

Nothing Left To Lose

by
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**“Unto them that have, shall be given, from them that have not,
shall even that little which they have be taken away”**
Matthew, 25 : 29
(free translation)

**“Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose,
Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free”**
“Me and Bobby McGee”
Kris Kristofferson and Fred Foster

**“Do not go gentle into that good night,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light”**
Dylan Thomas (1914 - 1953)

When I was nineteen years old, in South Africa, I once worked for a short time as a minor clerk in an insolvency law court. My job was cashier at court auctions at which debtors' confiscated belongings were auctioned off.

I could not take it and resigned after a few months, because I could not stand by while destitute families, in most cases poor Whites -- the Blacks already had nothing left to lose -- stood watching, with the saddest eyes I had ever seen, as more well-to-do persons picked up their hard-won belongings at a pitifully low price, a price which even those poor souls could not raise, so were foreclosed upon by an uncaring system of “law”.

Today, this is happening world-wide, legalised by corrupt governments and their international banker handlers into laws against working people everywhere.

During my tenure in that court, I especially remember a decent working-man, big, rough hands calloused and red, standing with them dangling helplessly by his side, half-opened in frustration and impotent rage and despair, his humble little wife, well-wrapped and freezing to death even in that warm, South African summer, pressed up against his side with their three or four children, all huddled up to her in a short staircase of life becoming, her working-woman's arm thrown protectively around them. I especially remember the look in the eyes of the woman and her children, the frightened wonder at the impossible that said :
“Where are we going to sleep tonight ?”

But the court was the Law, it didn't care, and the sale proceeded. I wanted to jump up and wave my wallet and roar : "I have the money ! -- I'll pay for them ! -- and God damn you all, you bloody ghouls upon the living flesh of the innocent !"

But I didn't have the money, I did not even have a wallet, all I had was enough small-change for a newspaper and a cup of coffee to go with the package of sandwiches from the YMCA where I was staying, and those few coins I carried in the waistband small-change pocket of my trousers.

The only other thing I had was a German Walther P-38 9mm automatic pistol under my armpit, but back then the world had not yet reached the extreme exigencies of Legalised Grievous Bodily Harm in Corporate Rape and Robbery that it has today, and it did not cross my mind, as it does now, that when there is nothing left to lose, Swiss National Hero Wilhelm Tell might have known the answer ...

On November 18, 1307, Wilhelm Tell, passing though Altdorf, Switzerland, with his little son, Walter, did not bow to Austrian Proconsul Albrecht Gessler's hat, which was set up on a flagpole in the town square to be bowed to. Gessler demanded that Tell bow to the hat, and Tell refused : he would not bow to a hat.

Gessler then said both Tell and his son would be executed, unless Tell shoot an apple off his son's head in one try. Tell took two crossbow bolts from his quiver and split the apple with the first shot. Gessler asked why Tell had removed two bolts, instead of one, and Tell replied that had he injured his son, he would have used the second bolt to kill Gessler.

Gessler was enraged and had Tell arrested to execute him, but Tell escaped, went to Kuessnacht, Gessler's headquarters on the Lake of Lucern, lay in wait for Gessler to return, and executed him with that second arrow. Tell's deed sparked a revolution by the oppressed peoples, the Swiss Federation was founded, and the rest, as they say, is history.

Had Tell been unarmed and not an expert shot, Switzerland might never have come to pass, and perhaps a Greater Austria might have held sway over Swiss peasants even yet today. This made the Swiss Federation realise that every man should be armed, there should be a standing militia, and it has been a tradition since then, which is why even Hitler did not invade Switzerland.

Recently there have been attempts by internationally-backed politicians, media and activists of perhaps dual nationality, to demonise this tradition, and one must ask who they are acting for and wonder whose side they are on, their nation's, or that of some international groups bent on reaming out the assets of a people they are trying hard to make defenceless ?

This process must sound familiar to Americans, Britons and Germans, too, as ever-more-aggressive laws, enacted by media-promoted hysteria, restrict their

citizens' ability to defend themselves against corrupt politicians and their self-made laws laid down by international banks on behalf of the Ruling One Percent.

Why did Tell defy the ruling elite of his day ? Because from the moment his family's life was put on the line, he had nothing left to lose. And this situation applies to so many individuals, to so many peoples, today.

I have always wondered why men to be shot by firing-squads do not make a final charge at the enemy ? After all, they have nothing left to lose, either ...

Today, German Radio carried the news that "Greece must privatise its national assets at a faster rate, or face further restrictions by the European Union." As both Italy and Greece now have appointed, not elected, Prime Ministers, who are both former associates of Goldman Sachs, see :

<http://digitaljournal.com/print/article/314642>

[Lucas Papademos](#), named new Greek Prime Minister was former head of Greece's Central Bank, where he worked closely with Goldman Sachs to help the Greek government mask the true extent of its deficit.

[Mario Monti](#) was an international adviser to Goldman Sachs from 2005 until his nomination to lead the Italian government. He also worked closely with Goldman Sachs to reduce the apparent size of Italian government debt.

I wondered what was going on.

Somehow, the still-haunting memory of an honest workman with big, calloused hands, bewildered, stunned and unbelieving face, his huddled wife freezing in summer, yet trying to warm cowering, frightened children, rises in my mind, and in my mind's eye I inadvertently I saw myself, also with nothing left to lose, standing with my big-game rifle in my hands as black helicopters roared in, cases loaded with lathe-turned, solid copper bullets, to strip the engines' compressor blades when you hit them in the gills, and bring the damned things down.

Remember Tell, 'The Man Who Said "NO !"' and his lessons to us :

Tell was only one man, I am only one man, each and every one of you out there reading this is only one man or one woman, but if each and every one of us stands up on his or her hind legs, shows our teeth and takes merest, humblest action of some kind, the international bankers and corrupt political war criminals pushing for eternal, unending war-for-corporate-profit world-wide against hapless families of bewildered men, women and children, would not have a chance in the Hell they are assuredly going to when they die, to first make the terminally radioactively-polluted hell of our sweet Earth they are making of it now, of our beautiful, blue-and-green planet Earth, our all-common Home, that would otherwise be the Paradise that God, Allah and Great Spirit meant it to be.

George Paxinos, 2012-02-05

