Invisible Hands

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Motives and Behaviors

Two days after the attacks of September 11, 2001, I surrendered. Melbourne, Australia is a long way from Boise, Idaho, and I could no longer cry in a sympathetic yet foreign land alone. Seeking comfort, I sadly called home. The voices of my father and grandmother provided some solace, but what I heard in them only deepened my sorrow. My family’s pain, confusion, and fear were palpable. In their anger, incomprehended suffering surfaced and thrashed, gasping for a breath of understanding. Stunned with paralysis in mid-ricochet, they clung to platitudes as explanations for why we had been so violated. Many Americans, if not most, shared these emotions and reactions.

That mournful conversation inspired Invisible Hands, an attempt to cast light on the shadows of suffering. The work includes forty-five exhibition quality photographic prints, an artist’s book, and an engaging web site. Commencing with the ancient formation of fossil fuels, it follows oil’s flow through terrain afflicted by an overwhelming production and consumption of superfluous goods. At the end of this viscous river, one finds a planet littered with various petroleum by-products in the form of plastic. To be sure, many plastics serve noble functions. Plastic heart valves and hip joints lengthen lives. Polar tech fleece material is long lasting and provides warmth and comfort to millions of people. I use photographic film made of cellulose acetate, a tough and transparent plastic. However, most plastics in our lives merely serve convenience, and when no longer convenient, are tossed aside and ignored like so many episodes of an unpleasant past, and as the industrial detritus obstructing a sea turtle’s digestive track refuses to dissolve, so the legacy of injustice fails to fade from American history. After presenting poignant snapshots of illicit liaisons between oil, war, and US foreign policy, this work then inspects the confluence of public fears, personal consumption habits, and the motivations behind military operations. In conclusion, it highlights actions available to almost anyone seeking a more just and sustainable future.
As a democratic ideal, America has set a high standard for itself. Unprecedented economic and military strength make this as yet unattained ideal worth striving for more so today than at any other time in my nation’s history. However, without reflection upon our motives and behaviors throughout the world, the ideal will tragically remain a mirage, an American dream glimpsed waiting to be won.

**Ticker: SOS**

At ten, I happily tapped the inauspicious “dot...dot...dot...dash...dash...dash...dot...dot...dot.” SOS was the only Morse code I knew. Built with my father, the simple telegraph of scrap lumber, hinges, wire, and battery consumed my interest, not the transmission of messages.

Samuel Morse’s telegraph was the first practical instrument to utilize electric current to communicate. The American painter and inventor patented his device in 1840, ushering in a new era in human communications. Eight years later, six New York newspapers formed the Associated Press to share wire expenses, quickly followed by Reuters in London. Eighteen sixty-seven witnessed the introduction of Thomas Edison’s stock ticker, a specialized telegraph, to the New York Stock Exchange. By the time the telephone signaled its demise, people sent information via telegraph so frequently that it had become integral to commerce, government, and military alike.

Now computers send our songs of ones and zeros around the world, and the telegraph is hardly used though its direct, understated distress call remains a cultural fixture. Thus this body of work begins with the Ticker Series, an invitation to Americans of all political persuasions to hear and heed the messages within our Invisible hands.
White Dashes: Left, Center & Right

Blue Dots: Left, Center & Right
Ancient Detritus
From era to era, epoch to epoch, each and everyday, beautiful sunlight streams past this rocky planet. In the past, earth wandered alone, circumambulating about its star of light, warmth, and energy. Then bacteria and plant-life arose, transforming sunlight, water, and carbon dioxide into energy-rich sugars and oxygen. Animals grew to breathe the oxygen and eat the sugars, expending energy and returning to plants the water and carbon dioxide.

Tall trees rose from swampy ground, swathed in the sun-dappled fronds of giant ferns. In the seas, countless generations of microscopic organisms thrived in a sun drenched soup with many drifting in death to deep and sleepy seabeds. On land, dense carpets of leafy plants and trees captured and stored the sun’s light energy, thus sustaining all.¹ Death delivered their decaying bodies to the bottoms of ancient peaty bogs. In time, even dinosaurs—the mightiest of all terrestrial fauna—dissipated, contributing to the energy-rich stratum.

Not long ago, humans recognized lightning, and understanding fire, began warming their bodies and cooking their food by harvesting the energy of combustion. Today those who can afford to drive chariots drawn by internal fires that consume petroleum, the ancient detritus of nature, expending energy and releasing into the atmosphere the carbon dioxide of millions of years.
CO₂

Cars
Unseasonably Warm

Born where the scorched winds of the Great Basin collide with early rumblings of the Rocky Mountains, I have known in desert twilights the crisp scent of sage. During a seven-year drought, I learned that hot air, heavy with dust, can sear the throat with each breath. I recall manicured lawns, blistering backseat drives, parched freeways flanked by sun-burnt grasses, and towns like my grandma’s made of swirling sprinklers, mailbox petunias, and dry dusty birdbaths.

I next encountered drought on the monsoon-soaked, equatorial slopes of Indonesia. There, in the verdant rainforests that skirt a feisty chain of volcanoes, I marveled at life’s diversity. At dawn, delicate birdsong rippled through tree leaves. In muted morning light, large sapphire and small iridescent brown butterflies fluttered about lush nectar-laden boughs. Palm-sized, emerald dragonflies cruised through the balmy afternoon breeze. At dusk, the last fiery rays of day lit monstrous thunderclouds. Bats flitted to and fro, ravaging hungry mosquitoes. Then came hard rain. The sky opened and a wall of water slammed into the earth. Deafening claps of thunder clashed above, while in the wet inky darkness below, serenading frogs hollered, “Hello, hello!” Though torrents fell that first monsoon, the following year, scant moisture tumbled from largely cloudless skies. As an unfailing sun blazed, fires caught and raged, their smoke smothering a distant metropolis. I remember leaving, with my head resting on a window streaking past rice paddies, which were dead and dying.

Drought and I met again in the smog scoured streets of Santiago, the Chilean capital resting at the foot of the Andes. In late afternoons, I’d race the fading sun to the top of a ragged outcrop. Out of breath and delectably dizzy, I’d gaze at the icy peaks shimmering in brilliant, pollution-pink sunshine. Santiago, home to millions, was but a thin brush stroke at the base of such great mountains. Snowmelt hurtling down their steep slopes generates much of the country’s electricity. A lengthy dry-spell precipitated crop failures and nationwide power shortages, prompting the government to forbid shopkeepers from illuminating the wares in their windows. Each evening an eerie unlit calm descended over the tense and thirsty city, which held its breath until winter snows finally arrived in the cloud-shrouded mountainsides.

As a child, I too waited impatiently for seasons to change. In waning winters, I eagerly sought the robin’s return, for this scarlet-breasted bird announced the coming of the warm spring sun. Now in autumn, robins remain, surviving winters once too frigid.
Last winter, I traveled to the drought-plagued, flood plain of the Murray, one of two large rivers coursing through the Australian bush. Onto the scrubby plain spilled towering red river gums. These colossal trees require only occasional flooding to reach astonishing heights. In their nutrient rich limbs, chattering birds congregate, while bounding kangaroos and elegant emus traverse the rusty sands below. Seven floodless seasons had taxed the strength of smaller plants and animals. Only after days of quiet hiking, did I spot a dainty lizard basking on the trail. Within steps, however, I grew suspicious; the tiny reptile hadn’t scattered. Not so amazingly, the little critter had made its way to the sun-baked scrub from far off China. While pocketing the plastic tid-bit, I imagined a freckled boy, haphazardly dropping his silent toy. I wonder: will his children ever know of little lizards darting to and fro?
Petroleum By-product

Spoon
Utility Fabric

Bread Tie
Oil and War: Shot Gun Wedding, Europe 1914

Subterranean cracks in the earth’s crust allow crude oil to seep to the surface throughout the world. In various parts of the Middle East, bitumen rises in rock fissures—most famously in the ancient town of Hit, near present day Baghdad. For five millennia, torches tipped with the semisolid oozey substance have lit the night, protecting some and violently destroying others. Though betrothed in these early hostilities, oil and war weren’t wed until after the invention of the oil-powered engine and the advent of World War I. Historian Daniel Yergin points out that, “while simplifying the problems of mobility and supply,” the introduction of the internal combustion engine “also multiplied the devastation.” Previously, wars were waged with inflexible railway systems and ultimately at a horse’s pace. But as Yergin explains in *The Prize: The Epic Quest for Oil, Money & Power*, the First Battle of the Marne would unequivocally reveal petroleum’s emerging strategic value.

War planner, Alfred von Schlieffen, prepared Germany to fight on two fronts with Russia and France. He believed each needed to be dealt with separately. The Schlieffen Plan called for a swift defeat of France, as a hopefully flat-footed Russia slowly mobilized. Two wings of the German army were to crush the
French army in a pincer movement. A small left wing would defend Germany along the French border. A much larger right wing would invade France through the Netherlands and Belgium, thereby trapping French forces. The entire German assault relied upon the advance of a strong right wing.

The easy capture of Belgium, late in the summer of 1914, gave credence to German predictions of a quick victory on its western front. By September, the German right wing sat a short 40 miles (64km) from Paris. One hundred thousand civilians and the French government had already evacuated the city, entrusting its defense to military governor General Joseph Gallieni. Few took the aging general with his shaggy moustache and untidy, ill-fitting uniform seriously. Though aerial surveillance indicated a German weakness near the Marne River, he could convince no one of the need for a French counter attack. Only after an angry and emotional phone call from Gallieni, did the French Commander in Chief order an offensive.

Gallieni’s assessment proved correct, and French troops made solid gains until German reinforcements arrived. Guarding the city of light, French soldiers were strangled in the surrounds of Paris. Disruption of rail service compelled most to walk, with little hope of reaching the front in time.

Days prior, Gallieni had organized a unique transport squad composed of taxicabs “on reserve” to evacuate the city’s last defenders. A master of improvisation, Gallieni realized more cabs were needed at once to form a troop transport system. Gallieni immediately ordered police and soldiers to commandeer all 3,000 Parisian taxis. The drivers had to abandon their passengers, but were to be paid by the meter. During the next forty-eight hours, non-stop columns of taxis transported thousands and thousands of troops “driving as only Parisian taxicabs can, speeding and passing and repassing each other, their headlamps darting points of light along the dark roads.” A reinvigorated French campaign forced the Germans to fall back, and the armada of taxis helped end Germany’s planned offensive, while shredding its hopes for an early defeat of France.

Nearly three and a half bloody years of trench warfare ensued. During assaults, men charged out of wet, putrid, rat-infested trenches with fixed bayonets onto an artillery-scarred no man’s land laced with barbed wire. More rapid and accurate fire from machine guns slaughtered wave after wave of infantry, which contributed to enormously high casualties.

In 1916, Germany secured Romania’s sabotaged, yet invaluable oil fields, enabling continued fighting. In Russia, the political chaos resulting from the collapse of the Czarist regime and the subsequent rise of the Bolshevik party, tempted German generals to seek petroleum from the great oil fields of Baku on the shores of the Caspian Sea. A small British expedition entered Russia
denying Germany access to Baku at a critical moment. Facing acute fuel shortages, Germany surrendered in November 1918.8

By war’s end, petroleum did much more than provide reconnaissance or transport troops and supplies. Agile oil-powered ships patrolled the seas. Flame throwers shot streams of burning fuel. Dogfight aces battled in the skies, and tanks finally punctured trench defenses, which ultimately led the Germans to accept defeat.

In post-war years, geo-political alliances shifted, reflecting oil’s now devastatingly demonstrated strategic importance. Leaders the world over recognized the impregnable position stable access to petroleum afforded. In 1924, the Bolshevik Commissar of War, Leon Trotsky spoke of:

Oil, which now plays such an exceptional military and industrial role, totals in the United States two-thirds of the world output, and in 1923 it had even reached approximately 72 per cent. To be sure, they complain a lot about the threats of the exhaustion of their oil resources. In the initial post-war years, I confess I thought that these plaints were merely a pious cover for coming encroachments on foreign oil. But geologists actually do confirm that American oil at the current rate of consumption will, according to some, last twenty-five years, according to others, forty years. But in twenty-five or forty years, America with her industry and fleet will be able to take away oil from all the others ten times over again.9

In fact, decades after Trotsky’s prediction, America continued to dominate crude oil production.10 Before this supremacy slid, the US would draw heavily on its reserves during the most lethal conflict in history: World War II. Not surprisingly, oil shaped the belligerent’s campaigns and often determined the victors in battle.

The Original Axis

In 1931, Japan seized Manchuria, China’s coal and iron-rich northeast. The fertile province became an important industrial base for the Japanese during the Second World War. Two years later, the newly appointed Chancellor of Germany, Adolf Hitler, began strengthening his armed forces in violation of the treaty ending World War I. Longing for empire, Italy invaded Ethiopia in 1935. Within a year, the Italians conquered one of Africa’s oldest nations, which had kept its independence during nineteenth-century colonialism. Hitler next sent troops to the Rhineland, a demilitarized zone under the Treaty of Versailles. Soon, Italy and Germany formed the Rome-Berlin Axis. Late in 1937, the Japanese launched a major assault against China. In six weeks, Japan’s Imperial Army massacred hundreds of thousands of civilians and unarmed soldiers. By the end of 1938,
Japan controlled most of eastern China and began espousing its vision of empire: the “Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere.” German troops overran Czechoslovakia and marched into Poland, triggering declarations of war from France, Great Britain, and several British Dominions. When Japan cast its lot with Italy and Germany in 1940, the original axis was born.

Struggling early in the war, the Allies conceded most of Western Europe to blitzkrieg—lightning war waged with rows of fast tanks, infantry, and dive bombers that knocked out Allied communications and ferociously pounded battle lines. In an attempt to sever British access to Middle Eastern oil, Italians in Ethiopia attacked British Somaliland and Egypt. For two years, rival forces seesawed across the deserts of Egypt and Libya, forever racing further than their fuel supplies. At the finish line, British General Bernard Montgomery had petrol, while the Desert Fox, German Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, did not.

The Arsenal of Democracy

After Japan’s capture of northern Indochina, the United States limited steel, scrap iron, and aviation fuel exports to the resource-poor aggressor. Conversely, American president Franklin Roosevelt sought to defeat the Axis by supplying nations at war with it. In North America, new plants manufactured enormous amounts of war goods, and converted automobile factories produced tanks and aircraft. In March 1941, the US Congress approved the Lend-Lease Act granting the president powers to lend or lease food, weapons, and equipment to any country fighting the Axis. Ultimately, the Soviet Union, China, and Great Britain received billions of dollars worth of ships, tanks, aircraft, and other war materials, as well as significant supplies of petroleum. Roosevelt urged the United States to become an “Arsenal of Democracy.”

Having failed to bomb Britain into submission, Hitler once again set Germany’s sights on Baku. He despised communism and harbored a deep distrust of the Soviet Union. Hitler now made Baku oil central to Germany’s conquest in Europe. He cautioned the Italian leader, Benito Mussolini that “the life of the Axis depends on those oil fields.” Fortunately, the Soviets halted his ill-conceived invasion just short of the vast resources of the Caucasus region, though not without great sacrifice. At war’s end, the Soviet Union had suffered roughly 19 million civilian and 7.5 million military deaths, far more than any other nation.

Soon after its pre-emptive attack on Pearl Harbor, Japan also targeted territory rich with oil. During the Battle of the Java Sea, Japan’s navy mauled Allied ships protecting the Netherlands Indies. Japanese petroleum stocks soared when the Dutch colony fell in March 1942. Japan’s fortunes faltered
months later at the Battle of Midway as American code breakers cracked Japan’s naval code and discovered plans to raid the westernmost Hawaiian Island. The commander of the US Fleet, Admiral Chester Nimitz, prepared an ambush. Throughout the three-day struggle, American dive-bombers pounded enemy aircraft carriers while their planes re-fueled on deck. In total, Japan lost four of its nine carriers and 200 skilled pilots and planes, crippling its naval power for the remainder of the war.

**Machines and Slaves**

Germany, a petroleum-poor country, invested heavily in technologies to synthesize fuel from coal, a resource it had in abundance. IG Farben, the largest chemical manufacturing enterprise in the world, provided half of Germany’s fuels. In fact, IG Farben synthesized many raw materials consumed by Hitler’s war machine: oil, rubber, gasoline, fibers, nitrates, rocket fuels, aspirin, sulfa drugs, and even poisonous gases such as Sarin and Zyklon B, the gas used to execute the Nazis’ “Final Solution.” Asserting German cultural superiority, Nazi party doctrine claimed the right to rule the world. Those deemed inferior—the disabled, Jews, homosexuals, Gypsies, and Slavs, particularly Poles and Soviets—faced murder and persecution. Soldiers collected millions of people from across occupied Europe, and packed them like cattle into box cars bound for concentration camps. There the weak were exterminated, and the fit enslaved, subsisting at most on 1,000 calories a day.

By 1944, slave labor formed one third of the workforce in the German synthetic fuels industry. Near Auschwitz, the central site of Nazi genocide, IG Farben built a massive industrial complex to produce synthetic oil and rubber. The company paid the SS, Hitler’s elite military force, three to four marks per day for each adult laborer and half that for children. A young Italian named Primo Levi survived because his training in organic chemistry made him useful in the labs at the mammoth factory. “This huge entanglement of iron, concrete, mud and smoke is the negation of beauty,” he said of the industrial complex. “Within its bounds not a blade of grass grows, and the soil is impregnated with the poisonous saps of coal and petroleum, and the only things alive are machines and slaves—and the former are more alive than the latter.”

In the spring of 1944, the Allies finally targeted Germany’s Achilles heel. A combat force of nearly one thousand bombers and their escorts struck several synthetic fuels factories, including the giant IG Farben plant at Leuna. Though the Germans had feared such attacks for years, the raids were more debilitating than any had imagined.
A massive invasion force commanded by General Dwight Eisenhower gained a foothold on the beaches of Normandy on June 6, 1944. By month’s end, a million Allied soldiers had entered France. Gradually, they advanced, until the end of July when bombers blasted a break in enemy lines, and the US Third Army poured through the gap. Lieutenant General George Patton’s men rolled through Paris, then raced toward the River Rhine. But late in August, his tanks sputtered to a halt, out of gas. In a conflict characterized by the need for oil, often while in pursuit of oil, a fitting overture to its finale occurred when the last major German offensive ended with empty fuel tanks.

During the decades following the epic struggle, the union of oil and war consolidated, multiplying in its complexity. Eventually, in the US, the Carter Doctrine codified their shotgun wedding:

Let our position be absolutely clear. An attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States of America, and such an assault will be repelled by any means necessary, including military force.17

Of course possession of, or access to, petroleum fuels economies and enables nations to accumulate wealth, but not without also encouraging them to acquire or manufacture armaments to wage and win wars. In an age in which the American military maintains a “presence at the gateway to every major source of fossil fuel,” and suicide bombers use planes and oil tankers as weapons, while toy makers scramble to replicate the newest battle tools showcased live on CNN, I question if we’ll ever learn to live without oil and war again.18
Annihilation

Albert Einstein wrote Roosevelt in 1939 explaining that it was possible to create potent, powerful explosions by splitting atoms. The German-born scientist also expressed the fear that his colleagues in Germany could be working on such a weapon. The US government responded by establishing the Manhattan Project, a clandestine attempt to invent an atomic bomb. It succeeded. On August 6, 1945, America detonated the first nuclear weapon used in warfare and annihilated tens of thousands of the inhabitants of Hiroshima, Japan. Nagasaki was targeted three days later. Reverberations of these calamitous events continue to resound and haunt human imagination.

As a child in the early eighties, my nightmares often involved either apocalyptic visions of nuclear holocaust or the morbid landscapes of a nuclear winter.¹⁹ At the tender age of eleven, I stumbled upon a dog-eared copy of On the Beach by Nevil Shute.²⁰ Written at the height of the Cold War, the novel examines the aftermath of a nuclear engagement on three continents in the Northern Hemisphere. Skillfully, Shute tells the stories of doomed Southern Hemisphere survivors awaiting radioactive winds in Melbourne, Australia. During the brief
weeks and days left of the characters’ lives, I became less of a child. In their stirring tales of acceptance or lack thereof, I discovered terror and tragedy. My alarm intensified when I learned that nearby Mountain Home Air Force Base was on a list of probable Soviet strikes.

Is it odd for a twelve-year-old to desperately wish for a fallout shelter? My closet floor had a trap door. It led to the crawl space under the house, where ducts and pipes and wires snaked through cobwebs in three feet (1m) of filthy darkness. I kept cans of soup and an opener under the hefty door. Perhaps my emergency stash still sits to save the day. Regrettably, the threat of nuclear annihilation also endures, yet another lurking anxiety desolately suggesting that our plastic sacks shall outlast us all.
From Arsenal to Industrial Complex

When I reflect on the final years of the Cold War, I am struck by the extreme fear the Soviet Union and its peoples, about whom I knew almost nothing, inspired in me. In my experience, many Americans’ understanding of either communist ideology or reality is spotty, sometimes shockingly so. As I watched the televised spectacle of the 1991 Persian Gulf War, my friend in patriotic fervor resolved to enlist in the Marine Corps so that he could “kill those commies.” He fulfilled his pledge, though not in time to serve in Iraq, a nation more commonly associated with dictatorship and petroleum than communism. The literary Noble Laureate, John Steinbeck and Robert Capa, a distinguished combat photographer, encountered similar incognizance in 1948, when they teamed up to document the life of ordinary people in the Soviet Union. In A Russian Journal, Steinbeck describes peoples’ reactions the moment they learned of the duo’s intentions:

We were smothered in advice. We were told the food to take, otherwise we would starve; what lines of communications to leave open; secret methods of getting our stuff out. And the hardest thing in the world to explain was that all we wanted to do was to report what the Russian people were like and what they wore, and how they acted, what the farmers talked about, and what they were doing about rebuilding the destroyed parts of their country. This was the hardest thing in the world to explain. We found that thousands of people were suffering from acute Moscowitzitis—a state which permits the belief of any absurdity and the shoving away of any facts. Eventually, of course, we found that the Russians are suffering from Washingtonitis, the same disease. We discovered that just as we are growing horns and tails on the Russians, so the Russians are growing horns and tails on us.21

The year before Steinbeck and Capa’s journey, President Harry Truman committed US support to nations resisting communist aggression. Aimed at halting Soviet expansion in Europe and the Middle East, the Truman Doctrine gave rise to the “containment” policies of the Cold War. Both the Soviet and American publics were repeatedly told of the need for perpetual preparedness for war with one another. Human rights advocate and scholar of international law, Richard Falk argues that:

From 1947 onward, the country [US] was mobilized for war despite the absence of combat. It became a permanent condition in which an enormous military establishment became a normal ingredient of government, and tied in a pervasive way to a network of powerful corporations and to the grass roots via the labor market.22
With 5.1 million employees in 2001, the Pentagon is today the leading employer in the US. In turn, the American government purchases the most weaponry on the planet. American defense industries also top export lists, at times arming both sides in regional conflicts. In the world’s largest arms market, the Middle East, American firms have in the past aggressively pursued weapons sales to Israel and its neighbors to “maintain or gain influence.” The sums involved in these transactions within and between countries make a mockery of government claims of “no more money” for sustainable development and poverty reduction programs. Roosevelt’s Arsenal of Democracy has evolved into Eisenhower’s “military-industrial complex” a phrase coined by the president when he saliently warned:

In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist. We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic process.

With Eisenhower’s caveat in mind, I suggest that when a nation spends approximately half of every discretionary dollar on its military, and yet only six cents to teach its children and a meager four cents on health care, evaluations of both the nation’s democratic process and the people’s priorities are in order.
Outrageous Deeds

A geography junky from an early age, I have frequently observed an American blind spot: our unfamiliarity with the “others” of the world. In 1988, a year before I graduated from high school, the National Geographic Society conducted a groundbreaking study. Investigators compared the geographic skills of 18 to 24-year-olds in ten countries, including the United States. The report overwhelmingly documented the long-lampooned, ugly Americans’ ignorance of the globe and ignorance indeed of their own country. In a 2002 follow up study, commissioned by the National Geographic Education Foundation, RoperASW interviewed 3,250 young adults in nine countries and found little had changed during the intervening 14 years.

Today however, our lack of earthly knowledge appears more ominous. Though completed after September 11, 2001 and the onset of the war on terror, the survey found that, “While the majority of young Americans (58%) knew that the Taliban and al Qaeda are based in Afghanistan, they were the least likely of all young adults surveyed to get this question correct. Moreover, just 17% could find Afghanistan on a world map.” It follows that most of my fellow countrymen are also oblivious of the nature and scope of much of their government’s foreign policy throughout the world. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for many of the rest of the world’s citizens.

As a youth, I was not alone in believing that most people of the world envisioned my country as heroic liberators of WWII Europe and as nothing else. Little in the public arena contradicted this impression. Mainstream media rarely discussed other nations, and when it did, it did so in terms of their relationship with the US rather than in their own right. Decades of neglect have created millions of Americans who experience difficulty when identifying countries on a map, and who possess only a vague sense of world history. Ariel Dorfman, who at age 12 moved from Manhattan to Chile, describes this obliviousness while writing about an afternoon spent over two decades later with an inconsiderate American family:

Absurd, perhaps, to think this now, but they symbolized to me the many ways in which the US had dominated Latin America: its ownership of mines and fields and banks and ships, its proconsuls in Mexico and Buenos Aires and Bogotá, its invasions of Nicaragua and Cuba and Guatemala, its training of torturers, its coups in Brazil and Bolivia and Honduras, its barely concealed idea that the only thing Latin Americans understood was a kick in the pants; and also, of course, as for all my generation, the horror of Vietnam. But what was most irritating about Americans—to me, who had been one, who had been just as unconscious and insensitive in my own
day—was their blind innocence, their inability to grasp how their intrusive bodies and loud mouths and naive incomprehension grated on the world. Their professed unconcern—‘What? Me Worry?’—about what was done in their name seemed to me more outrageous than the deeds themselves.  

Like many young Americans, I was aware of only three outrageous deeds: the slaughter of Native Peoples, Slavery, and the Vietnam War. This conflict swept away fathers and uncles of my generation, returning them—if at all—shell-shocked and damaged, sometimes irreparably so.

Communist Liquidation: Indonesia 1965 — 1966

On the evening of September 30, 1965, a group of leftist army officers kidnapped and murdered six generals. They dumped the bodies in an unused well on the outskirts of the Indonesian capital, Jakarta. The army, led by General Suharto, claimed unconvincingly that the attempted coup had been carried out solely by the Communist Party. Army papers published statements by members of women’s organizations—young girls—who “confessed” to castrating the generals. The women were never brought to trial and most, after spending years in prison, retracted their coerced testimony. The army also supplied, trained, and encouraged vigilante gangs to slaughter hundreds of thousands of party members in retaliation. Headless and disemboweled corpses clogged rivers for miles. In
many cases the army itself herded entire families into trucks; vehicles departed fully loaded and returned empty. The US Central Intelligence Agency described the carnage thus:

In terms of numbers killed, the anti-PKI [Indonesian Communist Party] massacres in Indonesia rank as one of the worst mass murders of the twentieth century, along with the Soviet purges of the 1930s, the Nazi mass murders during the Second World War, and the Maoist bloodbath of the early 1950s. In this regard, the Indonesian coup is certainly one of the significant events of the 20th century, far more significant than many other events that have received much greater publicity.

Among the unpublicized dead lay village chiefs, labor leaders, teachers, and children.
Images More Vast Than Time
By delaying the release of documents from the months surrounding the Indonesian coup, the United States government has fed decades of speculation about American involvement. In 1990, after interviewing retired officials, investigative journalist Kathy Kadane reported that lists of names compiled by US intelligence officers facilitated the military’s decapitation of the Communist Party as a political force. Having already equipped much of Suharto’s army, Washington secretly provided his generals with a field communications network, thereby assisting in the co-ordination of the killings.

Indonesian histories often fail to mention the massacres and instead focus on Suharto’s “rescue” of the archipelago from bloodthirsty communists. Each year on the anniversary of the coup, state-run television aired a graphic staging of the generals’ murders at the hands of crazed communist women. Inculcated with propaganda, Indonesian students are thoroughly versed in Suharto’s account of events—in fact too versed. I discovered this in the late nineties while teaching English on Java, Indonesia’s most densely populated island. During an advanced class, I led students through an activity that called for everyone to listen to two classmates discuss a secret topic. The brave souls who began the conversation were not allowed to mention the topic by name. When other students correctly guessed the secret subject they joined in. Two dates, August 17, 1945 (the end of Dutch colonial rule) and September 30, 1965 (Suharto’s ascendancy) bounced around the room, and were amply peppered with the adjectives dull, boring, and awful. Finding common ground, my diverse, and often contrarily opinionated, students unanimously loathed their Indonesian “history” lessons. Though careful not to publicly equate their textbooks with propaganda, an unwise action anytime during the decades-long dictatorship, they clearly saw through their government’s over-the-top sell job.

For the most part, the West greeted the butchery with enthusiastic aplomb. Excited about new economic opportunities spawned by the violent transfer of power, Time proclaimed the killing spree to be, “the West’s best news for years in Asia.” Contemplating the country’s tropical hardwood forests, mountains of minerals, and petroleum, Vice President Richard Nixon remarked that with its “3,000-mile arc of islands containing the region’s richest hoard of natural resources, Indonesia constitutes by far the greatest prize in the Southeast Asia area.” In late 1967, the Time-Life Corporation sponsored a conference to aid in the rebuilding of the convulsed nation. After analyzing the conference papers, Jeffery Winters concluded participants parceled out the Indonesian economy by sector:
They divided up into five different sections: mining in one room, services in another, light industry in another, banking and finance in another; and what Chase Manhattan did was sit with a delegation and hammer out policies that were going to be acceptable to them and other investors. You had these big corporate people going around the table, saying this is what we need: this, this and this, and they basically designed the legal infrastructure for investment in Indonesia. I’ve never heard of a situation like this where global capital sits down with the representatives of a supposedly sovereign state and hammers out the condition of their own entry into that country.47

Thus commenced the much touted Asian economic miracle. Infant mortality rates, life expectancies, literacy levels, and living standards improved over the ensuing decades. However, these gains pale when compared to the opulence generated for a select few in the country. Suharto extended a “rich tradition of corruption, nepotism, smuggling and patronage” to the benefit of his family and friends.48 So pervasive is crony capitalism, that the American Embassy in Jakarta has warned investors of the “irregular fees” associated with all enterprise.49

Recently, my passport expired. Before applying for its replacement, I thumbed through its crumpled pages, reminiscing about the places the battered document had taken me. During my 15 months in Bandung, the capital of West Java, my passport accrued 14 full-page stamps, each indicating the payment of a hefty bribe. Fortunately, the University employed a retired army officer to maintain the patronage needed to furnish international faculty with requisite visas and work permits. Always a harried man, he ran off with our passports for months at a time. Each form he lodged and every low-level immigration authority he spoke with required a payoff.

In Indonesia, as in many developing nations, insidious corruption is linked to labor suppression. A leading human rights advocate, Indera Nabasan, described a typical operation in the shoe and garment industry: “You hire three Koreans to run the factory and then you hire generals for the board of directors and they provide protection for the business. If a labor inspector ever files a complaint, the company just tells the guardian and he calls the government and says: ‘This is mine.’”50 William Greider, a Washington-based journalist who has reported for newspapers, magazines, and television for over 40 years, argues:

The suppression of labor was vital to the functioning of Indonesia’s economic system, not mainly to counter global wage competition since Indonesian labor was already cheaper than most, but because the depressed wages provided a way to compensate firms for the heavy costs of corruption—the bribes they paid to the bureaucracy, the profits they had to share with local military and business elites.51
During my short stay, the government shut down Tempo, the nation’s most respected current affairs magazine, and the military broke up wildcat strikes organized by workers outrageously demanding employers pay the legal minimum wage. Suharto’s long reign was not exactly the “best news” for the majority of Indonesia’s 200 million citizens.

Issued on the bicentennial anniversary of the US Consular Service, the last page of my passport explains that the special edition (its cover is green, instead of blue) honors Benjamin Franklin, “perhaps our most distinguished early diplomat.” In his long and productive life, he once counseled, “Commerce among nations should be fair and equitable.”52 Though this most American of dictates would suggest hope for trade policies aimed at improving the lives of those subsisting on “starvation wages,” sadly, this is not so.53 Until consumers insist upon equity and social justice, corrupt governments and unscrupulous corporations will continue to exploit the planet’s poorest people. In his long poem, “An Explanation of America,” US Poet Laureate, Robert Pinsky attempts to reconcile the country’s inconsistencies and contradictions. Writing to his daughter, he asks:

What do I want for you to see? I want—
Beyond the states and corporations, each
Hiding and showing after their kind the forms
Of their atrocities, beyond their power
For evil—the greater evil in ourselves,
And greater images more vast than Time.54
La Moneda: Chile 1973
“...a long petal of sea, wine and snow.” —Pablo Neruda

Not long ago, I stood transfixed, admiring the library of Pablo Neruda, the Nobel Laureate who so tenderly described his nation. His fanciful Santiago home had miraculously survived the 17-year dictatorship of General Augusto Pinochet. During the first days of Pinochet’s ruthless regime, troops harassed the elderly and ill Neruda in what were to be the poet’s final days.

Later that week, I stood horrified at the cobblestone entrance of a tired, boarded up, castle of a building. Each day, unaware of its history, I’d ventured past its awkwardly tragic edifice. At an exhibition of photographs the previous evening, I’d examined the heartless building in detail. While peering at the pictures’ windows, I failed to recognize the lonely peeling planks. But now, next to its chillingly abandoned old-world masonry, I realized that hundreds of Pinochet’s victims had breathed their last behind its rotting boards. Taken by surviving family, the photos of the places their loved ones had last been seen alive, indicted the dark structure.

On the morning of September 11, 1973, fighter jets under the command of general Augusto Pinochet bombed another building, La Moneda, Chile’s presidential palace. Chile’s democratically elected president, Salvador Allende, did not survive the assault. Allende, a Marxist, would not be tolerated. Previously, President Richard Nixon had directed the CIA to “make the economy scream” in Chile “to prevent Allende from coming to power or to unseat him.” The US government provided military advice and persuaded American businesses to withdraw from the country. Estimates of civilian deaths during the September military onslaught and ensuing years range between 3,000 and 20,000. Thousands more were imprisoned and tortured, or fled into exile.

Over the next four months, I met many Chileans with family members who had “moved” overseas in 1973 or shortly after. Twenty-eight years later to the day, Americans glimpsed the terror that they and much of the world have known for decades.

Holga 120
Made in a Hong Kong factory famous for its lack of stringent quality control, every Holga 120 has personality. The cameras’ flawed plastic lenses uniquely distort light passing through them. Some have slower shutter speeds, others peculiar light leaks. Snippets of tape cover the leaks in my Holga’s faux-leather, plastic body. Blue rubber bands prevent the back from sporadically popping off and thin
cardboard wedged under the film spool keeps the film taut enough to wind properly.

I can hear my father asking, “Honey, what would anyone want a camera like that for?” I’d describe the Holga’s signature, with its vignetting and edge distortion that surrounds the image with a dark dreamy frame. Then I’d mention its low price and, he’d accept that.

I wish I’d had a Holga the night I tried to capture the tormented soul of that cold Santiago building. It would have better suited the surreal twilight, as horse carts clattered and office workers fumbling with car keys scurried past, their expressions of discomfort inadvertently registered on my film.

A few years later, I used the Holga to inject these feelings of loss and disorientation into several images in *Invisible Hands*. The first such image, La Moneda, depicts footage of the presidential palace. Missile strikes have set it ablaze, and acrid smoke obscures the sky. The Holga’s distortions begin to suggest the spine chilling terror conceived in the rubble and ash of that September morning, while traces of the blurred screen remind the viewer that these events were once witnessed and then ignored. The image obliquely enquires, “Will you too quietly forget?”

La Moneda: Chile 1973
Suharto’s Trophies: East Timor 1975

On December 7, 1975, Indonesian troops invaded East Timor.61 The day before the attack, US President Gerald Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger met with Suharto in Jakarta. The pending invasion was discussed and quietly approved.62 At least 200,000 East Timorese—one in three—died. 63 At one point the children of 20 randomly selected women were torn out of their mother’s arms. Soldiers then led the women to the edge of a jetty and shot them one at a time. A crowd of terrified onlookers was forced at gunpoint to count out loud as each woman fell.64 Suharto’s soldiers often displayed their trophies: the severed heads of their victims.65

Indonesian portrayals of the Timorese resistance as “communist” succeeded in alarming the US, then wrapping up its withdrawal from Vietnam.66 Washington also harbored a greater strategic reason for siding with Jakarta: American submarines used the region’s deepwater straights to travel undetected between the Indian and Pacific Oceans. US officials were reluctant to renegotiate this privilege with an independent East Timor.67 In economic terms, the territory was of little significance next to the “prize” of Indonesia. A State Department official explained, “We regard Indonesia as a friendly, non-aligned nation—a nation we do a lot of business with.”68
Pathogens: Sudan 1998

Twenty-five cruise missiles struck a pharmaceutical factory in Sudan on August 20, 1998. President Bill Clinton ordered the assault remarking, “There will be no sanctuary for terrorists.” The American government contends that the factory produced a chemical agent used to manufacture nerve gas. While this assertion has yet to be proven, it is known that the Al-Shifa factory supplied 50% of Sudan’s medicines, including all of its chloroquine, the standard treatment for malaria. In a nation with endemic malaria, this led to the deaths of tens of thousands of people. Malaria most threatens pregnant women and children. When will humanity realize that pathogens, and not people, are our deadliest foes?
Values — Everyone’s values are defined by what they will tolerate when it is done to others —William Greider
Injustice — All Violence is Unjust
Concern — We need to embrace the oneness of humanity and show concern for everyone—not just my family or my country or my continent. We must show concern for every being, not just the few who resemble us. Differences of religion, ideology, race, economic system, social system, and government are all secondary —The Dalai Lama
Red Bag, White Bag, Blue Bag

Enough
Kader
The deadliest industrial fire in history occurred in Bangkok, Thailand on May 10, 1993. Managers of the Kader Industrial Toy Company had locked their factory's main exit doors, trapping hundreds of workers on the upper floors. Its narrow stairways quickly filled with trampled bodies, or collapsed entirely. At least 188 people died, though an exact toll is unknown as many others were incinerated in the inferno. Of the identifiable remains, all but 14 were women, some as young as 13-years-old. Almost all of the plastic playthings these adolescent children produced were bound for the American market and into the hands of American children.

Until the Kader tragedy, a conflagration at the Triangle Shirtwaist Company in Lower Manhattan had stood for over 90 years as the world’s worst industrial fire. The deaths, under similar circumstances, of 146 young immigrant women provoked public condemnation and galvanized support for citizen reform movements. Many states passed laws prohibiting sweatshops. Minimum wage laws discouraged the use of subcontractors to circumvent the new standards. Unfortunately, the current trend of shifting production to developing countries
has fostered an “out of sight, out of mind” attitude on the part of consuming nations. William Greider describes this particular parochialism by pointing out that at the time of the Kader fire:

“Americans worried obsessively over the everyday safety of their children, and the U.S. government’s regulators diligently policed the design of toys to avoid injury to young innocents. Yet neither citizens nor government took any interest in the brutal and dangerous conditions imposed on the people who manufactured those same toys, many of whom were mere adolescent children themselves.”

I look forward to a day when invisible hands in developed nations demand fair treatment for all workers, whether they live across town or across the globe.
Santa Please

Santa, Santa with your sack,
Come and take some plastic back;
Take it back and in its place,
Leave a little breathing space.
—Michael Leunig
Action!
The seventies were a decade dominated by a “bitter battle” between oil producers and consumers over the commodity’s price. A mere two-years-old in 1973, I have no memory of the first oil crisis, but I do remember Iranian students storming the US embassy in 1979. Terry Anderson, a math teacher from my hometown, was one of the hostages held by Iran’s revolutionary government. The tragedy in Teheran spurred thousands of panicked motorists into lengthy gas lines with their engines idling hours to be refilled. Both oil shocks heightened the industrial world’s apprehensions about energy independence. A skeptical public grudgingly resigned itself to conservation measures. In hindsight we know that those modest efforts significantly reduced consumption rates. Daniel Yergin remarks that, “Though often dismissed or even ridiculed, conservation had turned out to have massive impact. Energy conservation in modern industrial society meant, for the most part, not deprivation, not ‘small is beautiful,’ but greater efficiency and technological innovation.”

In fact, we are surrounded by examples of reducing materials consumption by substituting quality and innovation for energy and mass. In Natural Capital: Creating the Next Industrial Revolution, Paul Hawkin, Amory Lovins, and L. Hunter Lovins consider strategies currently employed to advance resource productivity. They call attention to several tangible results: aluminum cans are 40% lighter, yet deliver the same contents; the mass of European yogurt containers has dropped a staggering 67%; and today’s Kodak film canisters weigh 22% less than their predecessors. Globally, we use ten times more wind energy than we did a decade ago, and solar power production has risen sevenfold. Besides saving homeowner dollars, resource efficient technologies contribute to quieter, more comfortable living spaces. For evidence, one need look no further than the Bush family’s “green” house in Crawford, Texas:

“George W. and Laura Bush’s dream home is built of a BTU-efficient, honey-toned native limestone quarried from the nearby Edwards Limestone Formation. The passive-solar house is positioned to absorb winter sunlight, warming the interior walkways and walls. Underground water, which remains a constant 55 degrees [13°C] year-round, is piped through a heat exchange system that keeps the interior warm in winter and cool in summer. A graywater reclamation system treats and reuses waste water. Rain gutters feed a cistern hooked to a sprinkler system for watering the fruit orchard and grass.”

Today entrepreneurial energy service companies make money by increasing efficiencies in existing commercial buildings. Charging nothing up front, they
devise and implement infrastructure improvements, accepting as payment a percentage of the savings garnered by smarter designs and cleaner technologies.\textsuperscript{79} Hybrid electric vehicles have finally entered the market, and some industries have taken tentative steps toward closing manufacturing loops, with about half of the world’s lead and a third of its gold, steel, and aluminum coming from recycled sources.\textsuperscript{80}

These developments encourage me, and as I believe humanity has reached a watershed in history, I am optimistic. Seedlings of hope now germinate in the ashes of imperialism, because for the first time, a majority of the peoples of the world are aware of one another’s presence. While many of us have yet to exhibit concern for every person on the planet, our universal reliance on the Earth’s environment for the provision of air, water, sustenance, and shelter will continually remind us of our commonalities. At the same time, we are learning to use, in a myriad of ways, our invisible hands to seek a more just and sustainable future.
Action: Quality, Reduce & Recycle

Reuse
Notes
Several components of Invisible Hands incorporate the work of others. For the most part, I shot stills of documentaries and projected the transparencies onto large sheets of plastic. I then re-photographed the resultant scenes. With great appreciation I list imagery sources here.


4 Yergin, The Prize 168.
5 Much of my summary of the First Battle of the Marne relies on Yergin’s vivid account in The Prize 167-170.
6 Yergin, The Prize 169.
7 Rivaling Saudi Arabia, the oil and gas of the Caspian region remain the world’s largest untapped reserves, and continue to influence strategic thinking. A recent report by Lutz Kleveman examines the impact recent oil booms have had on the former Soviet republics that ring the Caspian Sea, and assesses the implications for US foreign policy. See Lutz Kleveman, Interview with Barbara Bogaev, “Journalist Lutz Kleveman” Fresh Air, Natl. Public Radio, 12 Nov. 2003.
8 Yergin, The Prize 182.
10 Yergin, The Prize 793.
11 Somaliland refers to modern day northern Somalia.

12 Northern Indochina refers to parts of present day Laos and Vietnam.

13 Quoted in Yergin *The Prize* 335.

14 The Netherlands Indies or the Dutch East Indies encompassed present day Indonesia.


16 Quoted in Yergin *The Prize* 345-6.

17 Quoted in Yergin *The Prize* 702.


26 Yergin, *The Prize* 634.


Countries surveyed include: Canada, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Sweden, and the US. RoperASW, 2.

RoperASW, 4.

What We Think of America, Spec. issue of *Granta* 77 (2002): 30-1.


The documentary *Shadow Play: Indonesia’s Years of Living Dangerously*, dir. Chris Hilton, Vagabond Films, 2001 examines Indonesian government propaganda surrounding the calamitous events of 1965-66, including the plight of the young women. It concludes with a startling exposition of how effective the campaign has been in obscuring Indonesian history. See also Carmel Budiardjo “Indonesia: Mass Extermination and the Consolidation of Authoritarian Power,” *Western State Terrorism*, ed. Alexander George (Cornwall: Polity P, 1991) 186-90.


Quoted in Schwarz, 20.

Budiardjo, 195.


Schwarz, 21.

To view footage of the propaganda film see *Shadow Play*.


47 Quoted in Pilger, New Rulers 39.

48 Schwarz, 3.


50 Quoted in Greider, 395.

51 Greider, 396.

52 Benjamin Franklin’s words are engraved on the Herbert C. Hoover building in Washington DC, site of the United States Department of Commerce.

53 Naomi Klein examines the effects of starvation wages on Indonesia’s development in No Logo: Taking Aim at the Brand Bullies (London: Flamingo, 2000) 228.

54 Robert Pinsky, An Explanation of America (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1979) 10 [emphasis his].

55 Neruda’s eloquent description of Chile was one of many memorable verses displayed throughout La Chascona, his charming Santiago home, which now serves as a museum.

56 To view footage of the La Moneda bombing, see The Battle of Chile: the Struggle of an Unarmed People, dir. Patricio Guzmán, First Run/Icarus Films, 1975.


59 Stewart-Noble, note 1.


62 Schwarz, 204.

63 An early nineties investigation of the Indonesian invasion and occupation of East Timor by the Australian government found that at least 200,000 East Timorese died. See Australia, Joint Standing Committee on Foreign Affairs, Defence and Trade, Australia’s Relations with Indonesia (Canberra: Australian Government Publishing Service, 1993) 96.

64 Dunn, 251.

65 Death of a Nation.

66 Schwarz, 207-8.


72 William Greider examines the Kader fire in detail comparing it to the 1911 Triangle Shirtwaist fire in One World 337-8.

73 Greider, 338.

74 Yergin, The Prize 634.

75 Yergin, The Prize 718.


79 Hawkin, Lovins, and Lovins, 269.