

## **Patriotism and reactions.**

False flag operations: Think of the sinking of The Maine, a fake which rallied the nation to bloody conflict, the Gulf of Tonkin incident which did the same, Pearl Harbor which sacrificed so many thousands of American lives and the fine base commander, Kimmel, who rightly saw it coming and was denied anti-aircraft guns, left in the dark and then blamed for the tragedy and deaths he tried to prevent. (The point I am trying to make is not related to any moral judgement concerning if or if not the US should or should not have entered WW2, but rather, that we entered the war by way of creating reactions in public opinion using a bloody deception where thousands of American lives were permitted to be killed and a good commander scapegoated, his career and the truth sacrificed. America loves the false flag attack, and thinks nothing of sacrificing its own citizens). Do not believe! War is for power and MONEY! The state, our state is itself the unchecked secret union of finance and military industry. Nothing has changed, only the scale. More from General Butler:

The basic way in which the human lot has been so easily manipulated to create its own division and misery beneath the will of overarching sadistic patriarchy sublimated into the state, is that of nationalism, patriotism, and the reactions those garner. As one looks back through history with an eye for the details, one quickly sees a pattern, that of false reasons created to support and enter conflicts. The profits of 'patriotism.' Think of Smedley Butler's *War is a Racket*. Here my friend, does this sound familiar? Here are the first few sentences of the book,<sup>1</sup> and information about the general:

Smedley Darlington Butler

- Born: West Chester, Pa., July 30, 1881
- Educated: Haverford School
- Married: Ethel C. Peters, of Philadelphia, June 30, 1905
- Awarded two congressional medals of honor:
  1. capture of Vera Cruz, Mexico, 1914
  2. capture of Ft. Riviere, Haiti, 1917
- Distinguished service medal, 1919
- Major General - United States Marine Corps
- Retired Oct. 1, 1931

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<sup>1</sup> [https://archive.org/stream/WarIsARacket/WarIsARacket\\_djvu.txt](https://archive.org/stream/WarIsARacket/WarIsARacket_djvu.txt)

- On leave of absence to act as  
director of Dept. of Safety, Philadelphia, 1932
- Lecturer— 1930's
- Republican Candidate for Senate, 1932
- Died at Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, June 21, 1940
- For more information about Major General Butler,  
contact the United States Marine Corps.

## CHAPTER ONE

### War Is A Racket

“WAR is a racket. It always has been.

It is possibly the oldest, easily the most profitable, surely the most vicious. It is the only one international in scope. It is the only one in which the profits are reckoned in dollars and the losses in lives.

A racket is best described, I believe, as something that is not what it seems to the majority of the people. Only a small "inside" group knows what it is about. It is conducted for the benefit of the very few, at the expense of the very many. Out of war a few people make huge fortunes.

. . .

How many of these war millionaires shouldered a rifle? How many of them dug a trench? How many of them knew what it meant to go hungry in a rat-infested dug-out? How many of them spent sleepless, frightened nights, ducking shells and shrapnel and machine gun bullets? How many of them parried a bayonet thrust of an enemy? How many of them were wounded or killed in battle?

Out of war nations acquire additional territory, if they are victorious. They just take it. This newly acquired territory promptly is exploited by the few - the selfsame few who wrung dollars out of blood in the war. The general public shoulders the bill.

And what is this bill?

This bill renders a horrible accounting. Newly placed gravestones. Mangled bodies. Shattered minds. Broken hearts and homes. Economic instability. Depression and all its attendant miseries. Back-breaking taxation for generations and generations.

For a great many years, as a soldier, I had a suspicion that war was a racket; not until I retired to civil life did I fully realize it. Now that I see the international war clouds gathering, as they are today, I must face it and speak out.”

“Who Makes The Profits?

The World War, rather our brief participation in it, has cost the United States some \$52,000,000,000. Figure it out. That means \$400 to every American man, woman, and child. And we haven't paid the debt yet. We are paying it, our children will pay it, and our children's children probably still will be paying the cost of that war.

The normal profits of a business concern in the United States are six, eight, ten, and sometimes twelve percent. But war-time profits -- ah! that is another matter -- twenty, sixty, one hundred, three hundred, and even eighteen hundred per cent -- the sky is the limit. All that traffic will bear. Uncle Sam has the money. Let's get it.

Of course, it isn't put that crudely in war time. It is dressed into speeches about patriotism, love of country, and "we must all put our shoulders to the wheel," but the profits jump and leap and skyrocket -- and are safely pocketed. Let's just take a few examples:

Take our friends the du Ponts, the powder people -- didn't one of them testify before a Senate committee recently that their powder won the war? Or saved the world for democracy? Or something? How did they do in the war? They were a patriotic corporation. Well, the average earnings of the du Ponts for the period 1910 to 1914 were \$6,000,000 a year. It wasn't much, but the du Ponts managed to get along on it. Now let's look at their average yearly profit during the war years, 1914 to 1918. Fifty-eight million dollars a year profit we find! Nearly ten times that of normal times, and the profits of normal times were pretty good. An increase in profits of more than 950 percent.

Take one of our little steel companies that patriotically shunted aside the making of rails and girders and bridges to manufacture war materials. Well, their 1910-1914 yearly earnings averaged \$6,000,000. Then came the war. And, like loyal citizens, Bethlehem Steel promptly turned to munitions making. Did their profits jump -- or did they let Uncle Sam in for a bargain? Well, their 1914-1918 average was \$49,000,000 a year!

Or, let's take United States Steel. The normal earnings during the five-year period prior to the war were \$105,000,000 a year. Not bad. Then along came the war and up went the profits. The average yearly profit for the period 1914-1918 was \$240,000,000. Not bad.”

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Do you imagine Raytheon is doing well to have weaponized our weather for Uncle Sam? The use of coal fly ash seems to make profit directly out of poison for big industry, does it not?

Now, let me tell you a story and we may see if the US government in its current non-republican fascist incarnation is truthful and cares for us, or will simply cash us in for money. Those in the military such as General Butler know the truth first hand. Let us see another such case. I will introduce you to one of the teachers in my life for whom I have the greatest respect. I will tell you an old story.

### **Patriotism: the poison draught—Vietnam and the veteran’s lesson.**

Vietnam was a cooking pot for the distillation of 'unpleasant,' meaning utterly damaging and hideous truth about our government. I have several friends who were in Vietnam. From my personal observation, the effect is uniform: if you have killed many, and understood the ‘reason’ you have killed, you then understand the real meaning of patriotism as it was taught to me. Here is the lesson as I received it. The manipulation of reflex patriotism, is impossible once one has learned. The above mentioned trick of *manufactured threat and reaction* leading to patriotic fever and willing participation in war, may be understood and not obeyed. I will present the story and analysis.

### **Lessons of War: the Shotgun**

I have had a very American upbringing when it comes to war. I have seen it from both sides. Do you know a man who soldiered in Vietnam? If they were somewhat up in the command chain, they can teach one a lot. A great deal. My father began my training in war. He suspected I was a ‘peacenik’ and decided to teach me a lesson. One must react! The lesson of supreme error. “Get over here!” “Yes, Pop?” “Come here!” I walk over. He takes his index and second fingers, and pokes me hard in the chest, then again, then again, then again. It hurts, and I am becoming mad. He sees: “Good! See that!! Mad are you? Right! Now learn it, if someone attacks you, you raise a fist and give it to them, you hurt them! Get it? Patriotism, is standing up when you are pushed!” I almost gave him a fist to the head. I understood his lesson quite well. Pop was from WW2. He did not understand, Kimmel was set up.

My next teacher had a different lesson. I was fresh out of college. Ray was the youngest commander in the Asian theatre in Vietnam. He understood differently. His idea of patriotism is akin to my own: disobedience before immoral authority. Doubt of the government and knowledge that patriotic reflex reaction is deadly, and stupid. He taught me this as follows. Vietnam has different lessons:

“Richard, I have been in war and killed over 30 men I can count, and the Claymores I set, who knows. I killed a lot of people.” He picks up a rifle, sights in a cat and fires across the field. A terrible shriek and the creature is mad in pain, dying. He puts the rifle down and lights his pipe. “Guns kill things. Look at that cat. The government wants one thing, Richard, to get you riled up over nothing so you will kill as you are told, and bring in the money for them. What I know, what I have seen... it’s true. So much death. So wrong...” Then he grabs the shotgun, a 12 gauge. “Guns are for idiots, Rich. IDIOTS. This shotgun, see that? What the fuck is that damn thing good for? Guess?” “I don’t know Ray, what?” “This, and nothing else.”

He takes a big chip of opium from a large red poppy and puts the chip into the pipe, filled with very strong pot. Just like my father, he says: “Come here.” I obey. He is a large man, over 6 foot and 220 pounds. He fills his chest with the dope, opium and pot, thick as thick can be is this smoke, yellow and nearly solid, roiling and thick. Cracks the shotgun open, and fills the tube with drugs. “Richard, when you kill like an idiot for the lying government, you deserve something in return, a good smoke.” The shotgun barrel is pressed to my lips, and he breathes out, exhales with great force, and all that opium and dope is pounded into my chest. I begin to cough, twice my lung capacity in yellow smoke forced into my chest! I was high, for the next 6 hours! “Richard, know it, that is what a shotgun is good for...not one damn thing but that.” He spoke: “Never believe. Never react. The words you hear...are lies. Lies so vile, only a cloud of the most potent dope on earth, could ever hide the pain they cause.” This, is the lesson of the Vietnam war.

So you can see: to know the fact that you have killed so many, and also to know without question that it was for no damn reason at all (but money and politics), leads to crushing guilt, guilt so choking one requires potent drugs, narcotics at all times, just to stand the pain of living. To kill is to know: it is *your fault!* It is, you know. Utterly. Who did it? *You.* Truth. Following orders? Who followed them? *You.* See that? Never demonstrate reflex patriotism, or you are fodder for the money ghouls and sadist generals, who will spend your blood and soul, for their own end\$. Never, obey authority. Never trust it. Read closely, and assess each case in turn. Money, is war. Truth, is found not in headlines you are given, never, but between many pages of detailed history and analysis! Never believe authority. Your life means nothing, only what it wants has worth and meaning, domination of one sort or another, and money. Look deeply. Generals, arms manufacturers, lobbies and oil men create policy, much under the veil of unconstitutional secrecy, and these forces decide our fate. Sadists whisper in private rooms, and decide what is truth and what is to be our lot. I suggest: Disobey!

—Rich Norman