

# CounterPunch

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## Our Little Secrets

### COVER-UPS

It sure doesn't take much to throw them. First the bare marble breasts of Justice, which US Attorney General John Ashcroft banished from his realm; now the stylized shriek of war, as represented by Picasso's Guernica, masked by a nervous blue cloth.

The tapestry of "Guernica" by Pablo Picasso hanging at the entrance of the Security Council of the UN is now officially under plain wrapper. On January 27 the work was masked by a large blue curtain. Fred Eckhard, press secretary of the UN declared that it was not an "appropriate" background for press conferences. An appropriate background, that is, for the ambassador of the United States to the UN John Negroponte, or for Colin Powell to threaten war against a backdrop of women, children and animals shouting with horror as Hitler's bombs fell from the sky over that Spanish town. The actual Guernica, painted by Picasso, wasn't permitted to enter Spain until 1981. It now hangs in the Queen Sofia Center of Art, Madrid. No word on whether the pro-war Spanish government has plans to shield the painting from the eyes of innocents.

### NO BUENAVISTA HERE

The GAO recently estimated that there might be more than 100,000 immigrants entering the US illegally every year from nations other than Mexico. We say: welcome. The INS doesn't seem to mind much, either. These days the federal immigration police are fixated on legal immigrants and visitors.

Over the past few months, the INS cops have used a variety of sting opera- (OLS continued on page 2)

## One Angry Jury

*"I consider trial by jury as the only anchor yet imagined by man, by which a government can be held to the principles of its constitution."* — Thomas Jefferson.

*"If the jury feels that the law under which the defendant is accused, is unjust, or that exigent circumstances justified the actions of the accused, or for any reason which appeals to their logic of passion, the jury has the power to acquit and the courts must abide by that decision."* — US Court of Appeals for the District of Maryland.

BY ALEXANDER COCKBURN

SAN FRANCISCO - The DA of San Francisco, Terence Hallinan, got it right. Tuesday, February 4, saw a scene outside US District Court in that city that was probably without parallel in American history. Five jurors plus one alternate (there were three more jurors in agreement but unable to attend) publicly apologized to the man they had convicted four days earlier and proclaimed to the press their shame that they had been, as one of them put it, "manipulated, intimidated, controlled" by US District judge Charles Breyer into finding Ed Rosenthal guilty.

It was certainly one of the most striking and moving scenes outside a courthouse I have ever witnessed: six anguished jurors asking Rosenthal for forgiveness and declaring that they would be ashamed of what they did for the rest of their lives.

The reluctant jury found Ed Rosenthal guilty last Friday afternoon of breaching federal drug laws. Within moments of leaving the court, the furious jurors found out what Judge Breyer had prevented Rosenthal's defense team from disclosing to them: that Rosenthal had been appointed by the City of Oakland under the terms of California's Proposition 215, passed by the voters in 1996, as the supplier of medical marijuana to people in chronic, awful pain.

One juror was thrown into such dis-

stress that she spent the evening in tears and finally decided go to the press to disclose her rage and disappointment in the justice system. Over the weekend, in anticipation of Tuesday's hearing on whether Rosenthal should be jailed pending sentencing in June, their anger hardened into determination to make a public stand.

These were people, a landscape contractor, a registered nurse, an airplane engineer, a property manager, a student working in her dad's trucking firm, who would have trembled a week earlier at the thought of facing press and TV cameras. When it came to it, at that noon press conference, they all had the pure eloquence of people outraged at the injustice of what they had been compelled to do to Rosenthal, by dint of Judge Breyer's preemptory scripting of the federal railroading of Rosenthal.

Charles Sackett, jury foreman, read out a letter of apology to Rosenthal. "I fail to understand," he said, "how evidence and testimony that is pertinent, imperative and representative to state government policy and regulation, as well as doctor and patient rights, and indeed your family are irrelevant to this case. I wondered why the defense portion of your case was so brief as to be almost non-existent. We as a jury were unaware that your counsel was being (Jury continued on page 6)

# OUR LITTLE SECRETS

tions in California, Texas and Michigan to lure thousands of legal immigrants, mainly from nations in Africa and the Middle East, to INS offices where many have been detained and sometimes deported.

This ugly story isn't news. Ashcroft and his legions have announced their intentions to interrogate nearly every Muslim or man of Middle East descent in the US. But what may surprise you is that while this broad sweep is going on, the INS still has time to harass Cuban nationals touring the US. Usually, these people are musicians, about the only kind of Cubans who can get visas to travel in the US these days.

This is becoming an all-to-familiar scene. Over the past two years, the INS has stopped dozens of Cuban musicians from entering the US, disrupting concerts and imposing a kind of music censorship. A recent example: Katia and Marielle Labques, duo pianists from France, were scheduled to tour the US playing classical recitals. They were to be accompanied by two percussionists, Colin Currie from the UK and Julio Barretto. Barretto was born in Cuba, but is now a Swiss citizen. He is married to a Swiss woman and teaches at the Basel Conservatory.

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The group toured Europe to wide acclaim and flew to Atlanta for a concert in late January. Everyone got into the US without any problems from immigration. They then flew to Mexico City for a concert on January 24 and flew back through Atlanta on their way to Philadelphia the next day. This time around the INS agents denied Barretto entry into the US. All of his papers were in order. Indeed, they were the same papers he had presented at the very same INS desk only three days earlier.

The immigration officer told Currie and the Labques that they could proceed to customs, but that Barretto had to stay behind. Barretto was told that even though his papers were in order they found it suspicious that a person born in Cuba, holding a Swiss passport, would try to enter the US from Mexico City.

When Barretto told the officers that he was part of a musical group touring the US and Mexico, the INS cops said that they didn't believe his story. That was it. They didn't offer him a chance to prove himself. They didn't interview the other members of the group. Barretto was put on a plane to Switzerland. The rest of the group was not told anything. They waited for Barretto for three hours before finding out that he'd been refused entry.

## DIANNA ORTIZ, BACK FROM THE DEAD BY BRENDA NORRELL

TUCSON, Ariz. Burned with cigarettes 111 times, raped repeatedly by three men and thrown in a pit with the tortured living and dead in Guatemala, Dianna Ortiz lived. Ortiz was tortured in prison after teaching Mayan children to read and write in their native language in 1989. But from the darkness of torture, Ortiz rose to find hope and presses today for the identity of the U.S. agent who supervised her torturers in that clandestine prison. "The torturer's ghost always walks beside us," Ortiz said in her message to Tucson, as thousands protested against war in Iraq Saturday, January 18.

With a commitment to the tortured Guatemalans whose screams and cries she heard in that prison, Ortiz battles today to expose the United States government's role in the death and disappearance of more than 200,000 Guatemalans. "I began

to understand that torture is not restricted to one country, but is worldwide terrorism," Ortiz says.

She was unable to attend the Tucson gathering because of illness, but her statement was read by Alice Zachmann, who works with Ortiz at Torture Abolition and Survivors Coalition International. Burning a candle for those who have been, and for those who are currently being, tortured in more than 150 countries worldwide, Zachmann called for a moment of silence at the Quaker House in Tucson.

Ortiz, a nun and New Mexico native, arrived in Guatemala in 1987 and was abducted by Guatemalan security forces November 2, 1989 in Antigua. She was taken to a military installation. Now, she said the torture is a living beast clawing inside her soul. The smell of cigarettes, the jingle of keys or the snicker of men's voices, carries her back to that cell and the piercing cries of others being tortured.

Ortiz was lowered into a pit with the bodies of dismembered Guatemalans. "Some bodies were alive, were moving." One of the torturers grabbed her hand and forced her to stab another prisoner. Then, the three men who raped her returned to her cell to rape her again with their American supervisor, Allejandro. He said, "We've made a mistake."

Ortiz, a U.S. citizen, was taken out of the prison and there are no others to collaborate her story. Some U.S. officials deny the torture took place. But as mass graves continue to place names on dead and disappeared Mayan villagers in Guatemala, it is clear what happened. "Dead men don't talk," said the Guatemalan prosecutor.

Zachmann pointed out that the United States backed the right-wing destabilization of Guatemala in the 1980s. Although President Clinton admitted the genocide in Guatemala was wrong, Zachmann said the torturers and murderers remain unpunished. Zachmann said the U.S. government has trained those committing atrocities in Latin countries at the School of the Americas in Fort Benning, Ga. She said the CIA was clearly responsible for Ortiz' torture.

In her quest for justice, Ortiz returned to Guatemala. She has also has maintained a silent vigil on the steps of the White House, demanded declassification of CIA documents and has made drawings of torture victims available online and in her book, "The Blindfold's Eyes: My journey from Torture to Truth."

## SHOCK AND AWE BOMBING IRAQ FOR 80 YEARS

The word “new”, as in “new US doctrine”, or “new imperial role”, has no place in any discussion of the latest Western plans for Iraq, any more than does the silly phrase, “Revolution in Military Affairs”. As CounterPunch goes to press, the Pentagon is leaking plans for its impending missile barrage of Baghdad and other ancient settlements in the Cradle of Civilization. It used to be called “terror bombing”, but now is dignified with the label of “a new strategy”, known as “Shock and Awe”.

The “strategy”, news stories excitedly disclosed, was “conceived at the National Defense University in Washington. Between 300 and 400 cruise missiles are to fall on Iraq for two consecutive days, designed as in 1991 to destroy infrastructure such as water and power supplies. The barrage will supposedly involve more than twice the number of missiles launched during the entire 40 days of the 1991 Gulf War. “There will not be a safe place in Baghdad,” a Pentagon official crowed America’s CBS News.

The self-styled architect of “Shock and Awe”, Harlan Ullman, of The Defense Group Inc., talks of a “simultaneous effect - rather like the nuclear weapons at Hiroshima - not taking days or weeks but minutes.”

When he relayed the “Shock and Awe” scenario to the audience of CBS Evening News Dan Rather said solemnly that “We assure you this report contains no information that the Defense Department thinks could help the Iraqi military.” The Iraqis had no reason to chafe at Rather’s patriotic discretion. They know what happened in 1991, which itself was an extension of western bombing strategies in Iraq stretching back as far as the early 1920s, when the Royal Air Force ventured into the “shock and awe” business in the earliest moment of Iraq’s existence as a mandate of the League of Nations after the First World War.

As with Palestine and Transjordan, the newly conceived entity of Iraq, created by the imperious drafting pencils of Gertrude Bell and T.E. Lawrence, was under British supervision. With the Turks evicted, there was brave talk of an independent Iraq, but soon came the familiar vista of colonial supervisors and occupying troops from British garrisons in India. Though Iraq was, as it is today, an essay in enforced multiculturalism — Kurds, Sunnis, and Shi’a, British stupidity soon wrought the near miracle of the unified revolt of 1920.

At a cost of some 8,500 Iraqi lives (according to the British) the revolt was finally suppressed, but the British government reeled at the expense of troops to the scene. The bill exceeded the entire cost of financing the Arab rising against the Ottomans.

At this point the Royal Air Force, desperately seeking rationales for independent existence, stepped forward and offered itself as thrifty guarantor of the “security” of Iraq. Air Marshall Hugh Trenchard promised that the RAF would cheaply police the former Ottoman provinces of Mesopotamia. The RAF took over its new duties in 1922. Only four years old as an independent arm of the British military, the RAF had already formulated a prototype of “shock and awe”. Here’s what Wing Commander J.A. Chamier wrote in the Journal of the Royal United Services Institute in 1921, under the boastful title, “The Use of Air Power for Replacing Military Garrisons”:

“To establish a tradition, therefore, which will prove effective, if only a threat of what is to follow afterwards is displayed, the Air Force must, if called upon to administer punishment, do it with all its might and in the proper manner. One objective must

***“The attack with bombs and machine guns must be relentless and unremitting and carried on continuously by day and night, on houses, inhabitants, crops and cattle. . . .”***

be selected—preferably the most inaccessible village of the most prominent tribe which it is desired to punish. All available aircraft must be collected. . . . The attack with bombs and machine guns must be relentless and unremitting and carried on continuously by day and night, on houses, inhabitants, crops and cattle. . . . This sounds brutal, I know, but it must be made brutal to start with. The threat alone in the future will prove efficacious if the lesson is once properly learnt.”

Citing Chamier’s prescriptions in a informative and witty essay on “The Myth of Air Control” in Aerospace Power Journal (winter, 2000) the military historian James Corum cites the RAF’s “Notes on the Method of Employment of the Air Arm in Iraq” as proudly pointing out that “within 45 minutes a full-sized village . . . can be practically wiped out and a third of its inhabitants killed or injured by four or five planes which offer them no real target and

no opportunity for glory or avarice.”

But just as Tony Blair today faces dissent in the ranks of the British Labor Party, so too did dissent ascend from the same ranks three quarters of a century ago, after the first Labor government came to power in 1924. Displaying far more moral fiber than his political descendant in the Foreign Office, the repellent Jack Straw, Colonial Secretary James Thomas wrote to the high commissioner in Iraq stating flatly that reports of heavy civilian casualties in Iraq, consequent on the RAF’s raids, “will not be easily explained or defended in Parliament by me.” The RAF duly fine-tuned its PR about collateral damage. Supposedly there would be early warnings of “shock and awe” forays, leaving time for the villagers to run away. Only then would the bombs rain down, though not, so the RAF insisted, with the aim of actually destroying the village, but merely of disrupting daily life.

Out in the field, such niceties were swiftly discarded. Corum quotes an RAF flight commander based in India’s Northwest Frontier in the 1930s as recalling the fairly constant action against tribes in that part of the empire: “If they went on being trouble-

some, we would warn them that we would bomb an assembly of people. An assembly was normally defined as ten people. . . . Indeed, in my case I can remember actually finding nine people [not even a wedding party] and saying ‘That’s within ten per cent and that’s good enough,’ so I blew them up.”

This was before the days when oil became the prime objective of western plunder in Iraq and throughout the Middle East, but time-honored schedules of imperial extortion from subject peoples required the collection of taxes, and the RAF was placed in charge of Levies and Collections, bombing to extort money. Nothing has changed, the “tax” in its modern guise being recapture and control of Iraq’s oil.

Bombing remote Kurd villages was one thing, but dropping bombs on Palestinian villages quite another. The outbreak of the Arab revolt in Palestine from 1936 to 1939 (OLS continued on page 6)

# A CounterPunch Journey from Nablus

## Lifeline in Qosin, “Closed Village”

BY ANNE GWYNNE

**D**estruction and barriers, the biggest and deepest holes in the torn-up road I have yet seen: this is the Beit Iba Roadblock, which the Israelis call a “checkpoint” - what misuse of a word! No words can convey the situation here - we are in acres of mud amid long lines of waiting people who have to carry all their shopping, baggage, children, and babes-in-arms for hours at a stretch. There is no possibility of putting them down in the deep mud and water. It is biting cold and damp. When the line reaches a pool of water, people are ordered to stand there for hours and are not ‘permitted’ to avoid it - this is an outrage against all humanity.

We are trying to get from Nablus to the village of Qosin with the Union of Palestinian Medical Relief (UPMRC) mobile Clinic. Our doctor tells me that “it is very difficult indeed without internationals because Qosin is a ‘closed’ village. All its roads are blocked and there is never any possibility of coming out or going in”. We wait one hour to be allowed to pass (we will be longer on the way back). A deep, fast-flowing stream runs across the road to the village by the checkpoint. These overflows of water are everywhere because of the way the IOF just bulldoze huge heaps of rubble and earth, creating lakes from heavy rain which eventually overflow.

We climb to the top of a mountain road which has stunning panoramic views and as we approach the village we see that all the large houses on the outskirts have been destroyed. In the driveway of one ruined house a tank is parked, in another an armoured personnel carrier. The Israelis use these houses as tank parks so that they can descend onto the village at a moment’s notice and ‘subdue’ the population. From the mountaintop, we also see people carrying huge loads on tiny suffering donkeys - animal and owner suffering together. Fresh graves ring the cemetery.

The Clinic is held in a new building, the gift of an International donor. It is not yet finished, has no proper facilities for sick people to see the doctors and is very cold, with no heating and no equipment of any sort. An amazing number of people come; they are so pleased to see the UPMRC staff who are their lifeline. In this village there is no longer any possibility of employment, and people tell me that they all help to support each other in every way - but, they say, for how long?

Everything here is cold, except the welcome, which is, as usual, so warm and full of affection. To the clinic come mothers with tiny, often underweight, babies. They say that the food they are able to get now is not adequate for growing children. It’s restricted, and they do not have any dairy products or fresh fruit

surface of melamine-topped tables, and their stethoscopes are very cold indeed! Many patients arrive: old women bent double over walking sticks, children with no socks. A chill wind howls in around the windows.

Everyone wants to talk, and everyone has a story of Israeli brutality and inhumanity. The manifestation of Palestinian pride in the nation is evident everywhere. There are flags, plaques, carvings, and pictures of Palestine as it was. The mothers are lovely, like young moms anywhere. They wear high-heeled boots, well-cut pants and elegant coats. But the signs of strain are there on every woman’s face. Still, everyone says to me, “Welcome, you are welcome in our land”.

This ancient nation of friendly, hospitable people has been reduced to mere

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***The mothers are lovely, like young moms anywhere. They wear high-heeled boots, well-cut pants and elegant coats. But the signs of strain are there on every woman’s face.***

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and vegetables. I remind you that this is a Palestinian village, in which live Palestinian people in their own land of Palestine, yet they are not permitted to buy the essential food their children need for health, so the next generation will have many health problems. Teeth here are almost universally in extremely poor condition.

An American friend asked me why we didn’t take fresh produce in the ambulance. Of course, we should be able to. But this area is closed, and the vehicle will be confiscated if any item (even a warm blanket or a personal photograph) not pertaining to an ambulance is found. The doctors must examine these babies in icy rooms on the cold

existence by an illegal occupying army, contravening every relevant International Law and Governance. The expression in the eyes of the old, or maybe not-so-old, are an indictment of all of us who do not do whatever we can to influence our governments to end this suffering. Often I am unable to lift my eyes to meet theirs because I am so ashamed of our inaction. It often requires a very deep breath! For they do not want pity, just understanding of their suffering and some reassurance that people in other countries are with them in spirit and have not abandoned them to this.

Many of the donated medicines have instructions in English only, and there

# **A women struggles by, carrying two babies, one on each arm. How has she held them for hours? How on earth have her arms endured this pain?**

are not enough effective treatments, such as antibiotics - especially liquid antibiotics which are needed for the children. As a result, many of the children and adults alike have bad coughs, runny eyes and general respiratory infections which are so easily and cheaply treatable with the right medicine. By twelve o'clock I am really chilled to the bone, under thick jeans, tights, socks, hiking boots, a cashmere polo under a sweatshirt and a hiking jacket over a duvet vest. Many women are in cotton clothes and the children in thin cotton trousers. Babies' feet hang down coldly from the blanket in which they are wrapped.

It is impossible to convey the suffering here - or indeed, to convey the fun and merriment which bubbles out from the young men who have retained their humanity in a terrible situation. Of course, it is, I believe in some way easier for the men because they spend their days with each other able to vent their anger, whereas the women have to keep the family together, cook, clean, wash, nurse sick babies and console old people with heavy hearts.

A cute boy of about seven comes alone with toothache - a toothache in this cold with no dentist! He has on thin trousers, one-strap sandals and no socks, topped by a thin blouson. I cannot feel my toes and my fingers are numb. A young mother has made the long trek uphill with two children walking and one baby in her arms who is wrapped in a constantly falling-off blanket. (And in Europe we feel that bringing up children is hard!) I hold her baby and the tears come. Those around give me sympathy with their usual generosity of spirit. And they apologize for the lack of chairs!

I spend a long time with the head teacher of a school, whose daily problems in getting to work in Nablus just amaze me. He has to leave his home in Qosin at 5.00 am to walk over the mountains because he is banned from the road by the Israelis. He is often soaking wet and covered in mud by the time he arrives and, of course, exhausted by the

daily struggle. In normal times, his school is 15 minutes away. But he says his journey is not unusual at all here! At one o'clock the village brings a delicious lunch and no one from there eats until we have finished our bowls of olives, pita and hummus, which is all they have left now.

At two o'clock we must go - there is, of course, curfew at six, and we must allow for the long wait at the Beit Iba checkpoint where three roads converge. This time we are the first in line from our side. On the road crossing ours, going into Nablus, there is a long line of people, donkeys and carts. Only one person passes through in 30 minutes. An old man hobbles up a steep bank to sit on a cold concrete block to rest. Nothing moves. Suddenly, the Israelis begin a 'training' exercise in the midst of all this waiting. Next to us a bored truck driver, who clearly does this every day, sits eating oranges.

The line from Nablus is equally long - hundreds of people who can move only on the say-so of teenage soldiers. An armoured car faces us, guns at the ready; its Israeli flag blowing in the icy wind, an Israeli flag flying on a Palestinian road in Palestine! All around are huge bulldozers, earth-movers, scoops and diggers.

Everything for a half-mile in all directions has been destroyed to create this monument to Israel's 'security'. On our right is a graveyard for 'confiscated' taxis and Services (mini-buses) - dozens of vehicles which represent the family investment and income for hundreds of people, summarily confiscated while conveying Palestinians between Nablus and neighbouring villages. Where else can a teenager 'confiscate' a bus whose owner has no right of appeal and no compensation?

The Israeli 'training' continues and we have now waited for 40 minutes - our staff remarks that the soldiers are playing James Bond! They run about looking for all the world like nine-year-olds playing with guns. Except that these guys can end a life in a split second, at will. There are now six ambulances, with

their complement of staff, two on each road. Critical patients will die and pregnant women give birth at this desolate spot. No persons have been allowed through and we have been here for one hour and 20 minutes. How can any kind of commerce survive when capital goods are standing about doing nothing, often for days upon end? Every hour that a truck is out of action costs its owner money.

Our doctor asks when we can leave - and he is told: "Wait!". No reason. There is no pedestrian sidewalk - all the animals, baggage, children, nursing mothers, the old and the young are mixed up with trucks, buses, taxis and carts in this filthy, desolate expanse of dereliction. A women struggles by, carrying two babies, one on each arm. How has she held them for hours? How on earth have her arms endured this pain? One hour and 40 minutes later, we are 'allowed' to go. And my anger chokes me. CP

*Anne Gwynne is currently working with the Union of Palestinian Medical Relief Committees in Nablus.*

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*(JURY continued from page 1)*

denied the opportunity to present most of your evidence and outside testimony.”

Other jurors followed Sackett to the microphones, tendering their personal apologies. Marney Craig pledged to “do whatever I can to get this verdict set aside and to see that Ed gets a fair trial with full information provided to the jurors”; Pamela Klarkowski, a registered nurse, dwelt on the fact that because Rosenthal’s conviction had thrown into question the ability of people like himself to provide medical marijuana, cancer and AIDS patients were being doomed to years of pain.

After the jurors came Matt Gonzalez, chairman of the San Francisco board of supervisors and a former public defender who invoked something that should be imparted in every civics class and indeed read out to every jury at the start of every trial (as Mendocino county DA Norm Vroman once pledged to me he would insist upon, if elected): the fact that centuries of common law and court rulings have sustained the jury’s discretion to decide issues of law as well as fact. Juries in the nineteenth century routinely set aside laws they deemed unjust and freed those accused of sheltering fugitive slaves, upheld freedom of the press, and the right of women to vote.

Next came San Francisco DA Hallinan, who had made a point of attending the earlier court session apropos Rosenthal’s possible incarceration. Hallinan roared out his insistence that “Ed did not violate the laws of California” and that “the feds had no excuse to

trample over the rights of Californians.”

Perhaps the most moving moment of all was one that came after Sackett read out his letter of apology for the first time, in a more private session with the others jurors and with Rosenthal, his wife Jane Klein and daughter Justine. Rosenthal, remember, faces the possibility of many years in prison. When Sackett, a short, somewhat rotund landscape gardener from Sebastopol, finished reading in his quiet voice, Rosenthal beamed at him gently, and said, “I don’t think you wronged me. You were as much victims as me. You were all victims of a judge who had a certain goal in mind.”

“This isn’t devastation,” Rosenthal said to me a few minutes later, “We’re a political family. We live our politics. They chose the absolute wrong person.” Justine, his 12-year old daughter, later made a warm and composed speech of sympathy with the remorseful jurors who may have doomed her father to hard prison time.

This was an important political event in the wars over medical marijuana and the rights of those eight states that have passed medical marijuana laws. All Tuesday morning talk show hosts on big San Francisco radio stations such as KGO were broadcasting advice to all future jurors in drug trials to exercise their discretion to set aside unjust laws and to vote their conscience. TV news coverage has been similarly sympathetic. Historically, independent-minded juries overruling dictatorial judges and setting aside bad laws blazed important new paths to freedom. CP

*(OLS continued from page 3)*

elicited eager suggestions from RAF commanders, such as Air Commodore Arthur Harris, commanding officer of the RAF in Palestine and later chief of Bomber Command in World War Two, and hence one of the major war criminals of the twentieth century. Harris offered his recipe to halt Arab unrest. Drop “one 250-pound or 500-pound bomb in each village that speaks out of turn. . . . The only thing the Arab understands is the heavy hand, and sooner or later it will have to be applied.” The British army saw this as folly, and certain to make a bad situation worse. Harris’s advice was rejected, and the world had to wait till later years to see Israeli bombers dropping US-supplied explosives on Palestinian villages and camps.

In the years after the second world war the US Air Force prowled eagerly through the RAF’s mendacious accounts of its pre-war triumphs in Iraq. The airpower theorist Carl Builder discussed British air control in an *Airpower Journal* article in 1995, arguing that it provided an excellent model for the kind of “constabulary missions” in support of the United Nations or “peace operations”. But as Corum concludes, “the idealized air-control system described by US Air Force writers never really existed. . . . Basically, one could barely justify air control as a doctrine 80 years ago, and people who advocate an updated version of such doctrine for current US Air Force operations have misread history.”

So much for “new strategies” and “revolutions in military affairs”. The punitive expedition pressed by Bush remains within the tradition of similar punitive expeditions launched, with aerial bombardments, nearly 80 years ago over the same terrain. CP

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***Angry Jury Denounces Judge***