

Stay at Home, Uncle Sam

(Augmented Edition)

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Foreword

This booklet has been written as a diary during the preparation of the war against Iraq and the war itself. It was put up in my website, strictly dated whenever a “chapter” of events served as a reason for that. I left it unfinished when my heart sank in despair.

Now, that the gendarme of the world is active again in the Arab world, I decided to publish it, updating it and adding some summaries, wherever I felt it useful.

I also added two countries, Libya and Syria to the original description of the second war against Iraq, since the attention of the only superpower of the world turned to them recently. My hope is that the excellent memories of mine from the seventies of last century help my readers to understand why my heart protests against any evil step towards the Arab nation.

I hope my voice will touch the sentiments of those who are against mass killings of innocent people.

Chapter 1

Iraq

Let me start with some comments on the subject of war against Iraq:

1. General “wisdoms” of my own and of more famous thinkers than I am

Humiliation of a dictator is a brave step, humiliation of a nation is stupid, and humiliation of a race is heinous crime.

Even the most brutal oppressor calls himself savior and the most stupid ones tend to believe they are. (As does Bush.)

Even the most “righteous” victories are temporary. (My warning to Bush.)

The USA is *emerging nation* – emerging from the status of a simple *gendarme* of the world to the throne of *rude oppressors*.

Politicians and generals are sick of power; they must be controlled by psychologists.

The sight of lay persons is dim. Politicians – since they suffer from multiple non-professionalism – are blind.

Uniform is the best tool to convert human beings into animals.

Masses are stupid, but still wiser than their leaders.

The human race is getting more and more wild, animals look at them with tender fear. (The words of a Hungarian poet, *Mihály Váci*.)

If you believe you are absolutely right, you are absolutely wrong.

The strongest dog fucks.

One power, with a President who has no foresight and cannot think properly, now wants to plunge the world into a holocaust. (*Nelson Mandela*)

Face your deficiencies and acknowledge them; but do not let them master you. Let them teach you patience, sweetness, insight. (*Helen Keller*)

2. Is the war against Iraq unavoidable?

Yes, it is! Why?

Because the causes are mainly internal. Internal of the USA. One can cite a lot: the unfinished – then righteous – war against Saddam Hussein; 11th of September, 2001; recession in the States; new weapons, that have to go through field trial; the bloodthirsty character of the military of the USA (they shout whenever asked about possible solutions: we have to use nuke!!!); and now the unfortunate case of space shuttle Columbia (experts quote it as a cause to speed up the war!). In short: the main cause is the will and need of the top leaders (political and military) *to restore their prestige*.

And to put their dirty paws on the huge reserves of **oil**, isn't it? Iraq and Libya are “floating” on oil!

3. Is the target “righteous”?

Yes, in principle it is! Saddam Hussein is definitely a bastard. It is a righteous cause to remove him.

But: (1) is he really dangerous? (2) Is the cost expressed in human lives and sufferings worthwhile? My reply to both questions is **NO!**

Do you need some reasoning? OK:

ad (1): Do not try to explain me that after having beaten him to the pure ground, 10 years were enough to restore his full capacity, economic, military, whatsoever. Or to restore his military arsenal to the level of world-force. Nonsense! Can he hide any weapon of mass-destruction? In a situation when spy-planes and controlling fighters check every movement, suspicious or not, since the end of the first war against Saddam? When satellites may make recognizable picture of a matchbox on the surface or find natural reserves under the ground and even recognize sicknesses of forests? Nonsense again!

ad (2): No, in no case. Whatever the capability of the weapons in the hands of the military of the USA to hit only the military (or political?) targets, more than 200.000 soldiers definitely will kill tens of thousands of children, even more women, even more innocent civilians (men), hundreds of thousands of military. **NO, NO!!**

Whoever joins the USA in a war against Iraq is either stupid, or bastard! Or both!

4. What will be the result of this (unavoidable!) war?

Saddam will fall. The vision of a democratic state may come true.

Hundreds of thousands will die.

What else? The USA is preparing forces (in Hungary, for example; as far as I see it, very limited ones) to play the role of puppets. Some representatives of ethnic population as well. Another Afghanistan is being built? Who is going to prevent the birth of internal fightings that usually start flowering after a dictator and his brown-nosed group is ousted?

Will terrorism disappear from this area? Probably yes, but just for shifting to other areas (and coming back soon). It will lose one supporter and gain almost international support: it will spread and grow all over the Islam world. And do not blame them in advance: the causes of terrorism will not be touched at all, on the opposite, one more reason will be there to fight the most powerful enemy (you call yourself so, isn't it, at least some of your not very wise leaders).

Don't you have wiser leaders?

02.02.2003

The war

I recall two Irish sayings:

The devil couldn't do it unless he was drunk.

'Tis no use talking when the harm is done.

Do you need any comment? Continue reading.

17.03.2003

The merciless killings are almost over. The flag of the USA was hoisted on top of a palace of Saddam, the dictator, and then withdrawn. It was too obvious that the intention of the military was to occupy Iraq.

The number of victims seems to be less than predicted by me, but thousands have already been killed without lawful reason. Weapons of mass destruction could not be found (if they “find” after this stage of the war, that will be a clear lie, falsification). *Bush and with him the USA and Tony Blair proved to be the worst aggressors for the last decades.*

All this is dreadful enough, but it is even worse that *an uncontrollable MONSTER, the most dangerous ever superpower has been borne* and grown up since the collapse of the communist camp. The main steps done to reach this position – as I see it – were:

- The withdrawal of the USA – as soon as Bush came to power – from the Kyoto agreement (let the whole world die, we do not intend to spend money on making our industry and transport more “green”);
- The backing out of the USA from under the power of the international court of Hague (we shall tell you whom to punish, but not even a single citizen of the USA may be accused!);
- The spitting on the UN and the Security Council launching this crazy and nefarious war against Iraq;
- and finally the declaration of Bush and Blair (the two have less brain than BB – Brigitte Bardot), that they will take decisions on world matters without even consulting the UN, drawing a border between world matters (their terrain) and humanitarian questions (UN).

The **NEW WORLD ORDER** is ready. (My opinion: Bush started digging the grave of the USA and of the world.)

What can and should the rest of the world do?

- Declare the USA and those who participated in this war *aggressors, accuse their leaders of war crime in Hague.*
- Let the USA and Britain isolate themselves further and add to this self-imposed isolation using the much-loved weapon of the USA against them: **embargo!** Embargo on *oil and brain*. Do everything possible to block the brain-drain to the USA!
- Let the USA leave the UN and NATO. Offer Britain to choose between USA and Europe, do not bother much if they leave the continental Europe, they caused enough trouble to the world!
- *UNITE against this monster!* Unite Europe the quickest possible way. Pull the forces of Europe, Russia and China, and even Japan – if possible – as close to each-other as possible and as soon as possible. Maintain excellent relations with the Arab world. Help Africa and Latin America to develop fast.

09.04.2003

A couple of news that invite for comment:

- The National Museum of Iraq has been wildly robbed and its library burnt down. Priceless values have been destroyed, stolen, lost. If nothing else, this single dreadful case is enough to condemn the USA and its “allies” (= henchmen) for the invasion of Iraq. Do they understand what does *Mesopotamia* mean for the whole humanity? I doubt.

– One small event in the sea of cruel actions of American soldiers: more than 10 civilians were shot dead the other day by US military during a protest-demonstration. For what? Someone in the mob has shot in the air to prevent a robbery? We shall never learn the real reason. The fact remains fact: one tenth of the loss of allies was “wiped out” in one single case of fear. “God bless you, America.”

19.04.2003

“Wonderful” news again:

– Dreadful, indefensible killing: ***more than 10 children*** were shot dead during a demonstration of Iraqi people asking the Americans to leave a school. All the explanations after this horrible event are clear lies. *Leaders, commanders, cheated by your superiors common soldiers of the USA: you are rascals!!!*

– **Saddam** is alive, **weapons of mass destruction cannot be found!** For what have you killed thousands of innocent people??? **Ugly scoundrels!!!**

And really good news:

– A wonderful site has been created and is being maintained by some nice people of the same USA: of the Oriental Institute, University of Chicago. Their good intention is to find the treasures of Iraq, looted and (most probably) lost. I put it here: [LOST TREASURES FROM IRAQ](#). Thank you very much, indeed!

30.04.2003

It is widely acknowledged, that an oil company of the USA is taking over the “reconstruction” of oil wells and the production of oil in Iraq. *Surprising*, isn’t it? And if you recover from the shock, you learn that the vice president of the most democratic country and liberator of Iraq, the honorable Mr. Cheney has *controlling interest* in the firm. What a surprise! We have a saying in Hungary: “*The nail sticks out of the bag.*” Not a small nail!

I was waiting a couple of days to comment this wonderful event. In the hope that this fact will radically change the world opinion. I am “surprised” once more: it did not. The world has swallowed that thousands had to die in the interest of a group of politicians, representing big capital. Governments (including our “socialist” one) are fighting for the favor of these brutal killers without blinking, hearing this eye-opening news. *Jesus, what a blindly stupid world!*

09.05.2003

Bush & Co. succeeded the other day to duck, or – if you wish – to subjugate the UN: the USA is now ruling the world (for the time being only as far as Iraq is concerned, but it was just the first small step that will definitely be followed by bigger ones). The whole picture is absolutely clear now: a few rogue-rich – representatives of big capital – dominate the government of the USA; the USA became the greatest ever oppressor of the world and the representative body of the world is under the control of the USA, eating its toad. How long will this dirty – and very-very dangerous – game last??

Two important personalities have raised recently objections against this unbelievable situation: (1) Ex-foreign minister of Great Britain, Robin Cook declared that the occupation of Iraq by the “coalition” (stupid slaves of the USA) took place without proven purposes and therefore *it was lawless*. (2) The declaration of the president of Amnesty International was even more detailed. According to him *the whole war against terrorism is hurting human rights!* He drew the attention of the public to some facts: “terrorists” (human beings considered to be by the USA) are treated in absolutely inhuman and lawless conditions in Afghanistan, Amnesty International were not allowed to visit the lager; terrorists (or again:

people taken prisoners as such) are kept in Guantánamo naval base in Cuba entirely under military control, military judges *may sentence them even to death* (I call the place – since it is used for this purpose – **execution camp**); the occupation and control of Iraq does not and will not differ from the Afghan situation. *Dreadful picture.*

According to friends living in Austria, the prevailing opinion in Austria is that the USA ceased to be a democratic state and society! I agree with them. Just think of *standing ovations* during the mostly absolutely stupid speeches of Bush. We – in the ex-socialist block – know what it means!

Condemnatory opinions appeared inside the USA as well. I wanted to put up one of the best, Mr. David Horsey's graphic expression (title: Math Whiz) of the fact that no WMDs and also no imminent threat had been found in Iraq, nonetheless \$ 200,000,000,000 were spent on occupying the country. Whoever can help me to establish contact with Mr. Horsey, please let me know his contact-data.

The Hungarian Parliament approved our participation in the peace-keeping efforts of the occupants hoping to get some morsels from the greatest oppressor of the world. And the streets of Hungary remained empty. Nobody protested against this sycophancy. We deserve to have such politicians.

The picture is clear here as well: the money of tax-payers will be used for sending military to the occupied Iraq, assisting in safeguarding the interests of the American big capital. If the "country" gets the expected morsels, those will be consumed by private capital (mostly foreign). That is what we expected for 45 years spent under the "condemned era". Hurrah!

30.05.2003

Three exciting news regarding Iraq:

– The USA has declared that *diplomats accredited to the government of Saddam must leave the country* and are deprived of the status of diplomatic immunity. Do they expect the world to establish diplomatic relations with a war-machinery? Only absolutely stupid governments would obey. Or was this just a measure to justify their not very diplomatic step to raid diplomatic missions and arrest diplomats? A step towards uncontrolled rule in Iraq!

– The USA *annulled contracts between private firms* (Lukoil of Russia, for example) of three countries and Iraq. Strange, isn't it that all the three protested – in advance – against the unlawful occupation of Iraq? The USA stepped in new shoes: in the shoes of dictator on economic grounds as well. Straight road to its own death.

– British military *tortured Iraqi soldiers*. Proof of it is in the hands of police. What could be expected from white occupants who were told that Islam was one of the dangers of the world? Ugly, really ugly!

I think there will not be limit to the lawless behavior of the occupants both on state and military level.

02.06. 2003

Again more than a hundred Iraqi soldiers have been killed in Iraq, by air attacks and artillery. Do not tell me, disguised mad killers, that there was no other way to incapacitate this small pocket of resistance. You just continue the line – on smaller scale – of mass killings in the name of democracy: Nagyvárad, Dresden, Hiroshima-Nagasaki, Vietnam. *God save the world from you.*

15.06.2003

The British government cannot deny any more that they joined the USA in the war of so called “liberation” against Iraq without proper checking of childish information, and even *distorting* the main points of it. My Goodness, one of the saviors of the world! It is more than clear now that you – political head of the greatest ex-colonizer power, Tony Blair – took decision much earlier than any information proved this decision: the cause was absolutely different, than what you declared: *OIL and geopolitical reasons*. Enemies of the human race!

TIME – sometimes sane journal – started writing about what freedom brought to Iraq. Freedom? From Saddam Hussein: OK, but your forces are there and will remain there for quite some time. Freedom for Iraq will arrive when you live them alone. You, *colonizers*!

27.06.2003

According to a declaration of the Security Council of the UN, *no ties could be found between the regime of Saddam and al-Qaida*. What remained from the purposes of the war and mass killings?

28.06.2003

The USA practically admitted that they *did not have any reason* – except to take vengeance on any Arabs for the 11th of September – to attack and occupy Iraq. (The information that Iraq intends to obtain uranium from Africa also proved to be pure lie.) With this the USA converted itself from world gendarme into the *worst and most dangerous terrorist state of the world*. It remains only to wonder why the president of the USA (pigmy soul), his Secretary of State and the President of CIA may remain in chair. Unbelievable!

If it is so, why do the Britishers still believe that Blair had honest reasons to pull Britain into this ghastly war?

13.07.2003

The star witness of BBC in the case of false proofs against Iraq is *dead*. Do not try to tell me he committed suicide, at least not without “pressure” from forces behind those whom he called bandits or gangsters in one of his last e-mails: “This game is played by a lot of bandits.” (I do not have the exact text, unfortunately.) I also believe the family of Mr. Kelly expressed the reason of his death – “A loving, private and dignified man *has been taken from us all*.” – not without base or at least strong belief. I was absolutely sure before this tragic event already that banditism is going on, this death just underlined that I must be right. For me the question, which is bigger bandit, Saddam or the duo of Bush and Blair, is solved. Definitely the latters are!

21.07.2003

Saddam’s two sons, two bandits have been killed by the army of the USA. I do not argue, they must have been cruel tools in the hands of their father, a dictator. It is OK, that they have been “removed” from the scene. But I strongly protest against the way they were killed in – most probably – an absolutely unnecessary strike on the palace, where they were in hiding. The foreign oppressor at least should try to arrest them, bring them to international trial (Hague). This way of killing them will not convince anyone, neither the Iraqi people, nor the international public opinion (at least the not brutal people). BB (Bush and Blair), your behavior and your jubilation over this killing is disgusting, it is again a proof of your stupidity and brutality.

No wonder some of your military are fed up with you. I quote Time, July 28, 2003, page 12: “Homesick grunts from the U.S. army’s 3rd infantry division may have ruffled Pentagon feathers last week by calling on Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld to resign.” I agree with you, soldiers!

Bush has again pointed with his not trembling finger to **Syria** (read below) as a supporter of world terrorism. Stupid rogue, it is high time to understand that you are the main cause, the father of growing terrorism!!! You and your warmongers, your hatred against races, nations, your clear policy to dominate the world, to control natural resources is the basic cause of terrorism. *Your state terrorism, your wars will create new and new focuses, centers of terrorism.* You should be kicked out of your high chairs!

Stay at home, Uncle Sam!!!

24.07.2003

The USA exhibited the dead bodies of Saddam's two sons: disgusting, ugly, *ugly*, **ugly**, **UGLY**. It is as ugly as the public executions of the middle Ages, as the public executions by Nazis on occupied territories, as the public executions in communist China. And this step is again one-sided; the USA protested screaming when Iraq exhibited dead bodies of American soldiers. Horrible, indeed horrible!

And now the security organizations of the USA made public a report, admitting that the strike of 11th of September 2001 could have been prevented. They were simply incompetent. The last straw is lost. Leave the world alone, we do not need your army, your stone-headed and liar politicians, your domination, we are fed up with you!

25.07.2003

Two important news:

1. Time, August 4, 2003, page 14: "Drugs? What Drugs?" I simply quote: While looking for Taliban and al-Qaida fighters, American special forces in Afghanistan routinely come across something they're not looking for: evidence of a thriving Afghan drug trade. But they're not doing anything about it. (...) U.S. soldiers have found hidden caches of narcotics, crude heroin-processing labs and convoys racing across the desert with bundles of hashish and opium, headed for Europe and Central Asia. (...) *Afghanistan became the world's largest heroin producer!*

Thanks god, USA has liberated a country, liberated drug trade, gave back a huge market to American mafias.

2. We learn from The Washington Post that "U.S. Decision on Iraq Has Puzzling Past", the president, i.e. Bush has "made up his mind" weeks after the strike of September 11 to launch war on Afghanistan and to prepare war against Iraq. Read my warning: this crazy dictator-to-be will strike into the first bush! He did. He is definitely war-criminal!!!

10.08.2003

A picture titled "Stupidity" (I do not have the right to publish it) well points to the opinion of the general public: "When you earnestly believe you can compensate for a lack of skill by doubling your efforts, there's no end to what you can't do." Does this humor help now that the aggression is over?

14.08.2003

Car-bomb kills around one hundred and one of the most outstanding religious leaders. Does the war expand to internal rivalry? Your father was much wiser than you are, son.

30.08.2003

The USA is impotent as far as the internal order in Iraq is concerned. According to international law it is the duty of occupants to maintain order in the occupied country, protect safety of the population and their property.

But the USA asks for international assistance. Blatant impertinence!

I suggest you to read the personal account of the first [UNESCO Cultural Heritage Mission to Baghdad](#) (May 16-20.2003, by John M. Russel, professor of art history and archaeology, Massachusetts College of Art, Boston, USA)

One of the best spectacular accounts of the war images is that of the war-reporter Alexandra Boulat's "[Diary of the War](#)", published by National Geography. I should have drawn your attention earlier to this brave series of pictures and clips of the intervention of the USA. It is still not late to follow the uncontrolled behavior of the newest colonizer of our little planet.

08.09.2003

Let us have a glance at the "news of the day":

– Blix, the ex-expert of the UN expressed his opinion that it was more and more probable that the report of Iraq concerning their chemical, biological and nuclear arsenal, which asserted that they had none, was true. I was absolutely sure about it! This means that the war was a *simple, rough aggression*.

– Some Americans wake up. At the press conference of Rumsfeld a group hoisted a banner "BLOODY HANDS" and shouted "You're fired!" He should not only be fired, but jailed as well! One of the worst war criminals of modern times.

11.09.2003



– says Time. I think they are right. My opinion is that this arrogant *liberator's* mission and such missions in general cannot be accomplished successfully. Thanks god!

Let me quote just two sentences of this issue:

– "...Bush and Blair stretched the available intelligence on WMD [weapons of mass destruction] until it fit their predetermined decision to go to war."

– "Even the mightiest nation on earth can't go it alone." Thanks god! And no nation should back any such step in the future history of mankind!!! Politicians of the world: work hard on making impossible all such attempts!

13.10.2003

*

Let me stop here for a moment. Ten years have gone since I wrote this last sentence. For this ten years the USA and NATO strengthened their military alliance, NATO converted itself from *defense* alliance into an *aggressive force*, the two participated in joint overthrow and lynching of Gaddafi, dictator of an independent nation, the UN more and more easier give their consent to aggressions (as it happened with Mali).

Instead of safeguarding our interests, interests of the innocent population of the Earth, politicians and especially military of the powers tend to become everyday aggressors.

Shame on us!

*

I have found a good summary of events, truth about the causes, the war itself, consequences: [Frontline – Truth](#) Go through it carefully, I believe you will come to the same conclusion I came (again): the whole matter is a rude form of **STATE TERRORISM!**

20.10.2003

Murderers, look at what you have done: do you really expect these people to bend, to ever stop resistance?

*

I have to stop for some explanations again. Around the “end” (??) of the war (with the quotation marks I express my opinion that this war can never be completed, see my summary of the consequences) and immediately after the Internet was full of links showing horrible pictures of victims. The above sentence refers to them. Some of them disappeared, proving that the memories of the human race are forgiving and/or the pressure from the guilty powers must be fierce. I select now two pictures and not from the most horrible ones, just to remind you that this war also belongs to the most awful events of human cruelty, but gave up the idea to publish them: even they are shocking.

*

And the stupidity of the human race does not have any limits. Bush got the approval to continue the “anti-terrorist war” and the “democratization” of Iraq on different levels:

- The Security Council joined the USA.
- The Senate approved USD 88 billion for the reconstruction of Iraq (this is understandable if you look at this decision from their point of view: this huge amount of money was taken from the taxpayers and is put from one pocket into the other of the top rulers/big capital of the USA).
- The Assembly of Fighters for Morsels offered another 21 or 22 billion of taxpayers. Most of this money will also be pocketed by American capital.

Unbelievable, 1001 times unbelievable!!!

06.11.2003



The entire President's Mess – this is how Time looks at this horror-story. They are right: this war and war against terrorism in general will never end, if treated like the USA does. It cannot be stopped by force. The roots are too deep and complicated; the present rulers of the USA do not have the slightest idea about it. I bet they do not understand

the significance of the picture titled “Sign of the Times” as well. They do not care about national, religious, human feelings at all. Dangerous, wild, stupid *power crazy people!*

Let us recall the words of *Nelson Mandela*, his view just before Bush launched this cruel war: “One power, with a President who has no foresight and cannot think properly, now wants to plunge the world into a holocaust.” He was absolutely right! The possibility of a terrible holocaust is at our doorstep.

And the danger is fast growing: (1) Bush received even more money, more than USD 400 billion to spend on his war against Iraq and terrorism. More money will mean more arrogance! (2) The gate for renewing the development program of “small tactical nuclear weapons” has been opened for him. World, try to stop him, he is going to use this terrible weapon “in the interest of the American nation” = in the interest of big (oil) capital! Horrible!!!

*

Bush paid a *thanksgiving visit* to London the other day.

The visit was a *shame* on Britain, especially on Blair and the royal family. They should be thrown out together with the No1 enemy of the world.

25.11.2003

Bush visited Iraq to cheer up his brave, frightened soldiers. Visited for 2,5 hours, landed in darkness, trembling. Prowling – we call it. The lion is afraid of his half-eaten pray. This trembling lion will be ready to kill millions just for restoring his (never existed) prestige.

28.11.2003

Saddam has been arrested. The huge amount offered for his head has worked; as such amounts always do the job. This is the first significant justifiable result of the war against Iraq. At last a dictator will be impeached. Bush and his group are jubilant. Unfortunately more than that: Bush is calling his enemy names, demands his execution. His whole behavior is characteristic of him, of the champion of death penalty, of the warmonger, war criminal. He wants to eat his beaten enemy’s heart, as it was the habit in a couple of countries of Africa. It is most regrettable! He should behave as a decent, modest leader of a great country. He cannot. He is a nobody, a shameful figure, a bloodthirsty beast. The whole matter should be taken out of his hands or he should be fastened to Saddam and share his fate. Very sad story, indeed! I am really sorry for the American nation, who had mistakenly elected him the President. Or was this election a cheating?

Will this change the situation in Iraq in any way? I do not believe it will. Nothing is being done to cease oppressing the Iraqi people, to let Iraq own and manage their national resources.

22.12.2003

Saddam was fingered by Iraqi Kurds – according to some representatives of the press – and the brave US Army just collected the pray. Shame for all of them.

It is unavoidable to mention one disturbing phenomenon, a proof that the war has not *liberated* Iraq: the *resistance* in the country is on the same high level as it was before the arrest of Saddam.

American State Terrorism: I thought I was alone or just one of a few with the belief, that the USA is acting as the main terror-states, the Nazi Germany and the communist Soviet Union used to, but I found this site to my surprise. Read it with attention!

23.12.2003

And we arrived to 2004

- The **Viceroy** of the USA in Iraq expressed his opinion the other day, that there are no WMDs in Iraq. No further comment is needed.
- A *bomb* was blown up in a restaurant in Baghdad on New Year's Eve, killing six. A helicopter suffered accident the next day.

Go home Uncle Sam!

(02.01.2004?)

The moment is not far when normal human beings will be able to **celebrate the fall of two bloodthirsty aggressors** of our times: BB – Bush and Blair. They are fighting rear-guard fights. Resignations, declarations of experts that there are not and never had been WMDs in Iraq. Both were forced to set up inquiries, they both have bad days in the legislative assemblies. They will have to resign or they will be defeated at the next election. Bush's popularity is already less than 50%! The majority of citizens of the USA do not believe him. June will finally ruin him: he will either be unable to hand over the power to Iraqis or the country will sink into chaos. I look forward to the happy moment of their fall!

04.02.2004

Hans Blix has been decorated at home. The government of Sweden acknowledged his valuable, brave work done in Iraq as head of the team of the UN that was searching for WMD. A slap of a peace-loving nation in the face of Bush.

09.02.2004

According to the UN at least one year is needed to prepare a *democratic election* in Iraq. What kind of democratic election are they talking about? The country is in ruins, the situation is not peaceful at all. The USA does not accept this opinion and goes for the election in June. I feel the sting of failure again!

*

I start collecting further information that will serve the formulation of conclusions. The whole process is going to be an open discussion with myself.

Let me start with a law that is my main conclusion:

“Wars and Gods do not solve the problems of mankind, mutual understanding is needed. To achieve that brain and empathy is required, mainly from the stronger side.”

I close the regular comments of events in and around Iraq; the picture is clear and awful. Bush, this stupid president and his group on top of the government of the biggest economic and military power, the only superpower of our Earth have made a lot of mistakes (if you are ready to use this too mild expression) that triggered a new wave of hatred, a new wave of resistance, a new wave of terror. Let us count these mistakes (or unacceptable steps):

- The intelligence and the government of the USA failed to understand that fatal attack on them is expected, failed to detect the preparations and failed to make the necessary steps to prevent the country from the attack.
- To repair the suffered trauma, to restore their prestige they immediately declared war on terrorism, using absolutely inadmissible phrases, slogans, utterances, I would even call some of them ideologies (crusade, axis of evil, condemnation of Islam, etc.) that could result only in growing resistance from the world of Islam, from enslaved nations.

– Utilizing this event for securing natural resources and routes of transporting them for the USA, Bush and his circle launched two wars. One had the backing of the “international community”, but did not achieve the main (declared) task, the complete destruction of one of the training grounds of terrorism (Afghanistan). The second one – launched on Iraq – was not approved by the UN and even by their biggest partners in NATO; the internal and international “ground” was tempered by absurd lies (WMD, contact with and financing terror, etc.). None of these wars brought peace to the occupied nations and did not reduce terrorism, just on the contrary. It is clear and proved now that the USA and their main coalition partners cheated not only their nations and the international community, but their legislature as well.

I consider these steps of the USA and their coalition partners as one of the greatest war crimes of modern times. I also believe that the new role of the USA as the only superpower of our Earth and warmonger – because of its absolute and uncontrollable economic and military supremacy – represents the most ever dangerous threat for the world.

It is impossible not to comment a couple of news: (1) **Bush** recently took the courage to joke in a disgusting manner on his (the USA’s) inability to find WMDs in Iraq!!! and (2) **Powell** bluntly admitted that his assertion in the US Assembly that WMDs in Saddam’s hands were the main cause of the planned invasion on Iraq was not properly based!!!

Mandela proved to be absolutely right (see already twice above): “One power, with a President who has no foresight and cannot think properly, now wants to plunge the world into a holocaust.”

03.04.2004

Feed Room Video Alert quotes Bush as having said, after bloody revolt erupted in Iraq:

“President Bush said Monday he is committed to the June 30 deadline for transferring power in Iraq and will not be deterred by violence and an armed Shiite revolt against the U.S.-led occupation.”

Remarkable: The president of the most dangerous superpower decided not to pay attention to the chaos he created and leaves Iraq, expecting those who opposed the invasion to maintain peace and stability. And remarkable that he rightly uses now the expression “occupation” instead of liberation, admitting that the invasion of Iraq was/is unlawful occupation! I do not believe my ears: such a step may be planned and done only by hypocrite of the worst kind.

06.04.2004

It is high time to add some links for those who would like to watch, what is the result of the rascality of their “elected” leaders!

Very interesting is the site of PBS (the Public Broadcasting Service is a non-profit public broadcasting television network in the United States, with 354 member television stations): [*USA & The Invasion of Iraq*](#) (posted February 26, 2004). It consists of three parts:

- Interviews with journalists and military analysts and also with military commanders;
- “Operation Iraqi Freedom”: A chronology of the six-week invasion of Iraq, drawn from the FRONTLINE documentary and
- Analysis: What lessons have been learned from the war? What questions remain? How successful were allied forces in avoiding civilian casualties? What should have been done to prepare for the war’s chaotic aftermath?

Though the “players”, figuring in this site are closely connected with the Bush administration, it reflects quite well the baselessness and lawlessness of this war.

The cost of this war is counted by a site: COSTofWar.com. The figures of this site cannot be taken for granted, since the permanent level of every step in the process of counting is definitely far from being correct. I use it as an honest attempt to guess as close to reality as possible the outrageous amount of taxpayers' money spent in the interest of big capital. (The program is published by National Priorities Project, a research organization of the USA that focuses on the impact of federal spending at the national, state, congressional district and local levels.)

Americans, I have to draw your attention to the fact that your military have killed enormous number of civilians. Even the [Iraq Body Count](http://IraqBodyCount.com) website that uses official – as they indicate: “Documented civilian deaths from violence” – figures, unfolds shocking data. The site counts – as they express it – “non-combatants killed by military or paramilitary action and the breakdown in civil security following the invasion.” I still publish it as account containing bottom figures of the – I repeat: non-combatant – victims of this dirty war. As you can see below according to reliable opinions around **70-95% of civilian deaths are concealed** by such publications. The most probable figure is at least 655000, and some believe it is over a million. As simple as that: one million innocent human life was/is wiped out in the interest of big, shameless, cruel capital.

Anyway, it is not easy to follow Uncle Sam's massacre in Iraq.

22.04.2004

Military of the USA – men, women, soldiers and officers of high rank – torture, sexually assault and kill prisoners of this lawless war. They admit that they do it having been instructed by the military intelligence and CIA. The same is happening in Afghanistan. Citizens of this superpower, wake up! Your leaders have already stained your flag with blood; they are now committing unforgivable sins against humanity in your name. Not only Arabs, but the whole world will remember this forever and hate you!

05.05.2004

Citizens of the USA read and read again:

The voice of veterans is heard from the site [Operation Truth](http://OperationTruth.com); it is worthwhile to pay serious attention to them. I quote a few sentences from the site:

“American servicemen and women have a voice that deserves to be heard; the issues and hardships troops face merit attention. Additionally, American servicemen and women have a distinct and important perspective that can influence the American political scene in a powerful way.” One TV ad sponsored by the organization featured Robert Acosta, a soldier who lost his hand in combat in Iraq. “I was called to serve in Iraq because the government said there were weapons of mass destruction – but they weren't there,” Acosta said. “They said Iraq had something to do with 9/11 – but the connection wasn't there... So when people ask me where my arm went, I try to find the words, but they're not there.” The ad ends with a shot of Acosta removing his prosthesis, revealing a stub where his right hand should be.”

Fallujah was one of the places of outstanding brutality, a city under the *state terror of the USA*. Most probably all of you will recall the inhumanity of the American military: Reports following the events of November 2004 have alleged war crimes, human rights abuses, and a massacre by U.S. personnel. This point of view is presented in the 2005 documentary film, *Fallujah, The Hidden Massacre*. I can only draw light to this event quoting [Wikipedia](http://Wikipedia.org).

08.12.2004

Two years have gone. The latest figure of the death-toll of Iraqi civilians is given in Sarah Boseley's article (in ZNet, Oct 12, 2006): "[655,000 Iraqis killed since invasion](#)"¹². The source is "The Lancet" medical journal, and the study was made by Johns Hopkins Bloomberg School of Public Health in Baltimore in co-operation with al-Mustansirija University of Baghdad. And this figure *does not contain military victims* of this lawless war!

Shame on you, USA!!! Whoever believes your war in Iraq is much worse than Vietnam was is right, absolutely right!!!

11.10.2006

I intend now to close this matter with the above forever. Human beings, be careful, you can read mostly history, adulterated by rascals, disguised as politicians, leaders of superpowers.

15.10.2006

More opinions that I met during the compilation of this booklet:

Nobody can give you better summary on the casualties, than [Wikipedia's Casualties of the Iraq War](#), study this site carefully!

*

Another site, [Leading to War](#) (Subtitles: How did the U.S. government lead its people to war? – See where the truth lies – A film and website that chronicle the path to war in Iraq) surprises you with – among others – a fantastic documentary film explaining how this war was prepared.

I was already formulating the closing sentences of this chapter of the booklet when came across two sites of Mr. Dirk Adriaensens:

Iraq: [The Age of Darkness](#)

and

the same book in [Countercurrents.org](#)

Who is this person? Why has he attracted my attention?

"Dirk Adriaensens is a contributor of SOS Iraq and a member of the Executive Committee of the BRussells Tribunal. Adriaensens has been following the situation in Iraq since 1990. Between 1992 and 2003, he led several delegations to Iraq to observe the effects of sanctions there. He is the co-founder of the BRussells Tribunal, and a coordinator of the Global Campaign against the Assassination of Iraqi Academics. Adriaensens also cooperated on the book 'Cultural Cleansing in Iraq' (Pluto Press)."

And what are his assertions?

(He quotes others as well in the below quotations from his site, I did not want to make your reading more difficult indicating all sources. Brackets 4, 5, 6, 7 you may easily find in the last site.)

"In 2007, there were 5 million Iraqi orphans, according to official government statistics. More than 2 million Iraqis are refugees and almost 3 million internally displaced. 70 percent of Iraqis do not have access to potable water.

Unemployment is as high as 50 percent officially, 70 percent unofficially. 43 percent of Iraqis live in abject poverty. 8 million Iraqis require immediate emergency aid. 4 million people lack food and are in dire need of humanitarian assistance. 80 percent of Iraqis do not have access to effective sanitation. Religious minorities are on the verge of extinction.[4]

In a recent Oxfam-designed survey, 33 percent of women had received no humanitarian assistance since 2003; 76 percent of widows did not receive a pension; 52 percent were unemployed; 55 percent had been displaced since 2003; and 55 percent had been subjected to violence – 25.4 percent to random street violence, 22 percent to domestic abuse, 14 percent to violence inflicted by militias, 10 percent to abuse or abduction, 9 percent to sexual abuse and 8 percent to violence inflicted by multinational forces.[5] Iraq has a dysfunctional parliament, rampant disease, an epidemic of mental illness, and sprawling slums. The killing of innocent people has become part of daily life.

William Blum gives a short but devastating overview of the ‘good outcome’ of this war: ‘No American should be allowed to forget that the nation of Iraq, the society of Iraq, has been destroyed, ruined, a failed state. The Americans, beginning 1991, bombed for 12 years, with one excuse or another; then invaded, then occupied, overthrew the government, killed wantonly, tortured ... the people of that unhappy land have lost everything — their homes, their schools, their electricity, their clean water, their environment, their neighborhoods, their mosques, their archaeology, their jobs, their careers, their professionals, their state-run enterprises, their physical health, their mental health, their health care, their welfare state, their women’s rights, their religious tolerance, their safety, their security, their children, their parents, their past, their present, their future, their lives ... More than half the population either dead, wounded, traumatized, in prison, internally displaced, or in foreign exile ... The air, soil, water, blood and genes drenched with depleted uranium ... the most awful birth defects ... unexploded cluster bombs lie in wait for children to pick them up .’[6]

Hannah Gurman adds the following challenge to this grim picture of ‘success’: ‘No matter how much the U.S government erases the past or predicts the future of Iraq, ordinary Iraqis will continue to face the more messy and complicated realities of the present. I dare Obama and everyone else in the spin machine to go to Iraq and look a child in the eyes. A child who, seven years after the U.S. invasion, still lacks adequate housing, drinking water, sanitation, electricity and education. Now, tell that child that the war in Iraq was a success.’”[7]

Thank you, Mr. Dirk Adriaenssens! You made my job simple. I would not be able to close this chapter any better, than you did!

*

As I mentioned in the Foreword, two countries – Syria and Libya – have been added to the original diary of the second war of the “coalition forces” of the USA against Iraq. The reason is that the only superpower’s attention turned to the oil-rich countries of North Africa and Middle East in recent decades.

And once the USA sets their eyes on a specified area, they will definitely find ways and means to top all the countries and put their hands on all natural resources of that zone. No doubt.

I carry heart-warming memories of these countries since the seventies of last century and have no reason to believe that the people whom I met there have changed in any point of view. Those in power may change their hearts, may help their subjects to find ways to better life or may cause sufferings to them, but nations, the population remains basically the same even for long periods of history, like the 40 years that passed since my staying there.

If you go through my 40 years old descriptions that may sound like *fairy tales* you will definitely guess why I hate the lies that surround the evil steps committed (Libya) or planned (Syria) against the Arab world.

I begin with Syria: that was my first meeting with Arabs.

Chapter 2

Syria

(target of state terrorism of the USA)

Syria is a corner of my heart. The reasons are numerous.

This was the first country I visited – on official assignment, as director of the Hungarian pavilion at the annual general fair of Damascus – outside the “socialist block” as an adult; I met wonderful people there; I had the luck to visit exciting places; my visit was full of (mostly) pleasant surprises; I could see the horrors of Palestinian refugee camps; I got some impression on how different we – nations, cultures, colors, beliefs, thinking – are and still how little these differences are.

I arrived to Damascus just after noon. I was told that the driver of the Hungarian pavilion, a certain Hussein was going to meet me at the airport and take me to the flat of the chap, whom I have to relieve. Hussein was there, jumped to me as soon as I left the customs. He was a little bit frightening, quite big, dark, one eye defective. My goodness, I thought. But he met me with friendly smile and with shockingly fluent Hungarian: “Husszein vagyok, minden rendben?” (I am Hussein, is everything OK?). He drove me to the city beside refugee camps, tents, crowd, dirt, poverty. Shocking, it was really shocking, the camps occupied almost the whole distance from the airport to the city. I was surprised at the flat too: my predecessor was quietly sleeping. He just extended his hand for a shake and told me to follow his suit and have a sleep. It is too hot to do anything – he said. No, I replied, if we do not have program for the afternoon, I shall have a walk, as usual when I arrive to any foreign place. OK, he said, but do not fall asleep, walking. It was 38 deg C, so my walk was short, he was absolutely right: I almost fell asleep walking, it was difficult to resist. The short walk was enough to have a pleasant surprise: I saw a group of small children (around 8-9 years old), disciplined, nice, in uniforms (I hate uniforms of any kind, but these little ones looked nice in the orderly dresses), crossing a street. OK, I said to myself, you are at a good place.

The routine started next day: visits, guests, delegations, Hungarians exhibiting and permanently complaining, payments to be effected, etc. Boring, I did not like it from the very first moment. One of the first occasions was my introductory visit to the general manager of the fair. I got dressed in my only light, beige suit. When I wanted to get into my car, my trousers ripped in two at the sewing. Hussein, we have to purchase new trousers – I told the driver. No, sir, too long, keep quiet. He started driving like hell, drove to the “old city” with very-very narrow lanes, not more than 2,5 m. Stopped at the narrowest possible place. Follow me – I was instructed. Small door, spiral stairs of 70 cms, miniature tailor’s workshop. Off the trousers! – was the next order. Five minutes and I got my trousers back; I was not late for the meeting.

Hussein was an old chap (to me, then), more than 40, served the 13th time as our driver, a grandpa, but full of energy and liked “playing” with Arab girls around him. He was always polite, knew without word what was needed, ran for it or did it. He was most probably the “ear” of our pavilion; at least I was warned that he was supposed to be the security man, attached to the pavilion. I was also told by my predecessor that if I had time to make a trip, it would be enough to tell Hussein, indicating the time available and he would know where to take me (or us, we usually offered the pleasure to members of the staff, other Hungarians present). During one of such visits, to Bosra, which was just a few kms from the Israeli “frontline” we were stopped at a barrier, an army post. “Egy pillanat” (just a moment) – he

said, jumped out, went to the soldier, told a few words and the barrier was lifted. Impressive, not an act of a common driver. The barrier was there not without purpose: as we drove towards Bosra we saw tens of tanks digged in up to their guns, fighter planes flying frighteningly low. When we arrived I thought he made a mistake, got lost. What could be seen were a few huts and a grey, not very high Arab fortress? We were told to follow him, went through a nasty gate and... Stopped gasping for air: an almost complete amphitheater was preserved by the fort, built around it. I could not keep calm, was almost running up and down. Hussein stood at the scene smiling, and then requested us to go upstairs step by step. Started singing (he had good voice) and his song could be heard with the same volume and ringing at every point of the theatre. It was fantastic, simply fantastic!

He had a friend, older than he was, who – as he explained – had been general of the Syrian army, had some row with his superiors, left for Kuwait, purchased a piece of land, stuck a rod into the soil, oil erupted: he is millionaire now. This friend of him used to come over to see him and the Hungarian pavilion each and every year. The millionaire indeed turned up around the end of the fair, spent a couple of hours with us and then invited the management of the pavilion and the businessmen present for a dinner. This was probably the most remarkable dinner of my life: we were taken in the middle of the “Arab sea” to an elegant restaurant with a huge garden, waterfall at one end, live western music, and dance floor of marble, enigmatic lighting. A few words were enough for the waiter to understand the order: 73 dishes were put on our table, plate on plate. It is an Arab custom to greet loved guests this way – was my impression. The 73 included different seeds, sweets as well, but most of the dishes were meat and seafood. The only lady of our group, a beauty, who represented a foreign trading company, was not only the center of attention of the Hungarians, but also of the millionaire. He started calling her Allahzrir (little Allah), was extremely polite with her and could not lose sight of her. After the dinner he took a seat aside, smoking water-pipe and requested (!) us to dance. She was my partner of the evening; we enjoyed dancing and each-other (unfortunately only dancing). I am unable to express the possible feelings of our friend, the millionaire. He had not turned his head from us.

Hussein invited us to his parents place, *Maalula*. I had never heard of it before, expected what I was told, a small Arab village. I was surprised several times during this visit. The first was the view of the village, that looked like a swallow’s nest, small, but occupying both slopes of a valley and crawling up to a Christian monastery, the houses looked sparkingly clean, freshly whitewashed (I would say blue washed, most of the houses were blue). It is a pity that my dias do not show this color any more. I learnt only there that the monastery was one of the first Christian monasteries, established in or around 60. The next surprise was that the women of the village behaved as those in Europe or even more freely: some were hanging out of their windows, waving, others – on the street – were looking into your eyes, I had the feeling that one of them was even winking! Very pleasant surprise, indeed. The next was his parents’ house, it was much more than a hut, had rooms, kitchen, terrace, everything clean. We were served the lunch in the “living room” or the biggest room, on a huge carpet! I am not joking, on a carpet on the floor. Our hosts offered us cushions as seats and they occupied their cushions, quickly crossing their legs (we call this way of sitting “törökülés” – Turkish way, we have seen them sitting for 150 years). Ladies made the cooking and served the excellent dishes through the door to the kitchen, but none of them joined us. Contradiction to what we saw closer to the monastery. I was one of the subjects of discussion during the lunch: I was said to be Arab. Finally the host accompanied me to another room, dressed me in a complete set of Arab clothing. When we entered the living room again, my Arab friends gasped in real surprise: *effendi*. I was adopted by them as a high-rank Arab!

Not long ago – being curious, how does it look like today – I found Maalula on the Internet. The modern look of Maalula was the greatest of all surprises. What an exciting change for slightly more than 40 years: Maalula is a modern city today. Have a look at it yourself, searching for Maalula and/or Ma'loula. Is the modern city better or not? I am not absolutely sure about it.

I have to tell you a story of Hussein. He spends a few weeks every year in the desert, just for getting rid of the modern, hectic life, to have a rest. During one of such occasions, when he was sitting (on his ankles) in front of his Bedouin-tent, preparing his lunch on open fire, black of dirt and smoke, a white couple riding on camels approached him. He was asked in English, then French, then German, then Italian, how to go to Palmyra. He kept shaking his head as if he had not understood a word. Getting tired the man told the lady in Hungarian: Such a stupid one, does not speak any language, what should we do? (He forgot about his not speaking Arabic!) Hussein did not bother much, kept sitting and replied in his fluent Hungarian: Carry on straight; it is just another 50 kms. The couple almost dropped from their camels.

I think the invitation of the representative of a Hungarian foreign trading company for the management of the pavilion to attend a lunch at his residence preceded the above described ones and was not a bit less interesting. The house was dazzling: rich Garden of Eden, marble and wood, brass, spacious rooms, and sliding doors to the garden. We had been offered alcoholic (!) drinks in a kind of waiting room by the elegantly dressed host. He proudly explained us, when asked, that his HiFi equipment was the best possible, absolutely up-to-date: producing music from 18 Hz to 25 000 Hz, the output of the loud-speakers was enormous. The feeling was as if we were sitting in a concert-hall. Then the double-hung door of the dining room was thrown open by an Arab servant: "The table is ready" – was announced. I was the chief guest, went ahead. Entering the room I stopped at the door: the table was 5-6 m long, in the middle a piglet with cuscus on a huge silver plate, apple in the mouth, surrounded with other dishes, fruits, sweets, but there were no chairs around the table. You will laugh at me: I had never seen such magic before. The moment was saved in a second, because I noticed the columns of plates and understood, that self-service is expected from the guests. The host must have noticed the second of hesitation and came also to the rescue, with suggestions, explanations about the dishes. I only then realized that two wonderful young ladies stand on the sides of the table. Both were tall and slim, their long hair shining black, as their eyes that were invitingly smiling. We were introduced to each-other, these wonderful creatures proved to be daughters of the host, one of them 26, the other one 28 years of age. The lunch was delicious, but the best followed at a side-table, to which I was invited by the two wonders and – to my great satisfaction – I was the subject of polite, still courtship of the young Syrian beauties. I was offered a slice of the tart of the day with the main decoration of the tart on it. The hour I spent with them is unforgettable, warm, nice, polite, and intelligent. I learnt there and then that the family considered themselves to be of ancient Syrian descent. Syrians were among the firsts to embrace the Christian religion, thus the ancient monastery, thus the open behavior of the ladies. The whole afternoon I spent with this nice family is reserved forever in my heart. A new (for me) ethnic group, very small one, preserving the culture of once a great nation.

I cannot recall the reason why, but we were also taken by Hussein via Homs to Latakia, the main port of Syria. The heat – though the Fair was open at the beginning of the cool season – was burning, around 40 deg C. Hussein's big car had air-conditioning, but when we stopped for some 15 minutes because of a horrifying accident and I touched the upholstered top of the car from inside, it was hot like an iron. The car could take four passengers; one of them was certainly Allahzrir. We stopped just for a few minutes in Homs, had a glance at the main mosque of the town, even so we arrived to Latakia late in the evening. The sea looked like a

mirror, the water was cool and silky, it was so inviting, and I (and only I) decided to have a swim. Swimming out of the bay I suddenly noticed that sparkling beads were coming off the tops of my fingers. Astonishingly beautiful ones, almost like spark-throwers on a Xmas tree, locked in very small bubbles. I thought they were a kind of lighting sea insects. Nobody understood what I was talking about when I swam ashore. After having a pleasant dinner we went to sleep in a not very elegant hotel. Just a few minutes after midnight I woke up trembling from high fever. I also had awful diarrhea. My group could not understand the reason, why: we did everything together. Hussein was the only one to suggest a possible cause: my body was cooled down too quickly in the sea. The decision was also his: we have to return to Damascus immediately, to be on the safe side. The back way I spent with my had in Allahzrir's lap. This pleasure was offered by her, who would resist such an offer? It proved to be an excellent compensation for the fever and the rest.

I mention one more trip, a short trip to Beirut. One of the exhibits was late and I could not get proper information from Hungary and the communication with Lebanon was awfully bad. I was advised by the Trade Office (or whatever the name of it was) to take a taxi (!) and check in person with the forwarding agent, that had their head-office in Beirut. I did so. The trip was boring, but the changes after having crossed the border were simply unbelievable: the desert changed for a garden, the strict monetary rules of Syria into boys of the age of 12-13 years running to us with huge bundles of currencies in their hands, including Hungarian forints. I requested one of the boys to tell me the exchange rate of forint and he quoted without blinking the so called "commercial rate", the result of a very complicated system of calculations, prevailing in the rigid state monetary system of Hungary. Surprising experience, isn't it?

Dealing with my trips I completely forgot about Damascus itself. One of the reasons of my absent-minded approach probably is that the city – at least as I am trying to collect my memories now – did not impress me much. Besides the terrible refugee camps I recall only three places or sights. One of them – interestingly enough – is the coffee-vendor one could meet at almost every corner, especially around the Suk (Souk). They carry brass container (I cannot recall was it coffee-machine at the same time? Probably yes, it was.) on their back with a tube coming to the front and with a basket for small cups. They were shouting, offering coffee, running to and fro like sprinters and the coffee they served was damned strong. I also recall the Suk, the first one of my life and probably the biggest of all I have seen. You can get everything on the Earth there, but the most interesting shops for me were the ones selling antique goods. Entering a huge one, not less than 4 m high, absolute disorder prevailing on the tables and the few shelves they had, iron and steel, brass and copper, wood and textile, ceramics and china, nice things and worthless rubbish in sky-high heaps. I was immediately stormed by the owner or the number one of the shop asking about my intentions, my nationality. When I was not careful enough and told that I was from Hungary, the chap exclaimed: Good friends, very good friends, 12 and a half percent discount. I think it was impossible to leave the place without purchasing something absolutely needless and useless.

I was also taken to the center of workshops, I believe, just behind the Suk, where Arabs and Jews worked in peace next to each-other.

After the closing of the Fair I started settling the invoices of the local entrepreneurs. Comes the joiner, I study his papers and look up with surprise: the name of the person is Sabo. Sabo, written Szabó and pronounced exactly the same way is an old Hungarian name, meaning tailor. I explain him why am I surprised, asking him if he was Hungarian. He is also surprised: No, no, I am Armenian, he says. It is my turn again to be surprised, I knew well that all Armenian names end with ...*jan*. (The splendid American writer Sarojan was also a second generation Armenian.) He denies, saying that ...*jan* is the general rule, but there are some

exceptions, very rare ones and Sabo is one of them. We start discussing, how his parents escaped from the Soviet Union and settled in Syria, how many Armenians I knew in Moscow and suddenly he starts crying, crocodile tears running down on his cheeks. I am shaken, since he is second generation Armenian, he was borne in Syria and spent his life there!

What unbelievable force homesickness is!

The day came when I had to say good-bye to Syria, Damascus, Fair, Hussein. I was requested by the Trade Office to take courier post (confidential diplomatic parcel) with me, which would be handed over at the airport. At the airport they realized that the parcel had been forgotten and requested Hussein to go back and try to take the parcel in time. I said good-bye to Hussein for the case he does not succeed. Hussein was indeed late; I checked in and walked towards the plane when one of the officers of the Trade Office ran to me with the parcel. I was halfway to the plane when heard someone shouting my name. I turned back and saw Hussein at the fence, clinging to it. I left the line and hurried back to him. He was trying to shake hands, but we could just touch each-other's fingers. He started crying, tears were running down on his face, whimpered... Oh, my good god, an adult Arab, who has served to me! If I had the opportunity to have a meeting before I die with those who were close to me during my hectic life, he would be one of those invited.

One of my mistakes in Syria was that I did not visit Palmyra, the remnants of a kingdom, which was ruled by a woman. The place must be wonderful; I feel pity, whenever I see pictures of that incredible place.

*

Forty four years have gone. Whenever I think about Syria, my heart warms up. I recall the friendly figure of Hussein, the Armenian gentleman Sabo, crying because of homesick, the green fruit-trees of our residence, the simply fantastic young catholic ladies of the representative of a Hungarian firm, the Roman theatre in Bosra, the winkling ladies and the lunch in Maalula, I imagine Hussein sitting in front of his tent...

But the reality, the situation in the country has awfully changed... Syria has been *appointed* by the USA a member of the *axis of evil*, the absolutely lawless classification committed by the real evil, George W. Bush.

When I first heard of the “uprising” in Syria, my reaction was (as I wrote in my book: Worlds, peoples, persons): I think of amiable people with heavy heart, of the fantastic developments that occurred since my staying there. I am afraid growing orthodoxy will be the undesirable result of these movements. I shall be very pleased if democratization and modernization (economic and religious) will be the characteristic trend.

But my hopes proved to be dreams.

I started studying the developments, searching for the causes of the outbreak of events, and for possible remedies, for the future of Syria. I found out soon that the situation is impossibly complicated.

One of the reasons definitely must be the low level of life, at least in certain parts of the country.

It also became clear that ethnic tension exist between the leading “elite” and the majority of the population.

One of the contradictions is of religious character: Assad ruled the country on secular basis, the opposition consisted of different groups, but one aspect was common: all of them were followers of Islamic extremist doctrines. The fundamentalist Muslim Brotherhood became the

strongest force of the opposition. They had been suppressed in several Arab countries, including Syria, where their activities led to the so called Hama massacre in 1982. This horrible event started with killing by Muslim Brotherhood some 70 leading Ba'athists that promoted the Assad regime to launch an attack against the insurgents, beating them to the grounds. So, revenge is boiling in them.

A probably important reason is, that for some time the economy of Syria bore marks of socialism: the state sector was (and still is) dominant, the most important branches were (and are) controlled by the state. It has hurt the interest of the growing private sector and foreign capital.

Assad's regime had close relations with the Soviet Union and after its collapse with Russia. For the last decades China had also built strong political and economic ties with the country. Russian Rosoboronexport is the main supplier of arms to Syria. The purchases from them have included anti-tank and air defense systems, MIG fighters, Yak-130 aircraft, and even two Amur-1650 submarines. China's Foreign Ministry denied reports that "China exports arms to Syria". We all know that usually in such cases the opposite is true.

This "communist" (and after communism Russian) influence are definitely red canvas in the eyes of Islam extremists.

No doubt: the conflict could deepen only because the "insurgents" got arms.

How did/does it happen?

One important way is to get small weapons from the national army.

"We have caught many army prisoners," said a member of the army of the opposition. "We send them back home for a small amount of money on the condition they do not return to the regime. We use the money to buy weapons." According to observers "this strange cycle of exchanging prisoners for weapons has been playing out between rebel forces and President Bashar al-Assad's army since the beginning of the so called revolution.

Some estimate that a village purchased 40 percent of their weapons from the regime. Prisoner exchanges have so far contributed almost \$80,000 toward weapons purchases there, the leader of the group said. And they obtain an additional 50 percent of their weapons during battle. The remaining 10 percent are *donated and smuggled from outside the country, or are purchased from private merchants, mostly from Iraq.*

One of the sources is CIA that is distributing illegal assault rifles, anti-tank rocket launchers and other ammunition to Syrian opposition (reports New York Times). Due to some rebels' opinion, the CIA's task is precarious.

*

Those who are backing the extremist forces claim that the conflict began with demands for political reform as continuation of the *Arab Spring* movement that swept the Middle East and Africa, but devolved into civil war when the al-Assad regime cracked down on demonstrators.

They do not want to notice that the rebel forces use impermissible terrorist methods.

I cite one of the evidences: In the summer of 2012 Homs was occupied by "*rebels*" and *terrorists*, who have asked the national army to leave – *otherwise they have threatened to kill the civilians.*

The support of Arab Spring in general is a rude mistake:

The *constitution* of two important countries of the Arab Spring: Tunisia (the first) and Egypt (the most powerful):

I cite here only one sentence of english.alarabiya.net's study: "[Pillars of law: How new constitutions of Egypt and Tunisia measure up](#)". It is stated in chapter "Rights and Freedoms": Tunisia's draft constitution gave the country the right to refuse to adapt any international conventions [as far as I understand even concerning human rights] that contradict the constitution, while Egypt's constitution says that the practice of freedoms and rights "should not contradict" with what's in the constitution and "**the Islamic Shariaa**". No further analysis is needed, at least not for me. I know that when Gaddafi came to power and made steps to reduce the severity of *sharia*, physicians had to operate (cut off) hands of thieves', instead of using ax.

Egypt is about to *execute* (!) 21 soccer-fans...

Syrian rebels just captured 21 members of peace-keeping forces of the UN and held them as hostages for some time...

Israel is about to build wall on the borders with Syria, declaring that they are afraid of Muslim fundamentalists, in case the Assad regime collapses. We have a saying: "Two flies with one stroke!" Building such a wall they will finally annex the Syrian Golan Heights.

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I believe the most important aspect of the events in Syria is the oil- and gas-fields found under the Mediterranean Sea in front of the Israeli-Syrian-Lebanese shores. Israel already exploits certain fields; the fight in Syria goes on at least partly for the rights of research and mining of those fields that belong to this country.

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What is the opinion of Financial Times?

On February 26 this year one of the most influential papers, in their online article, "New arms deepen Syria conflict" express that "Regime missile strikes and a fresh *influx of arms to rebels* are deepening Syria's civil war even as both sides talk of moving towards a political solution. (...)

Violence has surged around Syria in the past few weeks, which analysts link to rebel offensives using the new weapons and efforts by President Bashar al-Assad's loyalists to crush the uprising by making opposition-held areas unlivable. (...)

One person familiar with the rebel military campaign said *Saudi Arabia* had funded large shipments of weapons to both northern and southern Syria, including many light weapons and some anti-aircraft missiles and anti-tank missiles. (...)

The violence contrasts with statements by both top Syrian regime and opposition officials suggesting they are *more willing* to hold talks than previously. Anti-Assad powers are due to meet opposition representatives this week at a meeting of the so-called "Friends of Syria", with *Mr. Kerry promising unspecified support*.

But Peter Harling, Syria analyst at the International Crisis Group, said that *neither side expected substantive talks to happen*, with both instead maintaining the possibility of dialogue mainly to appeal to growing constituencies in Syria that are fed up with two years of violence."

"Within society many are frustrated at what they see as senseless violence and would like to see a return to politics," said Mr. Harling. "That's what elements of both sides have been trying to play on."

Another source, that helps formulating my final, already quite clear opinion, Al-Jazeera reports from Rome (I cite passages only):

“Western and Arab governments have pledged more political and material support for the civilian Syrian opposition and called for an immediate halt to arms supplies to the Assad government. (...) A final statement after a meeting of the Friends of Syria group in Rome added: ‘The regime must immediately stop the indiscriminate bombardment against populated areas which are crimes against humanity and cannot remain unpunished’. (...) ‘The ministers pledged more political and material support to the (Syrian National) coalition as the sole legitimate representative of the Syrian people and to get more concrete assistance (into) Syria.’ (...) They gave no detail of what kind of support would be supplied. (...) The statement also deplored ‘the unabated arms supply to the regime by third countries’.

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Speaking after talks with the Syrian opposition and mainly European and Arab countries supporting them, John Kerry, the US Secretary of State, said his country would provide Syrian opposition with \$60 million in new aid and work with rebel fighters.

The US plans for the first time to provide non-lethal aid, including food rations and medical supplies, to opposition fighters battling the Syrian government and it will more than double aid to the civilian opposition, the US secretary of state said at a joint press conference with Syria Opposition leaders.

In the **United States**, President Barack Obama is thinking about *training rebels and equipping them with defensive gear such as night-vision goggles, body armor and military vehicles*, sources familiar with the discussions said.

The training would help rebels decide how to use their resources, strategize and perhaps train a police force to take over after al-Assad’s fall, one of the sources said.

Two former colonial powers made clear recently that they would definitely assist the opposition, specifying the means of supplies:

British Foreign Secretary William Hague said that his country would pledge new aid because “we cannot stand still while the crisis worsens and thousands of lives are at stake.”

A diplomatic official at the **French** Foreign Ministry told CNN that France is studying the possibility of supplying night-vision equipment or body armor to the rebels.

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The internal situation is worsening day by day: bread and gas lines are now hours long in the country.

In addition to the 60,000 people who are said to have died since the fighting began in March 2011, another 940,000 have fled the country and more than 10% of Syria’s 20 million residents have been forced to move elsewhere inside the country, the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees said.

It is important to remark here, that according to Western opinions “many inhabitants escape from the country, they are fed up with an **increasingly violent and unrecognizable opposition!**” Most probably – besides the bad supply position of elementary needs – this is the most important reason why so many people escape.

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The whole matter may be expressed in a few words: foreign intervention, supporting Muslim fundamentalists against secular power, the “parade” headed now by the USA, represented by the new secretary of state, John Kerry.

Stupidity has no bounds! Or is it much more than stupidity?

Chapter 3

Libya

I have spent more time in Libya than in Syria, two and three years after Gaddafi took over the power from the king. I met both Gaddafi and Jaloud, both of them very young and sympathetic, especially Gaddafi: he was not only handsome, but also looked educated, well-behaving.

I learnt a lot about Arabs, met there also very kind people, as did in Syria, saw wonderful places. One of the countries that I recall with good heart.

I was lucky enough to spend two consecutive springs in 1970-72, more than two months each time in Libya as director of the Hungarian pavilion at the International Fair of Tripoli.

Tripoli in itself is a nice place with its long and green shore, very interesting fort with a museum, the old city having so narrow streets that you can touch the walls of both sides standing in the middle, and the Suk, which was a real marketplace till a few years after the revolution of Gaddafi and his fellow officers.

But first I shall try to describe three wonderful places which are worthwhile to visit whatever is the political situation in the country.

Leptis Magna (known also as Lepcis Magna, Lepcis Magana)

I simply did not believe the first information that there is an ancient Roman city in Libya the size of which much exceeds the size of any other Roman site in the world, including even Italy.

But the real surprise expected me on the spot. We arrived by car on the third day of a gibli (sand-storm), when the visibility was still dim. Even so what could be seen was fantastic, a huge area of remnants of a once flourishing big city, having streets and squares so well maintained, that they could be easily converted into the network of transport of a modern city, with at least one third of the ruins having walls higher than one meter (3 feet). Some exciting buildings had – and I hope have – almost intact floors with intricate, beautiful mosaics, marmoreal wall-plates and settees, high walls, some still reaching the height of the ceiling.

Unbelievable is the water-system of the city. The remnants of the Hadrian Baths are so well preserved that the whole complicated structure of it can be seen. The large open-air swimming-bath (natation) with its vast and wonderful interior could easily be the main pool of a splendid hotel anywhere today; the frigidarium or cold room is surprisingly beautiful with its marble floor and high Corinthian columns. A doorway from it leads to the tepidarium or warm room, which is connected to the hot baths (caldarium) with a heat-lock, a small vestibule. It would not be very complicated to restore these baths and use them today as if they had not been left behind by Romans some sixteen hundred years ago. It was even more intriguing to see the toilets of the baths, which still have the seats of guests where they used to enjoy life carrying long discussions while emptying themselves. The canalization of the toilets is almost complete, ready for use.

Among plenty of exciting buildings I recall now three more: the Forum, the Basilica and the amphitheater. The temple is full of stones, parts of the building itself, remnants of sculptures, of the altar, but one can see the tremendous size and beauty of Basilica even through this disorder. The high walls are accompanied by rows of splendid columns, there are aisles on both sides of the nave as in a cathedral.

I have seen amphitheatres bigger and more complete than the one in Leptis Magna, but the beauty of this one is unparalleled: standing on the top of it you may enjoy the view of the whole city, if you go down to the scene and look back, the colors of the plates covering the seats brightens up almost as a rainbow.

I have fallen in love with Leptis Magna. Remember: not only the size of the city is bigger, but the beauty is also unsurpassed by any other Roman place.

Sabratha

Sabratha is much smaller than Leptis Magna and very different too. It is situated on the seaside, one can smell the vapor of the sea when approaches the first walls of the city. You can also have a walk on the streets and squares, less impressive ones than in Leptis Magna; most of the buildings are only ruins, though not in worse state than most of the European wonders of the Roman Empire.

But there is one structure in Sabratha to see, which makes the trip of some 80 kms from Tripoli worthwhile: the amphitheater. It is so well preserved; you hardly believe that close to two millennia have passed since the theatre is out of use. The scene and the walls, columns behind it are practically intact; the semicircle of the auditorium could be used again without spending much effort on reconstruction. I was walking around it, up and down inside, excited and was wondering about the fantastic skill of the builders.

Ghadames

Ghadames is the capital of Tuaregs. Tuaregs are almost unknown, a small group of people in the middle of the ocean of Arabs, nobody is aware of their origins and they not only look frightening, but the stories about their cruelty makes one afraid to get in touch with them.

Therefore I was not very keen to accept the invitation of the Fair Authority to pay a one day visit to Ghadames. A Hungarian working in Tripoli with an American oil company advised me not to miss this exclusive opportunity.

So I joined the group of enthusiasts, managers of the pavilions, a few representatives of the Fair Authority, a couple of journalists and a short lady PR-officer.

No road existed between Tripoli and Ghadames; it was just being built by Yugoslavia or Czechoslovakia. We were taken by bus to the airport, embarked a plane that looked like DC3. The two American pilots greeted us with broad smile. It was really funny to board such a built-just-before-WWII plane.

Oh, my goodness, how lucky I am! I surfed the Internet and found a page about Ghadames. I quote a part of it:

“Located close the point where the international frontiers of Libya, Algeria and Tunisia join, modern Ghadames has an estimated population of around 10000. The residential area is divided into the old and new towns. The old town is situated within the oasis whereas the new town has been built on the dry slopes above the oasis. The old town has been uninhabited since 1986. The old town has not been simply abandoned and still plays an important role in the life of the inhabitants. In hottest days of the summer, the inhabitants of the new city return to their original quarters in search of shade and cool.” (Libya Online)

I have seen Ghadames intact! As if it was in the middle of nowhere. No road, the “airport” was a rolled path of the desert, a one-man tin-plate hut and a wind-cone. We had to walk to the town a few hundred meters beside the cemetery. The tombs were marked with triangular stones. We were waited by very tall Tuareg warriors in front of the municipal hall. You stop in front of them a little bit frightened: you can only see their eyes, flashing on you from

around two meters. They are dressed in black from top to toes, covering even their face and nose to protect from the sand of Sahara. All of them have shining daggers, hanging on the left side. We were offered some refreshments and a local orchestra of ancient Arab instruments played a kind of light music. The Arabs, who accompanied us, started dancing, trying to involve the guests as well. I was asked by the short lady PR manager to dance with her, it was impossible to refuse. Our photo was published next morning in the central newspaper of Tripoli. This event was followed by a tour of the town. It was unforgettable. A small step on the Earth, but a great step back in human history, in the culture of a nation.

The town looked like a huge ant's nest. I do not use the expression ant-hill, because it was more hidden in the ground than built above the surface. The "streets" were sloping, leaning towards some kind of center, a small square. If I remember well, the streets became tunnels, at least at certain parts of them. There were doors on both sides, leading to the "flats" of residents. These flats differed very much from what we, Europeans or people living in rich countries under temperate climate are used to: they consisted of a central room on the ground floor, very clean and everything – floor, walls, and settees at the walls – covered with wonderful carpets. Small rooms were attached to the central one somehow above it. There was an opening on the top of the flat letting in air and light. No windows. The whole structure of the city is an example of the wisdom of local people, who did everything possible to safeguard them against the fantastic heat in the middle of the desert. Clever, very clever, modern architects of hot countries should study every detail of this town.

The city seemed almost empty. We could see a few men, sitting in the corner of the square, chatting, and two-three women working in one of the set-backs of a corridor-tunnel, using thrashers. But the ladies disappeared as soon as they noticed the approaching crowd.

The next surprise was the lake of the town, somewhere in the town itself. An absolutely modern motorboat was floating on it. It seemed ridiculous.

After the tour we were accompanied to a tent. First we were asked to sit down, consume refreshments again and watch a camel-race, arranged for us. Six-seven camels participated in the competition, they were swift. One of them stumbled, broke its leg and was shot. The "horseman" suffered some injuries. A modern ambulance appeared in minutes. The whole event was accompanied by war-cry or scream of a group of women, separated from the general crowd. They were wearing rich, colorful cloths, but covered their face with kerchiefs.

The closing event was the lunch, served in the tent.

I have written a few words about Tuaregs and about this event elsewhere. I quote: "Probably the most remarkable was my trip to Ghadames, the 'capital' of Tuaregs. Arabs or not? It is not important. Tall, brave, frightening people when you first look at them, but they are also very-nice, friendly, their hospitality surpasses the highest expectations. When we were invited to have our lunch in a richly decorated tent, a man was standing behind every chair, commanding the best services possible for his guest. Fantastic!" The dishes proved to be excellent. But no women were seen again. Poor creatures!

Some general remarks and reminiscences

I "met" both Gaddafi and Jaloud, the top two of the young group that had organized a bloodless coup and took over the power from the king. Their policy was to come straight to the Hungarian pavilion after having cut the ribbon at the opening ceremony of the fair. The intention with this step was to demonstrate that they were close to the socialist block, but did not accept the dictates of any "imperialistic" power, even of the Soviet Union. I found both of them likable, young, handsome, and determined. At the first time none of them was accompanied with bodyguards, at least they were not seen around. Rumors said that Gaddafi

usually spent his weekends at his Bedouin parents, living in a tent. He used to drive his VW-beetle. It was a little bit surprising that every director was requested to speak Arabic, it was necessary to clarify that interpreter will do. At his second visit – after only a year – Gaddafi was closely guarded by four gorillas carrying automated weapons. The transformation of revolutionaries into dictators was already on the way. I also learnt here how one should behave on an official dinner hosted by top politician. Jaloud hosted the “opening dinner”. I was late (uh!) and got a seat just next to the entrance. I could finish only the starter and the soup, the second dish was just put in front of me when suddenly everybody dropped the cutlery (what a noise!): Jaloud got up, no one was supposed to eat a drop after.

One day I was informed that the chief emir of the United Arab Emirates would visit the fair. I informed the Consulate and the Trade Commission (Office?) and the line of Hungarian officials was formed. I was one of the lasts, certainly. When the chief emir reached me and extended his hand for handshake, we looked at each other with surprise: I felt as if I looked in a mirror, the emir was my copy, twin brother or – sorry – I was his.

Three more visits have to be mentioned (not necessary during the same fair):

The director of the American (USA) pavilion came over, unusual step at that time. He congratulated us for making such a nice pavilion with such simple means (he was polite not to use the expression “primitive”) and working so hard. It was very nice of him, so we drank some Tokaji. We almost became friends.

Another surprising visit was paid to our pavilion by two or three officials of the pavilion of Formosa (Taiwan). It was almost ridiculous, because the two countries had ice cold (-273 deg of C) relations. We spent some 20 minutes chatting, and then they requested to join them to make a photo. I agreed with hesitation, because noticed that an official of my firm closely followed the event. He had nothing to do with the pavilion; his trip was obviously a present for him. He openly behaved as a “security chap”, which he most probably was not. You just get accustomed to be afraid of such spies in rigid state systems. He drew me aside after the Taiwanese had left and warned me not to repeat such mistakes. I was about to spit, but restrained.

The “best” was the visit of the official Hungarian delegation, headed by one of the deputy ministers of the government. He paid a short visit to our pavilion, then to the pavilions of “friendly” states. The only thing he was interested in was alcohol. I was later warned by the trade commissioner to always have Bull’s Blood, his favorite red wine.

Mr. B., the TV-reporter, who came to report about the success of the Hungarian pavilion, requested me to arrange an interview for him with the rabbi of the Jewish community of Libya. I did it, but could not participate on the shooting. I understand it was interesting. What else could it be, the fact alone that Jewish people live(d?) undisturbed in an orthodox Arab state is exciting, isn’t it?

Four Hungarian expatriates – oil engineers –, who left Hungary after the revolution of 1956, have been working with the American oil company (Occidental?) that dominated the Libyan oil industry. All of them maintained good contact with the officialdom of Hungary in Libya, therefore I also could keep in touch with them (though it was still a sin at that time). One of them had even translated some texts – that arrived late – for our pavilion. I was invited by them to visit the oil-fields in the Sahara and it is definitely a pity I could not make myself free for the trip. The whole field was automated and controlled by one single computer, situated in the headquarters of the firm in Tripoli. A Russian journalist told me the story that Gaddafi invited Russian oil experts to study the oil industry with the aim to decide if they could maintain flawless exploitation of the same in case of nationalization of the industry. A good

team of Russians arrived, spent a couple of weeks and then said good-bye without committing themselves to anything.

All of the Hungarian engineers were proud of their achievements, salary, life, none of them complained of homesickness. During one of the evenings I spent with them I put up a record of gipsy music and noticed with a little surprise that one of them could hardly hide his tears. Since then I made a habit to try if the most proud Hungarians living abroad were indeed free of this awful sickness. Most of them proved not to be.

One of them got seriously sick in no time. The symptoms were unbelievable: he lost his appetite, balance, had some fever, then could not get up and lost his mind. Some kind of worms attacked his brain. He was flown to Denmark, but it was late, I learnt after a couple of weeks that he died.

I was also shocked by a little accident: I have accompanied the wife of one of them home from the fair. We stopped for a second to find out the right direction and a watchman with a huge cudgel started running towards us. The lady knew the situation was dangerous, she just shouted: drive away quickly! I learnt: in an orthodox Arab country do not sit in a car with a lady.

In spite of this ridiculous case I do not believe the sentiments against the weaker sex are that bad. Bad enough though, they rarely appear on the scene during meetings of men, you can mostly see only the hands of ladies handing over the dishes to the lord and master of the house, or to the “internal” servant.

The first years of Gaddafi’s rule must have been full of hope for the ordinary people of Libya. They have been liberated from the house of king Idris, who did not care about the welfare of the population and were busy dealing with cleansing the country from other Arab ethnic groups. As “BBC On this day” expresses: “King Idris has conducted recent purges against Palestinians, Jordanians, Lebanese and Syrians. He has also tried to purge the country of Ba’athists for conspiring against the state.” Further steps of Gaddafi that highlight that he and his followers – mildly evaluating the situation – were definitely against post- and new colonizing, imperialistic powers (again from BBC): “05.03.1970: Gaddafi nationalizes Libyan oil (...) 31.03.1970: British troops leave Tobruk airbase (...) 11.06.1970: US troops leave Libya (...) 21.07.1970: Italian assets in Libya nationalized...” I do not continue now the calendar of events. Let us return first to the everyday events and rumors that could generate mixed feelings in foreign pedestrians walking on the streets of Tripoli.

The author with Gaddafi:



A couple of such experiences:

Women – at least in public life – enjoyed complete freedom; one of the first decrees of Gaddafi was their protection from extreme Islam restrictions. Women occupied jobs in banks, trading companies, state offices, walked on streets. They did not bear any signs that would differentiate them from European ladies.

Rumors said that he made steps towards reforming Islamic sharia laws: for example that the executions of cutting off the thieves' hands was done in "human way", the operations were executed in hospitals, by physicians. Ridiculous, but improvement.

It was also known that Gaddafi was fighting against bureaucracy (in quite a strange way): he ordered to throw out of offices the chairs of officials. Officers were obliged to work standing, speeding up the service of the citizens.

Soon disturbing news arrived from Tripoli: they have ordered to close European type entertainment facilities: the casino, bars, brothels (not so disturbing news). The Suk was converted into a modern shopping center, etc. He started behaving like "chosen leader" of Arabs, thinking of himself as of the only source of wisdom and truth. His famous Green Book demonstrates this absolutely clearly. And this is the end. Attempts were made by him to establish unions with other Arab states. Probably his failures to achieve any success lead to his losing common sense. He had been considered soon one of the worst dictators. Western powers were not any better; the USA imposed their favorite weapon, embargo, and later even launched a missile attack on his residence, killing one of his daughters and 50 other victims. Nobody knows if the blowing up of a passenger plane at Lockerbie was a reaction to this very unfortunate event, but after this dark curtain separated Libya from the rest of the world.

In spite of all these stupidities the Arab world has to thank him – if my information is correct – for the quick rise of their standard of living. He was the one who organized co-operation among the oil-producing countries, advising them to use their power as suppliers of this "gold" to permanently increase the price of oil.

The situation sharply changed again in the early years of this century. Gaddafi recognized Libya's involvement in some terrorist incidences (Lockerbie, French airliner, Berlin disco), paid compensation for them, and declared that stopped dealing with weapons of mass destruction. Diplomatic relations have been restored. That is why the joint attack of the USA and NATO on Gaddafi was absolutely incomprehensible (see below).

I return to my experiences.

Libyans were very proud of themselves. Whoever I met was absolutely sure that Libyans do not commit crimes. Thefts are committed by Arabs from the neighbouring countries – foreigners were told. This belief was so strong, it was impossible not to believe.

Most of Arabs I met in Libya were very nice. Even simple officers in the customs office or waiters in restaurants treated you as their friend as soon as you learnt a few words in Arab or – even better – some Arab gestures, like greeting with your hand. Nice, really nice.

I never forget two Palestinians I got in touch with in Tripoli: a bank official and a surgeon. I have mentioned them in a page of my site. I quote myself:

"The head of department of Barclays Bank in Tripoli of Libya, who handled the account of the Hungarian pavilion, was a Palestinian. A short man of middle age with bald head came always to the counter from somewhere behind, whenever I appeared on the scene, smiling and making my life with them easy. When the time of my departure drew near, he invited for a

barbecue and presented me with a wall-carpet. Whenever I look at it, I see his friendly face and bald head, an unforgettable Arab.

I underwent my second haemorrhoidectomy in Tripoli. The physician proved to be Palestinian. He was excellent, in comparison with the Hungarian hospital, where I was first operated, his method was more modern, the process of healing much quicker. I was surprised in a very positive sense.”

The color of my skin – which is Gipsy-like – probably made easier for me to establish friendly contacts with Arabs. I was quite often mistaken for being one of them. Once a young man approached me talking to me in Arabic and did not believe I could not understand him. I wish I could.

I was advised by my Hungarian-American friends to make a trip to Sahara. I made myself free for half a day and drove a distance of around 150 kms through exciting mountains. Parts of them looked almost exactly like the canyons in America. Small villages decorated the road. I had to drive through one of them on a serpentine, drove slowly and could watch the inhabitants sitting and chatting at miniature cafés. The Sahara itself was a complete surprise to me. I expected huge flat surfaces covered by sand, but found instead small hills of reddish stones and only small dune-like parts in between. The road after I left the mountains ceased to have firm asphalt on it; it was just a rolled strip of the stone-desert. I could hardly drive my car because of the rough vibration of the steering-wheel, until I noticed that Arabs drove their cars fast. The vibration ceased above 90 km/hour, when I did the same.

One of my bosses visited the fair and was complaining about the cold. Yes, it was cold: the fair lasted a month from the first days of March, but I spent one month preparing, organizing the fair. When you arrive to Tripoli and settle down in a hotel that is built of stone and marble and is not heated, you definitely start shivering. And it was cold in the mountains as well, where I took him for a half-day drive.

Gibli: sand-storm. It has different names region-wise in the Arab world; this is how they call it in Libya. Strange and frightening! Arabs know or feel in advance, warn you: do not go out of the city, this is the time of gibli. Next day you get up and do not understand the light: it is veiled as if you had a yellow curtain on the window. You go out and find that the horizon is bright, but hazy: the sun is unable to break the barrier of the sand-cloud. When it raises its head above the skyline, it looks like a pale moon. You still do not understand much, because everything seems to be quiet. But in an hour or so the wind appears on the scene and changes the whole atmosphere: it covers the buildings with a kind of yellowish-red curtain, you cannot open your eyes, because the sand hurts them, the sand is grinding between your teeth: you turn and run back home and find your room and furniture covered with thin layer of reddish sand. This gibli lasts three-four days. My first visit to Leptis Magna took place on the third day of a gibli; I simply did not have other opportunity. The air was still full of powder. My colleagues were hesitating to join me, but finally we started. As soon as we left Tripoli, we were blocked, because quite strong wind blew and carried red sand across the road, we could hardly see the road at first, and then the road became covered and invisible. I stopped and we could do nothing, except waiting for a more lucky moment. We continued our trip only after Arab cars appeared from the opposite direction, like ghosts from dark fog. I do not advise anyone to joke with gibli.

I almost forgot to write a few words about Suk (souk?), the fantastic market of East. It existed in Tripoli as well, an exciting market of antiques, curiosities, textiles, leather goods, wooden fabrics, glass goods, books and gold. Gold in unbelievable quantity and variety. I shall never forget that when I could not find the gold pendant I intended to purchase, the owner of the miniature shop left me alone in the middle of a ton of gold, went to one of his neighbours,

came back after five minutes or so with the pendant of my taste. I got frightened, thinking that it was a provocation: he would come back saying that something was missing from his shop. European (East European?) life-experience? I also succeeded in purchasing a Koran in both Arabic and English “from under the counter”, I was warned not to show or tell anyone in Libya, because it was forbidden to sell the saint book to *giaours*. (What an exciting reading: the difference between Koran and the catholic Bible seems to be negligible. In the name of what have millions of innocent people been killed during religious wars??) I know the Suk was later converted into modern shopping center, which I hate everywhere: it spoils the game of shopping. The Suk was just one of the victims of changing the life of a modern, gay city into an orthodox center of Islam.

Life in Tripoli otherwise was enjoyable, with Italian-type small restaurants. You step in a narrow room, say “*marhaba sidi, kif halek*”, sit at a table and in two minutes salad and drinkable water are put in front of you. Only after that are you asked about your further wishes. Most of the dishes were good and – in spite of strict prohibition, if I remember well –, beer was usually served. The prohibition reminds me that the government made a mistake in extending quotas to diplomats and other foreigners specifying the allowed quantity in bottles. The size of bottles quickly rose to two, five and then even to 10 litres. I also recall a case when I decided to try Arab tea, served at road-side by a dirty-looking, crouching chap. The tea was served in a ceramic cup of 2-3 cm³, extremely strong, blackish. After some 20 minutes my heart-beat doubled, the first and last time in my life.

The team of our pavilion did not like a lot of phenomena, starting from the lack of punctuality, the slow handling of our goods, and the proud behavior of Libyans and – I could hardly believe – the fact that street-guides and other names in foreign languages have been removed. Why is everything exclusively in Arabic? – I was often asked. These questions were stupid: the same question could be asked in Hungary at that time: why is everything in Hungarian in Hungary? Not talking about the fact that it was an expression – late expression – of being independent from foreign, colonial powers.

The importance of this fact is expressed also by an interesting monument. If you leave the old city, you will clash into a tombstone, erected on the right side of the road, into the last victim of Italians: a Libyan trampled by an Italian tank that was leaving Libya for good.

Ilan Pappé – an Israeli historian and socialist activist – estimates that between 1928 and 1932 the Italian military “killed half the Bedouin population (directly or through disease and starvation in camps)”. Italian historian Emilio Gentile sets to about 50,000 the number of victims of the repression. If you have a look at the [pictures of the Italian occupation](#), you will understand the importance of that moment.

I was not surprised at all when Italy joined the group of three – the gendarme of the world and two ex-colonizers – in the expulsion and lynching of Gaddafi. They also must be suffering from the memories of the loss of great power status.

Before summarizing the “Arab Spring” of Libya, I quote a few sentences from Hugh Robert’s study: “Who Said Gaddafi had to go?” He uses opinion of other well-known observers as well (November 17, 2011):

“In contrast to the bloodless coup of 1 September 1969 that overthrew King Idris and brought Gaddafi and his colleagues to power, the combined rebellion/civil war/**NATO bombing** campaign to protect civilians has occasioned *several thousand (5000? 10,000? 25,000?) deaths, many thousands of injured and hundreds of thousands of displaced persons, as well as massive damage to infrastructure*. What if anything has Libya got in exchange for all the death and destruction that have been visited on it over the past seven and a half months? (...)

The overthrow of Gaddafi & Co was far from being a straightforward revolution against tyranny, but the West's latest military intervention can't be debunked as being simply about oil. Presented by the National Transitional Council (NTC) and cheered on by the Western media as an integral part of the Arab Spring, and thus supposedly of a kind with the upheavals in Tunisia and Egypt, the Libyan drama is rather an addition to the list of *Western or Western-backed wars against hostile, 'defiant', insufficiently 'compliant', or 'rogue' regimes*. (...)

At the same time, the story of Libya in 2011 gives rise to several different debates. The first of these, over the pros and cons of the military intervention, has tended to eclipse the others. But numerous states in Africa and Asia and no doubt Latin America as well (Cuba and Venezuela spring to mind) may wish to consider why the Jamahiriyya, despite mending its fences with Washington and London in 2003-4 and dealing reasonably with Paris and Rome should have proved so vulnerable to their sudden hostility. And the Libyan war should also prompt us to examine what the actions of the Western powers in relation to Africa and Asia, and the Arab world in particular, is doing to democratic principles and the idea of the rule of law."

Western Companies See Prospects for Business in Libya (an opinion quoted by him):

"As profit-making opportunities diminish in Iraq and Afghanistan, Western companies and security contractors have turned their focus toward Libya. Recognizing the potential for enormous revenues from a country with large infrastructure needs and the oil to finance them, executives hope to cash in on Libyan gratitude toward the US and NATO. Libya has Africa's largest oil reserves, which could translate to a steady supply of cash and resources for the West. Eighty French companies met with the TNC [Trans National Corporations] one week before Gaddafi's death, and the British defense minister has advised British corporations to 'pack their suitcases' and go to Tripoli. This scramble to secure contracts for Libyan oil reinforces the perception that *the intervention was motivated by the UK and France's quest for access to these resources.*"

The Man Who Knew Too Much (another "borrowed" opinion):

"Military intervention in Libya ultimately revealed itself to be based on the premise that **R2P (responsibility to protect)** and regime change could be one and the same. Whether or not NATO targeted Gaddafi directly, Western countries certainly had a vested interest in his death. Had he been handed over to The Hague, Gaddafi would have almost certainly revealed *the extent of his close ties with Western government officials, details of his collaboration with Western intelligence services in counterterrorism, with the EU in limiting migration from Libyan shores, and in the granting of major contracts to Western oil firms.*" [My italics]

*

What was (and is) my opinion about the turbulence in Libya, set out in my book "Világok, népek, emberek" (Worlds, Peoples, Personalities)?

The gendarme of the world and two ready for everything ex-superpowers (henchmen) – lamenting their former great power status – drove the world into a war against Libya. A few stupid countries joined them in this effort.

They found an alibi: Gaddafi, the dictator. He really was, and the time flew over him long ago. I fully agree with Hugh Robert, but stress, that in my opinion the most important stake is the oil again. The oil, on which Libya is just floating, and which there too – like in Iraq – is easier and therefore cheaper to produce by orders of magnitude than in the invasive states, ready to re-colonize lost countries, or anywhere in the world. What a shame! And this time it

was relatively easy to get the blessing of the UN Security Council for this new criminal step of state terrorism. Some countries refrained to give their consent. The most important ones are China, Russia and – because of their past – very wisely, Germany. The new gendarme of the world, the only superpower – even with Obama at the helm – overrides everything.

The terrorist states did not calculate with three important questions:

Is the alibi right or not, white race waded again into the internal affairs of a country of color. And the Arab peoples will react to this step quickly. The Arab League has withdrawn their statement of approval. (The white man is indeed stupid.)

Is the alibi right or not, again states that profess themselves Christian trampled into a country of Islam. In a country, where women had been liberated by Gaddafi immediately after his putsch and where Islamic extremist ideas have not ruled for decades. The entire Islamic world will condemn this war. Gaddafi already may call this attack with clear conscience a new crusade.

Finally, is the alibi right or not, these thirsty for oil beasts do not even know what will the rebels – considered now patriots – represent. The world may only pray for not helping crazy extremists into puppet-power. I also note that the USA intend to hand over the leadership of this action to the so called “*defense alliance*”, NATO.

Do we need the membership in this NATO?

*

Three more sentences:

Since my above written exclamation NATO took over the role of command-in-chief of this dirtiest – after Iraq – war of the 21st century: murders, including peaceful, defenseless people, killed one of Gaddafi’s sons and his three children, demolished houses, under the ruins of which children found their deaths.

They will liquidate a dictator from a lot of others, because he proved to be an obstacle for the bell-wethers of this defense alliance, who fear oil-death for their countries, for their big capital. It is time to exit from NATO: the blood foully shed now will be splashed on us as well.

Murderers that had killed thousands are – rightly – sentenced to life imprisonment in Hague; this International Court of Justice orders to arrest mini-dictator, who serves as alibi, but it lets run away leaders of great powers that commit genocide.

*

You may guess from my treatment of time-periods that the above summary had been written before Gaddafi’s lynching. Which was unacceptable infamy! And according to reliable information (BBC) the lynching continued among members of Gaddafi’s circle. And the then US Secretary of State, Hillary Clinton, was jubilant. According to the first reports she happily exclaimed: “We got him!” The USA actively participated in his capture: an unmanned American aircraft stopped Gaddafi’s convoy, when he left his hometown. Unheard intervention.

Humanity, abandon all hope!

Budapest, 15.03.2013

Now, that I have completed the Hungarian version of this booklet, I have to mention three events, that add to my feeling of hopelessness:

1. The USA, which considers itself the most democratic country of the world, proved again, that its turpitude is boundless. The government – headed by Obama (who was for quite some time my hope) – has busted: they intercept every private and official message, communication with the internet service providers and phone companies of the country. The word gendarme has nothing to do with democracy, human rights.

2. The internal situation in Libya – like in Iraq and Afghanistan – is unstable. Most of the armed groups, hired to overthrow Gaddafi had been allowed to keep their weapons (since the central power is unable to maintain order!). What are they using the weapons for may be judged only from the latest, more and more frequent news, according which the population peacefully protests against them, demanding complete disarmament of all such bandits. You may hear now and then data regarding number of victims as well: 28 civil deaths at one place, three armed insurgent die at another occasion. Arab Spring, Islam extremism...

3. Obama has declared that the USA is going to extend *military aid* to the opposition forces of Syria, because the government had deployed poisonous gas against peaceful inhabitants. A couple of weeks ago they themselves have stated that both sides had used this forbidden weapon. In all probability this matter is again dark distortion, lie, as all *alibis* proved to be in connection with the preparation of war against Iraq. It is high time to remove the government of Syria, which is not ass-kissing, we have to concentrate our attention on Iran. – is the idea behind the statement.

A news conveyed this morning by the Hungarian Telegraph Office is a proof that I am absolutely right again. The title of the news tells us all: “The decision has been taken earlier by America to arm the rebels.” And the main points of the news sound like this:

MTI, 16th of June, 2013, Sunday, 6:13

“The decision to arm the Syrian insurgent was taken weeks ago by the government in Washington, the proofs, according to which the army of the central government had deployed gas-weapons, served only as alibi to this. – told American officials to The Washington Post on Saturday. (...)

When forces, loyal to president Bassar al-Assad have *prevailed* in the civil war, Obama instructed his staff to start planning, what type of weapons should the State send to the insurgents. – wrote The Washington Post, referring to unnamed officials.”

It means first of all that the USA was regardless of the events carried anti-Assad feelings (it was enough for Assad to prevail...), and secondly that again, as several times before, as concerning Iraq, the decision to act against independent nations is taken before the search for alibis is launched.

Mind blowing demagoguery, bluffing, cheating of their own citizens, power madness!

One of the reasoning of officials was that Syria will sink into chaos, unless the USA intervenes.

Iraq, Egypt and Libya prove that foreign interventions do not terminate chaos, on the contrary.

The best example of the results of committed mistakes is the recent turmoil in Egypt – this time against the *Muslim Brotherhood*.

Humanity, abandon all hope!

Budapest, 05.07.2013

About myself:



To be born in Hungary in 1935, when fascism was already present in the country did not mean that I was born under a lucky star. My birthplace was a nice, small village, where my father served as teacher and choir-master. At that time electricity, tractor driven threshing machine, car and airplane seemed to be wonders for me. I do not talk about radio, since I do not know the name of the gadget, that consisted of a crystal, a needle and a hearing something. My father brought it from the closest city and we, his children were fighting for the earphone to listen to the music coming from the outer space.

My father was great man! He organized the building of a swimming pool and a brass band. He participated as worker as well in the construction of the pool, and the musicians were peasants who could play only on simple flutes before. Both the pool and the band must have been great success, because a street was named after him two years ago, though we left the village in 1940. The elders of the village still remembered him as a creative person.

We left, because teachers were needed in that part of Hungary, which was reunited – in accordance with the Vienna treaty – with the basic land, that was left as Hungary after the Trianon-treaty cut off more than half of the country. Have you ever heard of such cruel revenge?

WWII started around our arrival to Nagyvárád (nice city in Transylvania, now Oradea in Romania). My father was appointed soon headmaster of a school, I started my studies in the elementary school of the teachers' training-college of the town. Both proved to be important steps: my father had to prove that he was of clean Aryan origin (not Jew). I underwent one of the most important educational experiences of my life. We, small pupils used to mock Jews, wearing yellow star, bending out of the window of our class. Our form-master, having noticed this, commanded us to occupy our seats and explained for some 20 minutes that Jews are equal to the rest of us, they are just unfortunate people now. He was very brave: whoever was trying to save the Jews could be ordered to join them. Some 600,000 Hungarian Jews have been killed by their co-patriots and German fascists during the last two years of WWII.

One can never forget the pleasant experience of having gone through carpet bombing. I "enjoyed it", when 350 American-British Liberators were trying to destroy the railway station of the town. Our house was approx. 1 km far from it, but the closest bomb has blown up some 20 m from the house. Nobody can describe such an event.

We must have had good hearted guardian angels, because succeeded in escaping the occupation of Nagyvárád by the Soviet army and with that living under the worst communist regime, the Romanian one. O, my good God!

According to the opinion of Hungarian officers who fought there our truck was most probably the last one that left the town before the ring of occupants closed. Our travel from hell lasted a few months. We changed the means of transport from truck to stock car, then truck again, stopped at relatives twice, and finally could accommodate ourselves at a farm close to the present Austrian-German border. We fell into American captivity. The procedure was interesting: a jeep with four soldiers arrived to the house, the owner was asked if there were German military in the house, they looked around and left us in peace. Later we joined a refugee camp and after a couple of weeks were allowed to return home (again in stock car). The Americans were nice, polite, we have not heard a loud word from them.

Back home we learnt what permanent hunger means. My father could find job as teacher in a village just 16 kms from Budapest, but the country had world record inflation. For quite some time his salary was not enough to pay the next day for our – with my three brothers – tuition fee in the high school. My father had to sell pieces of clothing from the five suitcases that we could take with us from Nagyvárád. I remember having joined him a couple of times to a rag market of Budapest. Humiliating event. Our mother was unable to feed us properly. Four of us were taken to Belgium and France for feeding us up. I was selected by Belgian parents of also six children. The head of family was textile merchant of one of the most beautiful cities of the world, Bruges. The Lobelles dressed me cap-a-pie and treated me as their seventh child. Unforgettable benefaction.

I had to join the school as well, learned everything from Flemish, including French and Latin. The system of evaluation of the pupils' knowledge was strict: when I joined the class of 42 I was the last, when I left after half a year I was the 23rd. Good performance – I was told later.

When I returned home, the poverty still lasted. It was unavoidable to work every summer to earn enough to purchase some absolutely necessary clothing. It was very good to do physical work: you learn how difficult it is, and how much you may demand from your employees when you are boss!

I was among the best pupils during my schooling. This was one of the reasons I applied for studentship. The other was that my parents would not have been able to finance the academic learning of all their children. My application was approved and I was able to commence my studies at the Aviation-Technological University of Moscow. I was soon treated as one of the best students: my Russian was not only fluent, but starting from around the fifth semester my dreams appeared in Russian. My notes were widely used by local students.

And then my fate radically changed. It was my mistake. On the second day of the Hungarian revolution an officer, a high ranked officer of KGB – as I learnt later – hold a lecture about intervention of Britain and France at Suez and about happenings in Hungary. He declared the latter a counterrevolution, saying – among other accusations – that the roots of fascism are deep in the population of Hungary. I protested, sending him a post of two pages, protesting against such a stamp. I was certainly stupid not only because of my step in a dictatorship, but also for believing we are not fascists. I understand now, that the roots are really very deep.

I was kicked out in June next year. It was difficult to understand who took the decision to free me from the heavy burden of high technical sciences, I learnt only a couple of years ago, that the Hungarian side called me back. It took half a year to get the permission of the minister of education to complete my universities in Hungary. There remained nothing to do in this field after the revolution, therefore I decided to change my profession: graduated from the

University of Economics, learned English, joined a foreign trading company. Travelled quite a lot, then I was appointed Dy. Trade Commissioner in Bombay and after a gap of four years Trade Commissioner in Calcutta. The job and the weather were awfully difficult, but I liked the country, the very friendly, hospitable people, the beautiful surroundings, the fantastic culture and last but not least the challenge in my work. I was successful. The best proof of it was that the then chief minister, Jyoti Basu and Mrs. Basu accepted our invitation to have dinner with us on one of the last evenings before we left India for good.

My wife supported me all along.

I have two daughters, Anna, who completed her universities as MSc in Russian and is working with a travel agency. Our little daughter Amrita (nectar of everlasting life) was born in Bombay and started her studies in the International School of Calcutta. Her English is perfect, not like mine. She is gynecologist, working on her PhD. We got from her the best possible present of like: two grandchildren. Both are very nice and more than clever. The grandson, Beni just finished the first class, Dorka will be four soon.

I started systematically write very late, at the age of 75. My seven Hungarian books are the products of two years.

The first edition of Stay at Home, Uncle Sam (for Amazon) was completed during my recovery from a very serious operation.

The subject of my books are definitely under the influence of poverty, hunger and cruelty I have seen during my long life in India, in the Soviet Union and also in my homeland, as a child during Horthy's reign, then after WWII in the first years of socialism and again now, after the country got rid of Soviet occupation, voted for capitalism and democracy. Who would have thought 23 years ago that a person and his small group would be able to destroy Hungary – in my opinion forever.

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My Hungarian books are available at Book and Walk Ltd
(<http://bookandwalk.hu/szerzo/Halmos-Antal-1893.aspx>).

Just a few words about them:

1. Kongassátok meg a harangokat! A hosszú élet átká (Toll the Bells! The Curse of Long Life)

It is expected that the human lifespan will be expanded soon to 400-1000 years. How will it be met by four great powers, China, USA, India and Russia and the Vatican?

2. Kolja, a nép ellenségének fia (Kolja, Son of People's Enemy)

Miklós Kovács, one of the leaders of the Hungarian Commune escapes and is shot by Stalin's dogs. His 8 years old son gets stuck in Moscow and lives the life of "son of people's enemy". He returns to Hungary in the summer of 1956, meets her mother who has married to the most famous sculptor of the country. The author finds himself in the circle of famous intellectuals, including Imre Nagy, who a few months later was prime minister during the revolution of '56 and then hanged by the Kádár regime. Fate, history in a nutshell.

3. 7 év a csodálatos Indiában és két nepáli túra (7 Years in Wonderful India and Two Trips to Nepal)

I have spent four years in Bombay and three years in Calcutta close to four decades ago. This book is said by readers to be an enjoyable textbook about India. I believe it is more than that: the most comprehensive study ever written in Hungarian about this great country, its peoples, with loving heart. 20 colour photo-pages and photo-library!

Pictures of Indian photographers: Indrani Ghose, Namit Arora, Y Giridhar Appaji Nag

4. Mitől döglük meg ez az ország? avagy a garasországi neokapitalizmus természetrajza (Why is This Country Dying? or Natural History of Farthingland's Neocapitalism)

The history of the last 23 years of Hungary. Stupidity, incompetence and foulness of the new system and its politicians.

5. Beteg emberiség, mocskos világ és filozofikus gondolatok az "Egy félkegyelmű lázálmai"-ból (Sick Humanity, Dirty World and Philosophical Thoughts from "Nightmares of a Half-witted")

Careful study of the crazy wars and other mass killings of the so called human race.

6. Világok, népek, emberek (Worlds, Peoples, Personalities)

Walk of my life, written in accounts, places I was lucky to see, fantastic persons I met. The most important "Worlds" are: Hungary and its neighbours; two countries still considered to be communists: Cuba and China; the Arab world and Israel; ex-Soviet Union, including Chechnya. With photo-library!

Description and photos of Hungary by Ms. Indrani Ghose

7. Anti-kapitalizmus (Anti capitalism)

Critical study of the best ever political-economic system that achieved high level of life for a thin layer of the population and hunger for half of the human race.

The chapters would sound like this in English:

1. The fundament of the system: greediness
2. Competition and permanent growth: driving engines and stimulators to increase exploitation
3. Empire of swindlers
4. Nurtures crises in its womb
5. High time to wake up!
6. Absolute cruelty of exploitation is the dominant rule
7. General pollution of corruption
8. Bourgeois (parliamentary) democracy as tool for securing the power of capital
9. Defenders of capitalism and their methods
10. The most important questions of world economy of today and essence of globalization
11. Classical example of ruthlessness of capital: neoliberal neocapitalism in the ex-socialist block
12. Breeding ground for far-right and racism
13. Attempts to be liberated
14. Let us summarize, what is wrong with capitalism?
15. Is there any way out?

You can find me at:

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And this is the **END**, good-bye, friends.