UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IS SLEEPWALKING INTO A WORLD ORDER NOT IN ITS CONTROL

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You see, I am American, in a much deeper sense than the Mayflower Descendents. I will explain to you why. You see, by the time I was born in Bengal in 1973, not so far away from Saigon by American distance standards. I was born in Dhaka, and saigon is 2000 miles away from Saigon. Let's see that is a bit more than distance 1750 miles between Los Angeles and Chicago. And Vietnam war was still going on. All the cool people in Dhaka were quite familiar with American music. My uncle, a playboy of the time, had record collections with all the rock and roll you can shake a stick at. I remember Doors albums, a fancy record player with high end speakers, various sports cars, and parties. I remember being able to moonwalk as a young boy and the styles of clothing were American. This is in Bengal, I remember Live Aid with Mick Jagger and David Bowie in 1985 [?]. I was a young boy then, and when my mom decided we're going to move to America, I was excited, but quite introverted and not particularly concerned about geopolitics. I believed in the Land of Opportunities and a great positive future, even though it was not my own decision to move. For me, the immigration to America was not a matter of conflict with Native Americans at all. I lived in Brooklyn and then Queens. I was cared for by the generous faith that Lys K. Waltien had in John Adams High School for my talents. I was drawn to her as a mentor and was not enthusiastic about religious matters my mother was interested in doing. I worked extraordinarily hard from the encouragement. I was not working then for following the American Dream or success but because I was developing intellectually. The first taste of the darker shades of America came much later, as my taste in literature was already European early on. I was transfixed by Fyodor Dostoevsky. I had modern values; I was an urban young professional in 1995, and I was with Natalia Brizuela living in Columbia University housing, on 113th Street between Broadway and Amsterdam. I was not seeking success so much as just trying to be a good man, a breadwinner, and a good salary in the early days of my career. I woke up very early in the morning to work at Lehman downtown. Natalia was not happy about how little time we spent and she arranged for us to have breakfast together in Tom's Restaurant, on corner of 110th Street and Broadway. At the time Natalia and I were together we were friends with Dana and Shahab. He was a mentor for me in history. I had studied some work of Noam Chomsky as well. For me, issues of geopolitics seemed far from serious work, an intellectual hobby. I thought my life would be too far from all of it. I was a young urban professional surrounded by literate and interesting people in New York and they were quite civilised and I never thought about whether I would personally ever be outside of this circle. At the time, I could never have guessed that after 1960s even a single white person had malevolent intentions toward myself. All of the racial strife seemed to belong to

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older ages, ages which only left behind haunting black and white pictures, of Martin Luther King, Jr. It would not have even occurred to me that since I am not pale in skin that white people would consider me any different than I consider them. I was comfortable with white people and in a strange way, because of my lovers who were white, and because I never saw them as different from myself, I had gotten into the habit of expecting white people to see me as the same as themselves. This is easy in literate professional circumstances in coastal urban environments.

But things are not this way in geopolitics, and so suddenly all the hobby readings are starting to produce a clarity today in 2021, after it dawned on me that when Israel's Mossad used remote control and demolitions on Twin Towers and all of America believed, falsely, that Muslim hijackers had something to do with it, that this triggered in the American white people's psyche the same theme of Genocides. I am not impressed by the West at all. Why didn't they nick it in the bud? There was no Muslim hijacker at all on September 11 2001. Not even one.

But now I am harmed right in my own country America, a country that I made my own home, and have my own American Dream sabotaged by a racial mass murderer, Bill Gates, a man who has allocated his entire wealth following people like Andrew Jackson, who was responsible for Indian Removal Act of 1830, who was a slave-owner. And suddenly I feel tremendous guilt. I feel guilt about not seeing this pattern of Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, Afghanistan, about being seduced by the wrong people. These people are plotting Genocide against all Asians now. That is not tolerable for my Conscience. Now, even after I regain my American Dream, from England who I asked to secure my \$620 million in Bank of England, I will certainly stop this process of Genocide that has been brewing for Asians. I am Zulfikar Moinuddin Ahmed. I am a man of Honour. I will not knowingly allow this Genocidal plan to proceed any further.

References

 $[1] \ \ https://rollingstonesdata.com/2021/07/13/mick-jagger-and-keith-richards-about-doing-live-aid-1985/normal-scale$