



TO DREAM OF BEZMENOV

Stan heard a sitar playing and saw a psychedelic swirl of color. Then he saw the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. It was the nineteen sixties and he sat surrounded by flowers and Hollywood celebrities. Soviet functionary Yuri Bezmenov talked about the yogi in a videotaped interview in 1984. The KGB sent him to India to find out what techniques the man was using to teach meditation. Stan had watched the interview so many times that he knew it by heart.

The sitar faded to silence and he felt eyes on him. He was in one of the lecture halls at his old college. It was his political science class, and the other students were all staring at him. He was the only one without a tattooed or pierced face, without dyed hair or fashionably ripped clothing. He wore a buttoned-down white shirt and a tie. And black slacks, or so he thought until he looked down and saw bare legs and underwear. He realized he was having a dream.

Bezmenov's voice came from the front of the hall. An old TV set rested on the lectern there. The set was showing the interview from 1984, with Bezmenov in a suit coat and thick-framed glasses. His Russian accent was thick too. He talked about the years he'd spent in India and how he came to understand that the Soviets were imposing a new type of colonialism on the country. He said it was the most oppressive colonialism that mankind had ever known.

A couple of students in the class booted and shook their fists at the TV. Bezmenov pushed on. With his Russian accent he said it was in India

that he decided to defect to the west.

“I planned the craziest possible way to defect. I started counterculture in India. There were thousands of young American boys and girls with no shoes, long hair, smoking hash and marijuana, studying sometimes Indian philosophy, sometimes simply pretending that they studied. And they greatly annoyed the Indian police and they were laughingstock of Indians, because obviously they were good-for-nothing students. I studied carefully where they congregate, what routes they travel, what language they speak, what they smoke. And one day I simply joined a group of hippies to avoid the detection of Indian police. I was dressed as a typical hippie with blue jeans, long Kameez shirt with all kinds of nice decorations like beads, long hair. I bought a wig because for several weeks I had to turn myself from a conservative Soviet diplomat into a very progressive American hippie. Most of Indian newspapers carried my picture and a promise of two thousand rupees for information about my whereabouts. But nobody could possibly think that the Soviet diplomat would be as crazy as to join a bunch of hippies. So I made it literally almost like a Hollywood-style detective story. From under the nose of the KGB in Bombay airport I flew to Greece, where I was debriefed by the CIA.”

Stan noticed a girl sitting just in front of him. He remembered having a crush on her but being too shy to pursue it. Now was his chance. He blinked and was in the seat beside her. She continued to face forward and he studied her profile. Her dark hair was pushed up under a red beret, and he saw for the first time that she had the hint of a mustache under her cute little upturned nose.

Bezmenov was talking about indoctrinating

Americans with Marxism.

“Ideological subversion is everywhere in America. You can see it if you unplug the bananas from your ears and open your eyes. It is divided into four basic stages, the first one being demoralization. It takes from fifteen to twenty years to demoralize a nation. Why that many years? Because this is the minimum number of years required to educate one generation of students in the country of your enemy. In other words, Marxism–Leninism ideology is being pumped into the soft heads of at least three generations of American students without being challenged or counterbalanced by the basic values of American patriotism. The result you can see. Most of the people who graduated in the sixties—dropouts or half-baked intellectuals—are now occupying the positions of power in the government. Civil service, business, mass media, educational system. You are stuck with them. You cannot get rid of them. They are contaminated. They are programmed to think and react to certain stimuli in a certain pattern. You cannot change their minds. Even if you expose them to authentic information, even if you prove that white is white and black is black, you still cannot change the basic perception and the logic of behavior. The facts tell nothing to him. Even if I shower him with information, with authentic proof, with documents, with pictures. Even if I take him by force to the Soviet Union and show him a concentration camp, he will refuse to believe it, until he is going to receive a kick in his fat bottom. When the military boot crushes his balls, then he will understand, but not before that.”

Stan’s classmates booed and stuck bananas in their ears. The faint mustache on the girl beside him exploded into a Karl Marx beard. He blinked again and popped back to his original

seat.

While the class continued its tantrum he thought about what Bezmenov had said. The man was talking about events that took place from the end of World War Two to when he gave the interview, in 1984. Two full generations of Americans were demoralized during that time. The job was done with a double whammy of propagandizing entertainment and corrupted education. Schools did away with classical languages, they marginalized homemaking classes, and then in the nineteen sixties they dropped the mother of all math bombs. "New math" was a chaotic program that was used to identify the brainiacs who'd be needed in the coming computer age. Gifted kids were elevated while those who didn't make the grade were herded into liberal arts colleges. There they studied sex and drugs, burned American flags, and became the half-baked intellectuals that Bezmenov had described. When they graduated into the workforce they formed a collectivist status quo, and as inattentive parents they helped further the assault on American education. In two more generations high schools were graduating students who had almost no skills at all. They'd been "socially advanced" through a dozen grades to become young adults reading at a third grade level. They couldn't write cursively and many couldn't even read the face of a clock.

"The next stage in ideological subversion is destabilization," Bezmenov said above the noise of the class. "It takes only two to five years to destabilize a nation. What matters is essentials—economy, foreign relations, and defense systems. And you can see quite clearly that in some areas, in such sensitive areas as defense and economy, the influence of Marxist-Leninist ideas in the United States is absolutely fantastic."

Two to five years. Joe Biden had destabilized America in three and a half. He'd recently announced that he wouldn't be running for president again, and Stan wondered if he was quitting because he'd achieved what he wanted. Inflation was through the roof, the world was abandoning the U.S. dollar, and the country's defense systems were a shambles. More than twenty million illegal aliens had entered America on Biden's watch. No telling how many were terrorists, or worse yet, soldiers awaiting orders from foreign commanders. Biden had brought America to the brink of war with Iran, and to the brink of nuclear war with Russia. So he'd succeeded magnificently in destabilizing the country. The world waited with bated breath to see what would happen next.

Bezmenov said, "The next stage, of course, is crisis. It may take only up to six weeks to bring a country to crisis with a violent change of power, structure, and economy."

The elements for crisis were certainly in place, Stan thought, as someone ran past behind him. The class had traded its bananas for hammers and sickles, and the students were chasing one another around the lecture hall. Stan hunkered down in his seat and thought of former president Trump. Former and likely to be president once again, unless something happened to derail the juggernaut of his campaign. The Democrats had thrown everything they could at him, from character assassination to lawfare to actual assassins' bullets. But he kept coming and it looked like the Dems would have to switch to Plan B: If they couldn't keep Trump out of the presidency, then they would make sure his next term was hell. Obama had already released a blueprint for civil war in a movie he produced for Netflix. In that movie the Trump-like president

committed the unpardonable sin of being born a white man, and in the end he was executed by a black woman. The country was saved.

“And after crisis,” Bezmenov said, “you have the so-called period of normalization. It may last indefinitely. Normalization is a cynical expression borrowed from Soviet propaganda. When the Soviet tanks moved into Czechoslovakia in ‘68, Comrade Brezhnev said, ‘Now the situation in brotherly Czechoslovakia is normalized.’ This is what will happen in the United States if you allow all these schmucks to bring the country to crisis.”

The students running around the hall stopped and looked at the TV on the lectern. “He called us schmucks!” one of them yelled, and they rushed to the front of the hall. As they beat on the TV with their hammers and sickles, Bezmenov said, “Educate yourself, America. Understand what is going on around you. You are in a state of war and you have precious little time to save yourself.”