

Biden and Trump Battle Over a Rattle

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*"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."*

- Lewis Carroll, *Through The Looking-Glass*

Once you understand that profound poem, you are ready to fathom the great debate between our dumb and dumber candidates for the Highchair in the Oval Office.

In light of Julian Assange's release from an English prison and President Biden's dementia-riddled debate performance against dumb-mouthed Donald Trump - Tweedledum and Tweedledee, whom Alice, when through the looking-glass, said looked exactly like a couple of schoolboys - I have been thinking about a famous proverb - "*acta, non verba*" (action, not words). Like most platitudes and effective propaganda, it contains both truths and contradictions and can therefore be spun in multiple ways depending on one's intent.

Killing people is an action that needs no words to accompany it. It can be done silently. Even when it is the killing of millions of people, it can be carried out without fanfare or direct responsibility. Without a whisper, with plausible deniability, as if it were not happening. As if you were not responsible. The playwright Harold Pinter, in his Nobel Prize Address, wrote truthfully about U. S. war crimes:

It never happened. Nothing ever happened. Even while it was happening it wasn't happening. It didn't matter. It was of no interest. The crimes of the United States have been systematic, constant, vicious, remorseless, but very few people have actually talked about them. You have to hand it to America. It has exercised a quite clinical manipulation of power worldwide while masquerading as a force for universal good. It's a brilliant, even witty, highly successful act of hypnosis.

I put to you that the United States is without doubt the greatest show on the road. Brutal, indifferent, scornful and ruthless it may be but it is also very clever. As a salesman it is out on its own and its most saleable commodity is self-love. It's a winner. Listen to all American presidents on television say the words, 'the American people', as in the sentence, 'I say to the American people it is time to pray and to defend the rights of the American people and I ask the American people to trust their president in the action he is about to take on behalf of the American people.'

Trust, of course, is a sick joke when it comes from the mouths of U.S. presidents, just as the two bloodthirsty debaters want the American people to trust them and agree with their support for the US/Israel genocide of Palestinians, as does Robert Kennedy, Jr., another aspirant for the position of Killer-in-Chief.

"I know what you're thinking about," said Tweedledum, "but it isn't so nohow."

"Contrariwise," said Tweedledee. "if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic."

And the boys continue to battle over Tweedledum's "nice new rattle" that he accused Tweedledee of spoiling.

The spectacle of presidential politics and people's addiction to it is a depressing commentary on people's gullibility. To think that the candidates are not puppets manipulated by the same hidden powerful elite forces is a form of illiteracy that fails to grasp the nature of the fairy tale told through the looking-glass. The real rattle is not a toy, but the sound of the rattling of the marionettes' chains. In the 2020 presidential election, more than 155 million Americans voted for Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the highest voter turnout by percentage since 1900. More so than the population at large, these voters are dumb and getting dumber by the day. They think they live in a democracy where to get into the Highchair candidates will spend 10 billion dollars or so.

"Ditto," said Tweedledum.

"Ditto, ditto!" cried Tweedledee.

Like the voters in 2020, those this year will echo the boys in illusionary expectations of political change - "Ditto, ditto, ditto" - as they look in the mirror of their cell phones and hope to take selfies with the candidates to mirror the narcissistic mendacious marionettes of their illusions.

Image: Assange. boards plane at Stansted Airport in London a free man after striking a deal with the U.S. government. (WikiLeaks video via X)



Julian Assange killed no one, but he suffered greatly at the hands of the U.S. military-industrial-security state and its evil accomplices because he used words and images to reveal their atrocities. In other words, his words were his courageous actions to counteract the murderous actions of the U.S. government. He gave voice to the previously unspeakable, a void in confronting systematic evil that seems beyond imagining or words to convey. Assange's words were his deeds and therefore reversed the proverb or turned it on its head or upside down. He showed that the words of denial from the U.S. government were lies, language used to obscure thought about its war crimes. That is why they tortured him for so many years.

Despite such treatment, he never bowed to their violence, remaining steadfastly true to his conscience. A true individual. He was betrayed by the corporate mainstream media such as *The New York Times*, *The Guardian*, and others who published what Julian published, then trashed him and ignored him, and finally hypocritically supported him to save their own asses after he suffered for 14 years. It is a very typical tale of elite betrayal.

Those who serve and wish to serve as American presidents are so lacking in Assange's moral conscience that one should never expect truth from them, neither in words nor actions. Assange stands head and shoulders above these craven creeps. [Here](#), as recounted by Marjorie Cohn, are some of their atrocities that journalist Assange, a free man, published for all the world to read and see.

The relationship between words and actions is very complex. Even Shakespeare compounds the complexity by having a character say that words are not deeds. But they are.

Neither Biden nor Trump ever personally killed a Syrian or Palestinian, but they gave orders to do so. They made sure as young men that they would never serve in the military and kill with their own hands, having received between them nearly ten deferments. What's the term for such Commanders-in-Chief? Pusillanimous armchair warriors? Jackals with polished faces who know ten thousand ways to order others to kill and torture while keeping their hands clean but their souls sordid?

Obama had his Tuesday kill list that included American citizens whom he chose for death; Trump gave the orders to "terminate" Iranian General Qasem Soleimani; we can only imagine what orders Biden (or his handlers) has given, while Ukraine, Russia, and Gaza have suffered terribly from them. Now Tweedledum, desperate to retain his rattle, pushes the world close to nuclear war.

But notice the expensive suits these boys wear, the crisp white shirts and pocket handkerchiefs, the elegant watches and shiny shoes. But they are killers whose orders to kill are whispered, action words, passed down the line. With a smile, a grin, a shrug, or

completely indifferently, as if they were ordering a bagel with cream cheese to go.

Yet true it is, as the forgotten but great American poet Kenneth Rexroth wrote in his 1955 poem *Thou Shall Not Kill*: “You killed him! You killed him./ In your God damned Brooks Brothers suit,/ You son of a bitch.”

Like many writers, I am politically powerless. My words are my only weapon. Are they actions? I believe they are. They are deeds. I move my pen across the paper and try to write something meaningful. Sometimes I succeed in this action; at others, I fail. Who can say? I surely can't. As my father used to always remind me, “Quien sabe?” (Who knows?)

There are those who claim that wordsmiths are all full of shit. Why don't they just shut up and do something, is what they say. They fail to grasp the paradoxical relationship between action and words. For writers who write to defend humanity from the predations of the ruthless ruling classes, their words are not orders to kill. Just the opposite.

Our words are reminders that killing is wrong, that waging wars are wrong, that genocide is wrong, that assassinating people is wrong – simple truths that almost everyone knows but forgets when they get caught up in the antics of the Tweedledums and Tweedledees who come and go with the breezes as the system that creates them rolls merrily along.

So if words, contrary to the famous proverb – *action, not words* – are a form of action, we are caught in a paradox of our own making. This is not uncommon. For there are silent and wordy acts as well as words as actions, some noisy, others *sotto voce*. There are violent deeds and violent words; and there are peaceful words meant to encourage peaceful deeds.

Tweedledum Biden and Tweedledee Trump are prime examples of how far my country (I write that with a lump in my throat), the United States of America, has descended into illiteracy, evil, and delusion.

The philosopher Frederick Nietzsche once wrote that the “Greeks were superficial out of profundity.” Too many Americans have become superficial out of stupidity by believing the words and deeds of con men battling over a rattle.

“No Way! We landed on the moon!”

– Jim Carrey, playing Lloyd in *Dumb and Dumber*

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