big screen—except it's like a documentary. Remember, this is a real life anecdote, an excerpt from *Compromised* (SPI Books) by CIA whistleblower Terry Reed and true crime author John Cummings.

This is Act I—The Promise. Here's the setup—way back in the 1980s, CIA fixer, future Attorney General and future Verizon chief counsel William Barr promises Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton the White House—if he just swallows his pride and continues to play ball.

"On that March night in 1986, seven men entered the earthen and concrete ammunition storage bunker at Camp Robinson (Arkansas) while (Buddy) Young stood outside on guard. The bunker dimly lit by a series of one-bulb fixtures suspended near the ceiling emitted a musty and damp odor. The principals sat down around the gray, government issue metal tables and chairs while Cathey (Oliver North) began the briefing.

"Governor Clinton,' he said, switching to his toastmaster tone, 'I'm glad you could attend tonight's meeting with us. We're both surprised and honored. Bobby (Nash) didn't inform us you would be attending...' (p. 228)

After an argument about the CIA pulling out their gunrunning, drug smuggling and money laundering operation and moving it to Mexico, William Barr (a/k/a Johnson) tells Clinton (quoting from the book,) "'We didn't plan on Arkansas becoming more difficult to deal with than most banana republics. This has turned out to be almost comical.'

"'Bobby, don't sit here on your black ass and take this Yankee shit,' Clinton yelled at Nash in an appeal for support...

"'Why, Mr. Clinton, with racial slurs like that the federal government could terminate educational busing aid here,' Johnson

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wryly shot back. 'I thought Arkansas was an equal opportunity employer.' Nash touched the governor's arm coaxing him back into his chair. Johnson continued, 'The deal we made was to launder our money through your bond business. What we didn't plan on was you and your token nigger here to start taking yourselves seriously and purposely shrinking our laundry.'

'What do you mean by shrinking the laundry?' Clinton asked still shouting."

After more discussion about the need for brother Roger Clinton to do some jail time and other matters, Barr (a/k/a Johnson) continued on behalf of CIA Director William Casey. He just wanted Bill Clinton to get the message.

"Bill, you are Mr. Casey's fair haired boy. But you do have competition for the job you seek. We would never put all our eggs in one basket. You and your state have been our greatest asset. The beauty of this as you know is that you're a Democrat and with our ability to influence both parties, this country can get beyond partisan gridlock. Mr. Casey wanted me to pass on to you that unless you fuck up and do something stupid, you're No. 1 on the short list for the job you always wanted.'

"That's pretty heady stuff, Bill. So why don't you help us keep a lid on this and we'll all be promoted together. You and guys like us are the fathers of a new government. Hell, we're the new covenant.' (p. 235)

"...When Clinton exited the bunker, Terry (Reed) took a moment to absorb what had happened. Clinton had been treated badly in front of the others... Johnson had effectively neutralized the Governor of Arkansas' argument by simply changing the subject and what a subject it was.

"Was he hearing that the presidency is offered to a few groomed men, men groomed by the CIA?"

Why not? Instead of 'Clinton' the movie, how about another title, maybe 'A Few Groomed Men'?

Then there's Act II—The Election, and finally Act III—The Impeachment. More tragic than Macbeth. More ironic than a dozen 'Dangerous Liaisons.'

And 'Jackie Brown'? Fuggedaboutit.

'Kill Bill': Disney's Bloody Gore Fest

QUENTIN TARANTINO'S 'KILL BILL' is so stupid, so empty and so pointless that it could even give nihilism a bad rep. It's a bloody gore fest full of blood flying, blood spraying, blood spurting, chopped-off arms, hacked-off legs, headless bodies, and endless sword fights, set to cheesy 1970s soundtrack music. Sound like fun?

Questions remain. What possessed Satanic-wannabe Quentin Tarantino to make this piece-o-crap called 'Kill Bill'? What possessed Miramax sleazoids Harvey and Bob Weinstein to spend \$55 million to finance it? What possessed the phoney family value shills at MPAA to give this an R rating? And what possessed Disney suits to even release this complete waste-of-film-stock?

I know, I know, it's the built-in Cult of Death factor. Tarantino's ugly revenge fantasy 'Kill Bill' is a paean to the Angels of Death, masquerading as entertainment, but is it evil? His white-cracker, trailer-trash ass bets you the price of admission, you won't know till you lay your money down.

'Kill Bill' is the 21st century version of the Grand Guignol, gory special effects meant to titillate and shock. And ultimately bore.

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Hatchet in the head. A plank full of nails in the eye. At the end, the Uma Thurman girl-assassin character says, "Leave the limbs you've lost. They belong to me." The restaurant's full of severed arms and legs and heads. Sound like fun?

Tarantino fancies himself as a Herschel Gordon Lewis for the Lobotomized Generation, a gore-meister for the Gen-X Blood Feast of other disenfranchised geeks like himself.

Uma Thurman, whose father Robert Thurman is a "Buddhist scholar" has a line in which she says, "It's mercy, compassion and forgiveness I lack." Kuan Yin will be thrilled. Other Satanic Zen sayings include a voiceover like "Kill whoever is in the way, even if it's the Lord God or Buddha himself." Nothing is too wild for the end of the Kali Yuga.

Evidently Thurman's character was repeatedly raped while she was comatose. Sound like fun?

In another sequence, a young girl watches as her mother is murdered in her own kitchen. The Uma Thurman character then drives off in bright yellow pickup truck with 'Pussy Wagon' painted on the back.

'Kill Bill' is the twisted expression of an arrested emotional and mental development. It's splatter-punk pornography for 14-year-old boys, who don't understand psychological warfare or mind control.

Tarantino's other grossly over-rated movies include the chronologically scrambled Reservoir Dogs (1992) (who can forget the chopped off ear?) Pulp Fiction (1994) (more hitmen with blood-baths) and Jackie Brown (1997). Meanwhile the unexplainable idol worship of Tarantino grew to near mythic status.

And what's happening in the real world? At the same time 'Kill Bill' is released, Faux "Christian" Pat Robertson publicly pronounces that the State Department should be nuked. Faux "Conservative" Rush Limbaugh admits to being a hillbilly heroin junkie. And Faux "President" George Bush keeps lying about the War In Iraq, while body bags of dead twenty-somethings are flying back to the United States daily and the suicide rate of depressed US soldiers rises to unprecedented levels.

And here's another market for Disney. "So far more than 1,600 soldiers have come home (from Iraq) maimed, missing arms or legs

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or parts of their faces." This comment comes from the Oct. 17 issue of *The Week*, regarding Lawrence E Kaplan's column in *The New Republic*. "How long will we continue to ignore these mangled 19-and 20-year-olds?" asks *The Week*. Who's ignoring them? They can go see 'Kill Bill.'

So what's the real purpose of 'Kill Bill'? This is the movie they'll use in CIA mind control torture sequences when they strap you down, shoot you full of drugs and make you watch 'Kill Bill.' It will desensitize you in no time. Maybe they'll even make you watch it when you join the Army.

"If you was a moron, you could almost admire it," says a Texas cop looking at the carnage of the murdered wedding party in the movie.

And sure enough, *Time Magazine's* in-house moron Richard Corliss wrote a review which gushes at Tarantino's bad boy geek persona, "There's a daring, exhilarating spirit to the fights too," he writes. "These are gory production numbers, immediate but also abstract... Even the arcs of blood have the propulsion of crimson choreography."

"Immediate but also abstract?" "Propulsion of crimson choreography?"

Puh-leez. Corliss is so erudite and sophisticated. Bet he can't wait for the remake of 'The Texas Chainsaw Massacre.'

The *Washington Post's* in-house moron Stephen Hunter also outs himself as a reprobate. He writes, "Man is it cool," and calls the movie "pure evil bliss"—whatever that means to his addled brain.

Hunter continues to wax rhapsodic, writing, "The collection of fetishes on display is pretty amazing, surely the most intense this side of Krafft-Ebbing's 'Psychopathia Sexualis.'"

And Quentin Tarantino?

I ain't no psycho-pathologist, baby, but this is one sick puppy. Stay clear.

'L.A. Confidential': A Film Noir Masterpiece

LIKE THE BREATHLESS TRASHY TABLOIDS of the past, 'L.A. Confidential' has all the elements of a great crime story. Police corruption. Organized crime. Blackmail. Political intrigue. Drugs. High class prostitutes. Hollywood glamour. Racist brutality. Bribery. And, of course, heavy doses of unpredictable violence.

The screenplay is a superb adaptation by director-writer Curtis Hanson and co-writer Brian Helgeland of novelist James Ellroy's pulp crime fiction classic novel of the same name. Set in Los Angeles in the early fifties, the film revels in authentic period detail, vintage cars, glamorous costumes and wisecracking dialogue.

Welcome to the L.A. Police Department—a pit of corruption and evil where every kind gesture and pretended friendship is just a prelude to future compromise and betrayal.

'L.A. Confidential,' in a complex plot, follows the career of ambitious college-educated detective-wannabe Ed Exley (Guy Pearce) who deftly maneuvers himself into an indispensable position in the police force. His nemesis is the sometimes sadistic, mostly pragmatic cop Bud White (Russell Crowe). Their explosive

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hate-filled rivalry builds slowly, then radically changes into an alliance based on instinct and survival.

Suave celebrity cop Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey) is a well dressed slickster who pays to get his picture in the paper, especially when he's doing a high-profile arrest. He's the consultant for a Dragnet-like TV show called 'Badge of Honor,' and he exemplifies the incestuously intertwined lives of L.A. cops, Hollywood stars and downtown power brokers. One hand washes another, as they say—the usual defense of corruption from the top down.

Together these cops with their own personal agendas are assigned to investigate a bloody massacre at an all night diner. The brooding amoral chief of detectives played by James Cromwell tells White, "Violence is a necessary adjunct to the job. I admire that." That's after some Mexicans have been beaten up by policemen in the holding cell.

With a voice-over narration and a few appearances by Sid Hutchens (Danny Devito), a tabloid writer who publishes a Hollywood scandal sheet called Hush-Hush magazine, the film travels smoothly through the land of crimes, coverups and frameups.

The love story involves Lynn Bracken (Kim Basinger), a Veronica Lake look-alike hooker run by millionaire vice lord Pierce Patchett (David Strathairn). Kim Basinger looks remarkably like one of the original Clairol girls, which she in fact was. She falls in love with the white-knight cop Bud White played by Russell Crowe.

Crowe, who looks like a young version of Mickey Rourke, falls hard for her too. He's got rescuing damsels-in-distress hard-wired into his brain, ever since he witnessed his mother get beaten, then killed by his hard-drinking lowlife father.

The gorgeous cinematography by Dante Spinotti catches all the high gloss details and the very essence of film noir—a highly stylized genre of crime movies that dispense with heroes or villains in favor of a realist's world-weary point of view.

Likewise the film has Jerry Goldsmith's wonderful music score (including the highly ironic song "Accentuate the Positive"), Ruth Meyer's evocative costume design and Jeannine Oppewall's high-styled production design. Together with Curtis Hanson's expert direction, it's a formula for success on all levels.

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It's been said that fiction is a way to tell the truth.

Novelist James Ellroy, then, is one of the foremost historians of late twentieth century America. His novels, like *L.A. Confidential*, the basis for the movie, expose the pretense of American idealism in the midst of an endemic corruption that spreads from the police department to the highest echelons of power.

Ellroy's true crime novels show the twisted morality of the alleged paragons of Truth, Justice and the American Way. The double-dealing of these individuals has in fact created our warped contemporary society. The result? Countless daily betrayals by bureaucrats and public officials entrusted with our faith have delivered us to the ennui and cynicism that is a trademark of contemporary America.

Ellroy's novel *American Tabloid*, for example, is another powerful book with a national scope set in the late fifties and early sixties. It examines people and events leading up to the assassination of JFK. With his magical powers of description, Ellroy paints a portrait of the downfall of America, the alliances and rivalries of the CIA, the FBI, organized crime figures, corrupt politicians and the plutocrats who own them.

American Tabloid should be required reading in every American History class in the country. It's that good—so well does it explain the connections between the world of crime and the highest levels of government and *How the Real World Works*.

The movie '*L.A. Confidential*' itself is a picture of the cruel, seductive and glamorous underworld on both sides of the law. This is the life of pragmatic amorality in the City of the Fallen Angels, and it is a masterwork of movie storytelling. Best of all, it even has a happy ending.

Suggested Reading (Fiction):

L.A. Confidential, by James Ellroy. Classic pulp fiction about L.A. corruption. Written in Ellroy's signature jazzy breezy style. This is as hardboiled as it gets. Highly recommended.

American Tabloid, by James Ellroy. One of the best novels of the twentieth century, this book dives into the slimepit of history and explores the confluence of organized crime, FBI, CIA and other

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assorted sleazeballs leading up to the JFK hit.

Chinaman's Chance, by Ross Thomas. Who's setting up who? is the question. High level scams, political corruption, crime bosses and old-boy network CIA agents in southern California.

Voodoo Ltd. by Ross Thomas. More L.A. crime pulp fiction—murder in Malibu among movie business types.

(Any book by the late Ross Thomas is highly recommended. They're all about the real world connections of spooks, bureaucrats and world-class scammers.)

Suggested Reading (Non-fiction):

Virtual Government, by Alex Constantine (Feral House). Read the section called "The Hollywood/Florida Mob Connection, the CIA and OJ Simpson" and you'll see how and why the recent case in L.A. has all the trademarks of a set-up.

L.A. Secret Police: Inside the LAPD Elite Spy Network, by Mike Rothmiller and Ivan Goldman. (Pocket Books). How police corruption works in contemporary Los Angeles.

Mae Brussell Reader. (Prevailing Winds Research) Classic work by the original alternative historian.

The Secret History of US Intelligence Agencies, Operations and Political Murders, by John Judge. (Prevailing Winds Research) Indispensable current American history.

Suggested Viewing (The Best of Film Noir):

'Chinatown.' Directed by Roman Polansky, this classic L.A. noir stars Jack Nicholson as a private eye who's up against a corrupt water baron (John Huston).

'The Last Seduction.' Directed by John Dahl, this delicious satirical thriller stars Linda Fiorentino as the ultimate femme fatale.

'Kill Me Again.' Director John Dahl's first feature film stars Val Kilmer as a private eye who's hired by mystery woman Joanna Whalley to fake her own death.

'Red Rock West.' Another neo-noir directed by John Dahl, the film stars Nicolas Cage as a down and out working class guy who gets mistaken for a hitman.

'Blood Simple.' First film directed by Joel Coen, this stylish

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thriller is about a private eye hired to follow a bar owner's wife to see if she's cheating on him.

'The Long Goodbye.' Directed by Robert Altman, a brilliant L.A. film noir starring Elliott Gould as private eye Philp Marlowe. A classic with dark dark humor.

'Body Heat.' Directed by Larry Kasdan, the film stars Kathleen Turner as the seductive black widow and William Hurt as her prey, a hapless attorney.

'Lethal Weapon 4': Kill! Burn! Explode! Destroy! It's Mayhem Time With Mel Gibson Again!

"I'M GETTING TOO OLD FOR THIS SHIT," complains Riggs (Mel Gibson) in this fourth installment of the live-action cartoon called 'Lethal Weapon.'

Sure, he's still doing the rebel-cop shtick. Riggs, after all, is the wild-and-crazy guy serving the LAPD bureaucracy, in yet another mass-market movie that extols the System. Call it a high-gloss propaganda flick for an LA Police State.

Mel's still playing the "authoritarian-as-outlaw"—just like Ronald Reagan, who railed against "Washington," as if he were a populist renegade and not a hack politician who happened to be President.

'Lethal Weapon 4' has all the trademarks of a successful "franchise"—gratuitous violence played for laughs and nonstop mayhem like car crashes and explosions. It's the essence of American pop culture—and what translates best in overseas markets.

Murtaugh (Danny Glover) is Riggs's older cautious partner. Joe Pesci is the comic foil, who plays a private investigator. You'll hear

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lots of banter about pregnancy since Riggs's girlfriend played by Rene Russo is expecting, as is Murtaugh's daughter.

Comedian Chris Rock plays an LAPD detective who tries to brown-nose up to Murtaugh, his future father-in-law. Asian martial arts star Jet Li plays the Chinese bad guy who goes up against Mel in the movie's climax.

The plot? An alliance of Hong Kong Triad mobsters and a Chinese general make a shady deal in a foreign trade zone similar to the Long Beach site of the 1996 COSCO Scandal in Los Angeles. There's also the smuggling of an illegal Chinese immigrant family, later hidden and "adopted" by Danny Glover.

Plus there are jokes about LAPD officers on the take. Have to keep it real—Yuck yuck!

This is another movie that looks and sounds like a TV commercial. It's designed more than directed, pounding and hypnotic, with more than two hours of explosions, car chases, car crashes, car and train crashes, hand to hand combat, and gunfights. In fact, it's a continuous spectacle of exploding ships, tanker trucks, burning houses, gas stations and warehouses.

Lethal Weapon 4' is, after all, another cynical exercise by hack-meister Joel Silver and hack director Dick Donner, who even manages to sneak an anti-NRA poster into the LAPD office. The poster reads, "A child a day is killed by guns" with a red slash and circle around NRA at the bottom. This is in a movie that uses guns, violence and mayhem, as casually as Bugs Bunny eats carrots. Gotta love those limousine liberals, like Rosie O'Donnell and Dick Donner, who badmouth guns—yet have fully armed body guards on a 24/7 basis.

Is that the irony of ironies? Or more like hypocrisy? Just call it "Propaganda by Dick Donner."

"You can have it all" is the movie's lie du jour. Like any other ad that presents the fantasy of total wish fulfillment, it illustrates an adolescent's demands—"I want it all and I want it now."

The truth is—you have to resign. Like LAPD whistleblower Mike Ruppert.

In his testimony before the Senate Select Committee of Intelligence, Michael C. Ruppert states that "on November 15,

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1996, I stood at a town hall meeting at Locke High School in Los Angeles and said to Director of Central Intelligence John Deutch, 'I am a former Los Angeles Police narcotics detective. I worked South Central Los Angeles and I can tell you emphatically and without equivocation that the Agency has dealt drugs in this country for a long time.' I then referred Director Deutch to three specific Agency operations known as Amadeus, Pegasus and Watchtower.

"...The CIA did not just deal drugs during the Iran Contra era. It has done so for the full fifty years of its history. I will give you evidence which will show that the CIA and many figures such as Richard Secord, Ted Shackley, Tom Clines, Felix Rodriguez and George Herbert Walker Bush, who was DCI when I first became exposed to Agency drug dealing, have been selling drugs to Americans since the Vietnam era.

"...The evidence will also show that the CIA has infiltrated and established illegal relationships with a number of police departments around the country. One of the purposes of this has been to protect CIA drug operations from law enforcement. I have personal knowledge of this activity in Los Angeles and New Orleans and have documented such a case in New York City."

Sounds like a great plot for 'Lethal Weapon 5.' Riggs and Murtaugh are finally exposed as CIA operatives inside the LAPD. So that's how he made "captain" so quickly...

Ruppert's investigation in New York led him to Albert Carone and his daughter Dee Ferdinand. Carone was a bagman for the CIA and the New York mob, as well as a well-traveled money launderer for the CIA.

"The Amadeus missions are the single most important piece of investigative work, other than my own experience," says Ruppert. "My investigations into Amadeus have detailed the life of Albert V. Carone, a retired New York Police detective who, at his death from 'chemical toxicity of unknown etiology' [CIA cancer?], held the rank of Full Colonel in the U.S. Army Reserves."

Ruppert says, "I have held this man's personal phone book in my hands. In it I found home addresses and phone numbers of DCI [Director of Central Intelligence] William Casey, Paul Helliwell. A

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long established CIA covert operative connected to drugs, General Richard Stillwell and many other CIA figures. I also found the home addresses and phone numbers of Mafia figures including Pauly Castellano, head of the Gambino crime family and many other known Mafia figures...

"In the years before his death, Carone made open statements to family members not only about the hands-on drug dealing roles of such figures as Oliver North, Richard Secord, Elliot Abrams, George Bush, John Poindexter, Felix Rodriguez and ChiChi Quintero but about murder and torture.

"Carone frequently referred to Amadeus as the CIA's umbrella governing his laundering of drug money through a host of banks worldwide. Some bank records and account numbers connected to the Bahamas and the Jersey Islands still remain. He also described the operations of such Iran-Contra era drug kingpins Rafael Caro Quintero and Miguel Angel Felix Gallardo. When he died in 1990, he left behind records, a passport and great many leads which totally substantiate these allegations...

"We have since obtained tape recorded statements from James Robert Strauss [a Carone associate] that Amadeus was none other than George Herbert Walker Bush. The tape is safely stored, awaiting an opportunity to be presented to the American people..."

Ruppert's newsletter, "From the Wilderness," is available at his website at www.copvcia.com.

Meanwhile the "happy" ending of 'Lethal Weapon 4,' complete with smiling hospital photos of the newborns and the extended "family" of cops, offers viewers the reassurance seen in TV commercials everyday. It's the same casual paternalism of the media cartel that tells you that "Everything Is Under Control."

Ja, alles in ordnung. Just eat yer popcorn, schmuck.

'Magnolia': Bad Karma Ranting

NOT GOOD WILL HUNTING, but Bad Karma Ranting—'Magnolia' is a waste of three hours of time and God knows how much filmstock.

You may have heard the expression "cut to the chase." The operative phrase in "Magnolia" is "cut to the frogs." You see, there's a rain of frogs, big monster bullfrogs falling from the skies in the San Fernando Valley of Los Angeles—a horror movie denouement to an overwrought melodrama. Unfortunately it comes more than two hours into the film.

And that's the high point of the movie—an overindulgent mess in which ranting, raving and screaming profanities is proffered as meaningful dialogue by writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson.

To refresh your memory, Anderson's highly overrated 'Boogie Nights' was the vapid idealization of pornographers in the 1970s, a film best remembered for briefly reviving the career of Burt Reynolds.

The apocalyptic rain in 'Magnolia' is a rain of biblical proportions. It's a rain of frogs like Exodus, underlining the treacherous,

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miserable and intertwined lives of the denizens of L.A. hell.

It could also be called Fortean rain after researcher Charles Fort (1874-1932) who wrote about strange phenomena, most notably *The Book of the Damned* (1919), a classic of paranormal literature about unexplained weirdness.

'Magnolia' is the Judgment in the Valley as Bad Karma follows a series of characters whose lives are filled with rants and angst—and still more rants than you'd ever want to hear in three lifetimes—let alone three hours.

Earl Partridge (Jason Robards) is a dying TV executive whose wife Linda (Julianne Moore) is consumed by angst for her infidelities. She continues to ply him with ever-increasing doses of morphine, while getting more and more out of control despite her prozac diet.

Frank Mackey (Tom Cruise) is a TV-infomercial tycoon and sex guru whose "Seduce and Destroy" anti-women rant packs the house with dysfunctional male malcontents. His promotional poster features a caricature wolf chasing a caricature fox with a caption that reads "No pussy has nine lives."

Donnie Smith (William H. Macy) is a former child star and game show winner whose fortune was embezzled by his parents. He spends his time working in an electronics store during the day and lusting after a bartender in a Valley dive during the night.

Officer Jim Kurring (John C. Reilly) is a police officer who can't get a date until he meets a cocaine addict named Claudia (Melora Walters) who's the estranged daughter of Jimmy Gator (Phillip Baker Hall), the host of a game show called "What Do Kids Know?"

Angst in the Valley eventually ends up in True Confession Country, where all the characters have to deal with their miserable lives and the consequences of their miserable past.

All the characters then rant some more—and even weep and emote—in Anderson's cathartic Big Finish.

The only film worse than 'Magnolia' was the abominable 'American Beauty,' a commercial for Nihilist Chic in which Suburbanites Acting Badly pointed out the supposed pointlessness of life.

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'American Beauty' had a corporate drone type played by Kevin Spacey, who broke out of his programming and was on the road to redemption when he got snuffed by a homophobic neighbor. It asked the profound question—why go to the movies to get degradation when you can just turn on your TV?

'Magnolia' has been compared to director Robert Altman's 'Short Cuts,' but it's not clever, amusing, or entertaining; it's an overindulgent mess.

Anderson clearly wants to be remembered as the guy who's Too Effing Ironic.

The real irony? 'Magnolia' is Visual Wallpaper—but watching wallpaper peel is probably more fun. Remember—you were warned.

'The Man in the Iron Mask': More Wickedness in High Places

"I FIGHT FOR THE BELIEF that any man can be better," says Gabriel Byrne as D'Artagnan, signifying his loyalty to the king

The themes of 'The Man in the Iron Mask' are classical and timeless. The abuse of power by those who govern. The integrity of those who serve. And the warrior's code of honor.

Written for the screen and directed by Randall Wallace, who also wrote the screenplay for 'Braveheart,' the film is loosely based on the novel of Alexandre Dumas.

It's Paris in 1662. Mobs in the street are rioting for bread, while King Louis XIV (Leonardo DiCaprio) leads a debauched and decadent lifestyle. The original Three Musketeers have retired—forty-something former defenders of the French King—Aramis (Jeremy Irons), Athos (John Malkovich) and Porthos (Gerard Depardieu).

In pursuit of his own personal Act II, Aramis has become a priest. Athos tries his hand at playing the violin. And Porthos, tired of being an aging party animal, tries to recapture the glories of his youth.

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When the son of Athos is sent off to war to die, so that King Louis can bed down the fiancée, Athos becomes upset, engaging his former comrades to fight the arrogant wayward king.

The musketeers invoke the code of noblesse oblige—nobility obliges one to keep to a higher standard of behavior—a code that's flagrantly and frequently abused by the young king. It's the honor of the musketeers versus the king's treason against his own people.

So what's to be done? They plot a palace coup using Louis' twin brother Phillippe, also played by Leonardo DiCaprio, the Man in the Iron Mask, who has been held captive for six years.

Meanwhile the fourth original musketeer D'Artagnan (Gabriel Byrne) is the head of the king's bodyguards and remains loyal to the king and his mother Queen Anne (Anne Parillaud). D'Artagnan will have none of their plotting. He trusts that with age the king will reform. "I have not given up hope that the king will become the man we wish him to be," he says.

As it's written, Gabriel Byrne's role is the most complex and interesting, exploring the ramifications of the warrior's code of honor.

How do you keep fighting for a cause when it's revealed to be unworthy and dishonorable? How can American fighting men and women, for example, go to war on the whim of a cad? Historically speaking this is not the first time for those who consider themselves warriors. What is the honorable thing to do? Resign, of course.

Gabriel Byrne as D'Artagnan is in fact the hero of the film because of his selfless actions in defense of his beliefs. When his beliefs are shown to be illusory, heaven help the betrayers. Leonardo DiCaprio, teenage heartthrob of 'Titanic,' however, remains the star. His dark side is the role of King Louis, while the harbinger of innocence and good is the injured twin brother Phillippe.

The film deftly foreshadows the problems of injustice, which finally led to the bloody French revolution. The central conflict—loyalty to the king counterpoised against loyalty to a higher ideal—is a classic subject which, because of man's nature, is always in vogue.

The abuse of power and its tolerance is another theme of 'The

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Man in the Iron Mask.' This historical immorality tale has a certain resonance with events in Washington—the conquests of a sexual predator president who answers to nobody. As Bill Clinton's sexual harassment victim and former Democratic Party volunteer Kathleen Willey told *Newsweek* and *60 Minutes*, "What do you do? Slap the president across the face? Tell his boss?"

See, in the old days, say Paris in 1662, when the king wanted to take you to bed, there was no other higher court of appeal. Maybe Clinton imagines himself as a king with *droit liege*, the right of royalty to sleep with whomever he chooses. And then, of course, there's the personal loyalty issue—who wants to lose a high-paying cushy "civil" servant job by testifying against the venal Chief Executive?

This backdrop of state-sanctioned criminal behavior in Washington is also apropos of the era of 'The Man in the Iron Mask'—Paris apres le deluge. Writer P.J. O'Rourke said it succinctly, "We nostalgically recall the days when sleeping with the President meant attending a Cabinet meeting."

Now when innocence is gone, the excuses for tolerating this kind of behavior have vanished as well. People say, "Well, as long as he's doing his job..." Wake up, honey. The country is on automatic pilot. And we're in a serious nosedive.

Best Historical Drama:

'Queen Margot' (1994) Based on another Dumas novel, this brilliant and brutal film shows life in the French Court prior to the Saint Bartholomew's Day Massacre in 1572. when French Protestants were slaughtered by the Catholics. Isabelle Adjani plays the hapless Marguerite.

'The Three Musketeers' (1973) Directed by Richard Lester, this adventure film has an all-star cast with Richard Chamberlain, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway and Charlton Heston.

'The Four Musketeers' (1975) A sequel to the original, also directed by Richard Lester, it stars Michael York and Christopher Lee and the rest of the great cast from 'The Three Musketeers.'

'Return of the Musketeers' (1989) Another swashbuckler directed by Richard Lester, this adventure story follows the subsequent

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stories of the Musketeers based on Dumas' novel *Twenty Years After*.

'*Scarlet Pimpernel*' (1982) French revolutionaries, British secret agents and more great swashbuckling starring Jane Seymour.

'*The Three Musketeers*' (1993) More recent remake of the classic adventure story stars Charlie Sheen, Kiefer Sutherland, Chris O'Donnell and Rebecca DeMornay.

'*Rob Roy*' (1995) Stars Liam Neeson as the Scottish hero, Jessica Lange as his wife and Tim Roth as his nemesis, the embodiment of evil.

'*Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*' (1991) Kevin Costner stars but Alan Rickman nearly steals the show as the bad guy Sheriff of Nottingham.

'Payback': Sadism! Gratuitous Violence! And Mel Gibson!

IN THE BOOK *DOUBLE CROSS: The Explosive Inside Story of the Mobster who Controlled America*, mob boss Sam "Momo" Giancana says that "the Outfit and the CIA are two sides of the same coin." In other words, the Mob and the Agency do more than just work together. They're flip-sides of the same beast.

Having played a CIA drug running pilot in 'Air America' (1990) and a CIA mind control victim in 'Conspiracy Theory' (1997), Mel Gibson goes up against the Outfit in 'Payback.'

He plays a lowlife called Parker who just wants his money back—\$70,000 stolen from him, which he incidentally stole from Chinese mobsters. And he keeps insisting—not a dollar more.

'Payback' is the deconstruction of a double-cross gone bad. Parker is an anti-hero looking for those who betrayed him—his wife Lynn (Deborah Kara Unger) and Val (Gregg Henry) who wants to buy his way back into the Mob.

What kind of a guy is Parker? After his recovery from a near fatal shooting, he takes a stroll down a busy city street. First, he

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takes a wad of dollar bills out of a panhandler's hat. He pays for his meal with the stolen money, then walks off with the waitress's cigarettes—and her tips.

He bounces into a guy on the sidewalk, lifts his wallet, then goes on a shopping spree with the chump's credit cards.

The fact that this is not the usual action comedy Mel Gibson movie goes to explain the movie's advertising tagline, "Get ready to root for the bad guy." In 'Payback,' there is no other kind of a guy.

On his journey, Parker meets a sleazy taxi operator (David Paymer), a crooked cop (Bill Duke), an S&M dominatrix (Lucy Liu) and a high class hooker (Maria Bello).

His quest then moves him into the upper echelons of the Outfit (which he mistakenly keeps calling "The Syndicate") where he meets a succession of high level mob executives (William Devane, Kris Kristofferson and James Coburn).

Working his way up, so to speak, the mob-corporate ladder, Parker keeps edging the movie's nasty humor and sarcasm into sadism, gratuitous violence and more of the same.

Mel Gibson himself has never been shy about his politics. In an August 1997 Vanity Fair interview, he was asked about his "favorite conspiracy theory." He answered, "Well, there's the Fabian Society. There's a good one."

Writer Cathy Horyn continued, "He started by telling me the Fabians founded in 1884, are a society of world leaders, many of them Rhodes scholars, whose agenda is to slowly gain control of the world economy by stealth. 'I mean why go in and take a country with a bayonet when you can use the banking system?' Gibson was saying."

Hutton Gibson, Mel's father, isn't shy about politics either. He moved his family from New York to Australia in 1968, so his sons wouldn't be drafted for the Vietnam War.

In 'Payback,' his directorial debut, Brian Helgeland, who's credited with the screenplays for 'L.A. Confidential' and 'Conspiracy Theory,' has obviously kissed the ring of writer-director Quentin Tarantino, the pope of violence.

Like Tarantino's endless pursuit of mindless violence—'Pulp Fiction' and 'Reservoir Dogs'—Helgeland dives into the genre

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with a cynical touch that takes Mel Gibson's usual warm-and-fuzzy persona from Mad Max into Taxi Driver territory.

The movie 'Payback' is adapted from a book called The Hunter, one of a series of novels by crime fiction writer Donald Westlake, who also wrote under the penname of Richard Stark. The best-known adaptation of the hardboiled "Parker" series was 'Point Blank,' starring Lee Marvin and directed by John Boorman.

Like Tarantino's too-cool-for-you violence chic, Helgeland's 'Payback' is a dark supposed-to-be-hip version of noir.

Helgeland has written some great lines, as in Parker's voice-over, while he steals the crooked cop's badge. "If I'd been any dumber," he says. "I could have joined the force myself."

You could call it a dark action comedy, but this ain't no 'Lethal Weapon,' pal.

"Crooked cops," says Parker. " Do they come any other way?"

'Ronin': Aging Spooks Fighting It Out

WHAT DO COLD WARRIORS DO WHEN the Cold War is over? According to 'Ronin,' they sell out to the highest bidder.

It's a tenuous connection, however, between samurai warriors who have lost their master (the ronin) and Cold Warriors, or former spies who have lost their raison d'etre. After all, spooks without handlers can be really scary. They're liable to do anything for a buck. Privatized state terrorism. Outsourced assassination. State-sanctioned murder.

'Ronin' is set in the shadowy world of ex-spies and former military guys who've been there, done that, and still haven't cashed in on their retirement.

In an opening that's reminiscent of a WWII thriller, five tough guys, all former spies and now mercenaries, meet in a Paris cafe to receive instructions from the mysterious ice woman Deirdre (Natascha McElhone) about stealing a mysterious silver case.

The case itself is a prototypical McGuffin, which Hitchcock defined as the thing that everybody's chasing, but that's ultimately meaningless.

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It's a multinational ensemble, a veritable Spooks-R-Us kind of crowd; there's the cynical American, Sam (Robert DeNiro), the Frenchman with the hang-dog eyes, Vincent (Jean Reno), the ex-KGB-Stasi agent Gregor (Stellan Skaarsgard), the British Spence (Sean Bean) and another American Larry (Skipp Sudduth).

The movie's virtually plotless, but loads of fun, as these rugged individualist types are forced to become a heist team, then endure double and triple crosses, while destroying several small towns in southern France.

Director John Frankenheimer ('Manchurian Candidate') has made a nice old-fashioned caper film updated with post-glasnost ennui as well as cell phones and computers. It's a great excuse for Audis and Citroens chasing each other through France, as well as gun fights and multi-vehicle ambushes. Heart-pumping, adrenaline-charged car chases through the narrow streets of Nice inevitably end in crashes in which small shops, fishmarkets and sidewalk cafes are destroyed beyond recognition.

Another sequence in which cars chase each other, going the wrong direction through rush hour traffic, is absolutely awesome. Then there's the car chase through the tunnels of Paris, where Princess Diana was killed, which seems almost like a re-enactment by MI6 operatives.

The script by J.D. Zeik and Richard Weisz, a pseudonym for David Mamet, has the Mamet trademark—short, terse, bark-like macho talk that stands for dialogue in a fast-moving action-adventure.

When DeNiro is asked how he knew an ambush was coming, he replies in a Mamet-Zen shorthand, "If there's any doubt [about the situation], there is no doubt [that it's a setup]."

There's also talk about the "warrior code," "the delight in battle," and the ultimate let-down "when belief has died."

And speaking of "dead beliefs," repealing the National Security Act of 1947 might be a good place to start. According to former FAA investigator Rodney Stich, author of *Defrauding America: An Encyclopedia of Secret Operations by the CIA, DEA and Other Covert Agencies* (<http://www.defraudingamerica.com>), "the epicenter of the corruption described [in the book] are attorneys and officials in the U.S. Department of Justice and federal judges. Without their

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criminal conduct, none of these criminal activities [state-sponsored drug smuggling and money laundering] could have been perpetrated or continued. The same applies to the mainstream media and to members of Congress, all of whom played key roles in the obstruction of justice."

The National Security Act of 1947 can rightly be considered one of the roots of all evil in America, since it continues to provide an impenetrable shield for the abuse of power by government officials, namely the National Security Council which operates under doubtful constitutionality, as well as the so-called intelligence agencies like CIA, National Security Agency (NSA), and National Reconnaissance Office (NRO).

In fact, all of the federal agency whistleblowers in Stich's book have been double-crossed through the government's blanket invocation of "national security" as a defense against criminality. The Cold War, as well as the reason for these agencies' existence, has disappeared, and now they remain the last refuge of corrupt officials whose illegal practices continue unchecked under the guise of so-called "national security."

The secrecy and amorality of the National Security Act has changed the character of not only the United States but the world at large. Worst of all it has brought about an institutionalized corruption and depravity in America that parallels nothing but the final days of the Roman Empire.

Near the end, former spook DeNiro explains, "No questions. No answers. That's the business." They call them "intelligence agencies," but this is an oxymoron, a dog that won't even bark, let alone hunt.

Another samurai tradition alluded to—but not acted out—in "Ronin" is mass suicide because of the warriors' disgrace. Now there's a high concept for Hollywood, if not for Langley.

And the punchline of the movie? In a world where intelligence agencies have fallen on hard times, the CIA rules.

Could 'Ronin' be the Company's corporate recruiting film? The CIA remains characteristically silent.

'Rounders': Haute Poker Nights

ROUNDERS' IS A GEM OF A FILM set in the secret world of New York high-stakes poker.

"The key to the game is playing the man, not the hand," says Mike (Matt Damon), who can read the wannabe players with what amounts to a sixth sense. He's almost a straight arrow, but from the wrong side of the tracks. Attending law school in Manhattan, Mike has an upscale uptight girlfriend (Gretchen Mol)—but what he really wants to do is go to Vegas and play in the World Series of Poker.

"They all know me as a small timer," he says. "But that's all about to change." And how. His friend Knish (John Turturro) tries to warn him away, but Mike takes his money to a club and loses his entire \$25,000 stake to a Russian mob guy called Teddy KGB (John Malkovich) in a game called "No Limit Texas Holdem—the Cadillac of poker."

When Mike's friend Worm (Edward Norton) gets out of prison with a serious gambling debt, he tries to pull Mike back into the game. The problem is that Mike promised his girlfriend he won't

play poker anymore.

Worm's philosophy of life is simple—"it's immoral to let a sucker keep his money." Worm's a real loser, metaphorically and literally. His gambling debt keeps escalating, until Mike himself is on the line to pay it off.

In a moment of panic, Mike turns to his law professor (Martin Landau) who tells him that "We can't run from who we are. Our destiny chooses us."

In this finely-etched drama that explores the dark side of poker, screenwriters David Levien and Brian Koppelman deal with the nuances of the game and its meaning. Is it gambling? Is it an obsession? Or is it genuine skill—a psychological talent for reading people and discerning bluff and bluster from what could be called a psychic level of awareness?

The acting in 'Rounders' is superb. Matt Damon, who wrote and starred in 'Good Will Hunting,' is the clean-cut earnest guy who loves poker, clearly a politically incorrect passion. John Malkovich delivers a scenery-chewing performance as his nemesis, a Russian with an outlandish caricature of an accent.

Edward Norton, who played the psychopathic altar boy in 'Primal Fear,' acts like an edgy younger version of Dustin Hoffman, the loser buddy who will inevitably turn out to be a Judas.

In a powerful scene of revelation, Martin Landau tries to explain that as a former yeshiva student "he never saw God in the Talmud" and was told early on that he "had a forty-year-old's understanding of the Midrash at twelve." By following his heart, however, he became a law professor instead of a rabbi. His family was crushed but he had fulfilled his dream—not theirs.

There's plenty of exotic jargon. The poker hustlers are called "rounders"—the title of the movie. A "george" is a sucker. (Did John Kennedy Jr. know this expression when he used "George" as a title for his celebrity politics magazine? Or did he have the queer context in mind?)

As far as great videos are concerned, see what director-writer John Dahl can do with a low budget and a great script. He's a master of the neo-noir—dark thrillers about the seamy side of life where con men and women mingle with the not so innocent

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chumps. Highly recommended—the best of the noirs:

Kill Me Again (1989), his first feature film, starred Val Kilmer as a private eye who's hired by mystery woman Joanna Whalley to fake her own death.

Red Rock West (1993) starred Nicolas Cage as a down-and-out working guy who gets mistaken for a hitman. When the "real" hitman (Dennis Hopper) arrives in town, it gets really interesting.

The Last Seduction (1994) is a delirious satirical thriller starring Linda Fiorentino in the role of a lifetime. She's the ultimate femme fatale—a woman completely possessed by cruelty, heart-lessness and sex.

'Star Wars: Episode I—The Phantom Menace': All Hype. No Heart.

GEORGE LUCAS SOLD HIS SOUL for this one. So you think you want to see the "phantom menace"?

How about the phantom plot and phantom characterization?

How about no villain? How about no heart?

Dearly beloved, let us bow our heads and have a moment of silence to mourn the passing of the creativity of George Lucas, writer and director of 'Star Wars.'

(OK, it's not 'Howard the Duck,' another hapless Lucas project, but let's be frank, it's more than disappointing.)

With insipid characters and fancy digital effects, 'Star Wars: Episode 1: The Phantom Menace' is going to make a lot of money despite itself—and in spite of what anybody says or writes to the contrary.

The media hype blitz avalanche is rolling and like 'Titanic' it has its own momentum that pays no mind to logic or entertainment. With all the merchandising tie-ins, it should be called "Star Wares," a celebration of selling useless junk to the mindless masses

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as "pop culture."

In this backgrounder to the world-famous 'Star Wars' series, Obi Wan Kenobi (Ewan McGregor) is apprenticed to the Jedi Knight Qui-Gon Jinn (Liam Neeson).

Then they meet the eight-year-old Anakin Skywalker (Jake Lloyd) who's a slave of the Hutts, as in Jabba the _____, Anakin has to race in a home-grown vehicle to win his freedom. The Flying Pod race in souped-up flying hot-rods is, in fact, the highlight of the movie—the vicarious thrill of a video game on the big screen like a space-age flying soap-box derby.

There's also an invasion by frog-faced aliens who try to take over the planet of Queen Amidala (Natalie Portman), the teen space queen with weird hairstyles and make-up. The frog-heads are a front for the Darth race who wear the black hooded cloaks.

An irritating amphibian-faced character named Jar Jar Binks is supposed to provide comic relief, but his Pidgin-English digital Step-n-Fetchit act quickly becomes totally annoying.

The final sequence, which makes up for the rest of the slow-moving film, includes an intercut space battle, land battle and palace battle, punctuated by John Williams' manic battle-music soundtrack.

Razzle-dazzle visuals, however, can not compensate for the truly odd emotional void of the movie. Actors Ewan McGregor and Liam Neeson seem to have phoned in their lines, as they say. Their emptiness and lack of credibility is almost tangible, a really disconcerting experience when you're trying to connect with the story. Jake Lloyd who plays the young Skywalker has a bratty disposition that also seems to be divorced from the proceedings around him. The only performance that works is that of Natalie Portman, whose classy act with stiff-lipped pronouncements are really engaging in the face of all the others' histrionics.

How will 'The Phantom Menace' be remembered? It's the film that launched a couple million Happy Meals. Ah, Sweet Commerce. More loot for the Lucas coffers.

'There's Something About Mary': Gross Out Comedy About Love and Obsession

AFTER MAKING 'DUMB AND DUMBER' with Jim Carrey, director-writers Bobby and Peter Farrelly have gotten crude and cruder, then gross and grosser.

'Kingpin,' starring Bill Murray as a sleazeball and Woody Harrelson as his Amish protege, was about a bowler with a rubber prosthesis for an arm.

And now 'There's Something About Mary'—a perfect movie for your Inner Child—the 14-Year-Old Adolescent Obsessive Within.

And that's the theme of the movie—what's the difference between love, obsession and out-and-out stalking?

A comedy about stalking? Imagine Travis Bickle from 'Taxi Driver' trying to impress Jody Foster and laughing about it. Sure it's kind of sick but it's a longstanding tradition—the fine line between the comic and the tragic. Comedy, it's been said, is just tragedy after some time has gone by.

'There's Something About Mary' is a romantic comedy about what a man will do to impress the woman he's in love with—or at least obsessed with.

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The film opens with Ted (Ben Stiller) in high school, an inarticulate dorky looking guy with braces who rescues a retarded kid from getting beat up. The retarded kid's sister happens to be Mary (Cameron Diaz), loving and kind-hearted, and by the way, the unattainable babe of the school. She asks Ted to the prom. Ted is shocked. With his below-zero self-esteem, he says "I couldn't believe she knew my name. Some of my friends don't even know my name."

After an outrageous accident on the way to the prom, the movie cuts to thirteen years later. Ted is still thinking about the one—the girl—that got away.

Is it love? Or just a confusion—not to mention obsession?

Ted hires sleazy detective Pat (Matt Dillon) to track her down and find out what happened. The problem is that the private investigator falls for her too. He lies to Ted about Mary ("She's fat. She got four kids by three different guys") then moves to Miami Beach to put the moves on her himself.

Mary by now has become a successful surgeon, lives in a mansion, and generally has a high-class lifestyle. But guess what? She still hasn't found "true love" either—even though she's a babe.

So who does she really love? She tells her friend that "Pat's a mook" but because he says all the right things, she puts up with him anyway.

Ted's lawyer friend (Chris Elliott) and Mary's architect friend (Lee Evans) stir up the pot with more bad advice for the lovelorn and confused.

Ben Stiller does a great Woody Allen Schick, a neurotic schlemiel—the awkward unlucky guy who always gets into accidents—self-absorbed to the point of ridiculous.

(Check out 'Flirting With Disaster' in which Ben Stiller is also obsessed. This time, because he's been adopted, he just has to find his biological parents and he takes a cross-country odyssey to find out the "real story.")

Cameron Diaz has great comic timing. A former model, her acting debut was in 'The Mask,' the object-of-desire of Jim Carrey, who also incidentally played a dorky loser type. Then, after all, she got the guy—and Julia Roberts didn't—in 'My Best

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Friend's Wedding.'

'There's Something About Mary' has lots of sick pranks. Great visual gags with a small dog. Politically-incorrect humor about retarded—i.e. "exceptional"—people, as well as the physically handicapped.

Laughing and cringing are like two sides of the same coin. And the Farrelly Brothers are like the flip side of that other famous team of screenwriting-directing brothers, the arthouse-oriented Joel and Ethan Coen. The Farrellys, however, are absolute experts at low-brow Marx Brothers style routines where the absurd and pathetic quickly become the outrageous and hilarious.

And, in the end—Surprise! The Schlemiel Gets the Shiksa Babe.

Hey, come to think of it, that's Steven Spielberg's Life Story too. Just kidding...

'Wild Things': Sex, Lies and Trashy Fun

SET IN THE SEX-DRENCHED ATMOSPHERE of a Florida coastal town called Blue Bay, near ominous alligator-filled swamps, 'Wild Things' is a brilliant noirish thriller with more twists, turns and reversals than you'd ever expect—a hugely entertaining plot driven drama that delivers on all its promises.

Beneath the normalcy of everyday suburban life, psychos lurk undetected. The first scene of the movie—a high school assembly—sets the tone. A police detective (Kevin Bacon) writes "SEX" on a blackboard, and all the students hoot and holler. Then when he adds "CRIMES," and asks if anyone can tell him what that means, a wise guy yells out, "when you don't get any."

High school guidance counselor Sam Lombardo (Matt Dillon) looks like he's got it made. He's a working-class guy, who teaches sailing and goes boating in the Everglades on the weekends. He's also the former lover of one of the town's richest widows (Theresa Russell), a nymphomom who regularly beds down her deck hands since her husband committed suicide. Lest he forget his place, she tells Lombardo, "You're a hired hand. A good lay. Enjoy it while it lasts."

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She also happens to be in competition with her foxy daughter (Denise Richards) who regularly comes on to her teacher with lines like, "Can I play too, Mr. Lombardo? Or is it only for boys?"

Then in a lawsuit that's tailor-made for the tabloids, the daughter accuses him of rape. The town is shocked.

Lombardo hires a shady lawyer (Bill Murray) to defend him and things really start to look bleak. Murray chews up the scenery as a shyster who works out of a strip mall storefront and wears a neck brace as part of his own insurance fraud case.

Then another student, an ex-con white-punk-on-dope (Neve Campbell) also accuses him of rape and he's in serious trouble. He loses his job, then he's arrested and thrown in jail.

During the trial, it's revealed that the two girls made up the story and the case is thrown out of court. Lombardo sues and gets a \$7 million settlement. "You never get cleared of something like this," he complains. "It follows you around." And then the story really takes off with major plot reversals that come every fifteen minutes or so—until the explosive and unexpected end.

'Wild Things' mixes pubescent sex, greed, lust and murder into a deadly entertaining noir cocktail. It asks the provocative question—when is a rape not a rape? When it's a scam to get big bucks from the rich. What appears to be sexual harassment turns out to be a carefully devised extortion plot.

The subtext of the movie is class warfare—bored and affluent yacht club types vs. working class stiff. 'Wild Things,' directed by John McNaughton ('Mad Dog and Glory,' 'Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer') has a true feel for sexual tension, twisted desire, and all the lies necessary to make it work. The terrific screenplay by Stephen Peters is a tour de force with a powerfully constructed conclusion that ties up all the loose ends. The movie will remind you of 'Body Heat' but it's much much better.

It's a great ride. And stay until after the titles for even more revelations about how the scam was set up.

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'Antitrust': Re-Defining The Killer App

ARE INNOVATIVE SOFTWARE COMPANIES a target for corporate predators? Real life provides evidence that the story of 'Antitrust' may be closer to the truth than most people want to believe.

In the movie 'Antitrust,' Gary Winston (Tim Robbins) is an evil twin of Bill Gates. His line is, "This business is binary. You're either a one or a zero."

Winston is the epitome of geek chic. He even wears those oval-shaped billionaire glasses. His company NURV (Never Underestimate Radical Vision) has plans to wire the world with a new system-product called Synapse, in which all appliances, like cell phones, computers, handhelds, PCs and TVs, are wired together through a grid of 240 orbiting satellites. ("Synapse will unite the Global Village"). The only problem? Winston can't hit his due date for the new system.

So he tries to recruit two twenty-something garage-band computer whizzes, Milo Hoffman (Ryan Phillippe) and Teddy Chin (Yee Jee Tso). Milo takes the bait and joins the mega-corporate outfit, while the entrepreneurial Teddy continues to work in his

garage. "Why not make Synapse open source?" he asks Milo, in the standard open source vs. proprietary software argument. When Teddy becomes the beneficiary of venture capital ("How much did you get? Eight-fifty." That's \$850,000 to the uninitiated), their paths diverge along predictable lines.

Meanwhile Milo gets introduced to the ultra-lavish lifestyle of the computer mogul, and the temptations as well, including a kazil-lion dollar home with all the trimmings—digital paintings that change to suit the aesthetics of the viewer. Gary Winston heaps more praise on the impressionable Milo. "It's not often we have a genius in the house," he says.

When Milo asks him straight out, "Can you get this done to meet your [launch] date?" Winston answers, "With you, I can."

Milo moves to be closer to the company "campus" bringing his girlfriend Alice (Claire Forlani) along, even while a sinister Department of Justice bureaucrat threatens him, implying that NURV is under investigation for "antitrust" violations. "If you see something that rubs you the wrong way, do the right thing," he tells Milo. In other words, drop a dime.

"The Justice Department is driving me nuts," Winston says later. "Why are they after me?"

The cliquish cult-like atmosphere of the software company becomes more apparent as Milo learns of the death of his friend Teddy. Then the concept of "killer app"—software application with awesome qualities—takes on new and more threatening implications.

Even though 'Antitrust' is meant to be tongue in cheek, it nevertheless hints at a ruthlessness that lies just beneath the surface of mega-corporate business competition.

In fact, real life parallels to the movie prove that this type of criminal behavior is considered "business as usual." Or as the corporate-mobsters usually say, "It's nothing personal. It's just business."

In other words, computer software "visionaries" are, have been and will be targeted. Examples of corporate assault of this type include 1) Bill Hamilton of Inslaw, producer of the legendary PROMIS software, 2) Catherine Austin Fitts of Solari Inc, producer of Community Wizard software, and 3) Bryan Mundy of EzGov.com

Historically one of the most egregious examples is the case of

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Inslaw in which Department of Justice officials, acting under the aegis of Attorney General Ed Meese and former CEO of UPI, Earl Brian, actually stole an enhanced version of the PROMIS software from Hamilton's company, then resold it to numerous foreign governments including Canada and Israel. The subject of a Congressional Hearing and a report called "The Inslaw Affair" (House Report 102-857), this case even included a Federal Judge who chided the US Department of Justice for its criminal behavior. Since then, investigations have suggested that a modified version of the PROMIS software with a convenient built-in trapdoor has become the defacto standard for relational databases used in the global banking industry.

The Octopus by Kenn Thomas (Feral House) goes into the spooky and convoluted details of the case, as well as the murder of reporter Danny Casolaro who evidently got too close for somebody's comfort.

Financial software pioneer Catherine Austin Fitts, CEO of Solari Inc and the former head of Hamilton Securities Group, was also targeted through a series of phoney lawsuits and other harassment. Eventually she lost her home, millions of dollars in unpaid HUD contracts, as well as about \$100 million in equity.

Fitts has also endured eighteen audits, numerous covert-ops black bag burglaries as well as physical harassment and an orchestrated Washington D.C. based smear campaign, which hasn't produced a single indictment or complaint after four years.

In fact, recently unsealed court documents reveal that Department of Justice lawyers brazenly lied in court, while they proceeded to prosecute a case they knew was based on false allegations. (See Gideon on Solari site: <http://www.solari.com>)

The Hamilton story has also been described in an article called "Bushwhacked: HUD Fraud, Spooks and the Slumlords of Harvard" (<http://www.conspiracydigest.com/bushwhacked.html>).

Her company produced an innovative financial software called Community Wizard, an information management tool which mapped how the money works at a local community level. Hamilton also invented a totally novel auction software for HUD which enabled it to recover millions of dollars in lost revenues.

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This online auction system for defaulted HUD loans evidently made insiders very unhappy and so the company was targeted for destruction.

Chairman of EzGov Bryan Mundy wasn't as "lucky" as Bill Hamilton and Catherine Austin Fitts. Though his death appears to be an "accident," the circumstances are at least suspicious—if not bizarre—and clearly indicative of murder.

Before his death, Mundy was the founder of EzGov, an Atlanta based internet company which offered online payment of parking tickets, property taxes and other government fees. (Parking tickets, by the way, have traditionally been a primary source for slush funds and covert revenue streams for public officials—so who knows whose territory Mundy was stepping on?)

EzGov had recently raised \$32 million and had high profile politicians like Democratic former New York Governor Mario Cuomo and Republican former HUD Secretary Jack Kemp, as well as Elaine Kamarck, former head of Bill Clinton's Reinventing Government Program on its Board of Directors.

As a testimony to its success, EzGov had sold its technology to more than 60 governments. The high-profile Board of Advisors includes former Georgia Senator Sam Nunn, retired chairman of Citigroup John Reed and former Republican National Committee Chairman, Haley Barbour.

According to news reports (<http://www.accessatlanta.com/partners/ajc/newsatlanta/mundy0116.html>), "Mundy died in a house fire that went undetected by a faulty smoke alarm."

The article states that "Bryan Mundy, 36 chairman of the internet firm EzGov and a female companion died of smoke inhalation as flames shot through Mundy's single story white brick house on Pelham Road in Midtown Atlanta just before 5 a.m..."

"Investigators were working to determine the cause of the fire. But they do not think foul play is involved, said Jolene Butts Freeman, a spokeswoman for the Atlanta Fire Department..."

"When firefighters arrived, Freeman said fire was shooting from the roof near the chimney and through the living room window near the front. Mundy and his companion were found on the kitchen floor, near the sink, said Freeman..."

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"Investigators don't know whether the two were trying to escape the fire or fight it, Freeman said. 'Its kind of weird,' she said. 'We really don't know what they were doing.'

"Mundy had lived in the house four years, neighbors said. Shortly after Mundy bought the house, Trammell said it was the scene of an attempted arson, which occurred during a string of 18 arsons in the neighborhood. A man was charged and convicted in the arsons which authorities said were unrelated to Monday's fire."

Was it anti-yuppie anti-gentrification backlash? A convenient "accident"? Or a signal to EzGov's prestigious Board of Directors about the company's untenable ambitions?

EzGov was facing competition from a number of companies including GovWorks, which also expects to close soon on another large round of funding.

GovWorks Board of Directors include Big Business heavyweights Henry R. Kravis, of Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, Maynard Jackson, the former three term mayor of Atlanta and Joel Hyatt, founder of Hyatt Legal Services. GovWorks Board of Advisors includes former Salt Lake City Mayor Deedee Corradini, former Denver Mayor Federico Pena and former Wyoming Senator Alan K. Simpson, director of the Institute of Politics at Harvard University.

Should the Chairman and Founder of GovWorks, Kaleil D. Isaza Tuzman, a Harvard graduate and former Goldman Sachs associate, be on the watch for "accidents" too?

If the life and death of his former competitor Bryan Mundy is any indication, the answer is a resounding "yes."

Key man insurance, anyone?

Are software pioneers really at risk in the Real World? If you are working on a proprietary software which challenges the status quo and its systems operations (or if it promises a really new solution), you'd better count on it. Make sure that all the "risk management" and "security" protocols are fully operational. Your corporation's life, and even your own, may depend on it.

'A Civil Action': Corporate Criminals Rule

WHEN MULTINATIONAL CONGLOMERATES, W.R. Grace and Beatrice Foods, are sued on behalf of parents who have lost their children to leukemia, the outcome is realistically brutal.

Based on a real-life lawsuit, 'A Civil Action' was adapted from a 500-page non-fiction bestseller by Jonathan Harr. It's the anatomy of an environmental crime, and writer-director Steven Zaillian, who wrote the screenplay for 'Schindler's List' and directed 'Searching for Bobby Fischer,' has created a powerful drama about human loss and suffering—and incidentally, the absence of justice in America.

Jan Schlichtmann (John Travolta) is a hotshot personal injury lawyer. He and his partners Kevin Conway (Tony Shalhoub) and James Gordon (William H. Macy) own a boutique law firm in Boston. In a voiceover, Schlichtmann admits that "personal injury lawyers have a bad reputation. They call us ambulance chasers, bottom feeders..." Then a group of parents in the working-class town of Woburn, Mass. approach him for help. It's a complex environmental case, essentially about toxic dumping. The parents suspect—

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but can't prove—that chemicals have poisoned the town's water supply. "Twelve deaths over fifteen years. Eight of the children had leukemia. They think it has to do with the drinking water."

The contaminants? "Trichloroethylene which FDA describes as a probable carcinogen." The problem is that "to prove it you need new medical evidence."

After the initial meeting with the parents, the attorney declines. Anne Anderson (Kathleen Quinlan) tells him, "We don't want money. We want to know what happened." She knows that no amount of money will bring back her child, but she pleads for some kind of accountability. "We just want someone to say they're sorry," she says.

Schlichtmann replies, "You want an apology. Who will apologize to you and pay me?" He refuses the "offer," and drives off in his black Porsche.

After he's stopped for a speeding ticket, the lawyer takes a look at the river. He walks down the railroad tracks and sees a cargo container labeled "Grace." He realizes that he's found his "deep pockets" adversary.

"Beatrice and Grace made \$634 million net," he later says. Then he sees some effluent pouring out of a pipe into the river. The culprit is a tannery which happens to be a subsidiary of Beatrice Foods.

"This is a goldmine," he tells his partners. "You almost let it get away" he chides them. Later, true to his ambulance-chasing self, he says, "I can appreciate the theatrical value of several dead kids." Meanwhile the opposing lawyer Jerome Facher (Robert Duvall) vows that no parents will ever reach the courtroom because their testimony would be so devastating. His eccentricities hide a cunning legal mind that knows the odds—as in gambling—and the tactics—as in chess—that are necessary to win.

The voiceover by Travolta continues, "It begins with a declaration of war—the complaint." Then we see the actual lawsuit. Cause of Action. Wrongful Death. Negligence. Pain and Suffering. "We have to show how toxic solvents leaked into the water supply," he says. And so begin the seemingly endless depositions. After spending millions of dollars preparing the case, hiring consultants, engineers,

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geologists, and doctors, Schlichtmann's firm is running out of time and money.

Near the end, awaiting the jury's verdict, Travolta and Duvall meet in the hallway.

The case has been reduced to a high-stakes poker game that doesn't even resemble a facsimile of justice. Mocking Travolta for his uncharacteristic zeal, Duvall says, "If you're looking for truth, Jan, look where it is, at the bottom of the bottomless pit." In other words, justice and the judicial system are mutually exclusive concepts. So the case moves on. It eats up more time and money, until it's finally sabotaged by Judge Skinner (John Lithgow) whose actions are evidence that there must be a ring of fire in Dante's *Inferno* reserved for judges.

Another highlight of the film is the darkly comic scene with the Grace Vice President (Sidney Pollack) who tells him, "Let's be honest. I can afford to pay..." then proceeds to tell him why he won't—because every other lawyer will perceive weakness and sue for other perceived damages.

'A Civil Action' exposes standard mega-corporate intimidation tactics.

In another real life battle, a long trail of coercion, blackmail and bribery have dogged the husband and wife team of investigative journalists, Steve Wilson and Jane Akre.

These two Emmy Award winning reporters have filed a lawsuit against their former employer—Rupert Murdoch-owned Fox TV station WTVT Tampa—under the Florida Whistleblower's Act. They charge that Fox officials bowed to pressure from Monsanto effectively killing a four-part investigative series on health risks related to the company's recombinant bovine growth hormone (rbGH) known as Posilac.

According to Wilson, his partner Jane Akre found that "virtually all milk sold in Florida now comes to one degree or another from cows injected with an artificial hormone banned in several countries, in large part because of suspected links to human cancer and antibiotic residue in milk."

Wilson and Akre also confirmed that "two Canadian government regulators have charged that Monsanto offered a \$1-2 million

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bribe in exchange for approval of the drug without further testing." They also documented a "revolving door between Monsanto and the FDA" and "followed the money trail to the University of Florida, where Monsanto sent millions in gifts and research grants that led to FDA approval of the hormone, while the school promoted its use." And they documented "how Monsanto was using its legal and political muscle to stifle labeling efforts that would have helped consumers make a choice at the dairy case."

Fox Vice President and WTVT General Manager David Boylan was quoted in the suit as telling the reporters, "We paid \$3 billion for these television stations. We'll tell you what the news is. The news is what we say it is." (<http://www.foxBGHsuit.com>)

Monsanto's heavy-handed tactics are a matter of public record. With sales of over \$9 billion, Monsanto is the largest agrochemical company, the second largest seed company, and the fourth largest pharmaceutical company in the world. The conglomerate's best known products include Agent Orange, the Vietnam War defoliant suspected of causing birth defects, Nutrasweet, Monsanto's brand name for aspartame, an artificial sweetener suspected of causing serious medical problems, and Roundup, the world's best-selling weed-killing and lawn-feeding herbicide, also suspected of causing serious medical problems.

Monsanto's emphasis on bio-engineered seeds and genetically altered food products have caused great concern in Europe where the threat of a boycott is based on the perception that consumers should know the origin and makeup of their food.

Not so, in the USA. So-called "consumer guardian agencies" FDA and EPA have consistently rebuffed efforts to label genetically engineered foods, lobbied by Monsanto and other giants of the biotech industry.

In the UK, in September 1998, the independent magazine *The Ecologist* had a special issue devoted to Monsanto and what editor Zac Goldsmith calls "their most dangerous products." The entire print run was inexplicably shredded, before it was to be mailed out to subscribers and distributors. The printer, which "*The Ecologist*" used for the past 26 years, would not acknowledge getting threats from Monsanto.

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Monsanto's threats, however, were effective against book publisher Vital Health which stopped the publication of *Against the Grain: Biotechnology and the Corporate Takeover of Your Food* by Mark Lappe, PhD and Britt Bailey. After a threatening letter from Monsanto's General Counsel office which called the book "defamatory and potentially libelous" against its Roundup herbicide, Vital Health stopped the presses.

The authors' "contentions, thoroughly documented with facts and citations, is that the quest for corporate profits has ridden roughshod over questions of public health, freedom of choice and ecological stability," writes UC Berkeley Biochemistry Professor J.B. Neilands in the foreword. The book outlines the mechanics of recombinant DNA technology, inserting foreign genes into plants and creating so-called "transgenic" species, transforming world food resources into proprietary corporate intellectual properties. Common Courage Press has published *Against the Grain*—must reading for everyone concerned about biotech foods.

The postscript of 'A Civil Action' reads that W.R.Grace was indicted and eventually paid \$69.4 million in cleanup costs. But in this David vs. Goliath legal battle, who wants to see David get stomped? The film remains emotionally unsatisfying and even discouraging.

And why would anyone want to make a movie like 'A Civil Action?' The obvious reason would be to show the futility of tackling a corporate giant. The implicit message of the movie is stark and undeniable. If you take on Big Business in a court of law, don't expect to win. Don't even expect to survive.

When corporate criminals make the rules, intimidation makes everyone else equal.

'Boiler Room': Reach Out & Scam Someone

BOILER ROOM' IS SLANG FOR A TELEMARKETING company that sells some kind of bogus product, in this case, fraudulent or even non-existent stocks.

Written and directed by Jeff Younger, 'Boiler Room' is a high energy movie set in a Long Island securities firm called JT Marlin. The similarity to the better known JP Morgan is deliberate. It's a ruse to lure the hapless suckers into buying stock with complete confidence.

(Note: JT Marlin is also the name of the filmmaker's former boss, manager at the New York Comptroller's office, who sued New Line Cinema and later made an out of court settlement.)

Seth Davis (Jonathan Ribisi) runs a successful casino in his apartment, a 24-hour 7 day-a-week operation, when he's approached to work at the shady brokerage firm.

His father (Ron Rifkin) is a judge who constantly disparages his son's life. The father-son relationship is fractured seemingly beyond repair.

"What relationship?" the father asks. "I'm not your girlfriend."

Relationships are your mother's shtick. I'm your father."

When Seth gets initiated into the firm, Jim (Ben Affleck) does the snarling Alec Baldwin routine from the brutal sensory assault of a movie by David Mamet called 'Glengarry Glen Ross.' Jim berates the new recruits, attacks their manhood, and taunts them with the keys to his Ferrari. For fun, they memorize the lines from the Oliver Stone movie 'Wall Street'—that is, when they're not getting drunk and fighting with each other.

The senior brokers are Chris (Vin Diesel), a Gen-X millionaire with a Nazi death camp survivor haircut and Greg (Nicky Katt), who looks like a younger version of actor Peter Gallagher. Their amusing back-and-forth, anti-Jewish, anti-Italian profanities sound like the real deal.

Then Seth starts going out with receptionist Abby (Nia Long), and the film takes a romantic detour which actually puts a little heart into this hard-edged saga of twenty-something hustlers.

For a real-life look at real-life scammers—read F.I.A.S.C.O., *Blood in the Water on Wall Street* by Frank Partnoy. This first-hand account of derivatives traders at the investment banking firm Morgan Stanley makes the Boiler Room guys look like pikers, mere amateurs in a field of professional global sharks.

In other words, if you think gambling in Vegas is fun and you have a couple million to play with, you'd love derivatives.

Imagine—if you will—the most exotic, high-stakes financial instruments in the world—so exotic you need a computer model to figure out if you made money or if you lost your shirt. And even then you can't be sure.

Sound like fun? Former Wall Street salesman Frank Partnoy thought so. He's a former derivatives trader who joined Morgan Stanley in 1994 at age 27. His delirious account of high finance hijinks is one of the most informative, entertaining—and horrific—books you could read.

The book's title refers to Morgan Stanley's annual clay pigeon shooting trip known as the "Fixed Income Annual Sporting Clays Outing." Think Animal House on Wall Street—selling securities to clueless chumps who incidentally run state pension funds. These securities are so toxic the brokers themselves call them "nuclear waste."

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Partnoy, who worked at Morgan Stanley's Derivative Products Group, says they took in about \$1 billion in fees from 1993 to 1995, selling the ultra-risky highly-complex securities called derivatives.

So what are derivatives? They're typically government bonds that haven't thrown off any interest since, say, 1850. The bonds are repackaged, renamed, and resold to investors who typically don't have a clue. The traders called them "crap cake with chocolate icing." That was one of the more favorable terms.

And who buys these high risk securities? In one section of the book, Partnoy engages in a guessing game with one of the salesmen. "Is it Quantum? (the largest hedge fund in the world started by financier George Soros)."

"No way. Are you kidding me?"

"How about mutual funds?"

"Nope."

"Commercial banks?"

"No. Look, I'm not going to tell you any names, but if I tell you who the main categories of buyers are, will you leave me alone?"

"OK. I could badger him for names later. He said state pension funds and insurance companies."

"What? I was shocked. He just smiled."

"He said state pension funds were among the biggest buyers of structured notes of which this Thai trade was but one example. Generally the list of structured note buyers included the State of Wisconsin and several counties in California including Orange County although the salesman noted that this Thai trade was small and unusual and that state pension funds and insurance companies typically bought other types of structured notes."

Whoah. This makes Monte Carlo looks tame in comparison.

Partnoy's book makes esoteric financial instruments easy to understand, as he explains the potential financial disaster that could cascade from some bad bets in the global casino. Bad bettors, by the way, include the hopelessly outclassed Robert Citron, who gambled Orange County finances straight into bankruptcy. There's also the story of Nick Leeson, the young trader who gambled the British establishment Barings Bank into oblivion.

And don't forget monster losses at Gibson Greetings, Dell

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Computer and Procter & Gamble. Also, if you remember, there was the infamous Mexican peso crisis.

Here's what Partnoy writes about the so-called "Peso Swaps."

"When a bank borrowed money and bought a bond, those positions appeared on the bank's balance sheet which had a cost. The borrowing was a liability and the bond was an asset. International banking regulations require that banks maintain certain minimum capital levels based on their balance sheet assets and liabilities. If those assets and liabilities increase, the bank needs more capital to guard against a loss...

"Peso swaps let Mexican banks increase their bets while avoiding these costs and regulations. Banks loved swaps because unlike loans or other forms of borrowing, swaps would not appear on the bank's balance sheets. Therefore they were not subject to capital requirements or other regulations. In other words from a balance sheet perspective, Peso Swaps were free." Neat trick, huh?

Then there are Equity Swaps, which according to Partnoy are "one reason why US corporations paid essentially zero capital gains taxes." You'll learn how Wall Street invents new "products" based on rating agency chicanery. AAA credit ratings can be "bought" if the price is right.

You'll learn new acronyms like RAV's (Repackaged Asset Vehicles) and PERLS (Principle Exchange Rate Linked Securities). Also there's ageless wisdom about sales, like, "If a bond cannot be sold with two hockey tickets and a good bottle of wine, the bond cannot be sold."

As far as kiss and tell stories go, F.I.A.S.C.O. makes Mike Milken's Predators' Ball look like a Boy Scout picnic. It's great reading and as fascinating as watching a train wreck. Partnoy's cynical tone is dark comedy at its best. You'll laugh out loud. You'll cringe. You'll shake your head in disbelief at these amazing true stories from Wall Street.

Woody Allen used to say that a stockbroker is someone who takes all your money and invests it. Until it's gone.

In the case of derivatives, the joke is that it's not just your money. It's assets from company pension funds. State and county assets. The list goes on and on.

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Who knows who else has bought these derivative time bombs? As all good gamblers say, read 'em and weep.

The parallels between gambling and stock trading should be obvious. While 'Boiler Room' takes pot shots at penny stock broker types, FIASCO delivers the dirt on the highly leveraged scams of the Global Casino.

'Boiler Room' is a realistic-sounding hard-boiled look at the high pressure lives of high pressure salesmen. Crackling with intensity, the film peers behind the curtain of greed that can't wait till age thirty—I Want It All. And I Want It Now.

'Bulworth': The Politically Incorrect Politician

WHAT IF A POLITICIAN REALLY TOLD the truth—just once? This disarming question is the premise of 'Bulworth'—a daring pitch-black comedy produced, directed and starring Warren Beatty, a highly personal albeit cynical vision of an accomplished artist, the film is a brilliant tour de force.

California Senator Jay Bulworth (Warren Beatty) sits dazed and confused in his Washington office, cluttered by memorabilia of the Sixties, photos and souvenirs of his youthful idealism. While his TV spots play in the background—canned banality that starts with "We stand on the doorstep of a new millennium..."—he realizes he has lost his soul.

Glassy-eyed and unshaven, the Senator hasn't eaten or slept in days. In fact, he's in the middle of a nervous breakdown. He's so depressed he gets a ten-million-dollar insurance policy payable to his daughter and contracts a hit on himself.

Back in Los Angeles for his re-election campaign, he's suddenly liberated by the knowledge that his life is about to end. His first stop is a black church in South Central Los Angeles. With

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unprecedented candor, he tells the congregation, "If you don't put down your malt liquor and chicken wings, and get behind somebody other than a running back who stabs his wife, you're never going to get rid of somebody like me."

Smitten by foxy lady Nina (Halle Berry), the Senator goes off for a long night of partying in an after-hours club. The old WASPy sell-out Bulworth becomes transformed into an in-your-face hip-hopper. Now it's White-Man-Goes-Native.

The Senator starts talking in rhyme. It's like a white guy's version of rap—and surprise!—he dares to tell the Unspoken Truth.

In so many words, he tells his fundraising audiences that Party Politics in America is an ipso facto Ruling Class Conspiracy. In an impassioned rant, he says that Democrats and Republicans are the same—all beholden to the Money Power of the mega-corporations which own everything and pull all the strings.

Next stop is a Beverly Hills movie industry fundraiser where he berates his potential donors about the lousy product they make and all the pointless violence in their crappy movies. He defends his presence, however, by saying, "My people are not stupid. They put all the big Jews on my schedule." Uh-oh. Now you know you're in Politically Incorrect Territory, Pal.

Later at a national debate with Bob Dole and Bill Clinton, Beatty as the Senator appears in an Official Homeboy Uniform—black knit cap, shades, and baggy knee-length shorts. And sure, it's a ludicrous image—a Rich Old White Guy dressed like a Young Black Guy, but Beatty's not slumming. This sixty-something member of the Power Elite talks with the twenty-something Nina about the monopoly media and America's addiction to consumerism—radical statements for a movie financed and distributed by the Fox division of Rupert Murdoch's mega-conglomerate News Corp.

'Bulworth' is, in fact, a powerful social commentary about Age, Race, and the Divide-And-Rule tactics of a mega-corporate plutocracy hellbent on a New World Order of Global Fascism.

Bulworth's campaign manager (Oliver Platt) plays the straight man to Beatty's Black-Like-Me schtick, sliding down through accelerating substance abuse and disbelief in the boss's behavior. He berates the Senator for his statements to the movie business

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insiders "mocking their Jewish paranoia."

Paul Sorvino plays a sleazy Washington insider, bringing a nice underworld quality to an insurance industry lobbyist who delivers the Senator's policy. Don Cheadle plays a hyper drug-dealing entrepreneur ("the only growth industry") with an ironic defense of capitalism. And activist-poet Amiri Baraka plays a homeless man who tells the senator, "You got to be a spirit. You can't be no ghost."

Many of Beatty's movies have had some kind of political subtext. 'Bonnie and Clyde,' 'McCabe and Mrs. Miller' and 'Shampoo' come to mind. In 'The Parallax View,' Beatty plays a journalist investigating an offshore murder contracting company ostensibly modeled on the infamous "Permindex," a Murder Inc. or corporate murder-for-hire company.

Like 'The Parallax View,' 'Bulworth' comes to a brutally unexpected finish.

In 'Bulworth,' producer-director-writer Warren Beatty has given actor Warren Beatty the role of a lifetime, balancing the blackest of comedy with Washington realpolitik. It's subversive filmmaking at its best—or at least as subversive as you can find in a studio picture.

'The Corruptor': Dirty Cops Just Wanna Have Fun

THERE'S NO BLACK AND WHITE—no good and evil—in *The Corruptor*—just shades of dirty gray. In yet another variation of the buddy-cop story set in New York's Chinatown, Chow Yun-Fat, one of Hong Kong's action superstars, plays Nick Chen, head of the NYPD Asian Gang Unit.

Danny (Mark Wahlberg) is assigned as his partner, the inexperienced rookie that has to prove himself to the older, world-weary veteran. Nick introduces Danny to the real life "pleasures" of payoffs in cash and prostitutes and working with dirty Feds. Unlike real life, however, there are no payoffs to crooked judges.

"You're a play cop," Nick sneers at Danny.

When Danny finally makes an arrest, it's another mistake. "You just arrested a federal agent working undercover with the Tongs," he's told.

The Corruptor is yet another variation of the fish-out-of-water story—white guy in Chinatown—with a strong emphasis on personal loyalties and situation ethics.

In a world of shifting alliances and rivalries, *The Corruptor*

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asks the profound question—when everybody's dirty, how dirty can you get and still stay "clean"?

Danny has to prove himself in a world of shakedowns, illegal alien smuggling, and unpredictable violence. It's also a world of cops on the take and the youngblood Fukienese Gang vs. the older Triads (Chinese organized crime) vs. the Cops vs. the Feds who want all the credit.

'The Corrupter,' directed by James Foley ('After Dark, My Sweet,' 'Glengarry Glen Ross'), aspires to the cult classics of director John Woo, the master of Hong Kong action films.

Woo's best movies 'The Killer' (1989) and 'Hard Boiled' (1992) coincidentally also starred Chow Yun Fat. The congenial anti-hero actor with the full-moon face and great-looking teeth has made more than 70 films in Hong Kong.

John Woo himself is noted for the uniquely complex choreography of gun battle and car chase scenes—the ne plus ultra of action movies. A sequence typically includes an exquisite ballet of exploding props, vehicles and people.

Although Robert Pucci's screenplay of 'The Corrupter' seems to be barely adequate, the lighting of cinematographer Juan Ruiz-Anchia is bold and visually exciting with superb editing credits by Howard E. Smith.

'The Corrupter' is a prototypical guy movie with a great car chase-crash-mayhem scene in the middle and plenty of stylistic slow-motion gunfights. Chow Yun Fat is an Asian superstar and matinee idol who's followed action star Jackie Chan and director John Woo to Hollywood—now that Hong Kong and its prolific movie industry have been taken over.

It's a smart move for an actor with "World-Class Star" written all over him.

Besides 'The Killer' and 'Hard Boiled' on video, check out his other Hong Kong classics—'A Better Tomorrow' and 'A Better Tomorrow 2,' the best of the best of the action-adventure film genre.

'Confidence': One Nation Under Fraud

AMERICA HAS ALWAYS BEEN fascinated by con men. The fact that the Bush Crime Family occupies the White House is defacto evidence that proves the point.

'Confidence,' directed by James Foley ('Glengarry Glen Ross,' 'The Corruptors') is a gem of a movie that celebrates what America does best—fraud.

In L.A., one of the scam capitals of America, (the other being South Florida), Jake (Edward Burns) and his crew cheat the wrong guy for \$150,000. He's an accountant for a local crime boss called the King (Dustin Hoffman).

In his best role since the movie producer who creates the phony war in 'Wag the Dog,' Hoffman chews up the scenery in a brilliant performance as a gum-chewing Ritalin-popping sleazeball who talks Jake into scamming another guy higher up on the food chain for \$5 million in a corporate loan fraud.

These small timers do not, however, have the sophistication of Ken Lay and his Enron Scam, the highest grossing Real Life corporate fraud in American history. These guys are strictly small time.

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For some unknown reason, they even want to repatriate their money in cash back to the United States—instead of leaving it in an offshore slush fund like all good Republicans.

After one of the crew gets killed in retribution, Jake invites a pickpocket party-girl Lily (Rachel Weisz) to join them in their new swindle to fleece one of the King's rivals (Robert Forster).

The ensemble cast gets rounded out with two Los Angeles cops on the take, who are described as "half as smart and twice as crooked," played by Luis Guzman and Donal Logue and another sleazy looking Fed with more dubious credentials (fake I.D.), played by Andy Garcia.

'Confidence' is a fun movie to watch because it celebrates America's greatest art form: the Scam. And even though America's prime export may be movies and/or weapons systems from the US Military-Industrial-Entertainment Complex, the Premier Scam of the USA is exporting the Cult of Consumerism disguised as "Democracy" to the rest of the world. And that has to be one of the best scams ever.

Of course, there are the inevitable comparisons between actors and con men and politicians. In a sense, they all "lie" for a living, yet only actors are supposedly "entertaining."

However, it should be remembered that America was actually founded by smugglers, slavers, pirates, and masons. (Masons even have their own word for deceiving the "profane." They call their scams "hoodwinking.")

This colorful early history of the United States is detailed in *Secret Societies of Americas Elite: From the Knights Templar to Skull and Bones* by Stephen Sora (Destiny Books).

To paraphrase the scriptures—In the Beginning was the Scam. The current Ruling Class of the United States likewise started in scams, which eventually escalated to such an extent that the American Empire now even pretends to rule the world. Sora's book is essential history about the origins of wealth and power in America and how this nation became a global player in the New (Under) World Order through good old-fashioned drug trafficking, weapons smuggling and a variety of corporate-government fraud.

But 'Confidence' is much more enjoyable than many of the

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other scam movies of the past, like 'The Sting', 'House of Games,' or 'The Grifters.' With great dialogue that out-mamets even David Mamet, the brilliant script by Doug Jung tells a fast-moving story with flair and style and just enough multiple flashbacks to keep the story moving right along to a great ending, a happy ending in fact.

Enhanced by the gorgeous cinematography of Juan Ruiz Ancha, the deft editing of Stuart Levy, and the stylish direction of James Foley, 'Confidence' makes the reverse engineering of a scam not only fun to watch, but helps anyone understand why fraud really is the All American Pastime.

And speaking of scams—government whistleblower Al Martin, author of *The Conspirators: Secrets of an Iran Contra Insider* (<http://www.almartinraw.com>) writes in a recent column about the non-competitive contracts for the "rebuilding" of Iraq, "These contracts were awarded to Halliburton and Bechtel. The British and Canadians said it was a flagrant example of how the Republican Party panders to the American Military-Industrial Complex, who, in turn, support the Right Wing Political Cabal in Washington. They said they weren't notified of the bids, which the Bush administration previously promised to them. These contracts were simply awarded. They were no-bid contracts and the 'winners' were told to set their own prices. This is money that the American taxpayers are going to have to pay for; this is not coming out of Iraqi oil.

"Not only were these bids awarded to corporations which support the right wing cabal of the Bushonian Regime," continues Martin, "but George Bush and his family, Dick Cheney and his family, as well as all cabinet officers and their families, and over half of all sub cabinet level appointees in the Bush Administration have direct financial interest in these companies.

"This is a direct conflict of interest. The law says they can have no direct personal ownership. They get around this because they own shares through various offshore trusts. In Bush's case, it's through the Bush Family controlled Pilgrim Investment Trust. In Cheney's case, it's through the Cheney Family Foundation Trust in the Netherlands Antilles, which is secret. This is Crony Capitalism American Style a/k/a Bushonian Cabalism.

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"Bob Dole's famed comments spoken during the re-inauguration dinner in 1985 should never be forgotten. Dole said, 'America, Land of the Naive and Home of the Provincial... Thank God!'"

America really is "One Nation Under Fraud." If you still don't believe that the USA is No. 1 in fraud, look at the "War on Iraq Scam." The Bush Crime Family prosecuted a war on a nation headed by a former business partner of George Bush, Sr. (Saddam Hussein) under the guise of "liberating" the Iraqi people. Essentially the USA delivers so-called "democracy" through military occupation—the same modus operandi as the old Soviet Union.

American self-deception is quite a wonder to behold. And those in the military who "fought" in Iraq? They're just the Enforcement Arm of the Bush Crime Family and there's one word which fits. Take your pick—"Suckers" or "Chumps."

Meanwhile the gullible American-flag wavers swallowed it all. You can't beat this scam. Someday it will make a great movie...

'Enemy of the State': Federal Police State(s) of America

IN AN UPDATED REPRISE OF THE BEST conspiracy movies of the 1970's like 'Three Days of the Condor,' 'The Parallax View,' and 'The Conversation,' 'Enemy of the State' delves into the current state-of-the-art surveillance society that should make everybody paranoid.

The movie begins with a meeting of a U.S. congressman (Jason Robards), walking his dog in a park near Washington, D.C. He is adamantly opposed to a new anti-privacy and communications bill, so he needs some "persuasion."

In a bid to convince him National Security Agency official Thomas Reynolds (Jon Voight) tells him, "We are at war 24 hours a day," The senator, however, will not be moved. Then the NSA man says, "We can't find any common ground," and that's a signal for the hit squad—ex-Marine ex-con assassins—to murder him and make it look like an accident.

(Voight, who plays the anal-retentive spook, looks like a dead ringer for Robert Strange MacNamara, the former US Secretary of

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Defense and World Bank President, down to the steel-rimmed war-criminal eyeglasses. The assassins "suicide" the senator in a Maryland park, which looks just like the place where former attorney and NSA Colonel Vince Foster was found murdered.)

Meanwhile a nature photographer called Zavitz (Jason Lee) has inadvertently filmed the hit. When he gets home and checks the video, he realizes he has an actual record of the senator's demise as well as evidence of the murderers' identity.

When the NSA hit squad arrives at his front door, he takes off in the first of many spectacular chase scenes in director Tony Scott's fast-paced movie.

At the same time labor lawyer Robert Dean (Will Smith) is meeting with Pintero (Tom Sizemore), a Mobster union guy who threatens him for interfering with his "business." On the way home, Dean runs into old college buddy Zavitz who unknowingly slips him the evidence and gets the lawyer involved.

Soon Dean himself becomes the target. He gets fired from his job. His home gets vandalized and "bugs" are placed in his clothes, his shoe and his watch. His credit cards are cancelled. His wife tells him to leave because of incriminating photos that set him up with a former girlfriend (Lisa Bonet). In a run for his life, Dean finally tracks down a mysterious information broker named Brill (Gene Hackman), a former communications analyst who tells him about the awesome power of the U.S. National Security Agency.

"NSA conducts worldwide surveillance," says Brill. "The government's been in bed with the telecommunications industry since the 1940s... It's a Brave New World out there," he says. "At Fort Meade, they have 18 acres of mainframe computers underground. 100 satellites looking down. That's classified."

The point of the movie is clear—you can kiss your privacy goodbye. Your phone records, deposits and withdrawals of your bank accounts and phone conversations are all accessible to government snoops.

The movie, however, doesn't even address the notorious Echelon system which "consists of a global network of computers that automatically search through millions of intercepted messages for preprogrammed keywords or fax, telex and e-mail addresses.

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Every word of every message in the frequencies and channels selected at a station is automatically searched," says John Pike of the Federation of American Scientists.

Echelon involves all major European governments' cooperation, but is actually driven by the US National Security Agency, according to Nicky Hager's book *Secret Power*.

If you think 'Enemy of the State' is just a movie, real-life events are much more bizarre. In fact legislation passed by Congress and signed into law by President Clinton portends a dismal future for freedom. Why? At least three new laws mandate an unprecedented ID and tracking system for all U.S. citizens.

The old fascist-communist line "Papers, please" will be replaced by "Can I see your ID card?" in this kinder gentler version of the Global Police State.

The laws which are a blueprint for the US National ID Card include:

- Public Law 104-208 (Omnibus Appropriations Act of 1997)
- Public Law 104-191 (Health Insurance Portability and Accountability Act of 1996)
- Public Law 104-193 (Personal Responsibility & Work Opportunity Reconciliation Act of 1996).

First, Public Law 104-208 (Division C, Title VI, Subtitle D, Section 656) mandates that for identification purposes, federal government agencies may accept only drivers' licenses which are "machine readable" and linked to Social Security Numbers. The Department of Transportation's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration must implement the National ID plan by October 1, 2000.

This law also stipulates the development of "counterfeit resistant Social Security cards," implying the use of biometric data like fingerprints, retinal scans and eventually DNA sampling.

Each person's driver's license, with its bar codes and magnetic strips, can carry enough information to become a database regarding sex, age, race, Social Security Number, driving record, as well as employment and criminal record. Eventually with so-called "smart cards," cards with electronically embedded microchips, everybody's military service record, health history, drug use, vaccination records,

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pregnancies and abortions, as well as credit ratings could also be included as part of the National ID Card.

In America, this has been euphemistically called a "unique identifier," making the card a proverbial cradle-to-grave tracking device for every citizen. Bureaucrats in Nazi Germany or the Soviet Empire would have loved it. This new technology is currently being field-tested in countries like the Dominican Republic and South Africa.

Also, under Title IV, Subtitle A, "Pilot Programs for Employment Eligibility Conformation," there will be a toll-free telephone line so an employer can call the National Employment Database to check on a prospective employee. In the words of the law, you would have to be registered in order to work, since your prospective employer could check "concerning an individual's identity and whether the individual is authorized to be an employee."

Public Law 104-191, promoted as a so-called health-care reform legislation, mandates national standards for medical history information. The law states that every person's data will be stored and transmitted under a "unique identifier" (your Social Security Number) making bureaucratic abuse not just probable but inevitable.

(Clinton backed off. Imagine the scandal—if the records of medical treatment for his cocaine-damaged septum became public.)

Public Law 104-193, the so-called Welfare Reform Law, was hailed as ensuring that "deadbeat dads," absentee fathers, could be tracked down and made to pay. However, it will also ensure a permanent record of everyone hired anywhere in America, categorized by Social Security Number. This totalitarian-style population control will be used to track working people, whom the government considers as "human resources" or "taxpayers."

Section 317 requires states to "establish procedures requiring that the Social Security Number of any applicant for a professional license, driver's license, recreational license, occupational license or marriage license be recorded on the application."

More ominous bills loom on the horizon. HR 1998, "The Yates Firearms Registration Act" and "Crime Prevention Act of 1997" would require everyone who owns a firearm to register it with the

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federal government, submitting "name, age, address, Social Security Number, name of manufacturer, the caliber or gauge, the model and type and serial identification of the firearm." The purpose of HR 231 is "to improve the integrity of the Social Security card and to provide for criminal penalties for fraud" making the Social Security card every American citizen's photo ID. HR 1428 would mandate states to require people to provide Social Security Numbers when they register to vote.

The fight against the Global Police State is well underway, at least on the internet.

Scott McDonald, "Sovereign Citizens Against Numbering (SCAN)," hosts "Fight the Fingerprint!" (www.networkusa.org/fin-gerprints.html). Also don't miss the great website of Glen Roberts and Full Disclosure (<http://www.glr.com/ssnpub.html>) which highlights the fact that "the Social Security Number is no longer a legitimate means of identification because it is too widely available." Mr. Roberts was able to retrieve the SSN of Bill Gates, Sumner Redstone and other Fortune 500 plutocrats by accessing the SEC's EDGAR database. His Public Sources for SSN's page where you can access the numbers of Indiana sex offenders, State University of New York students and others is also highly entertaining.

In the end, 'Enemy of the State' asks a simple question—how do you draw the line between 'national security' and 'civil liberty'? The movie's answer is clear—"the only privacy is in your head." But with advanced mind control technology and new totalitarian laws, even that's up for grabs.

'The Insider': Big Media Rules

BIG MEDIA'S SO-CALLED INVESTIGATIVE journalism has always been a charade. One of the prime offenders is CBS News 60 Minutes, which masquerades as a serious show, but usually acts as a mouthpiece for government disinformation.

There have been occasional oversights—for example, the November 2, 1993 broadcast of "CIA Cocaine: CIA Apparently Behind Shipping a Ton of Cocaine into US from Venezuela."

On the other hand, Steve Kroft's interview with Bill and Hillary Clinton is widely perceived as having saved Bill's bacon when his affairs first started leaking out.

More often than not, this Government-Media outlet can be liberally characterized as a slick US version of Pravda, the infamous Soviet state organ. In other words, watch the show, then assume the opposite is true.

What then is the subtext of 'The Insider'? It's an intense fast-paced docudrama directed by Michael Mann ('Thief,' TV's 'Miami Vice,' 'Heat,' 'The Last of the Mohicans'). It could have been a high-end version of a TV Movie of the Week. Instead it's

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a powerful, emotionally engaging story, with a great script cowritten by Mann and Eric Roth—how Big Media producer Lowell Bergman seduced whistleblower Jeffrey Wigand into telling him the secrets of Big Tobacco.

The seduction itself is the story. The arena of so-called "news-making" is the backdrop, an alleged behind the scenes look at how the show is made. 60 Minutes producer Bergman (Al Pacino) and the equally arrogant Mike Wallace (Christopher Plummer) work together like a marriage made in hell—two obnoxious characters who decidedly deserve each other.

The seduction begins when Bergman tries to get the recently fired Jeffrey Wigand (Russell Crowe) to work as a consultant on another tobacco industry story.

"I worked as head of research for Brown & Williamson," Wigand tells him. "I was corporate vice president."

Somehow the honchos at Big Tobacco find out that Wigand's talking to Big Media, and that's when the harassment begins. Hang-up telephone calls. Prowlers in the yard. Destruction of the family garden. Computer threats. A bullet in the mailbox.

Finally boorish FBI agents intimidate Wigand and his family. It's the dark side of American business—the corporation as an organized crime family, and corporate terrorism never looked so scary.

Wigand still doesn't trust him, even though Bergman insists, "I don't burn people." And slowly an uneasy alliance develops between them. Wigand is still conflicted, and in his newly found conscience, he's never sure that he's made the right decision—especially when he begins to understand the awesome power of Big Tobacco. Imagine having the ability to pay \$600 million in legal fees as part of the cost of doing business.

'The Insider' dwells on the issue of corporate secrecy vs. public health with the X-factor of mass media manipulation thrown in the stew.

Wigand clearly understands his role. He says, "I am a commodity to you, what you put on between commercials... You believe because you get information out, it changes something?"

Bergman counters with a line about Wigand's "cheap skepticism," as if he's still a fervent disciple of his mentor, the infamous

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Dr. Herbert Marcuse, the Soviet apologist and discredited ideologue. He then brags about the show's 30 million viewers. And in the end, that's entertainment—two blow-hards duking it out in a world of corporate sharks.

When the Wigands walk out of their toney restaurant meeting in New York, Mike Wallace asks Bergman, "Who are these people?" the script's Bergman answers "ordinary people under extraordinary pressure."

So who are the real heroes of investigative journalism—the researchers who don't have the clout or the salaries of the mega-corporate media cartel—yet still continue their pursuit of justice in America?

Former FAA investigator Rodney Stich (<http://www.defraudingamerica.com>), author of *Unfriendly Skies*, *Defrauding America*, and *Drugging America*, has been exposing criminal activities of government agents and corrupt officials since 1962.

His websites include www.defraudingamerica.com, www.druggingamerica.com and www.ciadrugs.com. His ground-breaking book, *Defrauding America*, is in its third edition. Subtitled "Encyclopedia of Secret Operations by the CIA, DEA and Other Covert Agencies," it contains over 750 pages of evidence and documentation of criminal activities by spooks and other whistleblowers from the CIA, FBI as well as extensive background on other US political prisoners.

Meanwhile phoney so-called reporters like Bob Woodward of Watergate fame, was a government asset (an officer in the Office of Naval Intelligence), who used the media as a cover. He and countless others must be called to task for their willful participation in Government/Media disinformation that passes for "news."

As far as *The Insider*' is concerned, however, the paragon of investigative journalism, Lowell Bergman, is a bust—even though he's supposed to be such a mensch in the film.

"Are you a businessman or a newsman?" he chides his partner Mike Wallace in the classic double bind. Wallace, the way-beyond-his-prime corporate lackey, only worries about his "legacy." He spits out his disdain at the company lawyer (Gina Gershon), "I've been in this profession for 50 years." Yadda yadda yadda.

Finally the show is taped with Wigand saying that Big Tobacco

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is in the "nicotine delivery business"—Duh!—and that B&W knew that a tobacco additive called coumarin was a carcinogen, but that changing the formulation would result in an unacceptable revenue loss. This show and the resulting lawsuits are supposed to be the reason for the \$246 billion settlement of lawsuits against Big Tobacco by all 50 states.

Bergman's insufferable arrogance was evidently left intact after his departure from 60 Minutes. In a brief interview by phone, when asked whether having Al Pacino play him on the big screen went to his head, he flippantly answered, "You'll have to ask my wife."

In the end, it's not hard to cheer for Al Pacino, especially when the script is sympathetic to his role. But in real life, Lowell Bergman remains another pawn in the game. His problem? He really believes he's a knight.

'Mercury Rising': Feds in Wolves Clothing

IN 'MERCURY RISING,' BRUCE WILLIS takes on the creeping police state in America—a loner hero against the National Security Agency.

The story begins in the middle of a siege. FBI undercover agent Art Jeffries (Bruce Willis) has infiltrated a group that's taken over a bank. He pleads with his superiors to give him more time to defuse the situation but they decide to attack anyway.

Children are killed by an FBI SWAT team assault just like the real-life events of Waco, Texas and Ruby Ridge, Idaho.

Willis is upset. He slugs the bureaucrat in charge and that results in a swift demotion. He calls his boss and those responsible "a bunch of suits sitting behind a desk trying to justify your existence." On his behalf, another agent calls Willis "one of the best undercover guys we've had," but it doesn't help. The boss calls him a paranoid and Willis is out. His next job is "sitting on a wire," monitoring a wiretap.

Meanwhile a 9-year-old boy, an autistic savant named Simon (Miko Hughes) has unwittingly solved a puzzle, a final test for a

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supercode program called Mercury. It's the pet cryptographic project of Nicholas Kudrow (Alec Baldwin), a National Security Agency colonel. Kudrow's reputation is at stake, so he decides to have the boy killed rather than compromise the program.

"I am a patriot, and a patriot is the one who makes a strong moral choice," says Kudrow. In his twisted mind, Simon has become a "national security" threat.

Kudrow then gets his underlings to pledge him "diligence, loyalty and above all, absolute silence." His rationale for a kinder, gentler police state is that "in the end, it's about saving lives."

Simon's unsuspecting parents invite the NSA killer, who's impersonating a police officer, into the house. Both parents are murdered and a gun is placed in the father's hands to make it look like a "murder-suicide." Willis is called in. When he arrives at the crime scene, he spots the set-up—the father was supposed to be poverty-stricken and depressed—asking, "How's a guy that's so broke afford a fifteen hundred dollar handgun?" After finding the orphaned Simon hiding in the house, he realizes that his life is in danger and takes off with the kid.

Director Harold Becker ('City Hall,' 'Malice,' 'Sea of Love') does an admirable job with the screenplay by Lawrence Konner and Mark Rosenthal, adapted from the novel *Simple Simon* by Ryne Douglas Pearson. It's a powerful account of a national security establishment gone haywire. And it's not too far from the dismal truth.

Welcome to the post-constitutional National Security States of America.

"America today exists in a twilight zone, not a democracy or a Republic, but not yet a police state," writes author Gurudas in his excellent book, *Treason—The New World Order*. (Cassandra Press, Box 150868, San Rafael, CA 94915, 800-255-2665).

"America has become an elitist corporate oligarchy." Historically the origin of the creeping police state in America was the passage of the National Security Act of 1947, more fully implemented in 1950 with edict NSC-68, declassified in 1975. The National Security Council, the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency all derive their mandate from this legislation. This document also discloses the engineering of the

phoney Cold War.

The objective was to "greatly increase conventional forces and nuclear power, develop foreign alliances, sharply increase taxes and mobilize the entire American society through fear and terror to stop communism. This radical new policy was never openly debated. Our original Constitution was secretly replaced with the national security state and few noticed," writes the author of *Treason*.

William Greider in *Who Will Tell the People?* asks, "How can the nation begin to restore a peaceable economic balance and evolve toward a society that is not so relentlessly organized around the machinery of war?... After four decades in place, the national security state is not going away anytime soon...If nothing much changes, there will be a continuing political imperative to seek out new conflicts that justify the existence of the national-security state. The CIA, if it remains independent and secretive, will keep churning out its inflated assessments of new 'threats.'"

Increasing evidence shows that Washington policymakers consider American citizens themselves a threat. The recent Anti-terrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act of 1996, signed into law by President Bill Clinton, is another nail in the coffin of America's freedom. Now anybody can be designated a "terrorist." Your alleged freedom of speech, in fact, could be hazardous to your liberty. For example, if you're charged with being a "terrorist" according to this law—it's as simple as being named as such by the Secretary of State—and "classified" information is involved, they hold a star chamber-like hearing which keeps out your evidence. Then, if they say you're a terrorist, you can't deny it—it's the law.

Here's Sec. 219 (8): "If a designation under this subsection has become effective under paragraph IB, a defendant in a criminal action shall not be permitted to raise any question concerning the validity of the issuance of such designation as a defense or an objection at any trial or hearing." Got that? Read it again. It means, if they say you're a terrorist, you're a terrorist. Period. (If you want, you can fax a request to 202-228-2815 and ask for Public Law 104-132 to read this monster in full.)

The arrogance of Washington policymakers is awesome. "The

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elitists who make national security policy feel that they alone possess the necessary information and competence to deal with foreign policy crises and problems. Government deception, supported by a pervasive system of official secrecy and an enormous public relations machine has reaped a harvest of massive public distrust," writes David Wise in *The Politics of Lying*.

And if you think that government killers are just a Hollywood invention, read *The Tatum Chronicles* by Chip Tatum. His first hand account is absolutely chilling. He writes that "in March of 1986, I was contacted by Lt. Col. Oliver North and involuntarily recruited into a Special Operations group codenamed Pegasus. I was told that I would be working directly for the President of the United States...

"During the next few years I would be tasked by Mr. Bush [Sr.] with the neutralization of a Mossad agent in 1988, an Army Chief of Staff in 1989, the president of a third world country in 1989 and a leader of a revolutionary force in Central America in 1991. Amir Nir was killed in 1988. General Gustavo Alvarez was killed in 1989.

"Enrique Bermudez, Contra leader and overseer of the cocaine kitchens was killed in 1991. In 1992, I was tasked to neutralize an American citizen. I refused. I decided that day to leave the Black Operations Unit..."

Imagine how many agents didn't leave and are still working in government assassination squads in America. "You can't fuck with the NSA," a Chicago Police friend tells Bruce Willis in the movie.

Dead NSA operative Vince Foster found out the hard way. He was suicided. Substitute KGB for NSA, and you're back in the USSR, boy.

Ironically realpolitik brought about the collapse of the phony Cold War. And the communists? They took over Washington, D.C.

'The Peacemaker': Making the World Safe for Globalism

THE PEACEMAKER' STARS GEORGE CLOONEY as a Ranger in Army Intelligence (love those oxymorons). Nicole Kidman plays a White House scientist. Together, they try to stop nuclear terrorists from _____ oh, you fill in the blanks.

This post'Cold War action adventure movie capitalizes on a simple formula of B.S. (that's Belief System, pardner). America is the de facto GloboCop with a standing army of America's young, numb and dumb ready to march off to the next designated global "trouble spot."

After all it's history. Remember the media-promoted Persian Gulf War. Remember the nonstop barrage of PR spinmeisters, CNN's unrestrained boosterism, and George Bush's rallying cry of "stopping aggression" on behalf of what he euphemistically called the "New World Order." "New World Order" is, after all, just code language for Globalism. And Globalism is a political ideology with the moral imperative of a secular religion.

To recapitulate, first there was glasnost. Then perestroika. And

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now there's the New World Order, risen from the ashes of the Cold War. The Hegelians would say that the ideologies of capitalism (thesis) and communism (antithesis) have produced a synthesis.

Enter international (corporate) socialism, or Globalism. In his book *Megatrends 2000*, Olympian futurist John Naisbitt calls it "free market socialism," a hybrid that combines welfare state social policies with multinational corporation business on a global level. Naisbitt forgot to say it, but back in Mussolini's Italy, this ideology was called Fascism.

Globalism, as a secular religion, has a dogma all its own. Its core belief is the notion that the usefulness of the nation-state is over, national sovereignty is a quaint old-fashioned concept, and a One World Government is inevitable.

However, at least for the time being, these ideas must be couched in cryptic language for the unwashed masses.

Globalist spokesman Zbigniew Brzezinski, former Columbia University professor and President Carter's National Security advisor, spoke at the Gorbachev Foundation sponsored State of the World Forum in 1995. "We cannot leap into world government in one quick step," he said. "It requires a process of gradually expanding the range of democratic cooperation." In plain language, he means that people must continue to be indoctrinated.

"Cooperation" or "consensus-building" toward a One World Government and Economy is the ongoing policy of the global power elite. Movies like 'The Peacemaker' are an obvious means of indoctrination.

When nuclear weapons are stolen from the Russians by ex-KGB mafia types and then stolen again by former Yugoslavians, GloboCop George Clooney steps in to do the dirty work, even though Nicole's supposed to be in charge.

In fact he questions her motives by saying, "You move from Lawrence Livermore (the California based weapons developer) to Washington. Which is it? Blow up the world? Or save the world?"

Huh? As if the purpose of Washington is to "save the world"?

In the Manhattan sequence, while Clooney is tracking the guy with the backpack nuke, he shouts the order, "Do not shoot any civilians." Later in complete frustration, he yells at the FBI snipers,

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"Take the shot. Take the shot."

This is on a downtown New York sidewalk crawling with pedestrians. It makes you wonder what happened when Randy Weaver's wife and child were assassinated by FBI sharpshooters at Ruby Ridge. The FBI's own serial killer Lon Horiuchi took the shot, a head shot of unarmed Vicky Weaver holding her baby. But let's not get confused. That was real life...

'The Peacemaker,' however, does have very well-staged mayhem—a car chase, a two train crash, and a nuclear explosion—but all seem to have the same weight in director Mimi Leder's weightless vision.

Playing bumper cars in a high-end Mercedes smashing BMW's also looks like fun. But despite the kinetic, almost frenetic ER-style camera, even the Steadicam work can't disguise the fact that the plot is going nowhere.

The byzantine storyline is hard to follow just like the real-life politics of the Balkans. The movie after all glosses over real history like the Lebanonization of Bosnia, the slaughter of its citizens, and the reasons why the global power brokers allowed it to happen.

The disjointed script is loosely based on a Vanity Fair article by Andrew and Leslie Cockburn, which then became a book called *One Point Safe* sold as a "True Story."

Who knows? Before blasting some third world peasants, Clooney explains it all, in case you didn't get it. "The good guys are us," he says. "The bad guys don't wear black hats." D-u-uh!

In fact this is a prototypical D-u-uh! kind of a movie. Since Hollywood is trying hard to find new politically correct bad guys, there are no crazy Middle Eastern terrorists. Instead you'll find volatile East European types who speak in subtitles. In the indecipherable Balkan politics, after all, just about anything could happen.

So why not? Let George do it. And he does. GloboCop at your service! Sir! Norman Mailer used to ask "Why are we in Vietnam?" Likewise "Why are we in Bosnia?" "Why are we in Iraq?"

'The Peacemaker' is the next level of programming beyond the "Be All You Can Be" commercials, a shameless and expensive recruiting film aimed at idealistic young Americans to join the UN peacekeeper, I mean, U.S. Army.

'Primary Colors': A \$65 Million Commercial for Clinton

IN THE CLINTON'S ADMINISTRATION'S RACE TO THE bottom, 'Primary Colors' is a love letter from director Mike Nichols to the heart of darkness—the cheatin' heart of Bill Clinton.

Imagine a touchy feely documentary-style film about the travails of Hitler before Kristalnacht and you get the sick story in full. Here he is the underdog, dejected, questioning his own viability— but he must go on. He knows, yes, he knows—it's his destiny. Drum roll, please.

Not since Leni Riefenstahl's propaganda masterpiece 'Triumph of the Will' has there been such a poignant depiction of the Man Who Would Be Dictator.

Emotionally vapid and intellectually dishonest, 'Primary Colors' is based on the novel by Newsweek lapdog Joe "Anonymous" Klein. Now with shameless boosterism, Newsweek puts John Travolta playing President Clinton on the cover—with an American flag in the background, no less.

The American flag, however, is not upside down—the traditional signal of distress.

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In his review, Newsweek writer Richard Corliss gushes that "Mike Nichols gives a controversial novel a vibrant new life on the big screen." Vibrant? It's about as vibrant as an abortion. In fact it's dead on arrival, an empty and ludicrous waste of film stock.

Reagan used to be called the Teflon President because nothing seemed to stick, but Clinton seems to be virtually bulletproof. After L'Affaires Lewinsky, Willey, Jones, Perdue et al ad nauseam, Clinton is the ipso facto Kevlar President.

In the movie, Hollywood comeback star John Travolta plays Jack Stanton, a hardly disguised version of Bubba running in the primaries. An amoral and charming rogue, Stanton is supposed to be—wink, wink, nudge, nudge—a stand-in for Clinton.

In 'Primary Colors,' director Mike Nichols (The Graduate) and his former partner Elaine May, who wrote the screenplay, have created an unfunny mess that looks like a cancelled sitcom without a laugh-track.

The acting is great as you'd expect from seasoned pros. Emma Thompson is the stand-in for Hillary. Billy Bob Thornton plays political consultant James Carville as a junkyard dog with a countrywide misogynist streak and a foul mouth that won't stop. Kathy Bates plays a character called Libby, a gun-toting lesbian political operative they use to get dirt on the other candidate.

Despite the first-rate acting, however, the insipid characters and shallow storyline are a third-rate knockoff of reality. No insights. No depth. And no humor.

And then there's the "Limousine Liberal Manifesto" a/k/a American Rhapsody by Joe Eszterhas.

The multi-million dollar screenwriter of the sex thriller 'Basic Instinct,' the sex-bomb 'Showgirls,' and the completely unwatch-able 'Burn Hollywood Burn' has written a smarmy love letter to Bill Clinton and it's called American Rhapsody.

It's 432 pages of apologies for Clinton and a really long retelling of the Monica Lewinsky Sexcapade Story. Joe's rationale for Clinton's behavior? He blames the excesses of the 1990s on the excesses of the 1960s. If you understand that, give me a call.

Part rehash of tabloid gossip, part memoir of Joe's Hollywood heyday, and part fiction—like the goofy "Dutch" Reagan pseudo-bio,

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Joe's book ends with a monologue by Clinton's talking willy called Willard (p. 425).

Joes version of 'Clinton,' in screenplay terms, is the Hero With the Flaw—the Anti-Hero whose downfall is linked to his sex addiction.

But Joe barely deals with the facts of his drug addiction except to mention that Roger Clinton says that Brother Bill's nose is like a vacuum cleaner, i.e. Hoovering up coke. Brother Bill's medical records were after all never released either—presumably because his septum was destroyed by his fondness for the white powder.

American Rhapsody begins with an unabashed paean to Bill Clinton, or as Joe calls him "the first rock'n'roll president"—insisting that he was "one of us." In fact, he insists so often that it makes you think of the famous line from the cult movie "Freaks" where they chant, "One of us. One of us. One of us."

Joe's real job, however, is to castigate Bubba's detractors. He calls Linda Tripp the "Ratwoman," Lucianne Goldberg, "the Bag Lady of Sleaze," and Arianna Huffington "the Sorceress from Hell."

And who could argue with that?

And Joe's heroes? Get ready for fawning descriptions of those who defended the embattled sex predator—Larry Flint, James Carville, Vernon Jordan ("The Ace of Spades"), and, of course, Saint Hillary.

Recounting the infamous 60 Minutes show where she saved Clinton's proverbial bacon, Joe writes about the Martha's Vineyard vacation—"There was Chelsea, truly the innocent victim, shaking hands with the folks, pressing the flesh near her dad, smiling like an old pol, a true Clinton. The message we were meant to receive was clear. If Chelsea forgave him for his inner squalor and his lies, shouldn't we? It was the 60 Minutes Gennifer Flowers plot, shamelessly reenacted all over again. Hillary had gotten her husband off the first time. Now she's pimped her daughter to perform the same act."

From time to time Joe veers into kiss-and-tell territory with his stories about Sharon Stone. Joe tells us that he got stoned with Sharon Stone (p. 88). That once he smoked some Thai with her, drank champagne and ended up crawling around on the floor in her dollhouse. That Joe got a massage from Sharon Stone (who

wasn't wearing any underwear) on the floor of a Beverly Hills Hotel just to impress her new director who was being obstinate. And, lest we ever forget, Joe gave Sharon Stone her big break with 'Primal Instinct.'

His old joke? "Put Sharon Stone in the room with the director and she'll close the deal."

Joe also disses Michael Douglas, Sylvester Stallone, Richard Gere, Warren Beatty, Ryan O'Neal and Farrah Fawcett.

There's also stories which pass for Hollywood wisdom and emphasize Washington's fascination with "The Industry." Joe writes, "As many in Hollywood know, a star's career is a lifelong political campaign. Each new movie is an election."

We also learn that Joe, like Saint Hillary, was a Barry Goldwater booster (p. 52)—a transformation that oddly recalls the former left-wing radical David Horowitz who's now a phoney "conservative."

Left? Right? Who can tell them apart?

And the stories that Joe missed? There's a lot of them. For instance, you won't hear (or read) a peep about the Dixie Mafia.

Clinton, after all, was not only the first Rock'n'Roll President. Clinton was the first boy the Dixie Mafia put in the White House. And there are no stories about his Bankster Sugar Daddy, Jack Stephens, who bankrolled him time and again and laundered his cocaine revenues when Clinton was the Arkansas Governor.

Not a peep about Mena, Arkansas either, the hub of Ollie North's guns-for-drugs operation. Those shipments of cocaine, after all, made Arkansas the CIA's own Banana Republic during the Iran Contra "business."

Joe avoids all the fun stuff too—the rumored whispers that "William Jefferson Clinton" is an illegitimate Rockefeller offspring. After all the Clan ran Arkansas like its own personal fiefdom and the Rocky Horror Family has deep roots in the Dixie Mafia state.

But Joe had done a lot of thinking. A lot of reading too. He had an epiphany. And then he wrote the book. With a reported initial printing of 200,000 copies, a cynic might say that this Limousine Liberal's Manifesto is really an homage to the Best Actor in Washington—even if it's just a run of the mill Sexual Predator kind of a role.

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In his self-righteous defense of the "Sex, Drugs & The Rock'n'Roll President," Joe Eszterhas has a thankless job. Justifying a scandalous lifestyle just ain't as cool as you might imagine.

American Rhapsody ? Not quite. "American Reprobate" is a much better handle.

(More recently, now that he's dying of cancer, Eszterhas has gotten religion. He even wants to atone for his sins of flagrantly promoting smoking in his movies. It's never too late till you're gone, Joe.)

And then it hit me. Clinton doesn't think he's a politician. He thinks he's a rock star. Clinton acts like a rock star on tour. Exposing himself to fans.

Expecting casual sex. Sleeping with groupies—political groupies, that is.

Sleeping with the roadies or the staff. After all, one night stands are the hallmarks of a touring band.

'Primary Colors' is just another momentary distraction to keep you from thinking about why Clinton hasn't been impeached. Sure they tried but.

After all, the barrage of media propaganda has been hot and heavy recently. You've had predictions of asteroids which "might" hit the earth reported by the press—and later denied. Coincidentally these reports tie in with this summer's coming Hollywood movies 'Deep Impact' and 'Armageddon'—which just happen to be about asteroids hitting the earth.

Now that's the ultimate product placement—when you can position your product, the movie, as "real" news and have "real" astronomers pitch it as a potential disaster. That is really priceless in terms of marketing.

Then there was the anthrax scam in which the FBI arrested two men in Las Vegas for supposedly having dangerous "anthrax bioweapons" which turned out to be harmless "anthrax vaccine."

The Los Angeles Times (Feb 25, 1998) in an editorial called it a "Useful Anthrax Scare." Useful for the ruling class? Or useful for you and me? Then they let it slip that "an American biotechnology firm legally supplied Iraq with 70 shipments of anthrax and other extremely deadly pathogens in the late 1980s before the Gulf War."

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Wait, that was during Bush's term in office. So first he supplied the Iraqis with germ warfare and then he prosecuted the Gulf War? The question to ask—why hasn't unindicted war criminal George Bush been charged with treason? Is the statute of limitations over already?

Then there's the Pentagon's recent decision to vaccinate every member of the armed forces' 2.4 million troops against anthrax. Leonard Cole, author of *The 11th Plague: The Politics of Biological and Chemical Warfare*, writes that "one study by the National Academy of Sciences questions the vaccine's effectiveness against mutations of the bacteria. Another suggests that Russian scientists have already genetically engineered a strain that resists the available vaccine."

The Pentagon's credibility about Gulf War related sickness is also below zero. After denying for five years that military personnel were exposed to biological agents, the agency began to reverse itself in mid 1996.

First it admitted that a few hundred troops may have been exposed. Then the estimates were raised to 100,000—after a steady barrage of lies by the Defense Department and more backpedaling about "experimental" vaccines that were given to the soldiers.

So why are vaccines still promoted so extensively in this country? The laws are so onerous you need a "religious" exemption to opt out for your children. Are there still too many "useless eaters"? Do the population control mavens want to go even further? Or do the pharmaceutical companies which bought the FDA just want to ensure their investment?

When you get a monopoly, be sure the government makes it a law that your product must be used. That's the current FDA policy for vaccines.

And that's how the media spreads Millennium Fever—fear, loathing and panic—through the so-called "news." And 'Primary Colors'?

Fuggedaboutit. For once the Wall Street Journal had it right, "Primary Colors Proves Travolta is a Good Actor, But Clinton a Better One." At the end of the movie, a woman pleads with the President, "Now don't break our hearts."

Not a chance, honey. Get on your knees.

'The Rainmaker': Southern Fried Flotsam and Grisham

YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN FOR IT WHEN the "heroes" of a movie are a bunch of ambulance chasers. These are lawyers who go to hospitals to sign up accident victims, so they can sue the insurance company.

And what could possibly be worse than lawyers? According to ex-lawyer and legal potboiler author John Grisham, it's the Big Bad Insurance Industry. It preys on poor people and systematically denies their claims when they're dying from leukemia.

This self-serving premise is all there is to 'John Grisham's The Rainmaker,' as it's billed, even though renowned director Francis Ford Coppola wrote and directed the movie. Why? Because Grisham's ego is humongous, and his Big Swinging Clout is obviously bigger than Coppola's.

The story of 'The Rainmaker' itself is a hackneyed southern cracker version of David and Goliath.

The David in question is Rudy Baylor (Matt Damon), a fresh law school graduate who goes for a job interview with shady operator "Bruiser" Stone (Mickey Rourke).

HOODWINKED

You know he's tough because he has an aquarium in his office with live sharks swimming around.

His sidekick is Deek Schiffler (Danny DeVito) whose claim to fame is that he failed the bar exam six times. Since Bruiser is just about to be indicted for racketeering, Deek talks young Rudy into starting their own firm with the few clients they have.

There's the case of the physically abused wife (Claire Danes) which provides an unconvincing romantic subplot. And there's the case of the guy dying from leukemia (Johnny Whitworth) whose insurance company denies him bone marrow transplant treatment.

So young Rudy goes to court against the Big Bad Insurance Company whose slick corporate lawyer Leo Drummond (Jon Voight) becomes his nemesis.

The dialogue's fine, but even Coppola's inspired casting can't overcome Grisham's insipid story. When you start wondering about where Mickey Rourke went, instead of caring about Matt Damon's case, you know that Grisham wrote the wrong one.

It's tendentious, plodding and finally pointless.

And the trial scenes? Reruns of CourtTV are more exciting.

They must have paid Coppola a ton of money to bring this dreck to the big screen.

And although he's done some great work, this film is curiously flat and devoid of passion.

On the other hand, Grisham's self-serving tirade against so-called "tort reform," disguised as the plot of 'The Rainmaker,' should have been an op-ed piece, not a novel, and certainly not a movie.

Plus there weren't enough lawyer jokes. Here's a couple to make up the difference.

- You're driving down the street and you see a lawyer riding a bicycle. Why don't you swerve to hit him?—It might be your bike.
- What's the difference between a pit bull and a lady lawyer?—Lipstick.
- Hundreds of people showed up at the judge's funeral. An out of townner says, "Great turn-out." "Yes, we were all clients of his," says one of the men. "It's awesome that so many people showed

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up to pay their respects." "Respects? We just came to make sure he was dead." • What's the difference between a lawyer and the scum of the earth?—I don't know either.

Suggested Viewing Instead (Francis Ford Coppola Greatest Hits):

The Godfather I, II & III.' I and II are two of the great masterpieces of filmmaking. The Dysfunctional Crime Family/Business Saga is Coppola's most important artistic achievement with unforgettable performances and technical brilliance everywhere. Organized crime is the obscene flipside of American Capitalism. Actually it's just the underworld version of the overwork!.

'The Conversation.' This film has a great performance by Gene Hackman as a wiretapper, who finds out that discerning perceptions and reality is harder than it seems. Paranoia. Conspiracy. Invasion of privacy. A taste of the encroaching National Security State of America.

'Apocalypse Now.' Directed by Francis Ford Coppola, this is the story of the Vietnam War as a satanic ritual. The outrageous insanity of America's first psychedelic war. When Kurtz (Marlon Brando) goes native, CIA operative Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels into the jungle to kill him. This masterpiece of filmmaking shows the real war—on drugs, i.e. only the stoned survived. Wild, shocking and intense.

'The Siege': PsyOps Movie Prepares U.S. For Martial Law

THE SIEGE' IS A SLICK COMMERCIAL for the coming American Police State.

Starting with actual newsclips intermixed with movie footage, a radical fundamentalist Muslim cleric is taken hostage. President Clinton—out of context—says "I am outraged by it," a speech he made after the Oklahoma City Bombing.

Then he says, "Those who did it must not be allowed to go unpunished." That was the stump speech for his so-called Anti-Terrorism Bill, which didn't have a chance of passing until the Bombing. The mix of "real" newsclips intercut with movie footage—a muezzin's calls to prayer and subsequent scenes of slaughter in the desert—makes an unsubtle direct correlation between Muslims and terrorism.

Cut to Manhattan. FBI man Anthony Hubbard (Denzel Washington) has to deal with a hostage crisis and a bus bomb which turns out to be a ruse. His partner is Lebanese, an Arab-American named Frank Haddad (Tony Shalhoub) who is gung-ho

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and acts as a translator—until they grab his kid and put him in the New York Concentration Camp. Understandably that sours him on the FBI.

Soon enough there's interagency rivalry with CIA woman Elise Kraft (Annette Bening). She tells the FBI man that "we're on the same team," but they both know it's a lie. He tells her "CIA has no charter to operate domestically." Yuck yuck—as if that ever kept the CIA from engaging in criminal activities on US soil.

The subtext of the movie, grounded in real-life history, is that CIA financed and trained indigenous "rebel" movements around the world, then unceremoniously betrayed them when US policy changed. The betrayed CIA "terrorists" then typically returned to US soil becoming pawns in elaborate spy agency games, which most recently resulted in the New York World Trade Center Bombing and the Oklahoma City Bombing.

Later, in a flash of realization about her own culpability, the CIA woman says to Samir (Sami Bouajila), one of the suspected "terrorists," "Don't tell me we financed your operation?" He smiles disbelievingly at her naivete.

Disinformation rules in 'The Siege.' Here are the most obvious distortions of reality:

Demonizing the Militia. Continuing the mainstream-media propaganda, Denzel Washington asks his fellow feds in the FBI office, "You think it's militia?" "Not their style," they answer, as if any militia was capable of "terrorism" without the active participation by undercover CIA, FBI, or BATF agent provocateurs.

Demonizing the Internet. "Everybody on the Internet knows explosives," says Washington, spreading the lie about how the Internet is a tool of subversion and therefore must be controlled. Department of Justice has lobbied long and hard for anti-internet, anti-cryptography legislation.

Demonizing Cash. "Where does a guy like you come up with ten thousand dollars?" the FBI man berates the Arab suspect, implying that cash anywhere is immediately suspect. According to US State Propaganda, only "terrorists" or "money launderers" use cash. This reinforces the suspicion in moviegoers' minds that only "criminals" would have any concerns about privacy.

HOODWINKED

General Devereaux (Bruce Willis) takes over when a state of emergency and martial law is declared in Manhattan. There's a couple of throwaway lines—complete with requisite handwring-ing—about Posse Comitatus—the law which mandates that US troops can not be used against US citizens—and how President Lincoln suspended habeus corpus, an unchallenged precedent for martial law.

Willis says "We can't go in until the president invokes the War Powers Act." Does that mean the country is still operating under war and emergency powers? Dr. Eugene Schroeder's controversial book *Constitution: Fact or Fiction* (Buffalo Creek Press, PO Box 2424, Cleburne, Texas 76033) explains his provocative thesis. He says that the reason why the US has gone downhill, becoming in essence an unconstitutional dictatorship, is because "since March 9, 1933, the United States has been in a state of declared National Emergency," according to Senate Report 93-549.

'The Siege' is actually just a turf war—not between gangs—but between Feds. It's FBI vs. CIA vs. National Security Council vs. America. The civil rights context—Is martial law justified? Under what circumstances?—is merely window dressing for the real question—How will the Feds split up the country?

The movie shows that escalating acts of "terrorism" in America are eerily similar to the Reichstag Fire in pre-WWII Germany, a rationale for a totalitarian-state power grab. In America, it would simply be the pretext for dispensing with that pesky US Constitution altogether.

Willis finally says, "I am declaring a state of martial law." US soldiers invade Brooklyn. Lines of camo-clad grunts march across the Brooklyn Bridge, while Humvees patrol Wall Street. (This was way before 9-11, by the way.) After capturing an Arab suspect, Willis says, "The time has come for one man to suffer to save hundreds." That's his rationale for torture.

The FBI man says, "Bend the law. Shred the Constitution. If we torture him, everything we fought for is over," implying speciously that the "terrorists" will win.

As if... As if New York Police brutality has never been committed. As if CIA atrocities were never done. As if FBI criminal

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behavior was never covered up.

Even mainstream reviewer Roger Ebert found the cognitive dissonance disconcerting. The scripted dialogue says one thing and the imagery shows something totally different.

Calls to prayer juxtaposed with making bombs.

Calls for tolerance juxtaposed with US soldiers marching on the Brooklyn Bridge.

Call it the engineering of consent. How else could the brainwashed American people believe the transparently bogus "reasons" for the Gulf War?

The Wall Street Journal movie review headline reads "Martial Law Comes to the Big City and It's Really Kind of Exciting." Exciting? Then in a talking-heads TV show in the movie, a moderator asks the pundits, "Do we have to bring in the Army?" Faux-conservative "commentator" Arianna Huffington reveals her crypto-fascist bent by saying, "Absolutely. How many people have to die?" Of course, it may not be her "real" belief, but with the stentorian commentary of Daniel Schorr on the soundtrack— who knows?

Reinforcing the bogus cover story/legend of a "truck bomb" blowing up the Oklahoma City Federal Building, there's—you guessed it—a truck bomb in 'The Siege' which destroys One Federal Plaza in New York.

David Hoffman's indispensable book *The Oklahoma City Bombing and the Politics of Terror* (Feral House) demolishes this fraudulent theory and dissects the elements of another US Government covert ops gone bad.

In his ground-breaking 509-page book, Hoffman describes the stewpot of CIA, FBI, BATF, Neo-Nazi, Arab, Israeli, and German intelligence operatives, as well as the US Government's ludicrous "Single Bomb Theory." Like Arlen Specter's infamous "Single Bullet Theory" about the bullet which made a U-Turn inside President Kennedy's body, this "fertilizer bomb theory" is just as dopey. Fertilizer—as in BS—is its primary ingredient.

Director Ed Zwick specializes in making Establishment-propaganda movies, glorifying war and the power of the State.

'Glory' was about African-Americans brainwashed to fight the

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Civil War.

'Courage Under Fire' was about all kinds of Americans brainwashed to fight in the Gulf War.

Denzel Washington is a veteran; he's been in both movies.

In 'The Siege,' Zwick cranks up the xenophobia. Despite its pretensions as a politically-correct parable for "tolerance," 'The Siege' demonizes both Arabs and Muslims. Zwick and film producer Lynda Obst have made a movie which is state-of-the-art PsyOps for the masses.

Psychological Operations (PsyOps) is a military term for non-lethal warfare. It's just masquerading as "entertainment."

'Swordfish': How to Steal a Government Slush Fund

WHAT REALLY HAPPENS TO SECRET government slush funds? Historically "Operation Swordfish" was a government sting operation, set up to ensnare drug dealers in the late 1980s. Using funds illegally obtained from asset seizures, this undercover operation by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Drug Enforcement Agency actually created dummy corporation fronts to get into the drug business. Eventually government agents and others were caught skimming the slush fund and stealing the money for themselves.

The premise of 'Swordfish' the movie is that the slush fund created by this operation has grown to a whopping \$9.5 billion.

Stan (Hugh Jackman) is a convicted computer hacker who is first seen driving golf balls near a tin shack in Midland, Texas. Enticed by a girl called Ginger (Halle Berry) wearing a skin tight red dress and spike heels—and \$100,000, Stan goes to meet her boss Gabriel (John Travolta), a mysterious, wealthy character who wants him to hack into the slush fund and liberate the money for his own purposes.

HOODWINKED

Gabriel, Ginger tells him, "exists in a world beyond your world." She calls him "a calculating machine. She adds—"he takes what he wants, when he wants. Then he disappears."

Stan desperately needs the money—to pay for a lawyer to get his daughter back from his ex-wife, who's married to "the porn king of Southern California," living the L.A. life-style of the rich and decadent. In other words, Stan's really motivated - and besides he's a cyber-hero.

The back story is that the NSA (National Security Agency) has listed Stan as "the most dangerous hacker in America"—after he had hacked into the FBI's notorious Carnivore software (a real-life program, by the way, which devours Americans' e-mails, faxes and other communication without regard for privacy, propriety or even legality).

Stan unleashed a virus into the Feds' system which set the Carnivore program back two years, according to Roberts (Don Cheadle), a government agent who helped send Stan to prison. Now Roberts is suddenly interested in Stan's reemergence on the scene.

After passing through a typical L.A. private club disco inferno, Stan meets Gabriel who gives him his first test: break into a Department of Defense computer with restricted access. After all he did get \$100,000, but Stan has to do it under certain conditions. With a time limit. With a gun to his head. And with a girl's head embedded on his lap. That's the Hollywood version of hacking under pressure. Gabriel tells him, "What if I told you I'd give you ten million dollars to access seven different networks?" Stan, who plays the hacker as rock star, sits in front of seven computer monitors, typing code furiously, as the hip hop soundtrack pounds out a number that repeats "5,000 watts of funking" over and over.

Ginger explains Operation Swordfish like this—"In the early 1980s, DEA set up a network of dummy corporations with \$400 million." With these DEA accounts earning interest, the DEA slush fund is now worth \$9.5 billion. All he has to do he's told is "pop the firewall [bust through the computer security] and get the money."

Stan tells him, "You need a bank as the backbone of the network," and Gabriel points to the bank across the street - the scene

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of a hostage crisis to top all hostage crises extrapolated to the Nth degree.

'Swordfish' is lots of fun. Great car chases. Great explosions. Great devastation in the material world. All the action movie stuff you would expect from a Joel Silver production. Also director Dominic Sena ('Gone in 60 Seconds') directs a fast-moving script by Skip Woods. Computer geek types will love the arcane references to worms, viruses, crypto and other delicacies of the computer nerd life.

Travolta himself has fun with his character, bending and stretching his hit man persona from 'Pulp Fiction'. He plays a scammer, but he insists that his job is to protect our freedoms - just like Iran-Contra gangsters General Richard Secord and Colonel Oliver North. Travolta's character claims he's just doing his part in protecting the American Way of Life.

Think sub-contracting terrorism in terms of national security, and you'll understand the mindset.

Travolta's character Gabriel proclaims, "I will sacrifice lives to protect this country. Including my own." He implies that stealing from secret government slush funds is as good a way to "protect freedom" as any.

When asked by Stan the Hacker, "How do you justify this?" referring to the incredible mayhem and carnage, Gabriel the unrepentant spook answers, "To preserve our way of life."

Gabriel, the scammer-terrorist is a hero—at least in his own mind. He even deconstructs Dog Day Afternoon saying, "Audiences love happy endings."

When Gabriel gets double-crossed by a senator involved in these murky black ops, he tells him, "Thomas Jefferson once shot a man on the White House lawn for treason."

"I've changed my identity so many times I don't know my identity any more," he continues, implying that undercover agents who have been sheep-dipped (had their identities changed) are doing it all for God and Country.

Interestingly enough, 'Swordfish' has been universally dissed. Mainstream critics have actually confessed that they didn't "understand" the movie. They don't get it.

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Poor old Roger Ebert was apparently so confused by the movie that he actually wrote, "I defy anyone in the audience to explain the exact loyalties and motives of the leading characters."

Poor Stephanie Zacharek of Salon.com bemoans the car chases and explosions. Her pissy review proclaims "a supposedly sophisticated shocker turns out like every other action thriller we've seen in the past three years—only more annoying."

Poor Stephen Hunter, writing for the Washington Post, confesses in his snide and sniveling review that "a hacker must do something I didn't understand: design a worm, whatever the hell that is, so he can insert it in a super-powerful government system, at the bank and order the system to deposit several billion dollars in certain offshore accounts."

And poor LA Times reviewer Kenneth Turan writes that "whatever interest the film creates is squandered via the smug showy amorality that runs through it." Welcome to the Real World, Pal...

David McClintick wrote a book called *Swordfish: A True Story of Ambition, Savagery and Betrayal* about the operation. And there was also a 60 Minutes piece in 1993 about the DEA's nasty habit of using informants (chumps) in their undercover investigations and then throwing them to the wolves.

And the real story of *Swordfish*? Former Iran Contra insider Al Martin recalls that "we got involved in the real Operation *Swordfish* at the time, back in the 1980s. It was a drug interdiction program in which there was an awful lot of cash missing. Toward the end, when there was a big investigation of *Swordfish* in 1991-92, it brought down a lot of FBI agents, when investigators found FBI agents' private safes stuffed with cash. This is what brought down the powerful and infamous Broward County [Florida] sheriff Nick Navarro. It ended his political hopes. The guy second in command Cacciatore made a deal with the Feds. The Feds went in and there was \$800,000 in cash in Navarro's safe that he couldn't account for. That's what busted that entire cabal in Broward County.

"At the end the GAO reported that there was \$3.6 billion missing," Al Martin continues, "but who knows what was really taken. The DEA set up fraudulent fronts to sting and entrap. That's all *Swordfish* was—a giant sting and entrapment scheme, but it

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involved the DEA, the FBI, and the IRS. It wasn't just the DEA involved. When some DEA agents and FBI agents were caught skimming the money, my friend got involved. Swordfish was an all cash deal, another typical sting and entrapment operation that got out of hand. Greed got involved. The CIA got involved. The CIA did all they could to protect their own narcotics traffickers. The CIA sometimes even set up DEA agents into these stings just to control them later on. The IRS CID [Criminal Investigation Division] got involved particularly in Fort Lauderdale. It also took down the mayor of Miami Beach."

Al Martin, author of *The Conspirators: Secrets of an Iran Contra Insider* (www.almartinraw.com) says, "Everybody wanted a piece of the fraud. This was very late in the game. Operation Swordfish was in the late '80s, and everyone knew that the salad days were coming to an end. They looked at Operation Swordfish and said hey this might be the last great opportunity for everyone to line their pockets so everybody jumped on the bandwagon. It was originally an FBI operation. That's what forced Tommy Cash, the head of the Miami DEA office, to retire. It forced a lot of people out. Out of all the people that were exposed and forced out, the government never recovered one dime of the money, which they in turn had stolen from others. They scammed it from drug dealers. The government people then scammed it from the government itself. The slush fund was created by monies taken from drug dealers that was later not accounted for by different agencies."

When told that the Travolta character rationalized his scam-ming the slush fund money, Al says, "That's what they're doing. They're protecting the American Way of Life. People probably thought that was humorous, but they don't understand how right he is. It's probably safe to say that the American people don't know just how right the Travolta character is because the American Way of Life Is Fraud. That's the way everything works in this country. That's what it's all about. It's what keeps the country moving— fraud, corruption, graft—whatever you want to call it. And stealing that which someone else has already stolen from somebody else is certainly the American Way."

'Tomorrow Never Dies': Media Moguls— The Perfect Villain

IN TOMORROW NEVER DIES, the 18th James Bond movie, Double-Oh-Seven (Pierce Brosnan) takes on a megalomaniac media mogul (Jonathan Pryce) who runs the world-wide Carver Media Group Network.

Imagine a manic Ted Turner without his medication. Or Rupert Murdoch. Pryce prances around making pronouncements like "There's no news like bad news" and "Give the people what they want," yelling mercilessly at his minions when things go wrong.

Although Pryce, unlike Turner, doesn't donate \$1 billion to the U.N. as a tax dodge (or as an effort to buy the Nobel Peace Prize), he does manipulate the news and even creates international incidents of war to sell more newspapers. There is a precedent. He quotes William Randolph Hearst, of the Hearst newspaper chain, who told his correspondents, "You provide the photos. We'll provide the war." That was the Spanish-American War.

Not to forget—the Persian Gulf War was likewise promoted by Turner's CNN, which became a defacto US. government mouthpiece for all intents and purposes.

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Today, since fewer and fewer Americans believe the news reported by the networks and mega-media outlets, the movie's choice of villain seems to be in tune with the times. Recent Pew Research Center surveys show that a majority of the public— 56%—now believes news stories distort the facts.

People instinctively know that the mega-media cartel press lies, manipulates and distorts the truth. Their intuition is right on the money, when you consider the words of John Swinton, former Chief of Staff for the New York Times, called "The Dean of His Profession," who himself said as much to his colleagues at a dinner before the New York Press Club:

"There is no such thing as an independent press in America. You know it and I know it. There is not one of you who dares to write his honest opinion, and if you did, you know beforehand that it would never appear in print...

"The business of journalists is to destroy the truth; to lie outright; to pervert; to vilify; to fawn at the feet of mammon and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread. You know it and I know it, and what folly is this—toasting an independent press? We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are the marionettes. They pull the strings, and we dance. Our time, our talents, our capacities and our lives are all property of these men. We are intellectual prostitutes."

You can imagine the reaction he got after that little confessional. Remember that quote the next time you watch CNN, CBS, ABC, NBC, or Fox News.

Or read a story by Associated Propaganda, er, Press.

At any rate, James Bond teams up with one of Asian action movies' top stars, martial artist Michelle Yeoh, and they proceed to kick major butt throughout the film. Teri Hatcher plays Bond's old flame and the media mogul's wife. Vincent Schiavelli plays a German doctor who writes forensic reports for murders disguised as suicides. He also does torture as a hobby. "I'm just a professional doing my job," he pleads. And Joe Don Baker, in a tacky Hawaiian shirt, plays an American spook.

Action director Roger Spottiswode ('Air America') does super high tech mayhem. Playing chicken with nuclear fighter planes.

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Hanging from a skyscraper. Great stunts and explosions. Helicopters chasing Bond and the girl handcuffed to each other on a motorcycle. A BMW 750 that Bond drives by remote control from the back seat, complete with rockets and tire slashers. And enough gunfights and fistfights to satisfy anybody's Inner (Fourteen-Year-Old) Child. Plus there's the standard sexual double entendres you come to expect in any Bond picture. It's great mindless fun.

Of course the movie didn't have any of the great one-liners that real-life media mogul Ted Turner has delivered. You have to turn to his biography *Citizen Turner* to find those. Like the time he said, "If you want to fish, put down a million dollars and buy your own damn stream." Or when he stated emphatically that "Christianity is a religion for losers." (He reportedly got mad at God when his sister died.)

It makes you wonder who writes his dialogue. Maybe he just channels it when he forgets to take his lithium.

And here are some more true-life facts for your entertainment. In 1951, Bill Buckley Jr. worked for the CIA for one year, stationed in Mexico City. The following year, he founded the faux conservative *National Review* magazine. In 1951, Generoso Pope also worked for the CIA. The following year, he founded the supermarket tabloid *National Enquirer*. Gotta love those coincidences.

The *National Review* and the *National Enquirer* both turned out to be about as useful as the old Soviet *Pravda*. That's why Mega Media makes the best villains.

'Wag the Dog': How to Manipulate the Media

WHAT IF THE SO-CALLED "NEWS" you see on CNN was really "produced" like a "show"? In other words, what if it's just a made-up story—a manufactured "event" that serves a political purpose.

That's the premise of director Barry Levinson's 'Wag the Dog,' a brilliant comedy about political manipulation of the media. A "war" in Albania is "created" for the public to divert attention from the President of the United States after he molests a 14-year-old girl scout—just before his re-election.

Does that sound familiar?

Political consultant and spin doctor Conrad Brean (Robert DeNiro) is called in to make the problem go away. He immediately hires Hollywood producer Stanley Motss (Dustin Hoffman) to "produce" an "event" that the public will believe.

"I'm in show business. Why come to me?" asks Motss. Brean replies, "War is show business—that's why we're here." So they set to work on an international pageant—producing a phony war based on a bogus terrorist crisis in Albania to distract TV viewers from the President's new problem.

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"We're not going to have a war," says Motss. "We're going to have the appearance of a war."

So how does the Hollywood producer do it? He "produces" a series of media events that are sentimental, syrupy sweet and even "patriotic." In other words, he pushes all the right emotional buttons. First, using special effects, they shoot phony news clips of a girl running from her burned-out village holding a kitten in her arms—all shot in the studio.

They hire Willie Nelson to write several emotionally charged songs. One's called "American Dream," an extravaganza with studio singers sounding like We Are the World." There's a song called "Three-Oh-Three," with a melody like the old war propaganda song "Ballad of the Green Berets." Another is a folk-blues song called "Good Old Shoe," which is placed in the Library of Congress Archives collection, then "found" to tie in with a missing soldier "war hero" called Shuman (Woody Harrelson). When Shuman surfaces, he's a psychotic military convict who's been serving twelve years in prison for raping a nun. (Historical sidenote: Harrelson's real-life father, Charles Harrelson, really is in prison, convicted of killing a judge. He was also one of the so-called Three Tramps arrested in Dallas at the JFK assassination.)

When they're done with the scam, the political consultant says, "That's a complete fraud and it looks 100% real."

Consider then the hidden history of the 20th century. For example, there's the real-life manipulation of an American presidential election in 1980. Referred to as the "October Surprise and Coverup," the intent of the scheme was to bring about the defeat of President Carter and to elect Reagan instead.

According to Rodney Stich, author of the indispensable *Defrauding America* (Diablo Western Press; 800-247-7389), the Reagan-Bush team promised the Iranians billions of dollars of U.S. military equipment as well as \$40 million cash in bribes in exchange for freeing the hostages after the election of 1980. One of Stich's informants, a pilot named Gunther Russbacher, verified these facts; BAC-111 and SR-71 aircraft flew George Bush Sr. (that's Sir George Bush to you, bub; he's been knighted) to Paris to make the deal with the Iranians. When the hostage exchange

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stalled, Reagan "won" the election.

Stich writes that "the establishment media sought to discredit the CIA whistle blowers who could prove the existence of the October Surprise operation... The evidence required impeaching President George Bush and filing criminal charges against key officials in the executive, legislative and judicial branches. Never in the history of the United States was there such a serious criminal conspiracy inflicted upon the U.S. by people in control of the White House..."

By the way 'Wag the Dog' is based on Larry Beinhart's novel American Hero adapted into a brilliant screenplay by David Mamet. Beinhart's fictional story was about the "production" of the so-called Persian Gulf War.

In real life, the Gulf War was likewise a bogus fabrication. According to historian John Coleman, author of *Diplomacy by Deception* (Joseph Publishing Co.; 800-942-0821) in a chapter called "The Brutal Illegal Gulf War," the genesis of this recent military outing was the implementation of a plan "by British imperialists and their American cousins to seize control of all the Middle East oil." Coleman writes that "a British intelligence source told me that when James Baker III met Queen Elizabeth II at Buckingham Palace he actually bragged about how he got around the Constitution, then in the presence of the Queen chastised Edward Heath who opposed the war."

Coleman explains the somewhat complicated history leading up to the "event" writing that "U.S. maneuvering began at least three years before Bush officially went on the offensive. The United States first armed Iraq and then incited it to attack Iran in a war which decimated both countries, the so-called 'meatgrinder war.' The war was designed to weaken both Iran and Iraq to the point that they would no longer be a credible threat to British and U.S. oil interests, and as a military force, they would no longer pose a threat to Israel."

After Bush there is, of course, Clinton. In a book called *Compromised: Clinton, Bush and the CIA* (S.P.I. Books), authors Terry Reed and John Cummings describe a tangled web of criminal activity of drugs and gun-smuggling as well as money laundering in

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Arkansas during the late 1980's when the Contra War was being waged in Nicaragua. Here's a sample:

"The meeting had been called at Fort Robinson, an Army facility outside Little Rock, to get some problems ironed out. In addition to the governor (Clinton) and his aide, the guest list included Max Gomez (Felix Rodriguez), John Cathey (Oliver North), resident CIA agent Akihide Sawahata, Agency subcontractor Terry Reed and the man in charge the one who would call the shots. He called himself Robert Johnson [It was CIA agent William Barr, later appointed U.S. Attorney General by President George Bush.] A lot of loose ends were to be tied up...

"Our deal was for you to have 10% of the profits, not 10% of the gross,' Johnson sternly admonished Clinton. 'This has turned into a feeding frenzy for your good ole boy sharks. We know what's been going on. Our people are professionals. They're not stupid. They didn't fall off the turnip truck yesterday, as you guys say. This ADFA [Arkansas Development Finance Authority] of yours is double-dipping. Our deal with you was to launder our money. You get 10% after costs and after post tax profits. No one agreed for you to start loaning our money out to your friends through your ADFA so that they could buy machinery to build our guns. That wasn't the deal... That's why we're pulling the operation out of Arkansas. It's become a liability for us. We don't need live liabilities.'" (p. 234)

Yuck, yuck. That also happens to be the last joke in 'Wag the Dog.' No live liabilities indeed.

With Paula Jones's lawsuit against President Clinton, 'Wag the Dog' feels more like a documentary than a pitch black comedy.

Ambrose Evans Pritchard's book *The Secret Life of Bill Clinton* (Regnery Publishing) also deals with the high casualty list of former "Friends of Bill." The fascinating and sordid story of Vince Foster's death is part of the book.

And then there's the Lewinsky Affair, not to mention the Paula Jones lawsuit—a curious parallel between reel life ('Wag the Dog') and real life (Paula Jones v. William Jefferson Clinton).

According to Evans-Pritchard, "Paula went through the details of the story that are now known to the world. On May 8, 1991, then 24-years-old, she was working the registration desk for a conference

VI. GOVERNMENT/BUSINESS (SCAMS) AS USUAL

given by the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission at the Excelsior Hotel in Little Rock. At about 2:30 p.m. Governor Clinton appeared in the lobby and gave her a long look. A little later State Trooper Danny Ferguson came over to fetch her, saying the governor wanted to talk to her upstairs... She accompanied Trooper Ferguson in the hotel elevator and was escorted to a suite where Bill Clinton was waiting. He praised her curves and started to run his hand up her legs. 'His face was red, beet red. I'll never forget that look,' Paula said. 'I tried to move away. I thought if I started to ask about his wife, he'd get the message.' He didn't. 'He pulled his pants down to his knees. He had an erection and he asked me to kiss it. Then he just stood there holding it.' At this point she jumped up from the sofa and said 'I'm not that kind of girl.'" (p. 358)

Yuck. Yuck. Now there's a real life comedy for you. 'Wag the Dog' is just a movie—but the high level criminals in Real Life are still running loose. Hey, they're still running the country.