Those who mourned the sudden passing of the “Evil Empire” of Soviet Bloc communism can now rejoice; the Iraqi takeover of Kuwait has provided a new devil to justify continued waste of taxpayer dollars on a war economy.

Yes, the Mideast is a sensitive area. Yes, the takeover of Kuwait is a challenge to economic order in the world. And no, Saddam Hussein is not someone I would invite as a house guest.

But President Bush’s vow to “protect our (American) way of life” strikes me as ironic. What is this way of life he’s willing to go to war to protect? If we use his life as an example, it’s golf courses and speedboats, gas-guzzling SUVs and total reliance on non-renewable energy. And whose way of life is this? Primarily, it is that of the wealthiest 5% of the country.
I don’t minimize the tough decisions and heady responsibilities of Bush’s position. I do, however, regard him as a puppet for that wealthiest 5% in this country. Our President is a smug spokesman for the powerful and vested interests of the status quo in this American Empire.

If we replaced a mere 13% of our gasoline-driven automobiles with electric-powered cars, we could stop importing Mideast oil entirely.

If we developed and marketed the waiting technologies of renewable power through solar and wind-driven sources, we could save Alaska from utterly needless environmental destruction.

We put a man on the moon. Why in hell can’t we change our stupid energy policy?

The answer to that question involves many levels of complexity, stupidity, and greed, but we can cut through the confusion with an inescapable truth of human affairs, namely, the tendency of those in power to use any and all means at their disposal to maintain their power. This includes killing other human beings, and if necessary, sacrificing the future for the present. The rich cretins who run the huge corporations in this country and who pal up with the other rich cretins who set government policy are creating this disaster, but all Americans share in the sad responsibility. We are all fiddling while Rome burns, mad as friggin’ hatters.

Yeah, I know this is a rant we’ve all heard before, and yes, I’m an environmentalist, which puts me on the endangered species list in the offices of the EPA (or worse, on the FBI’s hit list).

But once again, in the immortal words of Pogo, “We have met the enemy, and he is us…”