

Henry Kissinger In Hell Because what we really need now is more murderous criminal masterminds in power

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Gosh sometimes the colon clench-inducing Bush political cowpies stack up so fast you almost can't keep track.

It's getting so it's nearly impossible to follow which war-crimes monster or which convicted lying felon or which mysterious pro-corporate stable boy is heading what major investigative commission or sinister domestic-surveillance database or cramming what vile homeland-security bill with how many tons of conservative pork. Whew.

It's the GOP's infamous rapid-punch, pile-on strategy, and it goes something like this:

Overload our collective gag reflex with enough reckless laws and appointments, enough shockingly irresponsible decisions any one of which would, by itself, offend and appall anyone with a cognitive pulse, and they all simply become a numbing swirl of indecipherable atrocities no one has the will to object to anymore. Just like Liddy Dole's hair -- it's happening, it's unstoppable, why fight it?

Let's see: The barnacle-crusteD, black-eyed Henry Kissinger, he of countless unspeakable war crimes in Vietnam, North Korea, Cambodia, Chile and East Timor, master of [mass-murderous secret bombings](#) and democracy-toppling conspiracies, dark souled and understandably thought by millions to be long dead, has been defrosted and resurrected to head the "independent" commission to investigate 9/11. Ahh, feel that cultural colon spasm.

It is a commission whose creation, by the way, Bush resisted to the end, but which he finally had to give in to what with all the, you know, social bitterness and sadness -- so, hey, why not make it easy on himself and choose a notorious backroom figure of vile wars past to look into who knew what when and why? Perfect.

Do you hear the screams of protest? The howls of citizen complaint and general

aghastness and media outrage? Of course you don't. The media is simpering and misled and Pentagon-whipped. The Dems are emasculated and gonad-free. The populace is fear pummeled and exhausted and just wants a job and maybe a nice bottle of Bactine for Christmas.

In related news, Bush also appointed a squad of those evil hooded dark-rider things from "The Lord of the Rings" to look into the thousands of civilian deaths in Afghanistan. They promise complete unbiased reportage, as soon as they remove the skulls from between their teeth.

Kissinger has said there will be no conflict of interest regarding those who appointed his sour visage, mostly because we all know his commission won't really look very closely at Geedubya himself, or Cheney, or Rummy or anyone related to anything surrounding the oiliest of administrations in American history. Translation: Let's blame the liberals! Wiretap the media! Scan civilian e-mail! What fun.

Not content to openly denigrate the universal sense of human decency by resuscitating Kissinger, Bush's flying monkeys also appointed Adm. John Poindexter, he of the five felony convictions of selling arms to Iran and of flagrant repeated lying to Congress and of stomping on dying kittens, to head up the new DARPA Homeland Security database project, a.k.a. [Total Information Awareness](#), a.k.a. Big Brother Is Already Here Ha Ha Suckers.

Again, no screaming. No major intakes of societal breath. Just that dense, crushing sense that it's all going very, very wrong and dark and increasingly menacing and by the way nice logo for the TIA group Mr. Poindexter sir, a friendly [all-seeing eye](#) whose penetrating beams of omnipotent disdainful surveillance blanket the planet. How subtle. I feel safer already.

Oh but wait. This is not enough. Kissinger and Poindexter are but the bitter icing on the oily cake. Let us not forget the war we are currently fabricating.

Let us not forget the utter determination we are exhibiting to drive this nation into yet another unwinnable, violent battle over oil. We are hell-bent on slamming Iraq, U.N. inspections be damned. Oh yes we are.

Let's see: U.N. inspections officials are looking hard for illegal weapons throughout Iraq, beginning with two of the large, key facilities Bush & Co. absolutely swore on a stack of satellite photos that Saddam was using to build nukes and biological weapons and dangerous Super Soakers and bootlegged copies of the new Shania Twain.

The inspectors, of course, found nothing but ruins.

They are still looking. And they are finding no evidence of illegal weapons. They are getting nearly complete cooperation from Iraq. They did find a dozen old missiles with mustard gas in them, but those were the same ones they found in the '90s but just didn't have time to destroy.

This shall not deter the Shrubster. He is suspicious and doubtful and really really wants this war no matter what Iraq does or the U.N. says or how much the global population protests, and hence the U.S. is moving troops and ships and stink bombs into position and greasing up the crankshafts of continuous hate as I write this, just in case.

Just in case he can find a way to bomb the living hell out of another country in order to nab its petrochemical lucre before the general American populace awakens and realizes just how much his administration has gutted the economy and rammed us back into staggering debt and embarrassed us on an international scale. Ask any European: America is a laughingstock. Except that no one's laughing. Because that's when we start bombing.

The U.N. inspectors say their efforts are, in fact, being hampered. Not by Saddam or terrorists or an uncooperative military, but by Dubya's own hawks, U.S. officials, who are withholding key intelligence information so inspectors can't completely prove the obvious nonexistence of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction. Shall we guess why?

Hey, the economy's in the tank, the deficit is rising like the hair on the back of Ashcroft's neck whenever he sees a calico cat. Can't find Osama (remember him?). We need another war. We need more tax cuts for the rich. Drilling for oil in Alaska? Coming soon. Reduced governmental restrictions on logging in national forests? Done.

The list, as they say, is endless. And growing. And nauseating.

It has been recently revealed in a national poll that most Americans don't really like Republican policies on war and gays and health care and the economy. But they like Democrats as individuals even less, which is understandable, given all the spinelessness and pathos on that side of the aisle.

But then you look a little more closely and you see Strom and Dick and Jesse and Rummy, DeLay and Ridge and Kissinger and Poindexter, and realize, oh my God, look at these people, these bitter hawks, why are we so duped by them and how is it that they've kept us so scared, and do we really want to believe a group of angry old white men who apparently never go outside or have sex or who have finally quit sniffing all that ether?

You realize, finally, that this can't be all there is, that it can't all be convicted criminals and mass murderers and corrupt CEOs leading the American government into a giant dank

cave of ignorance and bile and rogue-nation status, not really, and you look around for the alternative voices.

You look for the leaders of the counterforces, the voices of reason, the peacekeepers and powerful objectors and proponents of the new revolution. And you look, and you keep looking ... and looking ... and looking ...

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