

## **Mission Accomplished**

**By Neil Patel**

**March 23, 2007**

**Having researched the 9/11 cover-up full-time for some four years, I had finally decided to withdraw in utter frustration at my seeming inability to effect meaningful change. Following a 6-month hiatus I find myself back in the saddle. I've come to realize that efforts to help uncover the truth behind 9/11 transcend personal considerations. Given the current state of our war-torn world, I truly believe it's a vitally important, selfless, pursuit that embodies the highest form of public service imaginable.**

**It's impossible to function "normally" in the Matrix once you've swallowed the red pill; there's simply no going back to the world of make-believe when the Truth stares you in the face at every turn. I'm cursed with a constitution that will not allow me to trot along pretending all's well when I know beyond a doubt we've been fooled *en masse* by a cadre of criminals in our midst. And when I read that Giuliani was planning to run for president—*president!*—it triggered violent paroxysms that caused me to lunge frantically for my trusty flagon of Macallan for succor.**

**And reach for the only weapon at my disposal—my pen.**

**I returned last December from a 3-week tour of a few European cities. Having been holed up in my studio for months on end, this little diversion afforded a much-welcome opportunity to experience the world "out there" first-hand through the refreshing clarity of unfiltered lenses, I.e., untainted by the diet of ceaseless spin fed us by our "in-bedded" media.**

**Most importantly, it gave me occasion to speak with a broad swath of people in a variety of interesting settings, including a UN conference in Prague. In my deeper conversations, I couldn't help but notice a veiled yet persistent emotion that kept bubbling steadily to the surface.**

**It was fear.**

**Well, perhaps not 'fear' in its strictest sense, but a certain subtle tension, a perceptible undertow of nervousness, a mildly twitchy sort of anxiety. It was more noticeable in hives of activity -- bustling arcades, choked airport terminals, busy subway stations. In some strange, grotesque way it seems to have become part of the culture.**

**Think I'm joking? Try finding a trash can *anywhere* inside the Oxford train station, in England. There isn't one. Not one. In order to dispose of that paper cup, you'd need to actually step outside the building, walk across the passenger unloading terrace, and then trek to the far end of the taxi-stand to find the nearest one. I asked the budding barista who served me my espresso why this was so. Why? They're bomb hazards, silly. "Terrorists could plant bombs in 'em!"**

**I'm dead serious.**

**Stewing in airport queues, watching endless, zigzagging lines of weary travelers, hordes of them — like sheep, timidly awaiting their turn, shoes in hand, their little liquid sundries stuffed into clear plastic bags — being funneled through batteries of metal detectors (those ubiquitous cultural icons of our times), past the menacing eyes of tough-guy security-types, some gleefully flexing newfound authority bullying the meek, terrorizing the terrified...**

**Yes, it's clear to any dispassionate observer that the "The War On Terror" has indeed achieved its *real* ends.**

**Have no doubt: Fear has been drummed hard and hammered deep into the Sheeple. Precisely as planned, millions of ordinary human beings have been artfully molded into a submissive, tractable pulp, ready to believe virtually anything they're told, eager to concede just about any freedom they cherish, willing to relinquish almost every right they hold dear — all so they can be "protected" from those turbaned, self-detonating camelback bogeymen lurking behind every bush.**

**This sweeping new disease, this plague of the new century, was clearly evident at the security-check area of a terminal at Heathrow, a cavernous warehouse-like "holding tank" of transient humanity. There I was, immersed in this thick throng of reasonably intelligent human beings, moving slowly, like**

lava, in one dizzyingly eclectic mass...vacant, distant-eyed, lost in their own worlds, pitifully docile as they unthinkingly respond to every order blared at them, seemingly stripped of all self-esteem, bereft of all ability to protest, and utterly brainwashed into believing one thing above all else:

**"Al Quaeda's gonna getcha!"**

As you repeatedly stare into the same faces at every serpentine turn of the crawling, roped-in queues, you occasionally see eyes beginning to flit about, stabbing fellow passengers with suspicious stares, wondering...could *he* be one of 'em? [Given my obvious ethnicity, I suspect I was spared closer scrutiny as being a potential shoe-bomber solely by virtue of my graying avuncularity; heaven help the younger lot.]

It was almost suffocating...a scene lifted straight out of *V For Vendetta*. My emotions swung wildly between pathos and rage, resignation and revolt...I finally had to take stock and restrain myself from wanting to scream at this pathetic parade of automatons, "Wake up, you fools! Cant' you see? The enemy isn't 'out there' -- it's within the gates!"

Then I settled down and began to slowly ponder this bizarre psychodrama playing out around me.

You've got to hand it to the bastards behind all this, I thought... the heartless, loathsome *Novus Ordo Seclorum* (New World Order), the *Illuminati*, or whatever other label you wish to stick on this globe-enveloping fascist octopus. Let's face it: It takes some doing to make a grown man suffer the crushing ignominy of standing obligingly, in full public view, spread-legged, in his bare socks, arms outstretched, clutching his shoes in one hand, liquid toiletries in the other, looking like a perfect idiot, while some goon's wagging a wand about his groin scanning for ordnance.

What do you call such a pitifully ludicrous caricature of the current human condition?

You call it "Mission Accomplished."

If they could pull-off something this outlandish, I thought, *nothing's* impossible going forward. Then again, I mentally

countered, if we can *willingly* sink to this level of abject degradation, perhaps we deserve it.

So, what's the source of this collective insanity, I wondered, that causes adults to behave like sheep about to be sheared? What feeds this eerie mass dysfunction, this almost surreal spectacle of fear-riddled frigidity? What terrifying trauma could possibly have spawned this zombie-like conformance to these kinds of draconian decrees?...What paralyzing source of fear lay at the root of this pathetic, voiceless submission to Big Brother authority?

Why, 9/11, of course.

Just think... Without 9/11 the masses would surely be living lives of at least a measure of normalcy...traveling about freely sans fear; enjoying their families sans the ever-looming threat of dirty bombs; heartily savoring *life*, instead of shuddering fearfully under the false shadow of imminent extinction.

Yes, 9/11 changed *everything*.

We're told by our overlords that on September 11, 2001, in one vicious, bludgeoning blow, Arab "evildoers" launched a war on Western civilization. Why? Because they hate our "freedoms and lifestyles".

And with that one savage swipe, the 'evildoers' shattered the equilibrium of this planet and polarized huge chunks of its inhabitants forever.

Of course, this demanded an immediate response from the 'civilized' world. And its furious battle cry was swift in coming:

*"If you're not with us, you're against us!"*

With that insane pronouncement from a moronic new messiah — himself a puppet unto unseen puppeteers — the terrified masses, brains wrapped in the myth of "patriotic unity", began to yield *en masse* with naïve, almost childish obedience to the fiendish machinations of shadowy masters.

[NB: Standby for the next great proclamation from the oracle, coming soon via a media outlet near you: "If you're not with

**us, you're an *anti-Semite!*".]**

**Country after country, airport upon airport, I watched in angry silence the chilling efficacy of this fraudulent fear machine in full swing. There's no doubt it's working as planned. And to think it's all based on one monumental fraud.**

**9/11.**

**Upon my return I felt that as a citizen of this planet I can no longer turn a deaf ear nor cast a blind eye to this criminal, globe-girdling web of deceit. What self-respecting person can?**

**I admit my announced "retirement" from the 9/11 truth movement last year was fueled as much by a sense of frustration as it was by anger — frustration at not being able to get through to everyone with whom I spoke; anger at the smug rebuttals of educated fools who ignore the rudiments of physics. (I'll concede that intelligent people who've foolishly flouted the *laws* of gravity or thermodynamics in their jousts with me have elicited swift and ungracious reprisals; bull-headed intransigence, alas, finds short refuge with my patience.)**

**But I've since come to realize this is neither healthy nor wise. I've accepted the reality there will always be people who'll never see the light, no matter how intelligent they are or how convincing the evidence put before them. They are a minority that I believe should be ignored.**

**I wish to waste no time, resource nor effort trying to convince terminally mind-blocked individuals and career debunkers. I've done so in the past, but have now drawn the line. I consider it a perfect waste of time. Going forward, my focus shall be on the majority, the millions of people out there who are still amenable to reason, logic, and simple common sense. *They* are the ones who'll eventually help turn the tide.**

**The emotion that pervades me now is one born of profound sadness, one that stirs deep compassion for those unable to see beyond their TV screens... the millions ensnared by this macabre modern iteration of Caesar's cunning recipe for control: "Give the people bread, blood, and games..."**

**As we can see, Big Brother's mastered the recipe. What's more, he has at his disposal tools of mass manipulation beyond Caesar's most delirious dreams.**

**I feel infused with a desire to help...to contribute, in whatever little way, something meaningful that would help create the kind of positive change for which this planet begs.**

**I feel that while I still possess a functioning, clear-thinking brain I have a duty — nay, a *responsibility* — to put it to use if only by helping open a few eyes, unclog a few ears, fire a few synapses.**

**I'd surely be shirking my responsibility as a citizen of this planet if I did any less.**