

Submitter:

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On Behalf Of:

Committee:

Senate Committee On Rules

Measure, Appointment or Topic:

SB210

Drag your feet. Don't comply. Bully, thrash and intimidate your fellow legislators if you dare, if you can. Question every word they use, halt everything Trump wants, or anyone else who follows in his fascist footsteps, and drag your feet. If you need more ideas, the OSS manual on subtle sabotage has a lot of useful ideas for how to make meetings unproductive.

The manual also talks about how difficult it can be to get someone whose whole career, whole life, has been making the machinery run smoothly, to understand the importance that sometimes the machines must stop. I cannot communicate to you how important it is that this machine stops.

Fascism grows and develops when finance capitalist become terrified of a growing leftist sentiment born of worsening social conditions. They latch onto the "middle class," who are the most susceptible to believing that capitalism is a working system that is not prone to breaking down into fascism as wealth gets centralized. This is because, unlike folks like me, they have grown up being promised what their parents got, grown up being promised good things if they play by the rules, and are confused and afraid when that has turned out to be false. It is the responsibility of a leftist to try to show there's another way, but even if you don't have a leftist's beliefs, you surely can see that something is wrong. Terribly wrong. Something is so wrong that a nice pleasant election alone won't help.

The Second Coming, by W. B. Yeats

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,

A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

Don't give in. Every second they spend fighting you is a second they're not killing someone. There's already deaths in the El Salvador prison. The distinction between that "mega-prison" and a concentration camp is moot; we know about Auschwitz because there are survivors. We know about Dachau because it was liberated only after most of the harm it could do had been done. But there were so many others, and most of the camps operated exactly like this for most of the time they existed, because most of what we were taught was about late in the war, when the SS were trying to do as much harm as they could before they were stopped. So does it matter whether it's the only camp, or only that it was wrong then and it's wrong now, and that it is a sign of worse to come?

You're being asked again and again to bow to despotism, to justify murder and harm, to look away, or worse to look at it and say "this is fine because reasons." The more horror you choose to embrace, the harder it is to do anything else. If you value your free will, if you value your capacity to love, claw it back. Do whatever you possibly can to make them frustrated.

You can't tell me you wouldn't love to see apoplectic rage on those smug awful faces full of crocodile tears. Do it for that if you must. (I'd be just as happy never to see any of them again ever, even for that.)

Please. Don't comply with anything they want. It isn't about law. The holocaust was legal. Law doesn't define good. Liberate yourselves.