Coming to Jakarta and Deep Politics: How Writing a Poem Enabled Me to Write American War Machine (An Essay on Liberation)

Peter Dale Scott

For Mark Selden

For most of my life I have felt split between two conflicting approaches to reality: 1) as a researcher trying rigorously and methodically to understand violence in the world, and 2) as a poet, responding to intuitive impulses to say what moved me, whether rational or not. But recently my editor Mark Selden suggested that I write about the role of Coming to Jakarta in my political thinking. In responding to his request I have come to realize that the two sides of my life have become synergistic, each side not just facilitating the other but indeed enabling it. Because each can be characterized as an attempt, using radically different methods but towards the same goal, of becoming more aware of forces in our life that are not easily understandable by normal rational investigation. So that each is an exploration, if you like, on the same frontier between the known and the unknowable.

In particular I have had to acknowledge to myself that I could not possibly have depicted the scene in the opening pages of American War Machine if I had not first, with some pain, written Coming to Jakarta. This poem is often presented (even by myself) as my response in 1980 to the anguish of knowing facts I was unable to share, about U.S. involvement in the 1965 massacre by the Indonesian army of over half a million Indonesian men, women, and children. But it was also a confrontation with the disturbing reality that there is a gap between the world as we think we know it, and darker, more inscrutable forces at work both in the world and in ourselves. As I wrote in 2000,

Soon ... I was looking at the same process of denial in myself: I had once discounted my own university’s support of elements working with the army. In this way Jakarta took the form of an argument, at first with the external world, but increasingly with myself

Mark’s request was a timely one. Just then I was attempting to write in prose about what I consider the failure of structural (or what I call Newtonian) social science to deal adequately with deep unstructured and unarchived forces in our society, such as the international drug traffic. I was also studying the prose writings of the Nobel-winning Polish poet Czeslaw Milosz, who helped inspire the Polish Solidarity
movement, and later wrote that the social
task of the inspired poet is "to transcend
his paltry ego," and remind the "soul of the
people" of "the open space ahead."  

The first draft of my poem Coming to Jakarta was written in an intense burst of
energy thirty years ago, as I strenuously
wrote myself out of a near mental
breakdown. A decade later, when the
poem was honored in an issue of the
literary review Agni, I attempted to
analyze the diverse sources of my mental
discomfort:

The first was a growing self-hatred for
carrying around a headful of horrors
which most people (including my
former editors and publishers) were
less and less willing to hear about. An
afternoon talk in 1980 with Noam
Chomsky about our increasing
difficulties in reaching audiences,
right after each of us had had a book
suppressed by its publisher, did
indeed help trigger the very real
personal crisis at the opening of the
poem, the fear that I might be at the
point of losing, like some close
friends, my personal sanity altogether.

But deeper than this external
frustration with publishers was the
sense that my own judgmental head
was in some profound sense not right,
my disgust (which can still haunt me)
at "giving one last broadcast too
many/ about...the heroin traffic."  
Unlike many Americans whose
prevailing discomfort in this era was
guilt, my own nausea (I now believe)
was from the poisonous facts I had
assimilated and could not disseminate.

The first eight sections of the poem
record my search for the source of
this nausea, and my delayed
recognition (in II.iv), that it derived,
not from knowledge reiterated, but
from knowledge and emotions held
back. By appealing to a more human
and less compartmentalized audience,
poetry, precisely poetry, allowed me
to trace more inclusive relationships
than those authorized by orderly
prose analysis.

Today I am more confident than before
that my psychic rebellion against using
prose to describe our society—and our
world— was legitimate from the point of
view of truth-seeking, an existential
critique of the political science methods in
which I had been trained at university.
Section ii.iv, to which I referred, was an
autocritique for limiting myself to archival
sources about the great Indonesian
massacre of 1965, and the subsequent
murder in Cambodia five years later of my
friend Malcolm Caldwell, who had first
couraged me to research that massacre:

II.iv

I am writing this poem

about the 1965 massacre
of Indonesians by Indonesians

which in an article ten years later

I could not publish

except in Nottingham England with

a friend Malcolm Caldwell who has since

himself been murdered

no one will say by whom but I will guess

seeing as this is

precisely poetry

the CIA's and now Peking's Cambodian

assassins the Khmer Serai

In that article I estimated

a half-million or more

killed in this period

it took Noam in a book

suppressed by its first publisher

to quote Admiral Sudomo

of the Indonesian junta

more than 500,000

and now Amnesty International

many more than one million

so much for my balanced prose

Liberated from the need for rational documentation, my poem (using the catalogue topos of ancient epic) wandered freely through the manifold deep forces affecting American politics and my own depression, not excluding references to my suppressed prose book -- which Pocketbooks, despite a written contract, had failed to publish.

My book would have asked

as the Warren Commission staff

working for Allen Dulles

was unable to

why Levinson's pit boss

McWillie gambler and murderer

23 WH 166

from the old Binion gang

in Dallas and Fort Worth

who had a fix with Mr. Big

I don't think we'd better

go into that phase of it

Reid

156-57

twice brought to Havana

most likely as a
his close friend

Jack Ruby

A dumb subject

The book went into galleys
and was photographed

for the Pocketbooks spring catalogue

but never published

freeing me
to write this poem.  

More and more, the search for relief and empowerment from voicing what was bottled up inside of me led to the recovery of other suppressed memories. Some of these were from childhood; but one, which should have been unforgettable but in fact was swiftly suppressed, was only a decade old. The fact that I had suppressed it (as I wrote later) "constituted evidence that there were darker forces at work in our society than I would normally allow myself to admit."

Perhaps the most powerful of these suppressed memories, and certainly the very last to be recovered, is near the end of Section V.ii, reprinted here. It was of a witness to opium flights in Asia who, after agreeing with Alfred McCoy and myself to be interviewed, changed his mind overnight. And for good reason: in those hours someone had warned him by burning a hole in the steel door of his M.G. with a sophisticated implosion device. One might think that such a vivid and incongruous message could hardly be forgotten. The fact was that I had totally suppressed my memory of it, even through the first two years of my determined poetic search to recover such memories!

And so, as I rightly suspected, had Al. In the preface to the latest edition of his monumental classic, *The Politics of Heroin*, he writes in prose about his own suppression of the same facts. At the risk of seeming self-absorbed in the context of larger tragedies, I would like to quote his prose account of an unforgettable event almost instantly forgotten.

I landed in San Francisco for a stay with poet and Berkeley professor Peter Dale Scott. He put me in touch with an ex-Green Beret, just back from covert operations in Laos, who told me, over the phone, of seeing CIA aircraft loading opium. He agreed to be interviewed on the record. The next morning, we knocked at his door in an East Palo Alto  

apartment complex. We never got inside. He was visibly upset, saying he "had gotten the message." What happened?

"Follow me," he said, leading us across the parking lot to his M.G. sportscar. He pointed at something on the passenger door and named a chemical explosive that that could melt a hole in sheet metal. It was, he said, a signal to shut up. *I looked but cannot recall seeing.* The next day, I flew to Los Angeles, visited my mother, and then flew on to Saigon, forgetting the incident. *I refused to recognize the reality of this threat until, 20 years later, I came across a passage in Professor Scott's poem, Coming to Jakarta:*

but that clean morning
in Palo Alto

the former Green Beret

who just the night before

had said he would talk
to us

about opium in Laos

showing us the sharp black hole

in his M.G.'s red steel
doors

the floorboards hardly scorched

and saying that hot

an imploded thermal charge

must have come from my old unit

I presented these remarks at a 2003 conference on "Literary Responses to Mass Violence," with discussions of massacres in Auschwitz, South Africa, Rwanda, and (in my case) Indonesia. One of the emergent facts from those discussions was the recurring denial among those coping with the psychic pain of traumatic (or even difficult) experience. I was made aware of a vast literature on the widespread phenomenon of cultural trauma, and on psychological repression as a response to it. To quote Arthur G. Neal

The enduring effects of a trauma in the memories of an individual resemble the enduring effects of a national trauma in collective consciousness. Dismissing or ignoring the traumatic experience is not a reasonable option. The conditions surrounding a trauma are played and replayed in consciousness through an attempt to extract some sense of coherence from a meaningless experience. When the event is dismissed from consciousness, it resurfaces in feelings of anxiety and despair. Just as the rape victim becomes permanently changed as a result of the trauma, the nation becomes permanently changed as a result of a trauma in the social realm.

I remain fascinated by the fitness of this account to my own anxiety and attempt, in writing Jakarta, "to extract some sense of coherence" from my disturbing experiences -- even though my experiences were minimally traumatic by today's standards. It is as if all of us, at least in the so-called "developed" countries (a term I reject after having lived in Thailand) can be to a lesser or greater extent traumatized by the nightmare shadow of our expensive paradises, and find in art a means to either escape from the nightmare, or attempt to understand it.

Al McCoy's account, as much as my own, reveals that these forces working for self-preservation by the repression of indigestible truths are internal as well as societal. This speaks both to the repressive origins of deep politics and also to the social function of poetry: the space where we return to thoughts so pure and alien that they cannot be easily shared in the normal discourse of a corrupted society.

Thus I believe that poetry, in its own mysterious way, is part of humanity's heuristic approach to truth. More particularly, my poems are often an
antechamber to a subsequent more engaged treatment in prose. For example, this episode of the firebombed MG in Palo Alto, recovered by writing Jakarta, now constitutes the opening episode (and containing metaphor) of my latest and perhaps most ambitious prose book, American War Machine.8

In our mutual repression of the discomfiting bombing memory, and my eventual recovery of it in writing Jakarta, one can see clearly both how the phenomenon of deep politics – the sphere of the unmentionable – arises, and also how poetry and the imagination can be of use in recovering access to this sphere (the result in this case being American War Machine, which I very probably would otherwise not have written).

In saying this, I am not privileging poetry as more veridical than prose. On the contrary, it was only after much rational reflection that I concluded that the Palo Alto bombing was (as I wrote in American War Machine) an example of what I now call deep events: events that are systematically ignored, suppressed, or falsified in public (and even internal) government, military, and intelligence documents as well as in the mainstream media and public consciousness....In earlier versions of this book, I attributed the sanctioned violence of the Palo Alto incident, like the Letelier assassination I discuss next, to the CIA's global drug connection. But that statement does not solve a mystery: it opens one up. As a matter of description, it sounds more precise than terms I have used in earlier books: "the dark quadrant" from which parapolitical events emerge or "the unrecognized Force X operating in the world," which I suggested might help explain 9/11. But the precision is misleading: in this book I am indeed attempting to denote and describe a deep force, or forces, that I do not fully understand.9

In this passage I was retreating from my earlier attribution of such deep events (in The Road to 9/11) to the influence of the "deep state" – a term which, following the Norwegian social scientist Ola Tunander, I borrowed from Turkey. I was now in effect admitting that the term "deep state" was itself reflective of the social scientific structural bias – the urge to reduce all social phenomena to definable structures -- that was my explanation for the resistance of intelligent critics like Noam Chomsky to studying deep events at all.10 That is why I have since preferred to refer to "deep forces" – a term free of the structural connotations implicit in the word "state." I am coming now to envisage deep politics as revealing a realm beyond that of social structures and systems, much as Einstein's seminal early essays unsettled and looked beyond the Newtonian assumption of an ordered or structured universe.11

I was extremely fortunate to have Al McCoy in particular as a corroborating witness to this event, since Al, by writing and rewriting his classic The Politics of Heroin, was unusually aware of the forces at high levels in our society protecting the drug traffic, and thus more capable than most of recovering our shared memory. For example he had already, by the time I recontacted him about the episode, reported how the warnings in 1980 of Carter's White House drug adviser David Musto, against providing support to the opium growers in Afghanistan, had been systematically ignored (as they are still being ignored today), and his access to information denied.12
There are other examples in *Coming to Jakarta* of what I now call deep force interference. Unfortunately the witnesses who might have corroborated them were not nearly as sensitized as Al to the presence of a controlling irrationality in our daily affairs. Almost all had forgotten what they had witnessed (as had Al and I), which was to be expected. But unlike Al, almost none was able or willing to recover the memory when I urged them. So I was rendered cognizant of the widespread social conditioning of our thoughts, which were and are largely constrained to what can be easily shared. And *Jakarta*, from this perspective, had represented a revolt from within against this social conditioning. *Le coeur a ses raisons.*

All this leads to the current thinking about all art as a form of corrective *alterity*, "reminding us" (as I have written in a lecture on Milosz) "that as humans we are more than settled furniture in the architecture of the status quo." In that lecture I quoted from the social critic Theodore Adorno's account of a dialectical engagement between the other world of poetry and this tangible, secular world. In Adorno's words, "Even in the most sublimated work of art there is a hidden 'it should be otherwise.' As eminently constructed and produced objects, works of art...point to a practice from which they abstain: the creation of a just life."

However (in the tradition of Schiller and Marcuse) I disagree that art, or at least poetry, always *abstains* from the creation of a just life. As a poet I have tried to reinforce a tradition of socially engaged poetry. The poetry I taught as a professor, from Virgil's *Aeneid* to Wordsworth's *Prelude*, was poetry I taught as examples of how great poetry could exert leverage upon the world, by showing it a vision of something imaginably better, a "space ahead."

*Coming to Jakarta* reads in places like the chronicle of a nightmare:

- the disposal of the corpses
- has created a serious sanitation problem
- small rivers and streams
- have been literally clogged with bodies
- river transportation
- has at places been impeded

*Time* 12/17/65

It is perhaps not a very brilliant example of showing a space ahead. The poem does however end prospectively:

- let there be the courage
- ......not just to have seen
- but to ease into the world
- the unreal
- ......breathing within us

I do believe that the whole arc of the poem had led me to a glimpse of what Buddhists call original mind (or *anatta*), where we get back to the purity we begin with. And that this glimpse, like Dante's passage through the very bottom of the Inferno, was the beginning of a return to a healthier view of life.

By the time these lines were written, I was already well embarked on the next volume...
of what would eventually become a trilogy, *Seculum*, continuing to explore the process to which I had been opened by writing *Coming to Jakarta*. The next volume, *Listening to the Candle* (1992), moved antithetically to some of the good things in life, and the third, *Minding the Darkness* (2000), to a reconciliation of the two first volumes – through the process of language and humans

endlessly
redefining each other...

the earthway

where we struggle to discover
what has always been known

I wish I could say that it has always been self-evident to me that a poet should love the world, and therefore should wish to change it. In fact my vision has been frequently occluded by crises, like the one occasioning *Jakarta*, at which times I could think only about changing myself. But it seems self-evident to me now that these two urges, to heal oneself and to heal the world, are ultimately one and the same.

*It is for this reason that my poem "Changing North America," one of my latest, begins with the same Milosz quote that opens this essay.*

**Changing North America**

**I. We Are Not As We Are**

For Walt Whitman and Allen Ginsberg

Having helped initiate the liberators of Poland

Czeslaw Milosz said to a Harvard audience

that in every era
the task of the *inspired* poet
is to *transcend his paltry ego*
and remind the *soul of the people*
*of the open space ahead.*

His example – sorely needed --
of overcoming the *schism*
between the poet and the human family
was Walt Whitman
*his simplicity and power of the word*

but Whitman could never speak to the whole of America
the way Mickiewicz or Milosz
could unite Poland
in the face of a foreign oppressor
*It was Whitman’s fate*
to address an America
at war with itself
His version of freedom was not whole-heartedly received even by Emerson who warned him America was not prepared for a poet who celebrated prostitutes and masturbation much less in the South where his self-confident expansiveness provoked the Confederate Sidney Lanier:

Whitman's argument seems to be that because a prairie is wide, therefore debauchery is admirable and because the Mississippi is long, therefore every American is God. Whitman could never assume the mantle of Adam Mickiewicz (whose wife was a Frankist believing all laws will fail) the poet of national liberation foreseeing the sun of freedom and the wind that would blow off the frozen cascade of tyranny like Milosz a century later with his commitment to a poetry that can save nations. Whitman knew how best to praise the world not how to change it although much later he walked under the pale green leaves of the darkened republic to the hermit thrush's abode in the pine trees with the sacred knowledge of death And your fate too Allen Ginsberg was to address an America still at war with itself when as you wrote The world has a soul America is having a nervous breakdown and you asked by what authority we are not as we are What fiends determine our wars? The liberation of Howl was welcomed by us poets
when we had been reasonable so long
you seemed to open the doors
to a crazy wisdom from the east

I think of you with your squeezebox
chanting cross-legged on a stage
with Tibetan Rinpoches
or chanting in the face of tear gas
and of your testimony to Congress
that psychedelics gave you the power
to stop hating President Lyndon B. Johnson
and start praying for him34

just as John Leonard described you
his ultimate role
at every engagement
in our second Civil War
was as a nurse
like his buddy Walt Whitman35

The court’s decision when Howl was seized
was welcomed by us poets
as a liberation of all language
but thanks to the ACLU36
which defended Howl and Ulysses
the law always clumsy
moved swiftly from liberating
Ginsberg’s four-letter words
to the imposition of them
on reluctant small-town libraries
Having been raised in Quebec
with its exotic mix
of individual and group identities
the freedom I want is neither
that of the ACLU
which defended the right of Nazis
to march in Skokie Illinois
past the homes of holocaust survivors37

nor that enforced in Canada
where a man was held in solitary confinement
for two years in a Toronto jail38
and then deported
for denying the holocaust.

Least of all is it
Allen's notion of freedom
which led from his arrest for stolen goods39
to the AIDS-ridden sangha of Chögyam Trungpa

until in the end he wrote

Nobody does anything right!

Gods, Popes, Mullahs, Communists, Poets, Financiers!

My own life, scandal! lazy bum!

with how many boys...

trapped in nightmare....

Ginsberg the wise man among us

you saw more clearly the limits

of Flatland social science

than the space ahead

Awakened by Milosz's messianic question

what is poetry which does not save nations or people?^{-10}

I want that freedom which Gandhi said

is like a birth^{42}

to a world changed by satyagraha

the power of truth

Changing North America

II. Stopping History

For Leonard Cohen, Joan Baez, and Daniel Ellsberg

In our lifetime we saw it

how Poles crowded the doors of their parish churches
to chant in unison the Nicene Creed
even those words sitteth

on the right hand of the Father

until with the aid of mobilized atheists Jews and

(according to Adam Michnik)

the poetry of Czeslaw Milosz^{43}

their solidarity was able to expel the Soviet army

What gospel what lyrics

what blithe psalm

will unite the peace-loving Northern Agrarian disciples

of the Canadian Tory George Grant^{44}
and those of Allen Ginsberg to the south
to ensure that the armies of our continent
for whom that border hardly exists will never again anywhere commit preemptive war?

Will it be mystical
like Leonard Cohen’s *bird on a wire*
or Czeslaw Milosz’s *bird thrashing against a window*?
Or as simple and direct
as when we used to sing *we shall overcome*
while nonviolent leaders were beaten and killed in the deep South?

As Americans white and black slowly began to wake up from the unspeakable traumas of slavery and the war that ended slavery the FBI found the bodies of Chaney, Schwerner and Goodman

with the help of a contract murderer from the Colombo gang in New York City who extorted the facts with a razor and although the ringleaders eluded jail for another forty years it was obvious by that time that the nonviolent in their simple preparedness to die had changed forever that region of America

What will it take to make the same FBI stop protecting the murderers of those antiwar leaders Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy and to cleanse the Dallas Police who let in a peon of the mob to shoot Oswald the designated patsy?

Allen Ginsberg you sat on stage at the Human Be-In with its rock music kites and balloons where I was sure I glimpsed
what Milosz saw in *Pan Tadeusz*

an image of pure being

and a home for incorrigible hope.

I remember looking up at Carol our baby-sitter on my shoulders and above her my young son Mika who in the ocean sunlight seemed ablaze

I was going to reprove you Al Purdy Canada's national poet in a copybook country that has bounced no rockets off the moon for having so little to say on this matter of liberation

but then I remembered Leonard Cohen's

_like a bird on a wire_

*I have tried in my way to be free_

that calmed the angry crowds more than five hundred thousand of them at the Isle of Wight Music Festival

who had just set the stage on fire

Joan Baez said later

_only Leonard could have done it_

_it was his poetry_

_magical_

*****

Dan Ellsberg you told me

_it is as human to be cruel_

_as to be kind_

there are no prior inclinations

I said that as a poet I could never accept that hate is just as natural as love

and now I ask you when the skies in the sixties opened up for a glimpse of a gentler America before violence closed in on us and you saw a chance of bringing about real change
away from violence and revenge

were you not also caught up
in a moment of pure being?

I ask this of myself

Joan Baez
left the cover of Time
to march with King at Selma
and sing in the fields by the side
of Cesar Chavez and the migrant farm workers

Leonard was at the Isle of Wight
on a burning stage
... calming tigers

despite that electric
excitement in the cool air
of a San Francisco beach
I remained frozen
between the sensibilities of Hamlet
and the challenge of the Situationists
who forced the Paris uprising in '68
you have to maim a horse
on stage to remind these people

You Dan were out there at the Rocky Flats
Nuclear Weapons Plant
having discovered ahimsa
nonviolence
like Gandhi from Thoreau's words
a minority is irresistible
when it clogs by its whole weight
knowing you might be killed
you sat on the railway tracks
and the train stopped

Changing North America

III. The Space Ahead

Allen Ginsberg you were the wise one among us
the fiercest preacher against Moloch
you saw clearly the limits
of our sixties' protests
that p.r. revolution
of Flower Power
The Summer of Love
beautiful slogans
not all of us survived

at the time of the nonviolent
civil rights events in the south
and la révolution tranquille
liberating Quebec
from its nostalgic messianism
backed by Quebec's long-time premier
the former lawyer for Shawinigan Water and Power

a time of high drama
but our movement
we pretended to think was a group
of like-minded people
seems in retrospect more like
a social convulsion
in which our roles were predetermined
although not as yet written

in which a few not seeing
the open water
of the space ahead
proclaimed with the elitist
arrogance of the Weathermen

a violent class war
provoking as should have been seen
the reaction of the Powell Memorandum
urging the rich to respond
as they did with the Four Horsemen foundations
and the Council for National Policy

so we now have a class war
more naked than for a century
in which as Warren Buffett observed
it's my class, the rich class,
that's making war,
and we're winning.

High-level corruption and theft
are worse now than in the fifties
with thousands of children in the world
dying every day from hunger
we have as a matter of policy
diverted a quarter of our corn crop
to make gas for our SUVs
(and subsidies for Big Oil)

While Jeffrey Sachs the former
director of the UN Millennium Project
has observed The world is drowning
in corporate fraud,
and the problems are probably greatest
in rich countries
with supposedly “good governance”
Every Wall Street firm
has paid significant fines
the unions are struggling
supported by MoveOn
to preserve what remains
of the Democratic New Deal
while the Tea Party suburbs
whether or not they know it
mobilize behind the Koch brothers
to restore the inequalities
of the Gilded Age

the real choice
one so obvious
most people never mention it
is the one we face

between a world
where the rich go on getting richer
the combined wealth
of the 225 richest people
already nearly equals
the annual income
of the poorer half of the earth
or the alternative
redistributing wealth and power
the only way
to ward off food riots
desertification
the collapse of secular order
(Civilization cannot survive
the loss of its soil reserves)
and as a first step
the choice in America
between a social security
where no one is forced to be homeless
and the freedom of the Pentagon
to fight still more wars
in whatever countries it pleases
the freedom of Moloch
which if not opposed wholeheartedly
by a strong and single will is on track in the end to bring down American empire

as abruptly as greed brought down the fallen empires of Spain France the Netherlands and Great Britain in our time leaving us at last with the space ahead that third who always walks beside you as the thrush sings in the pine trees without whom we are not who we are

that necessary Other the Alternity both within and beyond us we can never see completely lost in endless rational disagreements whether from instinct for the roots of our language we still call it ineffable beyond all description

or now with the spreading leafwork of the Internet we seek to discover Truth

Peter Dale Scott, a former Canadian diplomat and English Professor at the University of California, Berkeley, is the author of Drugs Oil and War, The Road to 9/11, and The War Conspiracy: JFK, 9/11, and the Deep Politics of War. His most recent book is American War Machine: Deep Politics, the CIA Global Drug Connection and the Road to Afghanistan. His website, which contains a wealth of his writings, is here (http://www.peterdalescott.net/).


3 Peter Dale Scott, "How I Came to Jakarta (http://www.peterdalescott.net/jak.html)," Agni 31/32 (1990), 297-304.

4 Peter Dale Scott, Coming to Jakarta: A Poem about Terror (New York: New Directions, 1989), 24-25. The complete section (http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/180097) is online at Poetry Foundation. My suspicions
in the Caldwell murder have since expanded to include Indonesian secret services, who in the 1970s were much more influential in Cambodian politics, and massacres, than is generally recognized. See Peter Dale Scott, *The War Conspiracy* (Ipswich, MA: Mary Ferrell Foundation, 2008), 238; Peter Dale Scott, *American War Machine: Deep Politics, the CIA Global Drug Connection, and the Road to Afghanistan* (Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield, 2010), 128.


9 Scott, *American War Machine*, 3, 5. In June 2010 I quoted this last sentence to a Russian authority on drug trafficking, after he confessed to me that he had been studying the traffic for thirty years, and had come to realize he did not know who the enemies were.

10 See for example, Peter Dale Scott. "9/11, Canada, left gatekeepers & Zelikow (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DDZR72PPUO0.)."


13 See especially Scott, *Coming to Jakarta*, 133-35; online here (http://groups.google.com/group/alt.fan.rawilson/browse_thread/thread/12eec74bdcfcdce3).


16 Consider for example the closing lines of *The Prelude*: "What we have loved, /Others will love, and we will teach them how" (Prelude XIV. 446-47).


18 Scott, *Coming to Jakarta*, 149-50.
19 Scott, *Minding the Darkness*, 242-43


36 American Civil Liberties Union.

37 Philippa Strum, *When the Nazis Came to Skokie: Freedom for Speech We Hate* (Lawrence, KS: University Press of Kansas, 1999).

38 CBC News (http://www.cbc.ca/world/story/2007/02/15/zundel-germany.html), February 15, 2007. The man, Ernest Zundel, was eventually deported from Canada to Germany, where he was sentenced for the same offense to five years in prison under German law.


47 Sandra Harmon, *Mafia Son: The Scarpa Mob Family, the FBI, and a Story of Betrayal* (New York: St. Martin's Griffin, 2010), 57-64.


53 Cf. Thomas Merton, *Life and Holiness* (New York: Image, 1963), 37: "Man is neither a devil or an angel. He is not pure spirit, but a being of flesh and spirit, subject to error and malice, but basically inclined to seek truth and goodness;" Dante, *Paradiso* 2:19-21.


56 Ellsberg, *Secrets*, 263.

57 "The fate of poetry depends on whether such a work as Schiller’s and Beethoven’s ‘Ode To Joy’ is possible. For that to be so, some basic confidence is needed, a sense of open space ahead of the individual and the human species" (Czeslaw Milosz, *[The Witness of Poetry* Cambridge, MA: Harvard UP, 1983], 14).


59 Maurice Duplessis, Premier of Quebec from 1936 to 1939 and 1944 to 1959. His Union Nationale Party opposed the Liberal Party program of nationalizing Quebec’s electrical power companies.


66 Augustine, *Confessions*, 8:8:19: "For to go along that road and indeed to reach the goal is nothing else but the will to go. But it must be a strong and single will, not staggering and swaying about this way and that--a changeable, twisting, fluctuating will, wrestling with itself while one part falls as another rises."


analogy to Milosz's " thrush on a branch " ( New and Collected Poems , 569), if not also Cohen's "bird on a wire."