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Demons: Be Gone

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“Fees are the Keys to War.”

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Let’s hope that bin Laden sleeps, forever, with the fishes. Uday and Qusay Saddam Hussein’s land burial is the one order I suspect George Bush personally signed off on. Given that humans still exist 3012, Islamist pilgrims will trek piously to the Hussein brothers’ joint grave.

Our one-time Soviet allies dumped Hitler’s ashes into a middle European river. Just months ago, a cemetery
administrator in Germany announced that Rudolf Hess’s bones were recently exhumed, under cover of darkness, to be burnt. Then Hess’s ashes were scattered at sea, secretly. The reason given by the cemetery satrap (in legal speak, “articulated rationale”) was that “local people have since become concerned by the number of far right groups visiting the grave.”**

Compare Heinrich the Fowler’s (876-936) burial place in Germany which served a thousand years after the Fowler’s burial as the S.S. votive church for Heinrich Himmler, *et al.* ***

Don’t be too tough on Richard Cheney. The fourth airliner was allowed to hit the Pentagon because a bi-partisan agreement to avoid civilian casualties in the District of Columbia was orally reached. There are Democrat and Republican fingerprints – well, voiceprints – all over the agreement for two reasons.

First, the Democrats would prosecute George Bush and Richard Cheney if there were no such agreement. Second, the
decision not to kill the airliner was not made by a half colonel off on a frolic of her own.

The decision to immolate the Pentagon was very much worse than James and Dolly Madison bunking down for a time with Paris Hilton’s predecessor. It reeks of bipartisanship at the highest level. But, therefore, we’ll never really know.

Nevertheless, one thing is clear as Bombay gin: The United States government is broadcasting an incomprehensible message on assassination:

Of Bin Laden’s bones are coral made. At least one of Gadhaffi’s sons and, certainly, his three year old daughter are rotting corpses. And, paradoxically, Sara Jane Moore, Lynette “Squeeky” Frome, and John W. Hinkley, all walk free.

One thing is sure and certain: The United States Sentencing Commission took its collective eyes off the ball of general and
special deterrence when it cut this trio loose, now free to go to and fro in the earth and to walk up and down on it.

I am an old time isolationist. I would happily drink George Washington’s martini of “avoid foreign entanglements” garnished with James Monroe’s olive of “stay out of our hemisphere.” Lincoln invented the income tax to fight a four years’ war: The war over and reconstruction abandoned, the Supreme Court snatched the happy meal of income tax away from the infantile Congress.

Nevertheless, ever since Congress sewed the Frankenstein’s monster of the federal income tax scheme back together early in the last century, the United States has addictively fought endless imperial wars. Ask yourself, what dog did America have in Wilson’s War to End All Wars? Ask yourself, would you know the name Hitler, Himmler, or Stalin but for the Treaty of Versailles which forever ended the War to End All Wars?
Would you know the name Pol Pot but for Richard Nixon’s decision to declare victory and then abandon South Viet-Nam and our war dogs to murder, a decision I am happy not to have been a part of?

In the bad, old English days, “[a]n act of 1535 imposed four days of forced labour for the repair of roads, and an act of Elizabeth [I] (5 Eliz. C. 13) raised the number to six or, the payment of a composition [money in lieu of labor] instead.”**** For 2009, the most recent date for which figures are available, the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development web site discloses that 28 per cent of our gross national product is spent by government. In these good, new days, we work a third of our lives for government.

Of course other first world citizens and subjects labor much longer for their Great Mother, the State. Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians work half their lives for government. But they are
overwhelmingly cousins and, presumptively, more willing than we to pay civil services social workers and psychic proctologists to scrutinize, snoop for, pick up, and flush one another’s post-Christian, Zionist, and Islamist dysfunctions. France, Germany, Great Britain, even Italy still have some pretense of being imperialist (or in the current locution, “nation building”) powers.

The Swiss are *sui generis* First, the landlocked county had no late Baroque, early modern imperialist adventures. Second, each adult Swiss man is in the reserves, training yearly, and taking home his automatic rifle and ammunition until training next year. Third, Switzerland is divided into four ethnic enclaves, French, German, Italian, and Romonsch. Thus, parents who want their get and produce instructed in their Mother tongue receive what they want provided they live where they want. Presumptively, cousins marry look alike and speak alike cousins. But for us Americans, for a hundred years, more
if you count - and you ought count - our War Between The States or Civil War, high tax, imperialist war, and diversity have dragged us inexorably behind yoked in triple harness.

In short, it is well past time to talk turkey about the nexus between high taxation as the justification for imperialism and imperialism as the justification for high taxation. Don Juan of Austria would have talked turkey in a geo-political sense at Lepanto when he and Cervantes defeated Islam in 1571. John and Pricilla (nee Mullins) Alden would have talked turkey in a culinary sense at Plymouth Plantation as they celebrated Thanksgiving in 1621. To repeat, it’s well past time for us to talk turkey about the nexus between the murderous theft of taxation and the murderous theft of endless imperialist war.

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In *War and Peace*, and in history, Field Marshall Prince Michael Kutusov says before abandoning burning French
occupied Moscow that the soul of Holy Mother Russia is not buildings and peasants. The Prince opines that the soul of Holy Mother Russia are the men and horses of her army.

On 9/11, a handful of men and women at the giddy eminence of our empire decided otherwise to the American Empire. They sacrificed the Pentagon in what was, real dollar compared to real dollar, the greatest military victory in recorded history. This is the pachyderm in the parlor, the visually challenged ursine haunting American political discourse.

These empresses, kings, certainly Byrd, the sometime Grand Sham of the Ku Klux Klan and Voivode of West Virginia,***** surely Hirsute Reed, and, assuredly, Theodore, the Hereditary Hierophant of Hyannis and Count of All Chappaquiddick, and sundry lesser civilian satraps let our military be lobotomized and our civil air fleet be grounded for months. Let us hope that the
certain identity of these deciders, like the rotting corpse of bin Laden, sleeps, forever, with the fishes.

Let us also hope, devoutly, that we stumble out of the dark wood of high taxation and imperialist war justifying high taxation. We have been lost in this maze for a hundred years. It is past time to escape. It is past time to stop paying a triple tithe to the (distinguish “our”) contemptuously, mendaciously labeled secular state.

* Be Gone Demons is the title of Saddam Hussein’s (1937 – 2006) fourth and final novel.


*** Heinrich Himmler “approved of the fact that his men nicknamed him ‘King Heinrich’, and came to see himself as the spiritual reincarnation of The Fowler and the embodiment of his aim to consolidate Germany against the hordes from the east.” Robin Lumsden, Himmler’s Black Order: 1923 – 45, 120 (1997). “The story that he received the surname of ‘Fowler’ because the nobles, sent to inform him of his election to the


It seems odd to modify, even by a geographical term, the word and concept of Virginia.

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