

## *Opinion*

### **'Eyeless in Gaza'**

#### **What we look for in others is what we need to see in ourselves**

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September 17, 2005—Sometimes it's hard—when you're standing amid the rubble of the latest New World Order war zone—to determine whether things happen as a result of somewhat natural social evolution, or whether some hidden hand from a dark corner of the human psyche constantly steers us all toward misery and crisis.

Put more simply: Is it testosterone or is it Tavistock? (You know, that British think tank that scripted women's lib, the Beatles, Timothy Leary et al to mime the populace into passivity.)

The title of Aldous Huxley's 1955 novel, "Eyeless in Gaza," alludes to the Biblical story of Samson, who revealed to Delilah the secret of his strength—his hair—and was betrayed to his enemies the Philistines. Deported as a slave to their city of Gaza and blinded to make him harmless, he was forgotten until feast day. By then his hair had regrown, and even blind he was able to pull down the temple on the heads of the celebrating Philistines (and kill himself at the same time).

Is this a parable of the human future?

Today Gaza is the scene of one of the most bizarre political song-and-dances in human history, where a supposed country has been established in the middle of an oppressive police state. The imprisoned Palestinians don't even have access to their own water, and their borders are lined by the Jewish Israeli war machine ready to shoot children in the head at a moment's notice.

This is what happens when people pretend they are gods.

Palestinians are the Navajos of the 21st century, forever to be marginalized after they are exterminated down to acceptable, zoo-like levels. Palestinians are the prototype for future Earth citizens ineligible for membership in corporate Elysia, a herd that needs to be managed and occasionally culled.

Unless you understand that this has been the fate of the majority of humankind throughout history, you probably are unable to comprehend that this is the inevitable future forecast for all of us.

Gaza vividly and viscerally represents the condition of much of the world at this time—and to be fair, at all times.

Favored Jewish residents of Gaza received hundreds of thousands of dollars APIECE for vacating their homes to make way for the new Gaza megaprison. The soggy survivors of New Orleans got a couple of hundred bucks and a few Wal-Mart gift cards.

Contemplate the new American rubble zones strategically trashed around the world: the festering sore of Israel inevitably spreads outward and wraps its conquered non-Jewish subhumans in giant walls, which likely we are soon to see in New Orleans, the newest New World Order reconstruction project now being forever shackled by contracts with the folks who built Guantanamo.

Fifty years ago America was taken over architecturally by Jewish gangster Bugsy Siegel, who designed Las Vegas with the spreading mall virus, which has since infected the whole world. Now, the new standard of living will be set by the camps to which many New Orleans refugees will be assigned. It will resemble Guantanamo, and the code of ethics to be used there will be the manual for population control written at Abu Ghraib prison in Baghdad. Jewish movies from Hollywood will continue to be the standard viewing fare for all Americans, and all other "approved" citizens of the world.

Iraq remains a smoldering, poisoned cinder. The Garden of Eden, or at least the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, are now encased in a cancer-guaranteed zone of radioactive poison: truly, a stunning tribute to Western philosophy and technology.

Afghanistan is a free fire zone, also poisoned. Something there is about the powers that be wanting to keep rubbing two sticks together to keep the sparks flying, because it generates steady profits for their members by continuing the flow of ammunition and armaments. And this is the engine that creates our comfort, our leisure to debate these matters in cyberspace, then attempts to get them to spill out into the third-dimensional world without much success.

The names of nations and peoples being crunched up in the meat grinder of corporatization fly past our eyes, too extensive to comprehend. Somewhere between Kisangani and Kampala, people are actually eating pygmies. Two million everyday souls live in the landfills of Rio de Janeiro. In New Orleans, these same folks live in Houston.

War is where the real money is, although rebuilding entire societies like Sumatra is extremely profitable also. This is the gift that Western civilization has given us. We can even make money off the trashing of the planet.

Where in our own inner darkness do we process this information? What stratagem or philosophical canard do we use to explain this to ourselves?

How do we stifle the image that we are eating ourselves, as cannibalism's primal impulse glitters mysteriously in the bottom of the Communion cup?

Do we, like victims of the London Blitz, merely take cover and wait for the storm to pass? As a veteran hurricane dodger I can tell you it is definitely better to live to fight another day.

But only for a little while can avoidance be construed as prudence. When something nettles you for a long time it is always better to take definitive action to fix the problem rather than constantly continue to deal with its exasperations.

Will the parable come true? That's our question. Will Samson, in his blind, frustrated fury, yank on the chains so hard it will bring all of human society down in a heap of horrifying ruin?

Hey, blame our forebears. They made it happen. We inherited it. Now, the bus is moving, unstopably toward its destination. If you stand in front of it, you'll be run down. I'd like to say sit back and enjoy the show, but it's probably going to hurt.

Just ask those folks who used to be from New Orleans. Or the displaced and debauched citizens of Fallujah and so many other places graced by the presence of those Zionist warmakers known as Blackwater mercenaries. They're stationed both in Baghdad and on the Cajun coastline, escorting Israeli advisers around the neighborhood to help out with the new fortification plans.

Now, contemplate the view of your future. Staring out vacantly from behind the barbed wire in your mind. Eyeless in Gaza.

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