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When I suggested the danger of the western media demonizing Islam, in the same debasing manner as Judaism was alienated in the past, while creating an economic climate of supposed lack and crisis, he couldn't perceive the equivalence. He deemed me completely 'wrong' and with clear Nazi tendencies, the day I proposed that the Jews of old, who made Amsterdam the beautiful Yiddish trade city - with its very own language and culture - that it still is today, weren't by far the same Israelis who wreak havoc on Palestine, rising from history's victims to today's executioners. Words expressed are always a risk taken, as meaning depends on the mental associations of each individual.

My grandma, on the other hand, had returned from the Dutch colonies in Indonesia, bearing her own experiences of war. She raised her two infant children in a Japanese concentration camp for women, while her civil servant husband was losing his mind in the men's camp. He had never questioned his role as a government official, so, when he found himself caught like a small fish in a net of politics and war, he fell into a shock that left him literally numb and dumb, incapable of speech or action. The Japanese authorities thought he was willfully boycotting the forced labor duty of Burma railroad; thus they set an example of him and four other prisoners: they were all publicly decapitated. It took the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki to get all players of this Colonial drama back to their own affairs. One man's hell is another man's salvation. Widowed and with two small children, grandma arrived on a cargo ship, home to the desolate and war-stricken Netherlands. But she understood everything. She fully realized the barbarity of colonial rule and the long, crooked political-financial consequences ahead; not all is gold that shines bright, every theft has its payback time. Free from the bonds of marriage and conventional blindness, she settled in an artist village and embraced communism in its most idealistic form. Set on never repeating the errors of the past, and never blaming anyone else for her own decisions, she educated me on the importance of hearing out any person's beliefs; how else will there be dialogue? She made me aware to the dangers of censorship versus the benefits of keeping one's finger on the pulse of ignorance. Shine a light on misconceptions, share intelligence, experience and life lessons. By all means, do take sides, but in full awareness that two opposing parties only serve to mutually confirm each other's rigid standpoints. While they battle and bicker, the rest of the world is helplessly flushed down the drain, straight to hell; collateral damage of militant ideologies. Besides, it's only possible to take sides when you feel relatively safe. Those who are truly vulnerable lower their gaze and hope the beast of destruction will pass them by, if they just manage to starve it of attention. But the beast isn't fazed. So, do we really want all this insanity to happen time and time again?

In all this reasoning, I forgot about the perpetrators: The camp leadership was divided into five departments: the commandant's office, political department, "protective" custody camp, administration and camp doctor. Aside from the male SS administrators, the camp staff included only female guards assigned to oversee the prisoners. Ravensbrück served as one of the main training camps for 'female civilian employees of the SS, weiblichen SS-Gefolges'. The SS guards, female Aufseherinnen and former prisoner-functionaries with administrative positions at the camp, were arrested by the Allies at the end of the war, and tried at the Hamburg Ravensbrück Trials from 1946 to 1948. Sixteen of the accused were found guilty of war crimes and crimes against humanity, and sentenced to death. The rest would have to live with their conscience, should they have one.

For some people, grown up in this era of social media and Grand Theft Auto, this whole narrative might appear to be a movie script for 'Inglorious Bastards', a TV series about clones of Hitler walking the earth like zombies, or just a video game of smartly dressed bad guys and their loser victims. In any case, a 'Far from my bed' show. In some aspects, the world has changed completely since 1939, although I am convinced that past, present and future exist simultaneously; some areas expand into evolution, while others regress. There are always those people who need to deny the Holocaust, similar to an alcoholic, or an addict who will deny whether they just got drunk or high. A terminally ill person can deny, even to himself, the fearful facts of being sick. If you are, or feel linked to the executioners of atrocities, be it deliberate or accidental, obviously you will want to deny everything. Only, how do you figure such a thing could be faked? Are the memorial sites like Disney installations of horror? To what avail? These locations exist, so do all the original documents, photos, films, personal effects and testimonials. Look and learn, and don't allow these fatalities to repeat, all over the world, still in this day and age. 'Denial is a refusal to believe or accept something as the truth, even if evidence proves otherwise.' It's not easy to look the deepest human darkness straight into the eyes, and wonder how much of it is our own doing. Albert Einstein said, "The world is a dangerous place to live, not because of the people

**Capitalism is a Delicate Balancing Act.**

Pay workers too much and you have too many dollars chasing too few goods, pay them a pittance and you have too few dollars chasing too many goods. A multitude of states are now refusing the paltry 300 dollars per week extra benefits for unemployed workers, who were guaranteed the extra money until September. The excuse being the workers were making too much money for doing nothing, a shame we didn't apply the same standards to the banks. Wealthy people need incentives, poor people have to work harder, put the stick away and give us a carrot.

Forcing the mules back to the plow for subsistence wages will not make anyone happy. Extra money, in the hands of the needy, is what makes small business viable. Consumers are separating into three groups, the poor, who can't afford to buy anything, the hyper workers who have no time to buy anything and the ultra wealthy who buy very little. The capitalists have gotten too good for their own good.

There is no shortage of workers applying for jobs paying 20 dollars an hour or more. The mules need at least that amount to keep pulling the plow. Loosen up the purse strings, there's plenty of money to go around. If no-one bought TVs, they would have to be given to us for free to ensure we watch those ads. If we have no money, some has to be given to us to keep this economy going.

Taking away 300 dollars a week from poor people is not going to remedy the problem. For many unemployed workers, having the extra 300 a week is the difference between Dollar store and Skippy peanut butter, ordering eggs with bacon, a scoop of ice cream, a piece of fruit, buying environmentally safer detergent, a set of matching glasses, a new welcome mat, a full tank of gas instead of three dollars and 45 cents worth to get to work, pay a few bills, tires with tread on them, getting out from under the heavy thumb of debt, taking an overnight staycation at Motel 6, simple things we take for granted but things that can make a big difference for people living on the edge for their entire lives.

Taking away this money is like marching a condemned man to the gallows before he finishes his last meal. we are talking about 3 months more of benefits... a drop in the bucket. Why not allow people to look for work without punishing them for working. What is this? a reverse Oliver Twist. Poor bastards work like sled dogs for a pittance and the owners, instead of saying thank you, scream out MORE....

The federal government is worried. The decades old covenant between the police and the wealthy has received a shock by the recent storming of the capital. The original agreement was the police could get anything they asked for, high wages, equipment and immunity from prosecution in exchange for simply acting as social umpires and keeping the masses from attacking the wealthy, January 6th put a chink in that agreement. Take away money from the workers at your own peril.

- Muir Walker

who are evil, but because of the people who don't do anything about it." History is not an exact science, but rather a living organism; it depends on memory and oral transmission for its accurate subsistence. Perspective changes according to whoever calls the tune in the contemporary time-frame. 'In order to know where you are going, you must know where you came from' is valid as long as you always keep an eye on the facts and take your information from a variety of sources. In any case, fear is a very bad adviser. Our current, well-packaged, politically correct, designer world, where all is properly paraphrased within its neatly trimmed and finished laws, is actually the most dangerous place to fall asleep in. As by Arcesilaus, **'where you find the laws most numerous, there you will find also the greatest injustice.'** Human dignity prevails for whoever can afford it, and Hitler wouldn't be displeased with the current situation all over Europe, what with the right-wing rising. Just in case, let's remember Martin Niemöller's epic words of wisdom: *'First they came for the socialists, and I did not speak out, because I wasn't a socialist. Then they came for the trade unionists, and I did not speak out, because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out, because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for me... and there was no one left to speak for me.'* It is one thing to understand these words intellectually, but the true essence emerges, when it's grasped beyond words, intuitively, keeping great clarity of spirit as constantly breathing itself. Don't fall asleep in your comfort zone. It's a great bounty to realize that love is not an option...Love is the only solution.

Two days later, after another thorough exploration, this time of Sachsenhausen Memorial and Museum, located in Oranienburg, 35 kilometers north of Berlin, we are done with what's commonly known as 'Grief tourism'. On a sunny terrace in Kreuzberg, among a cosmopolitan multitude of happy people, we enjoy a delicious Thai meal and a chilled Singha beer. Letting go of the sinister feelings that I've accumulated isn't automatic. Yesterday, at Sachsenhausen, we learned that it was established in 1936 and had primarily held male and female political prisoners, many of whom were Russian. We also came across Dutch Freemasons, and of course, more homosexuals. The installations and infrastructures were much more elaborate, and counted with several affiliated camps. Bigger ovens, tiled disinfection chambers, more torture, more sophisticated neck-shot devices, even counterfeit banknotes and an unlimited supply of forced labor candidates. The electric company AEG, Siemens and aircraft manufacturer Heinkel, among others, were major users of Sachsenhausen forced labor. There was a brick factory, to supply the material for Hitler's architectural fantasy, which should become 'World Capital Germania'. Displayed on the camp's big entrance gate, written in iron, are the three most cynical words ever imagined **'Arbeit macht frei'**, labor sets free. Good thing that by now we've learned that only Truth sets free, and to get to truth we need information.

In Sachsenhausen at least 30,000 people died from exhaustion, malnutrition and disease as a result of the poor living conditions. Many more were executed or died due to brutal medical experiments. Here too, the story ended with an annihilating death march, on the verge of liberation. On a positive note, there are more museum spaces with lovely artwork, which in my perception tell us more about the real conditions than all those endless sites of desolation. Art is a rebel, a humanizer, a teacher and a communicator. Art is an agreement with oneself. In the kitchen are murals of shy, dirty vegetables, receiving a sound scrubbing and slicing, some bossy and others subdued. They make me ponder, more than the human ovens do. According to the Encyclopedia of Camps and Ghettos of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, some 42,500 Nazi ghettos and camps are cataloged throughout Europe, spanning German-controlled areas from France to Russia, operating from 1933 to 1945. They estimate that 15 million to 20 million people died or were imprisoned in the sites. The idea that all Germans killed all Jews is not quite

precise: there was no limit to governments who profited and people who fell victim, to this extended economic heist.

I look at the buildings of Berlin today, or any big European city for that matter, and wonder how many of the bricks were made in forced labor camps. How many golden domes, and sculpted facades we admire, are owed to the plunder of the Jewish business class, or of the widespread colonies. How many of the cars we drive, how many appliances and daily gadgets we use, are made by those companies that grew vigorous on the blood, sweat and death of millions. I'm convinced that the National Socialist German 'Workers' Party of the so-called Third Reich targeted anyone dissident to their rule but able-bodied enough to be a 'Worker' for the party, on the unpaid-enforced labor shift. Considering this unmitigated opportunism, the maligning about races and cultures was just an excuse. Think up some mismatched ideology, dress it up like a grand ideal, use it to divide and rule: that will keep the masses busy while governments line their pockets. It's most convenient to govern a reduced population of obedient middle class, kept cleverly harnessed by fear.

You don't have to be a professor to know that the consequences of a post-war and post-colonial era, resigned to constant nuclear threat and induced to voracious consumerism, makes for a quirky society: quick in forgetting, easily distracted, all the human mind wants is to classify information and stash it away, while conscience gnaws and hopes to be heard. To help us understand the incomprehensible, we've got the laws of Karma: action and consequences. But even these notions require the utmost care in handling. They are personal tools, only to be used with common and moral sense, in order to keep our own lives on track; applied to oneself, not to play god evaluating the other man's merits, nor deciding over autonomous people's destinies. I will take responsibility of my energy, and bask in the delights of the 'Here and Now' but I will keep two things in mind: 'Those who forget the mistakes of the past, are bound to repeat them' and 'that which is like, unto itself is drawn.' I know, beyond the shadows of a doubt, the immeasurable abominations that humanity is capable of, but I will still bet all my chips on 'man's unconquerable mind' and our equally great potential to counteract all evil. I'm not interested in the psychology of mass murder, I'm interested in the eternal ability of the universal mind to improve and expand, through thick and thin, beyond any delusional perceptions, to find the source of creation, where all is connected. After all, we do have this powerful law of nature, where all things, wanted and unwanted, are brought to us; this is the mechanism of existence, just like gravity, always in effect, always in motion. It's called The Law of Attraction. To make it work intentionally on our behalf, we have to live outside of our entrenched ideas, outside of our moral, regional or national judgements, outside of our fears. Incident will respond to our true energy: when there's fear, fearful experiences will appear, peace won't coexist with anxiety. It is vital to do our homework, to address our deepest desires and cleanse them from toxic residues; to create a state of awareness of our world in all its dimensions, the good, the bad and the opposite, and manage to look at it, in the present moment with full appreciation. When we make the choice to willfully connect to that source of energy, we can actually change the course of the world, starting with ourselves, and making it contagious. Love, too, is an agreement with oneself.

We have an after dinner walk through this colorful Berlin neighborhood, hip and alternative. With its smart street-art, friendly people, joyous children, parks, markets, bars, restaurants, music, art and handicrafts. Right now, on this summer evening, in good company, All Is Well. I thank Mads for the memorable Memorial excursions, they've been strenuous but very instructive. **We talk, we stay aware, we carry on.**

-Isa Esasi 7/21/19 Ontinyente, Spain

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