

The Organization of Force

Mesamarat al-Gayb, 4 November 1945

The meeting of the three leaders of the great powers, at the Crimea, this past February, was itself the first genuinely firm, decisive step, toward the very attempt to organize power, and dominance, among the victors. At that time, the three leaders had already grown genuinely certain their own countries had won the war, decisively — and that the war's own formal registration as won might take days, or weeks, but would come about, without any doubt whatsoever. They had already resolved, then, to prepare for establishing the new world upon the very foundation of the victors' own dominance. The world, meanwhile, mistakenly believed, it appears, that victory was never confined to the three great powers alone, but shared, rather, among everyone who had worked toward it, and taken part in it — whether tested at the war's own outset, and forced to lay down arms, having already struggled as far as struggle itself allowed, like France, Belgium, and Holland, or never taking part in the war through any real, direct participation, embodied in vast troops, and abundant weapons, yet still assisting the Allies, as far as their own strength and effort allowed, granting them, at times, real steadfastness, and sparing them, at others, genuinely disgraceful defeat.

The world, most likely, mistakenly believed, too, that this same victory, won by all the Allies together, would bear its own fruit for all the Allies together, with no dominant power, and no subjugated one, among them — that the world would witness, for the very first time in history, comprehensive justice, complete fairness, and genuine equality of rights, among everyone who had taken part in subduing the enemy, and compelling him toward surrender. The world believed this — indeed, genuinely believed it — yet had scarcely seen the results the Yalta Conference had arrived at before feeling something genuinely troubling: disappointment. It came to know that the weak had done nothing more than serve their own strong masters, and that this same great victory would never prove a genuinely just partnership among all the victors together, amounting to nothing more than a partnership among those superior in strength, and distinguished by the sheer numbers of their own troops, and the abundance of their own weapons.

We must genuinely record the truth here, then, and state that France was the very first to reject this same monopolization, and grow

genuinely indignant at this same seizure of fruits that ought rightfully to have been divided among all the victors together.

France duly rejected exactly what the three leaders had settled upon: monopolizing dominance over the world, and exclusively managing its own affairs. She refused to serve as a convening power for the San Francisco Conference, preferring to withdraw into herself, rather than acknowledge this same superiority so forcibly wrested away from the other victors.

Despite all of this, the three leaders pursued a genuinely strange course — the very least one could say of it being that it rested on deception, and misdirection, far more than on anything else. They made participation in the San Francisco Conference a genuinely coveted, hard-won prize, resolving that only those who formally declared war on Germany and Japan would be permitted to take part in it. They thereby led certain neutral nations — and certain non-belligerent nations — to imagine that declaring war on the Axis would prove a genuinely significant means toward a genuinely significant end: taking part in organizing the world, and laying the very foundations for a new human life, one resting on justice, and equality, as its own genuine substance, its own genuine governing principle for this same new world.

The world genuinely fell for exactly this same trick, then, and many nations rushed toward exactly this same genuinely absurd step, declaring war on Germany and Japan, once Germany's and Japan's own defeat had already been secured. Egypt herself counted among these same deceived countries, believing she would reap, from declaring war on the Axis, benefits genuinely too numerous, too vast to count, or fully assess. This same country found herself throwing herself headlong into an already-concluded war, exactly as the moth throws itself headlong into the flame. And there she was, declaring war to no real purpose whatsoever, taking, in pursuit of this same declaration, measures she genuinely never needed to take, rushing headlong into it, with neither genuine caution, nor genuine restraint... trusting promises, deceived by hopes, imagining the great powers would never joke about genuinely serious matters, nor make open, outright deception a tool of their own statecraft.

The San Francisco Conference duly convenes, then, and events reveal exactly this same laughable tragedy — or genuinely sorrowful comedy — namely, that the three, or four, or five great powers, had

adopted this same conference as nothing but a means of accumulating, competing for, and securing superiority, through the sheer number of votes they might muster, whenever matters grew genuinely serious, and disagreement arose among them.

The United States, for her part, relied upon the South American states; Russia, for her part, invented, from within herself, states of her own, to support and back her; and Great Britain, for her part, relied upon her own empire, and her own independent colonies, and upon the states subject to her own influence, whether openly, or covertly.

And so the three great powers disputed among themselves, their own dispute intensifying, before finally agreeing, their own agreement proving genuinely amicable. The conference's own result was that the strong and the weak alike resolved to surrender the whole matter to the great powers alone. The result, too, was that the millions who had sacrificed their own lives, for the sake of right, justice, and equality, had done so entirely in vain — and that the very war ignited for the sake of democracy, and eradicating dictatorship in certain countries, had ended, instead, in establishing a genuinely global dictatorship, one in which the superior victors dominate victors and vanquished alike.

Throughout all of this, the war in Europe came to its own end — Hitler's own dictatorship ended, only to be replaced, upon this earth, by a dictatorship of three heads, or four, or five, call it whatever you please...! But it remains a genuine dictatorship, regardless — one that never toys with individuals, or peoples, in any single particular part of the earth, but toys, rather, with individuals and peoples alike, across every single country of the earth.

This same conference the three leaders held at Potsdam was genuinely remarkable indeed — one that never even invited San Francisco. All of this ought genuinely to have made the atomic bomb's own matter genuinely simple, easy, placing it under the very authority of the civilized world, using it to prevent injustice, and turn the aggressor back toward what is right. But the Americans do not trust the civilized world, and so refuse to reveal this same atomic bomb's own secret to anyone whatsoever — refusing to reveal it even to the English and the Canadians, who took part alongside them in the research, and the expenditure — let alone reveal it to the Russians, who took no part whatsoever, in either the research, or the expenditure. And so the English and the Canadians must genuinely strive to reach an agreement

with the Americans, over this same bomb's own fate: will it belong to all of them together, or to the Americans alone, excluding their own allies, and partners?

In pursuit of exactly this same effort, the British Prime Minister travels to Washington, and the Canadian Prime Minister alters his own itinerary for visiting Europe, returning instead to America, to take part in exactly this same discussion. The Russians, meanwhile, have already despaired of the Americans, and place their own trust in themselves instead... The Americans have found an atomic bomb — so the Russians, too, must find another atomic bomb of their own, and it is said they have already, in fact, found one. As for France, she was herself the very earliest to research the atomic bomb, the very first to reach the earliest discoveries — and had the war only granted her more time, she would have carried that same research through to its own conclusion. But the war never granted her that same time, and so she gifted whatever she had discovered to the English, and the Americans instead.

She has now recovered her own freedom, though remains genuinely shaken, genuinely unsettled, her own politics and economy in real disarray. Even so, she too must find her own atomic bomb — and ought never to fall behind, having once led the way. And so she establishes a special institute, dedicated to atomic bomb research, allocating to this same institute, from her own genuinely shaken, unsettled budget, a genuinely enormous sum, one further enormous sums will follow. There will not, then, exist a single atomic bomb in the world — there will exist, at the very least, three: one belonging to the Anglo-Saxons, should agreement between the British and Americans be reached; a second belonging to the Russians; and a third belonging to the French. The atomic bomb will become a weapon, then, exactly like any other weapon — growing common, and widespread, until each one cancels out the other, and its own danger grows genuinely small, and slight.

Nor is science confined to these same three nations alone — other European nations exist too, however small, yet possessing scientists genuinely capable of research, and laboratories genuinely capable of conducting experiments. American reliance on the atomic bomb, then, however significant it might prove today, will never prove nearly as significant tomorrow — and the world, or rather the world's own masters, will find themselves genuinely compelled to choose between exactly two paths, admitting no third: either they race one another in invention, and discovery, carrying that same invention, and discovery, through to their

own final conclusion, resulting in a devastating war sparing nothing whatsoever, ridding the earth of this same rebellious, arrogant creature called man, who neither rests, nor lets others rest — or they agree upon some common plan, genuinely organizing power justly, subjecting it, finally, to what is right, after what is right had itself been subjected to power for so genuinely long an age — allowing civilization to proceed along its own path toward genuine progress, allowing man to genuinely master nature at last, and exploit nature's own resources for exactly what they ought to be exploited for: improving, and advancing, life itself, and granting genuine happiness to this same man, granted reason precisely so he might be happy, yet finding that same reason has brought him nothing but misery, and suffering instead.

This, then, is the very state of affairs among these same superior masters, who exploited the world until they triumphed, and now wish to enslave the world in peace, exactly as they once enslaved it in war — a state of affairs resting, as you can see, on suspicion, fear, and genuine ill-will. As for the weak, who remained genuinely faithful throughout the war, sacrificing their own lives, their own wealth, their own pleasures, and their own livelihoods, to uphold the word of truth, and fill the earth with justice, after it had been filled with oppression — they look about them now, and see justice receding ever further from them, though they had once believed it near; see oppression tightening its own grip upon them, though they had once believed it far away. They remain, even now, genuinely astonished, wondering whether they are merely dreaming — and this same astonishment may last a long while, or a short one. But it will abandon them, one day — their own reason will return to them, or they themselves will return to their own reason — and the earth will see, on that same day, that she holds peoples who would genuinely prefer annihilation, to being enslaved without limit, and degraded without measure. And who knows? Perhaps peoples might yet succeed, one day, in subjecting their own masters, and their own statesmen, to some genuine measure of restraint, and moderation...!