

# Why Is Everything Broken?

By [Edward Curtin](#)

Theme: [History](#)

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*“Begin then with a fracture, a cesura, a rent; opening a crack in this fallen world, a shaft of light.” Norman O. Brown, Love’s Body*

Being sick for the past few weeks has had its advantages. It has forced me to take a break from writing since I could not concentrate enough to do so. It has gifted me with a deeper sympathy for the vast numbers of the seriously ill around the world, those suffering souls without succor except for desperate prayers for relief. And it has allowed thoughts to think me as I relinquished all efforts at control for a few miserable weeks of “doing nothing” except napping, reading short paragraphs in books, watching some sports and a documentary, and being receptive to the light coming through the cracks in my consciousness.

I suppose you could say that my temporary illness forced me, as José Ortega Y Gasset described it, virtually and provisionally to withdraw myself from the world and take a stand inside myself – “or, to use a magnificent word which exists only in Spanish, that man can *ensimismarse* (‘be inside himself’).”

But as I learned, being “inside myself” doesn’t mean the outside world doesn’t come visiting, both in its present and past manifestations. When you are sick, you feel most vulnerable; this sense of frailty breaks you open to strange and familiar thoughts, feelings, dreams and memories that you must catch on the fly, pin with words if you are quick enough. I’ve pinned some over these weeks as they came to me through the cracks.

“Broken flesh, broken mind, broken speech,” wrote Norman Brown when he argued for aphoristic truth as opposed to methods or systematic form. These days the feeling that everything is broken is the norm, that madness reigns, that truth is being strangled and all we have are lies and more lies. Carefully constructed arguments fall on deaf ears as dissociation of the personality, post-modern attention-disorder, gender confusion, and corporate/intelligence mass media propaganda techniques are used daily to sow confusion. In simple colloquial language, people are badly fucked up.

Much of the world is suffering from megrims. Bob Dylan puts it simply:

Broken lines, broken strings  
Broken threads, broken springs  
Broken idols, broken heads  
People sleeping in broken beds  
Ain't no use jiving  
Ain't no use joking  
Everything is broken.

Who can disagree? Everyone's mind seems to be at the end of its tether.

Why? There are obvious answers, and while so many are true, they are insufficient, for they usually scratch the surface of a worldwide crisis that has been developing for at least a century and a half. That crisis is spiritual. Many can feel it rumbling beneath the surface of world events. It's a rumbling in the bowels. It's unspoken. It's something very dark, sinister, and satanic. It seems to be a form of systemic evil almost with a will of its own that is sweeping the world.

For many decades I have studied, written, and taught in an effort to grasp the essence of what has been happening in our world. My tools have been philosophy, theology, literature, art, and sociology - all the disciplines really, including a careful study of popular culture. It was always a personal quest, for my "career" has been my vocation.

Being trained in the classics from high school through college, and then the scientific method and textual analysis, I adhered for the most part to logical analyses in the classical style. Such an approach, while possessed of a certain elegance and balance, has serious limitations since it suggests the world follows a neat Aristotelian logic and that there is a method to the world's madness that is easy to capture in logical argumentation. Romanticism and existentialism, to name two reactions to such thinking, arose in opposition. Each offered a needed corrective to the reductive, materialist nature of a scientific method that became deified while dismissing God, freedom, and the spiritual as leftover superstitions from olden times.

But I have no sustained argument to offer here, just some scraps I gathered while enduring weeks in the doldrums. I sense these bits of seemingly digressive little flashes in the dark were telling me something about what I have been trying to understand for many years: the grasp the demonic has on our world today.

It is easy to dismiss the use of such a word, for it sounds hyperbolic, and it easily plays into the ridiculous themes of popular Hollywood and tabloid entertainment, which have also become staples of the formerly "serious" media as well. It's all entertainment now, life the movie, the unreality of endless propaganda, sick, sordid, and what can only be termed "The Weirdness," a term my friend the writer and playwright Joe Green has suggested to me. I think it would be a serious mistake to dismiss the demonic nature of the forces at work in our world today.

- Like Rip Van Winkle, I awoke one recent day, a few weeks after I wrote my last article before I got sick, to see that the corporate media/intelligence narrative on the war in Ukraine had taken an abrupt turn. I had [written](#) on May 13, 2022 that certain leftists were parroting the official U.S. propaganda that Russia was losing its battle with the Ukrainian forces. Noam Chomsky had claimed the U.S. media were doing a good job reporting Russian war crimes in Ukraine and Chris Hedges

had said that Russia had suffered “nine weeks of humiliating military failures.” Now *The New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, etc. – *mirabile dictu* – have suddenly changed their tune and the Russians are winning after all. Who was asleep? Or was it sleep that prompted such obviously false reporting? For the Russians were clearly winning from the start. Yet we can be assured the authoritative voices will continue to flip the switch and play mind games, for shock and confusion are keys to effective propaganda, and American exceptionalism with its divine mission, its manifest destiny, is to demonically try to destroy Russia.

- The slogan that I learned when I was a Marine before becoming a conscientious objector came to me when I was feverish. “My rifle is my life.” I never thought so, but I did recall how when I was ten-years-old my cousin killed his brother with a rifle, and how I heard the news on the radio while talking with my father. *The New York Times* reported: “A 9-year-old boy was fatally wounded last night by his brother, 7, while the two were playing with a rifle in a neighbor’s apartment in the northeast Bronx...[the rifle] “was secreted in a bedroom” [under the bed] and was loaded.
- Report: Don McLean cancels his singing performance at the National Rifle Association’s convention following the Uvalde school shooting. What an act of moral courage! [Ah, Don](#), “Now I understand/What you tried to say to me/And how you suffered for your sanity/And how you tried to set them free/They would not listen, they did not know how/Perhaps they’ll listen now” Let’s hope not to you.
- Watched the new documentary about George Carlin – “George Carlin’s American Dream.” I have always had a soft spot for George, a fellow New Yorker with a Catholic upbringing, and a good-hearted guy who generously offered to help me years ago when I was fired from a teaching position for ostensibly playing a recording of his seven words that you can never say on television. The real reasons for my firing were that I was organizing a teacher’s union and had brought well-known anti-war activists to speak at the school. But what struck me in this interesting documentary was George’s facile dismissal of God – “the God bullshit,” as he put it. Funny, of course, and correct in certain ways, it was also jejune in significant ways and threw God out with the bathwater. It was something I had not previously noticed about his routine, but this time around it hit me as unworthy of his scathing critiques of American life. It got laughs at the expense of deeper and important truths and probably has had deleterious effects on generations who have been beguiled and besotted by how George’s God critique consonantly fits with the shallow arguments of the new atheists. George was overreacting to the ignorance of his superficial religious training and not distinguishing God from institutional religion.
- Half-awake on the couch one day, I somehow remembered that when I was teaching at another school and involved in anti-war activities, a fellow teacher stopped me on a staircase on a late Friday afternoon when no one was around and tried to get me to join Army Intelligence. “You are exactly the type we could use,” he said, “since you are so outspoken in your anti-war positions.” I will spare you my reply, which involved words you once could never say on TV. But the encounter taught me an early lesson about distinguishing friend from foe; how treachery is real, and evil often wears a smiley face. The man who approached me was the head of social studies curricula for the Roman Catholic Brooklyn Diocese of New York.

- Al Capone, while speaking to Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. in 1931: “People respect nothing nowadays....It is undermining the country. Virtue, honor, truth, and the law have all vanished from our life.”
- I also read this from [Literature and the Gods](#) by Roberto Calasso: “... all the mythologies now pass a largely indolent life in a no-man’s-land haunted by gods and vagrant simulacra, by ghosts and Gypsy caravans in constant movement. They learn only to tell their stories again .... Yet it is precisely this ability that is so obviously lacking in the world around us. Behind the trembling curtains of what passes for ‘reality,’ the voices throng. If no one listens, they steal the costume of the first person they can grab and burst onto the stage in ways that can be devastating. Violence is the expedient of what has been refused an audience.”
- Lying in bed after a feverish night early on in my sickness, I looked up at the ceiling where a fly was buzzing. I remembered how years ago, when my father was in the hospital after a terrible car accident in which he smashed his head, he told me he was seeing monkeys all over the ceiling of the hospital room. Later, when I was out of bed, I heard the news reports about monkeypox and thought I was also hallucinating. I started laughing, a sardonic laughter brought to a feverish pitch after more than two years of Covid propaganda. These are the same people who hope to create a transhuman future - mechanical monkeys.
- On a table lay the third volume of a trilogy of books - *Sinister Forces* - by Peter Levenda. I opened it [to a bookmarked page](#). Anyone who has read these books with a half-way open mind will be shocked by the amount of documented history they contain, history so bizarre and disturbing that reading them is not advisable before bedtime. Sinister forces that run through American history, indeed, but Levenda presents his material in a most reasonable and fair-minded way. I read these paragraphs:

The historical model I am proposing in these volumes should be obvious by now. By tracing the darker elements of the American experience from the earliest days of the Adena and Hopewell cultures through the discovery by Columbus, the English settlers in Massachusetts and the Salem witchcraft episode, the rise of Joseph Smith, Jr. and the Mormons via ceremonial magic and Freemasonry, up to the twentieth century and the support of Nazism by American financiers and politicians before, during, and after World War II, and the UFO phenomenon coming on the heels of that war, we can see the outline of a political ectoplasm taking shape in this historical séance: politics as a continuation of religion by other means. The ancillary events of the Charles Manson murders, the serial killer phenomenon, Jonestown, and the assassinations of Jack Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Marilyn Monroe are all the result of the demonic possession of the American psyche, like the obscenities spat out by little Regan [*The Exorcist*], tied to her bed and shrieking at the exorcists. It is said that demonic possession is a way of testing us, and making us aware of the real conflict taking place within us every day....

The more I looked, however, the more I found men with bizarre beliefs and involved in questionable, occult practices at the highest levels of the American government, and buried deep within government agencies. I also discovered that occultism was embraced by the American military and intelligence establishments as a weapon to be used in the Cold War; and as they did so, they unleashed forces upon the American populace that cannot be called back....

One inevitably was forced back to the CIA and the mind-control experiments that began in the late 1940s and extended nearly to the present day [no, to the present day]. Coincidence piled upon coincidence, indicating the existence of a powerful, subliminal force working at the level of chaos – at the quantum level – and struggling to manifest itself in our reality, our consciousness, our political agenda.

If that all sounds too bizarre for words, unbelievable really, I suggest that one read these books, for if only a minority of Levenda's claims are true, we are in the grip of evil forces so depraved that fiction writers couldn't imagine such reality.

As I finish these notes, I am sitting outside on a small porch, watching the rain subside. The sun has just emerged. It is 5:30 P.M. and across the driveway and a lawn of grass, eight foxes have come through the bushes. The parents watch as the six kits jump and scamper around the ground level porch of a cottage that is unoccupied. The foxes have a den under the porch, and every day for a few months we have been privileged to watch them perform their antics in the mornings and evenings. Cute would be an appropriate word for the kits, especially when they were smaller. But they are growing fast and suddenly one sees and seizes a squirrel and worries it to death by shaking it in its mouth. Soon they are ripping it to pieces. Cute has turned deadly. But as the aforementioned Ortega Y Gasset says, while people can be inside themselves, "The animal is pure *alteración*. It cannot be within itself." This is because it has no self, "no *chez soi*, where it can withdraw and rest." Foxes always live in pure exteriority, unlike me, who is sitting here with a small glass of wine and thinking about them and the various thoughts that have come to me over these past few weeks.

Before I came outside, I read this from a powerful new article by Naomi Wolf – "[Dear Friends, Sorry to Announce a Genocide](#)" – "It is a time of demons sauntering around in human spaces, though they look human enough themselves, smug in their Italian suits on panels at the World Economic Forum."

In this piece she writes about what is in the [55,000 internal Pfizer documents](#) which the FDA had asked a court to keep under wraps for 75 years, but which a court has released as a result of outside pressure. These documents reveal evil so depraved that words would fail her if not for her moral conscience and her growing awareness – that I share – that we are dealing with a phenomenon that demands an analysis that is theological, not sociological. She writes:

Knowing as I now do, that Pfizer and the FDA knew that babies were dying and mothers' milk discoloring by just looking at their own internal records; knowing as I do that they did not alert anyone let alone stop what they were doing, and that to this day Pfizer, the FDA and other demonic "public health" entities are pushing to MRNA-vaccinate more and more pregnant women; now that they are about to force this on women in Africa and other lower income nations who are not seeking the MRNA vaccines, per Pfizer CEO Bourla this past week at the WEF, and knowing that Pfizer is pushing and may even receive a US EUA for babies to five year olds — I must conclude that we are looking into an abyss of evil not seen since 1945.

So I don't know about you, but I must switch gears with this kind of unspeakable knowledge to another kind of discourse.

That discourse is religious, for Naomi has realized that our world is in satanic hands, and that only a recognition of that fact offers a way out. That those who wield weapons both

medical and military can only be defeated by those who realize that a key part of the killers' propaganda has been a long campaign to convince people, not only that God does not exist, but that Satan doesn't either. This, while they assume the mantle of the evil one.

She says:

This time could really be the last time; these monsters in the labs, on the transnational panels, are so very skillful; and so powerful; and their dark work is so extensive.

If God is there — again — after all the times that we have tried his patience — and who indeed knows? — will we reach out a hand to him in return, will we take hold in the last moment out of this abyss, and simply find a way somehow to walk alongside him?

We will, but only if we also recognize the deeper forces informing our hidden history and haunting our present days. Sometimes an illness can crack you open to being receptive to shafts of light that can lead the way. Yet to do so we must go deep into very dark places. And since everyone and everything seems broken now — let's say everyone is just sick in some way — maybe courage is what we need, the simple courage to open ourselves to the voices of the hungry ghosts that haunt this country. Norman O. Brown referred to them and our stage set this way:

Ancestral voices prophesying war; ancestral spirits in the *danse macabre* or war dance; Valhalla, ghostly warriors who kill each other and are reborn to fight again. All warfare is ghostly, every army an *exercitus feralis* (army of ghosts), every soldier a living corpse.

The U.S.A. and its allies are waging war on many fronts. It is a form of total war — cold, hot, medical, military, mind-control, spiritual, etc. — that demands a total response from us. None of us is completely innocent; we are all part of the deep evil that is happening all around us. But if we listen carefully, we might hear God asking for our help. For we need each other.

I watch in horror as the cute foxes kill their prey. I must remind myself that that is their nature. As for my fellow humans, I know that it isn't nature that drives them to kill, maim, hurt, lie, etc.

Everything is truly broken, and I'm not joking.

But someone is laughing.

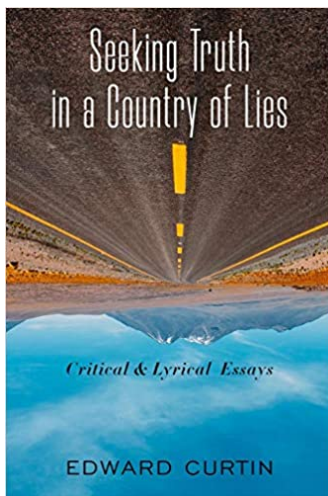
It's not God.

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He is the author of *Seeking the Truth in a Country of Lies*

To order his book [click the cover page](#).

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