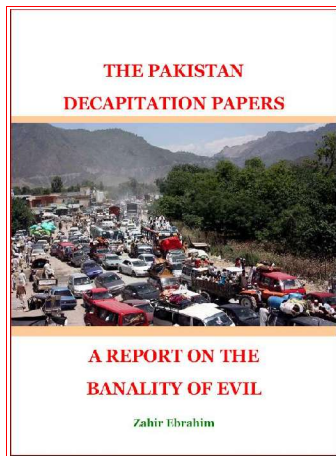


Foreword The Pakistan Decapitation Papers – A Report on the Banality of Evil



Foreword 2010

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As bad as things are in Pakistan today, it will get far worse in the West. The Letter to Muslims, Chapter 2 of vol. 2, examines this tortuous aspect of our zeitgeist.

We can still salvage Pakistan for its 200 million peoples despite all that has transpired in this twisted War on Terror; despite all our traitors, mercenaries, useful idiots, native informants, and *house negroes* who have sold the public short; and despite the state of un-functioning of the nation, without electricity, water, decent livelihood and affordable living for the 98% of the majority, and a lawlessness that would have been beyond imagination in the 1960s and 1970s when I grew up in the carefree idyllic Pakistan.

One cannot look at Pakistan in isolation on the Grand Chessboard. The world conditions are rapidly percolating towards global governance to culminate in world government. Pakistan has thus far been played for a dumb-ass pawn with copious help from Pakistan's military – the only real power-base in Pakistan whose upper echelons since Pakistan's blood-drenched creation have been entirely beholden to its foreign masters. It is now self-evident that Pakistan's and Israel's creation were crafty ploys by the world superpowers who for the past hundred plus years have only dreamed of global empire and world government. Islamic Pakistan was to be the foil for Zionist Israel – both created in the name of religion. One to be played up to culminate in the “*Zion that will light up all the world*”, the other to be eventually destroyed after it had been calculatingly harnessed to fertilize and birth-pang terror like a condom deliberately pricked by the illicit concubine. What happens to used condoms? That's right! And to unwanted babies? Right again.

Given Pakistan's 'used condom' status, I mean en passant status on the Grand Chessboard, what

can Pakistanis realistically do about it? First of all, Pakistanis can do absolutely nothing so long as they are ruled by mercenaries, fools, and *uncle toms*. Unless that obstacle is removed, there is no sense in day dreaming. I have no idea how to do that – for, even the noble Prophet of Islam had to bow before the tyrannical power of the mercenaries of his time who eventually succeeded in killing his family and hijacking Islam to such a vile degree that today, our mosques are full with apathetic worshippers seeking heaven's glory while God's creation is made to live hell right here on earth.

All I can humbly do, appropriate to my limited vision, experience, and commonsense, is provide the forensic global analysis to explain what the game is on the Grand Chessboard, identify where it's headed, and to coldly opine to my brethren among the remaining 2% population of Pakistan who have turned Pakistan into the 'used condom' of the hectoring hegemons: stop being spineless bastards, *for Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned; nor Hell a fury like the plebes scorned.*

The time to affect change is now if not already way past. *Fait accompli* mercilessly awaits right at the edge of the Rubicon after which humpty dumpty cannot be stitched back together again.

Surely, at least some among Pakistan's military is a MA KA LAL who must realize this? Surely, some among Pakistan's literati is a *Field Negro* who can say NO to the “massa”? Surely, some among Pakistan's ruling class suckled on the liberating bosoms of un-servitude? Illegitimate birth was the fault of our ancestors that, in their unconstrained zeal for a separate nation-state for Muslims which had no parallel in the annals of history, they proved to be no match for the Machiavellian raping-game of *divide et impera* of the hectoring hegemons. The colonizers knew how to dangle just the right incentives and ripe-conditions before the colonized natives so that the sheep would themselves demand their own slaughter. But illegitimate fucking-around ever since, in every generation, is entirely our own fault. We inherited Pakistan – and our rulers have made the world a far worse place for it, including for the peoples of the sub-continent. The largest forced displacement which saw millions dead on either side of partition, followed by the largest forced dismemberment, followed by playing mercenary army for three decades for America's wars destroying neighboring Afghanistan in the process in a cataclysm whose reverberations are being felt in the 'War on Terror' all across the globe today, and now attempting to do the same to neighboring Iran. In the process of all this anal service to empire, converting Pakistan into a *Terror Central* from which it has now become impossible to extricate – the legacy of Pakistan. See my 2007 Open Letter to Pakistani General, Chapter 40 of vol. 1.

I am entitled to make these truthful and empirical observations as painful as they are to hear, because I am still a concerned citizen of Pakistan, the only country whose passport I bear, the only place where my heart longs to be despite having lived in the West for the best part of my life, and while others desert the sinking ship seeking foreign passports wherever they can find them, and willingly play *House Negro* to get visas from the white man, I carry my green one without fear.

I know *I have a rendezvous with death – and I shall not fail that rendezvous*. That pledge compels me to continually break my silence. To stay deaf, mute and blind, is to be an accomplice. To be a *house negroe* is to be without dignity. To be of illegitimate birth is to be a bastard. To seed illegitimate births is to be a *zani*. To pursue virtuous piety in apathy to all this is to be complicit in crimes against humanity as its greatest enablers – as amply demonstrated in the Letter to Muslims in Chapter 2 vol. 2. To feel offended by the plebeian language I employ and not by what the elite have done to Pakistan is to be a hypocrite. I hope this frank *Realitiespeak* is not lost on the profoundly *innocent of knowledge* weaned on *Newspeak* 24 hours a day, just as it is evidently entirely lost on the criminal *uncle tom* rulers of Pakistan. As serendipity would dictate however, it is a profound irony of fate that the same elite who have been instrumental in writing the *Requiem Mass* for Pakistan, also hold the key to Pakistan's salvation within their grasp – with just a little bit of genuine courage to throw the tea overboard! **Ultimately, all have a rendezvous with death – and none shall fail that rendezvous!** Neither shall one, the God of the virginal Muslims assures one, cross the razor's edge to heaven's doorway when the virtuous silence of the pious created the hell on earth for everyone.

This Third Edition of **The Pakistan Decapitation Papers** adds my current writings to the Second Edition, divided into two epochs. The material of the second edition is carried over into the latter half of the book as vol. 1 for the period 2007 – 2009. The first half adds new content from where the second edition had left off to the present, as vol. 2 for the period 2009 – 2010.

Zahir Ebrahim

October 31, 2010

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Epilogue

There is many a slip between the cup and lip. Pakistan is still on the map. It is not too late to wage a genuine struggle for independence against the barbarians at the gate who call themselves the hectoring hegemons.

There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free--if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending--if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained--we must fight!

I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger?

Will it be the next week, or the next year?

Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a Xe guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength but irresolution and inaction?

Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. The millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Baluchistan to the mountains of the Tribal Belt!

The war is inevitable--and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace--but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms!

Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have?

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

Once upon a time, so entreated a courageous man whom all honor in the United States of America as their founding father! But when he had spoketh, he wasn't addressing a nation of traitors, mercenaries, native-informants, 'Negroes', and a confused mass of people. The enemy was clearly identified. All he had to do was to rile them up to stand up for their dignity, and their independence.

Today, the enemy is shrouded in obfuscation for the vast majority of Pakistani

people. They don't know the enemy. With each suicide bomb blast they bury their dead anew. Whom should they charge for the crime? Osama Bin Laden? With each drone strike, they bury their children anew. Whom should they charge for that crime? Or should they remain in awe of the benevolence of the imperial storm troopers after Iraq and Afghanistan that they used only precision high-tech strikes to kill far fewer innocent men women and children in Pakistan than they otherwise might have with “shock and awe” if General Collin Powel was still around? And feel gratified when it's only their own military (or jihadis) doing it to them – for surely, being dispatched to heaven by fellow Muslims is superior in some way than by infidels alone? What ought the Pakistanis to feel, think, and do? Or simply do nothing and let god sort it all out with the Hectoring Hegemons?

Who is the real enemy responsible for waging World War IV? Is it the mosque, the mullah, the military, the militants, the politicians who turn on a dime, Israel, India, ISI, NATO, America, Islam, Judaism, Christianity, or god who has fated this dastardly destiny so that it can nicely bring about its promised messiah and show the good and wronged people how really mighty powerful and merciful it is so that they may all bow even lower in praise showing up their rear end even higher; who?

Whosoever is the enemy, staying silent 'looking from the side' only invokes the curse of all victims throughout posterity :

“I still curse the killers, their accomplices, the indifferent spectators who knew and kept silent, and Creation itself, Creation and those who perverted and distorted it. I feel like screaming, howling like a madman so that that world, the world of the murderers, might know it will never be forgiven.”

I absolve myself, and my progeny from that curse. We have tried our best to be heard.

Zahir Ebrahim

October 31, 2009