

# Herd on the Street by Les Swift

## Shoot the Queen Down BP's Hole

*If anything can plug the leak, it's the supremely constipated British Monarchy, which has blocked progress for centuries.*

Nothing on this Earth is more culturally and scientifically constipated than the British Monarchy, which continues to live in a medieval fantasy world, as if it were still the 1400s. This “lords and peasants” outlook was obvious in the circumstances surrounding Queen Elizabeast’s recent appearance before Parliament to demand the imposition of yet further severe austerity upon her already battered and impoverished subjects.

Picture it: The Queen—wearing her crown of incredible jewels, traveling in an extravagant gilded coach, appropriately drawn by geldings, and accompanied by a huge entourage of peacocky footmen, bag-men, totem carriers, and other sycophants—journeys from her lavish palace to Parliament, to complain that the commoners are living beyond their means, and must be made to cut back!

Does the Queen propose to give up some of her many palaces, or sell off some of her jewels, to reduce the burden upon her subjects? No way. *She’s* not the problem; the *Monarchy* is not the problem, the *commoners* are the problem! If the commoners have to cut back on such extravagances as food, shelter, education, and health care, so that the imperial parasite class can continue to live in the luxury to which it has become addicted, so be it.

Some have suggested that the Queen lives in such a fantasy bubble that she really does not comprehend the world outside her palace walls. Others have suggested that the weight of all the precious metals and jewels in

her crown, has compressed her brain into the size of a small peanut.

We suspect that both are true, but that the whole truth is more ominous: The Queen doesn’t give a damn about humanity, and views us all as a herd of cattle to be culled when the Royals deem convenient. The old bitch just isn’t human, in several crucial respects, and her feckless consort, Prince Philip, is even worse. No wonder Prince Charles turned out to be such a basket case.

If you’ve never watched the Royal Family at work, you ought to take a few moments. It’s easy to do, since they even have their own “channel” on YouTube, right alongside all the videos of other crazy people. It reminds me a bit of those nature shows, in which you see various animals in their natural—or in this case, decidedly unnatural—habitats. The images are carefully crafted, portraying a regal monarch in all her glory, selflessly serving her devoted subjects.

To the Brits, mired in the swamp of centuries of stilted tradition, it might seem to be an effective public relations gimmick, but when I watch it, I can’t help bursting out laughing. What a pack of pathetic, deluded fools, determined to live in a world that should no longer exist—and never should have. But I also get angry, because the British Empire is using its enormous political and financial power to force the rest of us to live in that world with them as their slaves.

However, behind all the silly pomp and ignominy, lies real evil. The empire is like a plantation, where the peo-

ple in the Big House live lavish lives, paid for by the brutal labor and lives of their slaves. At the core of the empire, is organized crime: the dope trade, the arms trade, the looting of raw materials from the nations of the world, and the looting of those nations and their people through financial scams in manipulated markets and Ponzi schemes like the derivatives markets. It is the heart of darkness.

If this description sounds familiar, it is because it is increasingly a description of the United States, where the divide between a small handful of super-rich parasites, and the rest of us, becomes more obvious each day. We have the very rich—the bankers, the markets, and imperial stooges like Peter G. Peterson and Michael Bloomberg—lecturing us on fiscal responsibility, even while they deploy hordes of lobbyists to Washington to fight for tax breaks, and the further takedown of our already captured regulatory apparatus. These parasites may be American by birth, but they are British in their corruption.

Laughing at their pathetic, posturing silliness is a good first step, but we must also recognize and defeat the palpable evil of an empire drenched in the blood of the world. We must stop the Brutish Empire from imposing global fascism and genocide.

That is, in fact, what the United States was founded to do, and it remains our mission. Our job is to lead the world out of darkness into a new Renaissance, into a higher level of civilization, a post-imperial world where the progress of humanity is paramount.

With all that in mind, we suggest that the Queen and Royal Family be shot down BP’s hole, in a Royal Flush. As psychologically constipated as they are, they should make a great seal, and it would give them a chance to finally do something useful for humanity.

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