



The Fire Eater date is 11 September 2008

## 2008, Volume IV

A treat for fans of Luna Corvus! The Fire Eater, Volume IV, offers both a poem by Mr Corvus and a poems about Mr Corvus by Felton H.



Wentworth and Cole Kinney. Mr Wentworth is the acknowledged expert on Luna Corvus and his works, and his sonnet, [Luna Corvus in Oklahoma](#), provides both a scholar's and a poet's insight into the heart of Luna Corvus' unique, to say the least, corpus and character. Felton Higgins Wentworth lives with his wife, Nanih, in

Philadelphia, Mississippi, down in the old Choctaw country. A writer, artist, and poet, Mr Wentworth is known for his treatises on Southern post-modernist culture, including *The Crow in the Moon: A Study of the Works of Luna Corvus*. Interestingly, little is known of Corvus biographically. He remains, as he wants, a somewhat mysterious character in Southern literature. As Fire Eater Literary Advisor, David Reif, said about Corvus: "He's whatever the reader wants to make of him. I suppose he likes it that way because in some ways he is the hole in the donut: fat free, sugarless, without animal byproducts, and does not contribute to global warming."

"From what I personally know of Luna Corvus and his work," wrote Fire Eater author, Cole Kinney, "he embodies Flannery O'Connor's 'Christ-haunted South' as the mirror to her most famous character, the Misfit. "Corvus is the Holy Misfit, not the lost Yankee forever searching for a Reason For God (while missing God altogether). As Corvus himself put it in his new poem, [The Cross that Cometh](#), 'But there are those who, will never accept it.' But of course, Corvus is talking of those of this world, those who could never do his 'Johnseventeenreadin,' and those who could never possibly understand why time indeed is not the teacher, but grief."

Galway Moss  
Editor, The Fire Eater

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### The Fire Eater Quotation

"The pyramid of government—and a republican government may well receive that beautiful and solid form—should be raised to a dignified altitude: but its foundations must, of consequence, be broad, and strong, and deep. The authority, the interests, and the affections of the people at large are the only foundation, on which a superstructure proposed to be at once durable and magnificent, can be rationally erected."

James Wilson () Reference: The Works of James Wilson, McCloskey, ed., 403.

*Courtesy: David Kelly, Fire Eater*

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## The Cross that Cometh

By Luna Corvus

1 August 2008

"Therefore speak I to them in parables:  
because they seeing, see not:  
and hearing they hear not:  
neither do they understand." *Matt 13:13*  
That time is here,

for Jew and Gentile  
the sea is churned  
upon the sand  
washing up the vision  
thirteen in number  
of the promised land.

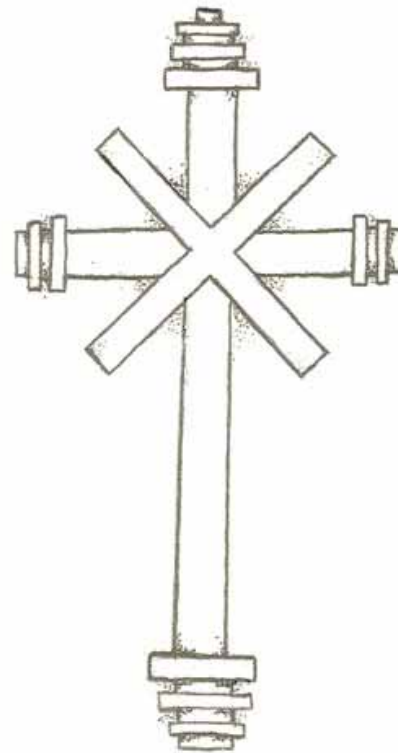
And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake;  
but he that shall endure unto the end,  
the same shall be saved" *Mark 13:13*

From my TV  
comes fear  
and blasphemy  
which I am supposed to drink  
to wash down  
the chaos  
and filth  
with ideology.

Christendom:  
staggering  
stumbling and drunken,  
on quick fix raptures  
She is abused  
and beaten  
no match for Marx  
fumbling for courage  
stricken with infirmity  
and self hatred.

"And he laid his hands on her:  
and immediately she was made straight,  
and glorified God." *Luke 13:13*

The time is now  
and we are here,  
"Ye call me Master and Lord:



and ye say well;  
for so I am." *John 13:13*  
But there are those  
    who,  
    will never accept it.

They know only what their  
    blind eyes see,  
    amazed by serpents  
    believing circus prophets  
    staring at the sky  
    saying, "look-see, look-see,"  
"And he doeth great wonders,  
so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth  
in the sight of men." *Rev 13:13*  
    Believing that the serpent is a savior  
        and when the last seal is broken,  
        that they will be saved.

The Cross that cometh  
    thirteen its number  
    through the mist that riseth  
        awakening the sleeper  
    in the Garden,  
        the bright and morning star  
            now glowing  
    and the sword of Michael  
        blue and dazzling  
            in his hand  
He sleeps no more.





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## The Woods Ahead (For Luna Corvus)

By Cole Kinney

5 August 2008

The wood-spiked biker bar in Stigler, its jukebox dead, its waitress  
 Asleep at the corner table, none else but the stale ale:  
 beer gone bad long before its imbibers had.

But there sat Luna, bottle barely hidden  
 beneath the frayed poncho; some old brandy with no name.  
 "Shine," he'd say with a grin, and I never knew if he meant  
 a verb or a noun.

Years later, I finally figured it out. Neither, of course.  
 But by then he'd moved on to Arkansas, "scoutin' the woods ahead for  
 Yankees," as he put it, with that same old grin:  
 "Dead or alive."

The last time was Red Oak. "Meet me at the old graveyard there,"  
 he'd whispered on the phone, "and bring the Big Black Book."  
 The latter for what he called "Johnseventeenreadin,"  
 for his kin buried there.  
 "Important to say hidy," and I reckon it was,  
 for Luna himself  
 Was but half ghost, moving through the mossy stones, preaching  
 To his dead kinfolk: "And that they also may be one, even as I am  
 One with the Father." Which he was, now that I think on it.

Of his words, with their maddening truth hammering always,  
 what could one say?  
 They came and went with a ferocity  
 befitting what he called a "Yankee-killer."

Lean as Luna himself, little arrows aiming  
 at the heart of all things "of this world and none other.  
 None other."

I look back now and know how little I knew back then.  
 "Time is not the teacher," he'd always say,  
 "grief is."

But let no one ever grieve for Luna, wherever he might be.  
 "My grief is God's and good enough."

## About the Author

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Cole Kinney was born in the Appalachians, in Talking Rock, Georgia, along Carter's Lake. He attended the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where he earned his Master of Fine Arts and PhD in Philosophy.

He is best known for his seminal *The Logic of Anonymity: The Yankee and John 17*, as well as his work in ceramics and statuary. Several of his classically themed angelic statues adorn the South, though their anonymity remains intact.

At an early age, Mr Kinney began studying the life of the Fire Eater, Roger Atkinson Pryor, and he eventually published *Pryor Knowledge: The Life of Roger Atkinson Pryor, Fire Eater*, which became the standard on the subject.

Mr Kinney currently resides in Unknown, Georgia, with his wife, Unknown, and their three children, Unknown, Unknown 2, and Unknown 3.



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## Luna Corvus in Oklahoma: A Sonnet

By Felton Higgs Wentworth

1 August 2008

And did the lines converge? Did the age require the sacrifice?  
He pondered the riddle while sipping on shine. Surely, that moon  
Overhead meant disaster, an alabaster crow in the Okie sky,  
Its intent obvious to all but the Yankee. Among the stars, an orifice,  
A lanced boil, a gargoyle menacingly perched high above; or a rune  
Meant for the finding centuries hence, by hands unsoiled by mystery.

His eyes searched the corn, the long rows stretching stiffly in shadows.  
Here lay the answer if the question were known. His pen dripped its ink,  
Black as the crow on the yonder fence. Simply to say what one knows,  
He knew, left but little labour of any worth. The scratching of madness  
In a field more sane than the age itself. He felt for the bottle. A drink  
To confuse the heart more than the head. Truth was always a sadness  
Disguised as art. Therefore did the lines converge beneath the gibbous  
Moon of Oklahoma; therefore did he kneel willingly beneath it, helpless.



Felton Higgs Wentworth lives with his wife, Nanih, in Philadelphia, Mississippi. A writer, artist, and poet, he is known for his treatises on Southern post-modernist culture, including *The Crow in the Moon: A Study of the Works of Luna Corvus*. He recently published his fifth book of poetry, *Yankee Killer in the Bronx*.



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## It Ain't That Long Ago

By Al Benson, Jr.

1 August 2008

Several years ago, I heard a man give a speech about the issues which caused the War of Northern Aggression. In that speech he said that we "should not bury the old issues until they are dead." What he was saying, in essence, was that most of the issues and problems which caused that war are still with us today. They have not been resolved and, if anything, have gotten even worse, what with the Northern victory and the advent of Lincolnian big government in succeeding administrations. "Reconstruction" is still alive and well; they just don't call it that anymore. And with some of the people involved, it isn't all that long ago either. I read recently about two men who claimed to have fought in the War of Northern Aggression. Both of them, if I recall, passed away sometime in the 1950s, during my lifetime. As it turned out, they never found any records of either one having fought, one of them having been born in 1852 and the other in 1858, both a little young for combat service in that war. Yet for all of that, they were both alive during that conflict and both remained alive down into my early teen years. I saw one of them once on television.

Before I became truly knowledgeable about the horrendous consequences of the War of Northern Aggression, I had an abiding interest in the "Old West," which I have continued to pursue to some degree or another over the years. The outcome of the War had its adverse effects on the development of the West, and it's interesting that, regarding the "Old West," it all isn't so long ago either.



In looking at some rather well-known characters from that time, I came across a few who were still alive after I had been born, or pretty close to it. For instance, Emmett Dalton, one of the infamous Dalton Gang of bank and train robbers in the 1890s, did not finally die until July of 1937—only about 15 months before I was born.

The first time I ever went to Bartlesville, Oklahoma, in the summer of 1963, I saw an old man, with snow-white hair and an old-fashioned handlebar moustache, standing outside a bar in Bartlesville. Upon asking about him, we were told that this was Henry Wells, an old outlaw from the early 1900s in Oklahoma. It seems that Henry Wells had worked with the Al Spencer outlaw gang and had helped to plan one of the last train holdups ever pulled, but Henry didn't get to take part in it because his horse threw a shoe.

Oklahoma, where we lived briefly in the late 1960s, had its share of "Old Time" outlaws. Another one of some note was Al Jennings. Mr. Jennings lived until December of 1961, when he died at the age of 98, if I recall correctly.

And we have all heard of the famous Gunfight at the OK Corral, which took place in Tombstone, Arizona, on 26 October 1881. Hollywood has had a field day with this event and seldom come anywhere near getting it right. One is hard put to pick a squeaky-clean champion out of this mess. Neither the Earp faction nor the Clanton faction can truthfully claim to be exemplars of truth, virtue, or uprightness. Western writer, Loren D. Estleman, has stated that the Gunfight at the OK Corral was "merely one skirmish in what some experts have termed the first true gang war in American history." Although I had never thought of it in quite those terms, Mr. Estleman may well have a point.



Although the shootists in that situation are all long gone, it is interesting to note, at least for me, that three of their "wives" did not pass from the scene until the 1940s, when I was still a child. Big Nose Kate Fisher (or Elder, depending upon whose version you accept), Doc Holliday's live-in girlfriend, did not leave this life until 2 November 1940. She outlived Doc by 53 years! Josephine Marcus, Wyatt Earp's



common-law wife, did not pass away until 20 December 1944, when I was six years old. And Alvira Sullivan Earp, common-law wife of Virgil Earp, Wyatt's brother, outlived them all, not dying until 11 September 1947, when I was almost nine years old.

You might be tempted to say to all this "Well, so what?" That's fine, except that to someone who has a historical interest in this sort of thing, it occurs to me that some of what happened in the "Old West" wasn't really all that long ago. The Old West, as an era, did not automatically disappear on 1 January 1900, thereafter to be followed by pristine civilization. Like all other eras in history, it gradually petered out and passed, its passage taking several more years. And some of the people involved were still around when I was a youngster. My generation was born before theirs had quite ended. You might say my generation was a link between the last of them and what was to come afterward. Although sad in a way, I think my generation will be the last to have any interest in that time period.

When I was a youngster, and a Western movie played at the local theatre, the theatre was full. Now, if a Western shows up anywhere (and they do rarely), then most of the dwindling audience is made up of folks in my age bracket—no more youngsters—they've gotten much too sophisticated for cowboys. Not that Hollywood portrayed the Old West with any degree of accuracy, although at times they did catch some of the atmosphere; but then you took that into account and just watched the movies for entertainment. Nowadays hardly anyone is even interested. Cowboys are passé. In a sense, that is sad. When my generation has passed from the scene and is gone, there will be no one left with any links to that period. Sadly, then, it really will become "a long time ago."



### About the Author

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Al Benson Jr.'s columns are found on many online journals such as The Sierra Times and The Patriotist, and The Fire Eater. Additionally, Mr. Benson is editor of the Copperhead Chronicle and author of The Homeschool History Project, a study of the War of Southern Independence. The Copperhead Chronicle is a quarterly newsletter written with a Christian, pro-Southern perspective.

Email Al to sign up, or write:

The Copperhead Chronicle  
P O Box 55 Sterlington, Louisiana 71280

# THE FIRE EATER ART GALLERY

Presents

"Mississippi Gal from Pennsylvania"

by MacDonald King Aston ([email](#))



[BACK](#)

# THE FIRE EATER ART GALLERY

Presents

"Written In Stone"

by CLINT LACY ([email](#))





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## Fight To Win

by Ignotus, courtesy of Basil Childress  
1 August 2008

Some will enjoy, or be edified by, these suggestions. Some won't—and to those I apologize, but even for those it provides an insight. The purpose of fighting is to win. There is no possible victory in defense. The sword is more important than the shield, and skill is more important than either. The final weapon is the brain. All else is supplemental.

I was once asked by a lady visiting if I had a gun in the house. I said I did. She said "Well I certainly hope it isn't loaded!" To which I said, of course it is loaded, it can't work without bullets!" She then asked, "Are you that afraid of some one evil coming into your house?" My reply was, "No not at all. Lady I am not afraid of the house catching fire either, but I have fire extinguishers around, and by god they are all loaded too."

### Rules for Fighting

1. As John Steinbeck once said: Don't pick a fight with an old man. If he is too old to fight, he'll just kill you.
2. If you find yourself in a fair fight, your tactics will get you killed.
3. I carry a gun because a cop is too heavy.
4. When seconds count, the cops are just minutes away.
5. A reporter did a human-interest piece on the Texas Rangers. The reporter recognized the Colt Model 1911 the Ranger was carrying and asked him: "Why do you carry a .45?" The Ranger responded, "Because they don't make a .46."
6. An armed man will kill an unarmed man with monotonous regularity.
7. The old sheriff was attending an awards dinner when a lady commented on his wearing his sidearm. "Sheriff, I see you have your pistol. Are you expecting trouble?" "No Ma'am. If I were expecting trouble, I would have brought my rifle."
8. Beware the man who only has one gun. HE PROBABLY KNOWS HOW TO USE IT!!!
9. The primary purpose of a side arm is to protect you until you can get to a rifle or shotgun.

### USMC Rules for Gunfighting

1. Bring a gun. Preferably, bring at least two guns. Bring all of your friends who have guns.
2. The double tap rule: Anything worth shooting is worth shooting twice. Ammo is cheap. Your life is expensive.
3. Only hits count. The only thing worse than a miss is a slow miss.
4. If your shooting stance is good, you're probably not moving fast enough nor using cover correctly.
5. Move away from your attacker. Distance is your friend. (Lateral and diagonal movement are preferred.)
6. If you can choose what to bring to a gunfight, bring a long gun and a friend with a long gun.
7. In ten years nobody will remember the details of caliber, stance, or tactics. They will only remember who lived.
8. If you are not shooting, you should be communicating, reloading, and running.
9. Accuracy is relative: most combat shooting standards will be more dependent on "pucker factor" than the inherent accuracy of the gun.
10. Use a gun that works EVERY TIME.
11. Someday someone may kill you with your own gun, but he should have to beat you to death with it because it is empty.
12. Always cheat; always win. The only unfair fight is the one you lose.

13. Have a plan.
14. Have a back-up plan, because the first one won't work.
15. Use cover or concealment as much as possible.
16. Flank your adversary when possible. Protect yours.
17. Don't drop your guard.
18. Always tactical load and threat scan 360 degrees.
19. Watch their hands. Hands kill. ("In God we trust. Everyone else, keep your hands where I can see them.")
20. Decide to be aggressive ENOUGH, quickly ENOUGH.
21. The faster you finish the fight, the less shot you will get.
22. Be polite. Be professional. But, have a plan to kill everyone you meet.
23. Be courteous to everyone, friendly to no one.
24. Your number one Option for Personal Security is a lifelong commitment to avoidance, deterrence, and de-escalation.
25. Do not attend a gunfight with a handgun, the caliber of which does not start with a ".4"

That's it. Prominently post these simple rules to live by and refer to them often.

*Editor's Note:* Rule Number 1: If confronting a Yankee, offer him the same chance Sherman and Lincoln offered Atlanta.



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## Insider to Empire: J. F. Carruth

By Galway Moss

1 August 2008

*In early August, Fire Eater Editor, Galway Moss received a call from an anonymous "Mr Carruth" from, so he said, the State Department. As Moss and Carruth talked, it occurred to Mr Moss that the Fire Eater readers might appreciate the kind of insider knowledge which Carruth obviously had. An interview was set up, and what follows is part of that interview.*

**Galway Moss (GM):** Good evening, Mr Carruth.

**J. F. Carruth (JFC):** Good evening.

**GM:** For our readers, I should explain that Mr Carruth is what Hollywood would call a "highly placed resource" within the federal government. Exactly how high, and what his real name may be, I am not permitted to say, by prior agreement with Mr Carruth. But given what he's told to me, I can see why he would have to remain anonymous. I would like to thank you for contacting us. But our readers would be interested in why you chose to contact the Fire Eater.

**JFC:** I've read the Fire Eater for several years now, and have always enjoyed its stance; which is, to say the least, somewhat unusual in today's Internet world. As a Southerner, my sympathies obviously lie south of the Mason-Dixon Line, but the Fire Eater is unique in presenting not merely, as you have said often, just another "battle-flag" site. The Fire Eater presents Southern culture in its entirety, from politics to art, and it is known for offering up both "sides" of the cultural debate.

**GM:** That's certainly true of this issue, with an article on the Yankee composer, Stephen Foster!

**JFC:** Whose daddy, by the way, was from Virginia, my home state.

**GM:** I didn't know that. Explains a few of Foster's lyrics, though.

**JFC:** Indeed.

**GM:** As a DC "insider," you have access to information hidden from the majority of Americans. Would that be an accurate statement?

**JFC:** Accurate.

**GM:** And as a DC "insider," what do you think is the most important thing Americans should know about their government, but don't know?

**JFC:** Well, there are several things, actually, but they all revolve around a main point.

**GM:** Is this the "government-within-a-government" concept of which you spoke to me earlier?

**JFC:** Yes and no. I like to think of it as a "government-outside-of-a-government" myself. But yes, in the sense in which you and I were speaking before.

**GM:** If I reckoned your reckoning rightly, you were asserting that the so-called "federal government" does not really run the country.

**JFC:** A lot of folks have already surmised that their government isn't run the way the high-ups say it is. But I'm not talking any conspiracy theory here. There are conspiracies, and every day, but this isn't really one of them. This is just the way things really are.

**GM:** Give us an overview, if you would.

**JFC:** Certainly. I'm guessing it would surprise most people to learn that the president, for example, is relatively low on the political totem pole. Not to say he does not wield power; he does. But his power is subject to a check, and not from either the legislative nor the judicial arms of the government. The president himself, to make a long story short, is what we on the hill called "watched."

**GM:** Watched?

**JFC:** What that means is simple. The president is allowed to fulfill certain duties; to exercise certain powers. But he is not allowed to go beyond what we would call, and again I use a code word, "the Veil."

**GM:** Sounds very Hollywood.

**JFC:** Oh, it's much more Hollywood than Hollywood. The George Clooney types would wet their pants if they knew the real truth behind either their precious "left" or hated "right."

**GM:** What is "the Veil"?

**JFC:** The Veil is, first, not any secret group. It is, in fact, one man. And when I say one man, I mean man, and not woman. The Veil is never a woman and never will be. The power in the hands of the Veil is deemed incompatible with femininity.

**GM:** Why is that?

**JFC:** Because women, to be blunt, are considered at risk for hyper-emotionalism, a trait which could, in theory, "lift the Veil," as the saying runs.

**GM:** Do you know who the Veil is?

**JFC:** Not for sure. I have a very good guess, though. I can not tell you or your readers, unfortunately, because doing so would give my identity away in a second. Let's just say the Veil is someone you might ordinarily consider a "follower," and not a leader.

**GM:** And you're saying the Veil has more power than the president?

**JFC:** Precisely. It may sound absurd, but then, it's supposed to sound absurd. The Veil, for example, decided on sending in the military to Iraq. At the time, in 2004, the president merely wanted to attack Afghanistan. He was overruled by the Veil.

**GM:** I'm guessing the Iraq decision was influenced by oil and oil money?

**JFC:** Interestingly, no. The common conception that petrodollars influence most everything is just straight out wrong. For one thing, those under the Veil have no need for dollars, petro or otherwise. They already control the wealth, and dollars are simply symbols of that wealth. The attack on Iraq was actually part of a much bigger, and much more ambitious plan, extending beyond the Middle Eastern theatre.

**GM:** That sounds like a most ambitious plan indeed.

**JFC:** Extending beyond mere empire also.

**GM:** Now that surprises me.

**JFC:** It should. The plan I'm speaking of involves more than empire; it involves cooperation among the ruling elites of other empires and even lesser powers. In fact, if the conspiracy theorists wanted a target, it would be the loose association of "Veils" from every power within the larger umbrella of power.

**GM:** Can you give me a concrete example of what this "umbrella" intends for the world; where it is aiming its power?

**JFC:** Sure. Most important, the Veil has decided that nationalism is more or less unimportant for its ends. Because of that decision, what we call America will slowly morph into something else, even surpassing its already mutated shape. And I don't mean "globalism." Globalism is too small a concept. The Veil is not interested in some global power structure; quite the opposite. If anything, the global power structure will best be seen as an oligarchy. An oligarchy made of those "Veils."

**GM:** Ironic. We're back 2600 or so years to ancient Greece.

**JFC:** Not only that, but again, the Veil is not after money. The "umbrella" already mints the money, and it has plenty. Money from the Veil's view is just a control mechanism.

**GM:** Which makes sense, given the oligarchic nature of it.

**JFC:** Yes. Which also explains why America is, once again relatively unimportant to the Veil, at least in a national sense.

**GM:** What is important to the Veil?

**JFC:** Power. The ability to control local and global events in concert with a larger plan for both.

**GM:** You speak of a larger plan.

**JFC:** Part of that larger plan is not only eliminating nationalism, or at least the importance of it, but eliminating imperialism,

oddly enough. After all, if you think about it, why would an empire be necessary if a larger "umbrella" power structure already is in place? I know several people who laugh at the various books on American imperialism precisely because of that umbrella structure. A structure, by the way, which does not have a name because it can not have a name. It merely is what it is and does what it does. Any "pullout" from Iraq will not be determined by either a Democrat or a Republican, but by the Veil. And only if that pullout accords with his larger plan. Right now, a pullout is out of the question. And when a pullout does come, you can bet it's because the Veil has assented to it, not Iraq and not the leftists here. Iraq is not a military threat; it is simply a strategic operation.

**GM:** That would suggest that American patriotism is somewhat useless.

**JFC:** Quite the opposite. What we call American patriotism is a valuable tool to the Veil, and beyond him, to the umbrella structure stretching across continents. American patriotism is considered a necessary component of the Veil's power needs, his plan as I have called it. Think about it from an historical perspective. The War in 1861 to 1865, for example. Before that War, secession was considered by both North and South a rather harmless expediency. But after the War, secession became even more vilified in the real halls of power than in Lincoln's relatively Lilliputian halls of power. Secession works against the centralizing tendency built into the Veil's plan. After all, you can't have a mess of tiny powers forever bothering the Veil's front steps.

**GM:** That makes sense, from what you call the "Veil's" viewpoint.

**JFC:** More than that, you can't have the tiny powers of party politics interfering with the larger plan either. For that reason, it's already been decided that if Obama is elected, he will be assassinated.

**GM:** You're kidding now.

**JFC:** No. I'm not. Don't get me wrong. Obama is not disliked; merely in the way if elected. My own guess is that's why McCain was allowed to run. Because McCain is truly leftist, but also truly centrist. He poses no threat to the Veil. Obama would have to be silenced because his brand of leftism goes beyond the usual Jimmy Carter or Al Gore type of leftism. McCain's leftism, on the other hand, works well with the overall plan as the Veil envisions it. Iraq is a good example. Obama really would pull out the troops. McCain would not. Which one do you think would fit the Veil's plan more neatly?

**GM:** Which would suggest...

**JFC:** Kennedy? Exactly. Once again, think about the historical perspective. Who fit the Veil's plan better: Kennedy or Nixon? If you're thinking about Johnson, don't. He was merely incompetent, and incompetency is a tool, not a liability.

**GM:** So, if I understand all this, and I'm only beginning to understand it, then what appears to be chaos, say, in the markets, for example, is really not chaos at all, but a defined order?

**JFC:** You got it. The Veil couldn't possibly permit the eccentricities of a Wall Street to upset the apple cart. In general, you have to think backwards in a way to get the point. A recession is a tool also, not a liability. A nation, say America, is also a tool. If it gets in the way of building the plan, it's a hammer which can be discarded.

**GM:** What about Iran? Everyone thinks Iran is such a big threat to America...

**JFC:** Iran is tucked safely away within the Veil's plan. Remember to think backwards. Do you think that the Veil cares if Israel vanishes from the face of the earth? Or if a Middle East conflagration erupts because of Iranian causes? War is also a tool, not necessarily a liability.

**GM:** OK. My head's spinning. I have a feeling that power of the sort you talk of is probably going to see this interview at some point also.

**JFC:** Of course. For that reason, I've not only hidden my identity, I've also hidden the real purposes of the Veil, for only those who know, well, know. And if I told you the real purposes of the Veil, the Veil would finger me quickly. But I think you get the picture so that you can put the pieces together and surmise the logical results.

**GM:** I thank you for your courage in talking to me, and to our audience. My own guess is the majority will think it a spoof.

**JFC:** Perhaps that's a good thing...

**GM:** Because a spoof is not necessarily a liability, right?

**JFC:** Right. It's a tool.



The Fire Eater date is 11 September 2008

## Sick of Globalism Yet?

Like a Bug in a Test Tube

by David S. Reif

5 August 2008

On the one hand local and state government is a huge bore to a lot of people who see only the news on cable TV, with all its emphasis on big national events and turbulent world news blockbusters. On the other hand, local government is the site of the most passionate fights over principle. In a land dispute or a school board issue, tempers can flare to the point of violence. Yet between the catfights and the day to day work of towns and counties, keeping the water running or the roads fixed is the real stuff of democracy and local control. Within this arena, and the lessons learned there, ride the hopes of anyone interested in restoring the true federalism lost with the death of the First American Republic (1789-1868).



That knowledge is not lost on those who seek to extend centralism. They know that a responsibly run and successful local government will lead the governed to realize they do not need a central government which only covets power. It is far easier for those in power if the governed are kept in a glass cage of regulations and occasionally poked with a stick to keep them stirred up and unaware of their worsening predicament. Small cities and towns are particularly hamstrung with existing regulations and their implementation; the new ones typically filed for tomorrow, creating a backlog of work and a constant deficit in enforcement. The regulators and other agencies are well aware of this deficit and are duly "understanding" about the inability of local government to keep up. Nearly all local government agencies are in violation of some regulations all the time. Department of Transportation, American's with Disabilities Act, OSHA, EPA, and other agencies, laws, or regulations are constantly being updated,

keeping state and local governments in a constant condition of enforcement default. Therefore, the regulated are always at the mercy of the regulators. In other words, the central government has got you where they want you.

This system is by design unworkable and inherently coercive. That's the point of it. At least since 9 July 1868, when the Fourteenth Amendment was passed. Since then, the central government has consciously sought to extend its power over all other government entities within the border of the United States. The central government can swoop in and start investigating and sure enough they will find a violation.

This centralized system has evolved since the War Between the States in an ever tightening noose of regulations and laws which seek to make local government the purveyor of central government rules. This makes local control nothing but a farce tossed around in congressional committee meetings by people increasingly conditioned to extend the authority of their employers, the central government. Yet at the same time there are stakeholders who are equally interested in centralizing the power of government. The public (indoctrinated by a school system beholden to the government) cries out for new laws to control every outrage from child abuse to pollution without a thought to what the implementation of those laws will be. Driven by the dominant media, which depends on nationalistic laws to operate, the public rarely looks at local options to solve their problems. When they do, they find out the local government can't do anything because it is hogtied by the central government. Caught in this dizzying shell game, is it any wonder the average citizen is frustrated beyond words?

Today the game is quickly changing. With the advent of globalism, the regulatory authorities are themselves increasingly under the spell of international interests. Congress has discovered it can abdicate its responsibility to global regulation, so it can spend more time raiding the national treasury, throwing money at NASA, global warming, "bridges to nowhere," or other pet projects to line the pockets of its friends.

Both major candidates for President are committed to increasing the influence of global institutions and reducing the role of states, counties, and municipalities. In Mr Obama we have the new African-American-Open Society-socialist agenda of George

Soros and others, while embodied in Mr McCain we have the more familiar David Rockefeller-Federal Reserve-global Stalinist agenda. Neither bode well for liberty, but both will give us an increasingly bitter taste of what it means to live under "globalism."

The following story gives us a sample of life to come.

### Carbolic Nettles: A Fable of Modern Life

Marshall Walker lived in a nice three-bedroom house on the edge of town. His daughter liked to play outside, and as she got older all the kids in the neighborhood started to play in the empty field next door. No one knew who owned or took care of the lot, so it was assumed it was alright to play on. In the past, the field was never mowed, and all the kids were too young to care about playing there, but as they started to play their ball games and hide-and-seek on the empty field, something needed to be done. Marshall decided he needed to mow it because the kids were complaining about insects and snakes. He went down to Wal-Mart and bought a new Weed Whacker made especially for tall weeds. It was made in China, but he thought that it would work well enough for a year and then he could figure out something else when it broke down. So he went to cutting weeds and in a day cleared out a nice place for the kids to play.

Time passed. One day Marshall got a letter in the mail. It was a strange official letter with a Canadian address. Opening it, he read: "Notice of Infraction." Marshall was stumped. He had never been in Canada. He read on. "This is to inform you that according to photographic records of the Medusa 13-VX ecological monitoring satellite, actions taken by Marshall Walker (then his Social Security number) unlawfully have destroyed a protected stand of Carbolic Nettles known to have inhabited there." With the coldest of intent the letter went on. "You are to fill in the following form or be prepared to accept the actions of a restoration panel when they rule on your case." He looked at the seven-page form and promptly threw it away. This is stupid, he thought. All I did was mow an empty field which nobody around here owns. If this is some kind of joke, it isn't funny. If it is a government deal, then it is something which doesn't apply to me. I'm an American and this is from Canada.

Marshall went on with his life until 45 days later, when another letter arrived and this one he had to sign for. Tearing it open, Marshall read the short, tersely worded letter:

"Because you have chosen to ignore our previous letter, the panel has referred your case to the Global Ecological Court in Warsaw, Poland, after determining that the destruction of Carbolic Nettle habitat constituted an infraction pursuant to the Treaty of Mexico City ratified in May of 1990 and amended in Boston, August of 2006. Implementation of the Treaty began [and it read March of last year] and enforcement commenced 90 days subsequent. The land in question (it gave the exact longitude and latitude) is owned by the Azad Genetic Institute, an international research group registered with us and headquartered in Qatar. They are doing legitimate scientific research on guarded species in open habitat and your actions have interfered with sanctioned study material. You may appear in person or with an approved attorney at the Court in Warsaw on [a date 30 days hence] or forfeit your case to a judgment. This judgment can include penalties up to and including fines, jail term, or seizure of property in order to satisfy the Court." Signed, [the signature was in the Cyrillic alphabet so he couldn't read it]."

Sweat broke out on Marshall's brow. He grabbed his phone and called up someone he knew at City Hall. He explained what happened and his friend said, "Well, that's the first case I've heard about. But you know a few years ago we did get a pamphlet on that global-eco nonsense and I think the City Administrator got a packet from some foreign country and I think he posted something on the City Public Notice Board for a while. Of course, that's all we are really required to do, ah, legally speaking. But it's out of our hands. We didn't have enough funds in the budget to participate in the national program and besides we couldn't get volunteers to serve on a committee which met in Canada once a year. So that's all I know." The sweat turned cold. Marshall's skin was clammy and his heart started to beat really fast.

The moral of this little fable is: With globalism anything is possible.

### Even Libertarians Do It

If it isn't bad enough that the central government in Washington spews out laws and regulations, our leaders have for years tied us up in a whole new game of global regulating. The game is also played on the field of international law, which cannot be altered through a vote of the people. Not only do we have to contend with our own centralists but there is another legion of them working on global treaties which will eventually impact each of us. We are all affected by the forces of international agreements. There are appropriate rules which govern the high seas, aircraft travel, or other mutual areas of interest. It is another world, however, when overseas laws require standardization of food and packaging and textile composition and dyes and communication protocols. This process requires a forced conformity which amounts to mandates. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of building materials, paints, industrial equipment, foods, medicine, and other products which are traded globally. They must conform to standards which are themselves the results of international trade groups, authorized under various treaties which have been agreed to by presidents of both parties.

Many of these faceless mandates are in direct opposition to the ideal of a confederation of allied independent states in North America as the Constitution originally envisioned. To reclaim that dream we will not only need control of our own regions, but

must promote a vibrant local economy independent of far away producers guarded by nameless unaccountable lawmakers.

Even more insidious, however, is the creeping takeover of our minds by the symbols of a global control. I remember watching vintage movies about 19th-century Britain, where a symbol of empire was a shop in London with clocks on the wall, showing the time in different cities of the British Empire. The English crown controlled cities in every time zone. "The sun never sets on the British Empire" was the source of identity for generations of Britons. They probably have come closest to achieving world control as anyone, that is, closest to globalism as anyone. That was a straight out colonial empire. Troops for Great Britain conquered and occupied other countries. There was no pretext about it. Conquest was conquest, and the Crown and Parliament were responsible for it. You knew just exactly who was accountable. Today's iteration of global conquest eschews the trappings of power and accountability, preferring instead to rule with symbols and faceless agencies embedded in arcane treaties. An empire built by lawyers instead of troops.



The institutions of society are today filled with symbols of globalism. "Free Traders" flirt with liberals and conservatives alike. The Business Roundtable and the Chamber of Commerce love to flaunt their progressive outlook on trade and at the same time support the Leftists who attack the Confederate Flag, which has come to represent the cause of local control and resistance to globalism. Everyone, it is alleged, loves the international nature of commerce. There are even Libertarians who believe that small government means "no borders" or other impediments to trade. Whether marketing TVs, pop music, cars, or clothes, the trade laws are increasingly stacked against the local economy. Go to your neighborhood Wal-Mart and pick up anything in the store to see where it is from. It is likely made in the Peoples Republic of China (PRC) than in the USA. I was brought up calling it Red China, and find it hard to kick the habit, but the marketers at most trans-nationals prefer to call it simply China. I am told that

in the state of Mississippi, twenty-five cents of every retail dollar is spent in Wal-Mart. Other states are not far behind I suppose. Setting aside the jobs we are losing and the money being sucked overseas, a brief look at how Wal-Mart gets its merchandise is helpful.

## Discount Slavery

Red China is our friend. President George Bush will go to Beijing to represent the United States of America and bring the greetings and good will of the American people to the Olympic Games. No one will officially say we are in a proxy war with China, which arms Iran, Hezbollah, and Syria. No one will talk much about the vicious oppression of Tibet and the destruction of its culture. Certainly the dedicated Christian, Mr Bush, will not lecture our friends in the PRC about the oppression of Christianity in China. But you will have it beaten into your head by the dominant media that PRC is a "wonderful global trading partner." The PRC (Red China) is an officially atheist and materialist country, whose leadership murdered tens of millions of its own citizens to consolidate power. It is no stretch to say that the rulers are a group of very cunning and ruthless people. Power is loosely divided up between the Communist Party and the People's Liberation Army (PLA or Red Army), although the Red Army is nominally under the Party's control. Nothing moves to or from Red China without an OK from the Red Army. It controls all the shipping companies which export goods from China; goods then sold to Wal-Mart and others and finally sold to us. This trade must be very profitable for American companies. Buying cheap, slave-labor-laced products from the Chinese so inexpensive they can slap a frightful mark-up on them and still sell the products to us at "discount" prices.



Doesn't this process make Wal-Mart the de facto marketing agent for the PLA? Sure, the source of production is not the Red Army, but if it were not for its subsidized logistical capabilities to get the goods to market, Wal-Mart couldn't sell them so cheap. To me it is frightening, and the depths of this madness are nowhere near an end. Our present "conservative" State Department permits this practice and has reinforced policies at one time considered part of what used to be called the "International Communist Conspiracy." Never mind the fact that Red China uses slave labor, prison labor, and child labor to make those cheap goods. These facts seem to go unnoticed in the face of President Bush's U.N. speech in which he decried international slavery. For his efforts he received a deafening silence from the American Left, which prefers to talk about slavery only in the ante-bellum South, therefore not offending their allies in Asia and Africa.

But why pick on Wal-Mart? Examples of the practice outlined above are multitude. Pier 1 or Hobby Lobby or Target or K-Mart are also busy trying to put the individual American craftsman, manufacturer, and small shop-owner out of business. Few seem to care about the extent of the globalist bubble.

## Worldwide Indigestion

This is a micro-view of globalism and how it works. Even though the enormous trade with the PRC is mind boggling, it is small compared to the global trade in money, stocks, and commodities. The trade in consumer products pales in comparison to the wheeling and dealing done by world bankers, oil, and commodity traders. This is the venue of great "humanitarians" like George Soros, for instance, who built his pecuniary empire on manipulating currencies with little regard for the dreadful consequences of his actions. But globalism has no use for traditional cultural norms like ethics. Mr. Soros says as much in his books, and the Red Chinese says it with their actions. These are the architects of the new global system. Atheistic, materialist, modernist, amoral, global pirates and gangsters are the folks who run the show and set the example these days. To them, individual rights, dignity,

and self-sufficiency, like ethics, are needless relics of a more enlightened time.



The great 19th century heroes of statism like Abraham Lincoln and Karl Marx would be proud that their ideas have spawned the globalists of today. Although neither had much regard for what happens to the people on the local level of society, these two big government thinkers helped usher in the current era the in which the leaders of today's world see vistas of control not dreamed of by the political idols of the 19th century. A new crop of super-centralists ascends to power. Their appetite for supremacy has only been whetted by recent events. Keep the antacids handy; although they will do the eating, we will get the indigestion.

### About the Author

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David S. Reif lives in the Missouri Ozarks and has written about politics, modernism, and the impact of science on culture for publications in the United States, Europe, and the Internet. He has served on numerous local and county government commissions and on the board of community-based artists' and writers' programs, chemical-dependency centers, and art marketing groups. He was the director of the independent scholar society, *The Institute for Perennial Studies*, and edited its journal, *Perennis*. In addition, Mr Reif has served as a guest speaker numerous times. He has been a professional artist since 1981, currently working in silver and other precious

materials.

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## The Secret of Life, Part IV

By Collier Z. Wellington

1 August 2008

Wars of the Yankee Empire are simply the means by which the Yankee Empire defines itself.

Never define the Yankee Empire.

### About the Author

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Collier Zebediah Wellington was born in Grand Junction, Tennessee, to Julius and Cornelia Wellington. He studied art at the Savannah Institute for Southern Art, majoring in post-Elizabethan Appalachian Figural Dynamics.

Mr. Wellington also studied at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, where he obtained his Ph.D in Literature and Poetics.

He currently teaches at the University of the South in Awendaw, South Carolina. He is the author of the classic study on Lincoln, *Embalming the Union: The Poetics of a Killer*.